

AWA Saturday Night Wrestling

May 10th, 2014
Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

[We fade up from black to an image that surprises the usual AWA Saturday Night Wrestling viewer who is used to seeing the opening montage before anything else happens.]

Tonight is different.

Tonight, we open on a shot of the squared circle where we see a battered, bandaged, and bruised Juan Vasquez. He still wears an eyepatch over his left eye, but his entire appearance bears the toll that his Death Match with Demon Boy Ishrinku took on his body. There are healing cuts and dark bruises all over his face and even hidden beneath the sleeves of his black hoodie, we can see there are bandages wrapped around his hands.]

GM: Fans, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling where unexpectedly, Juan Vasquez has taken over the ring and has demanded time to-

[Vasquez speaks, cutting off Gordon Myers.]

JV: I was supposed to be out here two weeks ago to explain what happened to me in Japan, but...I just couldn't do it.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: Not because of the injuries I suffered...those will heal, but because I saw what I became in that Death Match against Ishrinku. I saw it...and I didn't like it one damn bit. I went in knowing that in order to defeat Ishrinku, I had to dig in deep and become something that I'm not.

So I did. I did what I promised I wouldn't do ever again. To defeat a demon, I became a monster. And whatever line there was between doing what it took to win a match and losing my damn mind...

...I crossed it.

[Juan pulls out a fork from his jacket pocket.]

JV: This. THIS ain't me. This is what I was...not who I AM.

It's a road I've gone down too many damn times before and I'll be honest...I don't got the stomach for it anymore. I'm sick of having to apologize for it. I'm sick of having to look at myself in the mirror and be disgusted by what I've done.

I'M SICK OF IT!

[He throws the fork down on the mat.]

JV: I've spent these last two weeks trying to figure out what got over me. I was trying to find a reason why I did what I did in Japan, and there was only one answer.

Dave Cooper.

[A roar of boos can be heard at the mention of Cooper's name.]

JV: You've got a lot to answer for, Cooper. Not just because of what you did to my eye, not just because you won't keep Luke Kinsey's name out of your worthless mouth, but for everything you've ever done to this company.

Royalty. Langseth. The National title. Dufresne. The World title. The Sultan. Glenn Hudson.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: It's disgusting. It's disgusting that a cancer like you is STILL here, doing your best to drag the AWA down with your garbage. It's disgusting that YOU of all people, have the nerve to blame ANYONE for all the evil that's happened to the AWA. It's disgusting that I've allowed you to distract me from the real problems like The Unholy Alliance and The Wise Men.

[The look of anger on his face intensifies with every word, until he looks up, flush with rage.]

JV: NO MORE.

[His voice is firm and forceful, but he doesn't raise it in anger.]

JV: I've put a lot of thought into this and even if it plays right into The Wise Men's hands, it's gotta' be done.

It NEEDS to be done.

[He pauses.]

JV: I had two choices. I could've took the easy way...tossed all the rules out the window, lost myself to the darkness and shown you exactly what sort of monster, Demon Boy Ishrinku, had to face in Japan.

And make no mistake about it, that would've been the end of Dave Cooper AND Juan Vasquez.

Or I could do it the hard way. The honorable way. The right way.

[He shakes his head, smiling slightly.]

JV: And when it came right down to it, the choice wasn't hard at all.

Cooper.

At Memorial Day Mayhem, one way or another, it ENDS.

You versus me.

[A beat.]

JV: LOSER LEAVES TOWN.

[A massive roar of shock fills the Coliseum, as Vasquez drops the microphone and leaves the ring. He heads back up the aisle, with the crowd still buzzing with excitement and surprise at what they just heard...

...and we slowly fade to black as Juan Vasquez walks off into the darkness perhaps for the final time on Saturday Night Wrestling.

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: It's getaway day here in the Crockett Coliseum as this is the last time the AWA will be in Dallas until September! That's right - it's time for the annual summer tour, it's time to go Coast To Coast for the very first time, and of course, if it's time to go on tour, that means it's also time for Memorial Day Mayhem! The big annual kickoff to summer is just two weeks away and it's already red hot here in the Hot Tin Box in downtown Dallas, Bucky!

[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: The AWA is already boiling over here in 2014! We just made history over in Japan, we've got the first two-time Stampede Cup winning team, and

now we're gonna make history again by going Coast To Coast this summer, starting on Memorial Day in Gainesville, Florida, daddy!

