

# AWA Saturday Night Wrestling

April 26th, 2014  
Crockett Coliseum

[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: The AWA has RETURNED to the good ol' U-S of A... to our hometown of Dallas, Texas - the birthplace of the American Wrestling Alliance - for another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! The Crockett Coliseum - the Hot Tin Box in downtown Dallas, Texas - has been sold out for weeks for this big night of action. Welcome back from Japan, Bucky!

BW: You missed a heck of a show over there in the Tokyo Dome, Gordo, but it's damn good to be back in a place where not every dish comes with rice or noodles unless you're at the Panda Express!

GM: The Rising Sun Showdown is in the history books and what a historic night it was.

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

BW: Historic. Epic. Groundbreaking. Call it what you will. The AWA invaded Japan and we showed 'em how it's done.

GM: But for the AWA superstars, they've hopped straight out of the frying pan and into the fire because in just one month's time, the AWA is heading out on the road and we will be going Coast To Coast for the very first time. This year's edition of the annual summer tour will kick off at Memorial Day

Mayhem when the AWA hits the O'Dome in Gainesville, Florida! We're going to have more on that as the night goes on.

[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: Let's talk about the Rising Sun Showdown, Bucky... and more specifically, let's talk about the Stampede Cup tournament! The biggest event in tag team wrestling made history when Violence Unlimited, representing Tiger Paw Pro, became the first two-time winner of the Cup.

BW: Haynes and Morton ain't strangers to American wrestling fans. Everyone knows how tough they are... and everyone also knows how GOOD they are.

GM: But what no one knows is what is next for VU after winning the Cup. Will they be coming to the AWA to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles? I'm told we'll hear from the Cup winners later tonight via satellite and they'll explain what's next for them.

[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 sportcoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and stripes flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a bright red sportcoat with a white t-shirt underneath, splashed with the phrase "#ScumbagTravis."]

GM: And I see you're STILL wearing that despicable t-shirt.

BW: Available right now... in the parking lot of this building.

GM: That's not an official AWA t-shirt.

BW: It should be! You know how much money those little devils have put in my pock- err, the pockets of the person who made them?

GM: YOU!

BW: No, no, no! Would I do such a thing?

GM: Absolutely. Fans, I think we've gotten to the bottom of one mystery already here tonight and another mystery was solved the week of Rising Sun

Showdown when we learned that at Memorial Day Mayhem, Dave Bryant will challenge the World Heavyweight Champion - whoever it may be! We're going to hear from the challenger in a few moments but before we do, let's go up to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right from Tallahassee, Florida... weighing in at 254 pounds... Winston "Famous" Jamison!

[The Florida native throws up both arms, drawing some nice jeers for his garnet and gold singlet with white arrows crossed at the chest. He crosses his arms in a similar fashion before settling back into the corner.]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left... from South Central Los Angeles... weighing in at 280 pounds...

WILLLLLIEEEEEEE HAAAAAAMMMERRRRRRRRR!

[Hammer draws even more cheers than he did the last time we saw him, throwing his arms apart as he bursts forward while shoving out his chest. The cheers grow louder as he steps up to the middle rope, waving for the crowd to get louder.]

GM: Willie Hammer made his AWA debut last fall at SuperClash and has really come on strong in recent weeks here, Bucky.

BW: These idiots love a good sob story and this poor kid fresh out of the projects lookin' to make a name for himself by ducking clotheslines instead of bullets is one of the best sob stories I've heard.

GM: I think it's his enthusiasm, his athleticism, and his fearlessness in repeatedly calling out the World Heavyweight Champion that has earned him favor with these great fans here in Dallas, Texas, Bucky.

BW: We'll see if you still call it fearlessness when Supreme Wright breaks his arm like he almost did to that punk Kitzukawa in Japan.

GM: Hammer served as one of Kitzukawa's sparring partners here in the States to help prepare him for that match with Supreme Wright so you better believe that Willie Hammer is ready when and if the day comes that the World Champion laces up his boots to face him. But tonight, it's going to be Winston "Famous" Jamison doing battle with him.

[Jamison strides across the ring, trashtalking Hammer who is still up on the middle rope, facing out at the crowd...

...and then leaps off, spinning around to catch Jamison with a 280 pound crossbody off the middle rope!]

GM: Oh my! There's the bell and this one's underway!

BW: The kid moves well for someone his size, I'll give him that much.

[Hammer climbs back to his feet, swinging his head back and forth and talking down at Jamison as he climbs off the mat, dazed by the big tackle...

...and gets nailed with a leaping dropkick out of the 280 pounder that sends him sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Holy Toledo! A standing dropkick from a near three hundred pounder is very impressive indeed!

[Hammer climbs back to his feet, swaying his hips from side to side to a cheer from the crowd before stepping out on the apron.]

GM: Willie Hammer is taking the fight to the floor. He might be a bit upset that Jamison tried to attack him before the bell.

[The former Combat Corner student backs down the apron, waving a hand at Jamison, calling for him to get back to his feet...

...and then comes sprinting down the apron, leaping off in a front somersault as Jamison rises off the ringside mats, wiping him out with a tumbling tackle!]

GM: HAMMER TAKES HIM DOWN!!

BW: That's what's dangerous about this kid, Gordo. He's big, he's agile, and he's unpredictable. He throws the kinds of things at you that you just wouldn't expect out of a man his size and that makes him a tough one to strategize for.

[Pulling Jamison off the mat, Hammer shoves him under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the ring apron. He gives a whoop to the crowd who cheers him on as he turns towards the corner, ready to scale the turnbuckles.]

GM: He's heading up top!

[But a dazed Jamison wobbles towards the corner, catching him offguard with a rake of the eyes.]

GM: Oh! Jamison cuts him off!

[Grabbing a handful of afro, Jamison SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle, sending Hammer down to a knee on the apron.]

GM: Winston Jamison gets a quick attack in and he's got Willie Hammer, the young rookie, reeling from it.

[Hanging on to the top rope, Jamison yanks himself towards Hammer, swinging his knee up through the ropes and into the side of the head, sending the South Central LA youngster back down to the floor.]

GM: Jamison steps out on the apron and now the man who refers to himself as "Famous" is looking to make an impact out on the floor.

BW: Hammer made a mistake and this is Winston Jamison's time to shine.

[He measures the rising Hammer, leaping off with an overhead elbow down between the eyes, knocking him right back down.]

GM: Down goes Willie Hammer off the elbows mash!

[Jamison grabs Hammer by the arm, dragging him up...]

GM: Big whi- WHOA!

[The crowd gasps as Hammer leaps from the floor, landing on the ring apron in a single jump. A stunned Jamison staggers in, catching a back kick to the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Hammer caught him coming in and-

[He spins around, leaping forward, and SMASHES Jamison with a forearm on the jaw, wiping him out!]

GM: What a forearm smash! We've seen him use that inside the ring and now we've seen him use it OUTSIDE the ring!

[Hammer pulls Jamison up, shoving him back in again, and this time rolling under the ropes after him.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring as Hammer immediately goes back after Jamison, dragging him up... and now scooping him up, holding him across his chest...

[He brings Jamison down hard in a backbreaker but promptly lifts him back up...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and swings him out, sitting out in a vicious side slam with him!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Hammer pops back up to his feet, throwing his arms out and surging forward with his chest to another big cheer. He turns towards the downed Jamison, pointing at him. He begins running in place, puffing his cheeks in and out, building up steam and crowd support as they begin to roar in anticipation.]

GM: Hammer to the ropes, rebounds off...

[He charges back out, leaping high into the air, and dropping his near three hundred pound frame backfirst on the prone Jamison!]

GM: SHADES OF JUAN VASQUEZ!

BW: I can't believe this goof admitted to learning that move from Vasquez back in the Combat Corner. In fact, I can't believe this goof admitted to actually being from the Combat Corner. It's almost embarrassing to admit you trained under a quitter like Michaelson. We should stop running those commercials, Gordo.

GM: The Combat Corner remains the top professional wrestling training academy in the world, Bucky.

BW: You're only as good as your teacher's reputation when you first graduate... and right now, Michaelson's reputation is as good as dirt.

GM: That's not true at all and I'd be careful who you say that in front of. There are a whole lot of competitors on this roster who are very proud to be graduates of the Corner... men like Michael Aarons, Cody Mertz, and Brian James to mention a few.

[Hammer rolls back to his feet, looking out at the cheering crowd with a big grin on his face.]

GM: Willie Hammer is having a good time in there just like his mentor, Sweet Daddy Williams, does inside that squared circle. Hammer's got quite the pedigree, Bucky. The nephew of former AWA competitor, Soup Bone Samson... discovered and mentored by Sweet Daddy Williams... and trained for the ring by Todd Michaelson and Juan Vasquez.

[The youngster pulls Jamison off the mat by the wrist, using just one arm to whip him into the ropes. He leaps into the air, swinging his right arm behind him, and CRACKS Jamison across the collarbone, wiping him out.]

GM: Such an unusual delivery on that clothesline.

BW: Unusual but effective. He wiped out Jamison with it and the end may be near in this one, Gordo.

[Back on his feet, Hammer throws his arms apart, surging forward again before stepping through the ropes to the ring apron. He quickly scales the ropes, giving a shout of "HAMMER TIME!" as he reaches his perch, his arms spread apart...]

GM: He's gonna fly!

[Hammer leaps off the top, pumping his arms and legs, and CRASHES down across the chest of a stunned Jamison!]

GM: FROG SPLASH OFF THE TOP!

[He reaches back, hooking a leg as the referee drops down.]

GM: One... two... and that's all she wrote, fans!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hammer rises off the fallen Jamison, grinning as the referee raises his hand.]

GM: Willie Hammer with another impressive victory here on Saturday Night Wrestling and... wait a second, he's asking for the mic...

[A hard-breathing Hammer gets the mic, wiping his sweaty forehead with the back of his arm as he raises the mic.]

WH: Supreme... Wright.

[Big cheer as Hammer appears to be about to lay down his challenge again.]

WH: Congrats, champ... you... did it. You went to Japan... and you beat my main man... Kenta... Kitzukawa.

[Hammer nods at the jeering crowd.]

WH: Tonight... you get... that snake in the grass... Rick Marley.

[More jeers as Hammer nods even more pronounced this time.]

WH: At Memorial Day Mayhem... you get... Dave... Bryant.

[He's breathing harder as the promo goes on.]

WH: But in two weeks...

[Dramatic pause.]

WH: You... get... me.

[Hammer throws down the mic for emphasis.]

BW: WHAT?! Is that official, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea! Willie Hammer just told the world that he's going to face Supreme Wright in two weeks' time! I have no idea... I haven't heard a thing about it! We're going to need to find out if Willie Hammer just made a major announcement or... we'll try and get some answers on this but right now, let's go backstage to Jason Dane!

[A quick cut to the back brings us to the intrepid Jason Dane, microphone in hand, and a smartly-suited number one contender for the World



Heavyweight Championship, Dave Bryant. Bryant has a slightly troubled look on his face, while Dane looks ready to ask him any number of questions.]

JD: I know you aren't much for preamble, Dave, so I'm going to cut straight to the heart of the matter. At Memorial Day Mayhem, you finally get your shot at the champion, but the AWA is hot off the heels of a very successful event over in Japan. At Rising Sun Showdown, Supreme Wright successfully defended the title against Kenta Kitazawa in what was a great back-and-forth affair. You, well, you got a pretty close-up view of the finish -- how did that make you feel?

[Bryant's eyebrow raises slightly at the question.]

DB: Feel about what? Kenta losing? Wright's goons holding me up so I could watch him tap out to one of the most painful-looking submission holds I've ever seen in all my years in wrestling?

[Bryant pauses briefly.]

DB: I wasn't a big fan of having to stare into the ring while Kenta tapped, and I was even less fond of seeing Wright get his arm raised, but I'm not going to sit here and badmouth either man. Kenta put up a hellacious fight and Wright was just that much better, one step ahead. I suppose he asked Team Supreme to make sure I saw how that ended, to make sure I saw Kenta tap.

JD: Why do you think he did that?

DB: Seems like a pretty clear message. He knew who was gonna be waiting for him at Memorial Day Mayhem by then, and maybe he thought he'd intimidate me by showing off his grandfather's wrestling hold, by showing me that he could make a man like Kenta tap out.

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: Thing is, Wright, you aren't showing me anything new and you for damn sure aren't putting any fear into my heart. I know you're dangerous, you've proven that any number of times since you walked off with MY belt. I know you're a great wrestler, I know your knowledge of the sport is damned close to encyclopedic at this point. You've had some of the best teachers, from your own blood to Todd Michaelson, and you absorbed every little bit of knowledge you could from them and from anyone else willing to share it.

[Bryant's eyes narrow slightly.]

DB: Most importantly, Wright, now I know how far you'll go to keep what you've...

[Bryant coughs.]

DB: ...earned. I know how ruthless you can be, I've seen the depths you'll sink to. I suppose I should've known already -- after all, they're the same depths I sunk to more than a decade before you.

JD: That said, your match is set now -- at Memorial Day Mayhem, you will face the champion. Tonight, Supreme Wright is defending the title against Rick Marley --

[Dane stops, because Bryant is chuckling. Audibly.]

JD: Um...I take it you don't like Mr. Marley's chances?

DB: In a word? No. No, I don't, Dane. Rick Marley spit on the title, spit in the eyes of every wrestler in the locker room, and spit in the face of every fan of \_wrestling\_ in this country and every other with the stunt he pulled during the Chase. How he wound up with a shot at the title is beyond me, but I'm not worried. If Supreme Wright and I can agree on anything, it's a desire to stretch that piece of crap until he breaks, and that's all the breath I'll waste on Rick Marley except to say this -- don't screw this up, Wright. It's YOU I want in the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem.

JD: Wait. You're actively cheering for Supreme Wright to win tonight?

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Yes, and I'll say it in front of the world. You mind if I show you something, Dane, and would you mind describing it so the folks at home know what you're looking at?

JD: Um...sure.

[Bryant reaches into an inside coat pocket, producing a rectangle of paper. He hands it to Dane.]

DB: Go on, tell the people what you see.

JD: It's a picture...specifically, a picture of you standing up in the corner, holding the World Heavyweight and Television titles up.

DB: Do you know how that picture makes me feel, Dane?

JD: Anger? Sadness?

[Dane hands the picture back, and Bryant stuffs it back into his pocket, shaking his head.]

DB: No. Disappointment. Oh, don't get me wrong, I was mad as hell for awhile -- mad enough to sneak up on Wright and still mad enough two weeks later to think it would work twice. No, Dane, now when I look at that picture I just feel disappointment. Disappointment because I can't enjoy that moment, and despite what happened afterwards, it's a hell of a thing I managed to do. Dufresne's undefeated record at SuperClash? Gone. The

first and only double champion in the history of the AWA? Check. What I thought might be the pinnacle of my career, a career that I derailed for more than ten years, essentially by being a colossal jerk?

[Bryant chuckles wryly.]

DB: Washed away in the blink of an eye by a man perfectly obsessed with success, with the title. Truth be told, looking back at all the times Wright was shafted, all the close calls, I don't even know if I can be all that mad at the guy. I know what desperation can push you to do -- hell, I got my foot in the door here because of it. I got through Nenshou, Juan Vasquez, and Supreme Wright because of it. I bent Calisto Dufresne damn near in half because I was desperate to win, desperate to lay my claim to the title.

[Bryant sighs.]

DB: That picture should be the greatest moment of my life. It should be blown up, occupying some absurdly expensive frame, hanging up in my house somewhere. Instead, I carry that little square of paper in my pocket, and anytime I feel myself wavering, I look at it, Dane. I look at it and I feel the disappointment all over again because Wright stole what I would have gladly given him.

[Bryant turns to face the camera more directly.]

DB: That's what's so disappointing, Wright. It's not that I lost the title, it's how you chose to win it. You could've had your shot, any time, any place, and you take it then? Maybe desperation wasn't the only thing driving you, Wright. Maybe a healthy dose of fear made it's way into that lump of coal you call a heart. Maybe you remembered that one against one, even footing, the heel of my boot driving into your chin put you down for the three. Maybe you watched Calisto Dufresne claw at the mat, desperately trying to escape the Iron Crab, only to have to slap the mat, to have to quit, to give up. Maybe you thought that chance would be your only chance to take the title from me, so you took it.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: At Memorial Day Mayhem, Wright, I'm taking back what's mine. There won't be any easy outs for you this time, either, no pinfalls, no staring vaguely up at the lights while the bell rings and my hand is raised. No, Wright, I'm going to do to you exactly what I did to Dufresne. I'm going to make you quit, make you tap, and worst of all...

Make you give up the thing you sold your soul for...make you give up the World Heavyweight Championship.

[With that, Bryant abruptly turns and walks away, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: A bold proclamation made by the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title. He intends on making Supreme Wright give up the title

at Memorial Day Mayhem... but will Wright even make it to that dance? Or will Rick Marley play the ultimate spoiler right here tonight in Dallas, Texas? We'll find out in tonight's Main Event but right now, we've got to take a quick break. We'll be right back after these messages with action that took place on our tour of Japan that you will NOT want to miss!

[The commercial begins with some melancholy piano music, and a slow-motion pan of a group of happy, playing children on a playground.]

Voice-Over: Human beings begin life so full of hope and promise.

[Several images flash of young people in grade school, high school, a prom, graduation...]

VO: They have the potential to become anything at all.

[And then the music stops, the screen goes black, and we then see a photonegative clip of someone being loaded into an ambulance via stretcher.]

VO: Even a victim.

[The next scene is a slightly voice-distorted, silhouette figure speaking interview style. The chyron text at the bottom reads "ACTUAL VICTIM OF THE IRON CLAW".]

Figure: I was sure that I'd be a champion someday, if I could just get through the rookie years and learn by example. But then... it all ended in a tragic instant. That Iron Claw cracked my skull and I will never wrestle again.

[As darker, more ominous background music plays, this statement is interspersed with very brief clips of a wrestler being loaded up on a stretcher, but they go by too fast to see who it is. A second person then speaks, also voice-distorted and silhouette with the same chyron.]

Figure 2: My days and nights are filled with agony. I cannot eat solid food. I have migraine headaches that won't go away. The Iron Claw has destroyed my life.

[More clips of a different stretcher job play with that figure. Then we get a third figure, and though she's also distorted and silhouette, the voice is clearly female.]

Figure 3: That scumbag put me in the Iron Claw because I wouldn't touch his saggy biceps in the bar. Now I see double and have been diagnosed with brain cancer.

[The clips that accompany her are of an ambulance leaving a bar at night, rather than a wrestling ring (and a subtle clip of someone holding a sign in a crowd that reads #ScumbagTravis, because why not). The fourth voice is distorted, but probably recognizable by some.]

Figure 4: My beautiful face is ruined! Ruined! Millions of dollars of revenue lost, my lifehood... I can't read that cue card, bring it closer... NO KEEP HER AWAY FROM M...

[And then we cut that off to see Demetrius Lake seated in a chair, wearing a beige sport jacket, earth-toned dress shirt, and brown slacks with leather shoes. The dark-skinned self-proclaimed King Of Wrestling has a somber look on his face, ringed by his round afro and his mustache-conical beard combination.]

DL: There is no greater tragedy than a life cut short because of an illegal move. As the King Of Wrestling, I urge all my subjects to do what is right, and sign the petition to Ban The Iron Claw. Go to the website on your screen, right now. ban The Iron Claw. It is the right thing to do, no question about it.

[The URL for the petition site is shown on screen as he speaks. The final shot is one that follows the broken and bleeding preliminary wrestler that Lake put in the Claw for an example on the March 15 SNW, being carried away from the ring toward an ambulance. And then the commercial ends with one last voiceover.]

VO: PAID FOR BY THE ALLIANCE TO BAN THE IRON CLAW. DONATE TODAY.

[We fade back to a scene of an entirely different venue.

While it certainly is not the Tokyo Dome, this arena is pretty big in its own right. A second level can be seen, with illuminated lights for advertising in Japanese. There's no elevated ramp, except for in the very back corner, where a small lit entranceway leads down to the ring aisle, which proceeds diagonally across the arena (from our view) to a corner of the ring. The ropes are black-yellow-black, and the crowd is quietly awaiting the next match as a show is in progress. An unknown Japanese ring announcer is in the ring, speaking in the background.

When the commentary begins, the voices are different than what we've experienced so far.]

JD: Hello, AWA fans. Jason Dane here at ringside in Osaka, Japan, and alongside me is former World Champion Colt Patterson.

CP: We weren't going to spend the money to bring our people to Japan for only one show.

JD: No, indeed, the AWA has sent many of the competitors who made the trip to Japan out on a mini-tour. And the match we're about to see, Colt, is somewhat surprising.

CP: I know that I'm shocked. Gibson Hayes actually accepted Nenshou's challenge, but went one better and said he'd face him here in his own country. That's gutsy.

JD: Hence the surprise.

CP: Yeah, Gibson Hayes isn't known for attacking his opponents at their strong point. Some call it cowardly, some call it intelligent. I call it intelligent cowardice.

JD: I'm not even convinced that he's really here but we'll soon find out. Anyway, to quickly sum up what has happened between these two men, Gibson Hayes interrupted a rare Nenshou interview that he was giving in English in order to mock and insult him, probably in an attempt for a quick attention grab. Nenshou challenged him to a match, buying out his opponent for the night just to clear his proverbial dance card, and Gibson no-showed him. Since then, he's mocked the Asian Assassin at a distance, but it seems like he's going to face him tonight.

[The snare drum and electronic beats of Tacoma's own Eliot Lipp, and his little diddy known as "Rap Tight", comes over the public address system. No one appears, though. Some folks in the audience murmur, and the camera catches one fan with a Blue Diamond mask. The song dies down, but yet again neither hide, nor beautiful world beating and #1 afro in wrestling history, is seen.

The ring announcer gives us the introduction in his native language, culminating in:]

RA: GIIIIIBSOOOOON-ah HAAAAYYYYYEEEEESSSS-uh!

JD: Of course. He's no-showing again.

CP: Or maybe he just wanted to come out second.

[The opening peal of thunder to "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis is next, and the fans applaud loudly for the black-cloaked man that strides through the entranceway. Wearing a robe adorned with red-and-gold patterns and designs, and sporting a cloth mask which matches it (exposing only the eyes), Nenshou marches towards the ring. He's looking around, trying to spot his opponent.]

CP: And here comes Jason Dane's new best friend.

JD: Hardly. I admit that he's been a useful source of information on the Wise Men, even though he really didn't know of his own involvement with that group while he was with Percy Childes.

CP: He's still with Percy Childes! Percy's still his manager. It's a separation, not a divorce. Which makes you, what, the mistress?

JD: That's a horrible analogy and you should be ashamed of yourself for thinking of it.

[Nenshou walks up the steps, and steps through the ropes. Hayes slinks out of the ring on the other side to cut off any pre-emptive ambush, as Nenshou removes the cloak to reveal that he's wearing his baggy black pants and red boots this evening. The music dies down as the ring announcer begins this introduction, ending with:]

RA: NEEEEENNNNNNNSSSHHHHHHHOOOOOOOUUUU!

[In response, Nenshou whips off the cloth mask, revealing red facepaint with gold kanji adorning the cheeks and brow. His brushcut hair still has the same kanji shaved into it: "free man". He looks to the referee, demanding to know where his opponent is; after all, he was backstage during Hayes's entrance and has no way to know that nobody came out.

And then, he falls on his face as a pair of hands grabs him by the leg and yanks, pulling him down and outside the ring. Of course, it's Hayes. As Nenshou's upper body slides out of the ring, Gibby uncorks a big circular motion side kick to the back of his head, wedging his chest and neck into the ring apron!]

CP: Told you he wanted to come out second!

JD: THAT WAS LOW! Nenshou expected another no-show, and Hayes completely took advantage of that! Gibson Hayes scooping up Nenshou... OH NO!

[Gibson goes for the atomic drop, but instead of his knee, he uses the steel ringside railing to deliver the blow. Obviously, that will stun just about anyone, and Nenshou crumples into a heap on the floor. The crowd is uncharacteristically (for Japan) angry and agitated.]

CP: So much for the battle meditation. I bet he'll have a hard time centering after that. Or relieving himself. Or sitting.

JD: This is a vile ambush! Hayes grabbing the arm... Irish-whip! Right to the ring post! Nenshou smashing into the post!

CP: I think we can call this a "reverse Pearl Harbor job", right?

JD: That's not funny! The crowd is irate, and Hayes with a blatant, bald faced haymaker to the groin! He wound up and punched him as hard as he could, and that's a disqualification anywhere in the world!

CP: If, you know, the bell had ever rung to start the match at any point.

JD: And now Hayes is leaving! This is insane! He flew all the way to Japan for this?!

[As he walks back, Gibson bows to the right, then to the left, and finally to the center. He keeps his head down for a few moments, then and raises both fists to the sky... with his middle fingers fully extended.]

CP: No... THAT is why he flew all the way to Japan. Hayes knows how the Japanese respect the sport of wrestling. He did all of this as a giant middle finger not just to Nenshou, but the entire nation. Now that's ambition!

JD: That's disgusting! Crowd reactions like this... Colt, in the US, we see it a lot, but here?! People stop coming to matches if things like this happen!

CP: Well, I'm sure the front office of the AWA will have a lot to say about it. Gibson might have cost them some money. Big money. And now that I think about it, that middle finger's probably just as much for them as for anyone else.

JD: I guess when they say that he has literally no friends in the AWA, and nobody likes him, they were not kidding. I was kind of excited before, I mean, his pedigree and accomplishments can't be ignored no matter how hard you try... but he's just acting stupid, from a business standpoint!

CP: Yeah, the more I think about it, Jason, the more I wonder if this guy really even cares what he does to our company? All he's doing is racking up fines, costing the company money... unless... hmmm... they do say there's no such thing as bad publicity.

JD: Nenshou is up, and going after Hayes! But... he'll never catch him, hobbling like that. Gibson Hayes made sure he wasn't going to be pursued. This is chaos... obviously, there was and will be no match. Let's go back stateside on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[We crossfade back to live action where a disapproving Gordon Myers is shaking his head back and forth at ringside as Bucky chuckles.]

GM: You approve of that?

BW: "Approve" is a strong word but it amused me, I'll give him that.

GM: This man, Gibson Hayes, is a disgusting human being. How the promoters in Phoenix allowed him to become the representative - the face of their company - is beyond me! No wonder they went out of business!

BW: Ouch. That's a harsh one for you.

GM: I don't care. I'm sick and tired of Gibson Hayes being allowed to come and go as he pleases and I'm not the only one. I've just been informed by the AWA Championship Committee that at Memorial Day Mayhem we will see Nenshou take on Gibson Hayes... and if Hayes does not show up to compete, he will be suspended for thirty days! If Hayes shows up and gets himself intentionally counted out or disqualified, he will be suspended for thirty days! Nenshou is going to get his hands on that individual one way or another in about one month's time.

BW: The Championship Committee made that call?! Can they even do that?!



GM: I think the words of Percy Chiles may have riled up the Committee, Bucky. They seem to be sending him - and the Wise Men - a message with this ruling. They are NOT powerless. They are NOT weak. And they will do whatever is necessary to prove it. Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, and already in the ring. From Apple Springs, Texas, weighting in tonight at two hundred and fifty pounds. Here is...

RICK SCOOOOOTTTTTT!!!!

[Boos from the fans, as the compactly built Scott thrusts his hands in the air. He leans over the top rope, pointing at a pair of fans in the front row, saying something inaudible to them.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening chords of "The House That Heaven Built" by Japandroids blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, and hailing from Portland, Oregon. Here is...

BRIAN JAMES!

[As the crowd cheers loudly, out comes Brian James. James is practically sprinting down to the ring, pausing to alternately throw shadow punches in the air and bend down and slap the outstretched hands of the cheering fans. James is tall, with a lean, lanky build. His dirty blond hair is pulled back into a loose ponytail that bounces as he races to the ring.

To the ring, James wears a black t-shirt with the words "Claw Academy" written in gold across the chest, with a stylized orange and black tiger emblazoned on the back. Instead of normal wrestling trunks, he wears Muay Thai style boxing shorts, black on the left side, and white on the right, the Claw Academy logo embroidered on the back. Over each hand he has the same half black/half white five ounce MMA style gloves, with white tape underneath extending to mid forearm. Both elbows and knees are covered in black pads. His boots are standard black wrestling boots with white laces, the letters "BJ" done in gold on the outside of each.

Once at the ring, James wipes his boots several times on the ring apron, before passing between the first and second rope, stepping towards the center of the ring. He peels off his t-shirt and throws a few more punches, waiting eagerly for the bell to ring.]

BW: I can't believe that this goof is the son of Casey James! That thud you just heard is the sound of The Blackheart dropping dead, just so he can roll over in his grave!

GM: Say whatever you want about Brian James, but you can't deny the impact this young man had during the Stampede Cup!

BW: Impact!? Listen, this kid took advantage of a loophole in the rules and he managed to squeak out a win over the Blonde Bombers, but only after a horrific and freak accident. And then, when he and that other goofball came up against some real competition, what happened Gordo?

GM: It is true, Michael Aarons and Brian James came up just short of a victory against Violence Unlimited.

BW: But speaking of impact, I did get a special joy out of seeing how many times the fists of Morton and Haynes impacted against those stupid, overly pretty faces of Aarons and James!

[Brian James lifts his leg, letting Marty Meekly check his boot. And as he does so, Rick Scott comes charging forward, throwing a hard fist over Meekly, which connects solidly with Brian James' jaw, sending the youngster reeling back.]

BW: See? That's just what I'm talkin' about! You think Casey James or Tiger Claw would ever get sucker punched like that? I think I just heard Claw keeling over too!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop?

[Scott wastes no time in taking the fight to James, pummeling him backwards into the corner, leaving Meekly no choice but to call for the bell.]

GM: Even though Mr. James and Mr. Aarons came up short, don't discount what they managed to accomplish on no notice at all. That was no cakewalk for Haynes and Morton. Yes, Violence Unlimited are without a doubt the Stampede Cup winners, and arguably the best tag team in professional wrestling. But if you catch either man in an honest moment, they'll admit that they did not easily come by that win.

BW: Whatever. Here's what I know. It's all well and good to make a splashy debut, but one good night does not a career make. Brian James has got a hell of a lot to live up to, and he's proven nothing to me. You become great by showing up week in and week out and winning. Brian James needs to have a whole lotta great nights if he wants to make me take notice of him.

GM: I don't like how you put it, but I will agree with you that Brian James still has a long road ahead of him.

[Scott sends James into the ropes and ducks his head. Recovering from the early barrage, Brian has the presence of mind to leap over Scott.]

GM: Leapfrog! And say what you will, every time I see the six foot six Brian James leap into the air, I am impressed!

BW: You would be.

[Scott lifts his head, only to see a boot coming towards him at high velocity.]

GM: SAVATE KICK!!

BW: I'll give you this. That kid has got some educated feet! Oh, and by the way, the Stampede Cup crowns THE best tag team in the business... not arguably.

GM: I understand that but when you've got the World Tag Team Champions and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Tag Champions out there-

BW: Both of who LOST in the tournament.

GM: Plus, if Air Strike was at full strength for the Finals-

BW: Which they weren't.

GM: I'm just saying there are several teams who might take issue with Violence Unlimited's claim to be the best in the world.

[James brings Scott off the mat, and pulls him forward into a clinch. To the crowd's roaring approval, James delivers a series of swift and brutal knee strikes, over and over, his hard knee smashing into Scott's nose and upper chest.]

GM: Knee Fury! One of the many patented attacks learned from former World Champion, Hall of Famer, and one of Brian James' trainers, the legendary Tiger Claw.

[Scott collapses to the mat, and slowly rolls over onto his back. With the camera zooming in on his face, we can see that Scott's nose is obviously broken, blood pouring down both nostrils.]

GM: What a devastating barrage that is!

BW: He should be going for the cover! What a rookie mistake.

GM: I don't see how Brian James is making a mistake. Maybe he should have gone for the pin, but we all know that Brian James is a little bit...

BW: Hyper!

GM: I was going to say enthusiastic, but "hyper" is also apt.

[James brings Scott up, and sends him hard into the corner, following in with a series of hard punches, throwing jabs, crosses, and hooks. After huffing out a breath, James draws back, and comes in with one final strike.]

GM: Elbow Uppercut! And that sends Scott over the turnbuckle and down hard on the floor.

[James, ever eager, rushes forward, only to be stopped by Meekly.]

GM: Meekly laying in the count.

[A dazed and wobbly Scott gets to his feet, and slowly begins to get to the apron. The moment his hand is on the bottom rope, James rushes forward, reaching over the top rope to pull him in, only to be stopped again by Meekly. This happens several times.]

BW: Which keeps getting broken up every time James tries to go outside! What'd I tell ya Gordo, no brain in this kid. He's not doing anything but giving Scott a longer breather!

GM: I have to admit, you're right about this. Brian James' youthful exuberance is getting the better of him here.

[Finally, Scott manages to make it into the ring. Brian James goes to lock up, only to be met with a thumb to the eye. With James reeling, Scott grabs him by the hair, and drags him to the corner, smashing his head over and over into the turnbuckle.]

GM: Oooo... that's going to leave Brian James off balance! And so much of James' offense requires a clear head and precision in judgment.

[As James staggers forward, Scott comes from behind, locking his arms around James' waist. Shaking his head and clearing it, James responds with a hard elbow that connects with Scott's already broken nose, sending him backwards. As Scott reels, James turns rushes towards the rope and bounces off them. With an incredible display of agility, all the more remarkable for his size, James leaps up, planting his foot on Scott's thigh, and throws his free foot forward.]

GM: STEP UP ENZUIGIRI!!! OH MY STARS!!!!

BW: Okay, I am impressed.

[Scott is sent into the ropes, caught by James.]

GM: Spinebuster! And you know where that comes from!

BW: From his late daddy!

GM: Bucky! Casey James is not dead!

BW: Oh yeah? Seen him lately?

[As Gordon responds with irritated silence, James catches Scott in a bearhug, and walks him across the ring, only to seat Scott up on the top rope. A moment later, James ascends. All the way to the top rope. To the fans' delight, he lifts Scott up high, and holds him in the air.]

GM: Look at that! Scott's feet are nearly touching the rafters!

[James' knees bend slightly, and he leaps backwards.]

GM: SUPERPLEX!!!!!!

[The move momentarily stuns James, but as he catches his breath, he floats over Scott, hooking the leg, as Meekly falls into position.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! Its over!

BW: Well, goofy as he is, Brian James got the win. Probably in memory of his dead daddy!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop?

PW: The winner of the match...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAMMMMESSSSSSSSS!!!!

GM: Fans, Mark Stegglet is ringside with Brian James. Let's hear comments from the victor.

[The camera cuts to ringside where a shirtless Brian James, covered by a thin sheen of sweat, stands with Mark Stegglet, who is holding a microphone.]

MS: An impressive victory for you, Mr. James. And this on the heels of an amazing night for you in Japan.

[Brian is all smiles. But before he says anything, he shoots his hand forward, his smiling growing wider. Taken aback by James' enthusiasm, Stegglet nevertheless puts his hand forward. James grabs it and pumps it furiously, only Stegglet somewhat forcefully pulls it away. ]

BJ: First off...

YEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

[After howling out the word, Brian's grin only grows more dazzling]

BJ: I am soooooooooo happy to be here in Dallas, Texas, in the Crockett Coliseum, in front of the AWA fans!

[Cheers from the crowd.]

BJ: You guys have no idea what this means to me. To be here. To be standing among so many great stars. Men like Juan Vasquez, Hannibal Carver, Ryan Martinez, Eric Preston, Travis Lynch, the list goes on and on.

MS: Speaking of...

BJ: No, wait, wait!

I can't forget my friends, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz. Those guys are great!

MS: I was just about to mention Air Strike.

[Brian seems not to notice the annoyance in Stegglet's voice.]

BJ: I do need to say something to both of them. Mike, Cody? I'm sorry. I wanted, so, so badly to get that Cup. Not for me, but because you two guys deserved it. I'm sorry we couldn't go all the way. But you better believe that I had an awesome time teaming up with Mike! And know what's going to be even more awesome?

Watching my buddies take out those... jerks in Strictly Business.

I've talked to Cody and he and Mike are all fired up and ready to go. What you two did to Cody? That's not the end. And Cody, Mike? I just want you to know that if you ever need me again, just yell. And I'll come running.

MS: I am certain that both members of Air Strike are happy to know that. Now that you're here in the AWA, what are your goals, Mr. James?

[James is all toothy smile.]

BJ: To come out here every two weeks and give my all for these fans! I don't want to do anything but prove to the whole world that I have what it takes. All I've ever wanted to be is a wrestler, and now, here I am in the world's greatest wrestling promotion!

But there is something I have to say. And its serious.

[Brian's expression sobers. Slightly.]

BJ: Everyone knows that Mr. Tiger Claw trained me. But there was another man who also helped shape me. A great man who is responsible for something like half of the great wrestlers you see in the AWA.

I'm talking about Todd Michaelson.

[The more he talks about his former mentor, the more serious Brian gets.]

BJ: It wasn't that long ago that a student of Mr. Michaelson's, Supreme Wright, the World Heavyweight Champion, came out here and ripped the guts out of Mr. Michaelson. And just after that, well, Mr. Michaelson left.

