

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

SATURDAY, MARCH 1ST
CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

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

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

The footage freezes on a clip of 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 where we will see the World Tag Team Titles defended in a two out of three falls match! That's going to be something else, Bucky Wilde!

BW: You can say that again, Gordo. The champions and the challengers have put on two instant classics the two times they've met before. Tonight, they get a chance to raise that bar clear up through the roof!

[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 to the tag team titles being on the line, the Number One seed in the Stampede Cup - now less than a month away - is on the line as well! The Rising Sun Showdown is coming to you four weeks from tonight - March 29th from the Tokyo Dome!

BW: But we're starting our own little international incident four weeks early, daddy!

GM: That's right because the man who will challenge Supreme Wright for the World Heavyweight Title in four weeks' time, Kenta Kitzukawa, will be right here tonight to take on a man with plenty of Japanese wrestling experience, MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: You want to talk hard-hitting? Katie, bar the door for that one 'cause those two are gonna loosen fillings and jiggle jaws!

[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: Alphonse Green is here to defend the World Television Title as well.

BW: But the REAL reason all these people are tunin' in tonight, Gordo, is the return of The Call Of The Wilde! Right here tonight, I'm going to interview the Wise Men for the very first time!

GM: All of them?

BW: You'll have to wait and see with the rest of these peons, Gordo!

[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: It's going to be an exciting night of action here in Dallas as we continue to count down the days towards the Rising Sun Showdown... and I'm told that we're going to have big news later on tonight from the AWA President, Karl O'Connor's, office regarding Memorial Day Mayhem and this year's summer tour as well!

BW: I got the scoop on that one too, Gordo. A whole lot of people are going to be surprised by this one.

GM: We've got all of that plus so much more but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening matchup!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing alongside a chunky blonde in pink and black striped full-length tights that show off his flabby belly.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Boise, Idaho... weighing in at 272 pou...

[The flabby blonde comes over to Watson, barking away at him, slapping his belly that jiggles as he does so.]

PW: My apologies... weighing in tonight at 222 pounds...

"SEXY" SCOTTY STEEEEEEEVENS!

[He drops to a knee, throwing his arms apart with a "YEAAAAH, BAYBEEEE!" to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: 222 pounds? I don't think so.

BW: Hey, Gordo... who the heck are you to criticize someone's weight?

GM: I'm not criticizing... I'm just curious about the accuracy of that statement.

[Stevens raises a fist to the jeering crowd as his opponent steps through the ropes with no music and little fanfare.]

PW: And his opponent... weighing in at 280 pounds from South Central Los Angeles... WILLIIIIIIIE HAAAAAAMMMMMERRRR!

[Some cheers go up for the protege of Sweet Daddy Williams as he throws his arms apart, bursting forward and shoving his chest in the direction of Stevens who backpedals, waving him away.]

GM: The Saturday Night Wrestling debut here for Willie Hammer, one of the hottest prospects out of the Combat Corner.

BW: Hopefully he works out 'cause the way I hear it, there ain't too many bodies left in that building after recent events.

GM: Todd Michaelson walked out on his students and now, apparently, many of them have elected to stand beside Supreme Wright rather than continue to train in confusion.

BW: Team Supreme is standing tall. Wright's got an entire army at his disposal and it's all Todd Michaelson's fault. All these golden turkeys that the AWA has worshipped for so wrong... Michaelson, Vasquez... they're the reason that Supreme Wright is wearing the World Title and they're the reason that none of these chumps lining up to face him have a chance.

GM: We'll see about that. I happen to think that Dave Bryant, who has knocked Wright out cold in recent weeks with that superkick of his, stands a very good chance. Not to mention Kenta Kitazawa who will meet Wright at Rising Sun Showdown.

[The referee signals for the bell, starting the match officially.]

GM: And here we go!

[As the bell sounds, Hammer comes stalking out of the corner but Stevens keeps backing up, ducking through the ropes and ordering the referee to back him off.]

GM: Scotty Stevens doesn't exactly seem eager to tangle with big Willie Hammer. Bucky, what do you know about Willie Hammer?

BW: I know he's the prized protege of that fat slob Sweet Daddy Williams which means they've probably shared a lot of life lessons over Cowboy Bobby's All You Can Eat Ribs down the street from here. I know he debuted at SuperClash V and failed miserably there.

GM: Alright, that's enough out of you. Boy, you're already in quite the mood here tonight.

[Hammer finally gets Stevens to lock up, promptly swinging the chubby one back against the ropes. He steps back, giving a clean break, and then leans over, rifling in a series of quick rights and left to the ample midsection of Stevens to the cheers of the crowd. He rounds it off by cracking him with an uppercut on the chin that lifts Stevens off the mat and deposits him on his plump rear on the canvas.]

GM: Oh my! Lightning quick rights and lefts by Willie Hammer who learned at an early age how to defend himself growing up in South Central Los Angeles, Bucky.

BW: I asked him about that before the match tonight.

GM: Oh?

BW: Yeah, he said that one day he didn't even have to use his AK. He had to say it was a good day.

GM: I don't... he had a machine gun?!

[Pulling Stevens off the mat, Hammer uses one arm to whip him across, sending him off the ropes...

...and leaps into the air, swinging his arm behind him to crack Stevens with a clothesline as he comes back, knocking him flat on his back!]

GM: Wow! Nice jumping clothesline out of Hammer!

BW: A move like that can be done a few different ways. Some guys like to leap forward and push their arm into the clothesline. Some guys like to fully extend their body and leap up with a running start. But Hammer leapt straight up and just left his arm hanging out there to catch Stevens across the throat.

[Hammer steps out to the middle of the ring, looking out at the crowd. He starts jogging in place, puffing his cheeks in and out at a comical pace

before breaking into a dash into the ropes, rebounding back at top speed (which isn't that fast)...

...and leaps up into the air, crushing Stevens below nearly three hundred pounds!]

GM: Ohh! What a backslash!

BW: Shades of Juan Vasquez?

GM: Well, Juan Vasquez did serve as one of Willie Hammer's trainers for a time in the Combat Corner so that's entirely possible, Bucky.

BW: Speaking of which, do you find it odd that Vasquez has had nothing to say about Todd Michaelson leaving the Corner high and dry? I mean, Vasquez likes to weave a good story out here about being Mr. AWA and all about the Combat Corner but when those kids got abandoned by Michaelson, where was Vasquez?

GM: It's an excellent question. Juan Vasquez has been silent about a lot of issues here in the AWA as of late in fact.

[Hammer pulls Stevens up off the mat, ducking down to scoop him up.]

GM: Whoa my! A whole lot of power on display here.

[Hammer holds Stevens across his chest, turning to show him off to all four sides of the arena...

...and with a loud shout, he muscles him up even higher before dropping down in a front powerslam, popping right back up to his feet and throwing his arms apart again!]

GM: Willie Hammer is impressive without a doubt, Bucky.

BW: So far, he's been real impressive but what will it look like when he's in there against some of the elite here in the AWA - men like Ricky Lane, Demetrius Lake, or Terry Shane?

[With Stevens flat on the mat, Hammer ducks through the ropes, stepping out on the apron. He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, getting the crowd roaring as he starts to climb.]

GM: Where on Earth is this near three hundred pound man going?!

[Hammer steps one foot up on the top turnbuckle, looking out on the crowd. He pounds his chest with a clenched fist a few times before putting the other foot up top. He gives a big shout of "HAMMER TIME!" before leaping into the air, pumping his arms and legs once...

...and SMASHING down with a king-sized frog splash on a prone Stevens!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLYING SPLASH AND A BEAUTY!! This one is over, fans!

[Gordon proves correct as the referee delivers the merciful three count. Hammer climbs to his feet, a big grin on his face as the referee approaches to raise his hand in victory.]

GM: Willie Hammer debuts in impressive fashion with this victory but you're right, Bucky. How he does against the upper level of superstars here in the AWA remains to be seen... and it looks like Mr. Hammer is going to join us here at ringside for some comments.

[Gordon gets to his feet, house mic in hand as Willie Hammer hops down off the apron. He approaches, smiling as he does.]

GM: Willie, that was a nice win here for you in your debut.

[Hammer shakes his head, grinning all the while.]

GM: Willie?

[Hammer nods, finally speaking.]

WH: Sorry, Mr. Myers. I just... it's hard for me to believe that I'm here talking to you. For years, I've been trying to get here. From the days working for every promoter with a slick palm and a crooked streak in SoCal to all that time in the Combat Corner...

[His words trail off as he mentions the Corner, shaking his head again.]

GM: Speaking of the Combat Corner, as a former student there, you must have some strong feelings about what has happened there in recent weeks.

[Hammer nods.]

WH: You're damn straight I do, Mr. Myers. When my mentor, Sweet Daddy Williams, found me in the gutters of South Central LA and helped me get to this point right here... he knew I had some dues to pay and a lot to learn. He knew that I needed the best training in the world if I wanted to be the best in the world. And to be the best, you ain't training in The Yard... you ain't training in the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo... you ain't training down with Destiny and Rhodes... you're in the Combat Corner!

[Big cheer from the fans! Hammer grins, pointing to them.]

WH: So, you're right, Mr. Myers. When I heard that Todd Michaelson was leaving the Dojo, that he was calling it quits and going home, I ain't felt that sad in a long, long time, sir. Mr. Michaelson WAS the Combat Corner when I was there. He was the first one in and the last one to leave every single day. He was the one in the ring, working hard with anyone who was willing to work. Those kids that came out of there - no matter what road they took

after they left - they were ready to be a man... they were ready to wrestle. Without him there, I...

[Hammer shrugs.]

WH: I just don't know what those kids still there got left.

GM: But as you know, there AREN'T many of those kids still there. We've heard the reports... we know the rumors. I'm told there are... what? About a dozen students still left in the Corner?

[Hammer nods again.]

WH: I went down there the other day to check it out myself. It's a sad thing. A sad place to be. And there's only one person to blame for it. Supreme Wright, I'm lookin' at you, boss.

[The crowd roars!]

GM: Willie, are you calling out the World Champion?

WH: You damn straight I am, Mr. Myers. I sat back in the locker room two weeks ago and watched that tape of Supreme down at the Corner, talking all sorts of trash... and then I saw the end of the show. I saw men... boys... brothers... people I did hard time in the Corner with standing by his side.

[Hammer shakes his head angrily.]

WH: I can't stand it, Mr. Myers. Those kids are lost... they're confused. And they need someone to show 'em the way.

GM: Is that "someone"... you?

[Hammer pauses, grinning.]

WH: Maybe, maybe not. But what IS me is someone who can ball up this right hand here, this ol' soupbone... makin' ya proud, Uncle Karl...

[Hammer nods, slapping his fist into his open palm.]

WH: And crack a certain full-of-himself World Champion upside the skull just like Sweet Daddy, Uncle Karl, and Todd Michaelson would want me to do.

I may not be the next World Champion, Mr. Myers... that honor's reserved for a man like Dave Bryant or Kenta Kitazawa in my humble opinion.

But I just MIGHT be the next guy to knock Supreme Wright's teeth down his throat!

[Another big cheer!]

WH: So, to answer your question, Mr. Myers.

Yes. Supreme Wright, I... Willie Hammer... am callin'... you... OUT!

[Hammer points a threatening finger at the camera before walking off to a storm of cheers from the Dallas crowd.]

GM: Willie Hammer has... he's challenged the World Champion!

BW: The words "too big for his britches" come to mind. Of course, considering the gut on him, I'm guessing he's heard those words a lot of times in his life.

GM: Oh, you're hysterical. Let's go to some pre-recorded footage from Tony Sunn arriving at the building!

[Cut to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED." We are backstage, where we find an arriving Tony Sunn. Sunn is dressed in a dark grey hooded sweatshirt and navy track pants with a duffel bag slung over one shoulder as he acknowledges the camera with a nod and a faint smile.]

TS: Should have realized you'd try to get your licks in last time out, Lane. The Television Title hunt being that much of a powder keg, all it needed was one spark! Well, that's the last time you get the jump on me...

[Sunn's eyes narrow, smile dropping.]

TS: ...'cause tonight, you see why you go after the sun, you get BUR-- no, I can't say that with a straight face.

[Tony shifts the bag higher on his shoulder, shaking his head.]

TS: Lane, I don't do witty comments -- I just wrestle. Last time out, if THAT was your best shot...

[Sunn allows himself to smile again.]

TS: ...then that's not gonna be good enough, big man. Now, if you'll all excuse me, I've got a match to get ready for...

[We fade away from Tony Sunn to commercial.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where an unseen instructor is barking out instructions to two young students who are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

Back from commercial, the camera cuts to the interview platform where Jason Dane stands with Eric Preston. Preston wears black slacks and a long sleeved oxford blue button down shirt, sleeves rolled up and open at the collar. Dane gets his cue and goes...]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, Jason Dane here with you back from our recently-edited Combat Corner commercial, and with me right now is Eric Preston. Eric, as I'm sure you know, your so called "redemption tour" has become quite the talking point in the arenas, on the message boards and chatrooms, even on social media. Fans are slowly coming around to your side and even some of your colleagues in the back have thrown their support behind you. But I have to ask, what is your ending point in all of this?

EP: My ending point, like I told you a few weeks ago, is still the same as it ever was.

The AWA World Heavyweight title. The top prize in ALL of sports.

But what I have learned through my ups and downs in the AWA is that it's not your destination, but the journey that counts. It's not where you end up, it's how you get that there. Maybe my GPS is broke, maybe I bought the wrong map, but all my previous routes have lead to nowhere. The old saying is that a man should try anything once, but for me it's a little different. I've got to try things twice, so I can screw it up the first time and learn from my mistakes.

So here I am, on round two. A little bit stronger, a little bit leaner and a lot smarter. And the AWA fans coming back around to my side, Air Strike and Ryan Martinez saying in front of the world that they have my back like I have theirs, it means the world to me. Because the journey that I'm on, from the very bottom to the very top, that can be a lonely road right there. So to have that support, to earn your trust back, I thank you all for letting me back in, even just a little bit.

[Preston holds a fist up to the crowd and nods his head, to scattered applause.]

EP: The great thing about the American public, the great thing about our fans is that we're willing to give a second chance. We're willing to help someone up, if they'll let us.

You look around this crowd tonight, you ask the people sitting at home watching on their television, and I bet you're gonna find some people who did some things they aren't proud of. You're gonna find some people who maybe took a wrong turn once or twice and ended up flat on their face or even worse. But does that make us bad people, does that define us forever?

Hell no.

Wrestling fans are blue collar, hard working, tough minded people. And we've all gone down the wrong path in our day, every one of us has done something we regret. We've all been knocked to the canvas by something or other.

But we get back up. We take the second chance. We brush ourselves off, we learn from our mistakes and we are better people because of it. That's what life is about, that's what being part of this country is about. In America it's never too late to turn the page. This ain't Russia where you get your lot in life the day you're born, this ain't old England where if you're not born into royalty you're born into the gutter.

There are literally thousands of stories about people who worked two jobs to put themselves through night school, who became doctors and lawyers late in their life because they put their foot down and said, "Dammit, I'm making a change. I'm doing something about this."

[Preston puts his hand to his chest...]

EP: That's what I'm doing.

[...then points to the crowd, arm moving from left to right.]

EP: That's what all of you are allowing me to do. You are letting me make that change, and I thank you for it.

But just because I'm makin' a change doesn't mean I forgot how to get it done in the squared circle, now, don't get it confused.

Shane Gang, you've been on my radar for a while now.

[The crowd boos at the mention of the Gang, and Preston nods in agreement.]

EP: Watching you guys conduct your business, I can see why Todd Michaelson would throw down the Combat Corner. I can see why there's less than a dozen kids there at this very moment, trying to learn their craft.

There's no way that a young kid who is just finishing high school or college, a good athlete with a good work ethic is gonna turn on his TV, watch that pack of stooges and think, "I can do that. I want to do what those guys do, that looks like a worthwhile endeavor." And when you do that, when you drag my Combat Corner through the mud, when you jump a Steve Spector and an Alphonse Green, you seem to think that just because you travel in a pack, no one is gonna do anything about it. No one's gonna notice.

Well like I've said a thousand times, boys. Actions have consequences.

And someone noticed. And you're lookin' right at him.

[Preston hooks a thumb at himself.]

EP: And to Terry Shane, the founder of the feast.

You've got something a lot of people would love to have, my friend, and I was there when you won it. Matter of fact, my own shortsightedness is part of the reason you even got close to it. And Lord knows, I would love a chance to take that prize off your hands. So be careful before you send your dogs away to do your bidding, because it just opens you up for some one on one, aggressive negotiation. Mark my words, Supreme Wright ain't the only one with a bullseye on his back around these parts.

JD: Whoa, is that a threat to Terry Shane?

[Preston shakes his head.]

EP: Nah, far from it. Just a few words of wisdom to someone who's playing I game I already cashed out on. I'm not in the business of backstabbing and blind side assaults, not anymore. If Terry Shane and his boys were here, I'd say the exact same thing.

And don't think I didn't notice the recent trend of insecurity running through the AWA as of late. Y'see, when you're afraid that you've bitten off more than you can chew, when you're afraid your body can't cash the checks your mouth is writing, you close ranks and you get people in the line of fire.

Cronies. Lackies. Bodyguards.

People to take the heat when you can't. People to take the bullets that are meant for you!

Well, I invite you all to take a look around at the locker room.

[Preston sweeps his hand back towards the curtain.]

EP: In every corner, on every bench, there's someone who's sick of it all. We're growing in numbers, week by week, people putting their heels in the sand. People who can't take any more Wise Men. Any more Gangs. Any more Corporations. Any more Teams.

People, like me, who've only got one thing to say to all the people afraid to take the heat, all the guys who can't face the music. Who've only got one thing to say to the so called athletes who'd rather kiss butt then kick it...

[Eric lean in and goes quiet, putting his right index finger up as he peers into the camera.]

EP: ...not anymore.

[The crowd cheers as we cut away from Preston to a shot of Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Wow. Strong words from Eric Preston. Strong words aimed at Supreme Wright. Strong words aimed at the Shane Gang. Strong words aimed at the Wise Men.

BW: This man is a windshield away from being back at the bottom of the heap.

GM: Perhaps but this time... this time you get the feeling that if he's going down, he's going down with one heckuva fight, Bucky. Fans, let's go-

[Before Gordon can finish, an outpouring of boos cuts him off.]

GM: What's going on now?

[The camera shot cuts to the top of the aisle where Colonel P.W. de Klerk is striding confidently through the curtain. He pauses just beyond the entrance, looking out at the jeering crowd with disdain. Clad in his South African military uniform and carrying a riding crop under his arm, he twists the end of his handlebar mustache before starting the long walk down the elevated platform.]

GM: Colonel de Klerk is NOT supposed to be out here right now, fans.

BW: The good Colonel has never been one to do - or say - what other people want him to.

GM: You can say that again. Colonel de Klerk, of course, had yet another physical encounter with Shadoe Rage two weeks ago.

BW: Rage seems obsessed with de Klerk, doesn't he?

GM: Can you blame him?

BW: Well, kinda. For someone who is a top contender for the World Television Title, he spends a lot of time chasing a guy who doesn't have the best win-loss record, Gordo.

[de Klerk climbs through the ropes into the ring, again pausing to look angrily out at the booing crowd as he takes the mic from Phil Watson.]

PWdK: I come before you tonight to make a claim that so many of you have hurled with disgust at my feet over the years.

Shadoe Rage...

[A cheer breaks out.]

PWdK: ...is a racist!

[The boos return!]

GM: What?? How can he even say that?! You want to talk about the pot calling the kettle...

BW: Black?

GM: Never mind.

[de Klerk pauses, soaking up the jeers before he continues.]

PWdK: For far too long have I spent trying to work my way up the top contender's list here in the AWA, minding my own business and staying on course for my goals... only to have Shadoe Rage, time and time again, come after me for my personal beliefs!

[More boos pour down!]

PWdK: I stand before you as a guest of America... a place who claims to love freedom! Freedom of speech! Freedom of expression! Freedom of religion! The freedom to believe what you believe!

And I am being PERSECUTED for my beliefs!

[More boos! de Klerk holds up his arm, jabbing at his skin with a finger.]

PWdK: I am being PERSECUTED for the color of my skin by Shadoe Rage and his... his...

[de Klerk spits on the canvas.]

PWdK: I have no more interest in that pair of animals. I have no more interest in again soiling myself by facing them inside this - the most glorious

of battlefields. I have no more interest in being the victim of... a HATE CRIME!

[The boos are super loud at this point... yes, even in Texas.]

PWdK: What I do have interest in is the World Television Title that they used their prejudiced minds to rob me of once more.

[de Klerk pauses, seemingly enjoying this reaction from the crowd.]

PWdK: Alphonse Green, you began your quest in the AWA against me. But tonight, I intend to END that quest. I declare myself as the top challenger for your World Television Title!

[More boos!]

PWdK: And I intend to make that challenge... tonight! February is over at long last to my great relief... March is upon us and-

[de Klerk seems poised to make another comment when the sound of "Fame" interrupts. The crowd cheers, de Klerk's eyes bulge with outrage, and the curtain parts to reveal Marissa Monet and Shadoe Rage as they step out onto the stage. Rage is dressed in dark purple and fuchsia highlighted trunks and a hot pink leather robe. Marissa is dressed in black skin leather jeans, a short leather jacket and a black turtleneck. Her afro is picked up high, making her appear 7 feet tall. Rage has a microphone in hand.]

SR: de Klerk, it's funny how you should talk about February without actually saying what you mean, isn't it? That's just your way. You talk a slick game but you never just come out with it. That's been your career too. Pretty good, but never good enough. And now you think because you gave Alphonse Green some competition over a year ago that you should get the next shot at the title? Donnie White got his shot because he handcuffed himself to the ring in a battle royal? And me? The number three contender who got cheated out of the battle royal? Did I get the call? No. So maybe people need to pay a little closer attention. My name is Shadoe Rage and I am going to be an AWA champion. There's no stopping that.

[There are some cheers for that idea as Rage and Marissa walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

SR: But first, I've got to finish all my past business. You think you should get a shot against Alphonse Greene? You think you can take him out? Well, let's just do this the old-fashioned way. We're going to fight. I'm going to make an example out of you. And then Alphonse is going to have to pay attention.

[de Klerk shakes his head angrily.]

PWdK: This has nothing to do with you! I am finished with you and your ilk! You can not just-

[Rage interrupts.]

SR: (interrupting) Oh yes I can. Oh yes, I will. Because you and I both know that in the AWA, you make your own luck. And I'll be damned if a man like you gets anything before me. So there's just one of two things that happens. You either fight me like a man or I beat you...

[Rage pauses at ringside as he strips off his ring robes and climbs inside the ring to come face-to-face with de Klerk.]

SR: ...like a little yellow dog.

[de Klerk pauses, searching for a response...

...and SPITS right in the face of Shadoe Rage to a big "OHHHH!" from the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for-

[The South African fires off a series hard right hands between the eyes that sends Rage flying back into the corner. de Klerk mounts the second rope, pounding Rage's skull, punctuating each shot with something unheard by the house mics... perhaps thankfully.]

GM: de Klerk's hammering away from the middle rope, really doing a number on Shadoe Rage from the outset of this one... can we get a referee down here?

BW: Is this even a match? The Colonel wants to face Alphonse Green!

GM: I don't think the Colonel is getting that match tonight.

[de Klerk hops down, ramming his shoulder right into Rage's midsection, dropping him to his knees where he's gasping for air as referee Marty Meekly slides in.]

GM: Marty Meekly calls the bell and it looks like this one is official!

BW: What?! Did Watkins get back in control and is shouting "Let's hook 'em up" backstage?!

[de Klerk grabs Rage by the hair, throwing him down to the mat before dropping an elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbowdrop by the Colonel and Shadoe Rage may be regretting his decision to get back in there with the big South African military man right about now.

BW: I'd pay good money to have the Colonel put Rage down for a three count and send him back where he came from!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Canada, you moron. Have I EVER given you the impression that I'm a racist?!

[de Klerk rips Rage off the mat by the hair, using it to biel throw the smaller man head over heels into the corner. He lifts his hands up, examining them with disgust as he wipes them on his trousers and turns to glare at Marissa Monet.]

"He is nothing. NOTHING!"

[The South African smirks as Monet slaps the canvas in anger.]

GM: Colonel de Klerk taking a moment to taunt Marissa Monet.

BW: Who responds by flexing.

GM: She did not!

BW: Looked like it from here. Like she was going to intimidate a guy who is six three and 271 pounds with her muscles.

[But de Klerk takes too long with his taunting, allowing Rage to recover to a knee, springing off the mat to catch de Klerk with a left-handed clothesline, wrapping his arm around the neck and dragging the South African down to the canvas with him!]

GM: Ohh! Shadoe Rage with a devastating clothesline!

[Rage pops back up to his feet, twirling around in place as he points to the sky and then points at de Klerk to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: The clothesline really turned things around and Shadoe Rage is going on the offensive now!

[Grabbing the South African by the hair, Rage bounces his skull off the turnbuckle repeatedly before dragging him to the center of the ring. He again gives a twirl of the finger before driving an elbow into the forehead that leaves de Klerk wobbly-legged.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has been known throughout his career for possessing some dangerous and deadly elbows. Whether it's an overhead elbow like that, an elbow strike, or a flying elbow off the top, he really knows how to use that part of his body to great effect inside the ring.

BW: Guys that I've talked to that have faced him say it's like getting a padlock bounced off your skull. I'm surprised he's never broken an elbow in his career considering how often - and how hard - he throws them.

[With de Klerk staggered, Rage snaps off a series of boxing-like jabs, going right and left as he peppers the South African repeatedly before he sends him down to the mat with a haymaker!]

GM: Oh my! Down goes de Klerk off the right hand!

BW: Come on, Colonel. Get back to your feet. Don't let him smell blood in the water.

[Rage backs into the ropes, slowly walking off and leaping sky high into the air, looking to drop a knee down across the sternum!]

GM: Big leaping kneedr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! He missed! The Colonel saved himself by rolling out of the way.

BW: And saved himself is the right term to use, Gordo, because if that kneedrop had landed, I'm betting that flying elbowdrop off the top wasn't far away.

GM: I'm sure you're right and I'm sure the Colonel knew that as well. This rivalry between de Klerk and Shadoe Rage...

BW: This one-sided rivalry?

GM: ...this is the kind of stuff that Marissa Monet is trying to get Rage to move away from. This feud with de Klerk... the war with Donnie White and the Shane Gang. If Shadoe Rage wants to be the World Television Champion, he's going to need to make THAT his goal and not the end of Donnie White's ability to walk.

BW: Marissa Monet came in here like she's some kind of a genius or something and knew all the answers to help her man win gold. What kind of genius thinks the key to success for Rage is to get the madman to focus? She's been there with him his whole career essentially. There's no focus in that ten-cent brain of his!

GM: The Colonel is pressing the advantage, slamming him down to the mat.

[de Klerk takes the opportunity to viciously stomp Rage's midsection several times before dropping a knee down into the ribs!]

GM: Nice kneedrop by de Klerk and Rage's insistence on taking this match seems to be going against him at this stage of the matchup.

BW: de Klerk's got a sound strategy at this point. You gotta keep Rage down on the mat. Keep the speed, the quickness, the agility, and the high-flying out of his game and you've got him beat.

[de Klerk kneels on the mat, tugging Rage into a side headlock, leaning on him with his considerable weight.]

GM: And now de Klerk is looking to wear his opponent down. If de Klerk does manage to take the win in this one, you have to expect that he very well might crack the Top Five contenders' list for the World Television Title. If he does that, a shot at Alphonse Green might not be such a longshot at all, Bucky.

[Rage kicks his feet against the mat, looking for leverage to try and escape the headlock. He slaps at de Klerk's hands and arms, trying to pry them off of him.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo. de Klerk's wrestled Rage enough times now - both on television and at arena events - that he's got a pretty good strategy in place. Here's the ground...

[de Klerk shoves Rage back down to the mat, hammering him with right hands to the temple before slamming his forearm down across the back of the head and neck repeatedly.]

BW: ...and there's the pound, daddy!

[Rage covers up as de Klerk climbs to his feet, driving a stomp down into the ear of Rage to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh!

[de Klerk pulls Rage to his knees, tugging him into the side headlock again as Rage wraps his arms around the torso, trying to battle up to his feet.]

GM: The Colonel continues to his weight advantage to keep Rage neutralized, pushing him back down to the mat.

BW: Monet's out here losing her mind. Rage is just flopping like a fish on the mat, trying to escape this hold. All these years and he can't even escape a side headlock. You really wonder why he's never been worth a nickel on his own, Gordo?

GM: Shadoo Rage has had a fine career, Bucky. He's won championships all over-

BW: Never in the big time, Gordo! Not on his own and never in the big time... just like his old man. Too unpredictable. Too unable to focus his skills on what matters. Too volatile.

[Marissa is pounding the apron, shouting instructions to Rage as he tries to change position with a handful of de Klerk's hair. As the referee gets on him, de Klerk gouges him in the eye.]

BW: Greco Roman thumb to the eye!

[The blinded Rage falls back down to his knees as de Klerk nods to the jeering crowd, shouting for the referee to "ask him!"]

GM: I don't expect that Shadoe Rage is about to submit to a side headlock but I could be mistaken, I suppose.

BW: He should quit. He should quit, go home, and find some middling promotion running Boys And Girls Clubs and Elks Lodges to give him a shot. That's more his speed, I think.

GM: Are you forgetting that one of the most legendary promotions in the history of our sport once had him in a Pay Per View Main Event for the World Heavyweight Title against a Hall of Fame champion?

BW: Actually, yes... I DID forget that! And you know why? Because it's Shadoe Rage and when you compare him against the other guys that were on top in Portland, it's a blip on the radar. Steve Kowalski, Brody Thunder, Casey James, John Wesley Hardin... and Shadoe Rage? One of these things damn sure ain't like the others.

[Finally, Rage battles up to his feet again. He attempts to shove de Klerk off to the ropes but the South African hangs on until Rage drives his foot down on de Klerk's instep, instantly breaking the hold!]

GM: Ohh! He stomped the foot and-

[Free from the grasp of de Klerk, Rage rushes to the ropes, building momentum on the rebound...

...and running RIGHT into a quick knee lift to the midsection! The blow flips Rage right over de Klerk's leg, sending him tumbling down to the mat and rolling right to the corner where Monet is waiting to speak to him.]

GM: Well, he escaped the headlock but de Klerk puts him right back down. The veteran from South Africa has really managed to stay in control of this one for a while now and you have to wonder if Shadoe Rage is regretting his decision to take on this match.

[de Klerk goes to pull Rage up off the mat but the Canadian fires back with weak shots to the midsection. The South African takes two steps back...

...but promptly rakes the eyes of Rage!]

GM: Oh, come on, Marty Meekly! Get in there!

[Meekly reprimands the South African who ignores him, scooping Rage up into his arms and slams him down to the mat. He stomps Rage's skull a few times before dropping a fist down between the eyes.]

GM: The fistdrop connects... de Klerk covers for one... he gets two... but that's all!

[de Klerk glares at the official as he climbs back to his feet, pulling Rage off the mat again. He tugs him up off the mat into a gutwrench, muscling Rage up and over into a suplex.]

GM: Wow! Nice execution on the gutwrench suplex by de Klerk and he attempts another cover... but again, just a two count!

BW: He's getting closer, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps but Marissa Monet continues to talk to Shadoe Rage, trying to get him back up and back into this battle.

[Back up on his feet, de Klerk grabs Rage off the mat, yanking him into an abdominal stretch.]

GM: The abdominal stretch is applied! We don't see it too often but it's a very painful hold, Bucky.

BW: Incredibly painful. It stretches out your abs, your ribs, your pectorals, even your arm to a degree and when you've got the height of de Klerk, there's a lot of leverage involved there.

GM: Rage's abdominals are very well developed though. You have to wonder how much effect it will have on those muscles.

[Monet can be heard shouting instructions to her man - very clear instructions that he follows to the letter as he knocks de Klerk's ankle free of his leg. Off balance, the South African is easy prey for Rage to reach back, grab hold on him, and drop to his rear, smashing de Klerk's jaw into the top of Rage's head!]

GM: Ohh! Jawbreaker! What a counter by Shadoe Rage!

BW: de Klerk got rattled off that one! He needs to recover!

[de Klerk staggers back, falling into the ropes as Rage drags himself up off the mat. He throws a quick series of jabs, feinting with a left before...]

GM: OHH! LEAPING RIGHT HAND!!

[The Superman punch spins de Klerk away from him, slipping to a knee before using the nearby ropes to pull himself back up. Rage grabs an arm, whipping de Klerk across before hitting the ropes himself.]

GM: Both men off the ropes... Rage takes flight!

[And CRACKS de Klerk on the jaw with a flying forearm!]

GM: Oh my! Big flying forearm by Rage and de Klerk went down hard off that one!

BW: Rage is starting to build some momentum, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is as he- look at that!

[Rage deadleaps to the top rope, balancing himself as de Klerk struggles up to his feet. de Klerk is stunned as Rage takes flight, clutching his hands together as he CRACKS the flying double axehandle down across the top of his head!]

GM: Big double axehandle off the top - he calls it Death From Above!

[Down on the mat, Rage pounds the canvas and lets out a howl as the crowd cheers in response.]

GM: Shadoo Rage is trying to find a way to put him away. He's taking it to the next level, Bucky!

BW: I'm not sure I like the looks of this, Gordo. The wildman is showing a bit of focus when he countered that hold and went right after de Klerk.

[With de Klerk down on the mat, Rage slaps him on the sternum before leaping up, dropping a knee down into the throat!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop connects... and you know what might come after that!

[But Rage seems to have other ideas as he hauls de Klerk up off the mat, holding a handful of hair as he walks de Klerk towards the corner. He slips in behind him, grabbing a side waistlock...]

GM: Can he get him up off the mat?

[With great effort, Rage manages to muscle de Klerk up into atomic drop position, setting him down hard on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of de Klerk seated up top, unable to defend himself as Marissa Monet cheers her man on, leading the fans in applause. Rage nods to the crowd, stepping up to the second rope where he grabs the side waistlock again.]

GM: Rage is gonna try and get him up!

BW: He can't! He can't do it, Gordo!

GM: He's gonna try!

[The cheers grow louder as Rage muscles de Klerk just barely off the ropes, falling back with him and BOUNCING the back of de Klerk's head off the canvas!]

GM: Superplex off the top by Shadoo Rage! What a show of strength!

[Rage pops up off the mat, twirling a finger around in the sky before again leaping up, landing on the top turnbuckle. He stands tall, raising both arms into the sky...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is making his case to be the top contender to the World Television Title!

[...and takes flight, soaring through the air and DRIVING his elbow down into the chest of a prone de Klerk!]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP!!

[Rage flips into the lateral press, reaching back for the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage climbs back to his feet, raising his arms as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner...

SHAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Marissa rolls into the ring, catching Rage in a rough embrace. Rage is still hot, though, even as "Fame" celebrates his victory. He pushes his way out of the embrace, moving back towards the corner.]

GM: Wait a second! The match is over and he won!

BW: He don't care, Gordo! He's lost it again!

[Rage leaps to the top rope, standing tall!]

GM: Marissa Monet is pleading with him, begging him not to jump. The Championship Committee... the front office is watching this man very closely! They don't like what they've seen out of him lately!

BW: Monet's got no control over him! He's shouting at her, she's shouting back at him!

[Monet steps in front of the downed de Klerk, forcing Rage to leap at her if he's going to leap.]

GM: She won't let him to do it! He's telling her to move, to get out of his way but she's refusing! She's pleading with him to get down... to not jeopardize his chances here in the AWA!

BW: He's on a real short leash with the front office, Gordo! If he does this, he may be looking at a fine... a suspension even!

[Marissa's stubbornness finally seems to prevail as an agitated Rage leaps down off the buckles, his eyes blazing with anger. He says something sharply in the direction of Monet, brushing past her and storming back up the aisle. A surprised Monet steps through the ropes, hurrying after him.]

GM: An... interesting situation unfolding right there, Bucky.

BW: You could say that. You could also say it's Friday's episode of As The Rage Turns.

GM: Shadoe Rage is lost in his own world right now, it seems to me. The legendary anger that boils inside him is pulling him apart at the seams and I would not like to be in his path when he explodes. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but before we do, let's go backstage for a special interview!

[Fade backstage to Mark Stegglet, who is standing in front of the AWA logo, mic in hand. Before he can address Bucky and Gordon, a person rushes past Stegglet, knocking him back slightly. Aggravated, Stegglet shouts to the man who didn't even excuse himself.]

MS: Hey! Hey!

[The camera pans to the man, who stops in his tracks. He turns around to face Stegglet, and appears to be adjusting something on his face.]

MS: That was rude!

[Stegglet pauses, as he realizes who the man is.]

MS: Jackie Wilpon! You're supposed to be wrestling tonight..

[Stegglet looks down towards a small briefcase, then looks up at Wilpon, who is in street clothes consisting of an AWA t-shirt and a pair of jeans.]

MS: ..where do you think you're going?

JW[in a deep New York-ish accent.]: Do I looks like I'm even inna condition t' wrestle t'night, Mark Stegglet?

[Wilpon points to his face, which has a mask covering his nose.]

MS: I didn't even get any notes saying that you weren't able to wrestle.

[Ignoring Stegglet, Wilpon continues.]

JW: Where's dat Walter Warren rat at, eh, Mark Stegglet?

MS: As far as I know, he's not even here at the moment.

[Wilpon rolls his eyes.]

JW: He laughed at me, Mark Stegglet. Dey all laughed at me as I laid down dere on dat concrete floor. My nose, it was on both sides-a my face and blood came flowin' out, see? I'm sicka it all. Enough! I ain't goin' out there ta get embarrassed time an' time again.

Well, Walter Warren... [slowly] he's gonna pay. They all gonna pay.

[Wilpon leans in towards Stegglet.]

JW: ...Capiche?

[Wilpon turns and leaves as Stegglet turns back towards the camera. He simply shakes his head.]

MS: Well, not much for words, is he? Apparently Wilpon has just walked out of the AWA after what happened last week, but he has vowed revenge. I don't know how he's going to go about it though. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Tony Sunn versus Ricky Lane so don't you dare go away!

[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 Imbrogno!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fade backstage to where Jason Dane is standing in front of the AWA logo. Standing next to him is the AWA Television Champion, Alphonse Green. Green is wearing black and yellow zubaz pants, and a "Stone Cold" Charlie Brown T-shirt. He flashes a quick grin and a thumbs up to the camera, before rubbing the AWA Television title, which is slung over his shoulders.]

JD: Folks, I'm here with the AWA Television Champion, Alphonse Green. First off, Alphonse, did Paul Rudd get his t-shirt?

AG: Of course he did! Gave him that same t-shirt ya saw me wear two weeks ago, right off my back! Gang Green's continuin' to grow exponentially,

and havin' Paul Rudd on board th' bandwagon is a huge boost! I've watched that video a dozen times today alone! Kids at home, make sure ya post the link to Facebook, instead of the video itself! Facebook's autoplay is so annoyin', don't ya agree?

[Dane thinks about it, and nods his head.]

AG: I tell ya, drives up the ol' data usage. Worst decision ever, c'mon Zuckerberg! Now, speakin' of the video, did ya hear?

JD: Hear about what?