GM: And just moments ago, we got a shocking challenge that I don't think ANY of us were expecting here tonight. Juan Vasquez just walked out here and says that this town ain't big enough for both he and Dave Cooper. At Memorial Day Mayhem, he wants Cooper in a LOSER LEAVES TOWN match!

BW: A lot of people talk big about Loser Leaves Town, Gordo. A lot of companies talk about "career matches" and "retirement matches." We've had a grand total of THREE of these matches in AWA history. Marcus Broussard had to leave town. November had to leave town. Joe Petrow lost his wrestling CAREER! When the AWA says Loser Leaves Town, we mean it... and if Dave Cooper accepts that challenge, he is putting his very AWA future on the line like Juan Vasquez just did.

GM: But before we can get to Mayhem, we've got another jam-packed show here tonight as we say au revoir to Dallas, Texas as only we can. We've got three big headlines matches featured here tonight as the World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright takes on Willie Hammer in non-title action.

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

BW: That punk kid Hammer has been runnin' his mouth non-stop for weeks now and tonight, the champ's gonna shut his mouth once and for all.

GM: We've got Johnny Detson, a former World Champion in his own right, taking on the young rookie, Bobby O'Connor in a grudge match that only picked up in intensity after that wild brawl to close out our last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: Another young punk trying to upset his elders. Johnny Detson is a former champion, he's a member of the Unholy Alliance, and that means the Wise Men are behind him as well. You think some punk kid, even one who is the grandson of the AWA President, is gonna topple all that? I don't think so, Gordo.

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

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and stripes flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern

Manager of the Year, is in a bright yellow sportcoat with a white t-shirt underneath, splashed with the phrase "#ScumbagTravis."]

GM: And of course, we've got the World Television Title on the line with Alphonse Green defending the gold against his chosen opponent, Ryan Martinez.

BW: This is Martinez' third chance at the World Television Title. In my estimation, it's time to put up or shut up. If he doesn't win the title tonight, the Championship Committee should put him on ice until he figures out how to thrive in a high pressure situation.

GM: You could be right about that, Bucky. The pressure is on here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum as the final pieces for Memorial Day Mayhem fall into place but right now, let's go up to the ring for that World Television Title match!

BW: Right now?!

GM: Right now!

[We crossfade up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

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

PW: He hails from the City of Angels, Los Angeles, California...

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

PW: Weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Eric Preston...

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

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

PW: This is...

RYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAN...

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

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

PW: ...MAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIIIINNNNNNNEZZZZZ!

[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 to a big cheer. Eric Preston emerges behind him, a grin on his face as he claps for his young lion compatriot.]

GM: Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez did not seem the likeliest of comrades coming out of SuperClash last fall but the ever-present threat of the Wise Men have drawn these two young lions together as friends and allies.

BW: It's marked them both with a giant bullseye on their backs is what it's done. Martinez hasn't stopped running his mouth in the Wise Men's direction since Day One and now he's dragged Preston right in that with him. They've got these three hired guns aiming for them-

GM: Three hired guns that Jason Dane has sworn to reveal the identities of here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Even once you know their names, does that make them any less dangerous? Those three have taken these two out time and time again - it's a simple numbers game. Three is better than two every single time.

GM: That's why at Memorial Day Mayhem, Preston and Martinez will be joined by a third man to take on those hired guns in a six man tag team match.

BW: Will they? 'Cause last time I checked, Todd Michaelson wasn't giving either of them the time of day.

[Martinez and Preston step through the ropes into the ring. The son of the Hall of Famer quickly sheds his hoodie, throwing it over the corner buckle to reveal short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black kneepads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long black pad on his right arm from mid-forearm to just under the armpit, the elbow portion heavily padded. He trades a high five with his partner before Preston drops down to the floor, his eyes scanning the crowd for any sign of attack.]

GM: Eric Preston pledged to be in Ryan Martinez' corner here tonight to keep an eye out... to watch his back.

BW: If those hired guns come looking for trouble, Preston won't be enough to hold 'em back, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that, Bucky.

[Martinez tugs at the ropes, trying to stay loose as his music fades.]

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: 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 staring intently at the entrance ramp as the champion 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 Martinez.]

GM: Ever a bundle of energy, Alphonse Green has held the World Television Title with pride for several months now but Ryan Martinez will again be the stiffest challenge for him that he's faced so far for sure.