You ask me what my goal is?

I want to prove to my teacher, my mentor... my hero, that he didn't just train dirtbags and jerks. I want him to see that he helped shape good men. Men like Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz. I want Mr. Michaelson to see me in

the ring, and I want him to feel proud. I want him to know that we're not all garbage.

I want him to come back to the Combat Corner, where he belongs.

So Mr. Michaelson, wherever you are, I hope you're watching, and I hope you're proud. Of Air Strike. Of me. Of this great place that you helped build.

[Slowly at first, and then much more rapidly, James' smile returns. He reaches out for one more handshake to Mark, and then he steps off, heading to the back.]

MS: The... very enthusiastic Brian James with an impressive victory here in his Saturday Night Wrestling debut! Fans, let's go to Jason Dane who is standing by with a special guest!

[We fade to the interview stage, where Jason Dane stands by with Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, Dichotomy.

Ginn, the six-seven Dichotomy member is wearing a heather-grey polo shirt with a black six-pointed snowflake-like design inside a hexagon inside a circle (it is the Imperial insignia from Star Wars), black trunks with white triangles running up each side, featuring the three-circle biohazard symbol inside the triangle in black. His boots, kneepads, and elbowpads match this color scheme and also feature the biohazard symbol. He has a reddish-brown Caesar-style hair cut, mustache, and thin goatee.

Hoefner is wearing a red T-Shirt with a yellow "ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE" sign on the front (featuring zombified bear), and ring attire that matches Ginn but for the white elements being red instead. He has very short black hair with a slightly receding hairline, and very light brown skin.

Jason Dane is here for the interview.]

JD: At the Stampede Cup, Dichotomy, you made it to the tag team champions, but fell just short in a thrilling matchup. How do you feel about your performance?

MH: I'm sure you want to rub in the fact that we lost, but we see it a little bit differently.

MG: Considering the extremely narrow margin by which the champions retained, one must consider that, had we not already wrestled one of the top tag teams in the sport, the outcome would certainly have been different.

JD: Can you really definitively say that? You two were going on about a weak link, but they didn't seem moved by it.

MG: That was a simple psychological experiment. It did not adversely affect their performance, no. But it was worth the attempt, and now we have

greater insight on how the World Champions operate. Further experimentation is required.

MH: In other words, Dane, if you don't think we would have won if we had a fair, even start with Jones and Hammonds, then there's one easy way to find out. We needed that million dollars, and it ended up with two braindead slob who got everywhere in life by virtue of being born big, strong, and dumb.

MG: Evolutionary throwbacks, assuredly. Nonetheless, time marches on. We will need to make our money another way, and that means acquiring the World Tag Team Championships.

JD: Which are just a paycheck to you.

MG: Spare us your meaningless sentimentality. The undeniable fact is that championships are only desirable because of the increased financial rewards; or at least, they should be. Anyone who is in this blighted sport for any reason other than money is in this sport for the wrong reason. Only a fool sees meaning where there is none. To risk your health for a man-made abstraction like honor, glory, or pride is the epitome of delusion.

MH: And speaking of delusional people chasing things that aren't real... have you seen Eric Preston around today?

JD: The word is that he's looking for you! On the last Saturday Night Wrestling, Eric Preston came to the aid of Alex Worthey and JP Driver after your pointless ambush, and teamed with Worthey against you.

MH: And lost. And now he's spread word that he wants to take one of us on solo. How pathetic can you get?

MG: Revenge? Justice? Redemption? More abstracts. They do not exist.

JD: Says the guy who was just crying about what was 'fair' at the Stampede Cup.

MG: Hm, a fair point, but hardly applicable. We intend to correct that 'injustice', if you insist. And we will certainly allow Eric Preston the opportunity to chase his windmills. He will run around for the rest of his life, pursuing something that is not real. Preston, you will never find redemption. Never. There is no such thing in the first place. The imaginings of your mind, which you ignorantly label a 'conscience', will never be appeased no matter how many symbolic victories you achieve.

MH: So us putting you down is really a mercy-killing. Maybe if we beat some sense into you, you'll stop pretending that you have something to prove and get back to the real world. Tangible goals. Actual rewards. Money and power are real. Redemption? Show me a redemption, Dane.



MG: Indeed. have you ever seen one? What color is it? What is the chemical composition? Is it something you eat? Does it live and breathe, can you place it on a mantle, and what does it sell for in the open market?

JD: That's disgusting.

MH: That's LIFE. Eric Preston's 'demons' are just another boogeyman imagined by a child when they look at the shadows in the middle of the night. And it is time for his reality check.

JD: So which of you will face him?

MG: We certainly would never reveal such a thing in advance. That would be poor strategy. Strategy, unlike redemption, is something that exists. And you will see that reality always triumphs over ideology.

[Dichotomy heads out, leaving Dane shaking his head.]

JD: If that is the mindset that society is heading towards, I want no part of it. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We fade back to ringside where our announcers are seated.]

GM: Fortunately, Jason, that is not the case at all. Dichotomy is quite alone in their bizarre beliefs.

BW: Well, while I don't agree with some of what they said, I do agree on one part of it. What IS redemption, really? I mean, what's Preston trying to prove, and to who?

GM: Peace of mind, Bucky Wilde. Redemption is about making amends with the evils of one's past.

BW: You know what peace of mind is, Gordo? It's a fistful of cash and knowing you don't have to worry about where your next meal is coming from ever again. It's financial security. That is peace of mind, and Eric Preston walked away from it. These stupid ideas he's got don't pay the bills, and Dichotomy is spot-on about that. It's for Preston's own good that they beat him tonight.

GM: Bucky, I know you do have a conscience, and I hope you make amends with it some day. Let's go back to the ring for more action.

[We return to Phil Watson standing by in the ring alongside the bulky brawler, Angelo Cordero, with his bushy 80s-ish mustache and shoulder-length mullet. His ring attire consists of a Dominican Republic themed singlet with black boots.]

PW: This next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. In the ring, hailing from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic and weighing in at 275 pounds, he is... Angelo Cordero!

[The crowd jeers as Cordero slaps his chest with his right hand and raises his arm in the air.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. With a couple of weeks having passed, Callum Mahoney is looking none the worse for wear after the shootfight at Rising Sun Showdown. Judging by the smile on his face, he does not seem too bothered by the loss.]

Mahoney has gone back to his regular wrestling gear consisting of a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

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

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

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

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]

DING! DING!

GM: The bell sounds and here we go! Angelo Cordero taking on the Armbar Assassin... Both men circling each other... They lock up! And Cordero forcing Mahoney into the corner...

[The pudgy Cordero easily uses his weight to push Mahoney back into the buckles...

...but a quick thumb to the eye turns things around, allowing Mahoney to yank the mullet and pull Cordero down to the mat to some cheers.]

BW: Oh, come on! Hair pulling and a thumb to the eye? That's two counts of cheating! The referee should disqualify Mahoney already.

GM: Referee Marty Meekly is taking Mahoney to task for his actions.

BW: This bum can't even fight like a real man any more after he got his butt handed to him by the Russian War Machine.

[Distracted by the referee, Mahoney walks right into a right hand which knocks him down onto his butt. He scrambles to his feet, almost embarrassedly, just as Cordero comes at him with a wild left.]

GM: Mahoney caught it! He's got Cordero in an arm wringer... Takes him down!

BW: With another handful of hair! More cheating from this no-good bum as he rubs the sole of his boot into the face of Angelo Cordero.

[Mahoney rakes his boot back and forth on the forehead, drawing further admonishment from the official.]

GM: The referee doesn't like these underhanded tactics being used by Callum Mahoney who seems to have quite a chip on his shoulder in there this week after that disappointing loss to Kolya Sudakov back at Rising Sun Showdown. But the same tactics seem to have lit a fire under Cordero as he gets back to his feet... quick reversal on the arm wringer...

[The big man throws another right hand, knocking Mahoney back down onto his rear end. Cordero gives a shout in Spanish, seemingly ordering Mahoney to get back up and fight.]

BW: These guys in the back saw what Sudakov did to the so-called Armbar Assassin, Gordo, and they know they don't have to just back down from a fight against this bum! It's his turn to back away from that, which is exactly what he is doing in the corner.

[Indeed, Mahoney is seated in the corner, holding his hands out in front of him. Cordero again motions for him to get up, which he does, slowly, and the two men again circle each other.]

GM: Back to the action now... quick go-behind by Mahoney into the rear waistlock...

[The Irishman hangs on for a few moments before transitioning into a side headlock. Cordero struggles against the hold, trying to find a way out of it. He wraps his arms around the waist, throwing Mahoney off...

...but Mahoney keeps a grip on the wrist, twisting it around back into another armwringer!]

GM: Mahoney goes right back to the arm... but Cordero reverses it again!

[The Dominican Republic journeyman uses the arm to pull Mahoney into a side headlock of his own. He gives a shout of, "OHH YEAH!" to a jeering crowd.]

GM: Cordero secures the side headlock as it's Mahoney's turn to try and find an exit to this... throws him off!

[The 275 pounder runs right over Mahoney on the rebound, dropping him with a shoulder tackle. He gives another "OHHH YEAH!" before turning to run to the ropes. Mahoney scrambles to his feet as Cordero comes at him, throwing up his hand...]

BW: Cheap shot! I swear that was another thumb to the eye, Gordo!

GM: It might well be, Bucky. Mahoney is telling Meekly it was an open palm thrust, but I'm not so sure, folks.

[Angelo Cordero, trying to shake off the effect of the possible thumb to the eye, turns around and walks right into a forearm shot to the face.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was by the fighting Irishman!

[Grabbing the mullet again, Mahoney CREAMS him with a vicious European uppercut that sends Cordero falling back into the corner. The Irishman is right in after him, teeing off with a series of left hands as the referee counts him down, trying to get him to back off.]

GM: Mahoney breaks off the attack at four, stepping out...

[He grabs the arm, attempting an Irish whip on the much-larger man that Cordero easily reverses, rocketing Mahoney into the far buckles where he smashes hard, stumbling out into a backdrop!]

GM: Wow! Cordero sent him up into the lights with that one... and you're right, Bucky. There's certainly a confidence in Cordero that we're not used to seeing from Mahoney's opponents.

BW: Sudakov did it in Japan and now Angelo Cordero is doing it here in Texas, Gordo - showing the world what Mahoney really is: a bum!

[As Mahoney gets up off the mat, Cordero snares a front facelock, flipping Mahoney over and dropping him with a neckbreaker.]

GM: Nice neckbreaker by Cordero... but I wouldn't go that far, Bucky, in calling Mahoney a bum. You know as well as I do that Mahoney accepted an ill-advised challenge when he took on Sudakov in that Shoot Fight. Kolya Sudakov, in addition to his AWA National Championship, is also a former World Champion in the world of Mixed Martial Arts. That match - that fight - was in HIS element and he knew it.

BW: Sounds like an excuse to me.

GM: Does it? Then explain Mahoney getting that armbar submission on Sudakov back at SuperClash in a PRO WRESTLING match.

BW: Luck? A fluke?

GM: Time may tell the answer to that one as I'm told that Callum Mahoney has already spoken to AWA officials about getting a rubber match with the Russian War Machine.

[Pulling Mahoney off the mat, Cordero hooks him for a vertical suplex attempt.]

GM: Looking for the suplex here... but Mahoney blocks it!

[Mahoney tries to reverse it into a double underhook but can't get his arms quite in position on Cordero's massive torso.]

GM: Cordero reverses it back, looking for the suplex again... ohh! European uppercut by Mahoney! And another!

[With Cordero staggered from the uppercuts, Mahoney grabs the arm, stretching it out, and drops him with a single arm DDT!]

BW: Pogue Mahone! You know what that means, don't you?

GM: It means victory for the Irishman?

BW: You think this bum knows how to end a match with anything other than the armbar?

GM: Indeed, Mahoney has the armbar locked on...

DING! DING! DING!

GM: And Cordero taps.

BW: Whoop-de-doo, big surprise there.

[Callum Mahoney gets to his feet. Referee Marty Meekly goes to raise his arm, but Mahoney pulls it away. Instead, he holds his arm up on his own, to cheers, with a smattering of boos, from the crowd.]

GM: Folks, we've got to take a break, but when we come back, we'll try to get some words from the Armbar Assassin.

[Fade to black...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about \_me\_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here. Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

...and then back up to the raised interview platform, where Mark Stegglet is standing by. He is soon joined by Callum Mahoney, still on a high from his victory.]

MS: Callum Mahoney, congratulations on your victory here tonight, but, if I might just take you back to Rising Sun Showdown and your Shoot Fight against Kolya Sudakov; let's just say you were a little out of your element in that match.

CM: A little out of my element would be a gross understatement, Mark; I had my butt handed to me by Kolya Sudakov. I guess he didn't take too kindly to my making him tap out at SuperClash.

[Looking directly into the camera.]

CM: I guess, Kolya, Rising Sun Showdown makes it square between us, right?

[He turns to Stegglet.]

CM: I guess, Mark, Kolya and I are even now, right?

MS: I'm not sure if you can consider SuperClash an actual vic-

CM: [Interrupting.] Thing is, Mark, I don't want to be even with Sudakov! I don't want to be even with a man who hardly ever shows up anymore! I don't want to be even with a man who would rather be somewhere else! I don't want to be even with the man who USED TO BE the National Champion! Not when I aim to be a future AWA Television Champion! Not when I want to be THE future AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

I NEED to be BETTER than Kolya Sudakov and, in order to prove it, I NEED ONE! MORE! MATCH!

[A big cheer goes up from the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

CM: That's right, Kolya; if you're watching, I am challenging you to a match... A proper match; not the farce that took place in Japan... What sort of match ends just because one competitor landed a kick to the head of the other? No, Kolya, we settle this in an AWA ring...

We settle this at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The fans cheer the possibility.]

CM: Then, and only then, do we [mockingly] see who best in world is.

[Mahoney storms off, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: The challenge has been issued! Callum Mahoney wants Kolya Sudakov in the ring... one more time! Will it happen? We'll try to get more information on this as the night goes on but right now, let's go back to Jason Dane!

[Cut to backstage, where we find Jason Dane by a stern-faced Tony Sunn. Sunn is wearing a black, silver and white vertically striped singlet with matching wristbands, black boots and his dirty blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail. His arms crossed against his massive chest, the young powerhouse gives Dane a respectful nod.

JD: Tony, later tonight you'll be facing "Big Uneasy" Ricky Lane for the second time. What is going through your head right now?

TS: Lane isn't a man you can overlook at any time, Jason. I've beaten him once, humiliated him twice...

[A faint smile at that, but it fades quick]

TS: ...but him and his loudmouth Tremblay are like mold! They're rotten to core and they're looking to turn the AWA into their own personal war zone with that "Crusade" trash!

[Sunn glares, then shakes his head vigorously.]

TS: Not on my watch. Like I said before, Ricky Lane is nothing but a BULLY! What he did to Denny Watters was disrespectful! No...no more. I'm not gonna let him and Tremblay disrespect this sport and the fans one more minute! You wanted war, Lane? Then be careful what you ask for -- because I REFUSE to surrender!

[Jason Dane steps in to wrap it up.]

JD: Alright, fans... Tony Sunn is ready for war later tonight against Ricky Lane but right now, let's go back to Japan for action taped while the AWA was on tour!



[We cut to some video of a Japanese auditorium, set up for action. The logos of both the AWA and Tiger Pro are visible on various banners, and the focus is on the ring as we enter.]

JD: Hello, fans. This is Jason Dane, reporting from Kyoto, Japan. The AWA's tour, in conjunction with Rising Sun Showdown, is underway. I am joined here by former World Champion Colt Patterson, and we're calling this match as a Saturday Night Wrestling exclusive!

CP: Or the video release. Whichever place they decide to put it. Also? You forgot 'legendary'. 'Legendary' former World Champion, Colt Patterson.

JD: Still a narcissist, Colt? Anyway, this exclusive will pit Tiger Pro's young gaijin talent GALAXY against AWA's own Mr. Sadisuto. An American who wrestles in Japan against a Japanese who wrestles in America. Quite a contrast.

CP: How do we even know GALAXY's American? He wears a mask! He uses that crazy hybrid Japanese-Mexican style.

JD: He's from just north of San Diego; I spoke with him in the locker room tonight, and he is very excited about the possibility of appearing on American television.

[The opening strains of "Sakura Sakura", the traditional folk melody on the unaccompanied Japanese koto, play over the PA as the fans boo.]

CP: What is this? These ingrates should be giving Sadisuto a hero's welcome!

JD: Mr. Sadisuto has been over here doing promotional work for Rising Sun Showdown, Colt. And his interactions with some of Japan's top stars has reinforced what the Japanese people already know about Sadisuto: he's unscrupulous and evil. The short version of Sadisuto's exploits on his tour is this: gotten a lot of criticism for basically making himself an offensive caricature of Japanese stereotypes while wrestling in America, and his response was that it was the most accurate portrayal of the Japanese people possible. So he is a very unpopular man here, and many top Tiger Pro stars will be getting a crack at him during this tour.

[From the back, the short, pudgy, unassuming form of Mr. Sadisuto enters the ring area. He smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully. Then he marches to the ring, idly stretching his arms and taking a few warm-up swipes into the air at an almost leisurely pace. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans. He then enters the ring and offers a bow to his opponent as well as the referee.]

CP: That's crazy! Sadisuto does represent the best of Japan. He's ruthless. He's a winner. And he even carries his country's name and flag on his trunks.

JD: While dishonoring nearly everything the nation stands for.

[A rollicking guitar-driven instrumental theme begins to play, and a man dressed in a dark bluish-purple outfit with bluish-white lines and starfield designs runs to the ring slapping hands. His mask is of a similar color, with a black-tinted translucent material over the eyes and a 'grill' pattern of lines over the mouth area. He jogs about ringside slapping hands.]

JD: GALAXY has arrived, and he is full of energy.

CP: Dane? Is that... did that guy just come to the ring to the theme from "Power Rangers"?

JD: I guess he did. It works surprisingly well for ring entrance music. Also interesting how you identified that immediately.

CP: Hey! I have kids!

JD: None of whom were born when that show came out, Colt. Nice try. Which Red Ranger was your favorite?

CP: This bruise-colored one is about to get his head kicked in. Let's get the introductions.

[The music dies down, and the ring announcer does the intros. Since this is a textual medium and I don't write Japanese well, we'll wait until the announcer says something that non-Japanese speakers can understand...]

RA: ...SADISUUUUUUUUUUUUUTTTTOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-SAAAANNN!

[Smiling broadly, Sadisuto bows with his arms extended wide. He gets booed. Then, the rest of the introduction is given, culminating in...]

RA: GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALAXYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[And he gets cheers, hopping up on the ropes and doing his 'liftoff' pose: he crouches with his hands facing palms down together in front, and slowly rises up, lifting his hands and spreading them at the same time, until they end up in a V-pattern over his head at which point he snaps his wrists from a facing-down position to a double thumbs-up.]

CP: What in the world?

JD: That's the liftoff pose.

CP: He's a real space case alright.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

JD: GALAXY is ready to go, moving in for the lockup, but Sadisuto waving him off. He's not ready?

CP: He's a wily veteran, Dane. He's either setting him up or psyching him out or both.

[Sadisuto motions to the referee and waves him over. Slowly, as if he were disarming himself in front of a police officer, he removes a packet of salt from his trunks. He shows the referee, has a few words with him, and then turns towards the corner. He throws the salt at the corner and the crowd gives him a slightly negative reaction.]

CP: It's a sad day and age when Japanese people boo their own customs and traditions.

JD: One, Mr. Sadisuto is not a sumo wrestler. The salt ceremony is a sumo tradition. Two, everyone knows he uses this as an excuse to carry around salt to throw in people's eyes. It is a specific example of how he uses offensive Japanese stereotypes to his advantage that he has been called out on by several Tiger Pro stars.

CP: He just gave that salt packet to the referee, so there goes that dumb argument.

JD: His opponent is wearing a mask with a visor, Colt. He couldn't use the salt even if he wanted to. The referee disposing of the salt, and Sadisuto with a cheap shot to the throat of GALAXY! Knife hand thrust and down goes the masked gaijin!

CP: Hey, the kid wanted to get started! The bell rang; that was not a cheap shot. If the dumb kid is so antsy to get going, he should pay attention to his opponent.

JD: Sadisuto maneuvering GALAXY to the corner, and a hard chop takes the wind out of the youngster. At about five feet ten inches tall and two hundred seventeen pounds, GALAXY is a junior heavyweight and outmatched in the size department by Sadisuto.

CP: The kid looks like Bizarro Super Solar.

JD: GALAXY and Solar have had some tremendous matches with one another here in Tiger Pro, and also teamed up on occasion. Snapmare by Sadisuto and a chinlock. Digging his knee into the small of GALAXY's back and wrenching back on the chin. A simple but punishing hold.

CP: This is a great way to deal with a flyer. Ground him and stretch him out.

JD: While GALAXY isn't strictly a flyer, that is a part of his arsenal and in any case, Sadisuto can neutralize him if he can ground him. Though it bears mention that Sadisuto is much, much faster than he looks. Even at his age, he can move like lightning in short bursts, and he's wily enough to save his stamina for when he needs to do just that.

CP: Yes, he is. GALAXY turns around, that's good mat wrestling to escape the hold, and he's even twisted Sadisuto into a wristlock. Now a shoulderlock. Good to know he's not just another idiot in a mask who thinks that all he needs to do is jump at people.

JD: Sadisuto to his feet, and GALAXY has his left shoulder clamped in tight.

[Calmly, though pain is etched on his face, Sadisuto reaches with his right arm behind GALAXY's head and starts untying his mask. The masked man makes a brief move to pull his head away, and Sadisuto uses a back heel trip to use the momentum of that motion against him. He lands atop GALAXY and hammers him in the solarplexus, breaking the hold in brutal fashion.]

CP: Ha! Now that's a veteran! That dummy wants to wear a mask so bad, use it against him.

JD: And he definitely is doing just that... Sadisuto is twisting his mask sideways! GALAXY can't see!

[The crowd is agitated at these clever but overly pragmatic tactics, and GALAXY flails a bit before catching a hard kick to the chest by Sadisuto. The masked man gets to his knees, twisting his mask around straight... giving Sadisuto time to run off the ropes with a full head of steam and plant a running kick right to his face!]

CP: Smash! It's that easy, kids. You find those useless bells and whistles that somebody brings with them just to look cool, and you use them. Nothing Sadisuto just did was illegal.

JD: Untying a mask actually is, Colt. There's a rule against divesting your opponent of legal ring attire. It's in the same section as pulling the opponent's ring attire for leverage.

CP: What? Only a nerd would know that.

JD: I would have thought a 'legendary' champion would know the rules to his own sport. So, that blatant chokehold by Sadisuto... legal or not?

CP: He let go before five, so legal. And then he slaps it on again. The point is, if you don't get disqualified, you're doing it right. Sadisuto is smart. He does it right. Did you know he even shares his knowledge with the younger guys backstage? Guys who want to learn how to work the rules to their advantage and get away with things.

JD: What?!

CP: I mean, he charges them. But still. That's class.

JD: Sadisuto standing up GALAXY, and a spinning hook kick to the stomach doubles him over. Two-handed claw thrust to the throat levels the masked man from Pacific Beach, California. This has been all Sadisuto from the start.

CP: And now showing his appreciation to the home crowd.

JD: They know that those condescending little bows are really meant to mock them. Sadisuto fools some fans in the US with his supposedly gentle demeanor, but he folls nobody here. His name means "Mister Sadist". And there's a painful nerve hold to the traps. GALAXY is in agony now!

CP: He can always submit if it hurts that bad.

JD: Agonizing though it may be, GALAXY will not relent!

CP: How do you know that? He might be seconds away from submitting. We can't see his face because of that stupid sentai mask.

JD: How would you know to call that a 'sentai' mask?

CP: Uh... Gordon Myers told me.

JD: Gordon isn't even here! This matchup is being filmed a couple of days before the big showdown in the Tokyo Dome, right at the onset of the AWA's all-too-short Japanese tour.

CP: Which makes sense because most Japanese are all-too-short.

JD: Augh! Anyway, GALAXY is working his way up! He has fought his way to his feet, and hammers an elbow into the soft midsection of Mister Sadisuto! That is his weak point for sure. A second elbow frees him!

[Once free, GALAXY jumps, fires out both feet in a double mule kick to the midsection, and diverolls to his feet to the applause of the fans!]

CP: There's a... weird backwards dropkick roll thing that probably needs a name!

JD: Rolling mule kick! And GALAXY on the offensive with some overhand front elbow strikes! Sadisuto blocks and counters, but GALAXY ducks... and what a spectacular follow up! Back handspring with a kick right under the chin! That looked like something out of a video game!

CP: Guile's Flash Kick. I HAVE KIDS, OKAY?!

JD: GALAXY sending Sadisuto off the ropes, and a hip toss launches the Tokyo native into the air! The fans getting behind the Intergalactic Superstar, and he's following up... GERMAN SUPLEX INTO A BRIDGE!

CP: Whoa! Almost a three count!

JD: Sadisuto rolled sideways, but GALAXY still has the waistlock! Is he going to roll the German Suplexes... no, Sadisuto with an ankle pick to stop that from happening!

[However, though the Japanese veteran has reached down between his own legs to snatch one of GALAXY's legs and trip him down, the masked man simply adapts. He rolls to the side, scissors Sadisuto's left thigh between his legs, grabs the right thigh with his arms, and rolls him up!]

CP: You can't get rid of this kid! He's like a spidermonkey!

JD: The rollup gets two, and Sadisuto struggling to his feet... GALAXY hooks his arm around the waist and picks him up for the side backbreaker! This could be the Galactic Spiral!

CP: The whaaaaaaat?

[The Galactic Spiral: GALAXY executes the side backbreaker, and straightens up while still holding Sadisuto in side suplex position. He then starts to spin. The crowd applauds as GALAXY rapidly spins around while holding Sadisuto out at his side!]

JD: The Galactic Spiral! One of GALAXY's signature moves!

CP: So that's why he wears a mask! That thing must be tied on tight to keep the blood from rushing to his brain and getting him dizzy.

JD: That is not how masks, blood, or vertigo work.

[GALAXY stops spinning by drilling Sadisuto down with a second backbreaker... and then stands up, and starts spinning in the opposite direction!]

JD: Polarity Shiftplex, coming up!

[And a spinning side suplex finishes the combo as the crowd roars approval!]

CP: I might fall out of my chair just watching that move!

JD: Sadisuto cannot stand! He is extremely dizzy! But GALAXY also needs a moment to recover.

CP: Which makes that move stupid. Airplane spins and giant swings are dumb for that same reason.

JD: Not if the person who delivers them recovers first, and the person whose head was closer to center will always recover first! GALAXY is up, and he nails Sadisuto with a soccer kick to the head! Now picking the veteran up, and bringing him to the corner. He could be going for the Galactiplex!

CP: The what now?

JD: It's a tornado snap suplex, Colt.

[GALAXY sits on the top rope, and hooks Sadisuto by the head. He jumps off and spins, as if going for a tornado DDT, but Sadisuto takes a couple of steps and shoves him off... right at the referee!]

CP: Brilliant counter!

JD: HE THREW GALAXY AT THE REFEREE!

CP: Like I said, brilliant. Whoops, I mean, what a terrible accident that was!

JD: There's no way to know for sure that was deliberate, but knowing Sadisuto, it surely was! Sadisuto moving quickly... bodyslams GALAXY as soon as he rises.

[And then, moving quickly as the referee is still getting to his feet, Sadisuto spreads GALAXY's legs, steps back, and drops a headbutt right into the groin! The crowd boos loudly!]

CP: CHOKUREI! What a fantastic move.

JD: THAT WAS ILLEGAL!

CP: I don't hear a bell ringing.

JD: The Chokurei, or the Imperial Decree, is a standing version of Sadisuto's Kotei no Ken... and he hits it below the belt whenever he can get away with it! As he did just there! GALAXY is obviously stunned, and Sadisuto is going up top!

CP: There's that lightning quickness! And that ref is still shaking off the cobwebs of getting hit in the face by GALAXY. Kinda dumb of him to hit the ref, ya think?

JD: Because Sadisuto threw him! KOTEI NO KEN! HE HIT IT LOW! COME ON!

[After the top rope headbutt to the unmentionables completing the two-hit low blow combo, the fans are quite angry. Sadisuto smiles as he hooks a leg on GALAXY, and the referee recovers enough to see the pin.]

CP: Okay, the referee is coming on, and counting the pin. There you go.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

JD: What a miscarriage of justice! You know that when the veterans in the Tiger Pro locker room see this, they're going to be even more amped to punish Sadisuto than they already were!

CP: Look! GALAXY's about to do the Galactisqueak! He'll be singing Galactisoprano in the Galactishower tonight! Ha ha ha!

JD: Let's get the word.

[The ring announcer tells us that 'here is your winner' in Japanese, but I don't know how to type that so...]

RA: ...SADISUUUUUUUTTTTTTOOOOOOOOO-SAAAAAAN!

[As the announcement is made and the fans boo, Mr. Sadisuto crouches in center ring, smiling. He reaches into his trunks, pulls out a small wad of streamers, and throws them in the air as his name is called.]

CP: So the national hero comes back from his triumphant ventures abroad, and he has to throw his own streamers.

JD: That's another mockery. Only extremely popular wrestlers get that treatment.

CP: Which just shows what ingrates the Japanese fans are. They should be throwing all of the streamers for this man.

[The lone koto playing "Sakura Sakura" starts back up as Sadisuto bows to the crowd again.]

JD: Nonetheless, Sadisuto gets the win in his Japanese return, and probably begins another run towards a Television Title match. He has made it no secret that he covets that belt, and his efforts to unseat Dave Bryant were not successful, he did come close. Considering that Bryant became World Champion, that argues that Sadisuto is still quite potent, and a threat to Alphonse Green's reign at any time.

CP: Plus, he's a national hero.

JD: Not even close. For Colt Patterson, this is Jason Dane, let's go back stateside on Saturday Night!

[We crossfade away from the Japan footage...

...and back to live action where a cut to the back reveals Mark Stegglet and a very angry interviewee in Robert Donovan. Donovan's wearing his usual black boots, black pants, and blood-red shirt. His fists are taped, his elbow is braced, and he looks...somewhat beyond upset. Stegglet looks the slightest bit nervous standing next to the volatile big man, but gamely begins the interview anyway.]

MS: Um, Mr. Donovan, I hate to bother you, but this is a question that needs answering.

[Donovan glares at Mark for a second, but says nothing.]



MS: You went on-record as saying your son was too smart to join up with Team Supreme...and two weeks after you made those comments, Tony Donovan II showed up wearing the red and black tracksuit. Your thoughts?

[Donovan's glare hasn't let up...until he abruptly pushes Stegglet out of the way, roughly shoving the door open and striding out.]

MS: Well... that just happened.

[Stegglet looks more than a bit annoyed as he prepares to throw it back to ringside...

...when he suddenly looks up down the hall. He gestures for the cameraman to follow his gaze, revealing the "Siren" Miss Sandra Hayes stalking into view. Hayes' steps are resolute and her face tinged with determination. Behind her is Terry Shane III, his usual alert gait replaced by an apprehensive stalk. Although generally communicative, the Ring Leader has not spoken in over a month. The gap between the two increases with each maniacal stride by Hayes as the ease of Shane's steps decrease with each movement and even more so as the voice of Mark Stegglet bellows out from down the hall.]

MS: Shane! Miss Hayes!

[Shane continues to drag each boot down the splitting concrete floors of the Arena. Stegglet, grabbing the cameraman by the arm, gives pursuit.]

MS: Terry Shane, wait! Just one --

[A few more steps are taken while Stegglet barrels down the hallway. A few seconds pass as Hayes tries to scurry forward until finally the Ring Leader comes to a stop...

...which is followed by a hard pivot.]

MS [breathing heavily] : Sh-Shane!

[Shane's head tilts and his stringy, jet black hair spills over his glacial eyes. Mark and his crew catch up and come to an abrupt halt a foot away from Hayes and Shane.]

TS3: Steve...

[He raises one knuckle and taps it gently against the lens of the camera.]

TS3: If you are listening....

[A malicious leer as his eyes widen with insane glee.]

TS3: I hope you are able to find your way to the ring tonight. I have been waiting ever so patiently to see you. Thirty days was it? Because of your...

MSH [interrupting]: Tantrum.

TS3 [non-responsive]: How did your wife take the news, Steve? And your son? The level-headed father and husband, the role-model, the Hall of Famer...losing his cool. Do you think they wondered if that could happen...

[Shane pauses a beat. The last word drips from his cracked lips.]

TS3: To them? Could the prodigal son of the great Empire SNAP?! Can you imagine? Steve Spector...former champion, legend, WIFE BEATER AND ABUSER of his only son of the same name....preying on the weak because of his own insecurities, because of his own failures...

MS: Now wait just a min-

TS3 [hissing]: NO.

[Even Stegglet is taken back by the harsh tone of Shane's voice.]

TS3: YOU LISTEN, MARK. You find Steve Spector and tell him that tonight in that ring I will humiliate and destroy whomever steps in my path and THAT man...THAT ANIMAL... THAT...

[Pause.]

TS3 [low]: Tyrant. Better stay out of my way.

MS: And if he doesn't listen?

MSH: Then we will have an Army standing in his way.

[Shane spins away as the camera cuts out 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.]

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[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

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[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 cut backstage where Jason Dane stands alongside "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian and Andrew "Flash" Tucker, better known as Strictly Business. Sebastian is clad in a pair of khaki dress pants and a tan blazer stuffed with a tobacco-colored pocket square. Tucker is clad in a pair of dark khakis and a gray, tight-fitting Henley t-shirt. Neither wears a very pleasant look as Dane begins.]

JD: Fans, I'm here with Strictly Business, and gentlemen, let's get right down to it – the fans want to know why in the world you attacked Air Strike after your match at the Stampede Cup?

[A confused/exasperated look crosses the face of Andrew Tucker as he responds.]

AT: Are you serious, Dane? Do you really not know? Has it not been clear since the day we came back to the sport?

\_Disrespect.\_

For the past few months, every time we turn around, somebody's had somethin' to say that was a blatant slap in the face to Mike and I. You, Bucky, Myers... you've made no shortage o' comments tellin' us that we were old and washed up. The boys in the back... they see us as some sort of relics from an age long past, apparently. And Air Strike... they were the worst of 'em all. They made snide comment after snide comment disguised as some sort of compliment to us and you and these fans actually bought that load of crap. Well Mike and I aren't buyin' it. Not anymore.

MS: Turns out our return here was just some sort of Coney Island sideshow. That this was 2009 all over again and the powers that be were tossing our names on the card to fill seats and move merchandise. That was their call, this one is ours. Now that the Stampede Cup has come and gone, the notion that we would pack up our gear, cash our checks and be on our merry way can be thrown right out the window. The cameos are always fun for nostalgia's sake, but we're here to clear up this misconception we're somehow not Hall of Fame...

[Quotation marks with his hands now.]

MS: ..."material."

AT: We've sat here and watched men like Alex Martinez, Juan Vasquez, Steve Spector get a hero's welcome both in the locker room and by these fans. And really, what the Hell have \_they\_ done in comparison to what \_we've\_ accomplished?

[Fans boo heartily at that.]

AT: These men are Hall of Famers, but \_we're not?\_

[Tucker spits on the ground to show his distaste for that.]

MS: People talk about professional wrestling's Mount Rushmore --

[Sebastian throws up his arms in bewilderment at the suggestion.]

MS: We could sit for days on end and have one big roundtable about who does and doesn't warrant seeing their face etched on some made-up mountainside. But any guy who even merits consideration - be it Hardin, Thunder, Annis, James, Reed, you name it - we were picking pieces of 'em all out of our teeth by the time we punched our time cards and bolted from the business.

No one wants to admit to it, but we don't mind saying it - this sport dried up quicker than that floozy Piper Evans who used to carry our straps to ringside. In the public's eye, maybe we did everybody a disservice by departing when we did. But it was never our style to play the longevity card and rack up a bunch of accolades and notoriety well after the best this sport has seen were long gone. We're not Alex Martinez. We didn't feel the need to hang around the cleared-out house party in order to feel relevant.

The writing was on the wall, Dane. We took the strewn about art of tag team wrestling, we threw it on our backs and made it relevant again. We did that. And a decade later, the only guys you people want to talk about are the ones we made a career out of putting to pasture?! Please.

JD: So this is about what... your legacy?

MS: It's about doing what's right, Jase. This whole selective memory bit about what really went on at the turn of the millennium just baffles our minds. All these teams who call the Hall home? The Down Boys, the Epitome of Cool, the Frats, the Outlaws, the Machines - it's a who's-who of tag team wrestling, as it should be. But the one team absent from the roll call is the tandem that took to task each and every team on that list. And that's Strictly Business. The fact people can honestly sit back and talk about teams like Team Canada, the Harlequins, the Ghost Hunters as being the next guys to enshrine... it's sickening is what it is. It's sickening the way this sport has turned us the blind eye.

AT: Dane, we are the greatest tag team that has ever laced 'em up; it's as simple as that. We ran this business for two years when it was at its peak. Its apex. Los Angeles, Canada, it didn't matter where. We didn't fade into obscurity like so many other "legends". We left on our terms, while we were at the top of the sport. We cleared out every "legend" that was in the sport and when that mission was complete, we took our millions and went home waitin' for that call from the Hall.