AG: Because th' video went viral, a whole new generation of people got introduced t' Queen, and "Don't Stop Me Now!" hit th' Billboard Charts at #75! My theme song is conquerin' the charts, and th' whole world.. and I'm next! I'm lookin' forward to the trip to Japan, an' I'm willin' an' able to put this little beauty on the line against anyone in Tiger Paw Pro!

JD: There's more than a few guys on that roster that would love to get a shot at that gold, that's for sure.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: Of course! I've never been to Japan before, an' I want to go international, baby! Of course, there's another reason why I wanna go over there.

[Dane ponders what Green's talking about.]

AG: Gotta complete the wardrobe, ya know? I got the Zubaz.. now all I need is the jacket, ya know the one. Heck, ya even have one! I want one too! It's no fair!

[Green pouts as Dane finally realizes what he's talking about.]

JD: Well, all you need to do is show up with that title, and they'll set you up. Speaking of that title, in a little while you're going to face off against Charles S. Rant.

AG: A match a long time in th' makin' if you ask me!

JD: Oh?

AG: I always used t' call up Customer Service when I was startin' out, ya know, always wonderin' why ol' Alphonse Green was never front an' center. Hey, self promotion, after all, wanted to get the ol' name out there. I even called up after you told me those poll numbers..

[Green narrows his eyes and leans in towards Dane.]

AG: ...wonderin' if they were fixed.

[Dane looks like he's sweating a little bit. Green leans back out.]

AG: That guy, that Charles S. Rant guy.. he was always a rude crude dude over the phone. But he always told me he'd call me back once he found out if those results were real or not. He never did! I always had t' call him up and it got to the point where I always reached his voicemail, and he never returned them either!

JD: I can tell you, those results were one hundred percent real.

AG: Aw, Dane, I'm not really worried about the results nowadays. Ya know, it was the whole principle of the thing. If you're willin' to take on a job that's supposed to help people, then y'all supposed to help them. There are way too many customer service reps out there that would rather sit by th' phone an' play Flappy Bird and read from a script than be nice and courteous and helpful to t' general public.

I took this match tonight, Dane.. so I could not only take Charles R. Rant on a ride on the Gang Green Flyin' Machine, but all those inconsiderate reps out there, whether they work for mortgage companies, electric companies, cable companies, banks, and all that kinda stuff. Nobody out there should have t' wait through long hold times, havin' to deal with rude customer service guys that couldn't be darned t' help them, and worst of all.. never gettin' call backs after leavin' tons of voicemails. A little bit of help goes a long way, an' I'm gonna provide a little bit o' help, even if it's symbolic!

[Green grins as the camera pans back over to Dane.]

JD: All right, ladies and gentlemen, Alphonse Green is ready to put the Television Title on the line tonight, and to be honest.. I've had a little bit of an issue getting a call back recently.

[Green lets out his "OOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!!", stomping out of view as Jason Dane grins.]

JD: Let's go back to...

[Dane's gaze drifts off camera. He pauses in mid-sentence before making short gesture to the cameraman. The camera turns and picks up Cody Mertz together with a member of Team Supreme. The faceless member has his black hood with red trim covering his face as he stands there stoic as Mertz continues to talk rather demonstratively. Upset and exasperated, Mertz throws his arms out and just stares at what was probably his former Combat Corner classmate.

The member simply shakes his head and turns and walks away, leaving Mertz by himself. Disappointed, Mertz lowers his arms and shakes his head. He turns to walk away himself, but instead turns to find himself face to face with the AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright.

Wright is dressed sharply in a navy blue waistcoat over a white tailored dress shirt, a dark purple necktie, and matching navy trousers. In his right

arm, he cradles the AWA World Heavyweight title. Supreme cranes his head over Mertz's shoulder, watching the Team Supreme member walk away, before turning his attention back towards his fellow Combat Corner alum.]

SW: Mr. Mertz.

[Cody returns the greeting, not sounding too happy.]

CM: Mr. Wright.

[Mertz looks over Wright's shoulder and nods in the direction of Cain Jackson.]

CM: Cain.

[An ever so slight nod of acknowledgement comes from the champ's bodyguard.]

SW: Was there a problem?

CM: With you? No. With how you're acting and what you're doing—

[Mertz stops, biting his tongue. He points behind him, in the direction of the Team Supreme member that just left.]

CM: He's my friend... I just wanted to talk... but no, I don't have a problem with you.

SW: Well, that's good to hear.

[The champions turns to walk away, but Mertz grabs him by the arm to stop him.]

CM: But let's get one thing clear, I may not have a problem with you, but that definitely doesn't mean I agree with anything that you're doing. The Combat Corner's done nothing to you but help make you what you are. Todd used to go on and on about you. Your work ethic, drive, determination; and you, you just try and tarnish everything he's done.

[Again Mertz stops and collects himself before continuing.]

CM: You want to help these people finish their dreams, make them stars, make them better; then I'm all for that and I wish you as much success as Todd Michaelson ever had. But if you want to have these people here for the sole purpose of your own self-interests, your own self-preservation...then I think we're going to have a big problem!

[Supreme's face is unreadable, until a slight smirk forms on his lips and he pats Mertz on the shoulder with his free hand.]

SW: You have nothing to worry about. My actions might seem harsh, but I have nothing but everyone's best interests in mind.

[A serious expression forms on his face.]

SW: Even yours.

[His tone takes on a slight edge.]

SW: And you should be wise to remember that.

[The tense situation is interrupted by Michael Aarons walking into the shot, huge smile on his face.]

MA: Cain Jackson! What's up?

[Aarons extends his hand for a high five which barely gets acknowledged.]

MA: Oh it's like that, now?

[Jackson shrugs, as Aarons then shifts his gaze to Wright and flashes a cocky grin.]

MA: What's up champ? No problem is there?

[Almost too easily, Supreme's expression switches to a warm, friendly smile as he turns his attention to Aarons.]

SW: No problem at all, Mr. Aarons. I was just having a nice chat with your tag team partner.

[His eyes dart to Mertz as the two briefly lock eyes and then back to Aarons.]

SW: But I think we're done now.

[As Wright and Jackson leave, Aarons throws an arm over Mertz' shoulder and waves goodbye to the duo with his other. He shakes his head at Mertz as if to tell him not to worry about it and pulls him in the other direction as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: What?

GM: I'm just... I'm shocked by the person that Supreme Wright has become. No, I don't think that's right... actually, I'm shocked by the person he always was but did such a good job in hiding it!

BW: What are you talking about now?

GM: Manipulative, bullying, threatening... but on a dime, he changes personalities to fit his needs. There's something mentally wrong with that man, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I didn't realize you're a psychiatrist now.

GM: You know I'm not but-

BW: But you feel comfortable making judgments on people's psyches. I get it.

GM: Regardless, one other thing stood out to me in that, Bucky.

BW: Which is?

GM: Wise. He told Cody Mertz that he'd be wise to remember that. An... interesting choice of words, don't you think?

BW: Now you're implying that Supreme Wright is affiliated with the Wise Men?!

GM: Would you be surprised? Supreme Wright seems willing to do whatever it takes to keep that title after he was willing to do whatever it takes to WIN it.

BW: He didn't do a single thing that anyone else in that locker room wouldn't have done.

GM: I refuse to believe that. I don't believe men like Ryan Martinez would have done that... like the Lynches... or like the man who is about to step into the squared circle right now... Tony Sunn.

BW: Boy Scout Sunn might not've done it... but then again, it's not like he'd ever get the chance to do it. He's too nice... not enough of a killer instinct to find himself in a position to go for it.

GM: If he beats Ricky Lane here tonight, he just might be on his way to GETTING into position to go for it. Fans, let's go up to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... accompanied by his manager Willoughby Tremblay... from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 475 pounds...

"THE BIG UNEASY"
RICKYYYYYY LAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Lane stands in the middle of the ring, completely obscuring our shot of Phil Watson. He has cropped black hair, shaved short on the sides except for a few small designs which are shaved into the scalp. He wears a red double strapped singlet with black elbow and knee pads. Tremblay stands at ringside, applauding the introduction of his man.]

PW: And his opponent...

["We Hold On" by Rush blasts out over the PA system to significant cheers from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Ithaca, New York... weighing in at 287 pounds...

TOOOOONYYYYY SUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[Tony Sunn strides through the curtain, throwing a muscular arm up into the air to cheers from the crowd. He's clad in a black, silver, and white ringlet with matching wristbands as he makes his way down the elevated ramp, pointing to the cheering fans before turning his focus on the ring where the big man is waiting for him.]

GM: The big powerhouse, six foot six and nearly three hundred pounds of muscle.

[Sunn stops just beyond the ropes, flipping his barely-shoulder length wavy dirty blonde hair back. He slaps his well-developed pectorals before stepping through the ropes...

...and getting ambushed by Ricky Lane who lumbers across the ring, smashing a forearm down across the neck of the doubled-up Sunn, knocking him down to a knee as the referee signals for the bell!]

GM: Ricky Lane attacks before the bell!

[The bulky Lane smashes a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades, putting Sunn down on all fours.]

GM: Lane off to a quick start, trying to end this one quickly. He wants no part of Tony Sunn's power game.

BW: Lane ain't a pipsqueak, Gordo. He's six foot six and 475 pounds. Plenty of power in that guy too.

GM: Absolutely.

[Dragging Sunn off the mat by the arm, Lane fires him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip... Sunn off the far side...

[Lane attempts a back elbow but Sunn ducks under it, hitting the far ropes and rebounding back at top speed...

...and CRACKING a surprised Lane with a running lariat!]

GM: OHH! Big lariat by Tony Sunn! That puts Lane in a bad way!

[A stunned Lane wobbles as Sunn ducks down...

...and MUSCLES Lane up onto his shoulders!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! HE'S GOT LANE UP!!

[The crowd is roaring for the show of strength as Sunn stands straight up, holding the near five hundred pounder up in the fireman's carry position...

...and slowly starts turning around and around with him!]

GM: Airplane spin! Are you kidding me?!

BW: How the heck is he doing this?!

[Sunn spins about a half dozen times before letting loose a big roar of effort, upending Lane and THROWING him down to the mat with a fireman's carry slam! HUGE ROAR!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SLAM!!

BW: He shook the whole ring, Gordo!

[Sunn scrambles up, grabbing the legs of Lane, flipping over into a double leg cradle! Lane desperately kicks, thrashing about as the referee drops down to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! Tony Sunn just beat Ricky Lane in about a minute of action!

BW: Holy toledo, Gordo. I can't believe what I just saw! Tony Sunn just shocked the entire AWA with that win!

GM: And how in the world can you deny that Tony Sunn is one of the top contenders to the World Television Title right about now?! Tony Sunn may have just made himself THE Number One Contender to the World Television Champion, Bucky!

BW: I don't know about that but... man, that was something to see.

GM: Willoughby Tremblay is shocked! Ricky Lane is shocked! He was trying to kickout as hard as he could but the power of Tony Sunn kept him wrapped up in that cradle for the three count. But Tony Sunn has won this battle of the big men. And speaking of big men... let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with the seven footer, Robert Donovan!

[A cut to the back brings us to two very different looking figures. One figure is the big man, the seven footer, the Beale Street Bully himself, Robert Donovan. The other figure is significantly less imposing, but wielding a microphone -- none other than the AWA's own intrepid investigator, Jason

Dane. Dane's looking somewhat curious and Donovan, well, he looks as surly as usual.]

JD: I'm here with Robert Donovan, who requested this interview time for reasons...well, I don't know what the reasons are. I didn't have any questions prepared ahead of time, but one that comes to mind pretty quickly is...now what? You and the rest of the Bullies were a thorn in the Lynches side for months, but now they're gone, and since you three lost your match at Showtime, even if they were here you wouldn't technically be able to do anything together. Where does this leave the biggest Bully of all?

[Donovan, shockingly, doesn't take offense to the question or its mildly insulting tone, but instead chuckles at it.]

RD: Funny you should manage to find that question outta nowhere, Dane...but I didn't really ask for this time so you could ask me questions, I just needed somebody willin' to stand there an' hold a microphone while I get some things off my chest. Sayin' that, though, so I don't waste a professional's time, I'll answer your question...later.

[Dane shrugs.]

RD: Lemme ask you one in return though, Dane...what do you think the knock on big Rob Donovan has been ever since he got into the business?

[Dane looks ready to answer, but hesitates.]

RD: Just tell me, Dane, I ain't riskin' what time I got left by layin' hands on ya. You ain't gonna say anything to me that ain't been said before, so have at it.

JD: All right...well, it seems like you lack focus. It seems like any time you get some momentum going, something happens, whether it's you just hitting a bump in the road or something...

[Dane looks slightly uncomfortable, so Donovan interjects.]

RD: Somethin' like Westwego, Dane?

[Dane nods.]

RD: Yeah, much as I'd like to bristle up an' get mad at what you just said, it ain't wrong. Seems like anytime I start to get my feet under me after whatever random disaster happens, another one comes along an' shoves me back another ten yards. I lock up a chance at the AWA National Title, an' that slimy son of...well, you know what happened, an' I ain't givin' that scumbag any more free publicity by sayin' his name on air. I rally the troops against the worst of the worst, an' nothin' comes of it because everybody was too wrapped up in their own personal business to come together...

[Donovan laughs.]

RD: So, now we get the Wise Men. Nice work, fellas.

[Donovan reaches up, scratching his chin briefly.]

RD: Ain't like that's been the case just here in the AWA, either. Look at Los Angeles, hell, even down in South Laredo, both places where I had real glory a fingertip away an' just never managed to grab it. Most people just fight through that kind of crap -- after all, in the wrestlin' business, how often do people come an' go, how often do things have to change? If you can't adapt, you'll just flounder...an' I've made flounderin' a damned art form as much of it as I've managed to do in my career an' still keep my head just barely above water, just barely manage to keep it interestin' enough that people keep comin' back to me, despite the fact that if I can be counted on for anythin', it's comin' up just shy of the mark.

[Donovan looks at Dane.]

RD: Tell me somethin', Dane -- you hear from your brother-in-law recently?

[Dane shakes his head, then looks at Donovan, slightly puzzled.]

JD: No...but why do you ask?

RD: You didn't see a...oh, six an' a half foot blonde out in one of Supreme Wright's goofy matchin' track suits, did ya?

JD: Not that I recall.

[Donovan nods.]

RD: That's 'cause I raised that boy to be a lil' smarter than his old man.

JD: Wait, your _son_ is in the Combat Corner?

RD: Yeah, he is, Dane, an' mighta been on track to graduate before this whole mess with Michaelson walkin' off happened. You see, Dane, much as I wanna sit here an' blame everybody from Tex Violence to Chris Blue to Calisto Dufresne for all the bullcrap that I've had to put up with my whole professional life, I can't lie to myself about it anymore. I can't pretend that the fault ain't all on the shoulders of one man -- me. One of the first lessons Tony Donovan ever tried to teach his boys was that if we got into wrestling, to never rely on anybody but us for anything we were gonna get. I didn't listen -- seemed kinda funny comin' from a man whose biggest mark on the business was left with two of the meanest men you'll ever meet -- an' neither did either of my brothers, an' look at us now. Matt ain't walkin' anywhere without a cane, Adam's god knows where, an' me, well...I'm left wonderin' if I hadn't listened to the old man all those years ago, what mighta been.

[Donovan turns slightly, addressing the camera.]

RD: Luckily, like I said, my boy was smart enough to take that lesson, an' take it to heart, so you didn't see him marchin' out there to the beat of somebody else's drum. He stayed at the Corner, didn't abandon his teachers...an' that brings me to the question you asked earlier, Dane, a question I'm finally ready to answer.

[Donovan turns back to Dane, looking oddly calm.]

RD: I found somethin' to focus on, somethin' that I can carry with me until I gotta hang up these boots, the last impression I can ever make on this business. I ain't gonna leave some legacy of gold an' glory, if I was gonna do that it woulda happened a long time ago. It's time I admit that, time to find somethin' else to do, some other way to spend my remainin' time in that ring.

[Donovan's calm look suddenly turns malicious.]

RD: If I can't leave that boy anythin' else in this business, Dane, I'll leave him a name that people ain't willin' to say without fear. I'll leave him a name associated with blood an' pain, so at least when he finally finishes up at the Corner, he'll have somethin' to start with, whether it's a reputation he wants to escape or one he decides to take on himself. So, Dane, I believe you asked me, "What now?"

[Dane nods.]

RD: What's now, Dane, is I wait.

[Donovan pauses and Dane looks at him quizzically.]

JD: You wait?

RD: Yeah, Dane, I wait. I wait for some fool back in this locker room to look at me sideways. I wait for someone to run their mouth the wrong way, wait for 'em to do somethin' I don't like. Once that happens, I stop waitin', I grab 'em with these two hands, drag their sorry carcass out to that ring, an' after I'm done, Dane, I wear their blood like it's warpaint.

[Dane looks a little nonplussed at that, and Donovan laughs at his obvious discomfort.]

RD: Sure you wanted me to find a focus, Dane?

[Donovan stalks off, still laughing, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Let's go back to the ring...

[Cut back to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum, where The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" is already playing. Callum Mahoney, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind

legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

'T WAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE FROM ME HOME I STARTED #
LEFT THE GIRLS IN TUAM NEARLY BROKEN-HEARTED #
SALUTED FATHER DEAR, KISSED ME DARLING MOTHER #
DRANK A PINT OF BEER, ME GRIEF AND TEARS TO SMOTHER #
THEN OFF TO REAP THE CORN, LEAVE WHERE I WAS BORN #
CUT A STOUT BLACKTHORN TO BANISH GHOSTS AND GOBLINS #
BRAND NEW PAIR OF BROGUES RATTLED O'ER THE BOGS #
FRIGHTENED ALL THE DOGS ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

[As he makes his way to the ring, we see Mahoney'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: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, he hails from County Cork, Ireland and comes to the ring weighing in at 240 pounds. He is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. Across the ring from him is an African-American man with a flattop afro and a clean-shaven face. He wears full-length black tights with thick red stripes running down each side, black boots, and black athletic gloves that go almost to the elbow.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Arlington, Virginia, weighing in at 261 pounds, he is...

RASHAAAN HIIILL!!!

[As the music fades, both men begin circling each other.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! Tie-up! And Rashan Hill forces Mahoney into the corner. Once again, the Irishman at a weight and slight height disadvantage.

BW: We still don't know if he will accept Kolya Sudakov's challenge, but if he does, he's going to be at a height and weight disadvantage in the shoot fight as well.

[With Mahoney having released the collar-and-elbow, referee Davis Warren tells Hill to ease off and begins the five-count. Hill lets go and turns to walk away from the corner, but Mahoney traps Hill's left leg between his. Hill throws a couple of back elbows towards Mahoney, the first of which he

blocks and the second he avoids by leaning back. Mahoney releases Hill's leg, just as the referee continues to admonish Hill for trying to attack his opponent in the corner despite him calling for the break. Mahoney steps away from the corner with a shrug and smirk.]

BW: Mahoney might not be showing it, but I bet he's got Sudakov's challenge weighing heavily on his mind.

GM: I know for a fact that, at the conclusion of this match, we will be getting Mahoney's reply to the Russian War Machine.

[Mahoney has Hill in an arm wringer, but Hill uses his power to reverse the wristlock. He pulls at Mahoney's arm, trying to wrench it, then pulls Mahoney closer towards him. However, Mahoney ducks under Hill's arm, creating some separation and drives his forearm to the back of Hill's head. Hill turns around and is met with a forearm smash, which knocks him back towards the ropes.]

GM: Rashan Hill takes a forearm to the face.

BW: Mahoney follows it up with a HARD European uppercut!

GM: He takes Hill up and over... Knee drop! Cover! Hill kicks out at two.

BW: We've seen Mahoney's striking power, but will they be effective against the former mixed martial artist?

GM: Like I said two weeks ago, Bucky, Callum Mahoney is no MMA star. And I don't know if his unorthodox fighting style is going to give him much of an advantage in a so-called shoot fight.

[Mahoney has Hill laid out on his front. He has Hill pinned down, with his left arm locked in a half nelson. Letting go of the hold, Mahoney floats over and pulls Hill to his feet. He grabs Hill's arm, twists it and pulls Hill into a short arm hook to the jaw, laying him out.]

GM: There's that unorthodox offense. Mahoney with another knee drop.

[Mahoney drops down and locks in a side headlock. He keeps the hold applied as Rashan Hill slowly starts getting to his feet. Mahoney holds Hill's head down in front of him and lifts a knee, driving it into Hill's forehead. He hits another knee lift, then knocks Hill back with a forearm uppercut. He goes to pick Hill up again, but is surprised when Hill hits a forearm smash of his own.]

GM: Hill whips Mahoney into the ropes... Jumping clothesline! No!

BW: Mahoney held on to the ropes! Mahoney showing why he's considered a ring general by some.

GM: Mahoney has Hill's arms hooked... Suplex! Cover! Another two!

[Mahoney sits Hill up, hooks Hill's nose with his fingers, pulls Hill's head up and back, and drives his elbow into Hill's forehead.]

BW: Would such a move be allowed in a shoot fight, Gordo?

GM: Frankly, I have no idea what the rules are in such a fight. And that's also assuming Mahoney will accept Sudakov's challenge.

[Mahoney picks Hill up again and again holds Hill's head down in front of him. He jumps and drives both his knees into Hill's face. Still holding on to Hill by the scruff of his neck, Mahoney pulls him into a forearm smash to the face. He forces Hill into the corner and slaps him in the chest. He pushes Hill's head back and lays into his chest with a clubbing forearm.]

GM: Irish whip into the opposite corner... And Mahoney charges in with a back elbow!

[Mahoney pulls Hill out of the corner, turns him around and slaps on a full nelson. He takes him up and nearly throws him over his head with a full nelson slam.]

GM: What power by Mahoney! Cover! Hill kicks out at two!

BW: Why would you?

GM: Why would you what?

BW: Kick out. You know Mahoney's just playing with his opponent right now.

[Mahoney pulls Hill to his feet and hits another forearm uppercut. He grabs Hill's head and, again, drives both knees into Hill's face. Mahoney sweeps Hill's left leg out from under him and goes for another cover. Again, Hill kicks out at two. Mahoney gets to his feet, shaking his head, even though he has a smile on his face. He slaps his hands together in a "He's finished!" gesture.]

BW: I think Mahoney is done playing, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right, Bucky.

[With Hill still on his back, Mahoney grabs his left arm, scissors it and drops down to the mat.]

BW: ARMBAR!

GM: Rashan Hill is trying to fight out of it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Hill taps out! I gotta get in there, Bucky.

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. Referee Davis Warren tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. He waves Warren away as we see that the Voice of the AWA, Gordon Myers himself has climbed into the ring, mic in hand. Mahoney is smiling as Myers approaches and the music fades.]

GM: Congratulations, Callum, on another victory. However, the fans want to know, the front office wants to know and I want to know-

CM: [Interrupting.] If it's a fight that Kolya Sudakov wants, it's a fight I'll give him!

GM: So, you are accepting the Russian War Machine's challenge to a so-called "shoot fight", then?

CM: Heck yeah, Mister Myers! I probably shouldn't, and you are right, Mister Myers, I am no MMA star. I probably have no business taking on Sudakov in his speciality. But I am a grappler, I am a brawler and I am a fighter. And the last time Sudakov and I met, this happened... Roll the footage!

[Cut to footage marked "SUPERCLASH V - NOVEMBER 28TH, 2013; AMERICAN AIRLINES ARENA; DALLAS, TX" that sees Mahoney dive into a forearm smash to the jaw of Sudakov, rattling the former MMA star.]

GM: Mahoney's going right after him!

[A barrage of short forearms is punctuated by a headbutt to the bridge of the nose that sends Sudakov falling back to the corner. Mahoney throws a series of kicks into the gut before the referee forces him back.]

GM: Mahoney gets backed down by the referee and-

[The Irishman nudges him aside as Sudakov comes barreling out of the corner, arm extended!]

GM: SICKL-

[But Mahoney sees it coming, leaping up to scissor the outstretched arm, dragging Sudakov down to the mat!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!!

[The Russian struggles against the swiftly and smoothly applied submission hold, trying to find a way out of it...

...but fails, quickly tapping out!]

GM: Oh my stars! Callum Mahoney just tapped out the former National Champion!

[Cut back to a shot of a smiling Mahoney.]

CM: [Mockingly.] "Kolya not quit. Kolya NEVER quit." That sure does not look like it to me, mate. Now, you also said you had no choice BUT to quit. Well, at Rising Sun Showdown, I'm going to give you your choices: tap out, or I break your arm and the referee stops the match, or you pass out from the pain. I've made you tap out before... I'll make you tap out again... And maybe, after I'm done with the former AWA National Champion, I get a chance to do the same to the CURRENT AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play again, as Mahoney claps Myers on the shoulder, before leaving the ring.]

GM: There you have it, folks, Callum Mahoney has accepted Kolya Sudakov's challenge. The Armbar Assassin meets the Russian War Machine in a shoot fight at Rising Sun Showdown, four weeks from tonight in Tokyo, Japan. We'll be right back after a word from our sponsors so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Stevie Scott!

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

Kids: WOAHH!

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

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

We cut to the interview area, where a couple of unknown workers are busily hanging placards and erecting signs, all of which are covered with cloth. Jason Dan stands in the middle of this in confusion, while "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes is overseeing the proceedings. Childes is a short, rotund bald man with a goatee and dark eyebrows. He wears a black/brown/scarlet knit sweater, black slacks, and is carrying a crystal-tipped cane. There's a stern expression on his face.]

JD: With me at this time, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. Percy, what's going on?

PC: Jason Dane, as one of the Wise Men, I possess great power and influence in the AWA.

JD: Too much of it.

PC: If you think so, then this will please you. We have attempted to enact some positive change in the rulebook these last two weeks with the AWA front office. But the front office would not listen to reason...

JD: So, even the Wise Men don't have unlimited power.

PC: No. Which is a shame, because we want to make a rule change for the safety of all wrestlers. You know, that is in our best interests too. The Wise Men represent most of the talent in the locker room. Their well-being is of great concern to us.

JD: No matter who the other Wise Men are, I highly doubt that you have most of the wrestlers in the AWA under your umbrella.

PC: I didn't say "most of the wrestlers", I said "most of the TALENT". But I digress. We need to make our case to the fans of the AWA. If both the Wise Men and the fans agree on a critical safety issue, the front office will have to

take action. In fact, they stated that if we can get ten thousand names on a petition, they'd make the rule change.

JD: Wait. Just what rule change are we talking about here?

[Ask and ye shall be answered. The placards and signs are now in position, and the towering form of the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake is now moving around, whipping the covering off of each one. The fans boo lake's arrival, and boo more when they see the signs... an outstretched hand with claws on the end inside a red "NO" circle. The text 'BAN THE IRON CLAW' is written in Stencil font on each sign.]

JD: ...of course. I should have known.

[Lake now approaches Dane. The former LSU football All-American is wearing a charcoal grey tweed jacket and matching slacks, a white undershirt with a dark-gold tie. He has a sour look on his face, ringed by his conical beard and spherical afro. The dark-skinned "Black Tiger" begins to rant with his Midwestern accent and mean edge in his voice.]

DL: Mister TV Announcer, "you should have known" is right. You should have known that no-good Mexan bum Jack Lunch has been using that illegal hold to injure people for years, like his daddy Old Yeller did before him. You should have known he has sharp metal implements under that finger tape. You should have known that when he used those sharp metal implements on me, I was so shocked that he managed to put it on me that I forgot to fight back. Even the sun shines on a dog's bottom once in a while. But you should have known that the only reason I was unharmed is because I am a fine tuned machine, the ath-e-lete of the day. Most of these bums we got running around the AWA would be hospitalized. They'd catch tetanus, or malaria, or cervical cancer, or whatever other diseases a Lunch can put on those things with its saliva.

[Dane's pupils seem to contract at the sheer audacity and lunacy of these statements.]

JD: What.

DL: I can assure you that the Iron Claw will be banned. It must be banned. It is an illegal hold in the first place. Section forty-nine in chapter thirteen, paragraph three reads that a hold is illegal if the fingers are jammed into the temple. That is illegal by rule, but I know those Lunch boys are too dumb to know what a temple is, and...

JD: There's no such rule! You made that up!

[Lake makes a sudden turn to glare down at Dane, backing him up to the wall. The boos get louder for this abusive intimidation.]

DL: Don't you ever interrupt me, Mr. TV Announcer, and don't you ever... EVER... call me a liar! I will slap your face real good if you call me a liar! I will slap the face of any man, woman, or child that calls me a liar, and then if

I missed a spot I'll slap them again! I am not a liar! If you call me a liar, you better be ready to fight me! Are you ready to fight me, Mr. TV Announcer?!

JD: No.

DL: Then shut those wind flaps you got on your face and hold that microphone up, and don't ever look at the king of wrestling in that tone of voice. The Iron Claw is illegal! And all these Mexas fans are a bunch of bums who cannot read enough to know what the rulebook says, but I know there are at least ten thousand fans out there in TV Land, looking at the king of wrestling on their TV screen right now. At least ten thousand fans who were blessed enough to not be born in Mexas, or to have to crawl over here from Mexico the way at least half of these bums did. At least ten thousand who can read, so I want you to take a good look at the address on these signs. Percy Childes, tell them what to do.

PC: There is a web address for a website we have set up with the AWA. WWW dot AWA dot com, slash bantheironclaw. It links to a petition site. You can go online and sign the petition on that site, and take action against this illegal hold which has injured countless wrestlers.

JD: Really, Percy? Countless wrestlers?

DL: First of all, I told you to keep quiet, and secondly, Jack Lunch can't count to ten, on account of ten has too many digits for him! So it's countless to him, which means he must be stopped. I am the king of wrestling, and I command that you all sign that petition. Using those illegal foreign objects the way he does is a disgrace and something no true athlete or sportsman would even consider.

JD: You do that every match with your taped thumb!

DL: That's it! Get over here!

PC: Demetrius, no!

[Lake rears back to slap Dane, who runs for it. Percy grabs Lake's arm, thus sparing poor Jason. The crowd boos that attempted assault, and since the interview has pretty much broken down, we go back to the booth.]

GM: Ban the Iron Claw? Ridiculous. Childes won't get ten signatures, let alone ten thousand.

BW: I bet everybody in Missouri will sign that petition. Demetrius tells me that the fans there cheer him because they're highly intelligent.

GM: The fans in Missouri were cheering because he left the territory!

BW: Anyway, this is great. We've got Ban The Iron Claw signs all over the arena.

GM: Childes had them hung everywhere. It looks like his men are trying to hand some out to the crowd, but the fans are having none of it. If you ask me, this is an act of desperation, because Jack Lynch said he would put the Iron Claw on Lake every time he saw him. The Black Tiger wants none of that! Fans, let's go to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: Our next bout has a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, and already in the ring. He hails from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighs in tonight at two hundred and seven pounds, here is...

ALLEN ALLEN!

[Allen arrogantly flicks his shoulder length blond hair as he's introduced, the action greeted by a chorus of boos from the AWA faithful.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Coming to the ring now, hailing from Los Angeles, California...

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

PW: Weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds..

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi"]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

PW: This is Ryan...

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

PW: MARTINEZ!!!!

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

Ryan wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are tapped with glossy black tape. Ryan steps to the middle of the ring, bouncing up and down, as he waits for the bell to ring. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

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

GM: And here he comes, the AWA's White Knight.

BW: You got that wrong, Gordo, Ryan Martinez is the leader of the Dumb Kid Express!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop?

[Both men come to the center of the ring, Ricky Longfellow checking each man's boots, pads, etc.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow not likely to find any weapons hidden upon Ryan Martinez.

BW: He's not likely to find any signs of intelligence either!

[The initial inspection done, Longfellow signals for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

[Immediately, young Ryan puts his hand forward, signaling for a handshake.]

BW: Look at that, that kid is so dumb, he thinks he's Supreme Wright.

GM: No, Bucky, when Ryan Martinez gestures for the handshake, it's a sincere show of sportsmanship. Our World Champion is just trying to rub his superiority in the face of a defeated opponent.

[Allen reaches forward, but the moment he has Martinez' hand in his, he pulls the young lion forward, and kicks him in the gut, doubling Ryan over.]

BW: Allen Allen has Ryan Martinez perfectly scouted!

GM: You sound almost proud, Bucky.

BW: Well, uh, Big Daddy Wilde might have given Allen a few pointers earlier tonight.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Hey, genius like mine can't be squandered!

[With Ryan doubled over, Allen bounces off the ropes, but as he comes towards Martinez, he's grabbed by the wrist and Ryan whips him hard into the ropes, using Allen's own momentum against him. Ryan runs for the opposite rope, and the two criss-cross, as Ryan builds up momentum. Finally, he stops in the center of the ring, bent over.]

GM: Big back body drop! And look at the elevation!

[Allen bounces off the mat, rolls to his back, grabbing it in pain, and Ryan rushes forward, only for Allen to roll out of the ring.]

GM: Allen Allen hightailing it out of there! He needs a breather already. And Ryan Martinez, ever the sportsman, backs into the neutral corner and waits for Allen to get back into the ring.

BW: I think you mean "dumb kid," don't you, Gordo?

GM: I certainly do not. Ryan Martinez has proven himself to be quite resourceful and resilient. Not to mention brave. He is a part of a growing movement, a growing movement to defeat the men whose representative you'll be interviewing tonight. I'm speaking, of course, of the Wise Men.

[As the referee nears the ten count, Allen reluctantly re-enters the ring, at least halfway. As Ryan comes forward, he steps back out onto the apron, demanding the referee get Martinez back into the corner. Allen preens and primps, flicking his hair, as Ryan is forced back into the corner by Longfellow.]

GM: I don't understand how you can say all these things about Ryan Martinez.

BW: Because they're true! Listen, Ryan Martinez could have had a nice time, coming to Texas, collecting a paycheck and living off his daddy's name, and instead, what does he do? Go and anger the people who are in charge. Does this sound like the work of a genius, Gordo?

GM: Ryan Martinez has the courage to stand up, and the strength of his convictions. And let me tell you something, Bucky, I know of another man named Martinez who, when he was a young and hungry lion, made his reputation getting in the face of everyone he could.

BW: Gordo, the only thing that Ryan has in common with his daddy is his name. And that could have been enough, but Ryan's gone and made the wrong people angry. You mark my words, this time next year, the only time you hear the name "Ryan Martinez" will be when they're preceded by the words "it's a shame what the Wise Men did to that kid."

[Allen leans over, gesturing at Ryan, which predictably brings Ryan forward, as he reaches for Allen, intending on pulling him into the ring. Ricky Longfellow gets between them, and Allen takes advantage of the distraction to put his thumb in Ryan's eye.]

GM: I will say this, Ryan is just as hot headed and quick tempered as his father, and as you saw, that just cost him.

[Allen grabs the top rope and pulls himself over, intending on using it as a springboard to launch himself at Martinez.]

GM: Allen leaps... NO! Ryan caught him. He's got him up...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Huge powerslam! You can't deny the power that this young man has, or the fighting spirit in his heart, Bucky!

BW: It's a shame that he makes Travis Lynch look like Manny Imbrogno!

[Ryan backs himself into the corner, and waits for the stunned Allen to get up. He pauses, looking over his shoulder, gesturing to the crowd, and once Allen makes it to his feet, he runs forward, his leg striking out swiftly.]

BW: YAAAAAKUUUUZAAAAA!

GM: THAT JUST ABOUT TOOK ALLEN ALLEN'S HEAD OFF!

[Ryan pulls Allen up by his blond locks and sends Allen hard into the turnbuckle, rushing in. He spins Allen around, and puts the man's arms over the top rope, leaving his chest open and vulnerable.]

BW: Why isn't Longfellow stopping this?

GM: I think Longfellow has had enough of Allen Allen's tactics. He's going to let this go.

[Ryan looks out to the crowd, and turns his body perpendicular to Allen's. He measures up Allen's chest, and then lets loose with a barrage of chops. As always, a signal to the crowd gets them to chant along to his rapid fire chops, each syllable of his name punctuated by another chop.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fan's chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Finished, Ryan pulls Allen out of the corner and lets him flop to the center of the mat. He pauses a moment, once more looking to the crowd, who shower him in adulation.]

GM: He's got Allen up, you know what's coming, Bucky!

BW: I do! The sure sign that Allen Allen wasn't paying attention when I told him not to let this happen!

[Ryan lifts Allen up in the air. Holds him. Holds him. Holds him. And then, "WHOOSH" drops him!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER! THIS IS ALL OVER!

[Indeed it is, as Ryan floats over and makes the cover. Longfellow's hand slaps the mat three times, the pinfall a mere formality.]

DING DING DING!

PW: The winner of the match...

RYYYAAAANNNNNNNNN

MAAAAAARRRRRTTTTTIIIIIIINNNNNEEEEEZZZZZZ!!

GM: Ryan Martinez makes quick work of Allen Allen. And as you can see fans, Ryan Martinez is heading to the interview platform, where I'm told Mark Stegglet is waiting for him. We'll hear from Ryan after this break.

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where an unseen instructor is barking out instructions at two young students who are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

We go to the interview stage where a shirtless Ryan Martinez stands with Mark Stegglet. Ryan's hair is more or less grown back now, and he stands close to Stegglet. Ryan is slightly winded, but a few deep breaths steady him.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, I'd like to show you a piece of footage from two weeks ago. Now I am sure you're aware of it, and I am sure you've replayed it over and over in your minds. But for the benefit of the fans, let's hear what the Wise Men had to say to you.

[The shot of Martinez and Stegglet 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 Stegglet and Martinez. Young Ryan's face is serious, as he stares into the camera.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, your answer?

RM: You know something, Mark Stegglet. The Wise Men have got a lot of money. And with that money comes a lot of power. And the Wise Men? They've used that power to do some scandalous things. What they did to Supernova? Scandalous. The way they laid out Duane Henry Bishop? Scandalous. They took out Stevie Scott, an AWA legend, in a scandalous fashion. They destroyed the man of a thousand scandals, Mr. Chris Blue. They even took out two of their own, Ben Waterson and Louis Matsui. And maybe that was the most scandalous act of all.

Wasn't too long ago you tried to do something else scandalous. Wasn't too long ago that you sent your goons after Ryan Martinez. Well, Mark Stegglet, why don't you tell the Wise Men where I am.

MS: You're right here.

RM: That's right. I'm right here, Wise Men. Because that money and that power? In the end, it doesn't amount to nothing at all. Because money? It never lasts. And the power you have? It's the power of the darkness.

And darkness goes away when the light comes out.

There's a movement taking place here in the AWA. Mark Stegglet, I know you can feel it. I know everyone sitting in this coliseum can feel it. I know everyone listening to the sound of my voice can feel it.

The AWA is moving into the light.

Now listen, there are some people sitting on the sidelines. There are some people taking a step back and waiting for the dust to clear. Some people

who think they're above such things. But battle lines are being drawn, and if you don't take a side, you're just going to get caught in the middle.

But understand this. This isn't my movement. This isn't about Ryan Martinez. This is a movement of a million voices.

This is the movement of Eric Preston. A man who's done a lot of wrong, but deserves the second chance he's asked for. This is the movement of Bobby O'Connor, who deserves the chance to start off on the right foot, and without the Wise Men interfering in his growth. This is the movement of Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz, the AWA's future. This is the movement of the Lynches, who understand the value of family and hard work. This is Shadoe Rage's movement, the movement of someone who shouldn't be judged by the sins of his father.