BW: Martinez has had THREE chances to become the World Television Champion, Gordo. When does someone else get their chance?

GM: Very soon. We learned last week that the winner of the Ricky Lane/Tony Sunn match at Memorial Day Mayhem will receive a future title shot. We now know that the person who scores the winning pinfall or submission in that ground-breaking Mayhem match will get one as well. And if you ask me, the winner between Shadoe Rage and Donnie White will be right in line for a title opportunity as well. Whoever walks out of this as the champion may have a very tough summer ahead of them.

[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 Martinez, stretching against the ropes.]

GM: Both champion and challenger in their respective corners, watching as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger holds the title belt over his head, showing the fans exactly what this battle is all about...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and this World TV Title match is underway!

[The champion marches right out of his corner to the center of the ring...

...and stretches out his right hand, offering a handshake to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Both of these men have a lot of respect for one another. It takes real guts for a champion to call out a tough challenger like Green did to Martinez two weeks ago on this show... to demand a title defense like this but Green wants to etch a page of history as the best Television Champion ever and to do it, he's going to need to face opponents like this.

[Martinez wastes no time in accepting the handshake to even more cheers before the two men break away from another, circling one another as the crowd settles into their seats for this opening contest.]

GM: Champion and challenger dancing around, looking for an opening... and then coming together in the middle of the ring! Martinez at six foot five and 255 pounds has got a notable size advantage on the challenger who-

[The crowd cheers as Green drops down, dragging Martinez down to the canvas by the arm.]

GM: Armdrag and a beauty by the champion!

[Green scampers back, crouched slightly as the challenger scrambles back to his feet also. Martinez comes in quickly, tying up the champion again...

...and gets armdragged down to the canvas again!]

GM: Another quick armdrag by the champion, showing he won't be pushed around in the early moments of this one.

[As Martinez climbs to his feet, Green lunges in, tangling into another tieup, pushing the off-balance Martinez back into the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break. The champion obliges, grabbing an arm to shoot Martinez across...]

GM: The Los Angeles native hits the far ropes, rebounding back...

[Green sets for a hiptoss but Martinez floats over, taking Green down with a hiptoss of his own!]

GM: Nice reversal by the challenger! The 23 year old looking to strike gold for the very first time in his wrestling career here tonight in Dallas, Texas.

[As Green gets back to his feet, he finds Martinez waiting for him with a scoop slam down to the mat.]

GM: Big slam by the challenger, leans over to grab hold of- no!

[Martinez attempts to pull Green up but Green rolls back, lashing out with both feet to kick the challenger in the chin, sending him sprawling back to his rear on the mat as Green scrambles up, dashing to the ropes.]

GM: Look at the speed of the champion, quickly to the ropes...

[He barrels back in, dropping into a baseball sliding clothesline on the challenger!]

GM: Whoa! Unique offense out of the champion!

BW: So quick, Gordo. Green is one of the fastest men currently in the AWA and in all honesty, is one of the fastest men I've ever seen inside a wrestling ring.

[With Martinez down, Green lunges into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But the son of the Hall of Famer muscles out, breaking the count at two as Eric Preston shouts encouragement from outside the ring, slapping the ring apron a few times.]

GM: Eric Preston out on the floor trying to cheer Ryan Martinez on to victory. What a win it would be for Martinez here and what a blow towards the Wise Men who obviously want no part of Martinez having any sort of influence or power in the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Green grabs Martinez by the hand, twisting the arm around into a wristlock before cranking the arm up into a rear hammerlock.]

GM: Hammerlock applied by the champion, pushing up on the arm, trying to debilitate the limb that Martinez relies on for so many of his strikes and his power moves.

[The champion crouches lower, slipping his shoulder up under the wrist and raising up on his tiptoes, applying further pressure to the arm.]

BW: Look at the execution on the hammerlock as Green uses his own height to crank the arm, trying to bend it against the grain.

[Martinez winces as he swipes at his own shoulder, looking for a way out. He attempts to swing his head from side to side, trying to get a read on where Green's head is at...

...and then swings an elbow back, looking to catch the champion but failing to connect.]

GM: Green's got the perfect positioning right now to avoid the elbows but to maximize the pressure on the trapped arm. You don't think of Alphonse

Green when you think of ring technicians but he's got this one applied very well. Very well indeed.