And that call never came. So yeah, we figured what the Hell, let's come back to the big time and put a little exclamation point on our careers and remind these fans of just who the best in the business was - and still is. Little did we know that apparently memories are real short in this business, because people - Air Strike especially - forgot what kind of damage Strictly Business can do when they're properly motivated.

You can consider us motivated now, boys.

MS: The tag team belts don't serve as our motivational tool like they do most everyone else. At this point, it would be just another thing to toss on the mantle for the cleaning broad to polish. Right next to Blue's. Right next to Beeby's. And we're not here for that. Our carrot is being recognized as the benchmark of tag team wrestling and taking our rightful place in history. And if nobody wants to give us our just do, that we so rightfully earned years ago when we brought every team in the sport to its knees? Then we're left with really no other choice.

[Sebastian reaches back and fires a wad of phlegm south.]

MS: Than to do it again.

[Tucker and Sebastian turn on their heels, leaving Dane standing with the microphone in his hand as we cut back to Bucky and Gordon.]

GM: Have you ever seen two men more bitter... more disrespectful in what they have to say about the legends of this sport... not to mention the current superstars?!

BW: I told you all along, Gordo! I told you that Air Strike was mocking them with every breath and everyone was all, "Oh, it's so cute! They are their heroes!" Well, Strictly Business agrees with me and they sent the entire wrestling world a message at Rising Sun Showdown. They are NOT messing around. They're not here for the cheers of nostalgia to think about what used to be. They're here to show the world why they belong in the Hall of Fame alongside the Downies, the Frats, the Outlaws, and the EOC! They're here to show the world why they should never have been forgotten in the first place!

GM: When Cody Mertz heals up, you better believe that Air Strike is coming for Strictly Business... and when they get in that ring with them, it won't be their childhood heroes they're facing... it'll be two men who may have cost them the biggest night of their lives. And I, for one, can't wait to see it. Fans, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. In the ring at this time, he hails from Oakland, California and weighs in at two hundred and nineteen pounds, this is... Matt Rogers!

[The pale man from California, attired in black trucks with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each, walks to the center of the ring, raising his taped hand into the air as he do so.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Dallas, Texas.

[Big cheer!]

PW: He stands six feet, three inches and weighs in tonight at two hundred and fifty two pounds...

TRAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNCH!!!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngster of the Lynch brothers, and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the classic "Tom Sawyer" by Rush. Travis makes his way down the aisle and the screams from the ladies get louder with each step. He pauses for a moment, allowing the females to take a long look as he pulls off his trademark super smedium T-shirt, tossing it into the crowd. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

GM: And this is how you can tell we are back in Texas, Bucky.

BW: The high pitched screams from the Travis Stench fan club? Yeah, Texas should be real proud of that. These idiot females screaming for someone who knocked out one of their own with that discus punch!

GM: That's not what happened at all and you know it. From the day this young man stepped onto the football field in Pop Warner, these great fans have watched him grow and mature into the athlete he is today.

BW: Please Gordo, Blackjack Stench brainwashed every one in Texas into think that family was the next big thing. And what has this Stench done since being in the AWA? Nothing!

GM: Travis has found himself entangled in quite a few personal vendettas since entering the AWA - feuds that kept him out of the title picture for the most part but he has held some gold since arriving, Bucky.

BW: Like what?

[Travis breaks into a slight jog, heading down the aisle. He walks down the wooden steps, dropping down to the floor and heading over to the barricade, making his way around the distance of the ring, allowing the fans to reach over and slap his arms and shoulders. A few lovely ladies get overzealous, leaning over to kiss him on the cheek before security gets them back. He smiles at the crowd, hands on his hips, before rolling under the ropes into the ring. The chaps are pulled off, revealing his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His kneepads and boots are also white.]

GM: He won the PCW Heavyweight Championship from Rex Summers.

BW: A dead title. So like I said nothing.

GM: Many in the business say he ran Bruno Verhoeven, the son of the Butcher, out of the AWA after the PCW title was set aflame in that very ring...

BW: The fitting end for a dead title.

[Travis grabs the top rope and stretches his shoulders out as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This one is underway here on Saturday Night Wrestling as the two men tie up in the center of the ring... ohh, Rogers quickly bails out, driving a knee up into the midsection of Travis Lynch.

BW: Rogers knew he wasn't going to match strength with the musclehead so he took the smart way out. Very clever.

GM: Rogers goes right after the arm, wrenching it around in an armwringer... and here we go again, twisting it a second time!

[Rogers bends the wrist back, cranking on the wristlock.]

GM: Matt Rogers - no relation to the former World Champion and Beale Street Bully - goes right to work on the arm.

BW: Yeah, but it's the wrong limb, Gordo. Travis Lynch is a southpaw, everyone knows that. He should go after the left arm and take that illegal Iron Claw out of the picture.

GM: The Claw is NOT illegal.

BW: Not yet. I have it on good authority that it's close though, Gordo.

GM: That's not what I've heard at all! I'm told it's a total blowout in keeping the Iron Claw legal. And you have it on "good authority"? Who's that? Percy Childes? The rest of the Wise Men?

BW: Don't be jealous that my sources are better than yours.

[Rogers slowly twists the arm around a third time but this time, Travis rolls through it, landing on his back where he scrambles to his feet, yanking his arm free, and throwing a standing dropkick that catches him flush on the jaw, knocking him off his feet to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Travis showing his cat like reflexes and speed off there as he catches Rogers with that impressive dropkick.

BW: It's a dropkick, Gordo. Don't make it more than it was.

[Both men are quickly back to their feet, circling one another as the camera quickly pans the crowd to show a group of female fans in the front row cheering Travis on. Behind them a #ScumbagTravis sign can be seen. The camera cuts back to the ring as Travis goes for the lock-up with Rogers once



again, but Rogers ducks under the attempt and catches Travis in the mid-section with a reverse kick.]

GM: Rogers catches him downstairs with that back kick... and pulls Travis into a side headlock.

[The referee circles as Rogers yanks him away from the official's eyeline, driving a clenched right fist into the jaw. A second one lands before the official steps in, calling for the open hand.]

BW: He better be careful not to mess up the pretty boy's face with those right hands, Blackjack is likely to sue him for taking away a meal ticket.

GM: You certainly have a twisted view of the patriarch of the Lynch family.

BW: Twisted? You need to hang around some of the legends a bit more. Ask Hamilton Graham what he thinks of Blackjack Lynch. Ask Karl O'Connor.

GM: Look at this now! Rogers pulls Travis to the ropes... ahh! He rakes the face of Lynch along the top rope, dragging it across!

[The females in the crowd boo Rogers loudly as he smirks.]

GM: The fans are all over Matt Rogers for delivering that ropeburn and he seems to be enjoying it.

[He turns to the crowd with a "NOT SO PRETTY NOW, IS HE?!" which gets even more jeers from the fans - especially the ladies. A girl in the front row is standing on her chair, screaming at Rogers who swivels his hips in her direction to even more jeers. She starts to raise a one-finger salute in response when we abruptly cut to some different jeering fans. We can see a few overweight male fans in their #ScumbagTravis t-shirts applauding in the background as Rogers buries a right hand into the midsection.]

GM: You can see the fans letting him have it - especially that young lady in the front row.

BW: Not very ladylike of her but not every woman can have the class of someone like Sunshine.

GM: Class? She continues to spread the lie that Travis Lynch hit her, shoved her down, when the entire world saw otherwise.

BW: You need to get your glasses checked, old man. Lynch shoved her down like the scumbag he is. By the way, you can pick up your very own #ScumbagTravis t-shirt at-

GM: Don't you dare! Don't you dare publicize that distasteful merchandise! I don't know if those shirts were your idea or Sunshine's or...

BW: Might be Blackjack makin' a quick buck off his boy.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Rogers grabs Travis' hair with both hands, pushing his face down against the top rope and dragging his cheek down it, burning the skin against the rope covering.]

GM: Rakes his face down the ropes again!

[The women are on their feet, screaming their dislike for Matt Rogers as he turns to the fans again, gesturing to the kneeling Travis. He approaches from behind, reaching down for the hair...

...and Travis fires back, lashing out with a back elbow to the gut!]

GM: The former tiger end buries an elbow to the ribs... and a second one quickly follows...

[Travis climbs to his feet, grabbing an arm and launching Rogers across the ring.]

GM: Matt Rogers off the far side... ohh! Travis flattens him with a shoulder tackle!

[He throws a look down at Rogers before racing to the ropes, rebounding back. Rogers drops down to his stomach, causing Travis to hurdle over him to hit the ropes again.]

GM: Off the ropes again... leapfrog up and over by Rogers...

[But Travis puts on the brakes, spinning around, and throwing another standing dropkick, knocking Rogers down to the mat. Rogers scrambles up, catching another dropkick flush on the chin!]

GM: Travis Lynch with a series of dropkicks and he's got Matt Rogers on the run!

[Lynch turns to the crowd, nodding his head as pursues Rogers. Matt Rogers pops up off the mat, rushing in...

...and gets lifted WAAAAAY up off the mat, Lynch's arms at full extension in a military press!]

GM: Lynch has got him up! Way up high... and DOWN to the mat with a big press slam! What impressive strength on display by Travis Lynch!

BW: Nothing this Stench does is impressive, Gordo. So stop lying to the fans. If they want to see impressive the need to watch Demetrius Lake, Supreme Wright or even Alphonse Green.

[Travis pulls Rogers off the mat, turning towards the corner and giving a mighty whip, dropping to a knee from the effort.]

GM: Travis shoots him in- OHHHH MY! Rogers goes all the way over the top and down HARD to the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

[Rogers rolls over, grabbing his lower back in pain as Travis earns a big cheer with a pump of the fist, climbing to his feet. The referee leans over the ropes, laying a ten count on Matt Rogers.]

GM: The count is on and Matt Rogers might not be able to get up and beat the count after that hard fall to the floor.

BW: Sometimes I hear from fans talking about the padding on the floor but what people don't realize is that that padding is REAL thin and right below it is a solid concrete floor.

GM: It definitely has very little give.

[Lynch paces around the ring, waiting and watching as the referee's count goes to three... then to four.]

GM: Travis Lynch is looking sharp in there, Bucky, and it might be the perfect timing for him as I hear he's hoping to get himself into the World Television Title picture in the very near future.

BW: Alphonse Green will be defending the title right here later tonight and you better believe that a whole lot of guys will be sitting in the locker room, doing some scouting of the World Television Champion.

[As the count reaches six, we see Matt Rogers sitting up on the floor, looking at the referee.]

GM: Matt Rogers surprising a lot of people here as he climbs up off the floor, showing some intestinal fortitude as he makes his way over to the apron...

[But Lynch grabs him around the head and neck in a front facelock, hoisting him up into the air...]

GM: Lynch is gonna bring him in the hard way... all the way up...

[Lynch holds him high, allowing the blood to run into Rogers' face.]

BW: You can see Rogers' face changing color to a shade of red as the blood is rushing to his head.

GM: And finally Rogers is slammed into the mat with that delayed vertical suplex! Lots of impact on that one!

[The fans in the Crockett Coliseum cheer as Travis sits up and again pumps his fist. He climbs to his feet, lifting his left hand to a big cheer. He waits as Rogers pushes up to all fours before dashing into the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Big spin...

[...and CRACKING the rising Rogers on the jaw with his patented left-handed punch to the jaw!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH CONNECTS!

BW: Down goes Rogers... his eyes all aglaze! He's out of it! And this is exactly why when that Iron Claw gets banned, this move should be next!

[Lynch dives into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: There's the cover! ONE...TWO ... THREE! He got him!

[As the bell sounds, the cheers of the females echo throughout the Coliseum.]

BW: Listen to the shrieks of these harpies here tonight. I'm glad I remembered to put some cotton in my ears, it should prevent too much bleeding.

[The camera once again pans the front row, showing the cheering Travis fans as well as a Sunshine fan club sign.]

BW: Now those gentlemen have taste.

GM: She's the only harpy in the AWA. And it seems we are about to hear what Travis thinks of her threat as he has a microphone.

[The camera pans to the ring where Travis is now standing, microphone in hand. As the camera zooms in upon him, he smiles broadly and winks. Travis takes a few deep breaths, running his left hand through his curly blonde hair as he does so.]

TL: For the past couple of weeks I've been realizing a dream of mine, touring the great nation of Japan. You see while Jack and James were touring Japan, battling The Demon Dogs and the Shadow Star Legion, I was teaming with Colin Hayden against the likes of Misery Inc and The Loas.

[Travis pauses and rubs his chin for a moment.]

TL: Sorry... those are tales for another time. As I was saying, it was a dream of mine to compete there ... the best of the best always set foot in Japan and now finally, like Jack and James before me, I've done just that!

[A broad smile crosses his face.]

TL: And you can bet the farm, that it was everything that Jack and James made it out to be. The fans, the competition ... it was exactly what they said it was. Squaring off with Atsumori Iwakura and Yamato Koiso was an honor and I want to thank Tiger Paw Pro and the AWA for the opportunity to achieve that dream.

With that said though, there is nothing like standing in this ring here in Dallas, Texas!

[The hometown crowd cheers wildly.]

TL: So now that one dream has been achieved here in the AWA, it's time for me to achieve another one. AWA Championship Gold! Since I debuted here in the AWA, I've said it was only a matter of time before the Lynches would be wearing singles gold and the time is now!

[The cheers continue from the Dallas fans.]

TL: There's no Summers to distract me. No Verhoevens disgracing the promotion the Lynches built on their blood, sweat and tears! No Beale Street Bullies disrespecting and dragging the family name through the mud!

So it's time for me to turn my attention to Alphonse Green and the AWA Television Championship as well as-

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"You've gotta be kidding me."

[A spotlight hits, lighting up the interview platform where the woman known as Sunshine is standing. She's in a plain red dress that is cut too short at the bottom and too deep at the top, showing off plenty of leg and cleavage. Her high heels can best be described as stripper-esque. Her long blonde hair hangs halfway down her back as she stares out at the jeering crowd. Oh, and she still is wearing a now-painted red neckbrace.]

S: You always know when you're in Texas because the smell - and sound - of mooing cows is everywhere!

[She gestures to the crowd, making it clear who she's talking about.]

S: I deserve better than this! I deserve better treatment than this! I deserve to be in the finest of penthouses, drinking thousand-dollar bottles of champagne, wearing the most glamorous of designer clothing. I deserve to be in Los Angeles... in Las Vegas... in London, in Paris, in Venice... but instead...

[Sunshine looks out at the crowd with disgust.]

S: I'm here. They say the Lynch family symbolizes Texas.

[Big cheer! She smirks in response.]

S: And they're right about that. Because never in my life have I been around men who were so weak... so pathetic... so weak-minded... so slavish to their father's opinions of them...

[The boos are pouring down now.]

S: You ARE Texas, Travis. You, Jack, and your cripple of a brother, Jimmy.

[Even louder boos. Travis can be heard shouting in her direction off-mic.]

S: Hey moron... if you want me to hear you, put the mic in front of your mouth.

[Travis lifts the mic, fuming now.]

TL: Now, you listen to me-

[Sunshine makes the slightest of gestures with her right hand, leaving Travis shouting into a mic with no result. She cups a hand to her ear, "listening" to Travis.]

S: I'm sorry, Travis. It seems like your mic went out. I guess that sound guy really DOES have a crush on me. Thanks, Billy Bob, for all the help. I WILL take that selfie with you when I get backstage.

Travis Lynch... Scumbag Travis is the movement sweeping the nation as people all over the world realize exactly what you - and your pathetic family - truly are.

[The fans are borderline rabid at this point as she runs down their state and their heroes.]

S: I told you a while back that if you showed me yours that I'd show you mine. That night when you threw me down, you showed me your dark side, Travis.

[Her face turns into a furious scowl as she remembers the humiliation. She runs a hand over her neckbrace, wincing "in pain" as she does.]

S: Now it's time to show you mine...

[Suddenly, the camera cuts back to the ring just as a man blasts Travis Lynch across the back with a steel chair!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The man stands over Lynch, his face smeared in red paint. It's not your traditional facepaint by any stretch of the imagination. It looks like he took a hand, dipped it in paint, and then just wiped it across his face. His long black hair is shaved around the sides but then pulled straight up and tied off in a top knot. He's clad in a black leather jacket and blue jeans as he winds up with the chair, smashing it across Travis' back a second time, knocking him down to his stomach!]

GM: That's... that's The Lost Boy!

BW: Hey, he's no stranger to Travis Lynch! The Lost Boy was Travis Lynch's first major rival in wrestling!

GM: The night that Travis Lynch debuted in his father's promotion, PCW, The Lost Boy struck!

[We can hear Sunshine shouting "AGAIN! AGAIN!" angrily from her spot on the interview platform.]

GM: ANOTHER SHOT WITH THE CHAIR!!

[The Lost Boy unfolds the chair, placing the brace bar on the throat of Travis Lynch as he kneels down on the seat.]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Lynch with the chair! We need some help out here!

[Sunshine is screaming "SCUMBAG! SCUMBAG!" repeatedly as Travis gasps for air, clawing at his throat as he tries to shove the chair off of him...

...when suddenly Jack Lynch is in the ring, wielding a chair of his own. A big swing follows but The Lost Boy bails out, rolling to the floor as Jack kicks the chair aside, freeing his younger brother to breathe again.]

GM: Thank the heavens for Jack Lynch! Jack Lynch, steel chair in hand, chases off The Lost Boy to save his brother!

BW: Look at Sunshine, Gordo! Look at her!

[An enraged Sunshine is still on the platform, glaring at the ring where her plans were spoiled. Jack Lynch shouts something off-mic at the vixen as she shouts in response.]

GM: Sunshine was trying to end Travis Lynch right there by bringing The Lost Boy in to attack him and... if it hadn't had been for Jack Lynch, she might have succeeded! We're going to get some help in there for Travis and-

[A few officials try to help a coughing Travis Lynch to his feet as he angrily shoves them aside, climbing up on his own. His brother steadies him, trying to explain what just happened as Travis glares out at Sunshine who can be heard screaming off-mic "THIS ISN'T OVER! IT'S NOT OVER, TRAVIS!" as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where 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...

...and then back up to the interview area, where stands the self-professed King Of Wrestling, "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake. Alongside him are his manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, as well as his valet, Radiant Raven. The fans boo the trio heartily.

Lake is wearing a dark red ring jacket, red trunks with his initials upon them in darker red, and boots that match this. The six-foot-nine dark-skinned Missouri native has a round afro, long conical beard, and mustache. A smirk is on his face as he stands with a confident hands-on-hips pose. He towers over Childes, the round, squat manager who stands more than a full foot shorter.

Bald with a dark mustache and goatee, Childes is wearing a very dark grey suit and pants, a red power tie, and white undershirt. He sports his crystal-tipped cane in one hand and a sheaf of documents in the other.

On the other side of Lake is the six foot tall Raven; the pale, dark-haired, exotic-looking beauty is wearing a blue strapless dress with a few spangles shining upon it. Her makeup is... a bit overdone, and features swirls of blue coming from her eyeliner. Her expression is blank, to the point where she seems completely uninterested in everything. In her hands is a large white box, looking similar to a box that a cake would come in.



Jason Dane is there, preparing to do the interview.]

JD: Fans, with me at this time is the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake, along with his manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, and his valet, Radiant Raven. Mr. Lake, I understand you have an announcement.

DL: That is correct, Mister TV Announcer, and I am so happy right now that I don't even want to slap your face for all the things you said four weeks ago. Radiant Raven, show the people what we have.

[Raven methodically and emotionlessly open the box to reveal a huge ream of computer paper, connected at the ends. There is a list printed upon it, but it is too small to see on the TV. Dane peers over at the paper, and seems confused.]

DL: Take a good look, Mister TV Announcer. That is a list of eleven thousand, five hundred and three names. Names of people who signed in and did what the intelligent wrestling fan would do. I must admit that I did not believe that there were eleven thousand intelligent people in this country, but I gladly stand corrected and I only wish that more than four or five of them showed up here tonight instead of all these slackjaw Mexans.

[BOO!]

JD: I don't believe this for a minute.

DL: Yes, it is hard to believe that we found eleven thousand intelligent wrestling fans, but as of this very morning... the Iron Claw is banned!

[BOOOOO!]

JD: This can't be real!

PC: Oh, it's very real, Dane. I confirmed it with the Board Of Directors this morning. The Iron Claw is now grounds for an immediate disqualification. Use of the maneuver outside of a match will be grounds for a fine, and possibly a suspension.

DL: That's exactly right, and this is the way it always should have been! But now that the King Of Wrestling has corrected a problem in his kingdom, it's time to take care of the source! Jack Lunch! You've been trying to get a piece of me for too long now, relying on your illegal hold to give you a chance against a superior ath-e-lete. But that's not going to happen anymore, and now that your illegal edge is gone, I am officially calling you out! At Memorial Day Mayhem, Jack Lunch, I will finally get rid of you once! And! For! All! If you even have the guts or the stupidity to show your ugly face now that you can no longer use your cheating tactic.

PC: We're confident that, if nothing else, Mr. Lynch possesses both courage and foolishness.

JD: So, let me get this right. You get the Iron Claw banned, and NOW you're brave enough to challenge Jack Lynch to a match.

DL: Mister TV Announcer, I detect that you don't like me very much. I understand that being in the presence of a man such as myself is overwhelming to you. Just my standing next to you invalidates you as a man. But even so, you need to shut your mouth and keep control of yourself, or you will be invalidated. As in, made into an invalid.

RR: Don't waste time worrying about that little man, Demetrius. One peon at a time.

DL: You're exactly right, Raven. Jack Lunch, at Memorial Day Mayhem, without your illegal maneuver to lean on, you have no chance! You could never match up against the true king of wrestling, and for all the times you ambushed me with those sharp objects you keep hidden in your finger tape, I will whip you like a dog in the middle of the ring! I will beat you so badly that PETA will protest. You are nothing more than an egg-sucking dog, and it is time you got put down the same. No doubt about it!

PC: We've already filed the paperwork for the match. All it needs is Jack Lynch's signature.

DL: Pawprint!

JD: That's ridiculous.

DL: If Jack Lunch ever correctly spelled his own name, I'd look around for the cue cards.

JD: That's all from here. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

[The fans boo Lake as he steps from the interview platform to the elevated aisle. "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong begins to play over the PA as Lake heads to the ring, alongside Raven and followed by Childes. There is a brown haired, brown eyed man in the ring with a decent physique, tan trunks with "DOWN UNDER" airbrushed in white, white kneepads, tan boots, a tan sleeveless vest with some white animal fangs attached, and a Stetson hat. Phil Watson begins the introductions.]

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

Already in the ring, from Wagga Wagga, Australia... weighing two-hundred forty-seven pounds... "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[Kelly swings his right arm around to some cheers from the crowd, who would like anyone to beat Lake right now.]

PW: His opponent, coming down the aisle... managed by the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, and seconded by Radiant Raven... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing three hundred eighteen pounds... he is the self-professed King Of Wrestling... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Demetrius is walking with his hands stretched out, absorbing the boos and encouraging them. When he hears 'self-professed', though, he gets a sour, mean glare on his face. Quickening his pace, he steps over the top rope and grabs the microphone as Phil Watson is trying to leave the ring.]

DL: NO! You get back in there, Mister Ring Announcer, and you don't ever use that word. Self-professed?! I am the King, and I want you to do that whole introduction over. But you make sure you tell these people that I AM the King Of Wrestling!

[The boos intensify as Lake intimidates poor Watson, who fearfully steps back into center ring and redoes the introduction as "requested".]

PW: I stand corrected. Managed by the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, and seconded by Radiant Raven... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing three hundred eighteen pounds... he IS the King Of Wrestling... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake nods in approval and raises both hands to the fans. Then Zack Kelly ambushes him to a loud roar, clubbing him over the back with a beefy forearm.]

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

GM: What a jerk!

BW: I agree. Outback Zack jumpin' the King from behind? He'll wish he never even thought of that.

GM: Fans, I am awaiting confirmation on whether the Iron Claw has really been banned, but I cannot believe Demetrius Lake's claim for a moment. Zack Kelly pouring it on with a European style forearm uppercut, and he has the advantage!

BW: Nope! The King with an American-style fist to the mush put a stop to that!

GM: And a high leaping forearm, absolutely crushing the man from Wagga Wagga! At six-foot-nine, coming down with all that power, Demetrius Lake is devastating. Kelly is under six feet tall, and that height and reach disadvantage will be a major obstacle.

BW: Also, his own stupidity. Jumping Demetrius Lake? You have to be the dumbest man alive. Or the smartest Stench alive.

GM: Lake down atop Kelly with a kneedrop. And a second. Lake plants his arms and drives the knee repeatedly into his man with all three hundred plus. He looks to have slimmed down a bit, and become a bit leaner and a bit faster. Probably to evade the Iron Claw and run from Jack Lynch whenever he sees him.

BW: But that won't be an issue anymore! The evading the Iron Claw part, anyway. It's banned! Banned forever! No more Stenches! Without that cheap move, they stand no chance.

GM: Travis rarely used it, and Jack Lynch is a highly accomplished wrestler even without the Claw. And as Jason Dane alluded to, Demetrius Lake could have challenged Jack Lynch at any time. If they managed somehow to get the Iron Claw banned, it smacks of cowardice that he would wait until now to challenge Lynch.

[As Bucky and Gordon discuss the situation, Lake gathers up his Australian foe, and sends him flying with a biel throw. Referee Marty Meekly goes to check on Kelly, and Lake dips into his trunks for a foreign object. The crowd boos rabidly as Lake appears to be loading up his heavily taped left thumb. Again.]

BW: You want to call the Black Tiger a coward to his face? Look, I had enough problems keeping Dane in line at Rising Sun Showdown. I don't want to have to break a new broadcast partner in, Gordo.

GM: Look at him now! Resorting to a foreign object in a matchup that he is dominating. This man is a bully, nothing more. He waits until he has an unfair advantage when his opponent is a man who can fight back.

BW: Yeah, that's called "smart". Some Chinese guy named Sun Tzu wrote a book on that and everyone calls it the best book on tactics ever. Art Of War, Gordo. I don't go much into classic literature, but that one was a must read for a wrestling manager, and I bet Lake read it too. What you think is cowardice is great tactics.

GM: Jabbing that thumb in to the throat of Outback Zack Kelly! Kelly is reeling and staggering, and Meekly is none the wiser.

BW: Hey, at least he didn't do the Tiger Strike. These are jabs, that thing is a haymaker.

GM: Now THAT is a move that should be banned.

BW: It's illegal, Gordo. Even I admit that. But like I said, Art Of War. Victory through superior intellect.

GM: And this time to the temple! That's a legal blow, fans, but the foreign object in the thumb tape of Demetrius Lake...

BW: You can't prove that!

GM: ...makes that a vile tactic. Lake hiding his left hand behind his back... look!

[As Lake leans back on the ropes and holds his right hand up in a 'no way ref I promise' position to Meekly, who wants to check him, Raven reaches up

and pulls something out of the tape on his left hand and sticks it into the back of his trunks. The boos are angry now.]

BW: She's adjusting his tape. That thumb is injured because he never lets it rest.

GM: "Let it rest" is exactly what I think he should do. Meekly now checking the tape, and of course, it's clean.

BW: Of course! It always was.

GM: Please. Lake scooping up Zack Kelly now, and a backbreaker. He's not letting go... a second backbreaker in quick succession!

BW: Three! Four backbreakers, and then he slams him. That is all power, daddy!

GM: Very impressive indeed, and Demetrius Lake is in absolute control. I'm surprised that he does not go to the outside for the Big Cat Pounce.

BW: This is normally where he'd do that.

GM: Radiant Raven is upset about something... she's on the apron. Not this again!

[Lake reaches back to the spot where Raven deposited the foreign object earlier, and loads up his thumb tape again. He reaches his left arm way out to the side as he uses his right hand to help Kelly up off the mat. With a violent motion, he then slams his left thumb right into the throat of Kelly, coming all the way across his body in a haymaker-like swing. Kelly drops like a rock, clutching at his throat and gagging as Lake tucks the object away. The crowd goes nuts, booing this display.]

GM: TIGER STRIKE! THAT MOVE IS AS ILLEGAL AS SIN! HE DID NOT NEED TO DO THAT!

BW: This is what Kelly gets for jumping the Black Tiger from behind! Let this be a lesson to everyone.

GM: Zack Kelly may have suffered an impacted trachea! He can't breathe!

BW: He can't kick out of the pin, either. Art Of War, daddy!

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

GM: Obviously, the pin was academic. But if Demetrius Lake goes through all the effort to get the Iron Claw banned, and uses his own illegal move, what kind of hypocrite does that make him?!

BW: Not one at all. If they banned HIS move, why shouldn't they ban Jack Stench's move? It really shows what hypocrites the Stenches are if you think about it.

GM: Absurd. Let's get the official word.

PW: Here is your winner...

[Lake steps to the ropes and glares down at Watson.]

PW: ...the King Of Wrestling... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[And then he stalks around the ring with a nasty smirk on his face, mouthing off to the crowd in all directions. Raven joins him in the ring, while Childes simply looks on from the corner and smiles. The fans boo very loudly and "Mack The Knife" plays again.]

GM: Fans, I have gotten word... unfortunately, yes. The Iron Claw is officially illegal due to fan response. Percy Childes and Demetrius Lake got the required number of electronic signatures needed to pass the petition. How in the world did they manage that?!

BW: The world's bigger than Texas, Gordo. These stupid fans might hate the King, but everywhere else, he's a living legend. Just wait until our summer tour, you'll see. They'll cheer him every place we go.

GM: Highly unlikely. Fans, we will get reactions from Jack Lynch as soon as we are able. We are fresh off that incredible tour of Japan - capped off by a historic night at Rising Sun Showdown. I couldn't be there in person but I was watching at home and I was floored by the action seen there. The amazing World Title match, the insanity of the Death Match, the thrilling Stampede Cup and so much more. But one of the questions on many AWA fans' minds, as they watched Rising Sun Showdown was – just where is Ryan Martinez?

BW: I just figured he got a new coloring book. Something that challenging will keep the kid occupied for a good month, at least.

GM: Bucky! Will you stop? As fans may recall, in the weeks leading up to the Rising Sun Showdown, Ryan Martinez issued an open challenge for the Wise Men to send someone, anyone, for him to wrestle. As it happened, Ryan Martinez did travel to Japan, but, for reasons you are about to see, he was unable to compete in the Rising Sun Showdown.

BW: I'm telling you, three shades of blue is too much for that dumb kid to handle!

GM: Oh brother. Fans, you are about to see clips from a match that took place in the legendary Korakuen Hall. This was a tag team lumberjack match that featured Ryan Martinez and Eric Preston taking on a pair of wrestlers who've made quite the name for themselves overseas. As I said, we will only be showing you excerpts from the match. The entire match, as well as over 10 hours of AWA and Tiger Paw Pro action will be available on the three disc Rising Sun Showdown Collection, available for pre-order now on [AWAShopzone.com](http://AWAShopzone.com).

BW: Shill Gordo, Shill!

[We cut from Gordon and Bucky to footage of Korakuen Hall. The camera first zooms across the packed crowd, and then to the announce booth, where Bucky sits, not with Gordon, but with his partner from the Rising Sun Showdown, Jason Dane.]

JD:... later tonight, we will have the elimination match that pits TORA, Noboru Fujimoto, GEMINI Hashimoto, Kenji Nakamura, Tiger Man, and COBRA Kobiashi against the ACHILLES team of November, Junya Toroyama, LION Tetsuo, Brody, Bull Shindo, and of course, your favorite, Bucky, Nijikon. But first, we have a special challenge lumberjack tag team match that will pit the young lion Eric Preston and the AWA's own White Knight, Ryan Martinez against... well, we're not sure, actually.

BW: What's life without a little mystery, Jay-Jay?

JD: Please don't ever call me that again.

BW: You just ensured you won't ever be called anything but that, jack!

JD: Good grief! Let's begin with the introduction of four of the eight lumberjacks.

[Blue Oyster Cult's "Godzilla" blares over the loudspeakers, as, side by side, four men emerge. On the far left is the giant, green skinned behemoth who has terrorized the AWA for years as the deadly Dragon, William Craven. To his immediate right is the tall, lanky Jack Lynch, the cowboy dressed head to toe in black. Next to Jack is the young scrapper, Bobby O'Connor. And rounding out the quartet is legendary madman, Hannibal Carver. Standing together, chyron appears below them, Japanese lettering identifying them, with the English translation beneath, each man identified by name. All four men move together, looking straight ahead towards the ring, all business tonight. They move to the apron, and then step through the ropes, taking a position along the far side of the ring.]

JD: One of the stranger alliances that has formed in the AWA is the coalition of these four men. They came together to do battle with the Unholy Alliance, and have since been spotted together more than once.

BW: Yeah, usually fallin' off stools at the Rusty Spur!

JD: These four men have been known to frequent the Rusty Spur, that's true. And this collection is certainly, well, pick your adjective. Eccentric, eclectic.

BW: They're downright kooky!

JD: That certain is a fitting description of this quartet.

[As "Godzilla" fades, it is replaced by the familiar opening strains of "Welcome to the Jungle," the Guns n' Roses classic.]

JD: And now, for the opposing lumberjacks. As well as the first team.

[The first man out isn't a wrestler at all, but a tall, slender man in a white suit. His hair is bald, and his scalped waxed so that the lights overhead shine off his smooth dome. He moves to the center of the entranceway and pauses, adjusting his tie, and then his cufflinks. Reaching into the inner pocket of his jacket, he pulls out a white handkerchief and begins daubing his sweaty forehead.]

JD: And that, right there, is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. As you'll see, he's more of a... curator, than a manager. He's a man who searches all of the world's dark corners, seeking out the deadliest men he can find. Just as Percy Childes is a collector of oddities, the good "doctor" is a man who is always looking to add to his menagerie of human aberrations.

BW: He's the lord of the freakshow, and I love him!

JD: No one knows quite how many people Fawcett has in his menagerie. But tonight, he will providing six men. Four to serve as lumberjacks, and two for the match itself. But Dr. Fawcett has refused to say who will be wrestling and who will be lumberjacks. So we will not know until the bell rings.

[The first figure to emerge from the back isn't a wrestler at all, but a smallish man, dressed like he's on safari, wearing a long coat and shorts, as well as a pith helmet, all of it khaki in color. His mask is a solid red on the right and a solid black on the left. He turns, howling something in a language that consists of guttural growls and high pitched clicks.]

JD: That man is the mysterious beast-master, Caym. And just wait until you see who he is bringing out!

[A, well, he's definitely a man. But not a man like any we've seen before. Tall and bulky, Muteesa's body is covered in white war paint, with a hand print over each pectoral, and a series of concentric circles over his prodigious belly. Strange, abstract designs cover his arms, and his lower body is covered by a long, leopard print "skirt". But what makes him truly fearsome is the enormous wooden mask covering his face, and extending to the middle of his prodigious torso, as well as several inches over his head. The mask is fashioned into the visage of a screaming demon, its mouth open into what appears to be a death scream. As before, a chyron with both Japanese and English lettering appears below him, identifying him by name.]

BW: AHHH!!!! What the hell is that?

JD: That is the man known only as Muteesa. Rumor has it, Bucky, that he's from a tribe of head hunting cannibals.



BW: ....If you don't mind, I think I'm gonna call this match from underneath my desk!

JD: At six foot six and three hundred and eight pounds, the Mighty Muteesa is not a man that anyone should take lightly.

[Caym enters the ring, and turns, having to work hard to coax Muteesa into the ring. Finally, the enormous man enters the ring, and immediately charges towards the four lumberjacks. Only Caym's quick movement to stand in front of him halts the charge. Not intimidated, the "Kooky Quartet" holds their ground, steeling themselves for a confrontation. Instead, Caym manages to keep Muteesa in place. Tentatively, the beast master reaches for Muteesa's wooden mask.]

JD: Don't worry Bucky. From what I understand, it's been at least six months since Muteesa charged the announcer's booth.

BW: ...this is for calling you Jay-jay, isn't it?

[With the mask removed, we finally see the face of Muteesa. There's a white base of makeup covering his entire bald head, all the way down to his shoulders. Black circles have been painted over his eyes, while red, bloody fangs have been painted around his mouth.]

BW: All I can say is, I wouldn't ever want to see that man in a dark alley. Or a well lit room. Or anywhere else. Especially around dinner time.

[As Muteesa begins to pace back and forth, only held at bay by the masked Caym, the camera cuts to the entranceway once more. The next man to emerge is tall and muscular, he's shirtless, his tanned skin covering a well-defined, perfectly cut body. He wears a long tupenu – a garment like a sarong, around his lower body, the fabric covered in an orange and black tiger stripe print. Around his neck is a coral shell necklace. And his long, curly black hair is held in place by a bandana with a similar tiger-print pattern. Most notable, however, are the black tribal designs. On his shoulders, his chest, his arms, and especially, his face. But this is not face paint. These are tattoos, the black lines thick, the man obviously possessed of a high pain threshold. The chyron identifies him as Prince Kailao.]

BW: This man I know. The Tongan Terror, Prince Kailao. I've seen tapes of this man Jason Dane. He's stupefying, he's high flying, he's death defying!