This, AWA fans, is your movement. And we all speak in your voice.

The scandalous things the Wise Men have done? It's all been in the darkness. They've hidden in the shadows. They've picked us off, one by one. But this isn't the old days. These aren't the days of everyone for himself and forget all the rest. You saw it two weeks ago, Mark Stegglet.

Bobby O'Connor doesn't stand alone. Hannibal Carver doesn't stand alone. Jack and Travis Lynch have never stood alone, and now, their cause is our cause. Eric Preston doesn't walk the road of redemption alone. Air Strike doesn't walk alone. I'm always here, and I'm always ready to help. And I know, even without asking, the same is true of all the men I just mentioned.

So Mark Stegglet, you want to know if Ryan Martinez is going to do the... "wise" thing? You want to know if Ryan Martinez is going to bow down to scandalous men? You want to know if Ryan Martinez is going to sit down, shut up and take what's given to him?

[The camera pulls back, to give a sense of scope, Ryan Martinez standing tall on the interview platform, overlooking the throng of AWA faithful crammed into the Crocket Coliseum. And then dramatically, it pulls in tight, focused on the intense expression on young Ryan's face.]

RM: Hell no!

Wise Men, you go back into the shadows. Because there's no room for you here in the light. There's no place for you here, in this new AWA.

You made your demands, Wise Men, and you have my answer. I hear that you're sending someone out tonight. Well, I've made a challenge too. The ball is now in your court. I know I'll be in Japan. I know I'll be waiting. And I know I won't be alone. These are the last days of the Wise Men.

Count on it.

[Finished, Martinez walks away, as we cut back to ringside where Gordon is smiling broadly.]

GM: A few years ago, Bucky Wilde, I told the world that I was holding out for a hero.

BW: Yeah?

GM: Well, I think he has arrived.

BW: Are you kidding me, Gordo? You've thought your hero has arrived about a dozen times in the last few years! Stevie Scott, Juan Vasquez, Supernova, Alex Martinez, Supreme Wright, James Monosso... need I go on?!

GM: Ryan Martinez is standing up for what is good and what is right at a time when few others will! Ryan Martinez is looking pure evil dead in the eye and telling them to go back to the Hell they crawled out of! And Ryan Martinez is willing to put EVERYTHING he's worked for on the line to stand here and fight the good fight against those who will stop at nothing to put him down. If that's not a hero, I don't know what is.

BW: I'm sure you don't. So, a year from now when you're telling us that Cody Mertz is the hero you've been waiting for, I want you to remember this moment, Gordo.

GM: Fans, let's go to the ring...

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. But he's not alone as "Pin Up Boy" Kenneth Doll stands in the middle of the ring. The handsome young man stands with something held up in his right hand, holding it against his chest. With his left hand, he points to it, looking directly at the camera.]

BW: That's it, Gordo! Kenneth Doll is my new hero! Fight the power, Kenny!

GM: Oh brother. Fans, I don't even know what to say. I'm more disappointed than disgusted.

BW: I always knew you didn't like justice!

[What is it Kenneth Doll is holding up? It's a sign, a sign we've seen earlier tonight. On the sign, which the camera zooms in on, is an outstretched hand with claws on the end inside a red "NO" circle. The text 'BAN THE IRON CLAW' is written in Stencil font above the hand.]

BW: That's right, Kenneth Doll has taken up the righteous cause of getting that Iron Claw banned from the AWA!

GM: More like, Kenneth Doll took a twenty from Percy Childe to hold up that stupid sign.

BW: You have no idea what you're talking about. The Iron Claw is illegal, and has always been illegal, and the people running the AWA have been letting

those stinkin' Stench brothers get away with using an illegal hold for too long. Thank goodness the King of Wrestling is finally making a stand... for justice!

GM: Bucky... I don't even know what to say.

[Phil Watson begins.]

PW: Introducing first, and already in the ring, he hails from Beverly Hills, California and weighs in tonight at one hundred and ninety pounds, here is... KENNETH DOLL!

[Now Doll has the sign up in both hands and is holding it over his head, stomping around the ring, as the fans boo loudly.]

GM: For a large number of the fans here tonight, the words "Iron Claw" and the name "Lynch" are synonymous with "wrestling." Do you know many old fans grew up watching their hero, Blackjack Lynch, put the Iron Claw on people? Do you know how many children grew up listening to their parents tell those stories? Do you honestly think there are ten thousand people who'll be willing to ban something that is at the very heart of wrestling in this great state?

BW: Gordo, the AWA is the _American_ Wrestling Association. Just because some toothless rednecks grew up watching old man Lynch stumble around the ring after a whiskey bender and illegally crush some poor ham andegger's skull, do you really thing the rest of the country has been infested with Lynchitis?

GM: ... how much time do you spend talking to Demetrius Lake?

BW: Hey, when the king talks, Big Bucks listens!

PW: And his opponent...

["Hard Row" by the Black Keys hits the speakers.]

PW: Coming to the ring now. Hailing from Dallas, Texas. Standing six feet, seven inches, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty five pounds...

JACK LYNCH !!!!!!!!!!!

[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.]

DING DING DING!

GM: And immediately, Kenneth Doll gets right in Jack Lynch's face. He's shaking that sign at him, telling him not to use the Iron Claw!

BW: You tell him, Kenny!

GM: I can tell you, right now, that is going to backfire!

BW: Don't forget to remind him about section forty-nine in chapter thirteen, paragraph three!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop? There is no such clause in the AWA rulebook, or anywhere else!

[Doll continues to shake the sign in Jack's face. The eldest of the Lynch brothers takes two steps back, looks at Kenneth and says, simply "put it down." There's a cold intensity in Lynch's eyes as he stares at the sign.]

GM: Jack Lynch giving Kenneth Doll a warning he'd be wise to heed.

BW: Don't do it Kenny! Remember, this is about justice!

[Predictably, Doll refuses, shaking the sign, yelling at Lynch. Jack nods his head once, and then...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big right hand by Jack Lynch! And Kenneth Doll is flat on his back!

BW: Now you know a closed fist is illegal, Gordo! How you going to defend that Stench boy's blatant cheating! Referee! Disqualify him!

GM: A closed fist is illegal, but you can't say that Doll didn't get a warning.

[Jack Lynch calmly steps over the prone form of Kenneth Doll and picks up the poster. He holds it in his hands, and as the fans cheer him on...]

"RIIIIIIP!"

GM: Jack Lynch tore that ridiculous sign right in half!

BW: That's them Stench boys to a tee! No respect!

[The fans are on their feet screaming as Jack continues to tear the sign into pieces. And with tear, he stomps right on Kenneth Doll's pretty face. Tear! Stomp! Tear! Over and over again.]

BW: Not Kenny's face! That's his money maker!

[With the sign now in tatters, Lynch sprinkles them over the motionless form of Kenneth Doll like they were confetti, and bounces off the ropes.]

GM: Kneedrop! Right to the face. Have you noticed, Bucky, that everything Jack Lynch has done has been right to Kenneth Doll's face?

BW: Yeah, Jack Stench is jealous, no doubt. Jealous of Kenneth Doll's good looks! Who can blame him? You heard what the king said about Stench's fat, ugly mamma didn't you?

GM: Bucky! Will you stop? Jack Lynch isn't jealous. He's directing all of his offense to the face because he's softening Doll up for the Iron Claw.

BW: The illegal claw!

GM: Bucky! The Iron Claw isn't illegal!

BW: Go tell that to section forty-nine, chapter thirteen, paragraph three!

[Jack straddles the prone Doll, and from the mounted position, takes hold of Doll's hair with one hand, and begins to drive his fist into Doll's face repeatedly, Lynch's expression intense and focused.]

GM: And now we're seeing something I've talked about before. Jack Lynch doesn't have his brother James' hair trigger temper. And he doesn't have his brother Travis' elite athleticism. But just because Jack Lynch might talk slowly and take most things in stride, don't think that makes him a pushover. As you're seeing, and as Demetrius Lake has been reminded of, once you get Jack Lynch riled up, that cowboy is as mean and ornery as his father ever dreamed of being.

BW: Say what you want, Gordo, but all I see is a dirty Stench doing nothing but illegal moves to set up an illegal hold!

GM: Marty Meekly apparently agrees, as he's putting the five count on Jack Lynch, demanding he let Kenneth Doll go. That's no doubt due to the punches, not the mounted position.

[At the count of four, Lynch stands, and backs up. But he's just waiting for Meekly to get out of the way, as Lynch bounces off the ropes and leaps into the air, knee stuck forward as he arcs through the air.]

GM: Jumping Knee! And that went right between Kenneth Doll's eyes!

[Writhing in pain, Dolls rolls around the ring, the sweat from his body picking up the remnants of the tattered poster, which now cover his body like little snowflakes.]

GM: Jack Lynch's hand is in the air! And these fans are on their feet!

BW: They better be. After the King gets his ten thousand signatures, they'll never see this illegal maneuver again!

[Like a striking cobra, Lynch's hand shoots forward, clamping on to Kenneth Doll's mangled face.]

GM: Iron Claw! He's got it locked in tight!

[Normally, Lynch would let Doll drop to the mat and pin him. But this time, Lynch's other hand grips Doll's hair and he keeps him on his feet. He begins to shake Doll back and forth. Doll at first writhes and struggles, but soon enough, his entire body goes limp. The angered Jack Lynch only takes this as a cue to grind the claw in more tightly, and Doll's face turns a bright red in color, as blood pools in his face. Lynch leans forward, putting all of his weight behind the claw.]

GM: Kenneth Doll is out! He's only on his feet because Jack Lynch won't let him go!

[With no other option, Meekly lifts Doll's arm – once, twice, and a third time. And after it falls to Doll's side lifelessly for the third time, Meekly signals for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

PW: Here is your winner...

JAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKKKK LYYYYYYYYYYNCHHHHHHHH!!

[Fans cheer, as Lynch disgustedly tosses Doll aside. Still angry, Lynch departs the ring.]

GM: Let's go to Jason Dane, who is standing by at ringside, to get some thoughts from Jack Lynch!

BW: I'll tell you what he's thinking. He's thinking "oh no, what am I going to do when Demetrius Lake gets my illegal hold banned?"

[Back to ringside, where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand, under the looming shadow of Jack Lynch. Lynch has retrieved his black cowboy hat, and exhales slowly, catching his breath.]

JD: From what we saw in the ring, you are no doubt aware that Percy Childes and Demetrius Lake have begun a petition to ban the Iron Claw. And from what we've seen, you're clearly not happy about that, Mr. Lynch.

JL: Let's make one thing clear. What you saw me to do to that jerk in the ring? That was your beating, Demetrius. The butt kickin' I laid on him? Shoulda been yours.

Now I said before, and I meant it, that every time you and I crossed paths, you were gettin' the Claw. Well, Blackjack Lynch didn't raise no liars. I was watchin' your interview backstage, and the moment I heard it, I went lookin' for ya.

And wouldn't ya know it, Jason, there wasn't no Black Tiger to be found.

So Kenneth Doll gets what's comin' to you. But I gotta confess, Demetrius. Beatin' that idiot up? It just doesn't compare to how good it feels to give you the Iron Claw. So I'll spend the rest of the night lookin' for ya. Because I'm far from satisfied.

JD: Although I am sure I can guess, how do you react to the idea that, with ten thousand signatures, the Iron Claw might be banned from the AWA?

[Lynch pauses a moment, head tilting to the side, eyes narrowing.]

JL: Ya know, here in Texas, when someone tries to take somethin' from us, we use a particular phrase to describe the situation under which they'll get it. We say they can have it when they pry it from our cold, dead hands. It doesn't quite apply here, but let's be clear on one thing:

Demetrius Lake, I'll be cold and in the ground before this hand ever stops slappin' the claw on anyone that gets in my way.

This...

[Lynch lifts his hand, fingers curling forward.]

TL: Is my family's legacy. This...

[Jack grips his wrist with the opposite hand.]

JL: Is what made the Lynch family great.

This is who we are. And ain't no Lynch ever abandoned his family or turned his back on his legacy. Especially not because some yellow bellied coward tried to do with rules what he can't do in the ring.

You want to ban the claw?

Well you get in my face, look in my eyes, and tell me I can't slap the claw on whoever I want, whenever I want.

And you just see what I do.

[Bristling with anger, Jack Lynch walks away, leaving Jason Dane behind, as we cut 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 area, where Jason Dane is standing by along with the tag team of Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, Dichotomy.]

Ginn is much taller than everyone else present at six-seven, though he is very lanky. The MIT grad has a Caesar hairstyle, reddish-brown in coloration with a matching mustache and goatee; his expression is haughty bordering on disgusted. He has pale skin and is wearing eyeglasses. Hoefner is about six inches shorter but has a more athletic build. His black hair is cut very short, and his hairline exposes an awful lot of forehead. The former Marine has latte-colored skin and he's presently using a black marker to scrawl "AND EXTRATERRESTRIAL DNA MINING" under one of the "BAN THE IRON CLAW" signs that Demetrius Lake has put up here earlier in the show. Ginn glances back at this, and manages to wince and roll his eyes at the same time.

Both members of Dichotomy wear black trunks with large triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline. Ginn's attire is black-and-white while Hoefner's is black-and-red, but otherwise the attire is exactly the same. They have boots, elbowpads, and kneepads which bear a three-circle biohazard symbol (as does the triangular parts of the trunks). Ginn is wearing a grey polo shirt with 1716231163 stitched on the right breast in scratchy black font, as well as heavy wrist tape. Hoefner's sporting a slate-blue "WORLD OF LOVECRAFT" T-Shirt (with a logo from a popular MMO adorned with alien tentacles), which we can see when he finishes writing and turns around.]

JD: With me at this time, Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, Dichotomy. We're only one month from the big Stampede Cup in Japan, gentlemen. How are you preparing for the biggest event of your careers?

MG: Professional wrestling is not a career, Mr. Dane. It's a vocation for the desperate and those who are unqualified to be productive in society. Fortunately, Mr. Hoefner and myself are the former, and not the latter. We are preparing for the Stampede Cup as if our very lives depended on that one million dollar prize. Because it does.

MH: We can't be stuck here fighting for our lives for the amusement of these sheeple. There's too much going on. The oligarchy in charge of this hellhole have already ramped up psychotropic additive experimentation in...

JD: I'm going to cut you both off right there. If you hate wrestling so much, why are you here?

MH: Where else are we going to be?! The establishment hates free thinkers! Ginn and I have been put down by the powers that be, and the only way up out of that is money! And we have to hurry before the Illuminati plot to replace currency with...

MG: [interrupting] That's enough of... whatever that was going to be. The correct answer is "none of your business". We are here to speak regarding the Stampede Cup. Eleven teams will arrive in Tokyo, and four of them will

be handed unfair advantages. Very typical. Authority always cares for their own. It has been that way everywhere in life, and certainly in professional wrestling. If we learned anything of use in wrestling school, it's that the authority always picks and chooses who it wants to give the unfair advantages to. But then, that forced us to learn ways of equalizing bad situations.

MH: You can only sit back and watch other people get handed everything so long before you snap. We... oh, now what?!

[Now, a group of wrestlers march onto the interview platform. You could be forgiven for not knowing who they are, since they're all preliminary wrestlers. Specifically, they're Joseph Puckett, Henry Porten, Michael Weaver, Alex Worthey, and JP Driver. Puckett is a six-three bulky man with messy black hair, baggy black pants, black wrestling boots, a black T-shirt (featuring some kind of armored sci-fi soldier figure), and taped fists. Porten is slightly shorter with a slightly less thick build; he has a dirty blond brushcut, long blue trunks ("HENRY" is printed down one side, and a red fireball is printed on the other), red laceless boots, and white wristbands. Weaver is an even six feet tall and has short dirty-blond hair with a mustache and stubble; he wears a khaki-colored two-strap singlet, black boots, kneepads, and red wrist tape. Worthey is a black-haired man with a wrestler's physique, wearing grey trunks, black boots, and white knee pads. Finally, Driver is a black man with long black dreadlocks and solid upper body development, wearing exactly the same attire as his tag partner Worthey.]

MH: What, did somebody start playing "Send In The Clowns"?

JP: No, someone started playing the world's smallest violin. We're tired of hearing you two whine and cry about what happened in the Combat Corner. We were there too. And then we had to share the prelim locker room with you for what felt like forever.

AW: You had terrible attitudes the entire time. You both lied to Todd Michaelson to get in in the first place. You were jerks to everyone, and especially to all of us.

JPD: You always complained, every day. You never shut up about it. Blah blah unfair blah blah this sucks. We were all happy when you moved up, if only to get you away from us.

MW: And all of your crying at the Combat Corner was because Supreme Wright and Eric Preston and Aaron Anderson and the top half of the class were just better. They got what they got because they earned it, and you two were too paranoid to accept it.

HP: AND. AND! And you took my sandwich.

[The other four turn and give Henry the "whaaat" stare.]

JP: So we're here to tell all the fans that you're both full of it. But they already know that. It's easy to tell.

[Dane turns to get a reaction from Dichotomy, but they've both turned away and appear to be reading something from a piece of paper.]

JD: Well?

MG: I have a copy of this evening's schedule, and while I see that Mr. Hoefner and myself are scheduled to be here, none of these individuals have any time on this program. In fact, none of them have ever been asked for their opinions on AWA television, because none of their opinions matter.

MH: Plus, your sandwich was terrible, dude. Did you put cottage cheese and french fries on a freaking sandwich?!

[Porten's shoulders slump, but Hefner continues.]

MH: So I'm hearing a lot of jealousy. Last Saturday Night, I seem to remember beating you [*points at Puckett*] and you [*points at Porten*], and when it was all said and done you had to drag yourselves back to the same loser locker room where the losers go. All you losers who aren't good enough to win a match unless you're fighting another loser. And here on TV, they don't let those matches air.

MG: Unless there is cause to believe that some outraged or angered star wrestler will intervene and beat both parties to an unrecognizable pulp.

MH: But you couldn't even drag yourselves back, could you? Your buddies here had to come save you, because you're both terrible and you'll never do what Matt and I did. Yeah, we used to be losers, too. But then we stopped listening to Todd Michaelson. That albatross held us all down, but unlike you we woke up and realize that he set us up to be patsies. He trained us to be fodder for his big stars. So we stopped doing things his way and started doing things our way. Didn't you learn anything from Supreme Wright? He was cruising along, right where Todd Michaelson trained him to be... the bridesmaid. Never the bride. But he smartened up, and where is he now? World Champion. And where's Michaelson? Some bar in Los Angeles trying to drown his shame rather than drowning IN his shame.

MG: In conclusion, you remain irrelevant. Leave at once or receive yet another thrashing.

JPD: A thrashing sounds good. Let's go with the thrashing.

MG: I see. You believe that hiding behind a numerical advantage will somehow prove that we're incorrect in our assessment that your individual worth is nil? Even Porten should be able to see the flaw in that logic.

HP: ...is it because we don't have that numerical thing?

MH: Tell you what. Driver, Worthey, you two think you're a tag team, right?

AW: The last I knew, we were registered as one, and had wrestled as one for the last two years.

MH: And how many matches did you win?

JPD: About as many as you!

MG: This will be an acceptable experimental group for your hypothesis, then. But only if your three allies leave the premises. Their presence would contaminate the data, causing nothing to be proven other than your own fear and acceptance of failure.

JPD: We're ready for you anytime! Let's go do this!

MH: Not now, you idiot! Later in the show. We're big stars now, and we can't be expected to just go into a match without prep time. But Puckett, Weaver, and Porten have to leave the building. Nobody'll miss you anyway. If you have matches, fine, you'll probably be unconscious afterwards anyway. But get out.

MG: And let this be a referendum on the methods used by this company to prepare its talent. Not that the point hasn't been proven time and again.

[Dane finally takes the microphone back, and he's upset.]

JD: Really? You two came here because you had nowhere to go, Todd took you in, and this is how you're going to act now that he's gone? Just... you get out. This interview is done.

[In a rare show of disgust, Dane drops the microphone. The seven men at the interview stage are still bickering and posturing as we go back down to ringside.]

GM: It seems that although Dichotomy 'graduated' from the preliminary ranks, they made a lot of enemies while they were there, Bucky.

BW: Who cares about those losers? Until they can do the same thing that Ginn and Hoefner did, they have no business coming out here and sidetracking them from the Stampede Cup! That's what this is, Gordo... jealousy. Trying to steer Dichotomy's attention from where it should be.

GM: I remind you that Ginn and Hoefner started their ascension by doing the exact same thing; interrupting an interview involving someone else who had 'graduated', out of sheer jealousy. So perhaps Alex Worthey and JP Driver, who have a large amount of tag team experience, can do the same later tonight!

BW: So they're not only trying to distract Dichotomy, they're trying to rip them off! That's even worse!

GM: *sigh* We'll see how that goes later tonight, though I must say I'm suspicious of their insistence on waiting until later and in having Joseph Puckett, Michael Weaver, and Henry Porten leave the building. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, Alphonse Green defends the World Television Title!

[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...

We fade in. The haggard homeless woman is back on the screen. She is outside in the snow, huddled under bundles of mismatched winter clothing, a threadbare cap holding her nest of matted dreadlocks around her disfigured and scarred face. The hatred in her eyes is palpable. Her skin is ashy brown, made livid by the cold. When she speaks, her breath is visible in the air.]

W: Dis `as been a long, cold `arsh wintah. Many of us, we perish in dis cold. And all yuh nevu pay any attention. Yuh nevu pay us any mind. But we still endure. We still suhvie. And we comin'. Our saviuh is bringin' us `ome. We comin' `ome. The Walkin' Dead, we comin' `ome.

[We fade out from the disturbing imagery...

...and back up to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum where Phil Watson stands, ready to do his job.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit, and it is for the AWA World Television Championship!

[The cheers from the crowd at the announcement that this is a title match turn quickly turn to boos as the AWA Customer Care Center Hold Music blares over the PA. Charles S. Rant emerges onto the elevated aisle followed by his supervisor, Jim.]

PW: Weighing in at two-hundred and one pounds and coming from the AWA Customer Care Center. He is accompanied to the ring by his supervisor, Jim. Here is... CHARLES S. RAAAAAAAAAANT!

[The duo head to the ring with Jim in the lead. His entrance music stops and a voice is heard over the PA.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

[This gets the crowd booing louder. The horrible hold music continues. Jim and Rant get to the ring. Rant steps through the ropes. Rant walks to one side of the ring and shakes his head. The hold music stops again.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

[Normally, Rant would say something here about getting to his customer's calls, but he appears to be showing Jim something over his smartphone. Both Rant and Jim share a laugh, before Jim takes his spot on the outside of the ring. The hold music finally stops...and is replaced by the voice of Freddy Mercury.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time..
I feel Alllllllll--lllllll---lllllll-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 chorus 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. However, before he breaks for the ring, the smile disappears from his face. The camera shoots back to in the ring, where James has hopped up on the apron. We change angles and look over the shoulders of Rant and James, and Rant appears to be playing Candy Crush Saga on his cell phone.]

BW: Aw man, Rant is further along than I am!

GM: You know, I wish you'd stop sending me requests for that game. I don't even have a smartphone! Rant's not even focused on this match anyway, and neither are we for that matter.

[Green drops the belt, takes off his shirt, and makes a beeline for the ring. He baseball slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, pops up, and charges at Rant, who has the presence of mind to hand Jim his cell phone just as Green erupts on Rant to a huge cheer from the crowd!]

DING DING DING

GM: Here we go! Green's wasting little time here. He's already got Rant by the hair, and he has bad intentions, Bucky!

BW: Rant's goin' for a ride on the Gang Green Flyin' Machine!

[The crowd roars it's approval, only to let out a groan of disappointment as Rant pushes off. Green stumbles to the ropes, as Rant regains his composure.]

GM: Rant charges in... and Green sends him up and over the top rope! Rant lands on the floor with a thud!

[Jim makes his way over and pulls Rant to his feet. Both men huddle, trying to discuss a strategy. Green showboats inside the ring, before seeing the duo huddling. Green starts to charge up by jogging in place.]

BW: Looks like Green's gonna go flyin' himself!

[Green then bounces off the far ropes. He runs full speed in the direction of Jim and Rant, launching himself through the ropes with a tope!]

GM: MY STARS! Green just took out both Rant and Jim with that dive through the ropes! Green standing over the carnage on the floor as the crowd goes crazy!

[Green stands over the downed Rant, and lets out a loud "OOOOOHHHH!!" as the crowd goes along with it. The camera picks up a fan behind Green, a young woman decked out in a Travis Lynch T-shirt, nudging him with a cup. Green turns around, and the fan hands him the cup. With a grin on his face, he takes a sip from the straw.]

BW: Eww! Oh Alphonse, that's a Travis Lynch fan! You have no idea where that woman's been!

[Green turns and sees Rant making his way to his feet. Suddenly, the gears turn in his head, and a devilish grin crosses Green's face. He pops open the lid of the cup, and makes a motion to reach into the cup, when Davis Warren slides outside and gets between Green and Rant.]

GM: We've seen Alphonse Green throw ice in a match once before, and the referee makes sure that we won't see a repeat.

[Green frowns and gives Warren a thumbs down, booing him.]

BW: Green looks like a kid who was just told that Santa Claus no longer exists.

GM: Sometimes I can't blame the crowd for booing officials, but I don't think the wrestlers should be doing it.

[Green puts the lid back on the cup and hands the cup to the Travis Lynch fan, as Rant hurries into the ring underneath the bottom rope, with Warren following him inside.]

GM: Rant making a hasty retreat here, catching his breath on the inside of the ring.

[Green, seeing Rant get to safety, follows Rant in. However, Jim has other ideas!]

GM: HEY! Jim crawled over and has grabbed Green by his ankles!

BW: Good ol' fashioned supervision!

[Before Warren can see why Green's not in the ring yet, Jim lets go of Green's ankle. Green looks threateningly at Jim, but before Green can do anything, Rant slides, catching Green in the head with a baseball slide dropkick!]

GM: You call that supervision, Bucky??

BW: Ya know, maybe those rumors were true!

GM: What rumors?

BW: Jim's been having a tough go of it lately over in the call center. His skills as supervisor have come into question! Normally Jim isn't really all that instrumental to Rant's success, but knowing what's on the line here tonight, they had to do what needed to be done, Gordo! Maybe it'll carry over into his day job.

GM: Good grief.

[Rant rolls to the outside, and pulls Green to his feet by the hair. He wraps his arms around Green's midsection in a loose bearhug, and rushes towards the stairs!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: Green took a hard shot to the back against those steps!

BW: With all the guys around here with bad backs, Rant's makin' sure to add another one.

[Following up, Rant grabs Green by the arm, turning towards the railing...

...and FIRES Green backfirst into the ringside barricade to another loud "CLANG!"]

GM: INTO THE STEEL! Green's back just got slammed into the ringside steps and then into the railing in succession and he's gotta be feeling the effects of that offensive flurry out of Charles S. Rant right about now, Bucky.

BW: Back injuries are a hard thing to work through. Ask Steve Spector.

[The crowd heckles Rant, who tosses Green back into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He turns towards the crowd and yells out "I'll get to your calls, I promise!", and rolls back into the ring at Jim's instructions.]

BW: Jim's gettin' Rant focused here, Gordo. With the Television title on the line, ya gotta turn off CSR mode.

GM: At least they put the cellphone away once it was time to go to work.

[Rant pulls Green to his feet, and quickly takes him down with a scoop slam. Green rolls to his side, clutching his back. Rant continues the attack by kicking Green right in the spine with a kick!]

BW: Jim's lookin' to get good scores on his annual review. Look at him supervise, tellin' Chucky to keep the attack on the back going!

GM: Rant grabbing the legs of Green, looking out towards Jim.. looks like a Boston Crab.. Whoa! Rant took too much time here!

[Green rolls up Rant in a small package, but it only gets two!]

GM: Green almost made him pay right there, but Rant's quickly back on the attack with a stiff kick to the breadbasket!

[As Jim continues to 'supervise', Rant hooks Green..]

GM: Snap suplex! Rant with the floatover, but barely gets two!

[Green rolls over to the ropes, hoping to catch a breather, but Jim instructs Rant to stay on the attack.]

GM: Rant hooks in an abdominal stretch, but he's a bit too close to the ropes.

[And for good reason, as Rant reaches back and grabs the middle rope. Green lets out an anguished groan as Rant holds the rope tight. Warren leans in, looking for a submission.]

BW: Ha! Rant's taking advantage of Warren checking every nook and cranny of the hold to grab the ropes!

[Warren looks up, only for Rant to let go of the ropes before Warren can see. Once Warren looks over the hold, he goes back to checking for the submission. Rant then goes for the ropes again. The pain is etched on Green's face, but Green refuses to submit.]

GM: Warren's gotta be faster with checking the ropes here. It would be a terrible way for Green to lose the title.

BW: A submission to an abdominal stretch? I'd think The Rave had come back and we were in the 1930s!

GM: It a punishing hold - especially when applied illegally - but it rarely results in a submission. You're absolutely right about that, Bucky.

[Once again, Warren goes to look behind the submission hold, and Rant lets go of the ropes. However, this time there's an obvious shake of the ropes. Warren questions Rant, who shakes his head. Jim is pointing to himself.]

GM: Give me a break! Jim's taking the blame for Rant's obvious cheating!

BW: Not too often that a boss takes a fall for his lackeys.

[To arouse less suspicion, Rant reaches back and Jim grabs him by the hand. However, this time Warren sees the interference, and rushes over, kicking the joined hands! Green takes advantage of the surprise and tosses Rant over!]

BW: Can a referee even do that, Gordo??

GM: I kind of wish Warren would have called for a disqualification, or kicked Jim out. Green regaining composure here..

[Rant charges at Green with a double ax-handle, but Green lets loose with a chop!]

GM: Ohh! What a knife edge chop by the champion!

[With the first chop echoing throughout the building, Green follows up with another chop... and another... and another... landing chop after chop, each with various degrees of success.]

GM: He's really laying in those chops on Rant!

[Rant stumbles back, arms windmilling around and around to try and stay on his feet when Green suddenly leaps up, throwing a standing dropkick right on the chin that topples the Customer Service rep!]

PW: FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!

GM: Dropkick finds it's mark!

[Rant scrambles back to his feet, looking to attack but Green sees him coming, throwing a kick to the gut...]

...but Rant catches the kick!]

GM: Caught! The challenger caught the kick and-

[Green takes a couple of wild swings at Rant, who grins and shakes his head. Suddenly, Green jumps up.]

GM: Head kick... no! Rant ducked at the last second!

[Having missed the enzuigiri, Green falls to the mat as Rant continues to hold on to the leg. Rant lifts the leg up, and looks to slam it into the mat. However, Green twists his body in midair]

GM: OH MY STARS! Rant was going to smash Green's knee into the canvas, but Green somehow twisted his body and caught Rant flush in the face with a kick!

[Rant is wobbly, as Green gets to his feet. With an exhausted grin on his face, Green reaches out, grabbing Rant by his throat.]

GM: He's not going to chokeslam him, is he?

[In fact, that's what he does! Green lifts Rant up, and slams him to the mat, sitting out on impact!]

GM: That brought the crowd to it's feet! Warren with the count! One, two.. just barely two!

BW: Green's not afraid to bust that thing out from time to time, but Rant's one of the few guys on this roster that Green could even do that move to! He ain't known for his strength.

[Green grabs Rant and pulls him up, but Rant reaches in and catches Green flush with a thumb to the eye.]

GM: Rant goes to the eyes! A cheap shot out of the challenger!

[Rant quickly buries a boot into the gut before snapping Green down to the mat with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Neckbreaker and we might have a new champion!

BW: Cover him, Charles!

[CSR makes the cover, hooking the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the World Television Champion isn't going down like that, kicking out at two. Rant catches his breath, getting to his feet before promptly dropping an elbow across Green's ribcage. He hops back up, dropping a second elbow into the torso!]

GM: Two, three... four elbow drops! Rant with another cover! One! Two... NO! Two and a half!

[Rant looks over at Jim, and says "Shall I end this call?". The camera pans over to Jim, who nods his head. Rant pulls Green to his feet, locking in a full nelson.]

GM: He's going for the Accidentally Disconnected! Green trying to fight with everything he's got!

BW: This would be a monumental upset, daddy! Jim could have just supervised himself into a promotion!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Green reaches up to try to fight the hold. With a desperate grab with both hands of hair, Green sets the top of his head underneath Rant's chin, and drops down!]

GM: Jawbreaker!

BW: Rant ain't gonna be takin' any calls for a few weeks after that one.. not that he likes takin' calls anyway.

[Pulling himself to his feet, Green sees Rant doubled over. He slowly makes his way over, hooking Rant in a front facelock and giving a quick hip wiggle.]

GM: What is he... he hooks the leg... cradle suplex perhaps?

[But instead of swinging him up and over in the suplex, Green SNAPS to the side quickly, bouncing Rant's head and neck off the mat with a swinging cradle neckbreaker!]

GM: OHH! What a move! Cover!

[Warren makes the count!]

GM: One! Two! Thr.. NO!

BW: He almost got him!

GM: And we're down to about three minutes in the time limit in this one as Alphonse Green tries to find a way to put away his challenger here tonight.

[Green shakes off the cobwebs, then steps through the ropes onto the apron. Green makes a beckoning motion as Rant rises to his feet. As Green tries to hop up for a springboard, a hand quickly grabs Green's ankle!]

GM: Jim strikes again!

BW: Don't ya mean, 'supervises'?

GM: He's no supervisor... look out!

[Green kicks Jim off of him, sending Jim crashing into the ringside barrier. Jim's distraction was enough as Rant quickly clubs Green in the back of the head. Rant spins Green around, hooking him for a suplex.]

GM: Suplex back in.. NO! Green floats over!

[Green lands on his feet, quick as a cat. Confused, Rant slowly turns around, just as Green hops onto the second rope. In one quick motion...]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

[The kick echoes throughout the arena, as Rant falls to the mat like a ton of bricks. Green jumps on top of Rant as Warren drops to the mat! The crowd counts along!]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! Green retains his title!

[Green jumps to his feet as Davis Warren hands him the Television title to the roar of the crowd. The camera pans over to Jim, clutching his head in frustration.]

BW: I think Rant's mailbox just went full.

GM: Let's get the official word!

DING DING DING

PW: Here's your winner, and still AWA Television Champion.. ALPHONSE...
GREEEEEEEEEEENNNN!!!!

[The crowd roars as Green holds the title belt high over his head.]

GM: Alphonse Green retains the title here tonight in Dallas but it was a heck of a challenge by Charles S. Rant.

BW: Rant could be the World Television Champion right now if just a few things broke in his direction, Gordo.

GM: He certainly could... and that's gotta give hope to guys like Tony Sunn... like Dave Cooper... like Shadoc Rage and Donnie White as they try to work their way into title contention. Folks, later tonight, MAMMOTH Maximus steps into the ring against the man who will face the World Champion at Rising Sun Showdown, March 29th in Tokyo. Earlier this week, our broadcast colleague Jason Dane had a brief sit-down interview with Maximus to get his thoughts on this match, as well as his recent publicity trip to the Land of the Rising Sun. Let's take a look!

[Cut to a shot of a maskless MAMMOTH Maximus. In fact, he is dressed simply in a light grey sweatshirt and matching sweatpants. We hear the voice of Jason Dane from off-camera.]

JD: Last week, you were in Japan for a ten-day publicity tour for Rising Sun Showdown. Good trip?

MM: Surprisingly, yeah, Jason. I know, I know, I've said some things about the way things were in Tiger Paw Pro, the politicking and all that, but most of those guys are upstanding men. Now, I know I pride myself on having torn a path of destruction at the height of my Japanese career, but, really, a lot of those guys gave me one heck of a match after another. It felt good to get in the ring against a couple of my old opponents, as well as a couple of hungry up-and-comers and to be reminded of how I felt back then. And the fans... [Lets out a whistle.] They might not be as vocal as the fans Stateside, but the electricity in the arenas and the appreciation. It's a great feeling, Jason.

JD: Speaking of the Tiger Paw Pro talent, you get a chance to step in the ring against one of them on the next SNW, no less a name than Kenta Kitukawa. How are you feeling?

MM: Stoked. I never got a chance to face Kenta when I was working for Tiger Paw; he was already a big name then and I was the gaijin rookie. And I respected the heck and I do respect the heck out of the guy. Sure, being Todd Michaelson's first student gets you places, but most of the time, Kenta was riding on his own talent and ability. Saturday night, I plan on bringing the same fight to him as so many of his compatriots have brought to me. And don't misunderstand my intentions, Jason; this isn't about softening him up for the champion. This is about beating the guy who is going to beat the World Champion!

JD: Hang on. The guy who is going to beat the World Champion? Are you saying that between Kenta Kitukawa and Supreme Wright, you're picking Kitukawa?

MM: Everyone knows there is no love lost between Supreme Wright and me. Again, I respect his talent and ability. I don't even begrudge him the way he won the World title. But between that flunkie Cain Jackson and seeing what he's done to a bunch of Combat Corner kids who probably don't know better? How can anyone get behind that, Jason?

[Crossfade back to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus seems very enthusiastic about Rising Sun Showdown and just made one heck of a bold prediction about the man who he will face one-on-one later tonight.

BW: Maximus is out of his mind, Gordo. Kenta Kitukawa's a heckuva wrestler, I've seen videos of his matches. But he's NOT the World

Heavyweight Champion. Heck, he's not even the Tiger Paw Pro Grand Crown Champion! Why isn't Wright facing him? Why isn't he facing Taguchi?!

GM: That's not who Tiger Paw Pro chose to face the World Champion, Bucky. Now, let's get back to business. Earlier in the show, an interview with the team of Dichotomy was interrupted by a group of wrestlers who came through the Combat Corner and the preliminary ranks at the same time as they did. There is a lot of resentment in the preliminary locker room towards Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, and justifiably so.

BW: It's just jealousy from failures who haven't been able to get up out of the preliminary ranks yet. But now Dichotomy's givin' two of them a shot at it, so why complain?

GM: Alex Worthey and JP Driver have been a tag team since they debuted, and they'll be taking on Dichotomy in moments. Though Ginn and Hoefner did request that the other members of the group that confronted them along with Worthey and Driver leave the building. As usual, a lot of paranoia from Dichotomy.

[Worthey and Driver, clad in the grey trunks, black boots, and white knee pads, emerge from the curtain and head down the elevated ramp. There's no music or entrance per se, because they're preliminary wrestlers, but because of the confrontation earlier in the show, they're getting cheered.

And then Ginn and Hoefner run up behind them and attack from behind! The crowd boos as Ginn knees Driver in the spine while Hoefner hits Driver in the back of the head with a jumping haymaker!]

GM: WHAT A CHEAP SHOT!

BW: Ha ha ha! You want to call somebody's punk card the way these two did, you better be ready for the consequences!

GM: Dichotomy with a double hip toss sending Worthey down the aisle! And now... what's this?

[Ginn and Hoefner lift up Driver between them in a double slam position, and pitch him forward, sending him crashing neck/chest first on the guard rail with a loud CRAAAAAASH! The crowd erupts with jeers at that brutal, cowardly move!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WE NEED SOME HELP OUT HERE!

BW: They dropped him off the elevated ramp neck first on the railing, daddy! That's how you make a statement!

GM: That's how you end a career!

BW: Which is how you make a statement! And those other three dopes are out of the building.