[Green suddenly drops down, hooking both ankles and yanking Martinez' legs out from under him so that he falls facefirst to the mat. The champion slips forward, hooking his feet under the armpits of the challenger, and twisting to the side to roll Martinez into a pinning predicament!]

GM: Wow! What a rollup! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The challenger slips a shoulder up, breaking the dangerous cradle attempt. Green again scrambles to his feet, dashing to the ropes. His rebound back is sidestepped, allowing Martinez to shove him towards the ropes where he hits chestfirst, stumbling back towards the challenger...

...who lifts him up in a belly-to-back lift, stands tall, and then suddenly jumps in the air, dropping him down hard!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take the wind right out of your sails!

[Martinez flips over, applying a lateral press but only gaining a two count.]

GM: Two count only off the back suplex by the challenger... but that's going to put him in control of the match, Bucky.

BW: It certainly will. A suplex like that jolts the victim from head to toe and I can promise you that Green's having a hard time catching his breath after a drop like that.

[The young lion drags Green off the mat, backing him towards the corner.]

GM: The referee's calling for a break in the corner.

[Martinez rifles in a pair of forearms, connecting solidly before spinning around with a back elbow to the cheekbone!]

GM: Ohh! Brutal series of strikes by the challenger... he whips him across!

[Green comes in fast, leaping up to the second rope.]

GM: Counter by Green... Martinez charges in!

[Green blindly leaps off, twisting around for a crossbody...

...and gets snatched out of the sky!]

GM: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[Martinez pauses for a moment before rocketing Green overhead, sending him crashing down with a fallaway slam...

...but he holds a bridge as Jagger dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Green slips the shoulder, breaking the count to a buzz from the crowd who may have thought it was over.]

GM: The champion's out at two but that's two very hard slams to the canvas he's taken in a row and those will start to take their toll on anyone, Bucky.

[As Martinez climbs off his knees, we cut to the floor where Eric Preston is walking the perimeter of the ring, looking out at the crowd.]

GM: Preston's keeping one eye on the crowd, making sure those hired guns don't get another sneak attack on these young lions - especially as Martinez battles for the World Television Title.

[Cut back to the ring where Martinez has pulled Green off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: The challenger's not wasting any time! He's calling for the brainbuster!

[Martinez hoists Green up, lifting with all his strength...

...and perhaps providing a little too much "oomph" as Green flips out over the top, landing on his feet behind the champion. He promptly reaches out, snaring Martinez' head and neck...]

GM: NECKBREAKER!

[And leaps up, driving the back of Martinez' head and neck into the canvas!]

GM: Green scores with the neckbreaker and that'll rock the challenger!

[Climbing back to his feet, Green looks out at the crowd, pointing to them with a nod as he steps out to the apron.]

GM: Alphonse Green, the World Television Champion, out on the apron, grabs the ropes...

[He slingshots over the top, dropping a leg across the chest!]

GM: ...and drops the big leg on the challenger!

[Still seated, Green gestures for a count from the official who dives down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Martinez powers out of the awkward pin attempt, easily breaking free.]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY IN THE TIME LIMIT! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've hit the halfway point in the time limit. Five minutes left in this one as the champion has regained control, dragging Martinez off the mat.

[He snapmares the challenger down into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Soccer kick to the lower back of the challenger!

[Winding up, he lays in a second... and a third, causing Martinez to arch his back in pain as Green runs to the far ropes, rebounding back with a head of steam...

...and CREAMS the seated Martinez with a knee to the head!]

GM: OHHHH! That might do it!

[Green dives across his challenger, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Martinez lifts a shoulder to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Two count only! Martinez kicks out in time and-

[Green pulls Martinez up, shoving him back into the corner. The referee calls for a break as Green straightens up, lashing out with a knife edge chop!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop across the chest by the World Television Champion! A blow that usually lands at the hands of the challenger but Alphonse Green is using it and using it well right here.

[Green lands a second and third chop before Martinez suddenly steps up, grabbing Green and turning him back to the buckles.]

GM: Reversal by the challenger and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The chop lands and quickly the Dallas crowd picks up on their cue as Martinez unleashes chop after chop on the trapped Alphonse Green.]

"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...

...and Green spins him around, back into the corner to the protests of the official as the champion hauls off with another knife-edge chop! The fans quickly decide to show the leader of Gang Green a little love.]

"AL [CHOP!] - PHONSE [CHOP!] - GREEN [CHOP!]"