JD: And at six foot two, and two hundred and forty five pounds, he's larger than the typical high flyer. But he's a man who can soar through the sky like someone fifty pounds lighter. And when all that muscle comes crashing down on you – well, that's usually the end of the story. According to my notes, Muteesa and Prince Kailao usually team together as a team called The Scalphunters. They've held championships in Hawaii, the Bahamas, as well as in South Africa and Australia. We may well see them in action tonight.

BW: You never know what the devious doctor is thinking. I bet he'll play mix and match, just to keep those two dumb kids off guard.

[As Prince Kailao leaps onto the apron and then enters the ring, the camera again moves to the entranceway. Emerging next is a pair of men. Both of them rippling with muscles. Their physiques so chiseled that they even put the well-built frame of Prince Kailao to shame. They're dressed identically, each of them wear a pair of long, black tights and black boots. Their hands covered in rubberized, black reflective tape, all four elbows covered in long black pads. One of them has a black star painted over his right eye, the other a black star painted over his left eye, both with lips and fingernails also painted black. Standing side by side, the chyron once more identifies them. One stands slightly taller with a more muscular build than the other, with a wild mane of jet black hair. This man is identified as Orion. Next to him, his jet black hair cut into a flat top, is the man identified as Vega.]

JD: Orion and Vega – The Darkstars. These two young men were obviously influenced by The War Pigs, and they wrestle a very similar, high impact style.

BW: These two are brand new, from what I hear, but they're already tearing up the scene. They've been pegged as future Global Crown Tag Team Champions. And from what little I've seen, I believe it.

[The Darkstars enter the ring from separate sides, flanking the Kooky Quartet. Orion snarls at Jack Lynch, while Vega howls at Bobby O'Connor, before they too join Prince Kailao and Muteesa on the opposite side of the ring.]

BW: Just look at the Doctor! He's got four of the most frightening men in the world in his employ, and he's got two more to bring out!

[As "Welcome To The Jungle begins to wind down, the final two men emerge. The first is the shortest of the wrestlers to step forward, standing about five foot ten. He's dressed in a simple, black singlet, a white towel over his head, the fringes at the towel's edges covering his face. His fists are taped in white that extends to mid-forearm. In the center of his singlet, just over his belly, is a grey wolf. Despite his short stature, he's solidly built, with broad shoulders and chest, and thickly muscled arms and legs. The chyron identifies the man simply as Lobo.]

BW: And here's one of my favorites. That man right there is Lobo. Harrison Fawcett found him fighting in the streets of Vila Cruzeiro, one of the most dangerous favelas of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This is a man who grew up among the worst sort of poverty and violence you can imagine. A man who lived in a culture of knives and guns, who never needed either. Because those two fists are as lethal as any pistol, daddy!

JD: Lobo is indeed a dangerous and sadistic individual. He's broken arms, separated shoulders, even cracked vertebrae, owing to his mastery of the martial arts. And then there is his mastery of all forms of the suplex. Lobo is a grappler of unparalleled ability!

[Standing next to him, and towering over him, is a tall man, dressed in shades of dark crimson. His body is covered in a red suit, leaving only his arms bare. It is not a singular shade of red, but instead, composed of many different hues, all woven together, giving off a luminous glow. His face is covered in a tight red mask, two long "tails" trailing from the back. The only color to contrast with all of the red are the black upside down triangles that extend from above his eyebrows to just below his chin. The chyron identifies this man as Asesino Sangriento.]

JD: Asesino Sangriento, depending on how you translate it, he is either the bloody assassin or the cruel assassin. Los Sangrientos are a legendary family in lucha libre, beginning with the originals, Asesino Negro and Asesino Espectral, and Asesino Sangriento represents the newest generation of those spectacularly violent and dangerous men.

[With all six of his men in the ring, the "doctor" finally enters the ring, he does not speak, but instead looks them over, still apparently deciding which two he will put into action.]

JD: With all that talent in the ring, it's hard to believe we still haven't actually introduced the next team!

BW: If they're smart, which, c'mon, we know they ain't, they'll be on their way to the airport right about now.

JD: That would be cowardice. And if I know anything about Preston and Martinez, they are not cowards!

[And with that, some electric guitar, and then...]

#THIS  
#IS  
#SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

#THIS  
#IS  
#DO OR DIIIEEEE

["Survival" by Eminem screams over the loudspeakers and out walks Eric Preston walks out, dressed in glossy looking dark purple tights with teal X's up the side, and an old fashioned shield on the seat with swords crossed behind it and a crown on top of it, showing the letters "EP" interlocked inside of it in teal outlined in white and silver. His boots and kneepads are black, and over top of it he wears a black, sleeveless, sequined robe, with the same shield imprinted on the back in teal, outlined in white and silver. He stops at the top of the aisle, looks around, and then points to the curtain as the music changes.

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

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. Both men stand side by side, and then, with a single nod, race to the ring.]

JD: As many of our fans know, the Martinez family has a history in Japan. Alex Martinez fought in one of the most brutal, bloody matches in history when he took on Alex Extreme in the Ultimate Death Match. And then, he went on to compete in G-Pro in a trilogy of matches against "Black Dog" Yoshito Katsumura. A trio of matches still fondly remembered to this day! And this is also a homecoming of sorts for Ryan Martinez, who began his career here in Tiger Paw Pro, after being trained by the aforementioned Katsumura.

[Preston and Martinez enter the ring, moving to stand near Lynch, O'Connor, Carver and Craven. And almost immediately, there are problems.]

BW: Looks like no one told the Dumb Kid Express who's on their side!

JD: I have to agree. But it's not surprising. Ryan Martinez is staring a hole right through William Craven, and who can blame him? William Craven terrorized his father for well over a year, and went after him as well! And it wasn't that long ago that Hannibal Carver said he hadn't forgiven Eric Preston for what he did to James Monosso. There's some bad blood brewing!

[Though none of the men want to stand down, finally, some semblance of order is restored, as the so-called Kooky Quartet exit the ring, taking up their places near the apron.]

JD: And now, we just need for Harrison Fawcett to make his decision.

BW: Don't rush the doctor! Genius takes time!

JD: Fawcett is finally directing traffic. The Darkstars are exiting. As is Prince Kailao and Asesino Sangriento. That means that we are going to see Muteesa team up with Lobo. What a combination!

[After several long moments of Caym basically screaming at Muteesa, the Congolese butcher exits the ring, leaving his diminutive partner in the ring. In the opposite corner, Martinez and Preston confer, with the AWA's White Knight finally exiting the ring.]

JD: It's going to be Preston and Lobo starting us off.

[Preston and Lobo lock up, Preston leaning forward, over the smaller Lobo. Both men struggle for a moment for the upper hand, Preston's height advantage countered with the tremendous muscle density of Lobo. Preston finally breaks the tie up, and quickly goes behind Lobo, bringing him down to the mat with a forward leg sweep that causes Lobo's face to bounce off the canvas. Preston quickly floats over, lying on his side, capturing Lobo's neck

in a side headlock. Cranking back, the painful maneuver only lasts a moment, as Lobo rolls to the side, the referee's hand slapping the mat only a single time before Preston kicks out. Both men get to their feet, but Lobo is quicker on the draw, and brings Preston down to the mat with a clothesline that strikes Preston's upper chest more than his neck. Moving into position behind Preston. His arms clenched around Preston's neck, Eric is thrown into the air, only to abruptly land on his neck.]

JD: German Suplex! No bridge, all impact!

BW: And here you see just how good Lobo is throwing around men of all sizes!

JD: Lobo leaning over Preston, but he isn't going for the pin. He's got Preston's arm extended, he steps over it... Cross Armbar! He wants to make Preston tap!

BW: Tap or snap! That's how Lobo does it!

JD: We're only a minute or so into this match, and it may already be over!

[Preston, however, manages to roll to his side, grabbing his trapped wrist with the opposite arm, trying to alleviate the pressure. From this position, he manages to roll over Lobo, and once again, the referee begins his count.]

JD: One count, and Lobo is forced to break the hold!

BW: I gotta hand it to Preston, that was some quick thinking.

JD: Preston wasting no time tagging out to Ryan Martinez. And look at him holding his arm. He's lost one of his weapons in the early goings.

[As Martinez and Lobo prepare to lock up, there's a sudden cut, as footage is shown from later in the match.]

JD: Muteesa whips Ryan Martinez into the turnbuckle! Ooooo... he hit that chest first, and hard.

BW: That'll knock the wind out of your sails daddy!

JD: Muteesa charges... oh man, running splash from behind!

[Ryan Martinez slumps down, and Muteesa towers over him. He pauses a moment, looking to Caym for instructions, before lifting the limp Martinez up, and throwing him back into the corner, this time back first. Muteesa leans over, his thick hand in Martinez' hair as he pulls his head back.]

JD: MUTEESA BITING INTO THE HEAD OF RYAN MARTINEZ!

BW: And he hit a gusher!

[The camera zooms in to the bloody head of Ryan Martinez, and then to Muteesa, who pulls back, his white painted face now flecked with the crimson of Martinez' blood.]

JD: That's just ghastly!

BW: Now you know why I wanted to hide!

[Muteesa steps back, and his hands begin to slap his prodigious belly, before he comes charging at the prone Martinez, hitting him with a clothesline that sends him over the turnbuckle, and right into the waiting hands of the four monsters on the outside. They quickly swarm over Martinez.]

JD: This isn't right! The lumberjacks are supposed to put Martinez back into the ring!

BW: But this is so much better. Admit it, have you ever seen anything more beautiful than four men stomping Ryan Martinez flatter than a pancake!

[It isn't long before the other lumberjacks enter the fray, Lynch, Carver, O'Connor, and yes, even William Craven trying to pull the men off of Ryan Martinez. At last, the dust begins to settle, and Ryan Martinez staggers up to his feet, only to come face to face with the nightmarish face of...]

JD: Craven! Ryan Martinez and William Craven are staring right at each other!

[Both men are tense, either one ready to leap at the other. Luckily, Hannibal Carver gets hold of Craven and pulls him back, as Bobby O'Connor stands in front of Ryan, convincing him to get back into the ring. And as Martinez pulls himself through the top and middle rope, there is another cut, this time to Preston and Muteesa in the middle of the ring.]

JD: Hard whip by Preston sends Muteesa into the ropes!

[And Preston leaps into the air, both feet extended, connecting with Muteesa's mouth.]

JD: Big dropkick!

BW: And the big monster is reeling!

[Indeed he is, as Muteesa's arms windmill dramatically in the air, as he fights to maintain his balance. Preston runs backwards, hits the rope, and leaps, driving his shoulder into the massive target that is Muteesa's chest. Muteesa takes several steps backwards, still reeling. Preston runs again to the ropes, this time jumping onto the middle rope, pushes off the top rope with his left foot and springs back with an elbow shot to the jaw. And then, as the crowd roars, there is a loud...]

CRAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSHHHHHHHHH!!!!

JD: Muteesa is down! This is the first time we've seen Muteesa off his feet all match! Preston with the cover!

[But as the referee's hand slaps the mat, there is another quick cut, this time to Lobo and Preston. Lobo has Preston bent over, and slaps on a full nelson, only to throw his body backwards.]

JD: Dragon Suplex!!! Eric Preston was folded in half!

[Lobo circles around Preston, kicking at his head and ribs. There's a look of absolute disgust on Lobo's face, as he reaches forward, grabbing Preston by his hair. With Preston up on his feet, Lobo hurls him forward, through the ropes and to the waiting lumberjacks at ringside.]

JD: Lobo is not only dangerous because of his ability but because of his utter disregard for all of humanity. He might be the most miserable, twisted man on planet Earth!

BW: Hey, when the world has treated you the way it has that man, how else are you going to respond?

[Fawcett's men now swarm Preston, stomping and kicking. The other lumberjacks all rush forward. All except Carver, who stands still, refusing to help.]

JD: And there we see it! Hannibal Carver is not going to help Eric Preston! There's that bad blood we were talking about earlier.

BW: I've never wanted to stand up and applaud Hannibal Carver before today, but I might have to do just that!

[Seeing Carver alone, Lobo moves to stand on the apron, and then, the same look of contempt on his face, he runs forward, kicking Carver in the face. Carver staggers backwards, and then lunges forward, pulling Lobo off the apron.]

JD: Carver and Lobo going at it! Exchanging fists!!

[A moment later, Carver's three compatriots move into position, cornering Lobo, as Ryan Martinez moves to help Preston into the ring. With Lobo cornered, Carver rushes forward, catching him with a forearm, which causes him to reel into a left jab from Bobby O'Connor, an action that causes him to spin towards Jack Lynch, who drops him with a lariat. It is then that the Dragon moves in, lifting the smaller Lobo into the air, and throwing him back into the ring with a press throw!]

BW: How is this fair! Four men beat Lobo up!

JD: I didn't hear you complaining when that was happening to Ryan Martinez or Eric Preston!

BW: We're not talking about that right now, Dane!

[Preston, still dazed, nevertheless moves in for a cover, but as Lobo kicks out at two, there's another cut. Muteesa is seen bouncing off the ropes, and into the waiting arms of Ryan Martinez.]

JD: Belly to belly suplex! I can't believe he got that massive monster up!

BW: And look at that dumb kid clutching his back. He just beat himself.

[As a dazed Muteesa rolls out of the ring, Martinez pulls himself across the mat, unable to get to his feet, his hand extending, as he manages to make a tag to Preston. But as Preston enters the ring, the camera cuts to the outside.]

JD: Muteesa and Craven are standing toe to toe and nose to nose!

BW: Can you imagine what would happen if these two behemoths collided?

[You'll have to, as there's another cut. Muteesa is in the corner, face to face with Ryan Martinez. Martinez hauls back and unleashes a barrage of chops to the painted chest of Muteesa. Even the Japanese fans know what to do.]

"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!]"

JD: 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 fans' 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!]"

[As Ryan steps aside and Muteesa does a belly flop onto the canvas, there's another cut. This time to Preston putting Lobo on the second rope. Preston's back is turned to Lobo, as he grabs Lobo by the head and pulls him backwards.]



JD: GODSEND! If Preston hits this, then it's all over!

[And no sooner does Jason say that then the Darkstars enter the ring, Orion throwing his body against Preston's chest, taking him down with a spear. The referee immediately signals for the bell.]

JD: This is over! The referee is going to award the DQ victory to the Young Lions.

[A bloody Ryan Martinez enters the fray, and as he does, all hell breaks loose, as all of the rest of Fawcett's charges enter the ring. More is added to the sea of humanity, as the Kooky Quartet, with Hannibal Carver at the front, enter the ring. Pandemonium reigns, as we're treated to quick cuts of...

Jack Lynch putting the Iron Claw on Asesino Sangriento

Prince Kailao on the top rope, pointing to the heavens before leaping through the air and landing on a prone Eric Preston.

Bobby O'Connor driving the point of his elbow into the middle of Lobo's forehead.

Vega leaping across the ring, his body splashing against William Craven's as the Dragon is smashed in the corner.

The brawl continues, until all of Fawcett's men as well as Lynch, O'Connor, Craven and Carver have all exited, leaving only Preston and Martinez in the ring.]

JD: What a wild match! Somehow, Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez managed to survive.

BW: You may have spoken too soon!

[Three men come racing down the aisleway. All of them wearing midnight blue pants and matching sleeveless shirts.]

JD: That's Pedro Perez and his cohorts! We saw them do the same thing in Texas!

[The three men rush at Martinez, knocking him out of the ring. With Preston alone, they hurl him into the corner turnbuckle and attack en masse, teeth clinched as they pummel him with fists, elbows, forearms, knees, and kicks, their brutal attack unrelenting, subsiding only when Preston is unconscious, lying in a pool of his own blood.]

JD: This is terrible. After that hellacious match, Eric Preston has been left for dead by these three men.

BW: And they're not done yet...

[As one, the three men exit the ring, and stand over the prone Ryan Martinez. One of the men, a brown-skinned man with very short black hair with one line shaved on each side, wrapping all the way around the head brings Martinez up and then throws him backwards against the guardrail, spit flying from Martinez' mouth and blood from his head as all of the air is forcibly expelled from his lungs. Perez takes hold of Martinez next, and hurls him into the ringsteps, the loud crash of skull on metal reverberating throughout Korakuen Hall. Finally, the largest of the three men takes hold of Martinez and lifts him up.]

JD: Powerbomb on the concrete!!!

[Satisfied with their work, the three men depart, leaving EMT's to attend to the fallen heroes.]

BW: And that's the last you'll see of these two dumb kids!

[There's a cut back to the Crocket Coliseum.]

GM: And that was, indeed, the last we saw of Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez during our tour of Japan. In the wake of that brutal assault, both men were flown home as soon as they were medically cleared for flight. Both Mr. Preston and Mr. Martinez will make a full recovery, but, as you could see, neither of them could be allowed, in good conscience, to compete on any subsequent Japanese cards. This leaves us with many questions. Including, just who those three men were, and why they have targeted Mr. Martinez and Mr. Preston.

BW: I gotta say Gordo, it might not be... Wise to ask that question.

GM: The implications of your words are quite clear, Bucky. I understand that, later tonight, we will hear from Ryan Martinez and Eric Preston, and they'll address this issue.

BW: Of course they will. Because the opposite of a wise man is...

GM: Don't say it!

BW: A dumb kid!

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

[We cut to the ring where Phil Watson is already standing beside someone.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already standing beside me-

[Static.]

BW: Oh, how I missed that sweet sound.

GM: Watson wasn't even done introducing the debuting Eric Sterling.

BW: I think you just took care of it for him.

["Dance of the Knights" by Serguei Prokofiev trumpets over the arena speakers. The delicate string instruments layer in and then a burst of horns and woodwinds ignite which signals the exact moment that the Ring Leader back pedals through the entrance portal.

BW: Terry Shane III in the flesh! How long it's been!

GM: Depends who you are asking.

[Shane glides into view, pivoting on one foot with an effortless spin with his arms stretched out wide. His emerald robe is laced with jewels and flair from top to bottom and his name is spelled out in sparkling gemstones on his back. The inseam to the decorative robe is pearl white, matching his selection of ring trunks and knee pads for the evening. His dark green wrestling boots are nearly laced up to the top of his shin just as every single dark black hair on his head seems to be in perfect place tonight as it sits neatly over the top of his shoulders. Just as Shane begins his long way down the elevated ramp the walkway gets a bit more crowded.

Following in pursuit of their fearless leader are Aaron Anderson, Donnie White, Lenny Strong, and of course Miss Sandra Hayes. The Shane Gang filter out one by one and then flank Shane at his sides as he makes his way down to the ring. However for once it isn't them or even the alluring Miss Hayes that catches everyone's attention...

...it's the fifteen other individuals who file in behind them.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: Miss Hayes said they'd have an army and she wasn't kidding!

[Eric Sterling turns towards Phil Watson who just bails out of the ring. The youngest backs himself into the corner of the ring as Shane ascends the ring steps and the Gang each position themselves at a corner of the ring. The fifteen aforementioned guards fill in between them all, encircling the ring and turning towards the crowd.]

GM: I'm not sure what to make of this. Is Terry Shane III actually threatened by Steve Spector?

BW: You saw what that lunatic did several weeks ago! He tore the ringside area apart! Even the Strangler, Karl O'Connor, called him unstable and THAT'S saying something!

GM: The Ring Leader steps into the ring and-

BW: OHHHHH!

[Sterling barrels forward...

...right into the heel of Terry Shane's front kick to the face!]

GM: The bell hasn't even rang-

[Meekly tries to step over Eric Sterling and Terry Shane III steam rolls through him, bumping him aside. He yanks Sterling off the mat in a one handed choke before SHOVING him into the corner...

...and blasting him with a LEAPING clothesline!]

GM: OH MY! Shane nearly knocked his head off!

[Sterling crumbles in the corner and Shane stands over him, shoving his boot into the throat and pulling back on the ropes for leverage. Meekly dives in-between Shane and the ropes and tries to knock one of Shane's arms lose but his grip only tightens. He begins to warn Shane off who finally breaks away and backpedals across the ring.]

GM: Meekly is asking Sterling if he wants to continue and this poor kid doesn't even know where he is!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What courage!

BW: What an idiot.

[Sterling crawls underneath the bottom rope, hanging his head over the apron. Shane glides across the ring, grabs the top rope, and catapults himself into the air...

...SMASHING his leg over the back of Sterling's neck as he lands on the floor on the outside!

BW: Catapult leg drop by Terry Shane III! The Ring Leader ain't messin' around here tonight!

[Just as Shane lands on the outside, a handful of guards circle around Shane, nearly blanketing him from the crowd's view. Shane's arms reach up and he pulls himself back up onto the apron.]

GM: These...I don't even know who they are or who sanctioned this...but these men are obviously protecting Shane and you saw them in full force as he positioned himself on the outside of the ring.

BW: All cautionary acts due to the actions of Steve Spector and his instability as a human being.

GW: Oh please.

[On the apron, Shane plants his boot over the back of Sterling's head and proceeds to "facewash" his forehead across the ring apron...shoving it repeatedly into the hard surface. Meekly's count reaches six as Shane lets up, stepping into the ring, and grabbing Sterling by a single leg and twisting him over.]

GM: Shane back in, going after the leg...

[Shane drives his knee into the inside of Sterling's right leg, springs up, and drives it in again. He repeats this again, and again, and again before Meekly threatens him as Sterling hooks his arms around the ropes. Shane lets up, only to grab the same leg, shove it into the mat, and propel himself up into a handstand position...

...and then DRIVE his knee into the inside knee of Eric Sterling who winces in pain!]

BW: Another hand stand by Shane, what athleticism!

GM: And down he goes with another knee to the leg of Eric Sterling!

[The Ring Leader grabs the leg, spins his right index finger in the air, and then steps over Eric Sterling's leg and begins to twist it inward as he hears commotion from the crowd...]

BW: SPECTOR!

[Despite Bucky's scream, there is nobody running down the aisle...]

GM: Shane got spooked! He heard the crowd rattling and he let up! He can make whatever threats he wants and bring out as many guards or Gang members as he wants but there is no doubt about it...Steve Spector is inside his head!

[Shane shouts at White who shrugs his shoulders. He turns back towards Sterling who kicks Shane's right leg out from underneath him. Shane collapses down and just as Sterling begins to pull himself up...

...Shane BLASTS him with a forearm to the jaw that knocks him through the ropes where he hangs helplessly.]

GM: Terry Shane III has never been one to be known for his striking ability. He survived his war with Hannibal Carver by his grit, determination, and uncanny ability to recover from some of the deadliest strikes my eyes have ever seen. You saw it in the Rumble last Memorial Day as well. Love him or hate him. Shane doesn't give up without leaving it ALL in the ring.

BW: It's about time you hopped on the Terry Shane III bandwagon.

GM: Hardly.

[Shane yanks Sterling by the leg back into the ring, tightens his grip, and steps over his leg, twisting....]

BW: SPINNING TOE HOLD BY TERRY SHANE III!

[The Ring Leader steps over a second time, spinning, grinding...]

GM: Shades of his father and former IWA World Champion Terry Shane Jr!

[And again...]

GM: Shane is too close to the ropes though! Sterling easily reaches up and grabs them!

[Shane spins a fourth time, drawing a stern warning from Marty Meekly...

...who is completely ignored as Shane spins around a fifth time, drawing a loud shout from Eric Sterling!]

GM: Meekly is motioning to the timekeeper. Is he-

[Shane lets up, coming a split second away from a disqualification. Sterling clutches his knee as Shane yanks it up into the air, hooking it around his neck...

...and lifting Sterling off the ground who desperately fights to break free]

GM: He's got that knee tangled over his own neck!

BW: STRETCH MUFLER, GORDO!

[Sterling claws at the mat, shouting...

...and Terry Shane III responds by stomping him across the back of the head with right leg!]

GM: That can't be legal!

[Sterling tries to fight through the pain but a second stomp flattens his face across the canvas and a third one knocks him unconscious. Meekly shouts down to Sterling...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What?!

BW: It's over!

GM: I didn't even see Sterling tap!

PW: The winner of this contest due to knockout....

THE RING LEADER! TERRY! SHAAAAANE! THE  
THIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIRD!!!

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: You can say that again!

[Shane flings Sterling's leg from over his shoulder and it slams down to the mat. Eric Sterling immediately clutches his leg as the Ring Leader signals to his stablemates to join him in the ring.]

BW: Here comes the Gang, Gordo.

GM: Steve Spector would be a fool to run in on these kind of numbers. Despite his hatred of Terry Shane III, he isn't a fool, Bucky.

[Suddenly, "Richochet" by Faith No More blares out over the arena to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

BW: You were saying?

[Shane looks around, barking orders to his army outside the ring to surround the ring, Several members converge at the entrance to the aisle way, while others look out over the crowd, expecting Spector to come from the crowd. The Gang inside the ring surround Shane, just in case he breaks through the first line of defense.]

GM: This is a suicide mission! Even if Spector comes armed and with help, this could be too much.

[Shane focuses his gaze at the entrance, expecting Spector to come out. Suddenly, the curtains move as the crowd continues to go crazy.]

GM: Here he...

[But it's just a ruse, as nobody comes out.]

GM: Comes?

BW: Looks like Spector thought better of it, maybe he isn't such a fool after all.

[Shane's glare disappears, and he smirks in amusement. He motions for his help outside the ring to move back towards the aisle way. They begin their walk up the aisle as Shane and his Gang leave the ring and we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Terry Shane is obviously rattled by the presence of Steve Spector here tonight after having a month of freedom from worrying about the Hall of Famer's presence. But with that many people backing him up, Shane may have nothing to worry about it all. Fans, we've got one of our featured matches coming up next. Earlier tonight, we heard from Tony Sunn but right

now, let's go backstage and hear from Ricky Lane and his manager, Willoughby Tremblay!

[Cut.]

"You're good a man, Mr. Sunn. Which is why I'm a little confused."

[Fade in on a non-descript backdrop. The footage is grainy, scattered even. The lens of the camera wobbles as it focuses on a slender face positioned under a charcoal gray top hat. The face of Willoughby Tremblay is unmistakable. Weathered, sun-bitten, and a wire-thin beard that that underlines his jaw and chin.]

WT: What exactly are you trying to accomplish? I regret to inform you that if your disobedience continues it will not be tolerated. You are attempting to dis-rail Mr. Lane and I which begs the question...

...for what purpose?

What could you possibly have to gain? Mr. Watters was in need of being saved. He was lost in this world of ours with no purpose or merit. It was the will of our Savior that Mr. Watters was sacrificed for the greater good so that he may one day return a better man. His name would have never slipped from your tongue if it wasn't for the actions of this man beside me.

[Ricky Lane. Four hundred and seventy eight pounds and growing. Six and a half feet of indestructible mass. Black hair platformed above his head and shaven tight along the sides. Biceps the size of bowling balls and legs as wide as a normal man's torso.]

RL: Yo...Sunn! You think you intimidate me?!

[Lane coils his arms in front of his chest.]

RL: Do I look scared?! Hell no! You got lucky, fool! Ain't no way that's happening a second time.

[Lane clubs his chest with a clenched fist.]

WT: Now, now... there's no need to rile yourself up nor is there any need to explain what transpired the last time Mr. Lane and Mr. Sunn squared off. Mr. Lane was a...

...different man. I blame myself for this.

[Head lowered, Tremblay removes his hat.]

WT: He was ill advised and unprepared and that was no fault of his own. It is my solitary purpose to guide and steer the Crusade of Mr. Lane and I failed him. I have no other option than to place the responsibility of his defeat squarely on my shoulders.



[He pats Lane on the back who bares no sign of emotion.]

WT: And tonight, Mr. Lane will rectify my wrongdoings and as Mr. Sunn so eloquently put it, it will be HE who suffers the fate of all the warmongers. It will be HE who suffers at the hands of Mr. Lane for bludgeoning himself in matters that do not concern him. It will be HE...

HE WHO CRUMBLES AT THE FEET OF RICKY LANE AND SHOWN NO MERCY!

RL: THAT'S RIGHT!

WT: For Mr. Lane is a monster like no other. He is admittedly jealous and he is petty, unjust, unforgiving....He is vindictive, bloodthirsty, infanticidal, genocidal...he is not just the "bully" that you spoke of...but a pestilential, megalomaniacal, sadomasochistic, capriciously malevolent bully. His justice, by the standards of our time, is OUTLANDISH!

It is cruel and torturous. Unlike me...

...Ricky Lane's crusade is unrelenting and he will not stop until YOU...Tony Sunn...are buried and crushed underneath him.

You want to school the bully, Mr. Sunn?

Come and get him.

[Cut to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and we cut to the backstage area as Jason Dane is standing next to the AWA Television Champion, Alphonse Green. Green is decked out in a pair of blue and white Zubaz pants, a pair of sunglasses, and as he planned.. a "Ribera Steakhouse" jacket. Green is chewing some gum, pondering the match he has later on tonight. Dane nods his head, and turns towards the champ.]

JD: In just a few minutes, you're gonna be defending your Television title against one of your first opponents here in the AWA, the always controversial P.W. de Klerk.

AG: I'm gonna be a bit honest with ya, Dane, I'm half lookin' forward to gettin' my hands on de Klerk, and I'm half disappointed.

JD: Disappointed? How so.

AG: Well, ya know, this is the first show back in the good ol' USA after so long, an' I wanted to do it big! Ol' Alphonse Green had a fun time out there in Japan! For the first time, ol' Alphonse Green got to eat authentic Japanese cuisine, listen to Japanese music, flush those fancy Japanese toilets, watch them crazy Japanese game shows, and wrestle some great Japanese wrestlers while we were on tour! But.. I got homesick, and I know my Gang Green back home missed me too, so I wanted to show my appreciation for them! I wanted t' step in the ring in a match that is a main event anywhere on God's Green Earth.. and de Klerk swooped in and made the request with the championship committee before I can put in my own request to defend this belt.

[Green shakes his head.]

AG: I mean, this guy repeatedly gets handed his lunch by Shadoe Rage, a guy who deserves a shot at this belt to begin with, an' he has the gall to cut in line anyway. Unbelievable. Well, Dane, I ain't givin' none of those dum-dums backstage a chance to cut ahead here, there's a dude back there who deserves a fair, clean shot at this title... so if yer listenin' to me, championship committee..

Alphonse Green, Ryan Martinez.. two weeks from tonight for the AWA Television Title.

[Green grins.]

AG: We fought for this belt, an' neither of us were 100%. We got through a gruelin' battle royal and got jumped by the silly Wise Men.. and Martinez got the worst of it. I'm glad to have this belt and all, but I feel a little bit o' guilt deep down inside. We both deserve the chance to put on a clash of the titans. Two of the biggest in this industry throwin' bombs at each other for 10 minutes, foh hell I better stop myself right now before I get all of this dang hype outta me in the next ten seconds.

[Dane nods, interested in the potential match between Green and Martinez.]

JD: I'm pretty sure the committee is going to grant that request, but we've got to get back to the task at hand here tonight. While de Klerk has had hard luck recently, he did get the better of you in one of your earliest matches.

AG: Ya, that's true.. no thanks to you!

[Green throws up his hands as Dane gulps.]

AG: Aw, but it's okay, man., things have changed. Ol' Alphonse Green's a much different guy now than he was so long ago, an' quite frankly, with Gang Green behind me, I can't lose to a guy like him. The guy just won't shut up about how he's superior to everyone, when that's just not true.

That dude is uggggggg-ly! Plus he smells!

[Green nods in satisfaction.]

AG: Ya know, I always have room on Gang Green for just about anyone. It's an all inclusive club, ya know. I don't care if you're white, black, hispanic, liberal, conservative, gay, straight, alien, animal.. hell even the dirt underneath this ol' building.. everyone's included here in Gang Green.. except for you, de Klerk!

But ya know, there's hope! There ain't room for you on the Gang Green bandwagon as long as ya have those devilish thoughts, but.. there is ALWAYS room on the Gang Green Flyin' Machine, an' it's ready for you to take off towards your final destination. The 21st century.

[Green removes the belt from his shoulder.]

AG: Would ya like that, de Klerk? Would ya like to ride... with Alphonse Green?

[Green raises the belt into the air, and gives off a triumphant "OOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!!!!" as he shuffles off screen.]

JD: Always as confident as ever, Alphonse Green defends his TV title against P.W. de Klerk in just a few minutes. Back to you guys!

[Fade back to Gordon and Bucky...]

GM: Alphonse Green vs P.W. de Klerk in just a bit but before we get to that, we've got a battle of the proverbial irresistible force meeting the immovable object as the powerhouse Tony Sunn takes on Ricky Lane.

BW: It wasn't that long ago that Sunn got real lucky when taking on Lane and got a cheap win. Tonight's going to be REAL different.

GM: A cheap win? I can't imagine where you got that from.

BW: Willoughby Tremblay told me.

GM: That makes more sense. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following featured contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

["We Hold On" by Rush starts playing over the loudspeakers and out comes Tony Sunn.]

PW: From Ithaca, New York...

[But before Sunn can start walking down the aisle and before Phil Watson can utter another word, the massive form of Ricky Lane comes lumbering out from the entrance curtain, connecting with a big clothesline across the back of the head, knocking Sunn down to the canvas.]

GM: AN ATTACK FROM BEHIND BY RICKY LANE!!

[Lane looks down at the stunned Sunn, stomping him in the back of the head repeatedly. He winds up with a beefy right arm, dropping a heavy elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Good grief! A near five hundred pound elbowdrop down on that elevated rampway!

[Willoughby Tremblay emerges from the curtain, raising his arms over his head, shouting loudly off-mic to Ricky Lane who climbs back to his feet, raising his right arm a second time...

...and dropping an elbow into the sternum a second time!]

GM: Ricky Lane's got him down on the ramp and is putting the boots to him again. We've got AWA officials out here, shouting at him, ordering him to back away.

[Lane shakes his head, leaning down to pull Sunn up by a handful of hair. He lifts his opponent up, slinging him over a shoulder, and taking the long walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Where the heck is he taking him, Bucky?

BW: To the ring! He's got a match!

GM: What?! He just assaulted the man before the bell! Are you trying to tell me this match is going to happen anyways?!

[The massive beast from Baton Rouge sloppily dumps Sunn over the ropes into the ring. Lane looks out at the crowd, sneering at the boos as he steps through the ropes...

...and Sunn erupts from all fours, throwing a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs! Sunn's fighting back!

[The referee signals for the bell as Sunn throws a second right hand...]

GM: Marty Meekly has started this one. I'm not sure how I feel about that. Tony Sunn's trying to mount a comeback but he took some major punishment at the hands of Ricky Lane out on the ramp.

[Sunn climbs to his feet, grabbing Lane by the arm, muscling him into an Irish whip...]

GM: Sunn fires him in... backdr-

[But Lane pulls up short, grabbing Sunn by the shoulders and giving a big shout before SLAMMING his skull into the back of Sunn's head, dropping him back down on his face on the mat.]

GM: Tony Sunn got a little respite there but he couldn't keep his head up and Ricky Lane made him pay for it.

[Lane stands over Sunn, shouting at him. A behemoth of a man, Lane has cropped black hair, shaven short on the sides. You can see the remains of a faded Lion tattoo on his left bicep as he tugs his red double strapped singlet into place.]

GM: Lane to the ropes... LEGDROP!

[But Sunn rolls out, causing Lane to land down hard on his tailbone!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Tony Sunn rolls back to his knees, looking out at the cheering crowd. He pushes up off the canvas, sucking wind into his lungs. He climbs to his feet,

wobbling behind the seated Lane, grabbing a handful of the short black hair...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: SUNN TAKES HIM DOWN HARD!

[He muscles Lane over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Lane powers out, shoving Sunn off him.]

GM: Wow! A whole lot of fight left in Ricky Lane as he shows right there with that powerful kickout, Bucky.

BW: Lane's not about to let what happened to him last time happen here tonight, Gordo.

[Sunn climbs to his feet, grabbing Lane by the arm. He whips Lane across, sending the near five hundred pounder crashing into the canvas, staggering back out...

...into Sunn's waiting arms, looking for the bodyslam!]

GM: He's looking for the slam! He wants to slam the big man!

[But Lane slams an elbow promptly into the ribs. A second one follows, sending him staggering back. Lane grabs a handful of hair, tugging Sunn into a scoop of his own. He walks around the ring, holding the muscular Sunn across his chest...

...and then suddenly stops, pivoting on one foot, and DRIVING him down into the mat with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!!

BW: That's it, daddy!

GM: Lane with the cover... he hooks the leg!

[Meekly dives to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Sunn powers out, lifting a shoulder off the canvas just in time.]

GM: Tony Sunn's out in time!

[A furious Lane barks at the official as he climbs up off the mat, dragging Sunn up by the hair. He pulls him towards the corner, slamming Sunn's head into the turnbuckle, pushing him back in.]

GM: Sunn's trapped in the corner... look out here!

[Lane turns his back on Sunn, grabbing the top rope, and SLAMS his hindquarters back into the midsection of Sunn!]

GM: Ohh! Tony Sunn's gotta get out of the corner! He's gotta get out of the corner! Five hundred pounds slamming back into him and-

[As Lane leans out of the corner again, Sunn leaps up to the middle rope, grabbing Lane by the hair...

...and leaps over him, slamming him facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Again, Tony Sunn smashes his face into the mat!

[Sunn kneels on the mat, cradling his ribs as he looks over at Lane who is facefirst on the mat and unmoving. Willoughby Tremblay can be heard screaming at his charge from out on the floor.]