GM: Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner now double-teaming Worthey on the ramp. Ginn with a facelock and Hoefner is pounding away on him! There's not going to be a match, fans. This was a setup! An assassination!

BW: A double, because it looks like Worthey's gonna get what Driver got!

GM: And Worthey's still not a hundred percent from a beating that William Craven inflicted on him late last year, so this really may end his career...
WAIT A MINUTE!

[The fans roar as a blur of motion darts out from behind the curtain! Motoring down the ramp at full speed, wearing the same clothes he wore in his previous interview is...]

BW: What's he doing here?! This is none of his business!

GM: ERIC PRESTON WITH THE SAVE! Preston plows into both members of Dichotomy!

[Preston's knee hits Hoefner in the back of the head as he and Ginn were picking up Worthey. This causes him to fall forward, shoving Worthey atop Ginn, who falls flat on his back on the ramp. Hoefner staggers past, and Preston follows up by rushing him and clotheslining him over the top rope from the elevated ramp into the ring! The crowd cheers, and Preston turns to face a rising Ginn... who is grabbed from behind by Worthey, and atomic dropped right at preston! Preston uses a big back body drop to send Ginn up and over the top rope, right into Hoefner! The crowd cheers wildly as Preston points an accusing finger at the two men in the ring, while Worthey rushes to the floor to check on Driver.]

BW: This is a travesty! Who sent Eric Preston out here?!

GM: Nobody sent him! He must have seen what was going on and decided to do something about it! We've got medics checking on J.P. Driver, and Alex Worthey is cradling his friend and partner, trying to keep his neck still.

BW: He's lucky he's not having to superglue his head back on!

GM: Preston is coming our way, Bucky!

BW: He'll probably attack me next, seeing how he's on a random ambushing spree!

GM: Preston getting the house mic from Phil Watson...

[As Ginn and Hoefner are now on their feet in the ring, glaring down at Preston and shouting very unkind things his way, Preston takes the house mic and has his say, pointing right back at Dichotomy.]

EP: Who the HELL do you think you are?! That's a man's life, that's how he makes his living! That's how he feeds his family!

[Preston turns away to look at Driver, then back at the ring.]

EP: Maybe you guys wanted a quick day at the office, maybe you're trying to get some extra eyeballs on to ya, or maybe you just thought these two were gonna wear you out in that ring, but what you did right there is a disgrace. But you mark my words. That kid is gonna get back on his feet in a couple weeks, he's gonna find his way back to the AWA and when he does I hope to be a fly on the wall, because he's gonna beat the hell out of you two!

[The crowd cheers at that while Ginn and Hoefner sneer at Preston.]

EP: But since you two put him on the shelf for the night, Worthey over here needs a tag team partner. And my schedule is free. So let's put me into this tag team match, let's ring that bell and let's see how tough you guys really are!

[At that, the fans erupt, and Ginn and Hoefner throw an outraged tantrum in the ring. Hoefner kicks the bottom rope angrily while Ginn is looking for a referee to scream at.]

BW: He can't just insert himself into a match like that!

GM: He just did! And we will have it 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 an unseen instructor is barking out instructions to two young students who are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

When we return from the commercial break, the crowd is already screaming because the match is underway! Matt Ginn, Mark Hoefner, Eric Preston, and Alex Worthey are all in the ring going at it. Hoefner and Preston are exchanging blows while Ginn and Worthey are grappling in a lockup, trying to get an advantage on one another. Ricky Longfellow is trying to get control, but he's being ignored. The opening bell is ringing just as we cut in.]

GM: Fans, we are back, and this matchup is underway. We have a legal substitution, and the match is now Dichotomy against Eric Preston and Alex Worthey.

BW: What a hypocrite Eric Preston is! He crippled James Monosso, he assaulted and tried to take out a number of people, and now he has the nerve to be upset when somebody else does it after being provoked?

GM: Provoked?! If Eric Preston is serious about turning his life around, it makes sense that he'll fight against the kinds of things he did! And right there he ducks a wild swing by Hoefner and a release waistlock suplex sends the Pennsylvania native up and over! Hoefner hits the mat hard and rolls out of the ring! Worthey with a shoulder takedown on Ginn, and he's flipped him into a cross armbreaker! Submission threat right away!

BW: Nope. Ginn used those long legs and got the ropes, and now he's pulling himself out of the ring. That'll break that hold.

GM: Dichotomy has been run out of the ring right away, and the fans approve loudly of that!

[Preston and Worthey look down upon their opponents, who are huddling at ringside. The cheers slowly drop into boos, as the crowd sees Dichotomy stalling. Both Preston and Worthey wave them on back in the ring, but Ginn and Hoefner are taking their time, walking around the ring to their corner with a show of frustration.]

BW: This is what they need to do. Slow the match down, because they were not given preparation time for Eric Preston being in this match. Completely unfair.

GM: It isn't like Eric Preston and Alex Worthey have ever had any experience teaming with one another. Worthey was prepared for a different partner and

Preston wasn't expecting to wrestle at all. It's not unfair, Bucky, both teams are having to deal with this.

BW: But Preston and Worthey are idiots, so it doesn't matter if they prepare! A tactical team like Dichotomy needs their prep time! This is like putting a gorilla and a deer in an elevator and saying that's a fair fight because they're both dealing with close quarters.

GM: Longfellow has shoed out Preston, leaving Worthey as the legal man. In comes Mark Hoefner to start for Dichotomy.

[Worthey and Hoefner have a collar-and-elbow, but this ends immediately as Hoefner eyerakes him. As he executes the eyerake, Worthey grabs his wrist in both hands. Blinded, he still applies an armwringer by feel, and then transitions into a standing armbar.]

GM: And that's one way to deal with an eyerake. Worthey didn't let go, and a nice transition that he didn't need to see in order to execute.

BW: Yeah, but he didn't see Hoefner's fist coming, either. Wham!

GM: Hoefner with a blatant closed fist to the face, backing Worthey up to the ropes. Irish-Whip... reversed by Worthey! Armdrag by Worthey! And another! And the third is a biel throw sending Mark Hoefner into the corner where Eric Preston waits! Tag in to Preston!

[The crowd cheers Preston's entry into the match as Worthey sends Hoefner off the ropes, and doubles him up with a diving headbutt to the midsection. That gives Preston clearance to run in and blast him with the Dream Machine... but Matt Ginn sees it coming and reaches in to pull Hoefner down by his trunks!]

BW: It's not gonna be that easy!

GM: Eric Preston lined up the Dream Machine, that devastating knee strike of his, but Matt Ginn was having none of it. Ginn with that long reach able to pull his partner out of the way of that. Hoefner rolls to the Dichotomy corner, and there's the tag to Ginn. We'll see how this plays out.

BW: That depends on whether Longfellow finds the foreign objects that Ginn says Preston is hiding.

[As soon as he steps in, Matt Ginn points at Preston's trunks and demands that Ricky Longfellow check him for weapons. Preston is exasperated as Longfellow complies with the request, and the crowd boos the obvious ploy. However, the boos turn to cheers as Ginn's attempt at a cheap shot boot to the face is caught by Preston! Preston has Ginn's foot elevated, and the Massachusetts native begins wheedling and begging while hopping on one foot.]

GM: The only object that Eric Preston has on him right now is Matt Ginn's boot! Swings him around, and an atomic drop! Spins him around again,

and an inverted atomic drop! Ginn reeling in agony, and Preston blasts him with a jumping clothesline! Ginn is down, and that attempt to stop the momentum of the Preston/Worthey team did not work at all!

BW: Well, experimentation is all about trying things to find out what will work. I'm sure that Matt will come up with something. I hope.

GM: Preston atop Ginn, and spinning into a toehold. And down into a kneelock! Eric Preston using the technical skills that we've seen flashes of throughout his career.

BW: Which means he's goin' the wrong way. He'd be better off using the viciousness we've seen flashes of instead. Especially since he's in there with a guy who can mat wrestle just as good, or better.

GM: Bending the leg, moving over, and a handstand into a kneedrop on the outstretched left knee of Matt Ginn. Preston going to work on a limb, which makes sense on a man whose limbs are rather long and spindly.

[Preston attempts another handstand kneedrop on Ginn's leg, but his opponent uses his free leg to push him away. Ginn scrambles towards his corner, but Preston catches him before he can get very far. He pulls him up, executes a side backbreaker, and then goes back into a kneelock.]

BW: I wonder if Monosso's sitting at home hearing these cheers the fans are giving Eric Preston. Well, I know he's sitting, because, ya know, wheelchair. I don't think he can afford a TV with all them doctor bills, though.

GM: I don't know if you're trying to guilt the fans or Preston there.

BW: They should both feel guilty! The fans for cheering him, and him for wanting to be cheered!

GM: Ginn is dragging himself towards the ropes, and towards his corner. A slow process, but he makes it! Matt Ginn managing to pull himself within tag radius with those long arms, and Mark Hoefner coming in via the top rope!

[The crowd tries to warn Preston, whose back is to Ginn's upper body in this hold. But he is unaware as Hoefner jumps up to the top turnbuckle and descends with a diving double-axehandle to the back of the head!]

BW: And did he just lower the boom on Eric Preston!

GM: Mark Hoefner stomping away on Preston, who is not an experienced tag team wrestler, and who just made an error in positioning that you don't need to worry about in singles wrestling. Hoefner scoops up Preston, and slams him hard to the mat.

BW: If he never abandoned Chris Blue, he wouldn't need to worry about it either. He'd never have done anything as dumb as sticking his nose in somebody else's business.

GM: Hoefner with a side headlock, and running down the top rope to drag Preston's eyes into the hard plastic casing on the rope! That was as illegal as sin.

BW: Sin ain't usually illegal. You can do all kinds of sin without breakin' the law. Like betraying your manager, for example. Or piledriving people. So let's just say that Eric Preston can't much complain.

GM: Oh, no. Preston went to the corner to cover his back while blinded... but it was Dichotomy's corner. Another mistake made due to not tag teaming regularly, and Ginn is choking him with the tag rope in the corner!

BW: And Hoefner just suckered in Worthey. Who IS an experienced tag wrestler, and he still got baited in. Dichotomy is just good at forcing errors. There was no accident that Hoefner was heading towards his own corner with that ropeburn. Everything they do has a reason.

GM: Ginn comes in... no tag at all was made! Dichotomy hooks Preston... double vertical suplex!

BW: And Ginn's back out just as Longfellow gets back over there. You saw Ginn was hobbling a bit; he can't tag back in yet because his leg needs a little time after Preston's holds. These guys are smart, and it's better to be smart than dumb. Which is why I don't understand why Eric Preston is actively choosing to be dumb just when I thought he had it all figured out.

GM: Mark Hoefner is now blatantly choking preston on the canvas. Preston pushing off, and trying to get to his feet. Hoefner off the ropes... AND PRESTON LAUNCHES HIM WITH THE OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY!

BW: Hoefner flipped himself, Gordo! He pushed off in the middle of the suplex and tried to land on his feet... he didn't get all the way, but that took most of the impact out of the move!

GM: Yes, he did, and that was a great reaction move. But Preston bought the time he needed to tag, and Alex Worthey is the legal man! Worthey in with a running back elbow, flattening Hoefner! Alex Worthey running off the ropes...

[The crowd's cheers stop at Matt Ginn pulls down the top rope. But Worthey was watching for such a thing, and he stops himself before hitting the ropes. He stomps on Ginn, who is still holding the rope down for some reason... and then the reason why becomes apparent as Hoefner hammers into Worthey from behind with the running jumping haymaker, sending him flopping head-over-heels to the floor!]

BW: Ha ha ha! That was brilliant!

GM: How in the world can you let Matt Ginn get away with that?!

BW: Because it's not illegal! He can hold down the ropes! That's not touching anybody!

GM: Yes, Bucky, it IS illegal! I've read the rulebook of professional wrestling and I can say-

BW: Maybe that was illegal in 1924, Gordo, but you're out of touch with the rules today. You didn't even know about the fingers in the temple making the Iron Claw illegal!

GM: In any event, Ginn is continuing to violate the rules by distracting the official while Hoefner takes it to the floor!

[Boos rain down as Hoefner bearhugs Worthey and runs, ramming his spine into the railing with a loud CRAAAAASH. He then slides back into the ring under the bottom rope as Preston moves around to check on his partner.]

BW: Well, then, there's more cheating because Preston is on the other side of the ring from his corner!

GM: And you can bet that Dichotomy will use that to distract the referee. Yes, Ginn and Hoefner are complaining about it. You were upset about a perceived unfair advantage because Dichotomy couldn't prepare, but Eric wasn't prepared for a tag team match tonight. I think he realizes now what's about to happen because he's running back to his corner...

[But it is too late because Ginn and Hoefner move in. Ginn grabs Worthey's legs and falls back into a slingshot, sending Worthey into Hoefner who back body drops him into a row of chairs next to the timekeeper's table at ringside... the personnel and journalists in those chairs have very little notice to clear out before Worthey hits, scattering chairs about with a loud crash!]

BW: And there's a bunch of frequent flyer miles for Alex Worthey!

GM: Dichotomy flinging Worthey into the timekeeper area, which is uncalled for on several levels! They could have hit a noncombatant, and they do not care! Longfellow back over as Hoefner gets back in the ring. Ginn is firing Worthey in, and Dichotomy has a big edge now.

BW: Listen to these hypocrite fans chanting "PRES-TON"! I tell you, wrestling fans are the most fickle creatures in the world. Right next to girlfriends and wives.

GM: And with that, Bucky Wilde sleeps on the couch tonight.

BW: Which would prove my point!

GM: No. But there is a tag by Dichotomy. Hoefner with a Mongolian Chop on Worthey sends him back, Ginn hooks the waist, and a big belly-to-back suplex folds over the man from Myrtle Beach.

BW: And here comes the Review Board. I love this move.

GM: Ginn stepping in between the shoulderblades of the face-down Alex Worthey, and pulling up on the arms. A painful, painful surfboard variation.

[With the Review Board applied, Ginn starts walking, scraping Worthey across the mat as he pulls him up and uses the fulcrum foot to stomp him back down before stepping with the plant foot to put all of his weight into the hold. The fans boo this technique.]

BW: Nothing says domination quite like using a man as a shoe.

GM: Dropkick by Eric Preston breaks that up! Preston knew that hold needed to be broken, so he entered illegally. But Hoefner takes advantage and slingshots himself over the top rope with a flying forearm smash into Worthey as Longfellow chases Preston out!

BW: It's all about tag team experience. You can tell which team is going to the Stampede Cup, and which team was thrown together last minute.

GM: Ginn pulling up Alex Worthey, and a European Uppercut to his adversary. But Worthey fires back a European Uppercut of his own!

[The crowd cheers, and Ginn blinks in surprise that his opponent still had that much fight in him. He steps forward, hits another European Uppercut... and Worthey again fires back to the cheers of the crowd! The two men exchange European Uppercuts again... and Ginn staggers! Worthey dives under his legs and reaches for the tag... but is cut off by Ginn dropping into a legscissors.]

BW: Worthey is trying to make the big comeback, but nope. Ginn shuts him down. Back to the prelim locker room for you and your partner. oh, wait, he had his career ended. So he's goin' back alone.

GM: That's heartless, Bucky! Ginn dragging Worthey into center ring, and a jumping kneedrop to the chest. There's the tag to Hoefner. Hoefner in, runs off the ropes...

BW: HEY!

[The fans roar as Eric returns the favor from earlier by pulling down the top rope, causing Hoefner to flip over the top to the outside! Hoefner's speed causes him to flip all the way over, hit feet-first, and the momentum carries him tumbling to the floor.]

BW: That should be a disqualification!

GM: You said that wasn't even illegal!

BW: And you told me it was, so where's YOUR disqualification, Myers?!

GM: I don't know whether turnabout is fair play, but Dichotomy just got a dose of their own medicine! Ginn is ranting like a madman, but the referee is forcing him to leave the ring! Can Worthey get around to make the tag?

[The fans cheer Alex Worthey on as he crawls inch by inch to his corner, reaches... and dives for the tag! But unfortunately, Hoefner's feet-first landing has allowed him to recover, and he has pulled Preston down off the apron! The two men are exchanging blows on the floor.]

BW: Look, Preston doesn't want to get tagged in. He's had enough of Dichotomy!

GM: You know as well as I do that Hoefner pulled him down off the apron, and the two men are fighting. Ginn is behind Longfellow's back... what is that?!

[When Matt Ginn sneaks in, he does so with a steel chair. He unfolds the chair, pulls up Worthey, and gives him a swinging neckbreaker right into it! The fans boo like crazy.]

BW: Ha ha! Take a seat, junior!

GM: SWINGING NECKBREAKER INTO A CHAIR! What kind of move is that?!

BW: The kind that takes a guy out! Longfellow's trying to pull Preston off of the legal man!

GM: Ginn grabs the chair and exits stage left! Hoefner rolls under the ropes to get away from Preston... oh, not like this!

[Not having seen the chair move, but not wanting his fellow South Carolinian to go down that way, Preston tries to follow Hoefner into the ring. Longfellow blocks him at the apron, though. Preston tries to keep Longfellow distracted to give Worthey recovery time, but Ginn is running around the ring to get to him. Upon getting to Preston's side of the ring, Ginn drops to his hands and knees (to stay out of Longfellow's sight beneath the apron), reaches up, and pulls Preston's foot to trip him off the apron. He holds on for dear life, and Longfellow turns to see Hoefner pinning Worthey as the crowd boos.]

BW: There's your three-count, Gordo. And that's how a real tag team does it.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: They just stole it! Dichotomy cheated in every way they could think of!

BW: No, there were other ways they never got around to.

GM: Let's get the official word.

PW: The winners of this contest... MATT GINN... MARK HOEFNER...
DICHOTOMY!

[An irate Preston kicks Ginn off of him, and whacks him one in the face for good measure. He slides into the ring as Hoefner dives out, and Dichotomy hustles to the back with their arms raised. Frustrated, Preston shakes his head in anger.]

BW: Well, Eric? Is this what you wanted? You wanted cheers, you wanted to be a hero, but this isn't Hollywood! The hero always loses in the end!

GM: That is not true!

BW: Yes, it is. When was the last time a baby-kissin' good guy had the World Championship?

GM: Well...

BW: For five minutes at SuperClash! Even when they win, they lose! Eric Preston made the biggest mistake of his life, which is saying a lot, when he decided he wanted redemption. He never needed redemption! He should have kept droppin' people on their heads. But instead, he tried to be a hero. Good job, hero. Your efforts did nothing.

GM: Bucky, you're missing the forest for the trees. Dichotomy won this match, yes. But that does not invalidate what Eric Preston did. he stood up for somebody who needed help. And while the match didn't go their way, if Preston hadn't done what he did, Dichotomy probably would have dropped Worthey neck first on the railing the way they did Driver! And because they had worked over Worthey first, it likely would have ended much worse. I've gotten word that the prognosis on JP Driver is a cracked clavicle. It could have been much, much worse. Driver managed to shield his windpipe and avoid career-threatening injury because he's got great reflexes and he was relatively unhurt when they threw him. Had they done that to Worthey... let's just say that Eric Preston did, in fact, make a difference tonight.

BW: OK, sure. You helped out a guy who will never be able to return the favor because he's a loser. And then you got embarrassed on national television. Good job, hero. You're living down to Todd Michaelson's standards.

GM: Will you stop?! We'll be back after this.

[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...

We fade back from commercial to find footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" where Tiger Paw Pro competitor, Kenta Kitzukawa, is sitting on a wooden bench. His boots are laced and he looks ready for action as he tugs his kneepads into place. As he speaks, the words are in Japanese but helpful subtitles appear at the bottom of the screen to translate.]

KK: I have often dreamed of this night. A featured competitor in a top level match on American television. When I first came to America to train - to become the professional wrestler I am today - this was my dream. My one and only dream. My teacher, my mentor, Todd Michaelson believed it could happen for me.

I only hope he is watching now.

[Kitzukawa lowers his head, an expression of sadness on his face.]

KK: Tonight, I face a man who I am familiar with - MAMMOTH Maximus. He is the largest competitor I have ever stepped into the ring with. He may be the strongest competitor I have ever stepping into the ring with also.

But what he is not is the AWA World Champion.

That is Supreme Wright. That is the goal. That is the new dream.

[Kitzukawa looks at the camera again.]

KK: Make no error, Maximus. I do not overlook you... your size, your strength, your ability. But I also do not dream of this night any longer. Tonight is reality. Tonight is happening.

You and I will clash. We will exchange blows... we will do things to inspire awe in the people.

And there will be a winner.

[Kituzkawa gives a gesture close to a shrug.]

KK: You believe it will be you. I believe it will be. Soon, one of us will be proven wrong. But no matter who is victorious, my new dream is on the horizon.

On March 29th, I will step into the Tokyo Dome with thousands of my fans watching - my homeland watching and the Gods willing, my teacher watching...

I will step into the ring with the AWA World Champion and we will do battle unlike any that my homeland has seen before.

I do not underestimate any opponent. I know that Maximus could end my career tonight just as I know Supreme Wright could end my career at the Rising Sun Showdown.

[A shake of the head.]

KK: But I do not believe that is my destiny. My destiny lies upon a different path - a path that begins in the Tokyo Dome when my hand is raised and the greatest prize in our sport is placed around my waist.

It too is a night I have dreamed of.

And at Rising Sun Showdown, I am ready to make my dream come true.

Just like tonight.

[Kitzukawa rises to his feet, slamming his hands together in a fierce gesture, and strides out of view as we slowly fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[A throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts with a mixed response as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. Twenty-five seconds into the song, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in 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. The large helmet is attached to black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition, he has on a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER

DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL

THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER

THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER

SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON

IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL

OH WELL

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him.]

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance ramp. He begins to remove the helmet to reveal a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke.]

GM: Whoa!

BW: The man known throughout Japan as the American Mastodon is about to do battle with perhaps the greatest export from Japan since the Honda!

GM: This match has no direct relation on Kitzukawa's World Title shot at Rising Sun Showdown. If he loses, he'll still meet Supreme Wright for the World Title.

BW: Yeah, but if he loses, what kind of mental shape will he be in going into the match? He'll be filled with doubt.

GM: For Maximus, this could be one of his final chances to earn a spot on that Rising Sun Showdown lineup, Bucky.

BW: So many guys wanting to make the trip to Japan... so many guys deserving of a spot who just won't get one. Maximus is just one of those guys hoping to see a spot open up for him.

[Maximus approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Maximus brings his fists together in front of him and backs into his corner. He throws a couple of punches into the air as he awaits the arrival of his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of "Excalibur" by Psycho Le Cemu blasts out over the PA system to a big cheer from the respectful Dallas fans.]

PW: From Osaka, Japan... weighing in at 266 pounds...

KENNNNNNNNTAAAAAAA KITZUUUUUKAAAAAWAAAAAA!

[A blast of green and white lighting illuminates the elevated entranceway as the Japanese superstar walks through the curtain, clad in a floor length green and white robe that covers his entire body. The cheers pick up as they realize the tribute being paid.]

GM: Kenta Kitzukawa is wearing the colors of his teacher, his mentor Todd Michaelson! Remember, Kitzukawa was Michaelson's first student... the first to graduate from the M-DOJO! And now he's come to America to show his teacher that he isn't a failure... that all his students aren't men like Supreme Wright and Aaron Anderson! That the future of this business is in good hands thanks to Todd Michaelson!

[Kitzukawa stands at the top of the aisle, flashbulbs firing on all sides as he looks out at the cheering crowd. He shrugs out of his robe, revealing matching green and white trunks, kneepads, and boots. He raises a single finger, pointing to the sky...

...and then powerwalks towards the ring where Maximus is shifting his weight from foot to foot, ready for the fight to come!]

GM: Kitzukawa is heading for the ring where Maximus is waiting for him! This may be indeed be an international incident but it's promising to be a moment that these fans may never forget!

[As Kitzukawa comes through the ropes, he shouts something in the direction of Maximus, pointing a finger at him. Maximus promptly waves for Kitzukawa to come at him.]

GM: Both of these men are fired up, fans. I don't think there's any bad feelings between them but I think they both badly want to strike the first blow in this battle between Tiger Paw Pro and the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Referee Johnny Jagger wedges himself between the two men, trying to keep them apart as they continue to bark at one another.]

BW: Most wrestlers wouldn't be bothered by Kitzukawa shouting in Japanese at them but Maximus spent enough time in Japan, he's gotta know what he's saying and-

[Maximus shoves past the official, throwing a hooking right hand to the skull of Kitzukawa, knocking him back a couple of steps. The crowd roars as the Japanese superstar surges back into the fray, throwing a pair of right hands of his own, bringing the fans to their feet as the referee frantically signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: Here we go!

[Maximus ties up Kitzukawa in a loose collar and elbow, throwing another pair of right hands to the side of the head, staggering his opponent.]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand puts Kitzukawa back on his heels...

[The American Mastodon grabs Kitzukawa by the shoulders, smashing his skull into Kitzukawa's face, sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: What a headbutt!

BW: Ain't no defense for getting a skull slammed into your nose!

[Maximus pushes back on Kitzukawa's chin, bending his neck back before slamming a forearm down across the sternum!]

GM: Clubbing shot across the chest!

[With the referee ordering a break, Maximus winds up again, slamming a second forearm down into the chest. Kitzukawa comes off the ropes, smashing a forearm across Maximus' broad chest in response!]

GM: The man from Osaka fires back!

[Maximus backpedals as Kitzukawa squares up, lighting up the chest of the bigger man with a thunderous chop across the pectorals!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: What a chop!

[The big man continues to move away as Kitzukawa winds up again, throwing an overhead chop across the chest, leaving a red welt of a handprint behind!]

GM: Kitzukawa is one of the hardest hitters you'll ever see. Todd Michaelson once told me that after a while, he stopped letting Kenta hit him in sparring because of the welts he'd go home with after one of their training sessions.

[Another overhead chop has the Californian staggering back towards the ropes...

...but he surges forward, clubbing Kitzukawa with a forearm to the back of the neck and shoulder!]

GM: These two are trading shots like two monsters!

[Kitzukawa grabs Maximus by the side of the head, slamming his forearm into the jaw of the big man! The former Matsui Corporation client staggers back, falling to a knee. The Japanese superstar gives a big shout, turning to the side to throw another big chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Those chops are enough to make your skin crawl, Bucky!

BW: More like blister, peel, and fall off your body!

[Maximus pushes up off his feet, reaching up to deliver a two-handed shove to the chest of Kitzukawa, knocking him back into the turnbuckles. The four hundred pounder moves in quickly, squaring up...]

GM: Right hand to the head... a left to the other side...

[A few more clubbing roundhouse blows has Kenta Kitzukawa clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Maximus changes levels, throwing blows to the body instead!]

GM: The referee's shouting at Maximus, telling him to back off!

[As the referee's count hits four, Maximus steps back as Kitzukawa staggers out of the corner...

...and EATS a straight right hand to the bridge of the nose, causing his eyes to tear up. A second one drops him to a knee as Maximus gives a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" shout to the split crowd.]

GM: Maximus is throwing blows like a world-class boxer.

BW: With no gloves.

GM: But Kitzukawa is right back to his feet again!

[A big chop follows, leaving another red welt on the white flesh of Maximus. Maximus fires back with another straight right hand...

...and then gets a right-handed slap across the face!]

GM: OHH! Kenta slaps the taste right out of his mouth!

[Maximus seems ready to fire off again but a left-handed slap cracks him across the mouth!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: You want to talk about fighting spirit, Gordo?! This is what Tiger Paw Pro is all about!

[The two slaps sends Maximus falling back into the turnbuckles as Kitzukawa throws a big overhead elbow, bouncing it off the crown of Maximus' skull before squaring up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by Kitzukawa!

[The Japanese superstar turns towards the cheering crowd, giving a nod before he winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Maximus stumbles out of the corner, clutching his rapidly-reddening chest as Kitzukawa pursues...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hook to the jaw, sending him down to his knees!]

GM: They haven't traded a single wrestling hold in this one! So far, it's a slugfest!

BW: And you gotta think eventually Maximus will get the edge in a slugfest, Gordo.

GM: You would think so but Kitzukawa did not come to the United States to back down from a fight. If Maximus wants to trade blows, I'm guessing Kitzukawa is ready for him!

[Grabbing the Japanese star by the arm, Maximus yanks him up, tugging him into a short-arm clothesline...

...that staggers Kitzukawa, sending him stumbling back into the ropes...]

GM: But he didn't take him down! Maximus connects with the clothesline but Kitzukawa stays on his feet... he stays standing! And he's waving Maximus forward! He wants more!

[The crowd is roaring for Kitzukawa's guts as he waves again for Maximus to bring the pain. The big man responds with a hard kick to the gut, knocking Kitzukawa back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: How often do we see Maximus use kicks in a match? He knows he may need more than he usually brings to the table week after week here on Saturday Night Wrestling to put down Kenta Kitzukawa, Gordo.

GM: Maximus moving in on him again...

[He winds up, ready to throw another hooking right hand but Kitzukawa uses his left arm to block it before chopping Maximus across the face with his own right hand!]

GM: Oh! He chopped his face!

[A stunned Maximus backpedals a few steps as Kitzukawa moves out, winding up his right arm...

...and CRACKING Maximus on the jaw with a brutal elbow strike!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Now THAT'S how you throw an elbow, Shadoo Rage!

[Kitzukawa winds up again, smashing his elbow into the jaw of Maximus a second time!]

GM: Two hard shots with the elbow and Maximus is reeling from those!

[The Osaka native gives a shout, running a hand through his short black hair as Maximus backpedals further away.]

GM: Kenta winds up again... and another hard shot!

[Maximus' back hits the ropes, allowing him to spring off the ropes to SLAM his own elbow into Kenta's jaw!]

GM: Oh! Maximus returns the favor!

[A second elbowshot knocks Kitzukawa down to a knee. Maximus grabs a handful of his hair, shouting in Japanese at him...

...and slams his knuckles down into the eyebrow of the Japanese superstar!]

GM: Hard right hand to the eye!

[Kitzukawa springs to his feet, giving a shout as he uncorks a series of stiff leg kicks to the side of Maximus' left knee, causing the big man to shift his balance onto his other leg...]

GM: Kitzukawa with a flurry of leg kicks and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Kitzukawa leaps up into the air, lashing out with a single-legged kick to the side of the head!]

GM: Good grief!

[Maximus staggers backwards, falling into the corner. Kitzukawa pursues, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The big man reverses with ease, sending Kitzukawa crashing into the turnbuckles backfirst. Maximus barrels across the ring, leaping up...]

GM: BIG SPLAAAAASH!

[...but Kitzukawa sidesteps, causing Maximus to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED!

[With Maximus dazed, Kitzukawa slips in behind him, hooking a rear waistlock.]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[But before he can snap off the German suplex, Kitzukawa gets a HARD back elbow to the jaw. A second one breaks the waistlock as Maximus wheels around, slamming his right hand into the jaw of the Osaka native!]

GM: What a right hand!

[With Kitzukawa reeling from the right hand, Maximus lifts him over his shoulder, unceremoniously dumping him on the canvas with a sloppy released Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: Ohh! He bounces Kitzukawa off the mat!

[Maximus grabs the ropes, stomping the Japanese superstar repeatedly, forcing him to roll under the ropes and back out onto the ring apron. The big man wastes no time in leaning over the ropes, grabbing Kitzukawa by the arm and hauling him up to his feet.]

GM: He's gonna bring him in the hard way, scoops him up... and slams him down!

[With a big shout, Maximus drops a four hundred pound elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Scoop slam... and an elbowdrop! Maximus with the first cover of the match gets one... and that's all! Kitzukawa wastes no time at all in kicking out at one!

[Maximus pushes up to a knee, grabbing a handful of Kenta Kitzukawa's hair, smashing his fist repeatedly down between the eyes of the Japanese superstar.]

BW: Hey, Gordo... how much do you think Supreme Wright is loving this? Watching his next challenger get brutalized by a four hundred pound beast right here tonight.

GM: I'm sure he'd tell you that he doesn't like it at all because he wants to defend the title against someone at their physical peak.

BW: True.

GM: I'm also sure he'd be lying his face off just like every other time he speaks.

[Maximus climbs to his feet, taking a verbal beatdown from Johnny Jagger as Kitzukawa rolls to his stomach, pushing up onto all fours...

...and gets drilled with a soccer kick to the ribs, flipping him back over onto his back!]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Maximus winds up, dropping another elbow down into the ribs of Kitzukawa, rolling into another cover and again only getting a one count as the Osaka native grabs the bottom rope this time to break the pin.]

GM: Too close to the ropes there.

BW: That's where you have to wonder about Maximus' decision to go it alone. If Matsui was still out here at ringside with him, that pin attempt doesn't even happen. He would've spotted the positioning problem and stopped him before it happened.

[The crowd jeers as Maximus stomps Kitzukawa a few times, forcing him under the ropes out onto the wooden ramp.]

GM: Uh oh. They're going out onto the ramp!

[Kitzukawa starts to climb up off the wooden platform as Maximus steps through the ropes to pursue him.]

GM: Maximus is coming out on the ramp after- ohh! Kitzukawa goes downstairs with a right hand!

[A second one has Maximus sucking wind as Kitzukawa climbs to his feet, grabbing Maximus by the arm.]

GM: Irish- no way! Maximus holds his ground!

[And YANKS Kitzukawa into another short-arm clothesline, this time easily taking down his opponent!]

GM: Goodness! The clothesline takes Kitzukawa off his feet with ease this time around.

[Maximus stands over the floored Kitzukawa, turning to face the crowd. He does the "belt gesture" with a bellow of "THE WORLD IS MINE! MINE!" while his opponent crawls away, trying to create some space between Maximus and himself.]

GM: Maximus is wasting time out there, Bucky.

BW: Another mistake. Maximus is a physical beast... a monster... but he's not the sharpest tool in the shed and I think it's costing him in the ring, Gordo.

[Maximus pursues after Kitzukawa who pushes up to a knee several feet away. Raising his arms over his head and clasping his hands together, Maximus stalks towards the Osaka native from the blind side...

...and SLAMS the double axehandle down across the back of the head and neck, causing Kitzukawa to fall back down on the wooden ramp!]

GM: A heavy blow out of Maximus... and these two men need to beware the countout right now. The referee is laying the ten count on them right now as Maximus turns... and he's coming back to the ring, bringing Kitzukawa with him...

[The big man hurls the Osaka native over the ropes where he falls hard to the canvas. Maximus reaches the ring, looking down at Kenta...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Maximus ain't wastin' time now, Gordo! He's looking to finish this!

[Maximus slowly climbs the turnbuckles, placing one foot on the top rope as he looks out at the crowd. He turns to face the ring...

...and finds Kitzukawa on his feet, coming on fast!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT AN ELBOW!

[The blow stuns Maximus who nearly topples backwards before Kitzukawa steadies him, reaching up...

...and HURLS him off the top rope, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: DOWN GOES MAXIMUS!!

[Kitzukawa slams an arm down on the top turnbuckle, turning to face Maximus who is flat on his back on the canvas, writhing in pain on the mat.]

GM: Maximus is in trouble here! Kenta Kitzukawa is waiting for him!

[Kenta repeatedly slams an arm into the top turnbuckle, bringing the crowd to their feet to clap in rhythm with him.]

GM: The Dallas fans are on their feet! Kitzukawa is getting the fans behind him!

[A dazed Maximus rolls to all fours, breathing heavily.]

GM: That slam took a lot out of the big man. It was a bad miscalculation on his part, Bucky.

BW: Certainly was.

GM: Kitzukawa is poised! He's ready!

[And as Maximus staggers up to his feet, Kitzukawa gives a shout, going into a full spin, his elbow cocked back...]

GM: ROLLING ELBOW!

[...but Maximus sidesteps, hooking Kitzukawa by the arm and neck as he goes by, muscling him up into the air, and HURLING him down with a thunderous uranage slam!]

GM: SLAM! MY STARS, WHAT A SLAM BY MAXIMUS!!

[Maximus promptly drops to his knees, applying a four hundred pound lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But Kitzukawa lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: No! No! Two count only there for Maximus as the first student of Todd Michaelson kicks out in time!

BW: Maximus looks surprised at that, Gordo.

GM: We've seen him finish men off with that... what did you call it before? Uranage slam?

BW: Hey, you DO listen!

GM: We've seen him finish people with it before so he seems a bit shocked that Kitzukawa got out of that at two.

BW: He can't dwell on it though. He's got plenty of other big bombs in the arsenal. Just move on to one of those. The powerbomb, the Prehistoric Plunge... heck, even the Moonsault!

[Maximus slowly gets to his feet, hauling Kitzukawa off the mat by the hair and shoving him back into the corner. He moves in slowly, squaring up...]

GM: Right hand to the head! Another! Another!

[The crowd is groaning with every blow landed as Maximus tees off on the head of his opponent, landing vicious rights and lefts with dangerous impact and deadly accuracy!]

GM: Back him off, Johnny Jagger!

[The AWA's Senior Official bravely steps in, forcing Maximus to step back out of the corner. Jagger gets in the big man's face, reading him the riot act with a finger in his face. Maximus nudges the official aside...

...and EATS a running big boot to the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Maximus is rocked!

BW: But he's on his feet!

[Kitzukawa leans down, slapping the canvas with both hands before going into a full spin...

...and CREAMS Maximus with a rolling elbow, knocking the big man flat!]

GM: HE NAILED IT!! ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shoulder up! Maximus kicks out in the nick of time!

BW: How the heck... I thought that was it, Gordo. I thought Kitzukawa had him after landing that rolling elbow - one of the signature moves of his teacher, Todd Michaelson.

GM: I think this whole arena thought he had him after that.

[The Osaka native pushes up to his knees, shaking his head in disbelief as he looks up at Johnny Jagger holding up two fingers.]

GM: This isn't the time, Bucky. This isn't the time for Kenta Kitzukawa to lose his focus and worry about the count. He needs to find a way to finish this guy off once and for all.

[Kitzukawa climbs to his feet, looking down as Maximus pushes up to a knee on the canvas.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop!

[The Japanese superstar hauls Maximus the rest of the way to his feet, whipping him the short distance into the turnbuckles where the big man slams chestfirst into the corner, stumbling back...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation of the big suplex but Maximus again blocks it, slamming his elbow back a few times into the skull of Kitzukawa. The big man wheels around, smashing his fist into the eye of the Osaka native, sending him staggering back.]

GM: Maximus is right back into the fight! He's showing tremendous resiliency here tonight, Bucky. He just keeps finding a way to fight his way back into the match.

BW: That's right, Gordo. Everyone looked at this match at some kind of welcoming party for Kenta Kitzukawa. But Maximus is showing him that he's gotta bring it hard if he's going to beat the big man!

[Grabbing the arm, Maximus whips Kitzukawa into the corner, charging in after him, leaping into the air...]

...and SQUASHING the Tiger Paw Pro grappler in the buckles!]

GM: BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER!!

[Kitzukawa staggers out, getting dropped with a stiff clothesline to the collarbone, knocking him down in the corner.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Oh yeah! Every single person in this building knows what Maximus is thinking when he puts Kitzukawa down in the corner like that! It's Prehistoric Plunge time, daddy!

[Maximus throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he steps over Kitzukawa's prone form. He looks out to the crowd, giving a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" bellow as he steps up to the second rope.]

GM: Kitzukawa, if he's conscious and able, better get the heck out of there!