"AL [CHOP!] - PHONSE [CHOP!] - GREEN [CHOP!]"

"AL [CHOP!] - PHONSE [CHOP!] - GREEN [CHOP!]"

"AL [CHOP!] - PHONSE [CHOP!] - GREEN [CHOP!]"

"AL [CHOP!] - PHONSE [CHOP!] - GREEN [CHOP!]"

[Green backs off, shaking his hand in pain as he walks out to the center of the ring, giving a big "OHHHHHHH!" to the fans who echo in response...

...and turns around only to get DRILLED with a running spear tackle out of the challenger!]

GM: HE SPEARED HIM! HE SPEARED THE CHAMPION!!

[Martinez, red welts on his chest, reaches back to grab a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost got him! He almost won the Television Title!

[Martinez pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in a show of frustration as he climbs to his feet. He looks over at the official who shows two fingers, gesturing to the raised shoulder.]

GM: It was only a two count according to Johnny Jagger as Martinez goes back on the attack.

[The challenger pulls a dazed Green off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's calling for the brainbuster again and-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ERUPTS in boos at the sight of the midnight blue-wearing Pedro Perez up on the apron. Martinez flings Green away, rushing forward with a

forearm smash. He traps Perez, hammering away at him to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Preston's got trouble on the outside!

[The Combat Corner graduate opens up, throwing haymakers at the two other hired guns as they come into view over the railing, trying to get to the ring to disrupt his ally's chance to become the World Television Champion.]

BW: Hah! Did you REALLY think the Wise Men were going to let Martinez win the World Television Title?! Not a chance, daddy! Not a chance!

GM: Preston's trying to fight off these two on the floor while Martinez is opening up on Pedro Perez! This time they were ready for them and they're making them pay for-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! ALPHONSE GREEN TAKES FLIGHT AND WIPES OUT ONE OF THE HIRED GUNS!!

[With one of them taken down, Preston is able to gain an advantage, battling the other back up against the barricade as Martinez uncorks a spinning backfirst, knocking Perez down to the floor.]

GM: They've fought 'em off! They fought off the hired guns!

BW: For now!

GM: Green rolls back in... Martinez is there to greet him!

[The two men come together in the middle of the ring, trading haymakers. A right hand by Green... a forearm by Martinez... another right by Green... a hooking right to the jaw in response!]

GM: They're trading shots!

[Martinez lands a headbutt, stunning the champion. He grabs an arm, firing him in...]

GM: Irish whip... Green ducks the clothesline...

[The champion leaps up to the second rope, springing back with a kick aimed at the skull of the challenger...

...who ducks down, causing Green to sail over him, landing on his feet.]

GM: He missed!

[Green immediately drops to a knee, clutching at his foot or ankle.]

GM: Oh, I think he hurt himself! We saw him last time with a-

[He pops back up though, throwing himself at the turning Martinez who buries a boot in the gut.]

GM: Green's trying to fight through that injury but Martinez caught him... here he goes again!

[The challenger powers Green up in the air, holding him high so the blood rushes to his head...

...and then DROPS him headfirst to the mat!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER! BRAINBUSTER!

[Martinez flips over, tightly hooking both legs as the referee hits the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION!

[A slightly banged-up Preston rolls into the ring, crawling on his knees towards Martinez who is sitting up on the mat, looking out at the roaring crowd in disbelief. Preston throws himself into an embrace with his ally.]

GM: We've got a new champion and the celebration is on here in Dallas, Texas!

BW: Oh, the Wise Men are NOT going to be happy about this, Gordo!

GM: The Wise Men tried to prevent this from happening. They sic'd their hired guns... these rabid dogs... on Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez yet again but this time, with the aid of Alphonse Green, Preston and Martinez were able to fight them off!

[Martinez climbs to his feet, a still-shocked expression on his face as Johnny Jagger hands him the title belt, holding his hand in the air to another big ovation.]

GM: There he is, fans! The new World Television Champion is Ryan Martinez and what a way to kick off the summer for that young man... for both of those young men in fact.

[Martinez hands the title belt to Preston, leaning down to help a dazed Alphonse Green up to his feet.]

GM: The champion had one heck of an effort here tonight but came up just a little bit short. But you better believe that the leader of Gang Green will be back to get a rematch at some point, Bucky.

BW: Green standing there, shaking Martinez' hand... but you know he's gotta be wondering what would have happened if it wasn't for that injured foot or ankle or whatever seems to be causing him problems.