GM: Tremblay's trying to get his man back up off the mat as Tony Sunn climbs to his feet... oh, but he falls right back into the ropes.

[Sunn clings to the top rope, hanging onto his ribcage as Lane still doesn't move on the mat.]

GM: Tony Sunn has taken some major punishment here at a man who is nearly a quarter of a ton in weight. He's barely able to stand on his feet as Ricky Lane starts to stir on the canvas.

[Lane pushes up off the mat, stumbling to his feet as Sunn pushes off the ropes, rocking him with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by Sunn! A second! A third!

[Sunn races to the ropes, bouncing back off...

...and throws himself into a hard forearm smash to the jaw!]

GM: Forearm smash on Lane!

BW: He can't take him down though, Gordo!

GM: He's trying! Another forearm... and a third!

[Lane is staggered, his arms spread to try and keep his balance as Sunn backs off, plotting his next move...]

GM: Sunn hits the ropes... CLOTHESLI-

[But Lane turns his back, catching the charging Sunn under his arm and lifting him off the mat, dropping him down in a big side slam!]

GM: BIG SLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Sunn again fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Another close call for Tony Sunn as he just barely gets the shoulder up in time.

[Lane gets off the mat, glaring at the official again...

...and then slowly steps up on the chest of Tony Sunn, causing Sunn to cry out in anguish as nearly five hundred pounds is pressed down into his sternum...]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Is this illegal?! I think this is totally legal!

GM: Lane steps off, leaving his opponent gasping for air as Tremblay continues to read the referee the riot act.

[The big man backs into the ropes, slowly walking back up to the downed Sunn, raising his right arm...]

GM: ELBOW! He got all of that!

[Lane flips into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- the shoulder's up again!

[Lane angrily claps his hands together, glaring at the official as Tremblay continues to bellow. The big man climbs to his feet, dragging Sunn off the mat and whipping him across to the corner.]

GM: Into the buckles... look out!

[Lane storms in, crushing Sunn with an avalanche in the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

[Sunn slumps down into a seated position in the corner as Lane bounces out, walking back out to the middle of the ring where the referee shouts at him, warning him to let the man out of the corner.]

GM: Sunn needs to get out of there! He needs to get out of the corner!

[Lane comes storming in again, turning his back...

...and Sunn drops down out of the way, causing Lane to SLAM backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Sunn got out of the way!



[The powerhouse uses the ropes, dragging himself off the mat. He hops up to the second rope, pumping an arm as Lane slowly turns back to face him...

...and LAUNCHES himself off the ropes, connecting with a flying clothesline that takes the big man down!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM WITH THAT CLOTHESLINE!!

[Sunn crawls over the downed Lane, throwing himself into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[This time, it's Lane who draws the big crowd reaction by kicking out!]

GM: He kicked out! He kicked out in time! I thought he had him with that flying clothesline!

[Sunn pushes up to his knees, burying his face in his hands for a moment before climbing to his feet, clutching at his ribs.]

GM: Sunn's back to his feet. He's gotta find a way to put the big man down for three though.

BW: It ain't gonna be easy.

GM: He did it before.

[As Lane pushes up off the mat, Sunn ducks under him, looking to lift him up for the fireman's carry...

...but Willoughby Tremblay leaps up on the apron, wagging a finger at the powerhouse!]

GM: Tremblay's on the apron!

[Sun abandons his lift attempt, moving towards the ropes where Tremblay is standing. The manager holds his ground, screaming and shouting as Lane winds up...

...and HAMMERS Sunn with a double axehandle from behind, sending him falling chestfirst into the ropes. He staggers back as Lane sidesteps and CREAMS him with a standing clothesline!]

GM: Lane knocks him flat... quickly to the ropes...

BW: BLACK CRUSH!

[Lane leaps into the air, crushing Sunn underneath him with a seated senton!]

GM: OHHHH! That's it!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ricky Lane scores a big win here tonight, avenging his loss from several weeks ago to Tony Sunn!

[Lane stays seated, enjoying the win until the referee lays in a quick count, forcing the behemoth to climb back to his feet, leaving Sunn down on the mat and in pain. Willoughby Tremblay steps in, raising his man's arm to big jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Lane with the win over Tony Sunn but you have to wonder how much that sneak attack before the bell affected the outcome of this one. Sunn was really banged up.

BW: Excuses, excuses. The way I see it, Tony Sunn got a flukish win over Lane a while back but Ricky Lane got a DOMINANT win here tonight. There was no doubt who won this won.

GM: Again, I have no idea what match you were watching. It looked like Tony Sunn was well on his way to another victory when Tremblay got involved!

BW: He didn't get in the ring.

GM: He distracted Sunn!

BW: Well, that's because Sunn is big goof who couldn't keep his focus on his opponent.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, I have a feeling this rivalry is NOT over between these two men. Speaking of rivalries, earlier tonight, we witnessed the shocking and brutal attack on Travis Lynch by the bizarre, well... I suppose technically he's a man, but by the brute called The Lost Boy!

BW: Tell ya what Gordo, I've already asked the guys in the production truck to make me a copy of that scumbag gettin' bashed with that chair and havin' the life choked outta him! Don't bother callin' me once this show is over, because the rest of my weekend is all booked up as I host private screenings of that in the man-cave!

GM: I... I can't believe you sometimes.

BW: You don't think I've got a man-cave?

GM: No, that I believe. That brutal, and might I add, completely unwarranted attack was halted by Travis' brother Jack Lynch.

BW: Because the Stench hate fun!

GM: And then, not long ago, I, like many of our fans, was shocked to hear the news that came from the so-called...

BW: The actual!

GM: The self-professed King of Wrestling, "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake. And that news was that somehow, beyond all reason and comprehensibility he actually succeeded in getting the Iron Claw banned!

BW: You mean to say, Gordo, that the walkin', talkin', honest to goodness King of Wrestling actually got old man O'Connor to actually enforce the rules. You mean to say that eleven thousand, five hundred and thirty people rallied behind their monarch and forced the corrupt AWA administration to keep that animal, that no good scumbag Jack Stench from crippling and maiming people with his illegal hold! What you're trying to say is that Jack Stench will no longer be allowed to ruin careers and love lives with his disfiguring and highly dangerous and completely banned Iron Claw. And its all thanks to the man who is the -real- hero you should have been holding out for, the one and only Mister Demetrius Lake!

GM: ...I don't even know where to begin..

BW: With a hearty "All Hail The King!" daddy!

GM: That is most assuredly not going to happen. As soon as the news of the Iron Claw's ban broke, we sent Jason Dane in search of Jack Lynch. Well, Jason found Mr. Lynch, but needless to say, after what happened to his brother and then with the apparent banning of the Claw, he was in no mood to talk. I understand that Mr. Lynch has calmed down... slightly. And that he is in the locker room with his friends...

BW: His kooky friends!

GM: ...Yes, them. And that Jason Dane is standing by, looking to get a word from all four men. Jason, take it away.

[Cut to the locker room, which, as the camera pans over it, we can see is in a complete state of disarray. More than one locker has been pulled open, and quite a few of them have fist-shaped dents. One of the wooden benches is over turned, and there are clothes strewn everywhere. Standing on one side, looking on, are Hannibal Carver and the Dragon himself, William Craven. Craven sits, hunched, on one of the un-capsized bench, face hidden by his gas mask but posture clearly despondent. Carver has his head bent down, the hood from his black sweatshirt with the red "BUDWEISER" logo emblazoned across the chest obscuring much of his face. In the background, we hear Bobby O'Connor's voice.]

BOC: Jack... just calm down!

[The camera moves to the side, where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand, he looks over his shoulder distractedly.]

JD: Can you... I was hoping to get a word with Mr. Lynch. Jack...

[The camera turns to focus on Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor. The former of whom, upon hearing his name, turns to face the camera. Jack's head is bare, absent his customary black cowboy hat. He's also shirtless as well, wearing only a pair of black jeans and black cowboy boots. Lynch pulls away from Bobby O'Connor, storming towards Jason Dane. The normally laid back and laconic Lynch is red faced and furious.]

JL: Jason... believe me, not right now. You don't wanna hear what I have to say. 'Cuz all the people at home are gonna hear are a buncha bleeps...

[Undeterred, Jason continues.]

JD: Your brother, Travis was attacked by the Lost Boy. A man your family has a long history with, dating back to your days in your father's promotion, PCW.

JL: First off, the Lost Boy ain't no man. That right there is a genuine freak of nature. But whatever he is, he's just made himself a target. Him and that two dollar...

JD: Mr. Lynch!

JL: Him and that piece of no good trash Sunshine. I hope you're both listenin' to this. Sunshine, you had your chance to step away. You coulda taken your cue and gotten lost. But you wanna do this? You wanna come at Travis with a chair?

You better call up Dick Wyatt and have him make sure the bed next to him in the hospital is empty!

Lost Boy. You do not mess with a Lynch while I'm still drawin' breath! You come after my blood?

Then this ends in yours!

I know that Trav is gonna recover. I know he'll be just fine. But he's in pain now, and that's enough to get me good and angry. And I know that Travis will want to get the first shot at you. But here's my promise. I'm gonna have him leave just one little piece of your hide for me. Because I want my pound of flesh too.

You made the biggest mistake of your life, Sunshine. And now you, and your boy, are gonna pay.

JD: Switching gears for a moment, Demetrius Lake has laid out a challenge for Memorial Day Mayhem. One that requires an answer...

[Jack opens his mouth as if he is going to answer, but then shuts his mouth and shakes his head, this being one outrage too many. The cowboy stalks off, Bobby O'Connor on his heels, trying to pull him back.]

HC: I'd give ol' Jack some breathing room right now if I were yeh, Dane.

JD: Very well. Perhaps we can get your thoughts, Mr. Carver. And yours as well, Mr. Craven.

[It just so happens that Dane is standing nearer to Craven and, so, thrusts the microphone in front of one of the green man's red-tinted lenses. His head turns slightly in reflex and taps the microphone with a slight "tink" sound.]

WC: Hrm?

JD: Your ... thoughts? Last I knew you had a vendetta against the Unholy Alliance for taking away your "Emperor".

[Breathing in deep, Craven sounds like Darth Vader, his mask either hampering his breathing or amplifying it's sound.]

WC: Is that mockery I detect in your tone?

JD: Me? Uh, no sir, not--

WC: Save it. You've nothing to fear from me, Dane. It's been made abundantly clear to me my place in this world. From the subtle jibes and dismissal cast absent-mindedly my way by Juan Vasquez when he, the true king, deigns to acknowledge my existence to the horrendous dissemination heaped upon me by former friend Johnny Detson. I daresay that, were you and I alone, he'd be right here breaking down my every flaw in minute detail. I'm not the rampant beast I was when I errantly laid hands upon you so ... save it...

JD: That ... I'm sorry--

WC: Do you have any more specific questions I could answer?

[Finally Craven sits up, turning full his gaze on Dane and lightly gripping his knees to appear attentive.]

JD: Well, yes, I still would like to know your thoughts about the banning of the Iron Claw.

[Shuddering slightly, an ironic laugh escapes Craven.]

WC: That is the way, is it not? The weak see a weapon they can neither wield nor withstand and so they seek to have it banned. Soon enough Lake will find himself the victim of yet another thrashing and seek to have banned whatever maneuver laid him low that time as well.

Meanwhile, though, Lynch ... well, you can hardly question his rancor, hrm? His best tool removed from his repertoire now calls his ability to defeat an inferior opponent into question. If Jack loses to Lake, well, the Claw will be the reason. If Lake loses to Jack, however ... then Lake can make no excuse. I, myself, will miss being able to squeeze the jelly from a skull with my once mutilated left hand. Hrm, perhaps I will do it anyway. Not as if things can get ... worse...

[Realizing what he's said, the man who made the phrase "it gets worse" famous laughs, shaking his head.]

JD: Very insightful, Mr. Craven, I have to say I didn't expect this. You're not usually so ... so...

WC: Humble? Yes, normally I am more grandiose, it's true. Now, though, well ... when you recognize yourself as incapable of redemption, locked far away from the ultimate prize you'd sought your entire adult life and no longer young enough to wait for your time in the sun ... it changes you. Thank Johnny Detson for that.

JD: Detson? Is that why you haven't been speaking as frequently as of late? Because of something Detson said?

[Rising, Craven brushes imaginary dust away from his black vinyl slacks.]

WC: Isn't it apparent, Dane? All these years ... a fragile mind rotting away in the body of an invulnerable titan ... but the body's owner now sees clearly a future where half a century has passed with nothing but infamy and sadness to show. So now I seek to amplify others. My words need not be televised to the world for them to do some good for allies like Carver and young lions like Jack and Bobby.

JD: Right, your friends in the "Kooky Quartet".

WC: What?

[Twitching, standing straight as a rod, slowly turning to look down at Dane Craven emotes shock.]

JD: Your ... quartet. You four have been dubbed the "Kooky Quartet" by some.

[Raising his hands to his mask, Craven unclasps it from his shoulders and lifts it off. Incredulous, aghast, his face twists up, exposing his sharpened teeth.]

WC: Kooky?

JD: Not my word. Absolutely not my word.

WC: Hannibal Carver is a humanoid woodchipper, I'm most often called "Dragon", Bobby O'Connor is a warrior and Jack Lynch is a legacy. There is nothing--NOTHING "kooky" about us.

JD: Agreed. You are correct--

WC: But then...

[Shifty look from Dane as Craven's expression becomes conspiratorial.]

WC: ...there's seldom any connection between perception and reality, is there?

[Carver steps in.]

HC: The reality, Dane, is that yeh can slap any funny little name yeh want on us. If the office wants to sell some more t-shirts, that's no sweat off my back. But at the end of the day, this ain't nothing to smirk at. They've attacked Bobby countless times, turned Will's life upside down, maneuvered Rick Marley into an undeserved shot at the gold... and finally taken away a piece of Texas wrestling history. They can all laugh it up... but how much laughing will Percy Childe be doing when the broken carcasses of his army lay face down in the dirt?

JD: You spoke of Rick Marley's shot tonight at the World Championship. After weeks of chasing him, what are your thoughts and predictions for that contest?

HC: My thoughts?

[Carver scowls and spits on the floor.]

HC: My thoughts are it's a load of crap. My thoughts are that bovine pig of a manager that Marley follows around thinks this company is his personal playground. If yeh ever wondered why Supreme Wright did what he did to take that belt off of Dave Bryant, look no further than fatboy. Wright is a helluva talent in that ring, but we're at a crossroads here in the AWA these days where that isn't enough to get the job done. Because this is not a fight against any one man in the ring. It's a fight against a man in a suit. A man behind the scenes that has his sausage fingers in a whole lotta pockets, tugging on a whole lotta pursestrings. So given that REALITY, I see why Wright did what he felt he needed to in order to finally get his hands on that ten pounds of gold.

[Jason seems a bit taken aback by this.]

JD: Are you saying you agree with what Supreme Wright did to Dave Bryant? That you would employ the same means if you were in his shoes?

HC: Hell no, Dane... I'm just saying I understand it. It is a way to go about it, but the problem is simple. Every time yeh cut off a head, two more replace it. All four of us have our particular battles with these boys but make

no mistake... the end game strategy is to cut off that big, fat, pizza guzzling head of the Hydra.

As for Marley tonight? Well damn, I have to say I'm disappointed in that boy. Yeh see, when yeh've been rampaging around the woods chasing down a little rabbit... yeh like to think yer prey starts to get to know yeh. How yeh tick, what yeh'll let slide...

[Carver scowls again, emphasizing his next line by punching the palm of his open left hand with his right.]

HC: ... and when yeh'll bash his brains in with a rock before yeh let him make a mockery of this sport AGAIN. Rick Marley, World Champ? Not on my watch. His slimy manager might've gotten him this far... but I will see to it PERSONALLY that he'll only get to the pay window tonight by beating Supreme Wright fair and square and all by himself.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: And we all know he ain't got what it takes.

JD: I see... and if I could, what are your thoughts on the banning of the Iron Claw?

HC: Hell, Dane... yer two for two. It's a load of crap. It is some weak willed lawyer crap because the truth is too much for the Queen of Wrestling to bear. And that truth is, he is afraid of Jack Lynch. That truth is he knows he can't beat Jack Lynch where it counts. He and his gang of jackals proved as much when they looked across the ring at me, Jack and Will... and then promptly tucked their tails in between their legs and ran for the hills. Besides, for all the five dollar words he uses, he proves himself to be an idiot. Because if yeh think Jack needs the Claw to beat the tar out of that joker, I've got a bridge in Brooklyn I'd like to sell yeh.

[Finally, Jack Lynch steps forward, calmer, but not by much.]

JL: Jason, earlier, you said you wanted to hear my answer to what Demetrius Lake had to say. Well, I think I'm just about ready to answer him in a family friendly way.

Lake, you come here, to Texas, and you talk your trash about my home. You step into the AWA and you spew nothin' but garbage about the great state of Texas and the AWA fans. You get in my father's face, and then, when he ain't lookin' you jab your thumb in his throat. And after all that. After all that runnin' of your big fat mouth, you got the nerve to be surprised when I slap the Iron Claw on that oversized head of yours?

I'd like to think you aren't as delusional as you seem. But Lake, no man can be called sane after what you've done.



You got the Claw banned. I dunno how you did it. I don't know how you pulled that off. You took away a piece of my heritage. And let me explain something to you about a \_Texan\_.

[Jack emphasizes that word, contrasting it with Lake's oft-used slur of "Mexan."]

JL: In these parts, there ain't nothin' we take more seriously than our heritage. Ain't a Texan alive who'd rather be anythin' else. And ain't a Texan alive who wouldn't die before givin' up even a piece of our history.

You got your signatures. But you know what else you got? You got yourself a mess of trouble that you can't talk yourself out of. You wanna fight me at Memorial Day Mayhem? You wanna know if I'll accept the match?

You're damn right I'll accept the match.

You might think, Demetrius, that you got one up on me. But all ya managed to do was go and piss me off. All ya did was rile me up somethin' fierce and then put your name on the dotted line to face me.

I ain't ever gonna forget what ya did to me in St. Louis.. I ain't gonna forget how you've spit on the AWA, Texas and all these great fans. I ain't gonna forget what you did to my dad.

And I'll never forgive you for this nonsense with the Claw.

Hell yes, I'll fight you.

Hell yes, I'll beat you.

And hell yes, I'll make you choke on every single word that's ever passed your lips.

Get your house in order, settle your affairs. But don't make any plans for the future. Because come Memorial Day?

The king is dead.

[Jack falls silent then, his body shaking with barely contained fury.]

JD: And there you have it. Jack Lynch has accepted Demetrius Lake's challenge. And even if he won't fall victim to the Claw ever again, I would not want to be the King of Wrestling right now. Let's go back to Phil Watson for our World Television Title matchup!

[Fade to Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit.. and is for the AWA World Television Championship!

[The crowd cheers at the announcement, but it quickly turns to loud boos as the camera pans to the entranceway. The challenger, P.W. de Klerk makes his way down the aisle.]

PW: Introducing first, the challenger.. from Cape Town, South Africa and weighing in at two hundred and seventy one pounds.. here is.. P.W. DE KLERK!!

[de Klerk takes a few steps and stops, his left arm behind his back. He uses his right arm to twist his handlebar mustache and peer out at the crowd. He offers them a military salute, which is responded to by even more relentless booing. and continues to the ring. He climbs into the ring and raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers another military salute to the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Hit it, Freddie!]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time..

# I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee

# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

# Don't. Stop. Me.. !

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chorus of cheers as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.] !

PW: And his opponent... coming down the aisle, hailing from Peducah, Kentucky. He weighs in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds...he is the AWA World Television Champion... !

ALLLLLLLLPHONNNNNNSE... GREEEEEEEEEEEEEN!

[Green thrusts the belt into the air, pleased at the reaction from the crowd. The camera pans to the ring, showing the stone faced challenger, twirling his handlebar mustache as the challenger makes his way down to the ring. With a quick burst, Green runs down the aisle, tosses the belt into the ring ahead of him, and slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He quickly climbs to his feet, grabs the belt, and raises it high into the air, staring at de Klerk. The referee for tonight's match motions for the belt, and Green gives it to him. Green makes his way to the opposite corner of de Klerk, stretching against the ropes.]

DING DING DING

GM: There's the bell, and we're underway! Ten minute time limit here as Alphonse Green looks to defend his Television championship against P.W. de Klerk. Last time these two met, Bucky, de Klerk dominated Green and scored an easy victory.

[Green stares down de Klerk, and both men circle each other to start the contest.]

BW: Well, back then, Green had the confidence stripped right out of him that night. He probably could have given de Klerk a run for his money if he had his heart set on winning. Things have changed since then, Gordo.

GM: Boy, has it changed. Green's become one of the top young superstars in our sport, in part thanks to the tutelage of Ben Waterson.

[Green and de Klerk look ready to lock up, and Green lunges for the lockup. However, de Klerk dodges to the side.]

GM: A little bit of quickness from the controversial veteran there.

[Green shakes his head and circles de Klerk again. Green again lunges for the lockup, and de Klerk, again, sidesteps, drawing boos from the crowd.]

GM: Little bit of stalling early on. We have a ten minute time limit and de Klerk wants to win the TV Title..

BW: Simple strategy, frustrate the kid and slow him down.

[Green looks flustered as de Klerk sneers in Green's direction. de Klerk dusts off his shoulders in disdain, shaking his head.]

GM: He doesn't even want Green to touch him!

BW: Well, you heard Green earlier. Everybody can join Gang Green, and that's a lot of people de Klerk just doesn't like. Everyone gets along in Gang Green, even the religious folks and atheists. de Klerk hates everybody.

GM; Green going for the lockup a third time..

[Green lunges again, this time stopping short as de Klerk dodges to the right.]

GM: Feint!

[The crowd roars as Green rushes de Klerk, pounding him with blows across the back as de Klerk scrambles for the safety of the ropes.]

GM: de Klerk in the ropes, and the referee's pulling Green back.

[However, as soon as the ref steps aside, Green lunges forward, catching de Klerk in the side of the head with a seated dropkick! The crowd cheers as de Klerk falls to the floor.]

BW: He was in the ropes, Gordo! I'm just trying to make sure everything is on the up and up in this match, ya know.

[Green slowly rolls over and pulls himself up to his feet. He appears to be shaking his left foot slightly, not appearing to be too concerned after catching de Klerk with the dropkick.]

BW: Hmm...

GM: He caught de Klerk pretty good with that dropkick, de Klerk is starting to stir a bit on the outside as Green's pacing around in the ring.

[Green's pacing stops, as he sees de Klerk climbing to his feet. Green decides to make a run for his opponent. He bounces off the far ropes, and charges at top speed..]

GM: GREEN!!

[The crowd gasps as de Klerk ducks, however, Green saw de Klerk ducking just in the nick of time, and stops his charge.]

BW: What a heads up move by the kid, Gordo! He really has come a long way, that's the kinda thing a 10 year veteran can get caught with his pants down on.

[de Klerk looks out over the crowd, grinning as he thinks he outsmarted Green. However, Green steps out onto the apron.]

GM: Green shushing the crowd here, waiting for de Klerk to turn around.

[de Klerk starts to turn back towards the ring, as Green comes running off the apron. With a leap, Green crashes into de Klerk with a clothesline! Green quickly rolls into the ring, and jumps to his feet, letting out a loud yell to the crowd.]

GM: The referee starting the count here as de Klerk slowly makes his way to his feet again.

BW: Here comes Green!

[Green heads towards the ropes, and leans over to try to pull de Klerk back into the ring.]

GM: Green not giving de Klerk a chance to catch his breath here early on.. hey!

[The crowd boos as de Klerk reaches up, grabbing a handful of hair. With a jerk, de Klerk drops back to the outside, snapping Green's throat on the top rope. The boos continue as de Klerk gives a salute. before rolling back into the ring.]

GM: de Klerk back inside, and wasting no time in putting the boots to the young man out of Paducah, Kentucky.

BW: "The Kentucky Wildcat" Alphonse "The King of the Battle Royals" Green in big time trouble. The man of a thousand nicknames could very well add "Former Television Champion" to that list if he can't get it together.

[de Klerk pulls Green to his feet, and repeatedly rams his knees into Green's midsection.]

GM: de Klerk loves to use moves that double over the opponent. He's got a simple, but effective DDT..

BW: Don't forget the State of Emergency. He's put countless people away with that move over the years.

[de Klerk stops for a moment, which is enough for Green to start throwing rapid fire punches into the midsection. de Klerk is stunned as Green stands up, laying into de Klerk's chest with a vicious knife edged chop. de Klerk steps back, and Green starts throwing rapid fire chops into de Klerk's chest.]

GM: Shades of Ryan Martinez with those chops!

BW: Green's chops are pretty hit and miss. He can light up a chest with a chop one minute, and whiff the next. Green's not a slugger.

[Sure enough, de Klerk goes for the eyes, doubling over Green as the cheers dissipate. de Klerk quickly reaches over, grabbing Green and taking him up and over with a gut wrench suplex!]

GM: de Klerk going for the cover, one.. two.. just two.

[de Klerk gets back up, and walks across Green's throat to the boos from the crowd. Green gasps and grabs his throat, as de Klerk prepares his next move.]

GM: de Klerk measuring Green, and drives his elbow across the throat! Another cover.. and another quick kickout.

[de Klerk, not deterred by Green's quick kickouts, yanks Green into a seated position, and dives both hands into the neck of Green!]

BW: Nervehold! He's got it locked in pretty good.

[The referee drops down, asking if Green wants to give up. Green shakes his head.]

GM: de Klerk not really all that known for going for submissions. He's trying to wear down the youngster. Like you said earlier, he's looking to slow things down.

[Green struggles, trying to draw some help from the crowd as Phil Watson announces how much time is left in this match.]

PW: FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!

GM: Green's trying to fight out of this hold here, looking to extend his title reign just a little bit longer. He did seem a little frustrated earlier with having to defend his title against de Klerk, pointing out de Klerk's recent failures against his long time nemesis, Shadoo Rage. He even issued a challenge for two weeks from tonight against Ryan Martinez.

BW: Hey, I've known Alphonse for awhile, and this frustration is more than just having to defend his title against de Klerk. Ya know, he wants to be known as the greatest TV champion of all time, right?

GM: Of course.

BW: Well, with all due respect, defending it against guys like Charles S. Rant, Matt Rogers, and P.W. de Klerk just ain't gonna do it. Pullin' off a defense against Ryan Martinez? That will help his case.

[Meanwhile, in the ring, Green starts to fight out of the nerve hold that de Klerk's got locked in. as the crowd roars it's encouragement.]

GM: Green's pulling himself back to his feet here, feeding off the crowd. Now, Bucky, I agree that beating Martinez in two weeks would be a huge feather in his cap..

BW: You know what else might help?

GM: What?

BW: I'm hearin' that the Championship Committee's planning something big in regards to the World Television Title at Memorial Day Mayhem!

GM: Really?

BW: Now, nothing's set in stone at this moment, but I'm sure that they'll come up with something to test our Television Champion, whether it's Green or Martinez. If Green goes into Memorial Day Mayhem with the belt, and leaves as the champ, it would be huge for his career, and I think we all can start believin' that this kid could very well be the greatest Television Champion of all time!

[Green buries a couple of elbows into the rib cage of de Klerk, but de Klerk's not letting go of the nerve hold.]

BW: Now, if he can overcome these challenges with what I've been hearing recently?

GM: ...what's that?

[Green swings wildly with his left foot, smashing the side of it against the back of the right ankle of de Klerk. de Klerk finally lets go of the nerve hold and limps away. However, the crowd gasps as Green limps to the opposite side of the ring, gritting his teeth in pain.]

BW: That.

GM: I noticed Green was slow to get up earlier when he caught de Klerk with that dropkick, but didn't think anything of it. I wonder if he was trying to walk off whatever happened there.

[de Klerk charges in, holding his hands over his head as he tries to club Green. However, Green beats him to the punch, letting loose a mafia kick with his right foot!]

BW: He didn't get all of that kick! He had to plant that left foot, but it's hurtin'!

GM: It might be enough to buy him some time!

[Green launches himself forward, sneaking behind de Klerk, rolling him up and grabbing a little bit of camo pants for advantage!]

GM: Rollup! One! Two! Thr.. NO!

BW: He did have a handful of those pants!

[Both men climb to their feet, and de Klerk starts swinging wildly. However, Green ducks those shots, reaching up and dropping de Klerk with a jawbreaker, which staggers de Klerk to the corner. With a loud yell, Green gets the crowd cheering, as he rushes in!]

GM: Here comes a monkey flip.. NO!

[The monkey flip fails, as Green crashes to the canvas, hitting the back of his head hard. de Klerk quickly moves in on the downed Green, pulling him to his feet in a standing headscissors.]

GM: STATE OF EMERGENCY!

[de Klerk lifts Green up, looking to land the killing blow. However, Green has other plans.]

GM: REVERSED! WOW!

[The crowd goes crazy as Green was able to get up to de Klerk's shoulders, and spikes him with a vicious rana!]

BW: Right on the crown of his head! de Klerk might be knocked out!

[Green pops to his feet, and lets out a really loud "OOOOOOOHHH!" before pointing to the corner. He walks over to de Klerk, and pulls the dead weight of the 271 pound man to his feet. With a smile to the crowd, he reaches for de Klerk's head, and scales the ropes!]

GM: Going for it.. he got it! The Hunger Strike, and that's all she wrote!

[Diving on top of de Klerk, the referee drops down and counts the pinfall to the cheers of the crowd. "Don't Stop Me Now" starts up in the background.]

DING DING DING

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, and STILL AWA Television Champion.. ALPHONSE GREEN!!!

GM: Another one bites the dust, Bucky. A big win for Green as he's wondering if he's got a huge match with Ryan Martinez in two weeks time.

BW: That one's gonna be a barn burner, that's for sure. Green's givin' the dumb kid a huge opportunity, and I'm lookin' forward to it.

GM: You know what I'm looking forward to? For months upon months now, the war between Shadoe Rage and the Shane Gang - most specifically, the man known as the Atomic Blonde, Donnie White - has been... no pun intended... raging. The AWA President's office has ruled that at Memorial Day Mayhem, that war must end... and to end it, they have allowed Shadoe Rage to select the stipulation for the match.

BW: To which I ask, "Are you out of your looney minds?!"

GM: It was a controversial decision made by AWA President Karl O'Connor for certain but Mr. O'Connor has had to defend numerous controversial decisions as of late. This might ultimately be another one. We've all heard the story - we know what happened the last time Shadoe Rage was allowed to select a stipulation for a match. The result was the infamous Death In Darkness match back in Portland. Could we see something like that? Could we see something worse? Let's go to some pre-taped footage and find out!

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." The setting is a largely empty warehouse, full of crates, chains, scaffolding, iron bars, pallets and a couple power sleds to move things around. Jason Dane enters the scene, looking around in bewilderment. He seems quite uncomfortable. Fortunately for him, he spies someone familiar in the statuesque Afro'ed presence of Marissa Monet. She seems almost sheepishly apologetic for the meeting place.]

JD: Marissa, I was told to meet Shadoe here. This can't be the right place.

MM: (apologetically) It is.

[He looks around, confused.]

JD: Is he here?

[On cue the synth pop of "Fame" plays from a docked speaker somewhere, startling Dane. As Rage's theme plays, Shadoe Rage comes bursting into the shot. He is shirtless, dressed only in long fuchsia tights and dark pink training shoes. A knapsack is strapped across his back. He carries a



sledgehammer in his left hand. Dane's eyes pop as he falls back from the axe-murderer image of Rage. Even Marissa unconsciously steps back, leaving Rage to dominate the centre of the shot.

Rage's brow is furrowed. His breathing is deep and blustering. The sheen of sweat across his forehead and chiseled body shines in the camera light. The light hits his crazed hazel eyes, setting them off even more brilliantly. He grits his teeth as he speaks to Dane, his raspy coarse voice strangling across his vocal cords.]

SR: Welcome back to America, Dane. You enjoyed the Rising Sun Showdown? You enjoyed Japan?

[Rage brandishes the sledgehammer at Dane, cowing him into silence.]

SR: Good for you. Good for you. Good for you. Because I didn't really enjoy my time here while the AWA was having one of its biggest tours in Japan. A chance for the spotlight on the world stage and they put me in the back because they thought I was too dangerous to have overseas. A country that produced death matches and the AWA is afraid Shadoc Rage might be too much for them.

JD: Well, it's hard to-

SR: (pointing the sledgehammer in his face) Don't say another word, Dane. Don't say another word ... because you know what ... they're right. Yeah, in the time I've been here on the sidelines I've had to admit something to myself.

[He pauses for effect as it all starts to sink in for the lunatic.]

SR: I may have a little anger management problem.

[And a little problem with understatement. Dane's expression says it all. This guy is King of the Clouduckoolanders. Even Marissa seems concerned that Rage may be rather less than more in possession of whatever faculties he has left. And to prove their point Rage drives the head of the sledgehammer straight into the ground with a sharp bang.]

SR: And I've been angry ever since I came out of talent relations. I've been angry ever since the AWA left for Japan. I didn't watch a minute of the show because that was just going to make me upset. The biggest party of the year and I didn't merit an invitation. And I love parties, don't I, Marissa?

Marissa: (nervously) Um, sure.

SR: (spiking the hammer again) Yeah, I love parties.

[Rage starts speaking directly to the hammer.]

SR: I can sing, I can dance, and I can make romance.

[Dane is aghast. Rage pulls his attention away from the hammer and back to Dane. The madness in his eyes burns a hole through Dane's forehead.]

SR: But we're not talking about that kind of party, are we, Dane? We're not talking about that kind of party, are we? We're not talking about that kind of party.

JD: No?

[Rage's charcoal stare pierces through him. He smashes the sledgehammer against the ground.]

SR: No. We're talking about the kind of party that might cause an international incident. We're talking about the kind of party where I could go wild!

[With that, Rage raises the sledgehammer and smashes it against the concrete ground repeatedly. Dane and Monet flee the madness as he works out his rage. Upon finishing, Rage tosses the sledgehammer off screen with a heave before advancing on Jason Dane again with narrowed eyes. Monet hurries behind him, watching intently.]

SR: We're talking about the kind of party where I could get loose! The kind of party where I could get nuts! The kind of party where I could go crazy! Put me in a building with any of the Shane Gang and we're talking about a party that would have blown the roof off the place! Because the Shane Gang will fall. And I'm going to be the man to make them fall. And it starts with Donnie White.

[Dane looks a little more confident to keep going at this point.]

JD: Yes, the AWA President said this issue between the two of you needs to finally come to some resolution. They gave you the chance to dream up a match to end it once and for all. Did you think about that while you were...

[Dane trails off, unsure how to phrase it so that Rage doesn't explode. He looks at the ground seemingly to make sure it will remain steady.]

SR: While I was sitting home, uninvited to the party? Marissa, did I think about what I was going to do to Donnie White? Did I think about him?

MM: Yes.

SR: (to Dane) Did I ever think about him.

[A crazed smile spreads across his face.]

SR: Did I ever think about him? I thought about him morning, noon and night.

[Dane flinches when Rage throws his arm over Dane's shoulders.]

SR: They think the way for me to tone down the violence is to exorcise my demons. They think letting me choose the match at Memorial Day Mayhem will calm me down, pacify me. That's no way to scale down the violence! That's only going to increase the violence! I'm the man who created the Death in Darkness match in Portland, Dane. I'm the man who dreamed up competing in a match full of landmines, lights out and tables all around the ring. I'm the man that dragged myself through Hell just to hurt Kowalski! That match was legendary. It was one hell of a party, Jason Dane. And now they give me the chance to imagine a new match, a new party to destroy Donnie White. This match ... this party is going to destroy him utterly ... body and soul.

JD: How's that?

[Rage's eyes up their wattage another degree. He shows even more of his teeth.]

SR: To destroy a man, you have to understand a man. What kind of man is Donnie White? Well, he's weak. He's cowardly. He hides behind others. He's the weak link in the Shane Gang. He's the new Handsome Harry.

Listen to when he speaks. What little personality what little identity he has is hidden behind a series of tacky guffaws and pitiful attempts at juvenile humor. Sandra's got to talk for him. And that's all to disguise the fact that he doesn't have anything himself. Might as well call him Handsome Donnie White. Because I'm going to give him the same fate.

[Rage can be seen visibly listening to some voice that exists only in his head. He cocks an ear towards the sky.]

SR: Where is ol' Harry these days anyway? Do you know? I don't know. Nobody knows. But Donnie White might want to give him a call and ask him about obscurity because that's where he's going. The weak link in the Gang is going to be snapped. So Terry Shane, you should thank me for making your unit better. Anderson, Strong, there will be more spotlight to go on top of you because White will be out of there. Exposed. He's never competed on his own. He's never had the courage to. So that's going to be the first rule, Dane. We're going to fight under locked door rules. There will be no Gang allowed. No Sandra Hayes. No Marissa Monet. Nobody. Any wrestler or manager who sets foot around ringside is suspended for one year. How do you like that, Dane? That means it's him and me. One-on-one. No tricks. No gimmicks.

JD: Considering the history, that makes sense. But you said that's the first rule?

[Rage flashes that killer's grin again. His eyes narrow.]