BW: If he can't move and in a hurry, he's done for, Gordo! Supreme Wright may be popping champagne back in the locker room right about now 'cause his challenger in four weeks' time is about to have his ribcage crushed by a four hundred pound beast!

GM: Maximus is on the middle rope, grabbing the top rope with both hands. He'll bounce a few times, trying to build some momentum...

[Maximus proves Gordon correct, bouncing repeatedly up and down on the middle rope, shaking the ring as Johnny Jagger draws near, ready to make a count...]

GM: Maximus is building up a head of steam! He's gonna fly!

[The super-heavyweight suddenly kicks off into the air, his body going parallel to the mat before plummeting down...

...to an empty space where Kenta Kitzukawa used to be!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! KITZUKAWA ROLLED AWAY IN TIME!

[The crowd is roaring for the near miss as Kitzukawa clings to the ropes near the ringpost where he just narrowly avoided being squashed underneath Maximus' massive frame.]

GM: Kitzukawa saved himself! He's got a chance here, Bucky!

BW: He does. Maximus is down and Kenta needs to find a way to keep him there.

GM: He crawls out onto the apron, barely able to stand at this point.

[Kitzukawa slowly steps through the ropes, hanging onto them for a few moments as he steps in, looking for his next attack.]

GM: Maximus pushes up to his knees... his ribs took a hard shot when he missed that dive...

[The Osaka native steps up behind the kneeling Maximus, hooking a rear waistlock.]

BW: Again?! This guy just won't learn!

GM: He's attempting that waistlock suplex for the third time in this match and hasn't even come close to pulling it off yet. I'm not sure what he's thinking here, Bucky.

BW: He's not! He's being a Todd Michaelson student! And this is why all those kids are better off being part of Team Supreme, daddy! Maybe if Kitzukawa shapes up, there'll be a spot for him on Team Supreme too!

GM: Give me a break! You're talking about one of the top stars in Tiger Paw Pro... one of the top stars in ALL of Japan! He's not some rookie fresh out of training school!

[But with Maximus' weight pitched forward and down on the mat, Kitzukawa has no chance to get him up into the air. He quickly abandons his effort, sliding around to grab Maximus by the hair...]

GM: He's got Maximus and- ohh! Short kick to the skull!

[Holding the hair, Kitzukawa throws kick after kick to the head.]

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

[Maximus staggers back, standing straight up as Kitzukawa hits him with a big elbow strike... and a second... and a third!]

GM: Maximus is dazed!

[Kitzukawa hits the ropes, rebounding back, winding up his arm...]

GM: Off the ropes...

[...and CRACKS Maximus across the collarbone with a lariat!]

GM: LARIAT!

BW: Maximus will not fall!

[With Maximus stumbling, arms pinwheeling around and around trying to keep his balance...]

...Kitzukawa ducks in behind him, hooking a waistlock!]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[This time, the Osaka native takes advantage of the off-balance Maximus, muscling him up into the air...

...and lets go, DUMPING Maximus down on the back of his head!]

BW: GERMAN!! HE HITS THE GERMAN SUPLEX!!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the impressive throw as Kitzukawa wheels around, diving down to jackknife the legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Kitzukawa gets the huge win tonight in Dallas!

[The Japanese superstar rolls back to his feet, looking a bit weary as the referee raises his arm in victory. The crowd roars as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner...

KENNNNNNNNTAAAAAA KIIIIITZUUUUUKAAAAAWAAAAAAA!

[The Tiger Paw Pro grappler nods at the crowd's reaction, still with his arms raised.]

GM: You want to talk about a guy who looks ready to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title, you're looking at him, fans!

BW: Kitzukawa may be ready to challenge for the title but you better believe that Supreme Wright is ready to DEFEND the World Title. That's all he's wanted to do since he won it and on March 29th in the Tokyo Dome, he's going to defend that title against the best that Japan has to offer and prove that he's a TRUE World Champion!

GM: That remains to be seen. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet!

[We cut backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. Bobby is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a blue and white flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He runs his fingers through his auburn hair as Mark begins.]

MS: Bobby, for the first time in weeks, you're out here alone. With Hannibal Carver being on a promotional tour in Japan and your recent history with the Wise Men, how do you feel?

BOC: I feel great, Mister Stegglet. I'm proud as can be that Mister Carver was asked to take part in promoting the big Rising Sun Showdown card, I know how much his time in Japan means to him and how much the fans over there miss getting to see him tear it up. And as far as me and those pack of hyenas as Mister Carver likes to call them, I'm ready for anything. He's worked with me rigorously these past few weeks, and it's time for me to sink or swim.

[Mark nods.]

MS: I also understand you asked for this interview time for a big announcement?

BOC: That's right. Mister Carver and I have discussed it over the phone, and I wanted to make it official right here. We will be teaming up and entering the Gauntlet Match for that final slot in the Stampede Cup! The chance to compete in the Cup was a dream ever since I was signed as part of a tag team in my AWA debut... and the chance to fight for that right with a man that I not only look up to but that has taught me so much already is really incredible. I promise everyone that now that it's on the table, there's no way on earth that I'll give anything but my one hundred percent to grab that brass ring.

MS: That IS quite the announcement. Speaking of teaming up, lately there seems to be a solidifying of some of the stars in the locker room, particularly between the two of you and Ryan Martinez.

BOC: It's true. We ran out when they tried to take Ryan out the same way they tried to take me out. And we all heard what Ryan had to say about Mister Carver last time. I couldn't be happier. Ryan obviously has as big of shoes to fill as I do, his dad is one of the all-time greats this sport has ever seen. And unlike some I could mention, he's done everything on his own merit. I can relate a lot to that, and everything he's done here in the AWA is something I have nothing but admiratio--

[Suddenly, O'Connor is cut off by Johnny Detson and Rick Marley rushing into the scene. Stegglet stumbles backwards into the wall as Marley throws himself at O'Connor's torso, tackling him down as Detson shouts "GET HIM! GET HIM!" repeatedly. Detson hammers away at the forehead of O'Connor while Marley stomps away with repeated kicks. O'Connor gets pulled up by the hair by Detson who leans in to shout at him.]

Detson: Didn't your pappy ever tell you to take your beating like a man and stop letting other fight your battles!

[SLAP! Detson paintbrushes the young wrestler right across the face with a vicious slap. He then turns to Marley.]

Detson: Get him up!

[Detson walks off camera as Marley picks up O'Connor holding his arms behind him. Stegglet comes back over, his eyes wide in fright as he looks over towards where Detson left.]

MS: Johnny, what are you doing? Don't do this! Put that down.

[Stegglet immediately runs off to the side as Detson comes charging back, steel chair in hand. He sends the top of the steel chair right into the midsection of the defenseless O'Connor doubling him over. He smirks as he drops the chair right at his feet and grabs O'Connor in a double underhook setting up for what is obviously a Hoyle Driver.]

MS: Don't do this!

[Stegglet's interruption distracts Detson long enough for about a dozen security members to rush on the scene and prevent Detson from causing obvious permanent damage to O'Connor. They grab both Marley and Detson and hold them back while a couple check on O'Connor. Smirking, Detson walks slowly backwards being lead from the scene by AWA personnel as we abruptly cut 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 Gibson Hayes who is standing on the interview platform, by himself. He's dressed in his blue power suit, red tie, white dress shirt. His afro is majestic, as usual. This time around, he's wearing mirrored sunglasses.]

GH: What a difference a show makes. I, Gibson Hayes - the last, best hope for a bright future and better tomorrow, elected to take a bit of time off. Why? To celebrate.

[There's a slight buzz in the audience. Hayes takes out a magnifying glass and holds it up to his face.]

GH: I think of myself as a bit of a gumshoe and when the Mystery of the Irrelevant, Overhyped, Under Producing Flash in the Pan's Resurrection came across my desk, I had to put everything down and come here, to the American Wrestling A... I don't know what the last A stands for, to be honest. The name of the place isn't important. What is important is, without a shadow of a doubt, after the astonishing accidental step that rendered Devon immobile, I can pronounce this...

[Gibson takes off his sunglasses.]

GH: Case closed.

[Groans, boos, and other noises are uttered as the crowd doesn't seem to like the pun.]

GH: Nenshikins, you're next. I'm on the Mystery of the Job Stealing Foreigner. You're trying to fool these simple minded, high fructose corn syrup slurping, too closely related folk that you're on their side. We all know the truth. It's time that you, and your failed bids for true big time gold, are put back in the cold case files once and for all. ...hey, cold Case! Like the wrestler formerly known as Devon Case whose career is now a corpse! That's a good one! Smooches!

[Hayes blows the crowd a kiss and walks backstage as we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Gibson Hayes is... well, he's something.

BW: The most unpopular man in the AWA locker room?

GM: True.

BW: A thorn in the side of AWA management?

GM: Correct.

BW: Obnoxious til the bitter end?

GM: Si es verdad.

BW: Destined to wind up in a crate marked "PHOENIX"?

GM: Perhaps. But for now, let's go up to the ring!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. A few feet away, we see the World's Smartest Man, Manny Imbrogno, standing on the midbuckle, looking out at the fans.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 245 pounds... MR. MENSA...

MANNNNNNNNYYYY IMBROOOOGNOOOOOO!

[Imbrogno flips his shoulder-length dark hair back before running the same hand over his trimmed beard. He hops down off the midbuckle, still wearing his tweed blazer (with elbow patches) and carrying a Kindle in his off-hand. He gestures for the mic and it is handed over.]

MI: They call me Mister Mensa...
I'm the World's Smartest Man...
And it's time to tell a tale...
Of the Lynches' greatest fan!

She stood with lungs so healthy.
She stood with hair so blonde.
But when others came a-knockin'.
Severed was her bond.

But now she comes back to the nest.
Her failings all a plenty.
I hear that her last place of employment.
She'd drop trou for a twenty.

She is the lovely Sunshine.

Her face so young and pretty.
But underneath her too-tight clothes.
She's conniving, cold, and petty.

When Travis walks out through that curtain.
The girls will all be screaming.
But if Sunshine thinks he'll take her home.
She really is just dreaming.

So, to my opponent I deliver...
One last and final warning.
Do not trust this vixen so cruel.
Or your fans will be in mourning.

[Imbrogno bows to the cheers from the fans as Phil Watson retakes the mic.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The curtain pulls back as the rock classic "Tom Sawyer" by Rush blasts out over the PA system, nearly drowned out by the screaming of the ladies in the Crockett Coliseum. Phil Watson struggles to be heard as well.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas...

[Bigger cheer!]

PW: He weighing in at 252 pounds...

TRAAAAAAVISSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The youngest of the Lynch brothers strides into view to an even bigger reaction. The squeals are practically deafening as Travis pauses, allowing the females to take a long look as Lynch yanks off his trademark super smedium t-shirt, flinging it into the crowd. He's also wearing black chaps with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging. He gives that Travis grin before walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: These fans love this young man.

BW: I think my eardrums just broke!

GM: What?! Speak up!

[He breaks into a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade. Lynch leans down, slapping as many hands as he can during his walk down the aisle. Upon reaching the ropes, he steps down the wooden steps to the floor, circling the ring to slap even more hands. He gets a few slaps on the shoulder, falling into some embraces with some of the more aggressive ringside fans... and even getting a kiss or two on the cheek... and one flush on the mouth before a grinning Travis pushes away from the railing, heading towards the ring.]

BW: Why you'd let one of these Texas heifers kiss you is beyond me, Gordo.

GM: There are some very attractive young ladies here tonight.

BW: Must be from out of town.

[Travis slides under the bottom rope, removing his chaps to reveal his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. He tugs on his white kneepads and boots before settling back into the corner. Lynch strides across the ring, extending his hand to Manny Imbrogno who happily accepts as the bell sounds.]

GM: Great display of sportsmanship by these two AWA stars.

BW: It's a sign of weakness.

GM: Only you would say that, Bucky.

[The two men circle one another for a moment and as Travis goes for a tie up.]

GM: Collar and elbow... no, Imbrogno ducks right under it!

[Imbrogno pulls up, flashing a grin at Travis as he taps his temple.]

BW: He's right, you know. That was a smart move. You don't want to match muscles with this muscleheaded twerp. And he just reminded everyone that it takes more than good looks to get it done in the ring.

GM: You find Travis Lynch to be good looking, Bucky?

BW: There's one guy out there for every girl, right? Travis' girls just happen to be a herd of cows down the road that think he's red hot.

GM: Would you stop?

[Imbrogno and Lynch come together again, Mr. Mensa ducking under a second time... but this time, Travis comes up firing and cracking Imbrogno with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Nice shot by Lynch!

[The World's Smartest Man steps back from the impact as Travis steps up, landing a second forearm shot to the cheers of the crowd before pulling his opponent into a side headlock.]

GM: And a hold like this is where Travis Lynch's muscles DO come in handy, really wrenching the hold on the head and neck of Mr. Mensa.

BW: I can't quite tell from here but I'm pretty sure Stench has a handful of hair.

GM: He does not! Are we even watching the same match?

BW: I'm watching Travis Stench versus Manny Imbrogno. I think you're watching the same thing but through your Stench-colored glasses.

GM: I see.

[Trapped in the side headlock, Imbrogno throws a quick back elbow, driving the point of his elbow into the midsection of Lynch once... twice... and a third time before the headlock loosens.]

GM: Manny battling out of the side headlock... shoves Travis off!

[Rebounding off, Lynch runs right over Imbrogno with a shoulder tackle, dropping Mr. Mensa to his back.]

GM: Wow. By no means is Imbrogno a small man but Travis Lynch just barreled through him like he was nothing, Bucky.

BW: For a guy calling himself Mr. Mensa, that wasn't the brightest idea.

GM: But Manny's quickly to his feet...

[Imbrogno spins around, burying a rolling sole butt into the midsection of Lynch, doubling him up...

...and then cracking Lynch with a kneelift on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! That one landed flush!

[Lynch stumbles backwards, falling down to the mat to a surprised reaction from the crowd who boos Imbrogno pretty solidly as Mr. Mensa hits the ropes, bouncing off and bouncing DOWN onto the chest of Lynch with a somersault senton!]

GM: Flipping backsplash by Imbrogno!

BW: And this is exactly what happens when a Stench faces someone with talent, Gordo! This ain't Allen Allen in here with him.

[Imbrogno flips over, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But Travis Lynch powers out, shoving out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Not enough to keep him down for a three count but Manny Imbrogno is staying right on top of Lynch, hauling him up to his feet...

[As Lynch gets to his feet, he cracks Imbrogno with a solid European uppercut, sending him staggering back to the corner.]

BW: Another cheap tactic from Blackjack's book of tricks!

GM: Cheap tactic? Travis cut Manny under the jaw with a European uppercut! There was nothing cheap about it, Bucky.

[With Imbrogno dazed, Lynch pulls him from the corner, lifting him high into the air and dropping him tailbone-first onto a bent knee with an atomic drop, sending Imbrogno sailing forward and down to the mat.]

GM: Down goes Mr. Mensa off the atomic drop... Travis to the ropes!

[Lynch leaps up into the air, driving a rising Imbrogno back down to the mat with a leaping forearm smash. The females in attendance cheer wildly as Travis stands back up to his feet.]

GM: Travis Lynch back up... a nice back and forth battle between these two so far.

[Lynch runs his hand through his hair before he pulls Imbrogno up. In a fluid motion, he scoops him up off the mat, dropping him across his knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: Travis showing off his power as he easily hoisted Imbrogno up for that backbreaker.

BW: But again, he's back yanking on the hair of Imbrogno, pulling him to his feet.

GM: He does have the hair, I'll give you that.

[With Imbrogno trapped in his grip, Travis steps through, reaching over.]

GM: Abdominal stretch - locked in by Travis Lynch!

BW: Now he doesn't have the height of his brother so this won't be as effective as it would be if Jack locked it in but he's stronger so it may cancel out a bit.

[Wrenching back on it, Lynch orders the referee to check for a submission but Manny Imbrogno shakes his head no. Travis grits his teeth, pulling back again as Mr. Mensa shakes his head a second time, refusing to give up.]

GM: The abdominal stretch is in pretty deep but so far, the World's Smartest Man has been able to fight off a submission. The referee is checking again and-

[The crowd cheers as Travis holds up his left hand...

...and hooks the Iron Claw on the ribcage of Imbrogno!]

BW: He can't do that hold - it's banned!

[Imbrogno screams out at the pain inflicted by the abdominal claw.]

GM: The Iron Claw is not banned! Just because Demetrius Lake is afraid of the hold does not make it banned!

BW: Well, it should be! We all know how Blackjack's taught his sons to wear a loaded glove for it!

GM: Travis doesn't even wear a glove!

[The referee checks again for the submission by Imbrogno continues to shake his head no, refusing to give up. Travis lifts his hand, looking to reapply the hold...

...but Imbrogno takes advantage of the momentary break, flipping Lynch over in a hiptoss!]

GM: Nice counter by Imbrogno to escape that abdominal stretch!

[Lynch scrambles off the mat, again catching a back kick into the midsection.]

GM: He doubles him up again by going down low...

[Imbrogno hits the ropes, getting a running start and leaping up, smashing his knee down into the back of Travis' neck, sending him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Nicely executed by Mr. Mensa!

[With Lynch down, Imbrogno makes another cover, earning another two count before Lynch powers out.]

GM: Another two count for Mr. Mensa and with Imbrogno two weeks away from competing as part of the big Tag Team Gauntlet match, you know a win like this would put all sorts of momentum on his side as he attempts to win his way into the Stampede Cup.

BW: Stay on him, Manny!

GM: You'd root for just about anyone to beat Travis Lynch, wouldn't you?

BW: I have a hard time thinking of anyone I'd want him to beat.

[Imbrogno drags Lynch up, pasting him with a European uppercut that sends Lynch falling back to the corner, the blow echoing throughout the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: A hard shot there...

[Grabbing an arm, Imbrogno whips Lynch across, smashing him into the far corner where Travis staggers back out into a leaping rana takedown!]

GM: Nice headscissors by Imbrogno!

BW: This ain't your daddy's territory, Stench! We got real talent here!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. Travis Lynch is a former Texas State Tag Team Champion and he was the last man to hold the PCW Heavyweight Championship.

BW: No way, Gordo. Rex Summers was the last one to wear that title. Stench won it after the joint had already gone under. You can't win the title of a dead promotion.

GM: Regardless, Imbrogno's showing Lynch right now that Florida was just as tough of a territory as Texas.

[A big scoop slam puts Travis back down on the mat as Imbrogno shows off his flexibility by extending his leg to nearly a full standing split...

...and then falls forward, dropping his leg down across the throat!]

GM: Wow! Some unique offense out of Imbrogno... and he's going up top!

[The crowd is a bit split at this point as Mr. Mensa points to the top turnbuckle. He steps out to the apron, starting to make his way up to the top rope...

...and the crowd erupts into a buzz at the appearance of Sunshine at the top of the entrance ramp, making her way down the aisle.]

GM: What is she doing out here? Haven't Jack and Travis made it clear that they want nothing to do with her?

BW: Look at her, Gordo! You've seen the hogs that Travis Lynch ends up with... you really tryin' to tell me that Sunshine's not a dramatic improvement over all of 'em?

GM: None of those women betrayed his brother and helped put him in the hospital... possibly ended his career as well!

[Sunshine draws close to the ring, clapping and shouting at Travis. The cries seems to distract Manny Imbrogno who pauses on his way up, returning shouts in the buxom blonde's direction. Sunshine ignores him though, continuing to focus on the now-rising Travis...

...who surges forward, reaching up to grab a surprised Mr. Mensa, hurling him off the top and down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! Travis Lynch completely turns the tide in this one!

[Lynch collapses to a knee in the corner as Sunshine continues to cheer him on. Travis slaps the middle turnbuckle a few times before climbing to his

feet, the crowd cheering loudly for him as Manny Imbrogno slowly stirs off the canvas...

...and Lynch comes tearing across the ring, going into a full spin!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The big left hand CRACKS Imbrogno on the jaw, sending him sailing and down to the mat. Lynch dives into a cover, hooking a leg as the fans (and Sunshine) cheer loudly.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! He got him!

BW: That illegal left hand should be banned too! Forget just banning the Iron Claw! Let's ban all of the moves those cheating Stench brothers use!

[Sunshine leaps up and down out on the ramp, cheering the victory before stepping into the ring. The referee raises the hand of a dazed Travis Lynch into the air as Sunshine continues to clap.]

GM: Sunshine's got a lot of nerve getting inside that ring with Travis Lynch, fans.

BW: Lynch should realize that she's as good as he's ever gonna get! James ain't here, Sunshine is. Make the smart decision, Stench!

[Travis turns to Sunshine, hands on his hips as he glares at her. He shakes his head, slowly turning away from her as the fans cheer.]

GM: See? He still wants nothing to do with Sunshine!

BW: He's a bigger idiot than I thought... and that's saying quite a bit, Gordo.

[As Travis begins to walk away, Sunshine grabs him by the arm, shouting his name.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Travis Lynch turns back to her, glaring a hole straight through her as he forcibly pulls his arm out of her grip.]

BW: What a jerk. She's apologized! Move on!

[Lynch turns away again, stepping through the ropes before she grabs him by the arm a second time.]

GM: Sunshine sure is persistent and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction comes from Travis yanking his arm free a second time, this time resulting in an off-balance Sunshine falling down to the mat!]

BW: Did you see that, Gordo?!

GM: I saw it.

BW: He shoved her! This no-good punk just shoved a lady down to the mat!

GM: That isn't what happened at all!

BW: Are you serious?! What kind of man is he?! What kind of man would do that to a woman?! I can't believe these fans would look up this lowlife after he just pushed down a woman!

GM: Bucky, you saw it as well as I did. She slipped, lost her balance...

BW: And got shoved down on her rear by Travis Stench! I knew he was no good! I told you all he was no good!

[A concerned Travis steps back into the ring, dropping to a knee to check on her.]

BW: Oh, NOW he wants to talk to her?! I bet he's gloating right to her face right now... probably telling her how none of his idiot fans will believe their eyes and just trust what he says! What a lowlife piece of trash he is!

GM: He's helping her to her feet, Bucky!

BW: Probably so he can do it again!

[Sunshine is back on her feet, red-faced and embarrassed as she tugs her clothing into place...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and slaps Travis Lynch across the face to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my.

BW: Good! Good for her! She slapped that brute right across the face! What a bully he is!

[A smirking Sunshine steps out of the ring, walking back up the ramp to rabid jeers from the females in the building as Lynch stands in the ring, looking surprised and shaking his head at the exiting Sunshine.]

GM: I can't even believe any of that just happened. Fans, let's go backstage to Jason Dane!

[Jason Dane is standing backstage with a rather smug looking Johnny Detson, fresh off his recent attack of Bobby O'Connor.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. I'm standing here with Johnny Detson. Johnny, I have to ask. How can you be standing here with that look on your face after what you did earlier tonight?

[Detson laughs at the question.]

Detson: That's a stupid question, but expected. Simply put, we were paying in full the beating that O'Connor was owed and ran away from a few weeks back.

JD: You were trying to put him through a windshield! Just like you and your Wise Men have done to countless others in the AWA!

[Detson frowns at Dane.]

Detson: Without solid proof, I'd watch your accusations, wouldn't want ti impinge on the journalist integrity.

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: Not like anything in this place has any integrity anymore. I remember when Hannibal Carver use to mean something; we never ran in the same circles but you heard the name Hannibal Carver and you knew there was going to be trouble. Now look... bodyguard for the O'Connors? Corporate lackey sent to Japan to do the Company's bidding? How sad.

JD: You're definitely biting off more than you can chew mouthing off about Craven last week and Carver now.

Detson: Am I? No, I simply pointing out an observation most people have. Rick Marley will dispose of that hack Carver in due time. I was just saying that you won't be seeing Johnny Detson in any promotional good will tour of Japan.

[Detson stops for a moment.]

Detson: In fact, you won't be seeing Johnny Detson in Japan at all.

JD: What?! You're not going to the Rising Sun Showdown or the other shows? How can you even say that?

[Detson again scowls.]

Detson: Look Jason, I'm not one to complain...

JD: That's all you ever do.

[Detson raises his eyes in surprise at Dane's suddenly outburst, but quickly smirks.]

Detson: Perhaps but I've also been known to drop people on their heads.

[Out of instinct, Dane takes a small step back as Detson continues.]

Detson: As I was saying, there's only so much a person can take. Everybody under the sun got put in SuperClash instead of Johnny Detson; everybody is getting a chance to compete for the Stampede Cup except Johnny Detson. Then I get to hear O'Connor's grandkid and his new pet stooge get a chance to compete? Well, the kid was getting a beating to begin with but that made it all the sweeter.

JD: What about William Craven?

[The smile instantly disappears from Detson's face.]

Detson: What about him?

JD: Well, obviously after your rather pointed comments, where you used me as a human shield by the way, you would have to figure that William Craven would be dying to get you in the ring.

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: Dane, you just don't listen, Billy doesn't listen either. I'm not taunting him or poking the Dragon with a stick. I am helping him. He calls himself a Dragon, a Dragon is a beast, and that man hasn't been a Dragon for some time. Chris Blue tormented that man for the better part of his career, and when he stopped tormenting him, Billy goes and digs him up so he can get tormented some more.

[Detson, clearly irate, sticks a finger in Dane's face as he gets louder and louder.]

Detson: That man, that icon, that you called Christopher Blue ignored, snubbed, and mocked me and Billy for the better part of our careers. Billy went off trying to lick his boots trying to prove he was good enough for his attention... I... proved it by dropping him on his head!

[Detson stops and sighs.]

Detson: Now Billy's got a problem with that... fine, its misdirected anger over his misdirected failed career. He doesn't like the truth... well, he can come down and see me in that ring after he gets back from Japan because I'm challenging you...

[Dramatic pause.]

Detson: ...Bobby O'Connor to a match. Me versus you. I'm not going on your Pappy's big tour but I'll definitely kick you around the ring once you get back.

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: Oh, and O'Connor... leave your pappy's hired protection in the back. Wouldn't want anyone to think you couldn't cut it out there alone, would you?

[Laughing, Detson walks off camera and Dane shakes his head in disgust.]

JD: Ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous. I'm speechless. Let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right, from Mexico City... the team of El Lobo Oro and El Lobo Negro... LOS LOBOS DE MEXICO!

[The Mexican Wolves raise their arms stoically to no reaction.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Phil Watson lowers his mic just before the horrific sound of a swarm of bees fills the air followed by a cartoonish sounding "There's nothing in here but BEES!" which is followed by the At Vance hard rock version of "Flight Of The Bumblebee" which whips the crowd (especially the kids) into a head-banging frenzy!]

PW: From Parts Unknown... weighing in at 338 pounds...being accompanied by The Queen Bee...

Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee...

THE HIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE!

[The crowd's cheers only get louder as the two masked men come rushing from beyond the curtain accompanied by their buxom manager. Yellow Jacket takes the lead - he's in a full-length bodysuit that covers his entire body from head to toe with alternating yellow and black stripes. His mask is a basic yellow mask with black "antennae" coming off the top.

Bumble Bee is right behind him in a matching bodysuit that is primarily yellow but with a few black stripes to break it up. He sports a matching mask to his partner.

Queen Bee brings up the rear, waving her arms to the cheers of the crowd. She wears a similar bodysuit with the chest area cut-out to reveal some cleavage... and yes, she also sports a matching mask.]

GM: The Hive is one of the most popular trios in the entire AWA, fans! And yes, they've entered the Tag Team Gauntlet for right here in two weeks' time for the final spot in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Bumble Bee leans over, slapping the outstretched hands of fans on one side of the aisle as Yellow Jacket does the same thing on the other side of the

ramp. Queen Bee gives multiple thumbs up to people as she takes the lead, heading towards the ring. Upon reaching the ring, all three bees grab the top rope, catapulting in unison over the top rope into somersaults, rolling up to their feet and "buzzing" to a loud cheer from the fans!]

GM: Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket are two of the best high flyers you'll come across in the entire wrestling world and these two wolves from Mexico-

BW: Mexican Wolves.

GM: Right. They're going to have their work cut out for them against The Hive for certain. And it looks like it'll be El Lobo Oro with his golden boots starting things off with Bumble Bee, the smaller half of The Hive.

BW: The smaller half?! By what? Ten pounds?

GM: Six actually. Bumble Bee is all of 166 pounds and five foot seven while Yellow Jacket stands five foot eight and weighs 172 pounds.

[The bell sounds as the two men circle one another, coming together in a collar and elbow tieup. El Lobo Oro quickly uses his size advantage to push Bumble Bee back into the ropes...

...and breaks with a big knee to the gut.]

GM: The luchador goes downstairs!

[Grabbing Bumble Bee by the arm, El Lobo Oro fires him off towards the ropes. The wrestling bee ducks under a backhand chop attempt, racing to the far side where he rebounds off again...]

GM: Backdr- OH! BUMBLE BEE FLIPS OVER THE TOP!

[Having backflipped over El Lobo Oro, Bumble Bee stands behind the luchador, leaping up to snare him in a rana takedown as El Lobo Oro turns around!]

GM: Nice headscissors takeover by Bumble Bee!

[Bumble Bee pops back up to his feet, greeting the rising Wolf with a pair of short forearms to the jaw, backing him into the corner. A spinning back elbow rocks the Wolf, keeping him against the buckles as Bumble Bee grabs the arm...]

GM: Cross-corner whip by Bumble Bee... and here he comes!

[Bumble Bee leaves his feet, throwing his hind quarters into the air, smashing them right into El Lobo Oro's face!]

GM: STINGER SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[The Mexican Wolf staggers out of the corner into an overhead armdrag by Bumble Bee, taking him down to the mat.]

GM: And there's the tag! In comes Yellow Jacket on the exchange.

[Both members of The Hive grab the top rope, Bumble Bee yanking Yellow Jacket over the top, flipping over and down onto a prone El Lobo Oro with a somersault senton!]

GM: Oh my... a beautiful doubleteam out of The Hive!

[Yellow Jacket doesn't allow El Lobo Oro time to recover though, promptly pulling him up into a pair of overhead elbowsmashes, sending the Wolf staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Yellow Jacket shoots him off again...

[And as he rebounds, El Lobo Oro is hoisted up into the air by the leg, peaking and then plummeting facefirst to the mat with a one-man flapjack!]

GM: Ohh! Down hard facefirst on the canvas!

[Yellow Jacket pops back up, moving to tag his partner.]

GM: The tag is made again.

[Yellow Jacket settles into a camel clutch, yanking El Lobo Oro's head back by the mask, leaving him wide open as Bumble Bee hits the ropes behind Yellow Jacket, rebounding back to hit the ropes that he's facing...]

GM: Bumble Bee with a head of steam and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! BASEMENT LEVEL DROPKICK BY BUMBLE BEE!!

[The two bees trade a high five before Yellow Jacket exits, leaving Bumble Bee in the ring with El Lobo Oro who is trying to crawl towards his partner's outstretched hand.]

GM: Bumble Bee cuts off the tag, pulling El Lobo Oro back up off the mat and snap mares him down to the canvas.

[With El Lobo Oro in a seated position, Bumble Bee leaps over the top, grabbing his head and SNAPPING him down!]

GM: Ohh! Rolling neck snap by Bumble Bee!

[El Lobo Oro flails about on the mat as Bumble Bee slaps his partner's hand again.]

GM: Another tag and The Hive are showing why they're one of the most underrated tag teams in the entire AWA right now, pulling El Lobo Oro up for another double team...

[Yellow Jacket steps in, rushing towards Bumble Bee, leaping up into wheelbarrow position as Bumble Bee lifts his partner up...

...and DROPS him down facefirst across El Lobo Oro's chest!]

GM: OHHH!

[The spunky bee hooks a leg as Bumble Bee exits...

...and El Lobo Negro charges in, stomping Yellow Jacket on the back of his head!]

GM: Oh! El Lobo Negro breaks up the pin attempt!

[Yellow Jacket gets up, buzzing angrily in the direction of El Lobo Negro. He drags El Lobo Oro towards the ropes, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Yellow Jacket rebounds back, dropping into a baseball slide to avoid a left hand from El Lobo Oro. He slams his head into the gut of Oro, doubling him up for a hard kneelift that sends Oro stumbling back into a tag to his partner.]

GM: Tag!

[El Lobo Negro slingshots over the ropes, charging at Yellow Jacket who does a full spin and CRACKS him with a rolling elbow on the jaw, knocking him right back into the corner. A quick whip sends El Lobo Negro crashing into The Hive's corner. Bumble Bee runs down the apron to the adjacent corner, signaling his partner.]

GM: What are they...?

[The Hive runs in tandem towards El Lobo Negro, Yellow Jacket throwing a shotgun dropkick into the chest as Bumble Bee connects with a running enzuigiri from the apron!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam!

[Yellow Jacket quickly leans over, setting Negro down on the top turnbuckle. The Hive member quickly scales the buckles, hooking a front facelock on the luchador...

...and leaps over the top, flipping over and JAMMING Negro's jaw into his shoulder, sending him flopping out to the middle of the ring!]

GM: OH MY!

[Yellow Jacket leans up, slapping Bumble Bee's hand. Bumble Bee quickly scales the turnbuckles, reaching the top and giving a loud buzz as Yellow Jacket does the same on the other side of the ring...]

GM: They're setting up for Buzzworthy!

[Yellow Jacket sails off the top, flying through the air with a legdrop as Bumble Bee drops a big splash down into the chest!]

GM: AND THE HIVE CONNECTS!

[The referee dives to the mat, counting the shoulders of Negro as Yellow Jacket floors Oro with a leaping leg lariat to the face!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winners of the match... THE HIIIIIIIIIVE!

[Queen Bee slides into the ring, clapping her hands together and joining her boys in an embrace.]

GM: And in two weeks, they're going to join some of the best tag teams on the planet in that Tag Team Gauntlet match for the final spot in the Stampede Cup tournament!

BW: If you get in the tournament, Gordo, anything can happen... even for these two freaks!

GM: Let's go to the interview platform to Jason Dane who I'm told has a very special announcement. Jason?

[Crossfade to Jason Dane standing atop the raised interview platform so all in the Crockett Coliseum can see him.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Earlier this week, we were contacted by the AWA President, Karl O'Connor's, office. There have been a lot of rumors about Memorial Day Mayhem and the AWA's annual summer tour of the Southern states. Mr. O'Connor apparently wanted to address those rumors before Rising Sun Showdown and the AWA's Sixth Anniversary. Let's take a look at this video sent to us from his office earlier today...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." It's a nice looking office with a very large framed SuperClash V poster on the wall behind a dark wooden desk. AWA President Karl O'Connor is seated behind the desk in a cushy-looking chair, a big grin on his face.]

KOC: 2014 is just two months deep and it already is shaping up as one of the biggest years in AWA history. You look back on SuperClash V setting the AWA attendance record... you look back on SuperClash setting all sorts of financial records both live in the building as well as for the very first time on

Pay Per View... it's a great time to be associated with the American Wrestling Alliance.

Of course, in just four weeks' time, we'll be celebrating our Sixth Anniversary as a pro wrestling company and we'll be doing it in the Tokyo Dome... heading to Japan for the very first time as well... and I'm pleased to announce that we've reached an agreement for that show to come to you LIVE on Internet Pay Per View!

[O'Connor beams at the news.]

KOC: But it's not Rising Sun Showdown that I asked to speak to you about here tonight. Instead, it's what comes AFTER our trip to Japan. Instead, it's about Memorial Day Mayhem and the summer tour that follows.

For the past five years, when the AWA goes on tour in the summer, we've stuck to our roots. We've stuck to the Southern states - Georgia, Louisiana, the Carolinas.

[A shake of the head.]

KOC: But no longer. In 2014, we here at the AWA are pleased to announce that for the very first time, we're going to spend our summer going Coast To Coast! From Florida to California, the AWA is going on tour all summer long.

And to kick off that summer tour, this year's edition of Memorial Day Mayhem will be coming to you from the House of Horrors itself - the O'Dome in Gainesville, Florida!

[A Memorial Day Mayhem graphic comes up on the screen, advertising the aforementioned venue and event on Monday, May 26th, 2014.]

KOC: In the weeks ahead, we'll be releasing more tour dates and venues as the AWA travels from Coast To Coast in 2014!

[The graphic and shot of O'Connor fades 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...

We slowly fade back up just in time to see Casey James nearly break Hall of Famer Alex Martinez in half with a spear tackle at the EMWC's Blood, Sweat, And Tears event in 1999. The voice of Jon Keeton is heard.]

JK: CASEY JUST LEVELED MARTINEZ WITH A SPEAR TACKLE!!! Good lord! Talk about the irresistible force meeting the immovable object!

[The voice and imagery fade for a moment...

...and then come back up to show the infamous Blackheart lifting Jeff Matthews into the air - Matthews in his Temple guise - and DRIVING him down on top of a cactus with a powerbomb! Again, Keeton's voice cuts through the shot.]

JK: POWERBOMB ON A CACTUS!!!! POWERBOMB ON A DAMNED CACTUS!!! Temple's got those little sharp needles jabbed into his back!

[Again to black...

...and then slowly back up to a dazed Gary Grayson staggering towards a bloodied and waiting Casey James who uncorks his devastating Blackheart Punch, catching Grayson right on target, knocking him down to the mat in a heap. The cries of "BLACKHEART PUNCH!" come from a few different voices before fading to black.

The black screen fades again to reveal a bloodied Casey James standing tall...

...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.]

We fade back in to the ringside area, where The South Philly Phighter and Angelo Cordero stand in the ring, alongside Phil Watson.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, everyone. As the Stampede Cup draws closer and closer, teams are trying to ensure that they're running on all cylinders, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, well these next two guys may have had 12 cylinders a decade ago, but they're down to six these days, with a bunch of miles on 'em, Gordo.

GM: I'd hardly agree with you on that. Our next two competitors, Strictly Business, may have some ring rust to shake off, but there's not a lot of miles on those tires.

BW: Enough with the car analogies. Unless it involves these two clowns going through a windshield.

[Watson raises the microphone to his lips and begins.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined 513 pounds, they are THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER AND ANGELO CORDEROOOO!!

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

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

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

The crowd pops at the sight of the two crowd favorites as they immediately begin making their way towards the ring. Tucker is clad in a pair of long, black wrestling tights adorned with white lightning bolts. His white wrestling boots go to mid-calf and have black lightning bolts on them. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and his torso glistens with water. His eyes are covered by his trademark pair of Oakley sunglasses.

The clean-shaven Sebastian rocks a pair of black tights, accentuated by his familiar forest green calling card logo on the right leg; his moniker showcased down the other. His platinum blond hair immediately captures the eye as it glistens with perspiration under the beaming house lights.

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

BW: These guys probably sit in the locker room ranting about Y2K and listening to Limp Bizkit.

GM: Who?

BW: I forgot, you weren't cool 15 years ago either.

[Tucker and Sebastian head up the ramp and into the ring, awaiting the bell. After a brief conversation, it's decided that Andrew Tucker will start the match off for Strictly Business, and he'll square off against The Phighter. Tucker bounces from one foot to the other as the bell rings and The South Philly Phighter charges across the ring wildly. Tucker ducks underneath the wild attack and the Phighter ends up in the corner where he's met with a quick right cross from Mike Sebastian.]

GM: The Phighter didn't waste any time in ending up on the business end of that right hand from Mike Sebastian.