GM: I'm sure he is. An outstanding effort by both men and that's exactly what you like to see in a championship match. A fantastic way to start off our farewell to Dallas for the summer and I can't think of a man I'd be prouder to call AWA champion, Bucky.

BW: That punk kid struck gold tonight... but when the Wise Men get through with him at Memorial Day Mayhem, you better believe that we may vacating that title again.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with a very special guest! Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing with a very jovial Sweet Daddy Williams who is clad in a white t-shirt with red lettering that reads "COAST TO COAST" across the front over a map of the United States.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon... and joining me at this time is the one and the only, Sweet Daddy Williams! It's been a long time, Sweet Daddy.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: It has, it has, JD. Yours truly has been camped out down the street in the Combat Corner helping putting the future of the business through the paces, ya know?

JD: You've been training at the Corner?

[Williams chuckles.]

SDW: Come on, JD. We all know you know what happens 'round these parts just 'bout before it even happens. You know very well that this sweet ol' hiney has been parked in the chair that says "TRAINER" on the back for a couple of months now... trying to do the job that your brother-in-law should be there doing.

[Dane winces.]

JD: I'm sure Todd... wherever he is... appreciates what you're doing down there with those kids.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: I'm sure he does too, JD... and I'm sure he's gonna be watchin' here tonight when my main man, Willie Hammer, steps in the ring with Supreme Wright.

JD: So, that's why you're here tonight, to see Hammer vs Wright?

SDW: You better believe it, JD. One of my best friends in life, Soup Bone Samson, called me up a few years back to tell me about his nephew. He said the kid was big, tough, and raw. But he thought the kid could be one of the best if he had the right training. Luckily for him, that training came at the hands of Mr. Michaelson, the best trainer in the world right now, and not yours truly.

[Williams grins.]

SDW: So, yeah... I'm here for Willie. But now, I've got another reason to be here, JD.

JD: What's that?

[A chuckle.]

SDW: I do love me a good locker room victory celebration. Save a cold one for me, fellas... I'm on my way!

[He pats Jason on the shoulder before walking out of view.]

JD: Sweet Daddy Williams is here to celebrate with the new World Television Champion and to cheer on his protege Willie Hammer right here later tonight when he meets the World Champion Supreme Wright in a non-title matchup! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back after these messages!

[Fade to black.]

Fade back up on what sounds like a very passable punk cover of the Beach Boys' "Surfin' USA" with a sun-drenched beach. A voiceover begins.]

"The experts say that it promises to be the hottest summer on record."

[A shot of a pair of bikini-clad girls being baked by the sun.]

"But it's not global warming's fault."

[A shower of sand is kicked in the girls' faces, causing yelps and angry shouts. We slowly pan up from the sand to reveal a grinning Miss Sandra Hayes in a bikini of her own.]

"It's the AWA's fault"

[Cut to shots of AWA action with sunburst graphics and transitions cutting from shot to shot as the voiceover continues.]

"It's become an annual tradition when the AWA hits the road every summer, leaving their hometown of Dallas behind and going out to all the cities thirsting for the professional wrestling action that only the AWA can provide."

[A series of show dates appear on the screen, scrolling past one by one.]

"But this year, the AWA makes history by going COAST TO COAST for the very first time. So, check the tour schedule now for the show nearest you because you do NOT want to miss it when the AWA comes to your town!"

[We cut back to the bikini-clad Sandra Hayes, now with her pink branding iron slung over her shoulder.]

MSH: Can you feel the heat?

[A seductive smile and wink follows before we fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area, where Jason Dane is standing by with "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor and Hannibal Carver. Carver stands between both men and slightly to the back, head bowed and the hood of his hooded "COORS - RIDE THE SILVER BULLET" sweatshirt completely obscuring his head and face. Bobby is dressed in his ring gear along with a red and blue flannel shirt on, cracking his knuckles as Jason begins to speak.]

JD: Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! I'm joined at this time by "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor and his mentor, Hannibal Carver. Bobby, tonight you have what must be your greatest challenge to date... a match with Johnny Detson.