SR: Jason Dane, I've had to struggle and strain to reach the top. I've had to fight for everything. You see this body?

[The camera takes a shot of Rage posing with his arms out and bent, studying the striated muscle, the lean ultra defined physique.]

SR: I've thrown my body into every danger there is. This body was born in fire. This body was forged in Hell. But it was designed to climb into the sky. It was designed to be the body of an Angel! An Angel of Death! It was designed to soar! And this match, we're going up to the kingdom of Heaven, Dane. We're going up with all the hardworking men and women, who climb the ivory towers, who climb the construction sites and pray, pray that they won't fall.

[Rage points behind him at a structure of steel tubing and wooden planks.]

SR: We're going up on the scaffold!

[Dane blanches at the idea.]

SR: 30 feet above the ring, Jason Dane! We're going to Heaven and Donnie White is getting thrown to Hell! Come on!

[Rage grabs Dane by the collar and yanks him towards the scaffold.]

SR: I've been climbing the ladder all my career. I've been climbing the scaffold forever! Always trying to make it to the top! Always trying to balance on the edge!

[With that, he launches himself up the structure, scrambling hand over hand and foothold by foothold until he gets to the top. The camera shoots upwards from the ground below. The perspective is dizzying. Rage shouts from the top of the scaffold so everyone can hear him clearly.]

SR: It's a long way down! You don't ever get up from that! You don't get up from that kind of impact, Dane.

[Rage unshoulders his knapsack and reaches inside. He pulls out a gimmicked watermelon. The dark and light green and white striped fruit is decorated with a Mohawk made of white pipe cleaners. White's face is caricatured across it with a Sharpie.]

SR: Dane, this here is Donnie White. This is his swollen fat head. And this is what happens when he gets knocked off a scaffold! Look out below!

[With that, Rage tosses the melon out high and far. It traces an arc in the sky before it starts falling down and down and down, pulled down by gravity's embrace.]

SR: Donnie White, with the Shane Gang's help you've embarrassed me three times in a row, but no more. No more! When we go up that scaffold in the Heaven and Hell scaffold match, you'll find out going up is a lot easier than coming down! There's no escape for you up there! There's no pinfalls or submissions! There's nowhere for you to handcuff yourself to a ringpost.

There's just the man who got knocked out of the sky! I'm gonna knock you out of the sky, White! I'm going to make you the man who fell to Earth!

["Fame" plays as the watermelon falls in slow motion to hit the ground near Dane and Marissa. It compacts and bursts, sending chunks of fruit flesh and red juice flying everywhere in a slow, gory display. Dane and Marissa leap back from the mess. The camera turns back to the deranged Shadoe Rage who stands at the edge of the scaffold pointing down at his creation.]

SR: Donnie White, at Memorial Day Mayhem, I hope you're ready because I've been balancing on the edge my entire life. You're going over the edge and straight to Hell! You're going to die!

[Rage is snarling and frothing!]

SR: Ohhhhhh, what a rush! You're going to die!

[Rage's theme song begins to play again as the slow motion footage of the watermelon falling and shattering into pulpy pieces plays again... and again... and again... as we slowly fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and fade back up into a shot of AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright, standing inside the ring with Jason Dane. The champion is dressed in one of his trademark tweed suits, cradling the World Title belt in his right arm. Standing behind him, is his bodyguard, Cain Jackson. On the outside, the ring is surrounded by the tracksuit-wearing members of Team Supreme, who stand at ease with their hands behind their backs. There's a loud chorus of boos for the champion, along with some scattered cheers from the crowd.]

JD: Supreme Wright, you and Kenta Kitazawa went through hell and back in Tokyo, but in the end, you proved exactly why many consider you the finest technical wrestler in the world, forcing Kitazawa to submit and retaining the AWA World Heavyweight title.

[A slight smirk forms on Supreme's face.]

SW: Don't sound so disappointed that I won, Mr. Dane.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Personal feelings aside, Supreme, that was an outstanding performance by any measure and I won't take anything away from your victory. You absolutely earned it.

SW: Thank you for the kind words, Mr. Dane, I can always count on you to be a professional.

[He gives Dane a knowing look.]

SW: Just be sure to tell Mr. Michaelson to have my next opponent better prepared, if he wants to see me dethroned.

[Dane looks flustered.]

JD: I have no idea what you're talking about.

SW: Of course you don't.

[Dane rolls his eyes and moves on.]

JD: But be that as it may, there's no rest for the weary as your title is on the line once again, as you defend it tonight against Rick Marley. And should you successfully defend the World Title tonight, Dave Bryant receives his long awaited rematch with you at Memorial Day Mayhem.

SW: That almost sounds like doubt, Mr. Dane. There is NO doubt in my mind I will successfully defend my title tonight, just like how there is no doubt in my mind I will successfully defend my title against Dave Bryant.

[Some boos from the crowd.]

JD: But with the backing of Percy Childes and possibly The Wise Men behind Rick Marley, this match may prove to be your most dangerous title defense, yet.

SW: Is it, Mr. Dane?

[Supreme glares at Dane, who seems to be slightly unnerved by his stare.]

SW: I just defended my World Title in front of a hostile crowd of 40,000 people, in a foreign land, against one of the very best in the world. THAT was adversity. THAT was a struggle. THAT was a battle.

JD: But we're not just talking about Rick Marley, here. We're talking about Percy Childes. We're talking about The Unholy Alliance. We're talking about The WISE MEN.

[Supreme looks down around ringside at all the members of Team Supreme standing on the outside, before looking back up with a smirk on his face.]

SW: What are The Wise Men to me? Nothing but cowards lurking in the shadows living in perpetual fear of retribution. The Wise Men tried to manipulate the system and keep the World Title out of my hands. They tried...

[Supreme points to the World Title belt nestled in his right arm.]

SW: ...and they FAILED.

[Surprisingly, Supreme receives a healthy amount of cheers for his anti-Wise Men stance.]

SW: Rick Marley will be no different. He'll try to take MY title away from me.

And he will FAIL.

[And once again, another round of cheers. A random fan screams, "MARLEY SUCKS!"]

SW: Percy Childes? The Unholy Alliance? The Wise Men? None of those things are nearly as dangerous as what Rick Marley has to face tonight, Mr. Dane.

ME.

[The crowd cheers, because if there's one thing they want to see, it's Rick Marley getting his just desserts.]

JD: Still, with the way that Percy Chiles has seemingly manipulated the Championship Committee, with all the connections that he possesses, aren't you...

[Supreme places his hand over the microphone, cutting Dane off. He slowly removes his hand from the mic and pulls Dane's wrist towards him.]

SW: Mr. Dane, do you honestly think Percy Chiles or The Championship Committee can force me to do anything I don't want to do? Rick Marley is wrestling against me tonight for the simple fact that *\*I\** want to wrestle him tonight.

[A grim look forms on the champion's face.]

SW: Do you think I forgot about what Rick Marley and Johnny Detson did inside MY ring during 'The Chase For The Clash'? How dare they make a mockery of this sport that I love?

[He tries to retain his composure.]

SW: Quite frankly, the wisest thing that Rick Marley could possibly do tonight, is to do what he did that night.

Quit and run.

[Dane hesitantly nods in agreement.]

JD: While Rick Marley's actions that night were certainly despicable, you have to believe he will be fully focused on winning the AWA World Title tonight.

SW: You could've fooled me, Mr. Dane, because it seems to me, that the only things on Rick Marley's mind, are things that happened a long time ago, in places far, far away. Sights: real and imagined. Things that happened in promotions that died while I was still in high school. And I'm sure I'm not the only one sick of hearing about it. Like the song says...

...LET IT GO.

[Jason Dane does his best to suppress a smile at that quip.]

SW: Rick Marley, you are the LAST man I want to hear complaining about unfairness and lack of opportunity. Yes, the AWA employs the last three champions from the Phoenix Valley, but WITH ALL DUE RESPECT...

[A brief smirk can be seen on his face as he emphasizes those last three words.]

SW: ...every time Supreme Wright has stepped into the ring with a former champion from the Phoenix Valley...



...I've choked his ass out.

[There's some shocked reaction from the crowd, who honestly, weren't expecting to hear that from the champion.]

SW: It seems to me, that these "champions" Mr. Marley holds in such high esteem have had plenty of opportunities to prove their worth. Unfortunately for them, the step up in competition from the best of the Phoenix Valley...to the very best in the WORLD...

[He raises the World Title high into the air.]

SW: ...proves that \*I\* am the only champion that matters.

[Wright gestures to the title belt to a mixed reaction.]

JD: That having been said, Mr. Wright, I have to ask-

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts in a confused reaction as the curtain parts and a pissed-off seven foot monster is pacing down the ramp in his street clothes, heading straight for the ring!]

GM: Wait a second! It's Robert Donovan! The Beale Street Bully himself is heading straight for the ring!

[Cain Jackson springs into action, stepping in front of Supreme Wright while directing traffic. Soon, the ring is filled with Team Supreme members, forming a human shield in front of the World Champion...

...but the angry father doesn't seem to care, swinging a leg over the top rope as a unknown Team Supreme member rushes him, flailing at him with a barrage of clubbing forearms to the back as Donovan steps over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Donovan's in and-

[He promptly grabs the attacker by the throat, glaring at the World Champion before hoisting the trainee high into the air...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! HE SENT THAT TEAM SUPREME MEMBER INTO THE MAT!!

BW: It's just a kid! A student! What kind of a man does that to-

[Two more Team Supreme members rush forward towards Donovan, getting dropped with a monstrous double clothesline. He straightens up, pointing at Cain Jackson who has managed to get Wright out to the floor.]

GM: The World Champion has bailed out!

BW: Cain Jackson is a bodyguard, damn it! He's doing his job in there!

[Donovan keeps moving forward, throwing haymakers at anyone trying to impede his path as he tries to get his hands on the World Champion. For every man who comes at Donovan, two more bail out of the ring, helping Cain Jackson as he gets Wright back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: They're running for it! Team Supreme is getting the heck out of here and-

[Turning to see the fleeing World Champion, Donovan buries a boot in the gut of the last Team Supreme member standing in the ring with him. He hooks a gutwrench on him...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...and powers him up, flipping him over, and DRIVING him into the canvas with a gutwrench powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH! HE PLANTS THE LAST MAN STANDING!!

[A furious Donovan stalks around the ring, slamming his arms down on the top rope as he watches Wright flee out of view. The seven footer moves to the side of the ring, leaning over and barking for a microphone until Phil Watson hurries with the house mic. Donovan snatches it and walks back to the center of the ring. The big man is red-faced, chest heaving, his anger very, very plain on his face.]

RD: WRIGHT!

[Donovan pauses, trying to calm down enough to say whatever's on his mind.]

RD: You better listen, and listen damn close, Wright, 'cause if I have it my way I ain't gonna be sayin' anything to you unless it's with a balled-up fist!

[Donovan paces back and forth briefly, then suddenly stops, microphone at the ready.]

RD: I spent more'n a damn year fightin' the Lynches, thinkin' I was fightin' for blood. I thought I could even out the garbage Blackjack pulled on my old man, on men I called "uncle" growin' up -- but I was wrong. Now, I got a real fight for blood on my hands. A fight for my own damn blood, runnin' through the veins o' the boy I named after my father.

[Donovan grits his teeth briefly.]

RD: Wright, I don't know how the hell you got into his head an' filled it with your nonsense, but you did it. Ain't any words I could say to 'im to convince him otherwise...an' honestly, I don't know why I even tried to talk him down. Donovans are stubborn bastards, an' talkin'...well, it ain't ever been my strong suit.

[Donovan clenches his free hand into a fist, then bends his arm, bringing said fist about to eye-level. He stares at it briefly, then drops it to his side, still clenched.]

RD: Beatin' the hell outta punk kids who think they're the future of this business, though...that's somethin' I can do.

[Donovan points up the ramp, towards the backstage area.]

RD: Supreme Wright...you should've stayed in Japan, 'cause now that you're back here, there ain't a damn thing to keep me from gettin' my hands on you. This ain't about championships -- you've screwed with the only legacy I can leave this business, the only chance I have to hold my head high once I walk away from this sport...

[Donovan looks down at the mat briefly, then back up, as determined as the big man has looked in ages.]

RD: Damn it, Wright, you're screwin' with my flesh and blood. That boy o' mine thinks the sun rises and sets 'cause you tell it to, an' the only way I know to make him see that you ain't worth followin' is to leave your sorry carcass layin'. You screw with my blood, Wright? From now on, the only thing I care about doin' here is spillin' yours!

[The seven footer throws the mic down... to perhaps a surprisingly positive reaction from a decent portion of the crowd.]

GM: Wow! Robert Donovan just declared war on Supreme Wright!

BW: Join the club.

GM: But this... this is different, Bucky. Robert Donovan admits that this isn't about titles... this isn't about the World Championship... this is about his own flesh and blood, Tony Donovan, the son he named for his father... and Supreme Wright's twisted that young man into abandoning the Combat Corner and becoming a part of Team Supreme. Robert Donovan wants to make Supreme Wright bleed and... well, when your family... when your children are involved... who the heck can blame him? Speaking of families, Terry Shane had some pretty nasty things to say about Steve Spector and his family earlier tonight. Let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet has caught up with the Hall of Famer himself! Mark?

[Fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Steve Spector. Spector is wearing a pair of jeans and a New York Mets t-shirt. Spector looks pretty calm as he gets ready to address Stegglet and the fans of the AWA.]

MS: Thanks guys! With me right now is a man who recently had to serve a suspension for his unfortunate actions on the March 1st edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, Steve Spector. Steve, welcome back to the fold.

[Spector nods his head.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we saw that you got into Terry Shane III's head on two different occasions. He was distracted briefly in his match, thinking someone was going to come out of the crowd. Later on, after his match, your music played and no one came out. It appears that he's not only got himself the Shane Gang watching his back, but now he's got his own security detail.

SS: Typical of guys like Shane.. throwin' shots across the bow, then duckin' behind other people when the other guy thinks about fightin' back. It's nice to know I got him shook up enough where he's got twenty guys runnin' with him.. and I don't even need to go after his family to do that. Ya know, while I'm on the subject of him hidin' behind people.. he's also hidin' behind a bunch of rules.

[Stegglet raises his eyebrow in curiosity.]

MS: How so?

SS: To be honest, I thought I was toein' the line a bit too much back there, and Karl O'Connor was not pleased. He pulled me aside and let me know in no uncertain terms that he didn't appreciate my stunt. We did have a nice talk while I was sittin' at home, ya know. He's understandably upset that I've been disruptin' his shows in order to get Shane in that ring to finish what he started. He told me that I'm not to come into contact with Shane as long as we're inside the same arena unless it's in a sanctioned match, or else I'm suspended for life.

A bit harsh? Hmm.. maybe. He's in charge, he can do whatever he wants if he wants to keep control of things.

[Stegglet nods in agreement.]

SS: He told me to let it go.

That's been a common theme tonight. I was here tonight to issue personal apologies to the referees, to Colt Patterson... Tommy Fierro, Clayton Shaw.. Sweet Daddy Williams. Even though they weren't glad to see me, we ended up breakin' bread.. and they all told me to let it go. My wife even told me before I left for Dallas to let it go.

MS: So, are you going to let it go, Steve?

[Spector pauses, giving the question some thought.]

SS: Sometimes, Mark, you can't always get what you want. Maybe the guys are right, maybe I oughtta let it go and go home. Maybe I am-

[Suddenly, Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: Steve, I spoke to Shane earlier tonight before his match. Did you happen to hear that interview?

[Spector looks puzzled.]

SS: No. Like I said, I was going around and apologiz-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: He said something that was a bit disturbing. He implied that you could have taken your frustrations out on your wife and son while you were at home serving your suspension, and that you might have gone so far as to-

[Spector puts his hand on Stegglet's shoulder, interrupting him. There is a brief pause, as the calm look on Spector's face fades away. Spector's right eye twitches as it's obvious that Spector's trying his best to hold his anger in.]

SS: ...thanks, Mark.

[Spector brushes past Stegglet and exits stage left. Stegglet looks on in concern, and turns back towards the camera.]

MS: I think I may have just triggered what could be an explosive situation back here, guys. I hope Steve can get his emotions under control before something serious happens. Back to you guys.

[As we come back up, we see that Phil Watson is standing in the middle of the ring with familiar faces on both sides of the squared circle.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from Cambridge, Massachusetts... weighing in at 258 pounds and accompanied to the ring by Mark Hoefner...

MAAAAAAAAAATT GINN!

[Boos come up from the crowd for the Dichotomy member!]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left... weighing in at 240 pounds... he hails from Greenville, South Carolina...

ERRRRRRIC PRESSSSSTON!

\*DING DING DING\*

GM: A return match of sorts from a while back, when Eric Preston stepped in for an injured JP Driver after Dichotomy took him out before a scheduled tag match!

BW: Preston didn't have any business sticking his nose in there, Gordo, and he looked like a fool afterwards. And judging from what happened in Japan, there's more than a few people sick of his act.

[Gordon grumbles as Preston and Matt Ginn lock up. The taller Ginn has the immediate advantage, but the shorter and stockier Preston gets low and drives Ginn back into the corner. Ginn uses the leverage to switch positions, then Preston switches back as both men tangle up in the ropes.]

GM: The referee calls for the clean break, and both men grant it-

[But not before Matt Ginn leans in and two hand shoves Eric Preston into the corner. Preston, not one to take that sort of thing lightly, fires back with a two hand shove of his own.]

BW: You can feel the dislike between these guys, Gordo, there's just no respect at all.

[Matt Ginn pulls referee Marty Meekly in between he and Preston, and using the ref as a shield, pifaces Preston into the corner. Ginn simply retreats to the other side of the ring and steps out to the floor as Preston moves away from the referee.]

BW: You can't forget just how smart this Matt Ginn is, Gordo, he's a card carrying MENSA member. He and Manny write poetry in the back using HTML code!

GM: They what?!

BW: You know, zero zero one zero zero one one zero one. Women love it!

GM: I'll take your word for it. Matt Ginn is back in the ring now, and once again they converge in a collar and elbow tie up. Ginn's got the height advantage and those long arms, but Preston is a bit more compactly built... jockeying for position, Ginn twists underneath with a hammerlock.

[The Dichotomy member pulls up on the hammerlock but Preston swiftly reverses into a hammerlock of his own. Now it's Preston who pulls up on the hold, and the lanky Ginn drop toe holds out of it. Preston hits the mat as Ginn applies a grounded side headlock, squeezing the head of the prone Eric Preston from a seated position.]

GM: Excellent chain wrestling from both men, who are each accomplished technical wrestlers in their own right.

BW: Ginn is such a hard match up, Gordo. He's so smart, he's about as technically sound as you can be and he's got the height and reach advantage. It can't be easy to be in the ring with him.

GM: Those are good points Bucky, but you've got to give Eric Preston his due. He's just as technically sound, and he's about as good an athlete as we've got here in AWA.

BW: I'll take your word for it.

[Preston pushes himself off the mat, depositing an elbow into Ginn's ribs and then another, standing up to a vertical base. The South Carolina native backs up to the ropes and is able to shoot Matt Ginn off...]

GM: Ginn off the far ropes, Preston hits the deck, Ginn back off- hiptoss from Eric Preston, nicely done!

[The fans cheer as Matt Ginn scrambles to his feet and is greeted with a dropkick to the mush. Preston presses his advantage grabbing a side headlock and backing into the fair ropes as Mark Hoefner, Ginn's partner in Dichotomy, hops on to the apron to protest...]

GM: What's he doing up there, get him off the apron!

BW: That's his tag team partner, Gordo, he's got business interests at stake here!

[...Now it's Ginn who backs into the ropes and uses the momentum to shove Preston off, who makes a bee line for Mark Hoefner and drops him off the apron with a right hand! The crowd comes alive as Preston turns around into a waiting Ginn, who grabs him underneath the arm for a hiplock takeover, but Preston blocks it, rolls across, and hiptosses Ginn again, who rolls out of the ring!]

GM: Eric Preston EXPLODES with some offense, and that sends Matt Ginn scattering to regroup with his partner! Listen to these fans rally behind Eric Preston, who is just now getting warmed up!

[With Dichotomy on the outside making a game plan, Preston hits the far ropes, gains speed and drops down low with a baseball slide dropkick, knocking both Ginn and Hoefner into the guardrail! Preston lands on his feet and continues to go to work, dropping Hoefner with a right hand and dealing out one for Ginn as well. Preston slaps one hand, then another, and the fans reach over to slap his back as he drags both tag team members to their feet and slams their heads together!]

BW: Was that really necessary?! Hoefner is here to support his partner, not to get involved in the match!

GM: He's already got involved, Bucky, what are you viewing?!

BW: Same monitor you are, Gordo! Get some windex for those coke bottle glasses!

[Preston rolls Ginn into the ring and goes to follow... but finds Mark Hoefner grabbing on to his leg, not letting him go forward. An elbow to the back of the head gets Hoefner to let go, but as Preston climbs onto the apron he leaves himself wide open for a Mark Ginn knee lift!]

GM: Did you see THAT, Buckthorn? That was blatant!

BW: Of course I did, Preston deserved it! This ain't ballet, daddy, it's pro wrestling!

GM: Right hand from Matt Ginn, and Eric Preston falls to the outside!

[Ginn immediately grabs the referee's shoulder and turns him around, putting a finger in his face and getting hot under the collar while his partner puts the boots to Eric Preston on the outside. Hoefner strikes quickly and throws the South Carolinian back in, just as Matt Ginn walks past the ref and grabs Preston by the hair.]

GM: Ginn throws Preston into the corner, backs up- OH! Driving knee lift to the midsection, and another from Matt Ginn.

[With each knee lift, Eric Preston doubles over, gasping for air as it's driven from him.]

GM: Mark Hoefner did a number on Preston outside of the ring, and Matt Ginn is smart enough to take advantage on the inside.

[Ginn stands Preston straight up, and then lays in a left hook to the kidney of Preston, followed by another. Ginn then backs up, grabs the second rope and drives his right shoulder into the gut of Preston, who is now grunting in agony. Another shoulder block has a similar effect, and Matt Ginn backs up a second.]

GM: Oh my stars, a pointed boot to the side of Eric Preston, and Matt Ginn has certainly shown his hand.

BW: He's gonna drive the wind out of Preston, keep him grounded, not give him any room to use that explosive offense. Take out the body and the head will follow!

[Ginn grabs Preston by the hair, hooks him for a suplex and lifts... balancing Preston vertically in the air, letting all the blood rush to his head, and then falls back.]

GM: Here's the cover! One! Two! Preston gets the shoulder up!

[Matt Ginn stays on the attack, rolling Preston onto his stomach, pinning his left arm behind his back and DRIVING the knee into Preston's side. Mark Hoefner claps and pounds on the mat as Ginn does it again, and then turns to the crowd and claps obnoxiously as Ginn lifts Preston off the mat and slams a knee into his midsection.]

GM: Matt Ginn's offense is methodical and most effective, making it hard for Preston to catch his wind and decisively punishing his core.

BW: Not fancy at all, but hitting his mark. Eric Preston wants to get up and down, use his athleticism to enhance his mat skills. But if you can't breathe, you can't do that. Simple, effective and downright brilliant.



[Ginn brings Preston to his feet, wraps and arm around his waist and then drops back with a belly to back suplex...]

GM: Ginn covers, but doesn't hook the leg- one, two, Preston kicks out at two.

BW: An uncharacteristic decision by Matt Ginn to not hook the leg. That's a detail he's used to taking care of.

GM: And Ginn looks angry at himself for just that, Bucky.

[Indeed, Ginn grimaces and slaps the mat, as Hoefner hops onto the apron nearest him. They discuss a few things momentarily and Ginn turns around just as Preston has gotten back to his feet.]

GM: Eric Preston's back on his feet and probably had a few seconds extra due to the impromptu strategy session, Bucky.

BW: Gotta factor in that Ginn is used to tag team matches and the strategy that's involved. Singles matches are a different animal, Gordo.

[The Massachusetts native grabs Preston and whips him to the buckle, then follows in as Preston jumps up to the second rope and lunges back with an elbow that catches Ginn right in the face! The crowd comes alive as Preston gets back to his feet a half step ahead of Ginn, hooks him around the head and snaps him over with a high speed suplex!]

GM: That time cost Matt Ginn! Eric Preston exploded out of the corner, and the elbow found it's mark! Off the ropes, Preston bounces off- no! Hoefner grabbed his ankle!

BW: Ha! That's teamwork!

[Preston turns around and leans over to take a swipe at Hoefner, just as Ginn sneaks up from behind, grapevines the leg and snaps back with a crisp side Russian legsweep! He floats into a cover, and this time hooks the leg!]

GM: One! Two! Kickout again, but this time with much effort on Eric Preston's part!

BW: Little things count, hooking the leg adds up!

[Marty Meekly goes to Mark Hoefner and questions his activity. Hoefner pleads innocence, making sure to thoroughly explain that he was nowhere near that side of the ring, while Matt Ginn GRINDS his forearm into Preston's throat. Preston kicks his legs as the fans protest, but by the time Meekly turns around Ginn's already slinging Eric Preston for the ride.]

GM: Preston off the far side, here we go... Ginn catches him off the rebound and slams him down across the knee! Heck of a side backbreaker by Ginn.

BW: More punishment to the core of Preston, testing his endurance. Everyone who has ever had a diet soda with Todd Michaelson knows the damage a bad back can do.

[Cut to Preston arching off the mat, grabbing at his back with his hand as Matt Ginn directs a few more comments at the referee.]

BW: Ginn seems to be pre-occupied with the ref - he's givin' the man an earful.

GM: Well it's not as if Matt Ginn is the most humble wrestler in the company. He's probably telling him how to do his job better!

BW: Maybe he should listen.

GM: Ginn goes over to pick up Pres-INSIDE CRADLE! ONE! TWO! T-GINN KICKS OUT!

[The crowd pops as both men jump to their feet, with Preston's back to the corner. Ginn charges and Preston deftly ducks aside, scissoring the leg and causing Ginn to fall face first into the second turnbuckle.]

GM: Drop toe hold to great effect! Ginn stumbles to his feet, Preston is waiting for him!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDD!"

BW: CLEARED FOR TAKE OFF!

[The overhead release belly to belly suplex gets the crowd on it's feet, and Eric Preston walks on his knees to make the cover...]

GM: ONE! TWO! T- GINN SLIDES THE SHOULDER OUT!

[Preston pounds the mat and then jumps to his feet, slamming his hand on the turnbuckle as the adrenaline kicks in. He measures the rising Ginn, and then runs to the far ropes, looking to bounce off... until Mark Hoefner grabs his ankle! The crowd is livid as Preston turns around and pulls the other Dichotomy member onto the apron!]

GM: He did it again, get him out of here!

BW: Well who pulled him up on the apron!

GM: Preston had every right to! The crowd wants to see him take care of Hoefner- HERE COMES GINN!

[But at the last second Preston moves out of the way of a charging Matt Ginn, and Ginn catches his partner square in the face with a forearm! The crowd is loving it as Preston spins him around, grabs the head and opposite leg, and then takes Ginn over with a fisherman's suplex!]

GM: Meekly in position! One! Two! No, Preston couldn't keep the bridge!

BW: But he brought this pace up a few notches, daddy, life is goin' too fast for Matt Ginn right now!

GM: Matt Ginn might not know what's going on right now! Preston's got him on his feet, whip to the corner, here comes Preston to follow!

[As the former Gamecock leaps for a flying corner avalanche, Mark Hoefner re-emerges to move Ginn out of the way! Preston hits the corner at a high velocity and bounces out into the middle of the ring, where a waiting Matt Ginn hooks him and spins into a reverse neckbreaker!]

BW: Reverse neckbreaker! There it is, daddy!

GM: Here's the cover, and Ginn hooks the leg! One! Two! Thr-- no sir, Eric Preston just barely slips the shoulder out! He's taken a lot of punishment, but Eric Preston cannot be held down!

[Matt Ginn drags Preston up, grabs two full hands of hair and RAMS his face into the top turnbuckle! Preston staggers away as Ginn grabs him again and this time drags his forehead along the top rope.]

GM: My gosh, that's an unorthodox way to go about business this late in the match, but it's certainly effective. Now another kneelift from Ginn, and Preston is in bad shape in the corner, holding himself up with one arm.

[When he sees that, Ginn goes to the opposite corner and very blatantly begins to pick at the back of the top turnbuckle pad, trying to untie it. Marty Meekly rushes over in an attempt to stop him, just as Mark Hoefner slides into the ring nearest Preston and rushes at him in the corner, aiming both knees at the chest of Eric Preston... and misses!]

GM: MARK HOEFNER MISSED THE SHOTGUN BLAST! PRESTON CLOTHESLINES HIM OUT OF THE RING JUST AS GINN TURNS AROUND!

[Ginn rushes out of the corner with a clothesline that Preston ducks... and then bounces off the farside, clipping the back of Ginn's leg.]

BW: Chop block by Preston, that'll slow Ginn down!

[But by the time Ginn can push himself off the mat, Preston has bounced off the adjacent rope...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

...and drilled him square in the jaw with the Dream Machine!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! THE DREAM MACHINE FINDS IT'S MARK, AND ERIC PRESTON DIVES FOR THE COVER! ONE! TWO! THREEEEE!

\*DING DING DING\*

GM: A fantastic win for Eric Preston! Dichotomy used the ring to their advantage, they were one step ahead for most of the match, but Eric Preston managed to take care of business!

BW: Matt Ginn almost found singles success here tonight but Eric Preston used his experience edge in that arena to get himself the-

[Suddenly, the lights cut out. A few moments pass before the sound of wild barking dogs fills the air.]

GM: What in the...?

[The trademark bass line to KISS' "War Machine" is heard over the PA system as a barrage of spotlights start "searching the crowd", waving back and forth over the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

GM: What is going on here?

[The lights flicker several times...

...and when they return to full blast, we spot the growingly-familiar trio of midnight blue wearing attackers inside the ring. Pedro Perez is the first one we spot, a tan dark-skinned man with short, curly, well-gelled hair. He wears a midnight blue flak jacket and matching track pants as he throws himself into a tackle on Eric Preston, flailing at him with rights and lefts.]

GM: That's Pedro Perez! Pedro Perez was a former Combat Corner student who nearly had his career ended by "Hotshot" Stevie Scott many years ago and has never been quite right in the head since then!

[Perez is in mount position, hammering Preston into the mat as his partners join him in the ring. One of them is a brown-skinned man wearing a similar jacket to reveal his brown-skin underneath. His very short black hair has a single line shaved all the way around the circumference of his head. He joins his ally, stomping Preston viciously.]

GM: Two men in... and here comes the big man!

[The big man, approaching somewhere near three hundred pounds, climbs into the ring. His biceps and forearms are bulging as he flips back his shoulder length, stringy blonde hair. We can see a tattoo of the sun god holding a three-pronged pitchfork on his right shoulder as he shouts to his allies, waving a hand.]

GM: They're pulling Preston off the mat... PRESTON'S FIGHTING BACK!

[Eric Preston uncorks right hands, catching Pedro Perez between the eyes and knocking him down to the mat. A haymaker sends the other man falling back...

...which clears a path for the big man as he tears across the ring, throwing himself into a spear tackle that cuts Preston down, putting him back on the mat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The big man gets to his feet, coldly glaring down at the stunned Preston...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: MARTINEZ! MARTINEZ!

[The AWA's White Knight comes tearing across the ring, coming through the ropes...

...where he gets swarmed by all three men, forearms, fists, kicks, and knees flying as they chop the son of the Hall of Famer down to his knees on the mat. Perez steps back, giving his allies room as the smallest man of the bunch lays into Martinez with a series of stiff knees to the face, putting the young lion down on the mat!]

GM: We've got a three on one attack on Ryan Martinez, trying to put him into the mat! And you notice that Dichotomy retreated on this one. They wanted no part of these three men - these mysterious individuals who showed up about two months ago now... and actually followed Martinez and Preston to Japan in an attempt to take them out of action!

[Dragging Martinez off the mat, Perez and the smaller man pull him out to the center of the ring. The smaller man leaps up, hooking Martinez by the hair, and PULLS his face down into his own shins!]

GM: OHH!

[Martinez bounces up from the impact as Pedro Perez leaps into the air, grabbing Martinez from behind and taking him down backfirst onto his own knees!]

BW: LUNGBLOWER!!

[Martinez collapses on the canvas, all three men moving to stand over him, looking down at the hero as the people pour down boos onto them.]

GM: These men... these hired guns... that must be what they are, right?!

BW: I have no idea... and it wouldn't be WISE to speculate.

GM: Stop it, Bucky. Stop it right now. You DO know! Are these men here on behalf of the Wise Men?! Are they going after Martinez and Preston because of their efforts to disrupt the Wise Men's plans?!

[The big man again waves for his allies to lift Martinez off the mat, watching as they pull him up, each with a handful of hair.]

GM: Look at the size of this guy... this hoss as he backs to the corner, stepping up to the middle rope...

[He sits on the top turnbuckle, flexing his arms as he pumps them up and down repeatedly, waiting as his allies hoist Martinez up, handing him over to the big man who slips Martinez' legs up on his shoulders...]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god, no!

[The big man rises, standing tall with Martinez up on his shoulders...

...and LEAPS OFF, DRIVING Martinez down into the canvas with a thunderous superbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB OFF THE SECOND ROPE!! GOOD GOD!!!

[As the big man backs off, he watches as Perez and the smaller man pummel Eric Preston who had tried to get back into the fray to help his ally. Perez is repeatedly slamming his knee up into the ribcage of Preston as the smaller man backs off. Perez whips Preston into the ropes, catching him on the rebound in a low held bearhug as the smaller man dashes to the ropes, leaping up to the second rope...

...and springs back, flipping through the air, snaring a three-quarter nelson as Perez falls back with Preston, allowing his partner to DRIVE Preston's skull into the canvas!]

GM: HOLY... what in the world was that?!

BW: It's the end! The end of the young lions! The end of the White Knights! The end of ANY problem that the Wise Men will EVER have, Gordo!

GM: So you admit it!

BW: I don't... I'm not...

[The big man leans through the ropes, gesturing for a house mic.]

GM: What's this? This hoss has got something to say apparently. He's got-

[Perez drags Martinez on top of Preston, stacking their victims up as the big man plants a boot on top of both men, raising the mic and speaking with a very deep voice.]

"The Wise Men send their regards."

[He flips the mic away as Pedro Perez breaks into a sadistic grin. He trades a high five with the smaller member of the trio as the three men slip from the ring, stepping over the ringside barricade and making their way back through the crowd.]

GM: There it is, fans. In one sentence, the AWA gets a lot more dangerous for anyone who dares to stand against the Wise Men - "The Wise Men send their regards."

BW: Martinez. Preston. You can add them to the list of people who've learned the hard way to not mess with the Wise Men, Gordo. You can add 'em to names like Matsui, like Waterson, like Supernova, like Blue, like Stevie Scott.

GM: We need to get some help out here for Martinez and Preston. They've taken a horrific beating - first in Japan and now here in the States - at the hands of these three men on THREE occasions now. Enough is enough, damn it. Fans, we've got to take a quick break. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could \_really\_ fight.

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

Kids: \*gasp\*

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

Kids: Stevie Scott!

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

Kids: WOAH!

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

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and back up to ringside where a hurting Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez are standing next to Gordon Myers.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. I'm here with-

[Preston jerks the mic away into his direction.]

EP: WISE MEN!

[The crowd reacts - a bit concerned after what they just saw.]

EP: Three times.

[He holds up three fingers.]

EP: THREE...TIMES! Three times we've come out here to this ring to do what we do best and three times your hired guns have come out here and tried to put US in the ground.

[Preston reels back, clutching his ribs. Martinez moves the mic towards him, grabbing the back of his head.]

RM: No more. NO MORE, WISE MEN! You want us? We're not hard to find! And at Memorial Day Mayhem, we're going to plant ourselves inside that ring in Gainesville until those three thugs show up and face us... in a six man match!

[Big cheer from the crowd! Preston grabs the mic again.]

EP: We'll go find ourselves a partner... and I think I know just the man to stand by our sides... and we'll see you at Mayhem. And when we're done with the three of you, the Wise Men are going to be looking to get their money back, jack!

[Preston shoves the mic back towards Myers as the duo walks off camera.]

GM: Wow! A challenge is issued for Memorial Day Mayhem! Mark Stegglet is backstage right now. Mark?

[We cut backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing, microphone in hand.]

MS: My guest at this time... Johnny Detson.

[Detson strides confidently into the shot wearing black slacks with a teal dress shirt and tie. His sleeves are rolled up and his tie is slightly undone. His shades rest on the bridge of his nose.]

MS: Johnny, you asked for this time...

[Detson holds his hand up, stopping Stegglet.]

Detson: Glad you remember my name! Take a few weeks off and this whole place goes to hell! How was your trip?

MS: Well-

Detson: Mine was good... I had a chance to get this Texas stench off me! That's called "taking a shower" for all you Southerners watching at home. Soap. Water...

MS: Is there a point to this?

[Detson looks at Stegglet annoyed.]

Detson: Of course there is a point to this. I was supposed to have a match tonight against Bobby O'Connor. Word is that after he accepted my challenge he ran off to grandpa and begged for him to cancel it. It's the O'Connor way my sources tell me!

MS: What?! I heard that you asked that the match be postpone-

[Detson again holds up his hand, cutting him off.]