BW: Who's not the legal man, I might add. These two aren't even tag team wrestlers! Some tuneup!

GM: Most of the tag teams in the locker room aren't Jonesing for a huge match this close to the tournament; there's too much on the line, Bucky.

BW: Tell that to the Bombers!

[Tucker spins The Phighter around and takes him down with a snap mare and immediately locks in a chin lock; reaching back and tagging Mike Sebastian in.]

GM: And now Mike Sebastian lays into the Phighter with a few stiff kicks to the ribs before Tucker releases that chin lock!

[Sebastian yanks The Phighter back to a vertical base as Tucker climbs back onto the apron. He whips The Phighter to the ropes and meets him with a leaping clothesline as he returns, which sends the man from Philadelphia back down to the mat. Sebastian quickly gets up before dropping a fist down across the bridge of the nose.]

BW: That's a closed fist right there, ref.

GM: Since when do closed fists bother you, Bucky?

BW: When it's one of these dinosaurs using it!

[Sebastian tags Tucker back in, who leaps over the top rope into the ring and quickly boosts himself up into a sitting position on the top rope before leaping off with a legdrop across the throat of the Phighter.]

GM: Strictly Business continue their trademark quick tags here early on. Tucker climbs over for the cover and gets one, gets two... and a kickout by the South Philly Phighter.

BW: Whoever they draw in the Stampede Cup will be able to go back and watch VHS tapes of these guys to get their tendencies. It won't be this easy.

[Tucker pulls The Phighter up in the center of the ring before wrapping him around the waist with a release belly-to-belly suplex that sends his opponent sliding across the mat where his partner, Angelo Cordero, reaches down and tags him on the shoulder.]

GM: Here comes Angelo Cordero with a clothesline as Tucker gets back to his feet and down goes Flash!

[Cordero reaches down and yanks Tucker back to his feet with a handful of blond hair. Much like Tucker did with his partner, Cordero wraps his arms around Tucker's waist; but rather than toss him over with a suplex, he hefts him into the air and squeezes him with a bear hug!]

BW: Tucker better watch out, daddy! This is his signature move! He used to wipe the floor with people in the Dominican Republic back in the 80s! I think he and Tucker were rookies together!

GM: Oh, stop!

[Tucker definitely appears to be feeling it, but smartly claps his hands against the ears of Angelo Cordero, who roars in pain while releasing the hold. He tries to shake away the cobwebs, but Tucker smashes him in the gut with a boot, doubling him over.]

GM: Uh oh, here it comes!

[Tucker puts a leg over the back of Cordero's neck and jumps up...]

GM: The Trendsetter! That's going to set up Mike Sebastian...

[Tucker quickly makes the tag to Sebastian, who scales the top rope and quickly leaps off with the Stock Market Crash frog splash...]

BW: HA!

[...that Angelo Cordero somehow manages to avoid by getting his knees up in time!]

GM: OH MY! Mike Sebastian just took both of those knees right to the ribs and he is in some serious pain!

BW: We saw flash, but no cash!

[Tucker looks surprised that Cordero managed to get his knees up, but immediately shouts encouragement to his partner as both men are struggling to get to their feet. Eventually both do and they both stagger to their corner, where Cordero tags The South Philly Phighter back in and Sebastian hits Tucker's outstretched hand.]

GM: The Phighter charges across the ring with a clothesline, but Tucker ducks under it.

BW: Watch out!

GM: The Phighter spins around and OHHH!! The Chronic Jumble Jaw superkick right to the face and it's elementary from here, Bucky!

[Marty Meekly dives down and makes it official, counting to three as the crowd pops at the result.]

PW: Here are your winners... STRICTLY BUSSSINNNNNNNNESSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!

BW: They got the job done, but there's still rust there, Gordo. And they're runnin' out of time before the Stampede Cup!

[Powerman 5000 kicks through the PA system once again as Tucker and Sebastian have their arms raised in victory. The pair climb through the ropes and back down the ramp towards the interview area, where Jason Dane awaits.]

JD: Gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling. The road to Tokyo rolls on as you're only about a month away from the Stampede Cup. How would you say your preparation is going thus far?

MS: We're right where we want to be, I'd say. We knew coming back wouldn't be like flipping a switch and off we'd go like we never missed a beat. The better part of the last decade has had us kicking back with a cocktail and the crossword puzzle more than it did us going to pound town inside a wrestling ring. We may have traded more recipes than hammerlocks the last ten years, but we know more than any other tandem the preparation and level of commitment necessary to sit atop this sport. We're not all the way back just yet, but in a month's time, you can bet the farm our ovens will be preheated.

AT: Well, I think we're comin' along pretty well. Normally Mike and I would be down _at_ Spring Training, not bein' a _part_ of Spring Training; but here we are. We had a long winter, if you will, and there's no doubt that we still got some rust to shake off; but when it really comes down to it and the Stampede Cup is on the line, Strictly Business'll be ready to knock some heads together and walk away with a cool million.

JD: Speaking of that rust, you had a little trouble in there tonight with the Flash and Cash, it looked like...

AT: Look, Jase... There's a ton o' video out there on the internet from us. These kids are doin' their damndest to make a name for themselves in this business and to do it at our expense. So it's no surprise that someone may have had a scoutin' report dialed in on us. But as you saw out there tonight, we can still afford to make a few mistakes an' come out with our arms raised in victory. No match is a walk in the park and we don't expect any of 'em in Tokyo either. But whether it be in the Crockett Coliseum or the Tokyo Dome, the end result is the same – our arms raised in victory, the other guys lookin' up at the lights.

MS: The difference, Dane, is this. Every night we step foot between the ropes we have to mentally prepare ourselves for the fact it's potentially the biggest night in the career for the guys standing twenty feet across from us. All we see are A-games. We know we're getting a team's very best every time out of the gate. One miscalculation and you're seconds away from being another guy's career highlight. That's what you saw tonight. A slight hesitation on my part whereas I wouldn't have thought twice years back. And I've got to fix that. It's a wrinkle. A small one, but one we know we need to have ironed out before we go West.

JD: Last question for you; what are your thoughts on some of the happenings right now in the AWA?

MS: For the first time in our careers, we can't worry about any of that. When we were carefree twenty-somethings, we loved getting caught up in anything we could. But we came back for one reason and one reason alone - the Cup. In a sport whose tag scene was left on the back porch in the dead of winter, we want to return prominence to tag team wrestling. By no means are we about to turn a blind eye to the goings-on around us... anybody with their head not on a swivel better make get used to the idea of Jell-O and ice chips. But we know what we're here for.

AT: We're fully focused on the Stampede Cup. What else happens around here isn't none of our business and we intend to keep it that way. Supreme Wright and our old friend Dave Bryant are more than welcome to fight over the World Heavyweight Championship 'til the end of time as far as we're concerned. If the Wise Men wanna put someone through a windshield, they're more than welcome to try their luck with anybody but us. We've got no dogs in these fights; we've got no bones to pick with anybody. For lack of a better term, for us, it's...

[A smirk from Tucker at the forthcoming bad pun.]

AT: ...Strictly Business.

[Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" kicks in one last time as Tucker and Sebastian make their way to the back and we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where an unseen instructor is barking out instructions to two young students who are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

Cut to the backstage area, where Mark Stegglet stands with Larry Doyle, the Blonde Bombers and Van Alston bringing up the rear. The Bombers are in their black tights with the golden WW2 bombs and broads insignia. Van Alston simply wears a black suit, black shirt and no tie. Larry Doyle, however, is dressed for success. He's wearing a sequined black tuxedo, complete with golden cummerbund and Bombers logo on the back. The whole thing is tacky, truth be told. Before Mark can even start, Doyle leans into the microphone.]

LD: I've been around a long time, Dane, and what we have tonight does not come around often.

Lemme make it clear to ya, for all the peons out there. Very few times in life do you get a chance to measure yourself against the measuring stick. Very few times do you get a chance to look into the eyes of the man sittin' on top of the mountain and see if you can hang.

Jones and Hammonds, tonight is your night.

[Doyle points behind him with his thumb to the Bombers, who stand behind him silently, arms crossed.]

LD: Some might contend that because Team Jammonds holds the belts, that they are the measuring stick. But I'm a firm believer that the men make the belts, not the other way around. We hold those titles with pride. We held them in our grip and we took on the world. We took down the Bishop Boys, we split up RyGunn, we burned a path through the AWA that hadn't been seen before and will NEVER be seen again.

At home or abroad, televised or not, the Blonde Bombers elevated those pieces of metal and leather to heights never before seen in this sport. The men made the titles, not the other way around. These men, Stanton and Jacobs, Brad and Kenny, they made those titles worth way more than whatever the retail value might be.

Jones and Hammonds, I'm sorry to say but your resumé cannot begin to compare to the Blonde Bombers. You're two guys who don't wanna be here, who don't wanna be a team, who are too egotistical and full of themselves to ever understand the concept of team.

Together Everyone Achieves More.

[Doyle waves a finger in front of his face as Jacobs snarls behind him and Stanton smacks his gum.]

LD: You don't have a team name, you don't act like a team, the whole point of your schtick is to placate and pacify the roaring ego and the raging inferiority complex of Skywalker Jones, who needs constant praise and attention like a middle school girl with her first pimple, because it's not enough that the people are bamboozled by his circus act, it's not enough that his giant Uncle Fester like bodyguard grunts out one syllable congratulations all the time, he gave a homeless man a haircut and a fur coat just so he could say his name loudly and for a long period of time.

I wasn't surprised when I found out that Clarence also drives a giant phallus shaped car and owns an entire collection of really long drill bits.

[Doyle shudders. Ewww.]

LD: I fail to see how an entire quote unquote team, whose sole purpose is for the placation, pacification, gentrification, exploitation, regurgitation and reiteration of one man's fragile sense of self-worth, is going to be able to hang in the same ring with the greatest team in AWA history, who has ended careers and broken men in half for fun and enjoyment. Especially when they're PISSED.

We ruled the world. We were the top team in the world and no one questioned it. We got the biggest paychecks, we got the nicest cars, we lived the life of true champions in every sense of the word, and after one slip up on one day against you toe rags, we get bumped down a slot back to the ROYs. The Rest Of Y'all.

Well that didn't sit too well with the Blonde Bombers, giving up that spot and that money and that prestige after that disgrace to tag team wrestling got lucky makes us SICK.

Because we climbed the mountains. We passed the tests. We stood on the shoulders of giants, we beat the measuring stick, we EARNED every bit of everything we got.

[Doyle glares into the camera, getting more personal with each passing word.]

LD: And we slip up against you fools?

That won't happen again. That can't happen again. You better wear aluminum underwear and carry a bunch of nine irons and putters to the ring if you want that lightning to strike twice, but it won't. Because fairy tales aren't real, Cinderella gets pregnant, honeymoons end and reality sets in. Enjoy your day in the sun, relish your chance to measure against the measuring stick and mind what you'll learn.

Because the Blonde Bombers are coming for OUR titles, for OUR spot and for YOUR blood.

Your brush with greatness is over.

[We slowly fade from a determined Larry Doyle to a shot of the interview platform, where Jason Dane is standing with Hall of Famer, Steve Spector. The crowd cheers as Spector acknowledges the fans. The acknowledgement is rather brief, as Dane is ready to get down to business.]

JD: Joining me at this time is former World Champion and Hall of Famer, Steve Spector, and Steve, two weeks ago, some might say that you cost the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White the World Television title.

[Spector nods his head, a pleased look on his face.]

JD: Of course, it didn't come without a price, as you were left laying by the Shane Gang before Alphonse Green, Shadoe Rage and Eric Preston came out to help you out before things got much worse for you.

SS: It was a price I was willing to pay, Jason. I am glad for the help, of course, givin' the gang a taste of their own medicine. We're all aware of Rage's issues with Donnie White, and I hope Rage finally gets his hands on White and takes care of him once and for all. Rage bringin' White to justice is long overdue.

[Dane nods his head.]

SS: As far as our Television champion goes... well, who knew that the runt had it in him.

[Spector smirks.]

SS: And Eric Preston... yeah, I understand where the kid's comin' from. Sometimes ya need to hit rock bottom before ya pull yourself back up. Having to come to terms with everything you've ever done, or even thought about doin' is one hell of a thing to deal with. Kid's got my support, and I'm hopin' to see more people support him.

[The crowd pops in agreement.]

SS: Now, as far as Terry Shane and his gang goes... at least I finally got Shane's attention.

[Spector rubs his jaw, still smarting from the uppercut a few weeks ago.]

SS: I was wondering how much longer I was gonna have to hunt the guy down. It's funny that he's all over the place when nobody wants him around, but when someone actually wants him.. he's nowhere to be found.

[The crowd cheers in agreement.]

SS: I'm out here, hopin' the guy grows a set and comes out here so I get him to accept my challenge, even if I end up havin' to beat some sense into him. It might be too much to ask, though. Ya know he's gonna be typical Terry Shane and send his goofy little mouthpiece to come out here and speak for him. She's gonna pitch somethin' stupid like a hair vs. hair match. Well, I ain't got much hair left and whatever's left is going gray anyway. Hell, maybe something a little less dumb like a submission match. I think I only have one real submission move hidden deep down somewhere that I've long forgotten.

[Spector scratches his head, then shrugs.]

SS: Whatever. All I really want is Shane in that ring one more ti-

[Static.]

SS: Right on cue, Dane..

[Dane leans in front of Spector, his eyes beaming on the entrance portal as "Dance of the Knights" kicks in over the PA system and the crowd spits out a chorus of boos.]

GM: Looks at though Speve Spector might finally get what he wants, Bucky!

BW: I'm not sure Steve Spector KNOWS what he wants. This ain't 1999, daddy, you can't just pick up a lamp and beat someone over the head of it anymore!

GM: It was a light tube.

BW: That's silly, a lamp would be highly more effective.

[Spector and Dane continue to await the arrival of Terry Shane, and/or Miss Sandra Hayes..but nobody comes out. Spector looks over at Dane with a confused look on his face. He shakes his head in disapproval, when Dane appears to be listening in on something. Dane turns towards Spector, and mouths something to him that the mics don't pick up. Spector and Dane walk off towards the ring as the familiar buzz over the speakers is reignited...

...Static.]

V/O: The following is a prerecorded video from earlier today.

...there are no more trumpets, no wind instruments, no haunting or creepy musical undertones. Instead there is a voice. It is low, callous, and full of grit.]

"It is no fun being the hunted."

[The camera reopens on a long narrow street. Street lights line the stone walkways in front of dozens of households. Well manicured lawns are filled with children chasing one another around as dusk is yet to settle into the evening.]

"It is no fun watching your closest friends be punished for your actions and decisions."

[A young boy feverishly bounces a ball on a driveway. He heaves it into the air and it ricochets off the rim over a garage door, bouncing back and leaping over his head. The young boy races after it, a woman shouts just as he comes to the edge of the pavement. He comes to a stop, the ball dribbles itself into the street.]

"Every action must have an equal or greater reaction. It is the law of Isaac Newton. It is the way...

...of the Shane Gang."

[The basketball is stopped by a black boot. The camera snaps back. It is Aaron Anderson. Beside him is Lenny Strong, Donnie White, and Miss Sandra Hayes. They move in unison, shielding an individual in between them. It is the Ring Leader, Terry Shane III. Strands of black hair spill over his brow and down the nape of his neck. A black jacket dresses his upper body and dark denim jeans cling to his lower half. Steel toed boots crack against the black pavement as he moves forward, snatching the ball away from Anderson. The young boy looks curiously at the group, as does his mother who now finds herself on the front steps of her home.]

TS3: It has been brought to my attention that you feel the need to intervene in my business, Mr. Spector. I would not want you to hear it from the mouth of another so allow me to be direct with you...man to man...your message has been heard. You have my utmost attention, Steve.

[The Gang moves forward, fluid like. Shane approaches the young boy and kneels down in front of him, positioning his face inches from that of the young child. He extends his hands, the ball cupped in his right palm, and the young boy smiles and grabs the ball and races back to his mother who waves.]

TS3: Now here is me hoping I have yours.

[Shane rises, pivots, and turns towards the house directly across the street. He purposefully moves forward, the Gang at his shoulders, and stands at the end of a long cobblestone driveway.]

TS3 [low]: Listen...

[The contagious laughter of young children is gone. No birds chirping. No dogs barking. The camera is fixated on a lone two story house; French windows, stone beams pillaring under the roof top and entrance way, and lushly landscaped gardens picketed around a beautifully crafted path towards the Victorian style arch over the front door which is structured around eight window panes.]

TS3: I need you to understand the next thing I tell you, Steve. It is vital to the well being of not only yourself...

...but your family.

[A woman's figure slips into view through the window panes. In her arms she bounces a young child from underneath his arms into the air. His smile is wide, innocent. She wraps her arms around him, squeezing him tightly.]

TS3: Everything you cherish could be gone in a blink of an eye. I know you are above titles and fame. What you relish is right in front of me. I could take it anytime I want, Steve. It could be now, it could be tomorrow. Be careful what you ask for...but more importantly, be careful what you hunt for. For at any given moment...

...the wolves can strike back.

[Static.]

"My God."

[Live feed.]

GM: What is wrong with that man, Bucky? That is Steve Spector's family!

[Before Bucky can answer, a barbaric yell is heard from nearby. The camera snaps towards it and Steve Spector is LIVID! Jason Dane backpedals away from Spector whose face is so red that you would think steam is about to burst out of his ears and mouth.]

GM: Steve Spector has just seen- look out!

[Spector snatches the television monitor that he was using to watch the video we all just saw off the announce table, lifting it over his head...

...and SPIKES it down onto the barely-padded floor, shattering glass and badly damaging the monitor in the process.]

GM: Whoa! Steve, calm-

[Spector's glare cuts Gordon's words off short. Jason Dane sets a hand on Spector's shoulder, trying to soothe the enraged Hall of Famer...

...but Spector wheels around, slapping the arm away and grabbing Dane by the collar. He shouts at Dane, shoving his back up against the ring apron!]

GM: Wait, wait! Steve, don't do this! There are consequen-

[Spector leans into Dane, screaming at the intrepid reporter as he ragdolls him back and forth by the collar. Dane struggles to get away, squirming to try and free himself from Spector's grip.]

GM: Let him go, Steve! Please let-

[Dane slips free, nearly stretching out the collar of his shirt over his head. He stumbles towards the ring, rolling under the ropes as Spector climbs up on the apron, promptly ripping the corner turnbuckle pad off and chucking it into the front row!]

GM: Look out! Steve, you need to calm down!

BW: He's lost it, Gordo! He's snapped!

GM: Can you blame him?! Shane just crossed the line you don't cross, Bucky! You don't show up at another man's home. Who does this guy think he is? Caleb Temp--

[Spector leaps down off the apron, heading straight towards Phil Watson who leaps out of his ringside chair, clearing out as Spector draws near him. The Hall of Famer snatches up the abandoned chair, flinging it recklessly over his head where it bounces off the mat and comes dangerously close to bouncing over the ropes on the other side of the ring!]

GM: Goodness!

BW: It's getting dangerous out here, Gordo! I'm out of here!

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Bucky presumably abandons his post, dropping his headset on the announce table as Spector grabs the railing at ringside, wrapping his fingers around it. He yanks once... twice... and a third time, breaking the bracket that holds the two pieces of barricade together, pulling

it free. He yanks the railing a few more times, freeing it completely as the front row of fans tries to get back as Spector lifts the railing over his head!]

GM: What in the...?

[Spector turns back towards the ring as the fans continue to scatter, turning and HURLING it into the apron and ringpost, sending off a loud "CLANG!" before it falls to the floor. A furious Spector gives another shout, slamming his arms down onto the ring apron.]

GM: We need to get someone down here to calm Spector down! He has lost it! Seeing Shane like that, at his home, has sent this man over the deep end!

[The crowd buzzes as several officials run down the aisle. Davis Warren, Ricky Longfellow, and even Senior Official Johnny Jagger. The pinstriped trio race towards Spector who now has the ring bell in hand and bounces it off the elevated walkway where it shoots towards Davis Warren who stumbles trying to avoid it and falls down on his chest. Jagger is the first to position himself in front of Spector and nearly is decked for his trouble. The crowd buzzes a second time as a suited Colt Patterson, Clayton Shaw, and Tommy Fierro run out into view.]

GM: We are trying to get things restored at ringside but Steve Spector has snapped, folks. I can't say that I blame him but... but this is not acceptable. This kind of behavior will NOT be tolerated by the American Wrestling Alliance! I get it... the man felt that his family was endangered by-

[Spector screams, "SHAAAAANE!" just as Tommy Fierro grabs him by the shoulders. Spector unleashes a back elbow and it drills Fierro right between the eyes.]

GM: Steve, no!

[Clayton Shaw attempts to calm down Spector next, grabbing him head on...

...and is met with a knee to the gut! There's a brief moment of silence as Shaw is doubled over and the crowd is almost stunned as Spector snares his neck underneath his arm, lifts...

...and DRIVES him down into the ground with a Cherry Blossom Bomber!]

GM: Oh my god... oh... oh my god, fans. Steve Spector just hit an AWA official in Clayton Shaw with a Cherry Blossom Bomber out here on the barely-padded floor! This is... this is bad... this very bad.

[Spector stands over the motionless Shaw, pointing a warning finger at Colt Patterson who backs off, raising his hands.]

GM: Colt Patterson wants no part of what Steve Spector's bringing to the table tonight. We're going to need more help. If anyone in the locker room

area can hear me, Steve Spector is out of control and we're going to need more help out here as soon as possible-

[The crowd cheers as the locker room starts to open up - Sweet Daddy Williams, Air Strike, Eric Preston, Ryan Martinez, The Northern Lights, and several others come rushing into view.]

GM: This might be enough!

[Michael Aarons is the first to hit ringside, leaping down off the ramp and moving to shield the downed Clayton Shaw, a trainer at the Combat Corner. Cody Mertz joins him as Eric Preston rushes after them. Gordon, now on his feet, points at Spector, shouting off-mic as Preston moves in closer.]

GM: Eric! Stop him! Please stop-

[Preston grabs Spector from behind, wrapping his arms around him. Spector tries to react, swinging his head back at Preston's face as Preston tries to subdue him. The Combat Corner graduate squeezes harder, pinning Spector's arms in his grip as Ryan Martinez arrives to help. The Northern Lights are right behind him, ready to join in if needed.]

GM: Hold him, guys... keep him under control!

[Spector cries out in rage again as Colt Patterson whispers something into his ear which seems to momentarily calm the former EMWC World Champion.]

GM: Fans, we are beginning to get things under control. We've got to cut away from a moment but I promise you we will keep you posted on what is transpiring in front of us! We'll... yes, we'll be right back.

[The crowd is still buzzing over what they just saw as we crossfade to the bank of monitors that can only mean the arrival of the Control Center. After a moment, we fade to Jason Dane in front of a similar bank of monitors and the Rising Sun Showdown logo.]

JD: Hello everyone and welcome, once again, to the Control Center! We stand just four weeks away from the Rising Sun Showdown - March 29th in the Tokyo Dome in Japan... and as we found out earlier tonight, that massive show will be coming to you LIVE on Internet Pay Per View! Let's run down the lineup as we know it so far...

[The shot of Jason fades to reveal a shot of Demon Boy Ishrinku.]

JD: The world was stunned to hear that Tiger Paw Pro and the American Wrestling Alliance would be sanctioning a death match for this huge show in the Tokyo Dome... and even more stunned when it was announced that monster known as Demon Boy Ishrinku would be returning to the world of wrestling to compete for it!

But who... who would take up the challenge?

[Dane grins.]

JD: You're not going to believe this but I have just been informed moments ago that Demon Boy Ishrinku's opponent on March 29th in this death match will be...

JUAN VASQUEZ!

[A shot of Vasquez appears on the screen.]

JD: Vasquez went to AWA management and said he'd do anything they wanted to get on the card for the Rising Sun Showdown. A lot of people have talked that game - saying they'd face any opponent or take on any challenge - but only Juan Vasquez went to the front office and said he'd take on Ishrinku.

The office has accepted and the match is set!

[The graphic changes to show Ishrinku on one side of the screen and Vasquez on the other.]

JD: But what we still don't know is what kind of match it will be. The annals of wrestling history have seen some violent... some disturbing stipulations used when it comes to death matches. Fire, barbed wire, broken glass, thumbtacks, and worse. In two weeks' time, I'm told that we WILL announce the stipulations for this much-anticipated showdown!

[The shot of Ishrinku and Vasquez fades to reveal Supreme Wright and Kenta Kitukawa.]

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 Kitukawa. Earlier tonight, Kenta Kitukawa defeated MAMMOTH Maximus, a former Tiger Paw Pro star in his own rights to get ready for that big showdown and I for one cannot wait to be calling that match LIVE from Japan...

[Dane beams.]

JD: That's right, fans! Earlier today, I was informed that Gordon Myers will not be making the trip to Japan and that I will be going in his place to call all the action LIVE from the Tokyo Dome and LIVE for all of you on Internet Pay Per View!

[The shot of Jason fades to show the grinning face of TORA.]

JD: And one of the matches I'm looking forward to calling the most is the six man tag team showdown pitting a team captained by former AWA competitor November against a team captained by the young highflyer who will be coming to America in the very near future... the man known as TORA! Let's go to some footage from Tiger Paw Pro and see how this match is shaping up to be a dynamite affair!

[We fade from Jason Dane and the AWA banner into a small Japanese gymnasium. Darude's "Sandstorm" blares over their PA as fans clap along in tune. Down a roped entrance way comes the aforementioned TORA, dancing in tune. He puts a hand over his brow, surveying the room before popping a double hand peace sign into the air and keeping it there as he heads energetically towards the ring.

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

Over top the affair is Japanese language commentary, not subtitled.]

JD: TORA has become a hugely popular star amongst the Junior Heavyweight Division in Tiger Paw Pro. It's well known he is on his way back to his home country of the United States to work for AWA. This has just made his popularity soar as fans flock to see his in action one last time at Tiger Paw Pro's stop in the Iwate Prefectural Gymnasium. However, this time, November and the group known as ACHILLES were out to make a statement.

[We immediately clip to TORA about to lean in and give a young fan a mask when he is blindsided by a charging November! The black clad moody one whallops him with a forearm, the entirety of ACHILLES in tow and watching the action. TORA stumbles away, rolling along the aisle and is hit with a kick to the ribs before he can get up, drawing strong boos from the crowd. The commentary is infused with anger and shock.

We then clip to November and the now entirely black clad LION Tetsuo both attacking TORA along the ropes, taking turns with kicks, punches and stomps. The dastardly dup whip him across the ring, but TORA manages to somehow duck under the clothesline attempt and springboards forwards, launching himself into the ropes in a handstand, letting the spring shoot him backwards into a double back elbow! He kips up, fist pumping and the crowd cheering...

...only to be brought low by a low blow courtesy of the sole female member of ACHILLES, Miyuki Ozaki. He crumples, clutching at aching regions as the rest of the team heads into the ring and surrounds him. Clutching his jaw, November pushes through, snarling down at TORA.]

JD: It's no secret that November is furious at AWA's signing of TORA, having tried himself repeatedly to get back into the promotion after losing a Loser Leaves Town Match against, now World Tag Team Champion, Skywalker Jones. Things boiled over to this point... when the unexpected happened.

[The jeering crowd starts to cheer as a single man comes running down to ringside. A single masked man... wielding a chair! The commentators go crazy at the appearance, the crowd OOH'ing in response to his unexpected appearance. His hair is spiked, bleach-blond and sticking out of the top of his bright orange mask. Two strange antennae poke out of his temples. As well as his tank-top, he also wears a pair of bright orange and black tights, and bright orange boots.

He... is NIJIKON!]

JD: The former G-Pro star, member of Zokugan Sangai and one of the best known and popular junior heavyweights in Japan surprised everyone making his appearance here to save TORA!

[ACHILLES quickly flies away, sliding outside the ring as Nijikon slides in, swinging his chair. November ducks behind Miyuki, taking cover as the masked man swings the chair in his fleeing direction. TORA staggers to his feet, Nijikon throwing the chair down at the floor, almost hitting Junya Toroyama when he does. TORA leans against the ropes but is reenergized seeing backup. He readies himself in a fighting stance, going back to back with Nijikon as ACHILLES tries to get in the ring. The pair get ready to face the forces...

...when Nijikon suddenly spins, grabs TORA and PLANTS him with a super fast DDT! The crowd is in shock as he rolls away and ACHILLES attacks, November jumping on top with rapid fire right hands!]

JD: The unthinkable happened! Just when it looked like TORA might have his first partner, Nijikon turns on him and joins sides with ACHILLES! What does this mean for TORA and what does this mean for the six man tag match at Rising Sun Showdown!?

[We go to a few seconds after the beating, ACHILLES and Nijikon mugging for the cameras over a downed TORA. November clutches his hair, kneeling behind him, his dark clothed compatriots surrounding him, Miyuki laying in front of TORA and posing as if it was a winning team photo, cackling and giggling all the way. We then go back to Jason Dane in the Control Center.]

JD: We've learned that at Rising Sun Showdown and what we just witnessed that it will be November leading LION Tetsuo and Nijikon against TORA's team in six man action. But who will TORA choose? Who will step up for him? We'll see soon enough as news develops. We're going to hear from TORA, but first, let's go to words from November and ACHILLES!

[It's a darkened back area in an unknown arena we fade into. Leaning against a packing crate is Miyuki Ozaki. The Empress of joshi puroresu fiddles with her nails, filing them with what appears to be a blade sharpening block. Junya Toroyama and Bull Shindo, the tag team of Bull Rush, stand in the back shadows talking quietly amongst themselves. LION Tetsuo stands to the right, arms crossed, head slightly tilted. And center screen stands the grand leader of the group, November. His raven black hair is longer than 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 looks down at the ground, pale hands reaching up to grasp the back of his neck.

Then he starts chuckling to himself.]

N: I have my team now, TORA. My army. My forces. I even hired out a mercenary who just couldn't wait to get his hands on you.

[His chuckles become laughs.]

N: And you have NOTHING!

[No more laughs. Straight face. He looks up.]

N: Three against one. Not a single person on your side.

[He breaks out into a quick laugh once again, turning away to face his charges.]

N: I AM THE KING OF THE CASTLE... dirty rascal. You got nothing and I have ALL OF THIS...

[He waves his arms, still facing away from the camera, across his vision. Bull Rush flex and chuckle. Miyuki throws the block down, giggles and makes a tongue sticking out face at the camera. November stands there, silent. He turns. Slowly. He snaps his head back, hair throttled out of his eyes.]

N: I'm the King, TORA. What I say, goes. What I say, people do. What I say, happens. At Rising Sun Showdown, when the AWA enters MY kingdom, when I allow them at MY dinner table to MY feast...

[He breaks out into contagious laughter once again. Even his team mates have to join in, uproarious echoes bouncing off the concrete walls.]

N: I... I really gotcha there, didn't I? At Rising Sun Showdown, once again little man, we will make you... HEEL!

...and we fade into a seething TORA, standing backstage against a concrete wall. In one hand he clutches a crumpled TORA Wanizame mask. An unnamed Tiger Paw Pro reporter stands off to the side, microphone held up towards the high flyer. He breathes heavily, growling quietly as he tries to gain some measure of composure. A deep breath does just that, TORA running a taped hand through his messy, tussled hair.]

TORA: I get it, November... ACHILLES... you're trying to send some sort of messed up message to me on my way out of Tiger Paw Pro and into the AWA. Good riddance, right?

[He rolls his eyes in an obvious statement.]

TORA: Well, guys and gals, it isn't good riddance. We have ONE more night. ONE more dance in the Tiger Paw Pro ring. Myself and my partners against all of you. November... LION Tetsuo, my idol and teacher... and Nijikon...

[Again he trails off, shaking his head disappointedly.]

TORA: Do you know how many tapes I watched of you three? I grew up idolizing you all. I grew up in this business wanting to be like all of you and now... I couldn't be more disappointed. It truly breaks my heart. So right now I declare I DO NOT want to be like you! YOU are not the heroes I thought you were. You are not men like Macht Kraftwerk or Juvenil Infierno or Sho Suzuki or Banshee and Raya Oscura. You are... you...

[His glare falls to the ground. His voice quiets.]

TORA: You're not who I wanted to be. You are not the men I wanted you to be and I swear on my grandmother's name, on my career, on the careers and masks and lives of everyone who came before me that WERE and ARE great men and great competitors that I will NOT be like you EVER! I WILL MOVE ON FROM THIS AND BE EVERYTHING YOU COULD AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN! [breath...] At Rising Sun Showdown it ends! I find get two partners, trust me, there are dozens out there who'd love to get a piece of you, and we will face you three at Rising Sun Showdown. You know who you are. Call the AWA office. Call the Tiger Paw Pro office. Call me. Twitter me. Facebook me. Be my partners! Show them what we can do! All our heart and fury and soul and love for wrestling...

...and we will have our hands raised, high five every fan at ringside and I'll give a teary, final farewell to the place I've called home for some long now.

[And we fade out to a face softened from realization of that very statement, going back to Jason in the Control Center.]

JD: What started as a showcase of junior heavyweight talent has turned very personal and very emotional for the man known as TORA who does indeed stand alone at this point. Who will stand by his side at the Rising Sun Showdown? We will find out in two weeks' time on the final Control Center!

[The shot of Jason fades to one of Kolya Sudakov and Callum Mahoney.]

JD: You talk about your unusual showdowns, what about the Shoot Fight between former AWA National Champion Kolya Sudakov and the Irish brawler Callum Mahoney? No pinfalls, no countouts - you can only win by knockout, submission, or referee stoppage. It's going to be a fight for the ages in the Tokyo Dome!

[The graphic fades to show the Stampede Cup with eleven teams surrounding it.]

JD: But at the end of the day, the real reason that the Tokyo Dome is SOLD OUT is the Stampede Cup! Twelve of the best tag teams in the world

walking into the Tokyo Dome with aspirations of earning the right to call themselves the best tag team in the world... earning the Stampede Cup itself... and most of all, earning a one million dollar payday! The seedings for this historic tournament will be announced immediately after tonight's Main Event which is not only for the World Tag Team Titles but also for the #1 seed in the tournament! Remember, the top four seeds get a bye from competing in the first round and go straight to the second round of the tournament.

Let's run down the teams entered...

[The graphic glows with the teams entered.]

GM: The World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. The former champions, the Blonde Bombers. From Japan, Violence Unlimited and the War Pigs... the two most dominant gaijin tag teams in Japanese wrestling history... are in. Air Strike, Dichotomy, the Baddest Thangs Runnin', the Surfer Dudes, Strictly Business... all in! The legendary high flying duo of Raya Oscura and the Banshee are in! The eleventh team in the tournament are the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions - GEMINI Hashimoto and Kenji Nakamura - known in Japan as the Shadow Star Legion!

[The shot fades back to Jason.]

JD: And one final spot remains - a spot that will be filled by the winner of the Tag Team Gauntlet in two weeks' time. So many fantastic teams have entered that match, so many amazing teams battling for the final spot in the tournament. Last year's gauntlet was one of my favorite matches of the year and next week's promises to be just as exciting.

[The Rising Sun Showdown logo comes back up on the screen.]

JD: It's March 29th... it's the Tokyo Dome... it's the Rising Sun Showdown... and you do NOT want to miss it so make your plans now to join us LIVE on Internet Pay Per View for a historic night of action for the American Wrestling Alliance!

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 and back to Gordon and Bucky who still look a little unsettled at ringside over what happened before the Control Center segment.]

GM: The Rising Sun Showdown is going to be an event for the ages but... well, it's a little hard to focus on that considering what we just saw before that Control Center, Bucky.

BW: You mean when Steve Spector snapped, destroyed the ringside area, and then attacked an AWA official?!

GM: Yes, that's what I'm referring to. It took quite some time to settle Spector down and rightfully so if you ask me. But what... what does this mean for Steve Spector's future with the AWA?

BW: There's no way he gets away with that, Gordo. No way at all!

GM: I'm inclined to agree with you. Fines, suspensions, maybe worse. The front office and the Championship Committee will need to consider that one carefully.

[Metallica's "Bad Seed" starts to play over the PA system as the crowd erupts with cheers!]

GM: Well, folks, the show must go on and it looks like we're about to get some words from the Doctor of Love, and considering what's gone on for the past several weeks, I don't think we should be surprised.

BW: I'm surprised...surprised that he'd walk out here all alone knowing that Team Supreme and Jackson Cain are in the building, along with the reigning, defending World champion!

[Bryant emerges onto the ramp, pausing briefly to soak in the cheers of the fans before quickly making his way up the ramp, stepping between the ropes and walking all the way to the other side, reaching down for a microphone. Phil Watson hands one over, and Bryant returns to the center of the ring, facing the entrance.]

DB: I'm sure at least a few people are wondering what I'm doing out here...

[Bryant pauses for the pop from the crowd, smirks briefly, then continues.]

DB: I'm out here, standing in the center of this ring, alone, because I made a promise -- that Supreme Wright would always see me coming, that I'd never sneak up on him, never try to pull a fast one.

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: That said, I've got some things I need to tell you, champ, so I thought I'd go ahead and stick my neck out, nobody by my side, not even a chair in the ring, if you decide to send Team Supreme swarming up here. That might seem stupid to you, to the ... people you've surrounded yourself with, even to the people who got up to their feet as soon as I stepped out onto this ramp tonight, but I'm not worried.

[Bryant walks towards the ropes, leaning on them, still staring up the ramp.]

DB: I'm not worried because you're not at all a backstabbing coward, right, champ? You aren't the kind of man to send those boys to do a man's work, not the kind of man who would have me jumped out here in front of everybody because he's too afraid to handle his own business.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: No, that's not you at all, Wright, so I'm sure you won't have any problem at all setting foot out here and hearing what I've got to say first hand.

[There's a slight pause, before the crowd roars with a mixture of cheers and boos, when they see the AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright, stepping out from behind the curtains. What little cheers he was receiving, soon are drowned out by massive booing, when the rest of his entourage, Team Supreme, led by Cain Jackson, emerging behind him and making their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: I can't believe this! Dave Bryant came out here alone, looking to speak face-to-face and man-to-man with the champion, but Supreme Wright is once again hiding behind his goons!

BW: Woah there, Gordo! Team Supreme are his students! Don't distort the facts!

GM: If you believe for a second that Wright isn't just using these former Combat Corner students, then you're truly deluded, Bucky.

[Team Supreme and Jackson stop just short of entering the ring, standing on the ring apron as Wright raises a microphone and begins to speak.]

SW: No need to worry, Dave Bryant, they won't lay a single finger on you...
...unless you give them a reason to.

[The crowd boos, as Supreme continues on.]

SW: After all, you're the one that seems hellbent on attacking me, so you'll have to excuse me if I don't exercise a little caution. But you've now got my attention, so go ahead and say what you need to say.

[Inside the ring, Bryant just laughs and shakes his head.]

DB: You know what, Wright? Fair enough. I guess I did sort of knock you out and stand over you, holding your stolen property high over my head... and then I ran out two weeks later and got bulldozed by part of that wall of flesh you have sitting in front of you, so, I suppose I can't blame you for being careful.

[Bryant eyes Team Supreme and Jackson briefly, then shrugs.]

DB: I'll be honest, Wright, I wanted you out here so I could say to your face what I said two weeks ago -- no more backjumping, no more attacks from the crowd, no nonsense from me. Any time you deal with me, I'll be right in your face, and you'll always see me coming.