BOC: And I'd be a fool to disagree with that statement, Mister Dane. To say that I've been training harder than I ever have in my life, to say that I've been anything but obsessed with this match on this night for weeks now... would be the understatement of a lifetime. Detson and his compadres have done everything they can to make an example of me from the very SECOND I broke out on my own as a singles competitor. They've wanted to use me to make a statement. A statement to this company, this sport and obviously to my grandfather. But you see, Mister Dane, that's where they made a crucial mistake.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: I'm not a statement, I'm not a steppingstone. I'm a man. A man that has had all he can take from these so-called men. They've done everything from trying to throw me headfirst through a windshield to attacking me in the backstage area when a fight was the last thing on my mind. They always have the numbers game on their side, but that ends tonight. Tonight it is just you and me, Detson. No Rick Marley hiding under a mask, no descending on me like a pack of wolves. Just two men going toe to toe to prove who's the real man.

[Just then, Carver raises his head. Hood still over his eyes, he begins to speak.]

HC: It also comes to an end tonight... because as yeh've seen the numbers game is NO LONGER in yer favor. Yeh forces the hand of four of the unlikeliest men to band together to put yeh all six feet under. And tonight, any shenanigans we see... and it's me, Jack and Bill that're on yeh like a pack of wolves.

[Bobby nods again.]

BOC: Absolutely, that is the smart plan. It would be nice and easy to pick Detson apart with my buddies at my back. There's just one problem, though.

[Dane and Carver both turn to look quizzically at Bobby.]

BOC: This isn't anyone's fight tonight but my own.

[With that, Carver pulls the hood off his head, staring incredulously at his young charge.]

HC: No one's fight but yer own?! They put Bill's manager on the shelf for good! Marley's attacked me from behind time and again as well as making a mockery of this business! Lake played some games to get the Claw banned... a BY GOD Lynch family trademark! How in the HELL can yeh think this is just about yeh tonight?

JD: Bobby, I would have to agree with Hannibal here. The war between the Unholy Alliance and not just you but your friends has been raging in these past few weeks. Do you have an explanation for your words?

BOC: I sure do, Mister Dane. I know all of it. I've had to deal with both the brawls and the blowouts after the show at the Spur. And I know in my heart of hearts that the day of reckoning will come where we all stand side by side and put them down for good.

But tonight, is not that night.

Tonight is about payback for Detson. For attacking me from behind. For trying to make an example out of me. For saying to the world that I hide behind my grandfather's position in this company. That I hide behind YOU, Mister Carver. So he may win. His cowardly teammates may even get involved and put the boots to me. But after tonight, NOBODY will ever be able to say anything other than the fact that Bobby O'Connor fights his own battles like a man, regardless of the odds.

[Carver just continues to stare at Bobby, breathing hard through his nostrils.]

BOC: So tonight, I just ask that you tell the other to stay back no matter what happens. And since I know that you won't be able to control yourself... that you take the rest of the night off.

[Jason Dane shakes his head in disbelief before turning to Carver.]

JD: Well, Hannibal?

HC: I won't be able to control myself? Well Bobby... at least yeh finally say something tonight that makes a lick of sense.

[Carver rubs his forehead, exhaling deeply.]

HC: Even though most of me wants to smack the taste outta yer mouth for being such a damn fool...

[Carver extends his hand towards Bobby.]

HC: ... the rest respects yeh for wanting to take care of yer own business. I think it's one HELL of a bad idea... but I'll respect it.

[Carver looks at Dane.]

HC: Looks like first round starts early tonight. See yeh boys at the Spur later on.

JD: Quite a development here, fans, as Hannibal Carver is leaving the building and has promised to tell the rest of their group to stay far from the ring during Bobby O'Connor's match with Johnny Detson tonight. Bobby, are you sure about this?

BOC: As sure as I've been about anything in my life. He may get the upper hand tonight, but he will not take my pride. And one more thing I'm even more sure of?

[Bobby cracks his knuckles.]

BOC: He's going to know he was in a fight with an O'Connor.

JD: It's shaping up to be a real war, alright. Back to you at ringside, Gordon and Bucky.

[We crossfade back to ringside where the aforementioned announcers are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. A bold decision made by the young rookie as Bobby O'Connor, the grandson of the Strangler, has decided to go it alone here tonight in Dallas when he takes on Johnny Detson.

BW: These kids get dumber and dumber all the time, Gordo. You call it bold, I call it moronic. He's gonna get his lunch handed to him... and if he ain't careful, that lunch might be a glass windshield.

GM: Let's hope not. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade 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... already in the ring at this time... from Houston, Texas... weighing 267 pounds... JOSEPH PUCKETT!