Detson: The reason matters not. I'm clearly here dressed to wrestle and O'Connor is not, I should be declared victor on principles alone!

[Detson smirks and wags his finger back and forth.]

Detson: No, but then Bobby wouldn't get the beating he so richly deserves. No, Bobby, hiding behind pappy and pappy's new stooge isn't going to save you!

MS: I can only assume you are once again insulting Hannibal Carver...

Detson: That obvious, huh?

MS: Well, before Rising Sun Showdown, Hannibal had some rather choice words for you.

Detson: Did he?

[Detson smirks again giving the impression he knows every word that was said.]

Detson: Well, I was simply making an observation; he has no need to get all defensive.

MS: Let's talk about-

[Detson snaps his fingers, interrupting Stegglet again.]

Detson: But you know... it's funny because the Hannibal Carver of old wouldn't have stomped his feet and pouted. No, he would have tracked that person down and stomped on him.

[Detson shrugs.]

Detson: Oh well, I guess this Carver is nice as well.

[Looking back down at Stegglet, Detson lowers his shades.]

MS: William Craven.

[Detson laughs.]

MS: Something funny?

Detson: Yes... why would you want to talk about him?

MS: You also had some pretty choice words for him last month and-

[Interrupting him again, Detson holds up his hand.]

Detson: Stop, just stop. Billy boy is gone. Johnny Detson has slayed the big, bad dragon, or whatever other pseudonym he wants to go by. I've done what no one, NO ONE, has been able to do. And how you ask? By telling him the truth.

His career? A waste. His personal life? A waste. That place he wants to bring back so badly, that one man revolution he wants to chase? Another waste in an already overloaded waste of a career. The land of extreme?

[Detson scoffs.]

Detson: Please that place is long since dead and rightfully so. I put the final period on its epitaph when I dropped Chris Blue on his head! Nothing ever good has come from that place, and now you and your wasted career are as dead as that place!

[A little red in the face as Detson winds down his rant. He stops and collects himself adjusting his tie slightly as he continues.]

Detson: The thing is Billy buddy, the truth... hurts, but you still have to deal with it. You can't grasp that, and you're better off playing dead!

[And with that, Detson storms off.]

MS: More biting words from Johnny Detson, but will they come back to bite him? Let's go back down to Phil Watson for more action!

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

PW: The following tag-team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Already in the ring ... weighing in at a combined 367 pounds ... here are Andy and Will Blue ... the Blue Brothers!

[There's a passing murmur from the crowd as the Blue Brothers try to generate some excitement by raising their arms and yelling out at the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents ... weighing in at a combined 338 pounds ... from parts unknown ... accompanied by Queen Bee ... here are Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket ...

THE HIIIIIIIVE!

[There's a bunch of cheers from the kids in attendance as the Hive salute the fans from their place already inside the ring. Queen Bee leaps up on the middle rope, waving her arms to pump up the crowd as Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee dash back and forth across the ring, repeatedly hitting the ropes]

GM: The Hive showing just how popular they are with the young children in attendance.

BW: Gordo, kids have no taste. These bees got no sting!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're under way here ... Bumble Bee in the ring to start.

BW: How can you tell?

GM: He's the one with fewer stripes.

[Bumble Bee is light on his feet as he matches up with Will Blue. The Hive member ducks under Will's attempt at a tie up and comes up behind Blue, tapping him on the shoulder. The crowd laughs as Will turns around in frustration.]

GM: Bumble Bee in a playful mood here tonight. He's showing just how quick he can be.

[Will Blue attempts the lock up again, but Bumble Bee ducks under again and then again as Will tries to quickly catch him.]

GM: These guys are so quick, they're sudden, Bucky.

BW: I've never understood that saying. It makes no sense to me.

GM: And I'm not about to try and explain it to you.

[A third try by Will to come face to face with Bumble Bee ends in vain as Bumble Bee taps his shoulder again and gestures. "I'm here." Will Blue kicks the ropes in frustration and goes to tag in his brother Andy.]

BW: The Hive have this young kid frustrated early. Can't stand the bees buzzing around him. I know what it's like when they ruin a picnic.

GM: There's the first exchange of the match. Andy Blue coming in now to face Bumble Bee. And Bumble Bee tags in Yellow Jacket. Two fresh men in the ring.

BW: They ain't even touched yet, Gordo. How could anybody not be fresh?

GM: Nevertheless, Andy Blue going for the lockup and Yellow Jacket ducks him, coming up behind and... hiptoss sends Andy down.

[The crowd cheers as Yellow Jacket buzzes a lap around the ring. Queen Bee cheerleads from outside, high-fiving a little boy.]

GM: And the Hive is having some fun out here at the expense of the Blue Brothers. They're so frustrated they don't know what to do.

[The lights in the arena cut out.]

GM: Again? What in the world is-

[A voice cackles over the arena speakers, interrupting Gordon.]

W: Hahahahahahaha ... I tol' yuh yuh couldn't run ... I tol' yuh yuh couldn't 'ide. I tol' yuh yuh time was comin' ... Yuh time is up ... We've come 'ome!

[The lights come back on and Crazy Homeless Woman is standing in the middle of the ring! And she's not alone. Two men flank her. One is a giant bearded African man barefoot and dressed in rags with a noosed rope around his neck. The other, smaller Black man sways on his feet, looking perpetually drunk as he is bundled in a dirty bubble goose down coat, cut off jean shorts and nappy braids under a watch cap.

Crazy Homeless Woman holds a brass chalice in her hands. She raises it up high and lets free a piercing shriek! Her voice comes over the arena speakers even though she has no microphone.]

CHW: We've come 'ome!

[She looks at the four other men in the ring who stand aghast at the presence of these newcomers. Her scarred face turns into a scowl as she utters one word.]

CHW: Run.

[And just like that the Blue Brothers take off for the back. The Hive are not so cowardly. And much more foolish. Yellow Jacket leaps forward at the biggest man and gets squashed like a bug from a ham-handed slap to his chest. Bumble Bee fares no better against the smaller man. He gets two fingers jammed into the eyes of his mask and a knee to the groin before being dragged to the mat with a falling elbow to the back of his neck. The smaller deranged man stands swarming over him barking madly, showing a mouthful of metal fangs.]

BW: Wait, I know that guy. Ain't that ... Unique Allah? Dirt Dog Unique Allah?!

GM: We haven't seen him in years! There were rumors that he was dead!

BW: He looks alive and wel... err, he looks alive at least, Gordo.

[From out on the floor, the big man grabs Yellow Jacket by the ankles, dragging him out to the barely-padded concrete...

...and then Giant Swings him DIRECTLY into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Yellow Jacket goes limp from the impact, slumping in a heap on the floor. From inside the ring, Queen Bee rushes forward, trying to get to her charge. Her reward? A chop to the throat by the Crazy Homeless Woman. The scream dies in Queen Bee's throat as she crumbles, gasping to the ground. Crazy Homeless Woman kneels over her, yanking up her mask just enough to free her mouth.]

CHW: Yuh `ave been warned. And now we come to take yuh to `ell!

[She forces Queen Bee to drink from her chalice. Queen Bee struggles but a fist to the gut causes her to swallow involuntarily. She begins to kick and claw at her face before she falls still. Crazy Homeless Lady stands over her, staring down at her with deranged eyes.]

CHW: `enri ... Dahg ... bring dem come.

[Turning to the crowd.]

CHW: Dey are de first of many to be sacrificed ... de dead does walk. And we've come `ome.

[The lights cut out again.]

GM: What the...?! I can't see a thing in here. There's something going on in the ring though. I can see shadows moving around in there and-

[After several moments, the lights come back on...

...and the ring is clear.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Where did they all go?!

[No Yellow Jacket, no Queen Bee, no Bumble Bee, no attackers, no Crazy Homeless Woman. Nothing. It is like the nightmare scene never occurred. The crowd is buzzing in shock as we slowly fade to Gordon and Bucky who both look stunned.]

GM: For months now, we've seen segments with that woman promising that "they" were coming home and I think we've now seen exactly who "they" are.

BW: Dirt Dog Unique Allah being out here was shocking enough but did you see the size of that other guy? A real beast of a man, Gordo.

GM: He used that Giant Swing to put Yellow Jacket into the steel ringpost lie he was nothing... but what about that chalice? What about what they did to Queen Bee?

BW: What DID they do to Queen Bee? I have no earthly idea and I was sitting as close as you are. It looked like that crazy lady was making her drink out of the chalice... was that...? Well, you know what it looked like, Gordo. It looked like she was drinking blood!

GM: It looked that way but surely that couldn't be true. But whatever the liquid was, why force her to drink it? Why make her drink the liquid? This is a situation that, unfortunately, has more questions than answers. And speaking of more questions than answers, I still don't-

[Suddenly, from the left side of the screen, "Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren jogs into view. The black-haired grappler is wearing a white T-Shirt, black thick-rimmed glasses, and red trunks/pads/boots. He has approached the commentary table with a house mic in hand.]

4W: Don't touch that dial! I, the "Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren, have urgent news!

BW: Are you kidding me? Who let this nerd out of his momma's basement? Kid, get out of here. This ain't your time. In fact, you don't have any airtime on the show this week, thankfully.

4W: But I've just uncovered a conspiracy! Like a grim detective of noir, I have tracked down a criminal and am prepared to expose his nefarious plans on live television!

GM: For goodness sake. Warren, what is it?

4W: As you know, Gordon, I'm the webmaster for the AWA.

BW: Yeah, yeah, yeah, the company is too cheap to hire IT so they let the nerd wrestler do it for an extra hundred bucks a week. We found that out months ago when he beat up Jackie Wilpon for running a pyramid scam that-I-certainly-didn't-fall-for! \*ahem\* Spit it out, kid.

4W: I was tasked with linking the AWA site with some third-party petition software for the "ban the Iron Claw" campaign. Well, the sudden volume of entries seemed a bit suspicious to me, so I did some digging...

[And the very next voice is that of a man who must have hustled out here the moment he heard Walter Warren's voice over the PA...]

DL: I can assure you that there'll be more digging if you continue to run your mouth! They'll be digging a six foot hole right here in Dallas, Mexas, just for you, boy!

[Yes, Demetrius Lake is now towering over poor Walter Warren, glaring down at him in a clear effort to intimidate the youngster. The big gulp in 4W's throat indicates that it is working. The crowd is booing madly.]

4W: Ah! Uh, wow, I wasn't expecting you to get out here so fast...

DL: I'm expecting you to get backstage even faster, and if you don't start running, I can throw you there just as easy.

GM: There IS something to this! Demetrius Lake, what are you covering up?!

DL: Shut your mouth, Mister TV Announcer! This little young punk was about to spread lies about the King Of Wrestling, and that cannot be allowed! Admit to these people that you were going to lie about me!

4W: Ummm...

GM: Don't let him bully you, Walter!

[The crowd starts to loudly encourage Warren to stand up to his abuser.]

BW: Yeah! Stand up for yourself! Like you did against Royalty, before Dave Cooper put you in the hospital and you couldn't wrestle for months, and you still haven't paid all of those hospital bills!

GM: Bucky!

BW: It's true!

4W: That... is true.

[And now, Percy Childes has caught up to Demetrius and Warren. He claps a hand on Warren's shoulder.]



PC: Demetrius, stand down.

DL: What?! Do you know what this bum was trying to do?!

PC: I do. He's clever. You're quite a clever man, aren't you, Walter?

4W: Well, I don't like to brag, but I have beaten every Sierra adventure game without using the Internet.

PC: I... am sure that is impressive. A man in your position, with your skillset, not to mention a promising wrestler... you could be using those skills much more... wisely.

[The fans' support turns to fearful outrage, as the "Wrestling Wiki" seems surprised by the extremely thinly veiled offer.]

PC: Information is power. Control of information is, therefore, exceedingly powerful. And what are the Wise Men but a group who seeks the benefice of all wrestlers? Particularly wrestlers who fall through the proverbial cracks. Warren, how often do you wrestle on Saturday Night Wrestling?

4W: Not very.

PC: And without the big television checks, you've not been able to recoup the losses from the last time you tried to be a hero. So why in the world would you persist in that sort of thing? There are much more lucrative ways to go about one's business. Is this not wisdom?

[And with the words 'is this not wisdom', Percy pulls out a wad of money.]

PC: You could apologize to this man [\*points at Lake\*] for the lies you were about to tell, walk to the back, and speak with me at length about your future and the job you're doing managing all of the AWA's online content. The role that you could be taking in developing the AWA's message. In shaping the AWA's narrative. Just ask Gordon Myers how much power a man has when he's the one telling the story.

[The gleam in Walter Warren's eyes reveals that what Percy is saying very much appeals to him.]

GM: Don't twist what I do! Warren, he's manipulating you!

PC: Ah, see? In two short sentences, Gordon Myers has turned me into a villain for this one thing: making you an offer to better your life. For your entire career, you have lived hand-to-mouth, feasting on tuna fish and bologna in search of your big break. Has anyone in the AWA given you any such offer for help, Warren?

4W: N-no. Not really.

PC: Then take it. Your big break is now, Walter. You have immediate utility out of the ring and genuine potential as a wrestler. You love sci-fi, which

means you love stories. Didn't our current Television champion himself have a similar story arc?

4W: Yes. Yes, he did.

PC: I could get you a shot at his title at a whim. Just say the words. Look at Mister Demetrius Lake, and give him his apology for wanting to spread a lie. And then never speak of this again.

GM: No! Walter, you have to...[\*kkkkxx\*]

BW: Gordo! You're my friend, so I'm pulling your mic plug before you get yourself a Tiger Strike and a hospital trip!

[The fans are urging young Walter Warren on, as he walks up to a now-smirking Lake, whose arms are folded in wait of his apology. He takes a deep breath, and says this:]

4W: I'm sorry.

[BOOOO!]

4W: I'm sorry, but you're right. As the AWA webmaster, I have great power. And what my favorite stories have taught me is that with great power... comes great responsibility.

[Boo...yay?]

4W: You used an automated script to enter fake entries to the petition! Only two hundred and forty-one legitimate entries have been made! And I have proof!

[The fans cheer loudly, and both Lake and Childes are enraged. Childes holds his cane up to Warren's neck.]

PC: But if the AWA President never sees the evidence...

[And now Warren smiles, because he's been wanting to use this line in context for years...]

4W: What do you take me for, a Republic serial villain? I did that thirty-five minutes ag...\*GACK\*

[And then Demetrius Lake's thumb collides with poor Walter Warren's throat with the Tiger Strike, and Warren drops in a heap on the floor! Gordon gets his headset plugged back in just quickly enough to react. The crowd boos like crazy!]

GM: OH NO! Walter Warren stood up for his principles, and this?!

BW: Those who fail to learn from their own history are doomed to repeat it.

[Lake roughly shoves Phil Watson out of his chair, and folds it up. He picks up Warren, holding the chair by the crossbar between the legs, and puts that between 4W's legs. Reaching over Warren's back to grab the top of the chair, he picks 4W up in slam position with the steel chair held up against his back!]

BW: And this looks like it will get just as ugly.

[Demetrius steps up on the ring steps... and hurls 4W down into a bodyslam off the steps onto the chair! There's a loud WHAM and then Warren starts screaming. So do the fans.]

GM: THAT COULD HAVE BROKEN HIS BACK! WHAT A VILE MOVE!

BW: If that didn't, this will!

[Lake wastes no time picking up the "Wrestling Wiki", getting him in slam position, and ramming him into the ringpost! He then runs down the side of the ring and smashes his lower back into the next ringpost. And again to the next, until he has hit all four ringposts!]

GM: My God, we need help out here! Demetrius Lake is going to cripple this kid!

BW: He'd be doing the gene pool a favor! Percy Childes offered Walter Warren the world just to look the other way, and he turned it down? For what?!

GM: For his principles! A man has to stand on his principles!

BW: You know what, Myers? When Walter Warren is in a wheelchair, you go tell him that a man has to "stand" on his principles. That'll go well.

GM: Lake rolling Warren into the ring. Somebody has to stop this! He's climbing to the top rope! He's going to crash down on his back with the Big Cat Pounce!

[The raucous boos suddenly turn to cheers, as someone is running down the aisle full-bore.]

GM: JACK LYNCH!

BW: Too little, too late!

GM: Demetrius Lake getting down from the ring, but the damage is done!

[Lynch stands over the fallen Warren with his hand outstretched in Claw position, as Lake retreats towards the announce table where Childes stands.]

BW: That is exactly what happens when you defy Percy Childes. Jack Stench can play the hero, but a hero can't fix a spine.

GM: If only Lake had one.

[Jack Lynch motions to Phil Watson, who is more than happy to provide him the house mic after Lake shoved him like a jerk.]

JL: Ya thought ya got away with it, didn't ya, Lake? But let me tell ya what... ya didn't get anything. But now? Now I got ya, Demetrius.

[The camera zooms in on the cowboy's stern face.]

JL: Because what I heard is that the Claw is back!

[As he's surrounded by the cheer of the crowd, Demetrius uses the microphone that poor Warren dropped when he got his throat caved in, to offer his rebuttal.]

DL: Well, well, well. I see you continue to try and ambush me, Jack Lunch, but the King Of Wrestling will not be forced into a battle of someone else's choosing. The Iron Claw is banned forever! And if that greasy-looking zit-faced bum tricks the board into reversing the ban, then there is no match!

[BOO!]

DL: There is no match at Memorial Day! I have beaten you on many occasions and I do not need to waste my time with you again! There is no match, and you can go back with that drunk, that circus clown, and the poster boy for nepotism, and the four of you can go back to wishing out loud that you had half as much class as the King Of Wrestling!

[Lynch shakes his head, a smile on his face.]

JL: Mr. Black Tiger...

[Lynch manages to do a dead on impersonation of Lake's distinctive vocal cadence.]

JL: You're just about the dumbest man ever to lace up a pair of boots, aren't ya? Because while ya managed to come up with several thousand fake names to put on that little petition of yours, the one time when a fake name woulda helped ya out, you forgot.

`Cuz I saw the contract for Memorial Day Mayhem.

And on that contract is the name of a bum. The name of a...

[Lynch pauses, looking for the phrase.]

JL: Egg suckin' dog.

Right there, on the bottom line, is -your- name, Demetrius Lake. You put your name on the contract, and that -guarantees- that you'll be across the ring from me on Memorial Day. And no matter how many lawyers your fat

buddy hires, no matter how much you run your mouth and try to obscure the issue, by puttin' your name on the contract, you've made a promise you cannot break. You're fightin' me. And I've got a promise of my own. 'Cuz when I come to Memorial Day Mayhem, I ain't comin' alone.

I'm bringin' the Iron Claw with me!!!

["Hard Row" by the Black Keys begins to play, as Lake throws a tantrum outside the ring. He shoves all the papers and water off the announce table and kicks over the timekeeper's table in a fit of pique. Childes merely nods slightly, remaining calm though clearly annoyed. In the ring, Jack Lynch stands tall, watching as the King throws a royal tantrum. As the camera zooms out, we cut 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 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...]

[The camera cuts backstage to reveal an AWA backdrop with 'Showtime' Rick Marley standing in the foreground. The dark haired cruiserweight is in his wrestling gear, glancing over at the camera and nodding as he paces back and forth before the camera.]

RM: How many years has it been?

Do any of you even know?

How long has it been since I first laced 'em up here in the AWA? Since that debut match that I had with The Black Shadow? Does anyone else remember?

No?

Six years..and not a sniff of a title shot of any kind to show for it.

Six years of hearing snide remarks about not living up to potential. Six years worth of matches. Six years worth of being treated like a pariah...like an outsider.

Six years of knowing that I'm better than that.

Six.

YEARS.

[Marley stops pacing and simply stares into the camera for a moment, his expression flat.]

RM: I've said everything on this subject that needs to be said. I've aired my complaints...filed my grievances. There's no real point in going over the same territory over and over and over again...so let me do something else:

Let me offer everyone a bit of insight.

You see, I don't know about the rest of the 'boys in the back', but \*I\*'m in this business for one reason and one reason only, and that's to prove that I'm the best.

Not the best pound for pound.

Not the best who's never worn gold.

Not any other subsection of what people try to cling to in order to make themselves feel better...the best. The one and only finest wrestler in the world, standing at the pinnacle of the sport. I don't want it for accolades. I'm not interested in the money that could come with it (I invested well enough that I could have walked away two years ago and my kids would never have to work)...I'm not interested in the so-called 'respect' that other wrestlers give to guys when they're talking about 'the best'...and I'm sure as

hell not interested in whatever flavor of the month message board on the internet says about me.

I'm interested in proving that I'm the best to one person and one person only...the only person that ACTUALLY matters in all of this:

Me.

I KNOW that I'm talented. I know that I can pull off moves inside of the squared circle that guys in the Hall of Fame can only dream about. I know that I've straight up CARRIED guys that are considered household names. I know that I've MORE than earned my place in this business...and I know that for one, brief and shining moment, I held a title that said I was the best...

...

[He pauses, shaking his head and laughing bitterly.]

RM: Are you listening to this, Wright? I know you are...somewhere in the building, you hear it all...so pay close attention to this: Do you know what it's like when you get that belt taken from you...or like in my case where you aren't even the one that loses in the match where it happens? Do you have ANY idea how that feels?

It's like someone tore out your heart while you watched. It's as if you've been stabbed in the cut with a white hot blade and someone left it sizzling, buried in your gut.

The World Heavyweight Title doesn't mean a lot to the guy that holds it...it means EVERYTHING to the guy that holds it...and don't think for one second that I don't know that it means just as much to you. I see it in your eyes...I can hear it every time you talk.

Being the World Heavyweight Champion is something special. And once it's gone, all that matters is getting that back...to prove to yourself that you're STILL the best in the world.

[Marley closes his eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath.]

RM: And that is why I know what's going to happen, Wright. You're held together with duct tape and twine at this point. Your match in Japan put you through hell...and now you've got to come back home, your body sore and aching, and you've got to climb into the ring again...to defend what's yours again...and you've gotta do it against me.

Against a guy that's been there.

Against a guy that's straight up told the world that he'd take out his own mother for a chance to win a World Title again.

Against a guy who really understands what it means...and who fully grasps that this first title shot in my six years in the AWA is quite possibly the last one I'll get if I don't make good on it.

See, I get what the stakes are for me: I've crossed the Rubicon. There's no turning back now...if I fail, the entire reason for me being here...the sole point in stepping into that ring is gone.

Like that.

[Marley snaps his fingers loudly.]

RM: Which is why losing isn't an option.

I'm walking out of here tonight with that title...and whatever shape you're in when it's over...well...that's just too damned bad.

And you can take that to the bank.

\*I\* plan to.

[Without another word, Marley stalks out of the shot, leaving the set empty as we slowly crossfade back to the ringside announce team.]

GM: The challenger certainly seems confident as he heads into the World Title match later tonight. Fans, for weeks now, we've been talking about the arrival of one of Tiger Paw Pro's hottest superstars here to the AWA - the man known as TORA. We caught a glimpse of this young man at Rising Sun Showdown when he led his team to victory in that six man tag team matchup but tonight, we want to take a different look of the young man who will soon be making his home inside the AWA's squared circle. Let's go to our Japanese friends over in Tiger Paw Pro for a second, Bucky, and get some footage of soon to be AWA star, TORA, in his last Tiger Paw action.

BW: Ahh, I loved Japan...

[Bucky sighs contently.]

GM: I am sure you did. This is TORA taking on once mentor and now bitter enemy, the Japanese legend and twenty year veteran, LION Tetsuo. TORA has had TONS of problems with ACHILLES in the past couple months. He was definitely looking forward to this send off. Let's take it to Nagoya International Conference Hall where two thousand fans packed in to say good bye to one of their brightest stars.

[Immediately we switch to TPP footage. The small packed arena is abuzz as TORA fights to his feet, trapped in a cobra clutch like move. With his free arm, he punches at the full black and silver body suited LION Tetsuo. The wily vet keeps the hold on, only relenting when TORA hits him with a side kick to the knee, followed by a second and finally a freeing third. Subtitles shoot onto the screen as Yoshida Izuka, Tiger Paw play by play man, chimes in excitedly in Japanese.]



YI: He's finally free!

[His partner at the table, one time referee and wrestler himself Dynamo Goto speaks up.]

DG: That move wore him down. It kept him from being able to breath properly, from catching his breath and it's showign. TORA is winded.

[Trying to catch his breath, TORA, puts his hands to his knees. Tetsuo fires back though with a swinging slap to the neck before hitting the ropes. He runs back, caught with a leaping knee to the jaw that stands him straight up, a desperation spinning back kick flattening him! The crowd cheers as he pops up, holding his neck but still pumping a fist to the enthusiastic crowd.]

YI: For over fifteen minutes now these two former friends have battled, but finally TORA, after what looked to be a big comeback, after several of his biggest moves not getting the win, seems to have the upper hand!

DG: He has to keep it, Yoshida. This isn't another rookie he is battling.

YI: With all of ACHILLES at ringside, keeping attention to one man is nearly impossible!

DG: Just look at how many times they've interfered illegally in this match already. November is responsible for TORA having been in that cobra clutch!

[A small sub screen opens, showing TORA perched up top, only for the raven haired American to leap up and push him off, sending him flipping to the mat in a crash. Meanwhile in the ring, TORA is re-energized and hits the ropes, but that is followed by immense boos as November once again interferes, grabbing him by the ankles and slamming him not only down hard face first but pulling him out of the ring.]

DG: How can the referee not see this blatant behavior!

YI: Tetsuo has him distracted!

[And it is so! Grabbing the referee to face away, Tetsuo waits until November has TORA held by both arms. Mockingly, LION does TORA's hand twirl "look at me about to do something crazy" gesture... to more boos... before charging across the ring and diving between the ropes...

...into the now empty handed November! The crowd jumps to their feet with a loud OOOOHHHH as TORA escapes and causes a huge collision. Immediately the rest of ACHILLES: Brody, Junya Toroyama, Bull Shindo, rush to the aid of their fallen comrades.]

YI: Perfect timing by TORA! He turned the tables! Now is your chance, kid!

[Fired up, TORA runs up the steps, leaps onto the apron and in one fluid move leaps to the top rope and dives up and backwards, hitting a death defying, picture taking, posterizing, jaw dropping twisting moonsault onto the whole lot of them!]

YI: FIYYYYAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHINTHESKYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd is cheering LOUDLY, urging TORA on as he disengages from the press of downed bodies.]

DG: He just risked everything right there! That was shades of his own mentor, the man he is battling, LION Tetsuo, who hit a similar move in his Global Crown Championship winning match versus Kenta Kitazawa in September 2011! Amazing move!

YI: And an amazing contest! TORA kicked out of the Lion's Bite, LION out of the TORA Cutter twice! What is it going to take to put one of these men down!

[TORA finally disgorges himself from the morass of downed ACHILLES, pulling LION with him. Grabbing him by his maned mask, he rolls him in, joining him right after.]

YI: He's going for a third one! Another TORA Crusher!

[Prepping... aiming... TORA waits for LION to get up and turn around. As he does he leaps up, snares Tetsuo in a 3/4 nelson... only LION pushes him off!]

DG: Another escape!

[TORA lands on his feet, staggering only briefly before turning around into a running palm strike...

...which he ducks and then immediately grabs under the arm, ducking and reaching down, grabbing LION between the legs and lifting him onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry.]

YI: Could it be...?

TORA: WAN-I-ZAMMMMEEEE!

[And with a huge lift throws him up, bringing him down in a spiking bodyslam-ish move to the side that every Junior Heavyweight fan has seen.]

YI: WANIZAME  
BOOOOMMMBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Again the crowd is on their feet, counting right along.]

ICHI! NI! SAN!

DING DING DING!

[The referee rockets to his feet, calling for the bell. TORA rolls off, immediately attended to by seconds, just as Tetsuo is by Bull Shindo. Ice is brought into the ring, applied to the neck of Tetsuo as TORA clambers shakily to his feet.]

MS: YOUR WINNER...

TORRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[Hands raised, TORA falls to a knee, pumping a fist to the crowd as Darude's "Sandstorm" rocks out hard over the PA. The crowd cheers along, clapping to the song as an emotional TORA heads to the corner and climbs the turnbuckles pointing out towards the crowd, blowing kisses and making heart symbols with his fingers over his own heart. He does the same to the next turnbuckle and third and fourth, his eyes watering a bit more each time he does. He goes over, shocking Megumi Sato with a huge hug and kiss on the cheek. He takes a minute to pause as LION Tetsuo gets to his feet. ACHILLES surrounds the veteran, but doesn't make a move, instead letting TORA be and sliding out of the ring. He watches them leave, making sure to catch his mentor with a wink and thumbs up as he looks back.]

YI: We are seeing some very real, very honest emotion coming out of TORA here tonight as he makes his last appearance in Tiger Paw Pro before heading back to America and to the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Flowers pile up in the ring as two young girls struggle with large red bundles. TORA hugs each one of them before sliding out of the ring and in a dash, runs around and around the ring, making sure to hit every hand he can. He finally slides back in, not before sliding back out for a hug from a pretty girl and not before ruffling a young kids hair, high fiving another and kissing a baby's cheek, but he does slide in and takes a microphone as he does. He heads to the middle of the ring, breathing heavily.]

T: Perhaps running everywhere wasn't a good idea before trying to talk.

[A translator speaks, drawing some laughter from the crowd.]

T (in Japanese!): THANK YOU NAGOYA! THANK YOU JAPAN! THANK YOU TIGER PAW PRO!

[The crowd OOOOH's and then erupts into applause in cheers as he bows deeply.]

T: And my Japanese is horrible, so I am going to let this fine man speak for me from here out.

[Which he does, translating along.]

T: I've travelled to a lot of places and spent alot of time in wrestling rings, but without a shadow of a doubt, my time in Tiger Paw Pro have been the

toughest, hardest, proudest, most challenging times, the most fun I've ever had in a ring and the absolute best days of my life! I will never forget my time here and I hope, God willing, that I can come back to Japan, back to Tiger Paw Pro, that you will welcome me with open arms like you have tonight. I love each and every one of you!

[He blows a big kiss out to the crowd.]

T: But don't think for one second that I have forgotten where I am going. AWA is the very best wrestling in America, they boast the finest athletes and competitors anywhere in the world and I cannot wait to be a part of that mix. I am excited for the challenges that await me. I am excited to see what a return to the United States has for me. I am ready to become a huge television star!

[He steps back, smirking widely.]

T: Or... at least I hope I get on TV.

[Again, more scattered laughter.]

T: But I promise you this! Tiger Paw Pro. Japan. They have taught me to be a WARRIOR! A Samurai of old! Honor, tradition, work ethic, effort, an undying passion for challenge, an undying respect for wrestling and an undying thirst to be the very best I can be in this life. Japan! TIGER PAW PRO! THANK YOU!!

AWA... see you soon!

[TORA gently puts down the microphone, heading to the turnbuckles to once again soak up the cheers of the fans. He hops down, heading to the next when he intercepts a nearby camera.]

T: Mom. Dad. Love you! See you soon!

[We fade away from the pre-taped footage from Japan...

...and back up to live action inside the Crockett Coliseum. Cut to Phil Watson, standing in the middle of the ring with a man on either side of him.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Colorado Springs, Colorado... weighing 233 pounds...

ALBERT SHOWENS!

[Showens puts his hands together and bows to the crowd, then stretches his legs out, showing off his white gi pants.]

PW: And his opponent! From Miami, Florida... weighing 273 pounds...

"THE BIG DEAL" BRAD JACOBS!

[The former World Tag Team Champ flexes his arms and howls a yell, as Larry Doyle claps in the corner. Doyle exits the ring as Jacobs flexes his pecs, individually and together, as the bell rings.]

\*DING DING DING\*

GM: Match is underway, here we go-

BW: SPEAR!

[Within seconds of the bell ringing, Jacobs rips across the ring and tears through Albert Showens with a massive spear! Jacobs jumps right back to his feet and stands over Showens, flexing once again and letting loose with a maniacal scream!]

BW: Jacobs ain't getting paid by the hour!

GM: He might not be able to get paid by the minute at this point!

[Jacobs rips Showens off the canvas and sends him for the ride... then picks him up on the dead run with a military press, and effortlessly presses him over his head, once, twice, three times. After the third, Jacobs takes a few steps and throws him into the corner, where Showens hits the buckle head first and bounces back to the center of the ring...

...where Jacobs was barreling full speed ahead with a lariat that damn near decapitates him!]

BW: That's gonna leave a mark!

GM: Brad Jacobs is dominant here tonight! Albert Showens is being tossed around like a rag doll, and the fans are loving it!

BW: Even the dullest tool in the shed can see when a man is putting on a show, and this is a world class dwarf tossing show!

GM: Showens is back on his feet, don't ask me how, and Jacobs has got him... front facelock, and he lifts...

[The former All American defensive tackle stands Showens up vertically in the air, lets him think about it for a minute and then brings him crashing down into a powerslam! Jacobs hooks the leg for the academic pinfall.]

GM: One, two, three. My oh my, Brad Jacobs gets the duke here tonight.

[Jacobs rises to his feet, raising his muscular arms as his manager, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle hops into the ring, raising his hand a second time and gesturing to him a few times. He breaks away, leaning out for a microphone.]

GM: Oh, please don't give him a-

BW: Too late, Gordo!

GM: Oh brother.

[Doyle smirks as he takes the mic, patting his powerhouse on the back.]

LD: Sorry sonny boy, your statute of limitations was up. Brad Jacobs just eradicated you from the history books.

[Doyle cackles and continues.]

BJ: Now before I give you the up to the minute injury update on Kenny Stanton, Brad Jacobs asked to send a message to his friend.

[Doyle hands the microphone over to Jacobs, who calms his breathing down and raises the microphone.]

BJ: Kenny Stanton, I know you're listenin', dog, so hear me.

You need to get that arm back together and come on back, because there's some business we need to attend to. Ain't no way those fat hillbillies could beat us in a fair fight. They runnin' scared like they always did, afraid to come across the ocean. So Violence Unlimited, you can keep your ignorant selves over in Japan. When my boy Kenny is back in town, we'll come to you and whup that behind again.

[Larry Doyle can hardly contain himself, laughing so hard that he whips his head back.]

BJ: But since my boy Kenny got wounded in battle, I'm not gonna sit around here and waste my time. If I went down, I'd want Kenny to go get his, and I know he wants me to go get mine.

That's why I'm callin' YOU out, Supreme Wright.

BW: WHAT?!

[Doyle says the same thing, shrieking "WHAT?!" as the crowd comes alive.]

BJ: I been sittin' in the back watchin' week after week while you hidin' behind a wall of dudes, not wantin' to get your hands dirty. But we all grown here, ain't nobody got secrets to keep. We're live and in color, son.

You stole that title, you're afraid to get beat up and you hidin' behind some voodoo mumbo jumbo to keep you safe. You hadda wear your daddy's robes and your granddaddy's watch over in Japan just to beat one of Michaelson's lackies, because you ain't got the guts to stand up like a man. You been handed things your whole life, and you cried like a baby when you didn't get your way. You're nothin' but a spoiled punk, son, and there ain't no way you last a minute in my hood.

I ain't go no silver spoon, Clarence. My daddy left, my mom worked two jobs. I'm a workin' man, son, somethin' you wouldn't know about. The only handout I got was a welfare check and a bus pass. People like me been workin' our whole lives to get to the top, while people like you been cryin' their whole lives 'cause no one sat 'em there.

[The crowd is cheering Jacobs on, while Doyle is having a stage five meltdown. He tries to take the microphone, but Jacobs simply pushes him away and keeps him at arms length.]

BJ: I dunno what Dave Bryant's waitin' for, seein' as how you stole his property, but I ain't one to wait. Maybe Bryant is tryin' to right himself with the Lord, but my conscience is clear. I been to church, I talked to the pastor. I got a clean slate, dog, because even God wants to see someone go back there and beat your punk ass.

[The crowd ROARS at that one, ready to see that right about now.]

BJ: And if you ain't gonna come to me, I'll just have to come to you.

[Jacobs drops the mic to a thunderous cheer, as the crowd has decided in the past two minutes that they LOVE Brad Jacobs, or at least like the idea of him ripping Supreme Wright's head off. As Jacobs takes a step toward the ring entrance ramp, Larry Doyle sprints in front of him and emphatically waves his arms "NO!" He puts his hands up, begging for Jacobs to reconsider...]

GM: Brad Jacobs has sent this crowd into a frenzy, Bucky! He's set his sights on Supreme Wright, and we might be seeing the early stages of heart failure from Larry Doyle!

BW: I don't know WHAT to think, my mind is spinning, Gordo. Brad Jacobs is a big, powerful man, he'd be- I just- what a match that could be!

GM: But what in the world is going on with Larry Doyle? Why is he all worked up?

BW: I can only think that Larry had no idea that Jacobs was going to say that. He seemed as surprised as any of us did. He seemed like... I don't know. Maybe he wants him to stay focused on the World Tag Team Titles. Maybe he wants-

[With Jacobs and Doyle arguing inside the ring, the crowd begins to buzz as the entrance ramp suddenly has a few new people on it.]

BW: Uh oh. Here comes trouble!

GM: I don't get it. That's Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance - Rick Marley, Johnny Detson, and Demetrius Lake! What are they doing out here?

[Jacobs turns, glaring down the ramp while Larry Doyle looks quite nervous about this unfolding situation.]