[Bryant pauses, then grins.]

DB: ...although, I never said word one about seeing HIM coming.

[A confused look forms on Wright's face, before Bryant raises his arm, pointing behind the World Champion. Supreme slowly turns around, where the crowd roars HUGE when they see Kenta Kitzukawa staring him straight in face!]

GM: OH MY! SUPREME WRIGHT IS FACE-TO-FACE WITH KENTA KITZUKAWA!!!

[Wright's face shows as much surprise as his stoic expression allows, as Kitzukawa stares a hole right through him. The champion takes a step back and without warning...Kitzukawa strikes!]

GM: KITZUKAWA'S ALL OVER WRIGHT!

[Team Supreme turns to go help their leader, but it's at that moment, that Dave Bryant yells at them...]

DB: HEY!!!

[...and LEAPS at them from the top rope, landing onto all of Team Supreme with a massive plancha!]

GM: OHHHH!!!

[Bryant leaps onto a downed Cain Jackson, pummeling the bodyguard, as further up the aisle, Kitzukawa hits Supreme with a lariat, knocking him off the elevated rampway and right into the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!!

BW: This was a set-up! That coward Dave Bryant and that no good punk Kitzukawa lured Supreme Wright into a trap!

[Team Supreme all enter the crowd to tend to the champion, as Bryant and Kitzukawa are both now inside the ring, shaking hands. Bryant raises Kitzukawa's arm into the air, as the crowd roars.]

DB: You okay out there, champ? In case you're wondering what just happened, you just got your tail dropped by the man you'll be defending against at Rising Sun Showdown, Kenta Kitzukawa!

[Bryant looks over at Kitzukawa, who looks back and nods.]

DB: You've got your bodyguard and your students in your corner, Wright, and there's nothing I can do to convince anybody you've gulled into getting off your bandwagon. That's why, at Rising Sun Showdown, when you put the AWA World Title on the line against this man, standing in his corner...

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: ...will be me.

[With that, Bryant drops the microphone and raises Kitzukawa's hand in the air again.]

GM: Wow! Dave Bryant has made a statement here tonight and Kenta Kitzukawa has co-signed that statement right by his side! Dave Bryant is going to Japan and he will be in the challenger's corner when Kitzukawa challenges for the World Heavyweight Title! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for The Call Of The Wilde!

[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 Imbrogno 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 Imbrogno!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Welcome back, fans... and Bucky, you've been talking about this interview for two weeks straight now. You're going to be the first to interview the Wise Men in some fashion.

BW: Actually, I already did it.

GM: Huh?

BW: Turns out, Gordo... the Wise Men are kinda bashful. We know they value their anonymity... but I didn't really realize how much they do.

GM: What are you saying?

BW: Just watch.

[Bucky points to the camera which is the cue to briefly fade to black...

...and then fade back up on Bucky Wilde sitting in what appears to be a conference room somewhere. There's a large table surrounded by chairs and an extremely large television up on the wall. Bucky turns to the camera.]

BW: Welcome to the #1 rated segment in all of Saturday Night Wrestling! Welcome to the place where the tough questions are asked and the hard answers are given! Welcome to... THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[Bucky pauses, almost like he's expecting a crowd reaction... but there are no people in the room. Whoops.]

BW: As you no doubt know by now, I was invited to conduct a special interview with the mysterious group known as the Wise Men. Now, I was under the impression that this interview would be done live in the ring at the Crockett Coliseum but it turns out that... well...

[Bucky spreads his arms.]

BW: They asked me to come here today to the AWA offices to speak to them. I'm sitting here and just waiting for that door to open and for the identity of the Wise Men to be revealed to me. Percy Childe has sworn to me that he's not going to be the one I'm interviewing so I can only assume that it's one of the other two individuals currently behind this powerful group. I just can't wait to see-

[A burst of static fills the air before the television monitor at the end of the room lights up. It's the same shadowy image we're used to seeing from the Wise Men's video taped messages.]

BW: Hello?

[A very heavily distorted voice replies.]

"Hello, Buckthorn."

[Bucky grimaces.]

BW: Only my mama calls me that. I gotta say, I was hoping to see you in person here today... whoever you are.

[A laugh comes from the screen.]

"Of course you were. Everyone wants to know the identity of the Wise Men. And someday perhaps, everyone WILL know the identities of the Wise Men. But today is not that day, Mr. Wilde."

[Bucky nods.]

BW: I was afraid of that. So, I guess I'll scratch that question off my list... that IS why we're here, right? You're going to answer the questions that everyone's got?

[The person on the screen slowly nods.]

BW: Alright... well, let's get right to it. Since we can't get your identity, how 'bout a little chat about your purpose? Percy Childe laid it out a bit at SuperClash but... why are the Wise Men here? Why do they exist at all?

[It looks like the shadowy figure cocks their head to the side but there's so much image distortion, it's tough to tell.]

"That question has been answered by my ally, Mr. Childe. When faced with reality, you must understand that there truly is strength in numbers. We've seen it in professional wrestling countless occasions. The Syndicate... Redemption... Genesis... the Pride... the Unholy Alliance... and so many others. Small groups banding together with common purpose can achieve great things.

So, why not achieve greater things by banding together bigger groups?

The Wise Men recognized the ability to influence events that affected us all by harnessing the collective power of those allied with us. We saw the chance to influence the front office... the schedule-makers... the matchmakers... the Championship Committee.

Together, we have the power to level the playing field against the so-called fan favorites that the front office favors."

[Bucky nods.]

BW: Fair enough. But when the Wise Men formed, the first target was Juan Vasquez, right?

[The shadowy figure nods.]

BW: Then why is he still walking?

[A chuckle comes from the screen.]

"Juan Vasquez no longer concerns us... for the moment. When we struck at WrestleRock, it was at a time when Juan Vasquez' influence was too strong. We saw matches made at his whim. We saw his allies earn the matches and the contracts that our allies could not gain.

We saw an opportunity to turn the tide."

[Bucky looks puzzled.]

BW: The tide?

[A nod.]

"Here in the AWA, you call it the darkness. A growing power of like-minded individuals who were able to put your heroes in danger.

There is a constant battle throughout the world... but very much displayed in the world of wrestling. Good versus evil if you need the most basic of terms.

We saw a chance to disrupt the status quo - a world where Saturday Night Wrestling had become the Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez.

Ever dropped a rock in a still pond, Mr. Wilde?"

[Bucky nods.]

"Watch the chaos that ensues. The ripples on the water. The birds flying into the air. The fish swimming for a safe area. The ripples are not a momentary change, they last... they last and move swiftly throughout the entire pond.

Chaos, Mr. Wilde... is a beautiful thing when in the right hands."

[Bucky pauses.]

BW: So, why is he no longer of interest?

[The shadowy figure leans forward.]

"Because he is no longer the center of the AWA universe."

[Bucky leans back in his chair, whistling.]

BW: Juan Vasquez has got a heckuva ego, buddy. He's not going to like hearing that.

[No response.]

BW: Alright then... moving on... as we sit here, we're just a little over a month away from the Stampede Cup. The Unholy Alliance - which has become one and the same with the Wise Men in the eyes of most - has no dog in that fight. With such an important event, do the Wise Men care about the Cup?

[The shadowy figure shifts weight noticeably in their seat.]

"Of course."

[Bucky waits.]

BW: That it?

[The figure pauses a moment.]

"The Stampede Cup has two goals - to crown the greatest tag team in our sport and to hand one million dollars to two men. Of course we're interested in the result of that.

Do you honestly believe that the Wise Men have no interest in having the greatest tag team in the sport under our guidance?

Do you honestly believe that one million dollars being shoved into the AWA locker room has no bearing on our goals and our next move?

You'd be a fool to think that... and we are not fools, Mr. Wilde."

[Bucky nods.]

BW: Okay but who then? Who do the Wise Men back in the Cup?

[A pause.]

"I believe that it would not be... wise... to answer that at this time."

[Bucky shakes his head.]

BW: I don't get it. Do you have a team in the Cup or not? Do you have an interest in someone winning it?

[No response.]

BW: Do you have MORE than one team? Is that the problem? Have you guys hedged your bets and don't want the other teams to know who you're backing?

[Still no response.]

BW: But I don't get it, the Unholy Alliance doesn't have a-

[The shadowy figure interrupts.]

"The Unholy Alliance and the Wise Men are NOT one and the same."

BW: I'm sorry?

"Those who believe that the Unholy Alliance acts only in the interest of the Wise Men are mistaken. Mr. Childs will elect times where his men will represent themselves and him alone. That is the freedom of the Wise Men. It is an alliance of believers... not an army."

BW: An alliance of believers... riiiiight. So, you're saying that when Johnny Detson and Rick Marley try to put Bobby O'Connor through a windshield, they may not be acting on behalf of the Wise Men?

[An ominous chuckle comes from the screen.]

"That was a very clear message sent to the AWA President. We trust that he has received it.

But recent battles between Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch for example... that conflict belongs to Mr. Lake and the Alliance... not to the Wise Men. The Wise Men have no problem with Jack Lynch... for now."

[Bucky snaps his fingers.]

BW: That's a shame.

[The ominous chuckle comes again.]

"The Wise Men do not seek to eradicate every so-called fan favorite in the AWA locker room, Mr. Wilde. This is a business after all and we understand the necessity of those who... put butts in the seats so to speak."

[Bucky nods.]

BW: I've got a bunch more questions myself but we also took some questions from the AWA fans that we'd like to ask. The first one is from Danny Moyle in Uploand, California. He'd like to know... why Supernova?

[The shadowy figure leans forward.]

"Supernova was a statement of force. To show the power of the Wise Men. Much like Stevie Scott was. We, as a group, had no particular grudge against either of those men. However, we saw value in taking their pieces off the chess board as a strategic move. Ripples on the water, Mr. Wilde.

But more importantly, it showed the entire AWA locker room... the entire AWA fanbase... and the wrestling industry as large that the Wise Men were beyond their reach. That we could get anyone... ANYONE... we wanted at any time we wanted.

It was a message first delivered at WrestleRock against a man who was the "savior of the industry." It seemed only fair to deliver the same message at SuperClash to the man who helped Vasquez put this company on the map."

[Bucky nods.]

BW: I've got another one here from Danielle in Southern California also. She'd like to know why you guys are... umm... well, her words here... why you're big, stinkin' cowards and don't just reveal yourselves to the world and fight like men?

[The shadowy figure sits in silence for a long moment before speaking in an agitated tone.]

"Mr. Wilde, we chose you for this interview because we believed that you were like-minded like us. That you would not use this interview to try and

score cheap points with the sheep that follow this company like Jason Dane would. Were we mistaken?"

[Bucky slowly shakes his head, obviously worried.]

BW: No, no... not at all.

"I will not answer that question and any other question like it will bring this interview to an end. Is that clear?"

BW: Yes sir.

"Good."

[Bucky throws the pile of cards over his shoulder, obviously done asking fan questions after that reaction.]

BW: Speaking of Jason Dane, he had some questions of his own he wanted asked. Is that... is that okay?

[The shadowy figure sits silent again for several moments.]

"Walk with caution, Mr. Wilde."

[Bucky nods before speaking.]

BW: Jason Dane wants to know... what's the endgame for the Wise Men? What does victory look like?

[The shadowy figure pauses, almost as if considering the question.]

"An interesting question, Mr. Wilde.

A world where talent is rewarded rather than popularity. A world where a man like Calisto Dufresne can hold the World Title and defend against the best wrestlers no matter if the fans cheer them. Who could deny wanting to see Calisto Dufresne defend against men like Rick Marley? Like Nenshou when he was in his right mind? Like Terry Shane?

A world where Demetrius Lake, a champion in St. Louis and the rightful King of Wrestling, gets the same level of hype and promotion walking into the AWA as the Lynches did.

A world where we can reveal ourselves as the force behind the Wise Men and not fear reprisal from Stegglet, Taylor, and Michaelson.

A beautiful world. A just world."

[Bucky looks surprised.]

BW: Alright... well, I think we're almost out of time here but I've got two more questions for you. What did it mean for the Wise Men to assault Chris Blue, arguably the most powerful man in the history of our industry?

[The shadowy figure runs a hand through their cloaked hair.]

"The ultimate show of courage."

BW: Courage?

[A nod.]

"You said it yourself, Mr. Wilde. Arguably the most powerful man in the history of our industry... and we put him in the hospital without any fear of repercussions. We did not fear William Craven, the so-called Dragon, coming for vengeance. We did not fear a humbled Blue emerging from the shadows with an army of those loyal to him.

We... did not... fear."

[Bucky nods, holding up one finger.]

BW: One final question. What is the Wise Men's opinion of Supreme Wright, the World Heavyweight Champion?

[There is once again a long pause before the answer comes.]

"The knocking of opportunity is a strong siren's call."

BW: Huh?

"Supreme Wright was given an opportunity and he took advantage of it. It is hard to fault a man - any man - for that."

BW: Some have wondered... asked... if the Wise Men had anything to do with that Steal The Spotlight contract becoming a "Anywhere, Anytime" title shot.

[Another long pause.]

"If we did... if the Wise Men did make that happen... then I suppose that Supreme Wright owes us a debt of gratitude, hm?"

[Bucky shrugs.]

BW: I guess, yeah.

[A lonnnnnng pause.]

"Mr. Wilde, to answer your question, the Wise Men have no issue with Supreme Wright as the reigning World Heavyweight Champion."

BW: Okay, well, I guess that settl-

[The shadowy figure interrupts.]

"However, as with everything in this great business of ours... that is subject to change at any time."

[Bucky's eyebrows raise.]

BW: Alright. I'd like to thank this... representative?... of the Wise Men for your time today.

[A nod in response.]

BW: And that does it for this edition of The Call Of The Wilde! Join me next time when I make Jason Dane weep tears of sorrow that he's only half the investigative reporter that I am!

[We fade from a beaming Bucky Wilde...

...to an upset-looking Gordon Myers who is live at ringside.]

GM: That was a most disturbing interview but we don't have much time to dwell on it as Juan Vasquez came out here during that interview. Right after he was mentioned by the Wise Men, he came out to the interview platform and demanded the mic, insisting that he had to clear the air about the many rumors that we've heard about him recently.

BW: There's so many stories going on about the man, I ain't sure what to believe, Gordo!

[We cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez, standing on the raised interview platform, microphone in hand. The former two-time National Champion is dressed in a black hoodie with an old school Demon Boy Ishrinku t-shirt underneath. The crowd cheers at the sight of him, but Vasquez motions for them to quiet down.]

JV: I'm out here, because I have a lot of things to get off my chest.

[He looks to the side, where there's an empty space that an interviewer would usually occupy.]

JV: I know this is where Jason Dane is usually standing, asking all the tough questions, but I think there's been enough questions asked about me recently...

...and I think it's about time I gave everyone some answers.

[The crowd cheers in anticipation.]

JV: Answers about where I stand with Supreme Wright, the World Title, the Combat Corner, Nenshou...

[His expression darkens.]

JV: ...and The Wise Men.

[Juan shakes his head, his voice filled with disgust.]

JV: Actually, let me start by saying exactly what I think of The Wise Men. That interview you just heard was some of the most-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Juan never gets to finish his sentence as a chair is slammed right across his back. The crowd boos at the sight of the assailant... "The Professional" Dave Cooper.]

GM: Where in the world did Dave Cooper come from?!

BW: He's from Albuquerque, New Mexico, of course!

GM: This is no laughing matter, Bucky! Cooper just attacked Vasquez as he was about to address everyone!

BW: Of course, it's no laughing matter! It's payback for what happened in that match Cooper had with Dave Bryant!

[Cooper, meanwhile, has been stomping on Vasquez, and as Vasquez rolls over onto his back, Cooper catches him with the heel of his boot right into his left eye.]

GM: Cooper caught him in the eye! Juan Vasquez covering up that left eye... he could have done some serious damage!

BW: And to think he's only just begun, Gordo!

[Cooper tosses the chair down on the interview platform and drags Vasquez up, doubling him over with a kick to the midsection. He then hooks him into a front facelock.]

GM: What is Cooper doing?

BW: I think he's about to help Juan Vasquez get 20-20 vision for once!

GM: What are you... OH NO!

[Gordon's response is to Cooper hoisting Vasquez up and delivering a gourdbuster, planting the left side of Juan's face into the steel chair.]

GM: Cooper with the gourdbuster, and attacking Juan's eye in the process! This is uncalled for!

BW: This is what happens when you stick your nose in The Professional's business!

[Cooper reaches down to grab the mic, but before he can talk, he looks up at the entrance ramp, fleeing from the area as he sees the cavalry arriving..]

GM: We've got some help on the way! The Northern Lights and The Surfer Dudes have arrived... thank goodness!

[Cooper hops down off the platform, but as he makes his way away, he raises up the mic to his lips.]

DC: You want answers? You all think you're entitled to answers? You all want the truth?

As someone once said... you can't handle the truth!

[He turns back towards the downend Vasquez.]

DC: Enjoy reading braille alongside Luke Kinsey, Juan!

[He tosses the mic aside, then covers his eyes briefly and makes a brief groping motion, drawing boos. Cooper then heads through an aisleway, flanked by AWA security as he disappears through the crowd and into the Crockett Coliseum's outer concourse.]

GM: A brutal... a vicious assault by Dave Cooper! There was no call for that. Even if Cooper was upset about losing to Dave Bryant two weeks ago, there's no call for that!

BW: Dave Cooper obviously felt differently about that, Gordo. He felt he had Bryant beaten two weeks ago and Vasquez directly cost him that match.

GM: He was going to use a steel chair on Bryant! He was going to lose anyways! All Juan Vasquez did was save Dave Bryant from a fate similar to...

BW: To what Vasquez is going through now?

GM: Exactly! We need some medical help out here for Juan Vasquez. We need Dr. Ponavitch! Fans, we're going to get out of here and give them some time to work on Juan Vasquez. Let's... what do we have...? Okay... let's go to the World Tag Team Champions!

[The words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flashes across the top of the screen as we open to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with the AWA World Tag Team champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, along with their personal ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins. Jones is dressed stylishly in a tailor-made blue suit and a full-length fur coat draped over his shoulders. Standing behind him, with his arms folded over his chest is the monstrous Hercules Hammonds, dressed in an all-black pinstripe suit. And beside Herc

is the diminutive Higgins, as always, dressed to the nines in his all-white suit.]

JD: Gentlemen, tonight you face The Blonde Bombers once again, with the AWA Tag Team titles on the line in a two out of three falls match! What are your thoughts going on into tonight's big match-up?

SJ: Jason Dane, we've been hearin' a whole lotta' mess coming outta' Larry Dane's mouth, but OH MY GOODNESS...Skywalker Jones cannot believe the downright STUPIDITY that man displays without shame!

[In the back, Buford yells, "NO SHAME WHATSOEVER!"]

SJ: That jiggadolt has the audacity to come out here and question MY respect for the World Tag Team titles? That Salvation army suit-wearin' Canadian, comes out here and questions why Skywalker Jones would want to challenge for the World Heavyweight title? Did I really hear that?

[He stares at Dane, waiting for an answer.]

JD: Uh...yes! Larry Doyle questioned your respect for the tag team titles.

[Jones shakes his head with disbelief.]

SJ: It's real simple, little man, so let Skywalker Jones break it down for you. You wanna' know why Skywalker Jones didn't throw a party? You wanna' know why Skywalker Jones went after the big gold?

[He stares straight into the camera.]

SJ: It's called HUNGER! It's called DESIRE! It's called AMBITION!

[He pounds his chest.]

SJ: It's something me and Herc have ALWAYS had and always WILL have... and it's something your boys ain't had for a long, long time!

[Jones turns to Buford and Herc, standing behind him.]

SJ: Ever since Skywalker Jones came on the scene, what did he say he wants?

BPH: THE SPOTLIGHT!

SJ: Ever since Skywalker Jones came on the scene, what'd he say was our goal?

BPH: THE GOLD!

SJ: How much gold?

[In his deep, bass tone, Hercule Hammonds answers.]

HH: All of it.

[Jones cups a hand to his ear.]

SJ: Sorry Herc, mind runnin' it by me again? How much gold did we want?

[Hammonds eyes grow wide and his voice booms with its deep register.]

HH: ALL OF IT.

[Nodding with approval, Jones turns his attention back to Jason Dane.]

SJ: Don't get us wrong, Dane, The Blonde Bombers are a great team. Skywalker Jones has said it before and he'll say it again...they are GREAT. But that's ALL they are. That's what they're content to be. That's a level they're fine with staying at. And that's okay.

But me and Herc?

We're not content with just being great.

[He turns to the camera, staring directly into it with a serious look on his face we don't see often.]

SJ: We wanna be the GREATEST.

JD: But don't you think that's a bit too ambitious? Don't you think that's spreading yourselves a little thin?

[Jones chuckles at the absurdity of the question.]

SJ: Only a small-time thinkin', no ambition, weasel of a man like Larry Doyle, would FROWN upon people shootin' for the moon and reachin' for the stars! Only a man with no sense of professional pride or courage, would be fine with knockin' on the door of greatness and then refusin' to go in!

[With that, Hammonds takes a step forward to speak, as Jones gives him a wide berth. Buford can be heard shouting, "PREACH IT, HERC!"]

HH: When you think of Larry Doyle, do ya' think of a manager of champions?

[Hammonds laughs a deep, hearty laugh.]

HH: Nah, ya' think of a some dang fool messin' 'round with buffets and waterslides. Ya' think of the man that thought renamin' one of his men "Johann" was a great idea. Ya' look at a man that failed time and time again 'til he hit the jackpot and found something that would've been great with or without him.

["Don't need him!"]

HH: One year ago, The Blonde Bombers were headed towards a level we ain't ever seen from any tag team in AWA history. But then they peaked. They stopped soarin'. It was almost like something was draggin' them down...

...holdin' them back.

["Doyle's an anchor!"]

HH: So while you're worryin' yourself over why me and Jones ain't comin' out to the ring tossin' confetti and droppin' balloons outta' the sky, I suggest you look inside the ring TONIGHT, and worry over why your boys couldn't regain the Tag Team titles.

[Herc opens his suit jacket to reveal the title, wrapped around his waist.]

HH: And then I suggest ya' take a look inna' mirror and realize that's the EXACT reason why they didn't regain the Tag Team titles.

[And with that, the trio exit stage left as we fade back to a big panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd still buzzing over what they just saw and also what they're about to see.]

GM: The World Tag Team Titles - the biggest prize in the sport for tag teams alongside the Stampede Cup - are on the line between the current champions and the former champions in what should be a thrilling two out of three falls matchup. Now... remember, the #1 seed in the Cup is also on the line here tonight.

BW: The falls in this can be won in any of the normal manner - pinfall, submission, countout, disqualification. You've gotta win two of the three falls to win the titles, daddy. It's been a long time since we've seen a two out of three falls match in the AWA, Gordo.

GM: It certainly has. We had that two out of three match battle last year at Homecoming but a good ol' fashioned two out of three falls match has been a long time coming and I can't wait to see this one. It's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go to Phil Watson for the final introductions of the night!

[Crossfade to the ring where a beaming Phil Watson is waiting.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for the best TWO out of THREE falls with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[The distinctive opening to "F***ing In The Bushes" by Oasis blasts in the Coliseum as the fans boo their hearts out, and Larry Doyle prances through

the curtains in his sequined black Bombers tuxedo. He waves his arms around as Van Alston follows, dressed in a black suit with no necktie, and they both watch as the Bombers come out in tandem.]

PW: Weighing in tonight at 504 pounds. They are accompanied to the ring by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle and Van Alston...

KENNY STANTON! BRAD JACOBS!

THE BLOOOOOOOOONDE! BOOOMMMBBBBEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRSSSSSSS!

[Stanton styles and profiles, in long black tights with the Blonde Bomber WW2 bombs and broads insignia on each thigh and on the seat of his pants. He also wears a golden vest which his long blonde hair cascades over. Jacobs is next, in bicycle trunks with the same color pattern, wearing a thick black chain around his neck. Both men bump fists on their way to the ring as Doyle brings up the rear, talking strategy. Van Alston ambles behind, keeping his eyes out for any would be accosters for Hollywood Larry.]

BW: There they are, Gordo, in tip top shape if I say so myself.

GM: The first AWA World Tag Team champions, the 2013 Stampede Cup Winners. One of the most accomplished teams we've ever seen, Bucky, but what a challenge they have in front of them.

BW: You got it all wrong, baby, the challenge lies at the feet of SkyHerc. The Bombers have been through the wars, they've earned their stripes a hundred times over. For all their bluster, SkyHerc has not.

[The Bombers slide into the ring, and jump to their feet, Stanton showboating in the middle of the ring and Jacobs flexing on the turnbuckle. Both men ditch their ring wear quickly as Larry Doyle is helped into the ring by Alston, and as their music dies they huddle.]

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

[Big Pop!]

BPH: Oh my oh my, people, are ya' ready to witness the match that's so great, that the AWA's already deemed it an instant classic before it's even happened?

[An even bigger pop!]

BPH: Then get outta' your seat and up on your feet and put your hands together for the greatest tag team on Earth!

[Buford motions for them to stand up.]

BPH: These are the men that took down Royalty! These are the men that hold the gold! They come in tonight at a combined, amazing, astonishing, abso-LUTE-ly AROUSIN'...FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS!!!

First off, you have the strongest man in ALLLLL the land! The eighth, ninth, and TENTH wonder of the world! The man that is genetic perfection! The ladies' first selection! The pride of Tupelo, Mississippi...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLEEEEEEESSS HAMMONDS!

[BIG POP!]

And his tag team partner...the man who needs NO introduction! THEE one and only human highlight reel in all of wrestling! No disrespect meant to Gibby Hayes, but THIS man is America's greatest hope! He is the most electrifyin', stupefyin', gravity denyin', make the girls squeal with delight and give you chills whenever he takes flight, scene stealin', devil may care, Larry Doyle blood boilin', got Brad Jacobs' shakin', Kenny Stanton drop to his knees prayer makin'...MISTER STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!

[The crowd erupts in cheers, as Buford takes a deep breath after saying that mouthful.]

BPH: From Hot Coffee, Mississippi! He is...

[Everyone in the audience begins to sing-along with Buford, knowing the words to this song...]

BPH: Sky. Walker.

["SKY! WALKER!"]

BPH: Remember to take a deep breath, people!

[The crowd roars as Buford takes a deep breath and they join in for the coup de grace...]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EESSSSSSSSSS!!!!!"

["We Own It" by 2 Chainz and Wiz Khalifa begins to play, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the men that emerge from behind the curtain. Dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso is Skywalker Jones, seated atop the shoulders of the massive Hercules Hammonds. Around their waists, are the AWA World Tag Team titles. From his seat, high atop the world, Jones "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. While Hammonds is dressed in no-nonsense, standard black wrestling

trunks and boots, Jones is wearing full-length black tights with "Mr. Steal The Spotlight" written on the sides.

Stopping about halfway down the rampway, Jones removes his furcoat and hops off Hammonds shoulders. He hands his tag title to Hammonds and then takes a step back, suddenly breaking out into a sprint and leaping over the top rope in a somersault, landing on his back and rolling back up to his feet to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: Never one for a lowkey introduction, the World Tag Team Champions have hit the ring and you can feel the electricity in the air for this one, Bucky.

BW: These two teams have met twice - the 2013 Stampede Cup where the Bombers won and at SuperClash V where the champions won the titles. Tonight is the rubber match.

GM: And when you consider the quality of those two encounters, the expectations are sky high for this one, Bucky!

BW: They absolutely are.

[The two teams stand across the ring from one another, huddling up for one final strategy session. Van Alston is on the floor, rubbing his hands together menacingly as Larry Doyle looks on, watching his boys discuss their plans.]

GM: One new element added to the mix here tonight in the form of Van Alston. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger will need to keep an eye open for any interference from him.

BW: The man's not even been at ringside for a match and you're already concerned he's going to interfere!

GM: Anyone associated with Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers concerns me, Bucky.

[Hercules Hammonds steps out to the apron, leaving Skywalker Jones in the squared circle. Across the ring, there seems to be a bit of a debate over who will start the match.]

GM: Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs seem to be having trouble deciding who will be starting this match for the challengers and former champions.

[Jacobs barks at Stanton, jabbing a finger in his chest a few times before Stanton nods, exiting the ring.]

GM: So, Big Bad Brad will be starting it off against Skywalker Jones.

BW: And you gotta love this right out of the gate, Gordo. The first time these two teams met, Jacobs and Hammonds started the match. The second time, it was Stanton and Jones. Now it's gonna be the powerhouse

of the Blonde Bombers, Brad Jacobs, starting the match against Skywalker Jones, Mr. Steal The Spotlight himself.

[Jacobs slaps himself on each pectoral, waving Skywalker Jones forward as Johnny Jagger signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell and the first fall of this World Tag Team Title match is underway!

[Jones dances back and forth from foot to foot, lashing out a jab at the air from time to time, nodding his head towards Jacobs who edges out of the corner, eager to get the fight started.]

GM: Neither of these men are rushing into anything. They're both taking their time, circling one another as they try to find an opening... try to find a weakness...

[The two men come together in the center of the ring in a collar and elbow tieup, jostling one another back and forth, looking to gain the edge. Predictably, the much larger Jacobs pushes Jones back, getting him up against the ropes where the referee calls for a break...

...and gets one, Jacobs stepping back a step before blasting Jones across the sternum with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

BW: That'll knock the wind right out of ya.

[Jacobs grabs Jones by the arm, winging him across with a powerful Irish whip.]

GM: Whips him to the other side...

[Jacobs throws out his arm for a clothesline but Jones ducks under it, hitting the far ropes and bouncing back. The off-balance Jacobs ducks down for a backdrop...

...but Jones dazzles the crowd by turning himself, using Jacobs' own back to mount a backflip over the top behind him where he lands on his feet.]

GM: Wow!

[And as Jacobs turns around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHH! He backhanded Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs' eyes flash with rage as Jones quickly backs up to his corner, wiggling a finger and inviting Jacobs in where the massive Hercules Hammonds stands behind Jones, grinning at his partner's actions.]

GM: Brad Jacobs wants to tear Skywalker Jones apart after that backhand slap but I don't think he wants any part of a numbers game in the corner of the World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: Of course he doesn't. Jacobs is a big man with big muscles but he's not a dumb man. He knows that to win in tag team wrestling, there are certain things you've gotta do and blindly running into the opponent's corner ain't one of 'em.

[Jacobs backs to his own corner where Stanton slaps him on the back, shouting across the ring at Jones.]

GM: These two teams have a lot of bad blood left between them from what went down at the end of last year. Remember, there was a period of time where even Buford P. Higgins was on the shelf after the Blonde Bombers assaulted him.

[Stanton rubs Jacobs' shoulders and neck, again shouting across at Jones who smirks as he slips out of the corner. Jacobs storms across, getting back into the collar and elbow before hammering a forearm down across the back of Jones' neck, knocking him down to all fours.]

GM: A heavy blow to the back of the neck... oh! Big double axehandle across the back puts Jones flat on his belly on the canvas!

[Grabbing a handful of afro, Jacobs yanks Jones off the mat, walking him towards the challengers' corner, shoving him back in...

...but Jones quickly throws a back elbow to the nose of Stanton, knocking him off the apron. An approaching Jacobs gets ducked under by Jones who slips free from the corner, dancing back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Jones using that speed and quickness to get himself out of the flames and out to the center of the ring. He wanted no part of the wrong part of town with the Bombers and bailed out in a hurry.

BW: Both teams are being very smart in the early happenings of this one... staying in the middle of the ring... staying away from the double teams of the opposition.

[Jones is in the middle of some trash talk as Jacobs rushes him, tying him up again. He pushes hard, forcing Jones back into the ropes where he slips to the side, burying a knee up into the ribcage.]

GM: Big knee to the body... and a second one leaves Jones in a bad way. Six three, 273 pounds out of Miami, Florida...

BW: Brad Jacobs is one of the baddest men on the planet, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is. A former three-time All-American defensive tackle at the University of Miami, Jacobs is as tough - and as strong - as they come.

[The big man stares out at the jeering crowd, an impressive physical specimen to behold. His dark brown skin is quite the striking contrast to his bleached blonde faux-hawk and beard as he grabs Jones by the arm, firing him across again.]

GM: Jones sent across a second time... clothesline ducked!

[Jones hits the far ropes, coming even faster the second time, ducking a backhand chop from Jacobs.]

GM: Jones ducks again, off the ropes a second time...

[Jacobs drops down this time, forcing Jones to hurdle over him, racing to the ropes yet again...

...and gets CREAMED with a running double axehandle to the upper body and face!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

[Brad Jacobs climbs to his feet, angrily trashtalking the downed Jones. He slaps his chest a few times, turning to shout at Hercules Hammonds who starts to enter the ring but gets cut off by the AWA's Senior Official who backs him out of the ring.]

GM: Jacobs nearly took his head off with that one, Bucky!

BW: Pure power, incredible strength, and a ton of intensity to match it. Every time he steps in the ring, it's like the Rose Bowl to Brad Jacobs. It's that ol' football player mentality, Gordo. It's fourth down and inches every time he comes at'cha.

[Jacobs is still barking at Jones as he does a full lap around him, leaning down to slap the outstretched hand of "Hollywood" Larry Doyle who likes what he's seeing so far.]

GM: Kenny Stanton liked that, Larry Doyle like that... and I suppose Van Alston liked it although you'd never be able to tell from the look on his face.

[The stoic bodyguard stands constantly within reach of Larry Doyle, ready to defend at any time as he looks on.]

GM: Jacobs pulls Jones up off the mat... there's the tag...

[Kenny Stanton slingshots over the ropes into the ring, moving to his partner's side as both men grab an arm.]

GM: Double whip shoots him in... ohh! Double back elbow up under the chin puts Jones right back down on the canvas!

[Jacobs shouts at Hammonds one more time before exiting the ring where Kenny Stanton goes to work, stomping Jones' head and neck repeatedly, forcing the Hot Coffee native to roll under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Stanton forces him out to the apron...

[Stanton stays on the attack, hanging onto the top rope and raining down stomps, forcing Jones to slip off the apron and down to the floor below. The referee steps in, forcing Stanton to back off...

...which allows Larry Doyle to rush into view, burying a boot into the ribs of Jones who was on all fours on the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on! Keep your eyes open, ref!

BW: That's a dangerous move by Larry Doyle, Gordo. This is a two out of three falls match and a DQ is as good as a pinfall. If Jagger had turned around in time, Doyle would have put his team down 0-1.

[Doyle backs off, cackling as Buford P. Higgins seethes from across the ring. Jones uses the apron to drag himself to his feet...

...and gets DRILLED with two feet to the face courtesy of a Kenny Stanton baseball slide!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Stanton sits up, leaning against the ropes with a grin on his face before sliding out to the floor.]

GM: Stanton's out there with Jones now and this is not where Skywalker Jones wants to be against the Blonde Bombers, Bucky.

BW: No, it's definitely not.

[Grabbing Jones by the afro, Stanton SLAMS his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst into the apron!

[Stanton shoves Jones under the ropes, putting him back inside the ring as Stanton uses the ropes to pull himself up on the apron. He measures the downed Jones for a few moments before catapulting over the drop...

...and BURIES the point of his elbow into Jones' heart!]

GM: OHHH!

[Stanton flips over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Stanton covers for one! He's got two!

[But Jones slips out of the pin, lifting his shoulder up off the mat.]

GM: Only a two count there for Kenny Stanton. Stanton, of course, is an AWA original - a man who was on the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: Not too many of those left, Gordo.

GM: Not too many at all.

[Stanton leans down, pulling Jones up off the mat. He grabs an arm, whipping him a few short feet into the turnbuckles at high impact, sending him stumbling out into a drop toehold that smashes Jones' face into the canvas...

...and Stanton rolls in the toehold position, slamming his elbow into the back of Jones' face to smash it into the canvas again!]

BW: I like moves like that, Gordo. It takes a special sort of talent to take such an ordinary move and turn it into something truly dangerous.

[Stanton rolls to a knee, grabbing the afro with both hands and SMASHING Jones' face into the canvas.]

GM: Get the man off the hair, ref.

[Jagger warns Stanton for the hairpull as Stanton lifts his torso off the mat, slamming the face down a second time.]

GM: Stanton's got Skywalker Jones right where he wants him at this stage of the contest just about five minutes into this thing.

[Pulling Jones off the mat, Stanton pastes him with a pair of right hands, sending Jones back into the ropes again. A big knife edge chop follows, really stunning the high flyer.]

GM: Jones has gotta be looking for a tag right about now. It's early in the match but you never want to get caught in there for too long in a tag match, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely right, Gordo. Quick tags, keep the fresh man in... those are keys to tag team wrestling.

[Stanton grabs the arm, looking for an Irish whip of his own.]

GM: Stanton shoots him in...

[Stanton hits the ropes himself, charging off, leaping up...]

GM: HIGH CROSS BODY!

[...but Jones drops into a baseball slide, causing Stanton to sail over him, crashing and burning to the canvas!]

GM: Jones avoided it! And now he needs to make the tag!

[Jones pushes up to all fours, crawling towards the corner where Hercules Hammonds is waiting with his hand outstretched.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds, the big man, is waiting for the tag!

[Hammonds stretches his muscular arm out as far as he can, encouraging his tag team champion partner to get to the corner and make the exchange...

...but Kenny Stanton is thinking otherwise, climbing to his feet, and cutting off Jones.]

GM: Stanton gets in his path, cutting off the tag...

[The crowd cheers as Jones slams a right hand to the gut from his knees!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs by Skywalker Jones!

[The second one lands shortly after, leaving Stanton doubled up. Down on his knees, Jones pops Stanton on the chin with an uppercut, sending a spray of saliva into the air as Stanton sails backwards from the blow, falling back into the ropes as Jones forces up to his feet, against moving towards the corner...

...when Stanton charges back in, throwing a dropkick that takes Jones down!]

GM: Ohh! And Stanton cuts him off again!

BW: There's a reason that the Blonde Bombers had one of the most dominant and successful runs of any tag team we've ever seen, Gordo, and we're seeing part of that reason right now. Kenny Stanton knows that Jones is weakened and in some trouble and he'll be damned if he's going to let Jones make the tag to the fresh Hercules Hammonds.

[A frustrated Hammonds slams an arm down on the top turnbuckle, angrily pacing down the apron as a smirking Stanton climbs back to his feet, wagging a finger at Hammonds in a "tsk, tsk" fashion.]

GM: Stanton taking a moment to taunt Hercules Hammonds before pulling Jones up... and SLAMMING him down with a big bodyslam!

BW: Oh, I love this move, Gordo!

[The crowd buzzes as Stanton grabs the top rope, slingshotting up to the top rope...]

GM: Look at the balance! Look at the agility!

[...and skies off, sailing through the air to drive his clenched fist down into the skull of Jones!]

GM: Fistdrop off the top and a beauty! Incredible move by Kenny Stanton.

[Stanton grabs Jones by the ankle, dragging him back to the Bombers' corner where he slaps the offered hand of Brad Jacobs.]

GM: Another tag by the Bombers while the champions haven't managed to get one off yet at all.

[Jacobs steps in as Stanton pulls Jones up by the hair. Stanton pulls him into a side waistlock, lifting him up...]

GM: Atomic drop!