GM: Doyle looks like he's seen a ghost. Brad Jacobs is pacing back and forth in there. That looks like a man ready for a fight if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: He certainly does.

[The Unholy Alliance steps through the ropes into the ring. Jacobs squares up, waving them forward...]

GM: It's a three-on-one situation in there and Brad Jacobs doesn't care! "Big" Brad Jacobs doesn't give a damn! He'll take the fight right now if that's what they want!

[The crowd is roaring at the idea of Jacobs throwing down with the Unholy Alliance as well. Demetrius Lake is barking at Jacobs off-mic as Childes raises his crystal-topped cane, nudging Lake back as he produces a mic of his own.]

PC: Gentlemen, I believe there's been some sort of-

[Percy never gets to finish that thought as Demetrius Lake snatches the mic out of his manager's hand, shouting into it in Brad Jacobs' direction.]

DL: Hey! Hey! Look at Mister Tough Guy in there. Mister Big Muscles, Little Brain! You think you a bad man, boy?! You think you swimmin' with the big fish now that you done slapped around that punk over there? That ain't nothin', boy. My mama coulda slapped that punk down!

[Lake shakes his head.]

DL: You want a shot at the champ?

[He spits.]

DL: That don't fly with the King of Wrestling. That don't fly with Johnny Detson. That don't fly with Ricky Marley. That don't fly with Percy Childes. It don't fly with none of us, boy!

[Jacobs doesn't care, not backing down one bit.]

DL: It looks to me like you plannin' on standin' here all big and bad and upsettin' the pecking order around these parts. Let me break this down for you, son. This man right here...

[Lake jerks a thumb at Rick Marley.]

DL: He's the next World Champion. And when he's got that shiny gold belt around his waist...

[Lake gestures at himself and Johnny Detson.]



DL: We're next in line! You want to set the pecking order? WE SET THE PECKING ORDER, BOY! And the last time the King of Wrestling checked, ain't none of us got our shots at the title quite yet!

[The crowd jeers the idea of the Unholy Alliance having a stranglehold on the World Title scene.]

DL: But I'm a fair man... we're all fair men. We gonna give you a chance, boy. You want a shot at the World Title? All you gotta do is go through US to get it!

[Lake lowers the mic, grinning at the threat he's just delivered. Larry Doyle tries to step in again, putting a hand on Brad Jacobs and forcing him a couple of steps back as Jacobs raises the mic again. The former World Tag Team Champion is glaring at Demetrius Lake.]

BJ: Wait a second Bigfoot, you tellin' me I need to go through you to get to Supreme Wright?

[Lake answers affirmative off microphone.]

BJ: Deal.

[With that, Jacobs rears back and DRILLS Lake right in the eye with a right hand that drops the former St. Louis star! The crowd comes unglued as Jacobs goes to kick him outside the ring, but turns around into an onslaught!]

GM: Detson and Marley, Detson and Marley jump Jacobs from behind...

[The two UA members are swarming Jacobs from behind, forcing him into the ropes with a series of punches and kicks...

...but Jacobs isn't going down without a fight, rearing back to return fire!]

GM: Jacobs is fighting back! Jacobs is fighting back! A right hand drops Marley! And another one puts Detson down!

[The crowd is solidly behind Brad Jacobs as he tries to fight off the Unholy Alliance. He boots a rising Marley in the head, turning back towards Detson who catches him with a knee to the gut. The former World Champion rains down rights and lefts to the back, hammering him down to a knee...

...but the former Miami Hurricane fights back, swinging a wild back elbow that scatters Detson!]

GM: He drops Detson again, climbing back up and- ohh!

[But this time he gets clipped from behind by Rick Marley, who buries a shoulder into the back of his knee...]

BW: Brad Jacobs might be able to go toe to toe with any man in the AWA, but he ain't worth much laying on the ground!

GM: A total change in character for Brad Jacobs, and this Unholy Alliance didn't like it one bit! And both managers are at odds as well!

[As Demetrius Lake adds to the beat down, Percy Childe and Larry Doyle are vehemently shouting at one another.]

GM: We've got a three on one inside the ring as Lake, Detson, and Marley are putting the boots to the former tag team champion!

[Marley and Detson pull Jacobs up, each holding a struggling and powerful arm as Lake winds up...

...and SLAMS his taped thumb into the side of the throat, causing Jacobs to slump down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: OHH! TIGER STRIKE! COME ON!

[Marley and Detson continue to stomp him into the mat as Larry Doyle shouts at Percy Childe who returns fire.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance has struck on Brad Jacobs and... well, Larry Doyle may have been upset with Brad Jacobs earlier but he's solidly behind him right now!

[Detson drags him up, burying a boot in the gut and shoving him to Marley who hooks a front facelock, twists, and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! LIMELIGHT CONNECTS!

BW: And if we see that later tonight, we might see the crowning of a new World Champion, daddy!

GM: You're absolutely right about that... and here comes some much-needed AWA officials, trying to break this madness up.

[At the sight of AWA officials, Childe gives a signal to his men, helping them exit the ring as a dejected Larry Doyle slides back in, kneeling down next to a downed Jacobs as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and back to live action where we get a shot of Eric Preston standing in the background, Ryan Martinez nearby. Jason Dane is standing in the foreground, mic in hand.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. For the past several moments now, Eric Preston has been on the phone with... someone. We're not sure who. He seems to be having some difficulty getting through as he's made several attempts... let's see if we can get closer here.

[Dane creeps closer, his cameraman in tow.]

JD: Eric?

[Preston doesn't hear Dane as he speaks, tension in his voice.]

EP: I don't know how many messages I've left for you. I get it. I know why you walked away... but think about what you left behind. Think about the guys still in the Corner. You've seen what Wright's done. You've seen Team Supreme.

[Preston sighs.]

EP: Damn it, Todd. Just... just call me back, okay?

[Preston puts his phone down, turning towards Dane who he finally notices.]

EP: Not now, Jase... alright?

[Dane pauses, nodding. Preston starts to walk away...

...and then stops, turning back towards Dane.]

EP: You talked to Todd lately?

[Dane looks at the camera, suddenly uneasy.]

JD: I don't... he told me not to...

[Dane's words trail off as Preston raises a hand.]

EP: I understand. It's just...

[It's Preston's turn to have his words trail off as he looks over at Ryan Martinez with a shake of his head. The duo walks out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind. Dane pauses a few moments before turning back to the camera, suddenly the very picture of propriety.]

JD: So, the hunt for a partner for Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez is on, fans! That six man tag team matchup will take place at Memorial Day Mayhem... but that's not all. Let's look at the lineup so far!

[It's a makeshift Control Center as a graphic comes up showing Supreme Wright and Dave Bryant.]

JD: The World Heavyweight Title will be on the line when Supreme Wright meets Dave Bryant for the gold... unless Rick Marley is able to upset the apple cart in just a few short minutes. If that happens, it'll be Rick Marley defending the title against the Doctor of Love.

[The graphic changes.]

JD: We heard it here earlier tonight. For the first time ever, the AWA presents a SCAFFOLD MATCH as Shadoe Rage and Donnie White collide in the ultimate attempt to end their war.

[Another graphic change.]

JD: Gibson Hayes will be forced into action against the enigmatic Nenshou. Remember, if Hayes fails to show up for the match OR gets himself intentionally disqualified or counted out, he will be SUSPENDED for thirty days.

[The on-screen graphic changes again.]

JD: Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch, after months of trading words and mind games, will collide in Gainesville, Florida! And yes, the Iron Claw WILL be legal! Those were the four matches we knew about. Now, let's announce a few new ones.

[We get a shot of Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez.]

JD: The challenge has been issued - Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez want a piece of these hired guns that the Wise Men have apparently sic'd on them like a pack of dogs. Preston and Martinez are looking for a partner and say they'll be ready for six man tag team action at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The shot changes again.]

JD: How 'bout this one, fans? Fresh off a victory over Demon Boy Ishrinku in that horrific Death Match in Japan, Juan Vasquez looks for payback when he challenges "The Professional" Dave Cooper in one-on-one action!

[Another change to the graphic.]

JD: We've seen these two men collide on two occasions and they now stand at one victory each. At Memorial Day Mayhem, we get the rubber match as Tony Sunn and Ricky Lane collide one more time. The stakes are high in this one as AWA officials have promised a World Television Title match to the winner.

[The shot changes.]

JD: Callum Mahoney has issued the challenge. He wants Kolya Sudakov in the ring one... more... time. But will it happen? And if it does, will it happen at Memorial Day Mayhem? All calls to Sudakov's representation have gone unanswered so far here tonight. Will the Russian War Machine return at Memorial Day Mayhem for this showdown?

[The graphic fades.]

JD: That's the lineup as it stands right now but from what my sources are telling me, we can expect a couple more major additions to this card before it goes down in Florida. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We crossfade back to the announce team.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. It is indeed going to be a heck of a night down in Gainesville at Memorial Day Mayhem but before we get there, let's talk one more time about the Rising Sun Showdown. More specifically, let's talk about the first ever two-time winners of the Stampede Cup - Violence Unlimited! Let's take a look at an interview recorded that night at the post-show Press Conference. What you're about to hear... well, it's not going to be easy, fans. Roll it, guys.

[The words "Tokyo, Japan" flash across the bottom of the screen along with a date stamp of "March 29, 2014" as we fade into a shot of a press room

filled with members of the Japanese sports media. Seated at the very front of the room, in front of a Tiger Paw Pro banner on an elevated stage are two men.

The first two-time winners of The Stampede cup, Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes...Violence Unlimited.

The newly crowned "Greatest Tag Team in the World" has both of their Stampede Cup trophies on either side of them. Haynes and Morton are still in their wrestling attire, both with towels wrapped around their necks and smiles plastered on their faces.]

JH: Before we answer any questions, me and Danny need to make something clear.

[Haynes looks around, making sure he has the full attention of everyone in the room.]

JH: We ain't goin' back to the states. We AIN'T goin' back to the AWA.

[This announcement brings a loud gasp of shock from the press, as Morton laughs at their reaction.]

DM: Usually, the winner of the Cup is suppose to go after the AWA Tag Team titles.

Usually.

But we won the Cup! Which means we're the best tag team in the world! Which means Tiger Paw Pro employs the best tag team DIVISION in the world!

JH: So we don't see the point of travelin' across the whole damn planet to compete in an inferior promotion that we just DOMINATED tonight! What's there to prove? That we're better than them?

[Haynes cackles, motioning to the two Stampede Cups on the table.]

JH: We already KNOW we're better than them! We already SHOWED we're better than them! These two Cups that we've won...they are PROOF we are better than them!

[The madman from Moscow, Tennessee, stands up out of his chair, lifting one of the cups into the air.]

JH: Ya' see this? This is the STAMPEDE CUP. And in its history, only one team has won it twice! You can list all yer so-called "great" tag teams that have ever competed in the Stampede Cup, and not a single one of'em ever won it twice!

DM: The Outlaws! Kentucky's Pride! The Bishop Boys! Dufresne and Freeman! Strictly Business! Dynasty! Rough N Ready!

[Morton stops and chuckles a bit.]

DM: SkyHerc.

[Morton slams his fists down on the table.]

DM: NOT A SINGLE ONE!

JH: I'm sure there's plenty of teams out there with plenty of excuses why they didn't win the Cup! I'm sure there's plenty of teams that think they could've done what me and Danny just did.

Then why didn't they!?

I'll tell ya' why...'cause they couldn't!

[Haynes stops and takes a drink from his water bottle.]

JH: Only one team could've ever accomplished what we have! Only one team could've ever done what we've done! And you're lookin' right at'em!

VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!

DM: Of course, if any tag team...

[Morton holds up his fingers, making air quotes.]

DM: ..."RESPECTFULLY DISAGREES" with our opinion, they're more than welcome to buy their own plane ticket to Tokyo to face the greatest tag team in the world!

[Morton cackles, as the footage fades out to a panning shot of the jam-packed Crockett Coliseum. We hold there for a few moments before another crossfade, this one to the grinning Phil Watson.]

PW: It is now time for the MAIN EVENT! It is set for one fall with a 30 minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship! Introducing first... he is the challenger...

#Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do. #

[The lights in the Crockett Coliseum dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. Suddenly, a pair of white pyro bursts set in time with the bass drum light up the entry way as the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system.]

PW: From Miami, Florida... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes and represents the Unholy Alliance...

"SHOOOOOOWTIIIIIIIME"

RIIIIIIIIIICK MAAAAARRRRRRLEYYYYY!

[As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his dark hair slicked back and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs. After a moment, the "Collector of Oddities" and leader of the Unholy Alliance, Percy Childes strides into view as well. Dressed as he's been all night, Childes gestures towards the ring with his crystal-topped cane.]

GM: Percy Childes leading the challenger, Rick Marley, down the aisle. It's been quite some time since a member of the Unholy Alliance has gotten a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: That's right, Gordo. So you better believe that Percy's going to have the master of all gameplans here tonight to bring the World Title home to the Alliance... and to the Wise Men.

GM: Childes claims that the Wise Men are all about influence and power. Whoever holds the World Title holds tremendous influence and power as well. After this night is over, that might be Rick Marley, Percy Childes, and the Wise Men. Supreme Wright may be looking past Rick Marley to Memorial Day Mayhem and the showdown with Dave Bryant but that's a big mistake in my book.

BW: Marley ain't someone to look past - even without the UA and the Wise Men backing him. Ricky Marley's a top flight competitor... always has been. He's a former World Champion in his own right and he's spent six years waiting for this shot at the AWA Title. Remember, he was here from Day One, Gordo.

GM: Not quite. He was here ON Day One. Then some time later, he fled to a place where he found the going a bit easier... that's where he won his World Title. Not here... not in the major league of professional wrestling... not in the big time!

[While the announcers banter, Marley jaws with the fans on his way down the aisle. Childes smirks as he walks behind his charge, not missing a moment to tell his client that he's about to become the World Champion as Marley steps through the ropes into the ring as the lights come up and Childes takes his place on the apron, conversing with Marley as the ring announcer continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Kanye West performing "Black Skinhead" kicks in over the PA system as a trail of Team Supreme members come walking single file from beyond the curtain.]



PW: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is accompanied by Team Supreme and is the AWA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRRLD...

SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUPREEE!  
WRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[The line of Team Supreme members grows longer until the big man, Cain Jackson, emerges from the curtain. Of course, the next one through is the World Heavyweight Champion himself, dressed for action. His head is down, bouncing from foot to foot with his hands on the shoulders of his bodyguard as the line of training partners leads him towards the ring where Marley is rocking from side to side, ready for action...

...and then breaks into action, sprinting across the ring, leaping up to the top rope...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and SPRINGS off the top, flipping through the air in a somersault...]

GM: HOOOOLYYYY...

[...and WIPES OUT a handful of Team Supreme members with a plancha!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY RICK MARLEY!

[Marley struggles to extricate himself from the pile of tracksuit-wearing students...

...when Wright throws his own teammates aside, ripping Marley to his feet and absolutely BLASTING him in the jaw with an elbow strike!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot by Wri- again! And again!

[The flurry of elbow strikes quickly has Rick Marley backpedaling, backing himself right into the ring ropes...

...where Wright opens up, slapping the taste of out of Marley's mouth and knocking him down to a knee!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Supreme Wright is red hot! He was mad going into this thing, mad at the disrespect that Rick Marley and the Unholy Alliance showed during The Chase For The Clash tournament last fall. We're seeing that rare emotion out of Wright - that anger - spill out all over the challenger in the early moments of this one.

[Grabbing the top rope, Wright smashes a knee into the side of Marley's face... and again... and again... a half dozen times before Marley slumps through the ropes and back inside the squared circle. Wright turns,

gesturing to Cain Jackson before stepping into the ring. Jackson quickly addresses the recovering Team Supreme members, pointing them in two directions.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Team Supreme is surrounding the ring, Gordo! They're making themselves into a human steel cage to keep Marley inside the ring with their leader!

GM: And they just might be making sure the Unholy Alliance - and by extension, the Wise Men - stay the heck out of this Main Event World Title showdown!

[With Wright and Marley in the ring, AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger signals for the bell to officially start the match.]

GM: There's the bell and this is underway!

[Marley staggers up to his feet, balling up his fists in front of him as he strikes a boxing pose, ready to defend himself against further elbowstrikes...

...but not ready for Wright to lash out with a leg kick, cracking his shin against the side of Marley's knee.]

GM: Wright goes downstairs with a vicious leg kick!

[He lets loose a few more, causing Marley to hobble back against the ropes where he pushes off, throwing a leg kick of his own. But Wright simply lifts his leg, checking the kick and causing Marley to damage his own leg even more, falling back into the ropes again.]

GM: Marley's in trouble in the early moments of this one, fans.

[Up against the ropes, Marley is trying to find a way to get back on track as Wright squares up, blasting him across the chest with a knife edge blow!]

GM: Big backhand chop by Wright...

[Grabbing an arm, Wright shoots Marley across, causing him to rebound back...

...where Wright drops into a toehold, taking Marley down chestfirst to the mat. Wright rolls through the hold, climbing to his feet with his left foot nestled behind Marley's right knee as he holds the foot, lifting Marley's leg off the mat...]

GM: OHHH! His kneecap just got DRIVEN into the canvas!

[He lifts the challenger's leg off the canvas a second time, holds it up...

...and SLAMS his foot down into the back of the knee, smashing it into the mat again!]

GM: Wright lets go of the leg... and Marley's trying to get out of there. He's trying to find a place to recover and regroup as Percy Childe is shouting instructions from out on the floor.

BW: I talked about Percy having a master gameplan but right now, it's the World Champion showing off the master gameplan of grounding the Human Highlight Reel. If he can't stand on that leg, he's going to have a real hard time using that high flying arsenal of attacks.

[Marley manages to get his torso under the ropes as Percy rushes to his side but Wright grabs the legs, preventing him from going out to the floor...

...and physically drags him back into the ring, quickly tying up the legs with his own.]

GM: Oh, look at this, Bucky.

[Wright leans down, slapping both sides of Marley's ribcage, forcing him to pull his arms down to block...

...but the World Champion grabs the wrists, rocking back, and dropping into a full bow and arrow hold!]

GM: Elevated bow and arrow by the World Champion!

[Marley cries out in pain at the torture being put into his legs and his ribcage as he's stretched back far for one and all to witness. Wright can be heard with a gruff "ASK HIM!" as the official checks to see if the challenger wants to call it a night.]

GM: Rick Marley refuses to give in.

BW: Are you kidding me? After all Percy Childe went through to get a member of his Alliance a shot at the World Title, can you imagine the rage he'd go through if Marley gave up to lose that match?

GM: Supreme Wright is a submission specialist, Bucky. He can make you give up in so many different ways and none of them would be any kind of statement about how badly someone wants to be the World Champion.

BW: I'm not sure the Wise Men would see it the same way, Gordo.

[Marley continues to resist giving up, forcing Wright to release the hold. There is a definite angry expression on the face of the World Champion as he gets up...

...and promptly drives home a soccer kick to the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! What a kick!

BW: Someone was watching Sudakov in the Dome, daddy.

GM: A second kick forces Marley under the ropes and out on the floor. Percy Childes is right there immediately to check on his man, giving him some guidance when he needs it the most and-

[Suddenly, a pair of Team Supreme members shove Percy Childes aside, forcing Marley back up on the apron and into the ring.]

BW: Wait a second! This isn't a lumberjack match! They can't lay their hands on him!

GM: They beg to differ, Bucky. Team Supreme doesn't want Childes or any of his ilk to get a chance to get involved in this thing.

BW: I get that but don't put your hands on Percy!

[Childes is absolutely livid, shouting red-faced at the Team Supreme members as Cain Jackson smirks from the other side of the ring.]

GM: Percy Childes is screaming at these kids... these Team Supreme members.

[Wright pulls the hurting Marley off the canvas, throwing a pair of short elbows to the jaw, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles. The World Champion is immediately on the attack, throwing three more leg kicks to the side of the knee, forcing Marley to hobble away, clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: That leg is taking some serious damage in this one so far...

[The World Champion pursues, throwing a vicious kick to the back of the knee that sweeps Marley's leg out from under him, dumping him down on the back of his head on the mat!]

GM: Oh my!

[Wright grabs the injured leg, dragging Marley out to the center of the ring. He tucks the shin up under his armpit, flipping Marley over onto his stomach in a half Boston Crab!]

GM: Half Crab applied by Supreme Wright, wrenching the leg back!

BW: He's got it in deep! Look at the pressure being applied to the knee!

GM: Wright's again ordering Johnny Jagger to check for the submission... but gets none.

[An angry Wright sidesteps, lifting his leg and violently stomping the back of Marley's head, smashing his face repeatedly into the canvas before throwing

the leg out of his grip, glaring out at Percy Chiles who is shouting at his man.]

GM: Chiles trying to encourage the challenger but Supreme Wright is physically dominating Rick Marley at this stage of the matchup.

[He drags Marley off the mat, blasting him under the chin with a European uppercut. The challenger falls back into the corner as Wright moves in on him, hitting uppercut after uppercut as Marley's head repeatedly snaps back, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Wright backs off, the referee right up in his face...

[But he shoves Jagger aside, barreling in to blast him with a European uppercut up into the underside of the chin! With Marley dazed, Wright lifts the injured leg, wrapping it around the middle rope...

...and then dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: IN COMES WRIGHT!

[He swings his leg up, kicking the knee hard! Marley howls in pain, slumping back against the turnbuckles as Wright piefaces him down to the mat.]

GM: We're not even five minutes into this match and Rick Marley is taking severe punishment at the hands of the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Grabbing the leg again, Wright drags Marley out to the middle of the ring, holding the leg under his armpit...

...and drops back, essentially DDTng the leg!]

GM: Ohh! Have you EVER seen that done before, Bucky?

BW: Not that I can recall, Gordo.

[Wright shoves the leg aside, sitting on the mat, glaring down at Marley who is hanging onto his knee, rolling back and forth in pain.]

GM: Supreme Wright seems determined to seriously injured that leg here tonight in Dallas with the World Heavyweight Title on the line. He's been at it since the bell rung and he keeps on attacking it.

BW: We talked about it earlier. Wright is a submission expert and having a weakened limb is a dream come true to him.

[The World Champion pulls Marley off the mat...

...just as Percy Chiles leaps up on the ring apron, swinging his crystal-topped cane back and forth.]

GM: Childes is on the apron and-

[Cain Jackson strides around the ring, rounding the ringpost where he reaches up, grabbing Childes by the back of the pants, yanking him down to the floor. Childes starts to shout...

...and then stops cold at the sight of the big man staring him down!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Back away, Percy... slowly.

[Childes seems to be obliging, backpedaling away from Cain Jackson as he glares at him.]

GM: Cain Jackson just prevented Percy Childes from getting involved in this match! The Collector of Oddities is stunned! He can't believe what just happened.

BW: I'm pretty surprised myself, Gordo.

[Childes pauses, glaring at the Team Supreme members all around him as he moves back to the other side of the ring, looking back in where Wright is coming back towards a downed Marley...

...who pushes up to a knee, throwing a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Marley goes downstairs with the right hand... and a second one!

[Wright backs off...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD OF THE KNEELING CHALLENGER!

[Marley collapses in a heap on the canvas as Wright drops to his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Marley slips a shoulder up, breaking the three count.]

GM: Two count only. He couldn't keep him down for three to retain the title but he's still in control of this one.

[Wright climbs back to his feet, looking down at Marley who has rolled to all fours, attempting to push himself up off the mat. He leans down, dragging the challenger up to his feet.]

GM: Irish whip...

[As Marley hits the ropes, he quickly finds himself facefirst on the mat in a heap.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Did Percy do that?!

[Childes quickly backs away...

...and then raises his crystal-topped cane, screaming loudly as he gestures at the nearest Team Supreme member with the cane.]

GM: He's telling Johnny Jagger... he's telling him that that young man did it! He's telling him that Team Supreme member tripped Rick Marley!

[Jagger pauses, listening to Childes as the Team Supreme member argues, defending himself...]

GM: He's telling Jagger it wasn't-

[The AWA's Senior Official breaks away, kneeling down to speak to Phil Watson who nods, raising the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger has EJECTED Team Supreme from ringside!

[A furious Cain Jackson shouts at the referee who waves his arms, ordering Team Supreme (along with Jackson) to exit the ringside area. Supreme Wright is also shouting at the referee as his allies start to make their way back up the aisle. We cut to a smirking Percy Childes.]

GM: Percy Childes pulled a fast one on Team Supreme and... what does this mean for this matchup? Fans, we're going to take our final commercial break of the night but when we come back, we'll have the conclusion to this World Title matchup!

[Fade to black on a smirking Collector of Oddities...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about \_me\_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here. Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]



MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

...and as we come back up, we find Rick Marley on his feet, stomping Supreme Wright into the canvas in the corner.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, during the break, Rick Marley was able to get an advantage over the World Champion thanks to Percy Childes. A big advantage in that Team Supreme was ejected from ringside and shortly after, the champion made a big mistake. Let's take a quick look...

[We switch to a split screen showing Wright hooking a guillotine choke on Marley, preparing to suplex him over.]

GM: The World Champion was set up for the suplex but without his allies at ringside, Percy Childes was able to distract Wright...

[We see Childes do exactly that, leading to Marley backdropping Wright down to the canvas.]

GM: And the backdrop turned things around for the challenger who has been dominating Wright ever since.

[Pulling Wright off the mat, Marley lights him up with knife edge chops across the chest. He reaches down grabbing an arm, whipping Wright into the far turnbuckles. The champion hits hard, slumping down to his knees from the impact.]

GM: Wright goes down hard off the whip...

BW: But does Marley have enough in him to follow up and take advantage of the situation?

GM: We've passed the ten minute mark in this one, twenty minutes remaining in the time limit of this World Title showdown. Remember, fans, the winner of this one has Dave Bryant, the former World and Television Champion, awaiting them at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Marley hobbles across the ring, pulling Wright off the mat. He takes the moment to throw a few European uppercuts of his own, staggering the champion before putting him down to the mat with a well-placed overhead elbow smash.]

GM: Marley puts him down on the canvas...

[Gritting his teeth, he leaps into the air, dropping a leg across the throat.]

GM: Big leaping legdrop by the challenger - and right into the cover! He's got one! He's got two! But that's all!

[Marley rolls to a knee, grabbing Wright by the back of the head, pasting him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Rick Marley has gone on record many times saying that he believes he can be the AWA World Champion if he only got the chance to prove it. Tonight is his chance to prove it and that's exactly what he's trying to do right now.

[The referee forces Marley to back off, getting him back to his feet where he is barely able to stand, hobbling away again as Percy Chides shouts instructions into the ring.]

GM: Chides is telling Marley to stay on him... telling him not to back away... not to let up for a second...

[Marley nods as he drags Wright off the mat, pulling him towards the corner. He climbs up to the second rope, tugging Wright into a front facelock...]

GM: He's setting for the tornado DDT!

[The challenger kicks off the ropes, twisting around...

...and gets HURLED several feet away, crashing chestfirst down to the canvas to a smattering of cheers!]

GM: Wright counters! He avoids the tornado DDT!

[Chides slams his hands down on the apron in frustration before climbing up on the ramp, waving his cane towards the back...]

GM: What in the world is he...?

[The jeers come large and loud as Demetrius Lake and Johnny Detson come jogging down the ramp from the locker room.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is here! They've arrived!

BW: And that's nothing but bad news for the World Champion. Team Supreme is out of here. They've been ejected from ringside! They can't help!

GM: Lake and Detson immediately move to Percy's side out on the ramp, huddling up with him...

[A distracted Supreme Wright turns, glaring at the three men out on the ramp, looking on...

...and getting dragged into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! Wright got the shoulder up!

BW: That was almost it, Gordo! We almost saw a new World Champion crowned right here tonight in Dallas!

GM: The Unholy Alliance almost STOLE that title from Wright!

[An angry Wright wheels around, lifting Marley off the mat and firing him into the corner. He pursues, lifting him up and tying him into the tree of woe...

...before leaping up, dropkicking the trapped leg!]

GM: OHH! A vicious attack on the leg!

[Wright gets up, pointing at the Unholy Alliance before throwing a second dropkick to the leg.]

GM: Another dropkick...

[Climbing back to his feet, Wright stares dead into the eyes of Percy Childes...

...and throws one more dropkick to the leg, causing Marley to cry out in pain.]

GM: Three dropkicks to the knee of Marley!

[Wright loosens the tree of woe, dumping Marley down on the mat. He grabs the arms, dragging him from the corner to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Look at Wright! Shouting at Percy Childes!

[The Collector of Oddities returns fire, shouting back at the World Champion, gesturing wildly with the crystal-topped cane.]

GM: We've got a standoff here! Childes and Wright are trading words out here and-

[The referee steps in, shouting at both men, trying to break up the verbal battle...

...when suddenly Johnny Detson drops down off the ramp, taking up a position on one side of the ring as Demetrius Lake does the same thing on the other.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is surrounding the World Champion!

[Wright looks back and forth between Lake and Detson, obviously concerned as he stands alone. He goes to pull a rising Marley off the mat by the hair...

...but Marley slaps the hand away, tucking his head under the chin and dropping down in a jawbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Big counter by Marley!

[Wright pops back up, staggering back, holding his chin. He falls into the corner, arms draped over the ropes. Marley runs the few steps after him, wincing as he steps up to the second rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: KICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!

[He hooks a side headlock on a stunned Wright, running three steps out, gritting his teeth as he leaps into a bulldog headlock, smashing Wright's face into the mat!]

GM: BULLDOG!

BW: A string of three stunning moves by the challenger and- he covers!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: No! He gets the shoulder up!

[Marley gets back up, dragging Wright up with him right into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...

...and SNAPS him over with a suplex!]

GM: Snap suplex and a beauty!

[Marley floats over, applying another cover.]

GM: Another cover... and another two count! He can't keep the World Champion down on the mat.

[The challenger gets to his feet, pulling Wright up with him...

...and ROCKETS Wright over the top rope, throwing him to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The referee is all over the challenger for that throw over the top!

[Johnny Detson moves quickly, pulling Wright up by the arm...

...and SLAMS his head into the ring apron, knocking Wright down to the floor where he lays in a few hard stomps before backing away as the referee wheels around.]

GM: Detson attacks out on the floor!

BW: Percy liked that, Gordo.

[A chuckling Percy Childes nods his head, tapping his crystal-topped cane on the apron, shouting in at Marley who nods in response as the referee lays a ten count on Supreme Wright.]

GM: Marley drops down, rolling out to the floor...

BW: You can't win the title on a countout, Gordo.

GM: You certainly can't.

[Marley grabs the arm of Wright, dragging him up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES WRIGHT!!

[Marley smirks as he rolls back into the ring, taking another verbal beating from the official...

...as Demetrius Lake charges the length of the ring, connecting with a clothesline that takes Wright over the railing and into the front row of the audience!]

GM: OH MY STARS! INTO THE CROWD GOES WRIGHT!!

BW: Thanks to Demetrius Lake!

GM: Absolutely. The Black Tiger puts him into the front row and- look at this!

[From inside the ring, Marley is directing traffic as Lake grabs the railing, tugging it towards him, yanking the barricade closer to the ring as Marley shoves the official aside, climbing the ropes very slowly.]

GM: "Showtime" Rick Marley, the challenger, is climbing to the top rope!

BW: He's taking a long time with that bum knee!

[The challenger steps one foot on the top rope, steadying himself...]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts at the sight of Hannibal Carver striding angrily down the ramp, trailed by Jack Lynch, William Craven, and Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: The so-called Kooky Quartet is in the house! Hannibal Carver said he wasn't going to watch Marley win the title unless he could do it on his own and I think he's seen enough of this!

[Marley suddenly gets a warning shout from his allies...

...just before they get swarmed!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON THE FLOOR!

[Percy Childes backpedals as Jack Lynch attacks Demetrius Lake, throwing big right hands as Johnny Detson gets assaulted by Hannibal Carver and Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: We've got brawls on both sides of the ring and- ohh! Carver puts Detson headfirst into the timekeeper's table!

[Marley turns himself slightly...

...and HURLS himself off the top rope, taking down Carver, O'Connor, and Detson with a huge dive to the floor!]

GM: MARLEY WIPES 'EM ALL OUT!!

[The Dragon, William Craven, finds himself in the mix, dragging Demetrius Lake into a headbutt to the bridge of the nose.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is outgunned out here! For once, they're outnumbered, Bucky!

[Marley grabs Supreme Wright by the arm, dragging him back over the railing and rolling him into the ring. The Human Highlight Reel climbs up on the apron, lifting his leg and shaking it out before catapulting over the top, dropping a leg across the chest!]

GM: Marley continues the assault on the World Champion!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE-"

[The call of the time remaining is suddenly cut off as the three midnight blue wearing hired guns hurdle the railing, rushing into the fray.]

GM: We've got reinforcements! Those hired guns - the men who serve the interests of the Wise Men - have hit the ringside area, swarming William Craven and absolutely overwhelming him!

BW: This is nuts, Gordo!

GM: It's breaking down out here as Percy Childes continues to shout at his man, trying to get the challenger to finish off Supreme Wright.

[Marley drags Wright off the mat again, shoving him into the ropes.]

GM: Wright bounces off- CASTING CALL!

[But Wright manages to catch the leg, changing his grip...

...and diving to the side, yanking the leg with a dragon screw legwhip!]

GM: LEGWHIP BY WRIGHT!

BW: You see the torque on that?!

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[Wright rolls both he and Marley back to his feet, executing the dragon screw a second time.]

GM: Again! The leg's in serious trouble as Wright gets back to his feet, still hanging on to the leg...

[The sudden appearance of Percy Childe on the apron, wading through the wild brawl breaking down at ringside again grabs Wright's focus, throwing a threatening finger up towards the Collector of Oddities...

...when the crowd erupts at the sight of Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez charging down the ramp!]

GM: PRESTON AND MARTINEZ ARE JOINING THE FRAY!

[Preston gets a running start, HURLING himself off the ramp in a crossbody onto the two of the hired guns, wiping them out as Ryan Martinez throws himself into a tackle on Johnny Detson!]

GM: The numbers have evened out again on the floor! The fight continues but it's not over inside the ring quite yet.

[An angry Wright pulls Marley off the mat, ducking down to hoist him up into a fireman's carry...

...but Marley slips out on the distracted Wright, hooking his head with both hands and dropping out in a split-legged faceslam, smashing the BACK of Wright's head into the mat instead. He leans forward, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Kickout just in time! Rick Marley almost snuck a three count in there off that counter and he was a half count away from becoming the new World Champion! He was a half count away from-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Robert Donovan breaking through the curtain, trying to get down the aisle towards the ring where Supreme Wright is standing.]

GM: DONOVAN! DONOVAN!

[Marley pulls Wright off the mat again, tugging him into a front facelock.]

GM: He's going for the Limelight!

[But Wright is ready for it, lifting Marley up over his shoulder, crossing the challenger's legs over each other. He steps forward, sitting out, and DRIVES Marley knees-first into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A COUNTER!! WHAT A COUNTER!!

[Wright rolls back, getting to his feet...

...where the approach of Robert Donovan catches his attention. He rushes the ropes, trying to catch the seven footer before he can intervene, leaping up to crack him with a forearm to the side of the head!]

GM: WRIGHT NAILS DONOVAN AND-

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan hooks Wright around the throat!]

GM: He's got Wright! He's gonna-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Rick Marley intervenes, throwing a Casting Call superkick into the seven footer, knocking him backwards and down onto the ramp!]

GM: MARLEY SAVES WRIGHT?!

BW: No, he saved his chance at the title! If Donovan had chokeslammed Supreme Wright, the match would have been stopped right there! Rick Marley is WAY too smart to let that happen!

[Wright catches Marley with a pair of forearms, knocking him into the ropes where he grabs an arm, whipping him out...

...but Marley hangs on, yanking Wright into a boot to the gut!]

GM: Marley goes downstairs... he hooks him!

[He hooks the front facelock, looking for Limelight again...

...but as he twists around into the three-quarter nelson, Wright snares the arm, slipping his other arm behind the neck!]

GM: CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE!!



[The crowd ERUPTS as Wright sinks in the Cobra Clutch Crossface, dragging Rick Marley down to the canvas!]

GM: He's got it locked in!

BW: And once this is locked in, there ain't no way out, daddy!

GM: Wright cranks back on it, yanking hard!

[The camera shows Percy Chiles kneeling on the apron, leaning through the ropes and screaming at Marley to hang on!]

GM: Percy Chiles is telling the challenger to hang in there! He's screaming at him to not give up!

BW: I don't know how long Marley can survive this, Gordo! His lights are fading... he can hear the siren song calling him to Dreamland and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE QUIT! HE GAVE UP!

[Wright hangs on for a few more seconds before releasing it, allowing Marley to slump down facefirst to the canvas.]

GM: Supreme Wright scores the win! Supreme Wright is heading to Memorial Day Mayhem as the World Heavyweight Champion!

[The brawl continues out on the floor between the Unholy Alliance, the Wise Men's hired guns, the Kooky Quarter, and the AWA's Young Lions as Wright rises to his feet, standing in the center of the ring as the referee hands the World Title belt back to him. A furious Percy Chiles is in the ring, screaming at the downed Marley...]

GM: The fight continues! Wright retains! We're out of time! We'll see you next time, fans!

[...as we fade to black.]