[...and dropping him tailbone-first on his bent knee, sending Jones pitching forward into Jacobs who lifts him up under a powerful outstretched arm, spinning around and DRIVING him down with a slam!]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam by the challengers... and Jacobs covers!

[Again, two slaps of the mat follow before Jones kicks out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Skywalker Jones has tremendous resiliency. It takes a whole lot to put him down for a three count as the Bombers are finding out right now.

BW: After two grueling matches with Jones and Hammonds in 2013, the Bombers KNOW it takes a lot to put him down... they ain't findin' out right now, Gordo.

GM: I stand corrected.

[Jacobs drags Jones off the mat, trashtalking him a few times, paintbrushing him across the face...]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no call for that!

[...and then whips him into the nearest set of turnbuckles, watching as he rebounds out...]

GM: Oh my!

[And hoists Jones up into a military press!]

GM: He's got him up sky high! Look at the power!

[Jacobs walks around the ring, holding him high over his head. He turns towards Hercules Hammonds...]

...and lowers Jones down, allowing Jones' stomach to touch the top of Jacobs' blonde hair before he presses him back up.]

BW: He's doing reps with Skywalker Jones in front of Hercules Hammonds!

[The crowd is buzzing at Jacobs' show of strength as he repeatedly lowers and raises Jones up...

...before one final lift where Jones slips free, landing on a knee in a crouch behind Jacobs!]

GM: Jones slips free!

[Jones delivers a hard two-handed shove to the back of Jacobs, sending him sailing forwards...]

GM: OH! Big right hand by Hammonds!

[...and then staggering backwards as Jones leaps up, tucking his knees up in between the shoulderblades as he grabs Jacobs' head from behind!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The lungblower leaves Jacobs flailing about on the canvas as Jones rolls to his side, forcing himself back up to his knees...

...and makes a lunging tag to a waiting Hercules Hammonds!]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the big man!

[Hammonds comes in hot, barreling across the ring to knock Stanton off the ring apron with a big forearm smash that sends him sailing down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! STANTON GETS DROPPED BY HAMMONDS!!

[The big man wheels around, marching across the ring where Jacobs has stirred to a knee, coming up swinging.]

GM: Big right han- caught!

[Hammonds shakes his head, having caught Jacobs' right hand under his left armpit. Jacobs throws the left but it's caught as well!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Tupelo Tower gives a big exaggerated nod to the cheering crowd before unleashing a series of headbutts, one after another, bouncing them off the sternum of the helpless Jacobs!]

GM: Headbutts! He's hammering away at Brad Jacobs with these big headbutts!

BW: A normal man wouldn't want to try and headbutt Brad Jacobs in those big ol' pecs but Hercules Hammonds ain't normal, Gordo!

GM: Not at all.

[Using the double overhook, Hammonds hurls Jacobs into the nearest corner, moving in swiftly after him, connecting with a lunging back elbow into the jaw, smashing Jacobs in the buckles.]

GM: Hammonds with the big whip sends him from corner to corner...

[The big man from Mississippi barrels across the ring after him, throwing out his arm for a big clothesline in the corner!]

GM: The clothesline shakes Jacobs to the core!

[As Jacobs stumbles out, Hammonds grabs him under the arm and around the head and neck, clasping his hands together...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Hammonds pops his hips, throwing Jacobs up and over, sending him sailing across the ring where he bounces off the canvas!]

GM: OVERHEAD SUPLEX ON A NEAR THREE HUNDRED POUND BEAST!

[The Tupelo Terror pops up to his feet, giving off a big roar as he throws his muscular arms apart to a big cheer from the crowd...]

...when suddenly Kenny Stanton reaches under the ropes, grabbing Hammonds by the ankles and yanking his legs out from under him, pulling him right under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Stanton pulls him out!

[Big cheer!]

GM: And gets dropped with a right hand for it! What a shot by Hammonds!

[A ticked-off Hammonds shouts at the downed Stanton, threatening him with further bodily harm as he pulls himself back up on the apron...]

...where a downed Stanton lunges up, grabbing Hammonds around the leg!]

GM: Stanton's keeping him down! He's hanging on and not letting Hammonds gets back into the ring!

BW: Hang on tight, Kenny!

[With Buford P. Higgins screaming and shouting at the official, Johnny Jagger moves over to shout at Stanton, ordering him to release the hold on the leg. Stanton hangs on for several more seconds though before finally getting kicked off by Hammonds who steps through the ropes...

...and gets FLATTENED with a flying shoulder tackle that sends Hammonds back through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!! Jacobs knocks him to the floor!

[The referee steps in, forcing Jacobs back...

...which allows Van Alston to move in on Hammonds, scooping him up and slamming him down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHH! COME ON, REFEREE!!

[The big bodyguard backs off, the crowd jeering as Stanton gets back into the mix, pulling Hammonds up by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: STANTON WHIPS HIM INTO THE STEEL RAILING!!

[The sound gets Jagger's attention, the Senior Official turning his gaze on Stanton who climbs back up into his corner as Jacobs steps through the ropes.]

GM: Now it's Brad Jacobs going after Hammonds!

[Jacobs jumps down off the apron, moving in on Hammonds. He grabs him by the side of the head, laying in forearm after forearm to the jaw of the bigger man...

...and then uncorking a standing clothesline that flips Hammonds over the railing, dumping him in a heap just beyond the barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Hammonds get knocked into the front row by Brad Jacobs!

[A grinning Larry Doyle is on the scene, patting his man on the back and pointing him back into the ring.]

GM: Doyle wants Jacobs to get back in there, take the countout, and go up 1-0 in this two out of three falls battle.

BW: It's brilliant! What a strategy and you know "Hollywood" Larry came up with this one!

GM: No, I don't know that actually. Couldn't it just as easily be a gameplan from Jacobs and Stanton?

BW: Well, it COULD be... but they're the brawn and he's the brain. It's a good team distribution of skills.

GM: I see.

[Jacobs and Doyle trade some words as Big Bad Brad shakes him off, leaning over the railing and grabbing Hammonds by the arm, dragging him up to his feet.]

GM: Brad Jacobs apparently wants no part of that countout strategy. He wants to beat this man and show that he's the biggest and baddest man in the AWA.

[Jacobs pulls Hammonds into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: Look out here! He's gonna try and suplex him back into the ringside area!

BW: And I don't care if there are pads on this floor or not, a suplex on them is going to rock Hercules Hammonds from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet.

GM: Just like that slam by Van Alston did.

[A quick cut shows Alston glaring at the ring, just watching Skywalker Jones as he cheers his partner on.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is encouraging his partner, trying to get him back into the ring and make that tag.

BW: The champions haven't looked too sharp so far, Gordo.

GM: I completely disagree with that. The challengers have done an excellent job of wrestling the match they want... the pace that they want. But that doesn't take anything away from the champions.

[Jacobs gives a big shout, muscling Hammonds up into the air...

...and DROPS him hard with a spine-rattling suplex on the floor!]

GM: Good grief! What a suplex! As we approach the fifteen minute mark of this Best Two Out Of Three Falls match for the World Tag Team Titles, the challengers have established control of this match with some hard slams out on the floor!

[Jacobs pulls Hammonds up again, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The Miami native rolls in as well, slapping Kenny Stanton's hand as he does.]

GM: In comes Stanton off the exchange!

[Jacobs whips Hammonds into the neutral corner, stepping clear as Stanton races across the ring, leaping up with a splash in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Shades of Supernova's Tidal Wave in the corner!

[Jacobs follows his partner in, picking up the spare with a rib-crushing avalanche of his own!]

GM: Good grief!

[Jacobs backs off, being forced out of the ring by the official as Stanton leaps up to the second rope, giving a "YEAAAAH! COME ON!" to the jeering crowd before raining down blows on the skull of Hammonds.]

GM: Stanton's hammering away on Hammonds...

BW: These idiot fans aren't even counting!

GM: You expected them to cheer on the Blonde Bombers?

BW: Stanton's from Texas! They go nuts for those idiot Stenches even after they abuse women!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Stanton hops down, pasting Hammonds with a right hand on the jaw, knocking the big man down to a knee.]

GM: Ohh! Big boot to the jaw of Hammonds!

[Grabbing Hammonds by the foot, Stanton pulls him away from the corner, leaping up with a legdrop! He shouts to the ref to "COUNT HIM!" Johnny Jagger obliges, making a two count before Hammonds muscles out.]

GM: Two count only!

[An irate Stanton rolls to a knee, grabbing Hammonds by the back of the head and raining down right hands to the skull!]

GM: Stanton's taking the fight to him...

[Stanton climbs to his feet, looking over at Skywalker Jones who has his hand outstretched, looking to tag into the match...

...and spits at him!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

[A pissed-off Jones slips into the ring, charging at Stanton before the referee cuts him off...

...which allows Jacobs and Stanton to illegally doubleteam Hammonds.
Jacobs lifts Stanton up for a backdrop suplex...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him down into a legdrop!]

BW: Beautiful doubleteam by the challengers!

GM: An illegal doubleteam, Bucky!

BW: Well, sure... but that's just semantics.

[Stanton shouts at the official, getting his attention in time to make another count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Hammonds again muscles out to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Hammonds is out at two. He's not going down without one helluva fight, Bucky.

BW: The first fall can be the most important in a match like this. No one ever wants to be put against the wall where they have to win two falls in a row.

[Stanton climbs to his feet, stomping Hammonds a few times before pulling him off the mat. He grabs Hammonds by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- REVERSED!

[Hammonds' power sends Stanton SAILING through the air, crashing hard into the corner. The big man slowly moves in after him, staggering across the ring. He reaches the corner, placing a hand against Stanton's chest to keep him in the buckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Stanton with an overhead open hand palm shot to the chest, echoing throughout the Crockett Coliseum!]

BW: GAAH! Absolutely brutal!

GM: He's not done!

BW: He should make the tag, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right but he's got Stanton in trouble and he's going to try and make him pay for it!

[Hammonds reaches under the arm, hooking Stanton...

...and LAUNCHES him three-quarters of the way across the ring with a gigantic biel throw!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! He hurled him like a rag doll!

[Hammonds stomps out of the corner, leaping up and throwing his arms apart to a big cheer...]

GM: Hammonds is looking for something!

BW: He'd better be looking for Jones' hand! He needs to get out of there!

[As Stanton stumbles to his feet, Hammonds hits the ropes, rebounding off, aiming a running shoulder tackle from the blind side...]

GM: TUPELO TORPED-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: -OHHHHHHHHHHHHH! SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK OUT OF STANTON!!

[The shocking thrust kick flattens Hammonds as Stanton dives across his chest, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS!

[Stanton rolls off, looking up at Johnny Jagger in shock as the referee takes abuse from Larry Doyle who is up on the apron. An angry Jagger moves over to put Doyle down as Jacobs steps in, pulling Hammonds up again, holding the arms as Stanton sets for a second superkick, pointing with both hands at Jones.]

GM: Stanton's gonna take a page out of Jones' playbook!

[Stanton throws himself forward for the superkick...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and catches a shocked Brad Jacobs on the chin as Hammonds moved aside! Stanton's jaw drops as Hammonds wheels around, throwing a big clothesline that takes Jacobs over the top to the floor!]

GM: HAMMONDS CLEARS OUT JACOBS!

[Stanton dashes to the ropes, hoping to attack Hammonds from behind...

...but Jones pulls down the top rope, sending Stanton tumbling over the top to the floor!]

GM: STANTON'S OUT AS WELL!!

[Jones steps in, pushing past the official as Hammonds drops down to all fours. Mr. Steal The Spotlight tears across the ring, stepping up on the back of his partner, flipping over the top rope...

...and WIPING OUT both Jacobs and Van Alston who was helping Big Bad Brad off the floor with a somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JONES TAKES 'EM OUT!!

[A nodding Hammonds reaches through the ropes, yanking a dazed Stanton back into the ring, pulling him up to his feet.]

GM: Hammonds brings Stanton back in... big whip to the corner!

[A charging clothesline buckles Stanton's knees but Herc holds him up, grabbing the arm and firing him across again...

...where Stanton leaps to the second rope, blindly throwing himself into a crossbody on the approaching Hammonds!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[The crowd roars as Hammonds snatches Stanton out of the sky, holding him across his chest...

...and then hurls him upwards as for a fallaway slam but snatches him in a fireman's carry, driving him down with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Hammonds climbs to his feet, nodding his head as he walks to the corner, slapping his waiting partner's hand...]

GM: Skywalker Jones tags in... and he's heading up top!

[The crowd is roaring as Mr. Steal The Spotlight steps up to the top rope, poised high so all can see...]

"ZERO G!"

[...and takes flight, flipping through the air, plummeting down onto a prone Stanton with the high-risk Shooting Star Press...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE ZERO G!!

[Stanton rolls to the corner, climbing the turnbuckles as Brad Jacobs emerges, climbing up on the apron and stepping in...]

GM: Jacobs is illegal! Get him out of there!

BW: He's leaving as soon as he...

[...and HURLS his own partner off the top, sending him flying through the air where he crashes down onto a prone Jones!]

BW: ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[Stanton hooks a leg as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winners of the first fall... THE BLONNNNNNDE BOMBERS!

[The crowd jeers as Stanton slowly gets to his feet, clutching his ribcage.]

GM: After over seventeen minutes of action, the first fall has been decided and the challengers take a 1-0 lead in this matchup. One more fall in their favor and they'll regain the titles, Bucky!

BW: Oh, it's gonna happen! We're gonna have new champions, daddy!

GM: The two teams get a sixty second rest period in between falls. That's the rules they agreed to as you see Johnny Jagger making sure that Stanton and Jacobs don't take advantage of Skywalker Jones being laid out on the mat.

BW: Jones went for that high risk Shooting Star Press and got nothing but canvas on it. From there, it was one Rocket Launcher that put 'em up 1-0. If I'm Larry Doyle, I'm telling my boys to be ready to hit that move again as soon as the rest period ends.

GM: Stanton and Jacobs are huddling up in their corner. They realize now that they're only a decision away from regaining the titles and walking into the Stampede Cup as the champions, the #1 seeds, and the defending Stampede Cup champions to boot!

BW: We've never had a team repeat, Gordo. This could be the year.

GM: It certainly could.

[The AWA's Senior Official confers with the timekeeper, checking on how long they have left...]

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go again!

[Kenny Stanton rushes across the ring, diving atop a prone Jones with a double axehandle. He grabs a handful of afro, hammering away for a four count. Climbing to his feet, he grabs Jones by the ankle, dragging him out to the middle of the ring and then keeps on going all the way back into the Bombers' corner.]

BW: Absolutely brilliant, Gordo! He knew Jones was close to the corner, close to a tag, and he made sure that wasn't going to happen!

[Stanton has one hand on Jones' ankle, keeping him in place as he tags his partner back in.]

GM: Big Bad Brad is back in off the tag and they may be looking to finish this one off quickly, fans. Skywalker Jones has gotta still be in some serious pain after that Rocket Launcher. If they hit something with enough impact, they could easily take two quick falls and end this right here and now.

[Jacobs steps in, dropping a knee down on the back of Jones' head, smashing his face into the mat and stopping any attempt to crawl across the ring. A second knee down across the shoulderblades follows before Jacobs leans down, dragging Jones off the canvas.]

GM: Whip to the corner... HERE COMES JACOBS!

[A big running clothesline rocks Jones, lifting his feet off the mat before settling back down. Jacobs grabs the left arm, whipping him across again...]

GM: Cross the ring... and another clothesline!

[Jacobs nods, shouting "ONE MORE!" and holding up one finger to a cheering Larry Doyle.]

GM: He sends him across again... in he comes...

BW: BOOM!

[The third running clothesline connects, rocking Skywalker Jones from head to toe. Jones' arms drape over the top rope, desperately trying to stay on his feet. Jacobs bounces back out of the buckles into the center of the ring where he gives a big roar, pounding his chest a few times to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Brad Jacobs is fired up!

BW: Can you blame him? He's one move away from regaining the World Tag Team Champions if you ask me, Gordo!

GM: You could be right... but what is that move?

[Jacobs waits for Jones to stagger out, scooping him up in the middle of the ring, slamming him down to the mat. He strikes a pose, flexing his biceps as he stands over the prone Jones...

...and drops an elbow down into the chest, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Jones slips out of the lateral press, breaking the pin.]

GM: Jones is out at two! The sixty second rest period gave him enough gas back into the tank to get out of the pin attempt!

BW: Hit him harder!

GM: I'm sure he's about to try.

[Jacobs gets back to his feet, glaring at the official as he drags Jones up by the afro, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging Jones' arm over his neck.]

GM: He's got him hooked... and up he goes!

[The Miami native stands tall, holding Jones straight up and down in vertical suplex position...

...and waits.]

GM: Look at this show of power out of Brad Jacobs!

[And waits.]

GM: He's holding him up there, still as a dead wind!

[And waits.]

GM: This is very impressive, Bucky. A very impressive show of power.

[And waits... before finally falling back, rattling the spine of Skywalker Jones with a hard suplex!]

GM: What a suplex! And that even gets some cheers from the fans here in Dallas! They're rooting for the champions - most of them at least - but you've gotta be impressed by Brad Jacobs' power and intensity!

[Jacobs climbs back to his feet, again striking a double bicep pose to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: And just like that, these fickle fans turn on him.

GM: Well, they weren't really FOR him to begin with, Bucky.

[Jacobs does the "belt gesture" in Hercules Hammonds' direction. Hammonds slaps the top turnbuckle angrily, shouting in the direction of Jacobs who smirks as he leans down, pulling Jones off the canvas...

...and right into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The University of Miami All-American hoists Jones up into the air, looking for a potential match-ending powerbomb...

...but Jones flips out at the top of the lift, landing on his feet in front of Jacobs!]

GM: Whoa! What a counter!

[Jones throws a desperation backhand, trying to create some space as Jacobs buries a boot into the gut, doubling him up again. He quickly resets, powering Jones up into the air...

...and DRIVES him down with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: THAT'S IT, GORDO!

GM: Johnny Jagger down to count! ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[A big cheer rings out as Hercules Hammonds slips in, stomping the back of Jacobs' head, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Brad Jacobs almost had him there... in fact, he very well might have had him beaten but Hercules Hammonds made the save!

BW: He saved the World Tag Team Titles! The titles were about to change hands back to the rightful champions, the Blonde Bombers, and Hammonds saved his employer's rear end!

GM: I'm not sure about that but it certainly could've been the end of the match... we'll never know though.

[Jones rolls out of the ring as Jacobs argues with the official, joining Larry Doyle in verbally slapping Hercules Hammonds across the face. The powerful Hammonds retakes his spot on the apron, shouting for his partner to get to him to make the tag.]

GM: Jones got out of the ring, saving himself for the moment.

BW: Gotta give him credit. That was a real smart move. He knew he was in trouble and he knew that if he got out of the ring, he might save himself from a pinfall to end the match.

GM: We're over twenty minutes in this match as Brad Jacobs tries to wrap this up as a win for the Blonde Bombers. Larry Doyle's shouting instructions to him now, pointing out where Jones went.

[Jacobs stalks towards Jones' position out on the ramp, leaning over the ropes to grab a handful of afro, hauling Jones up to his feet...

...where Jones throws a lightning quick right and left elbow, bouncing it off the sides of Jacobs' skull!]

GM: OHH!

[With Jacobs stunned, Jones leaves his feet, flipping back to drill Jacobs on top of the head with a kick!]

GM: PELE KICK CONNECTS! OH MY!!

[Jacobs staggers back, slumping down to his knees as Jones hits the wooden ramp.]

GM: Jones with a counter out of nowhere... but is it enough? Is it enough to get him back into this match?

[A weary Jones sits up against the ropes, the crowd roaring their support for him and Hammonds as the World Tag Team Champions attempt to stage a comeback. With the fans shouting their encouragement for Jones, he grabs hold of the ropes, dragging himself up to a knee, turning back towards the ring...]

GM: Jones is starting to stir! He's starting to rise!

[A determined look on his face, Jones reaches up to grab the top rope with his other hand...

...and CATAPULTS himself over the top rope, flipping as he does...]

GM: SOMERSAULT BACKSPL-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: KNEES UP! KNEES UP!

[The crowd groans as Jones lands backfirst across Jacobs' raised knees. Jacobs grabs hold, hanging on tight as Kenny Stanton steps in, leaping up to the second rope...

...and leaps off his perch, dropping an elbow down on the chest of Jones as the referee screams at him!]

GM: Illegal doubleteam again by the Blonde Bombers!

[The AWA's Senior Official is barking at Stanton as he backs against the ropes...

...and in comes Hercules Hammonds, barreling across the ring, taking Stanton over the top and out onto the elevated ramp with a running clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAMMONDS TAKES OUT STANTON!

[The referee is shouting at Hammonds as he turns back towards the rising Brad Jacobs, battering him back with a trio of short forearms...

...and throws a powerful thrust kick into the chest, sending Jacobs sailing back into the buckles!]

GM: HAMMONDS PUTS JACOBS DOWN!!

[Hammonds rushes in, lowering his shoulder and DRIVING it into the gut of Jacobs, causing him to crumple down to a knee...

...and then turns back towards a rising Skywalker Jones, yanking him to his feet...]

GM: Wait a second!

[...and HURLS Jones upside down and into the downed Jacobs in a makeshift cannonball splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hammonds is ready to strike again as the referee steps in, forcing the big man to step out to the apron reluctantly.]

GM: Hammonds is out but he's livid! He wants to get back in there and beat the heck out of Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton!

BW: Nah, nah... he wants to get in there and even up this match at a fall apiece!

[A dazed Jones gets back to his feet, leaning against the ropes as he looks towards the corner where Hammonds is waiting...

...but Jacobs grabs a handful of trunks, holding him steady!]

GM: Look at Jones! Look at Skywalker Jones trying to make the tag!

[The crowd is roaring for Jones who is straining and struggling against the grip of Brad Jacobs, leaning and stretching his hand out as far he can towards a waiting Hercules Hammonds who is doing the same. Hammonds steps up on the second rope, looking to slap the hand but Johnny Jagger intervenes, forcing him to step back down to the apron.]

GM: No tag! You cannot make a tag unless you're standing on the apron!

BW: Good call by referee Johnny Jagger! His first good call of the match!

GM: This official is doing an excellent job in this match, making the right call right there and forcing Hammonds down. Jones can't get there, Bucky! He can't make the tag!

[Jacobs climbs to his feet, still hanging onto Jones from behind, and then clubs him with a massive forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Jacobs puts the boots to Jones, forcing him across the ring and out to the middle of the squared circle where he shouts to Kenny Stanton. Stanton nods as Jacobs strides over, slapping his hand...]

GM: The tag is made to Kenny Stanton!

[Stanton slips over to the ramp, grabbing the top rope with both hands as Jacobs muscles Jones up onto his shoulders in an electric chair lift...]

GM: Jacobs has got him up! Stanton's on the apron! This is how they won at the Cup!

[The smaller half of the challengers deadleaps into the air, springing off the top rope towards Skywalker Jones who is perched upon the shoulders of a waiting Brad Jacobs. Stanton extends the arm to deliver his half of the springboard clothesline...]

...but Jones wraps his arm around Stanton's head and upper arm, leaning back and using Stanton's own momentum to flip all the way over the top, DRIVING Stanton down into the canvas with a flipping uranage slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?! WHAT THE HECK?!?

BW: I GOTTA see a replay of that!

[A stunned Brad Jacobs turns around...]

...and gets FLATTENED by a charging shoulder tackle from Jacobs' blind side!]

GM: THE TORPEDO! THE TUPELO TORPEDO CONNECTS!

[The big tackle sends Jacobs clear, leaving Jones to throw an arm over the motionless Kenny Stanton.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... this match is tied up at one fall apiece! In one minute, we will begin the final fall of this match for the World Tag Team Titles!

[The crowd is roaring, still in shock at the crazy counter that Skywalker Jones uncorked to even the score in this Main Event battle.]

GM: After a little over twenty-five minutes of action, we're moving to the final fall, fans! One fall to a finish, one decision to determine the #1 seed in the Stampede Cup as well as the World Tag Team Champions!

BW: It's all even now, daddy! One pin, one submission... heck, even a countout or a disqualification would end this thing right now!

GM: Well, not RIGHT now since they've got sixty seconds to recover from what they just went through.

[Jones is flat on his back, breathing heavily as Stanton does the same right next to him. The referee manages to get Hammonds back out on the apron as Brad Jacobs slowly does the same, huddling up with Larry Doyle out on the floor before taking his spot.]

GM: Jacobs and Hammonds are both back out on the apron... both men needing to make that tag to try and get the final decision. Stanton and Jones are both laid out, barely able to move...

[And as we hear the bell to officially start the final fall, Jones and Stanton both roll to their stomachs, turning towards their respective corners.]

GM: Here we go! The final fall and both of these men are starting it off by trying to get the heck out of there and let their partners try and finish this thing!

[The crowd is roaring, waiting for the tag as Jones gets closer and closer...

...but Stanton grabs the ankle, preventing Jones from getting to his corner.]

GM: Stanton cuts him off!

BW: But Stanton's down! What's he going to do with him?

[Jones rolls to his back, lashing out with a series of stiff kicks to Stanton's hands and arms, trying to kick himself free as he stretches out towards a waiting Hercules Hammonds.]

GM: Jones is trying to kick free! Kicking and clawing to get away and make the tag!

[A hard heel to the wrist breaks Stanton's grip, giving Jones a moment to push up to his knees...

...and makes a lunging tag!]

GM: TAG TO HERC!

[A panicked Stanton rolls over, throwing himself at his corner and tagging in there as well just before Hammonds grabs him from behind in a cobra clutch...

...lifting him up, bringing him down on a bent knee in a backbreaker, and then HURLS him aside like a frisbee!]

GM: OHH! DELTA DESTROYER ON STANTON!

[Jacobs comes in fast, charging in on Hammonds...

...who sidesteps, wrapping Jacobs up in the same cobra clutch, dropping him down in a backbreaker before flinging him aside!]

GM: A pair of Delta Destroyers on the challengers!

[Hammonds nods to the roaring crowd, swinging his massive arms around, waiting for the Blonde Bombers to get back to their feet...

...and runs 'em both down with a double clothesline! Stanton promptly bails out to the floor, Larry Doyle leaning down next to him as Hammonds turns back towards the downed Skywalker Jones...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Hammonds yanks Jones off the mat, deadlifting him straight up into the huge military press...

...and then DROPS him chestfirst on a prone Brad Jacobs!]

GM: OHH! Hercules Hammonds is using his partner as a weapon!

BW: This ain't the first time we've seen 'im do this, Gordo!

GM: It certainly isn't and... he's gonna do it again!

BW: Where the heck is the five count, Jagger?!

[A protesting official watches in awe as Hammonds muscles Jones up again, turning to the side...

...and then throwing him down again, this time sending him down backfirst onto a stunned Jacobs!]

GM: OHHHH! Two big press slams sends Skywalker Jones onto Brad Jacobs!

[Jones rolls from the ring to the feet of Buford P. Higgins as Hammonds pounds his chest with both hands. He leans down, pulling Jacobs back up to his feet. A desperate Jacobs throws a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Jacobs is battling back and-

[Hammonds shakes his head, giving a roar as Jacobs slowly backs away, jaw dropped.]

GM: Hammonds didn't even feel it!

[Jacobs accidentally backs into the neutral corner while trying to get away from Hammonds. Hammonds throws himself forward, slamming his shoulder into the midsection of Brad Jacobs. He grabs the middle rope with both hands, driving his shoulder repeatedly into the body before straightening up, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends him across!

[With a bellow that surprises many, Hammonds barrels across the ring, lowering his shoulder for a massive running tackle!]

GM: OHHH!

[Jacobs is nearly broken in half, ending up seated on the second turnbuckle as he clutches his ribcage. Hammonds backs up, striking a big double arm flex as Jacobs staggers out to him...

...and Hammonds uses one lone hand to HURL him back into the corner before flipping forward, driving his heel into the chest of Jacobs!]

BW: KOPPO KICK BY A NEAR THREE HUNDRED POUND MONSTER!

[Hammonds climbs back to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture. He leans down, dragging Brad Jacobs off the mat, tugging him into a gutwrench...]

GM: Hammonds is looking for the Hammer!

BW: Jacobs has gotta get out of this! If he hits this, it's ov-

GM: DOYLE!

[The crowd bursts into jeers at the sight of Larry Doyle up on the apron, shouting and screaming at the official...

...and standing with one bare foot.]

GM: Wait a second! Van Alston's got the boot! He's got that loaded boot!

BW: Allegedly loaded!

GM: Whatever!

[Hammonds shoves Jacobs down to the mat, turning his attention towards Larry Doyle...

...and grabbing him by the lapels! Big cheer!]

GM: HAMMONDS HAS GOT HIM! HE'S GOT LARRY DOYLE!

[Back on his feet, Jacobs hits the ropes, rushing towards Hammonds from behind...

...but Hammonds sees him coming, lower his shoulder and flipping Jacobs over the top rope and down onto the wooden ramp!]

GM: OHHHH! BACKDROP ON THE RAMP!!

[Hammonds leans on the ropes, sucking wind as Doyle slinks away, dropping off to the floor. He races around the corner, kneeling down next to Kenny Stanton.]

GM: Jacobs went over the top and right down on the ramp... Hammonds is coming out after him!

[The big man steps out on the wooden platform, laying in a few kicks to the ribs of the on-all-fours Jacobs. Hammonds throws a glance over his shoulder before grabbing Jacobs by the legs...]

GM: What's he... CATAPULT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HOLY-

BW: YAAAKUUUUZAAAAA!

[The crowd roars as Hammonds dropped back in the catapult, sending Jacobs into a running Jones Yakuza, a kick that sends Jacobs right back down, falling onto Hammonds' raised knees.]

GM: Oh no...

[Jones runs in place for a moment, getting the crowd to their feet as he charges to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed, racing towards the ropes...

...and leaps into the air, backflipping over the ropes...]

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

[...and CRASHES down onto the prone Jacobs with a moonsault, driving his back down into Hammonds' raised knees!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE BY JONES AND HAMMONDS! The World Tag Team Champions are turning the tide in this one!

[Hammonds climbs back to his feet, throwing himself into a two-handed high five with his partner. Jones gestures to the ring, waving for Hammonds to get Jacobs back in and finish him off. The powerhouse obliges, chucking the barely-moving Jacobs over the ropes and back into the ring.]

GM: Hammonds back in...

[Hammonds pulls Jacobs up off the mat, tugging him into the gutwrench as Jones heads towards the corner.]

GM: They're going for that double stomp Hammonds Hammer! This is how they won the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash last November!

[The Tupelo native muscles him up over his shoulder as Jones steps up on the top rope...

...when Kenny Stanton leaps up on the apron out of nowhere, rushing down it and giving a big shove, sending Jones sailing through the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!!

BW: JONES HITS THE RAMP!! STANTON SHOVED HIM OFF THE TOP AND JONES HIT THE RAMP!

[Not seeing what was going on, Hammonds turns towards the sound of the crash, dropping Jacobs harmlessly off his shoulder.]

GM: Jones is down and-

[Stanton comes in fast, leaping up to catch Hammonds flush with the flying lariat, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHH! STANTON HITS THE LARIAT!

[The smaller half of the Blonde Bombers climbs to his feet, stomping the hell out of Hammonds and driving him under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Down to the floor goes Hercules Hammonds... Skywalker Jones is laid out and...

[Stanton spins around, shouting to his partner who is down on the mat, slowly climbing to his feet.]

GM: The Blonde Bombers are looking to finish this off! The challengers are looking to become the World Tag Team Champions for the second time!

[A dazed Jacobs gets back to his feet, barely able to move as he wobbles towards the corner where Stanton is starting to climb.]

GM: Wait a second... where the heck...? What are they doing, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea. Hammonds is on the floor, Jones is wiped out on the ramp... they look like they're setting up for the Rocket Launcher but...

[Stanton reaches the top rope, looking into the ring...

...and then shifts his footing, turning to face the floor.]

GM: My god, no... what in the world are they thinking, Bucky?

BW: They're looking for the Rocket Launcher TO THE FLOOR?!

GM: They're gonna try and end Hercules Hammonds' night right here in a hurry!

[Jacobs steps up to the plate, reaching up to grab his partner...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and HURLS him from his perch, sending him sailing through the air towards the downed Hammonds...]

GM: THROUGH THE AIR...

[Stanton SLAMS down onto the floor where Hammonds was a moment ago, crashing chestfirst onto the barely-padded concrete!]

GM: HE MOVED! HE MOVED! HAMMONDS MOVED!

[Jacobs looks down at the floor, eyes wide with shock. The camera cuts to Larry Doyle who looks like he's seen a ghost, slumping down to his knees as his ever-stoic bodyguard, Van Alston, standing menacingly behind him, cowboy boot in hand.]

GM: They went for the home run... scratch that, they went for the grand slam and they struck out swinging!

[Stanton is motionless on the floor as Hammonds drags himself to his feet, looking up at a still-stunned Jacobs...]

...and points a menacing finger right at him! The crowd ROARS in reaction!]

GM: Hammonds is on his feet and-

[Jacobs rushes at him, attempting to kick him right in the face but Hammonds sidesteps, causing Big Bad Brad to whiff on the kick, nearly falling into the ringpost. Hammonds grabs the ankle, yanking the legs out and JAMMING Jacobs' chin into the ring apron!]

GM: OHH!

[Hammonds quickly grabs an inverted facelock on Jacobs, winding up with his powerful right arm...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd roars as Hammonds shoves Jacobs into the apron, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. The powerhouse rolls in after him, climbing to his feet and shouting at the roaring Crockett Coliseum audience.]

GM: Hammonds has got Stanton out of the picture! This is his chance to go for the kill!

[Hammonds nods to the cheering crowd, leaning down to pull Jacobs off the mat, tugging him into the gutwrench...]

GM: Hammonds has him hooked!

[The big man hoists him up into Canadian backbreaker position...

...and then violently SWINGS him down into a faceplant!]

GM: THE HAMMONDS HAMMER! THAT'S IT!!

[Hammonds flips him to his back and is about to make the cover when Larry Doyle hops up on the apron, making one final attempt to stop his team from losing their shot at the titles.]

GM: Doyle!

[But this time, Hammonds has seen enough, grabbing Doyle by the head and yanking him over the top rope into the ring! The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Doyle being manhandled!]

GM: HAMMONDS PULLS HIM IN!!

[The Tupelo Tower yanks Doyle to his feet, shoving him back into the corner where he promptly rips Doyle's dress shirt apart, revealing some pasty white skin underneath...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHHHH!

[The open-handed slap chop leaves Doyle flopping around on the canvas, a bright red welt on his chest...]

...as Van Alston chucks the cowboy boot under the ropes into the waiting hands of Brad Jacobs!]

GM: JACOBS HAS GOT THE BOOT! JACOBS HAS THE BOOT!

[Doyle slumps back into the corner, sitting against the ropes as Hammonds turns back to the downed Jacobs. The referee kneels down, trying to get Doyle out of the ring as Hammonds goes to pull Jacobs off the mat...]

...and gets CRACKED with a loaded cowboy boot on the chin!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: HE GOT HIM, GORDO! COVER HIM, BRAD!

[Jacobs dives across the chest of Hammonds, throwing the boot back to Van Alston as the referee continues to shout at Doyle who is laid out and incapable of pointing out the pin...]

GM: Jacobs has Hammonds pinned but the referee's tied up with Doyle! Larry Doyle has the referee tied up accidentally and it may be costing his team the World Tag Team Titles!

[Jacobs angrily gets up, shouting at the official. He storms across the ring, yanking Jagger around by the shoulder and sticking a threatening finger in his face. The furious challenger kneels down next to his manager, trying to push him through the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Jacobs is trying to clear out Doyle and- OH MY GOD!

[Suddenly, Skywalker Jones comes off the ramp, getting a running start to leap over onto the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping to the top in one jump, springing off...]

...and sailing across the length of the ring before DRIVING both feet into the face of the kneeling Jacobs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YOUTUBE!! HE CALLS THAT YOUTUBE!!

BW: He went coast-to-coast, daddy!

GM: Skywalker Jones goes from one side of the ring to the other and nearly caved in Brad Jacobs' skull!

[Jones slowly gets up, grabbing Jacobs by the arm as Hammonds leaps up to the second rope, sitting on the top turnbuckle. Mr. Steal The Spotlight walks Jacobs towards him, lifting him for a belly to back and handing him off to a waiting Hammonds who stands tall on the middle rope...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a superbomb just as Jones leaps up, grabbing Jacobs from behind and riding down with him into a lungblower!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

GM: THAT'S IT!

[The AWA's Senior Official dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

GM: THEY GOT 'EM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the third fall... and STILL AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

HERCULES HAMMONDS AND SKY... WALKER... JOOOOOOOOOOOOONES!

[Hammonds slowly pushes up to his knees, breathing heavily with a huge grin on his face as Jones falls into an embrace with him.]

GM: They did it! The champions retain the titles in one of the most grueling tag team wars I've ever seen! After over thirty-five minutes of tag team warfare, the World Tag Team Champions retain the titles!

[Buford P. Higgins joins Hammonds and Jones in celebrating inside the ring as an irate Larry Doyle orders Van Alston to drag his men out of the ring.]

GM: Doyle's hot under the collar but it was fair and square and Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones retain the titles! What a match, Bucky!

BW: It was a heckuva match, Gordo... the AWA is having their own version of March Madness for the world of tag team wrestling. They kicked it off with this and in one month's time on the other side of the world, we're doing the Stampede Cup, daddy!

GM: We certainly are and with this win, Jones and Hammonds will go into that tournament as the Number One seeds which puts them in an excellent position to leave Tokyo as the Stampede Cup champ... wait a second...

[The celebration is ongoing in the ring but numerous fans have begun to notice something else going on.]

GM: Bucky... look up there at the top of the ramp... look at-

BW: Hey! It's the War Pigs!

[The crowd is buzzing at the sight of one of the teams competing in the Stampede Cup suddenly at the top of the ramp.]

BW: Aren't they supposed to be in Japan?!

GM: I was under the impression that none of the Tiger Paw Pro teams would be coming to the States before- HEY!

[The crowd suddenly ROARS!]

GM: IT'S VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!

[Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes appear on the interview platform, looking at the ring where the last team they faced on AWA television just retained the World Tag Team Titles!]

GM: We've got ourselves a showdown, fans! Violence Unlimited is here! The War Pigs are here! But why?!

BW: Gordo, The War Pigs are headin' for the ring!

[At the sight of their rival gaijin team heading for the squared circle, Morton and Haynes hop down off the platform, wading through the rabid crowd towards the ring as well.]

GM: What in the world is going to happen here?! We're out of time! Fans, on our way out, the seeds for the Stampede Cup have been decided! They're going to be on your screen in just a moment! We'll stay here as long as we-

[And just as Hammer and Sabre are about to step through the ropes, we abruptly cut to a graphic showing the Stampede Cup with the word "OFFICIAL SEEDING" listed over it. One by one, the teams involved with the tournament and their respective seed appears on the screen.]

- #1 - Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds
- #2 - The Blonde Bombers
- #3 - Violence Unlimited
- #4 - The War Pigs
- #5 - The Shadow Star Legion
- #6 - Raya Oscura and The Banshee
- #7 - Air Strike
- #8 - The Baddest Things Runnin'
- #9 - Dichotomy
- #10 - Strictly Business
- #11 - The Surfer Dudes
- #12 - Gauntlet Winner