[Puckett gets a cheer from the Texas crowd, running a hand through his messy black hair. He has a bit of a gut on him, contained inside a pair of baggy black pants as he throws a few shadowboxing punches at the nearest camera lens. Before the camera cuts, we see Puckett adjusting his mouthguard.]

PW: And his opponent...

["The Professional" by Leon starts up to a big shower of jeers from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the Professional...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOPERRRRR!

[The man known as "The Professional," Dave Cooper, walks out from the back and down the rampway. Cooper wears black wrestling trunks, black kneepads, white wrestling boots, and a brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back in white lettering.]

Cooper's eyes are hardened and reveal no emotion as he walks down the rampway, paying no attention to the fans. He steps between the ropes, removing his vest, a cold look forming in his eyes.]

GM: The Professional, Dave Cooper, is one of the most dangerous competitors in all of the AWA.

BW: If you don't believe it, ask Juan Vasquez.

GM: Juan Vasquez, one of the AWA's franchise players, a man that helped put this company on the map, is walking around in an eyepatch right now thanks to this man... and yet, Dave Cooper seems to have no remorse for his actions at all.

BW: He doesn't... not one lick of remorse. In fact, he told me earlier that if he gets the chance, he wants to take out the other eye too. He wants to leave Vasquez as blind as... well, his best friend! Ahahahah!

GM: You're a real riot, Bucky.

[As the bell sounds, Cooper steps out to the center of the ring, extending his hand towards his opponent.]

GM: Watch yourself, Mr. Puckett.

BW: Do it! Do it!

GM: There's no way this is a genuine offer. This is Cooper being- ohh! He poked him in the eye!

[Puckett falls back, frantically rubbing at his eye as Cooper slides in behind him, reaching around to dig his fingers into the eyes, raking hard!]

GM: An eyegouge followed by an eyerake! Come on, referee!

[Marty Meekly is right up in the face of the Professional, warning him for the illegal attack. Cooper ignores him, grabbing Puckett by his messy black hair and slamming him facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! He hits the buckles. Cooper spins him around...

[Balling up his fist, he measures his victim before driving a right hand directly into the left eye!]

GM: Big right hand to the eye! And another! And there's a third!

[The referee finally steps in, forcing Cooper back. The Professional glares at Meekly as he strides out to the middle of the ring, again closing his eyes and doing his "blind man walking" impression, staggering around with his arms out.]

GM: This guy makes me sick. And we always mention it... to see how far this guy has fallen since his days in Rough N' Ready as one of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA is really staggering, Bucky.

BW: Where did all that popularity get him, Gordo?

GM: It got him to the National Tag Team Titles! Where has all this anger and bitterness gotten him?!

BW: You should see his bank account.

[Joseph Puckett staggers out, throwing a wild right hand that misses a side-stepping Cooper by about a foot. Cooper smirks before burying a forearm shank into the kidneys, dropping Puckett to his knees. The Professional steps in behind him, pulling his head back by the hair..

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the eye!]

GM: Ohh!

[He does it again... and again... and again...]

GM: Come on, referee! Stop this thing! The man's vision is at stake here!

[Cooper breaks off the elbow assault, digging his fingers into the eyes again, gouging them as Puckett screams in pain...

...and the referee frantically signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match is over! But Cooper continues to go after the eye!

[Throwing Puckett down to the mat, Cooper stomps the eye area repeatedly. The Texas enhancement talent covers up his face, trying to protect himself as Cooper rains down leather blows.]

GM: Puckett's trying to keep his eye protected but Cooper continues to go right after it and-

[The bell sounds a second time as the referee attempts to stop the Professional from any further attacks.]

GM: Cooper continues to go after the eye! The bell has rung but-

[The referee signals for the bell a third time as Cooper drops to his knees, relentlessly hammering fists down into the eye area.]

GM: Get him off the man, damn it!

[Meekly finally has seen enough, getting enough space between the two men to throw his body over Puckett's face, acting as a human shield. A disgusted Cooper climbs to his feet, raising his arms over his head as the referee signals for medical help inside the ring.]

GM: Finally, he lets up... they're trying to get some help down here for Joseph-

[Cooper snatches a mic away from Phil Watson to address the jeering crowd.]

DC: Hey, Dr. Ponavitch... I've got another customer for you.

[The fans boo as Cooper chuckles to himself.]

DC: Two weeks ago, I sat back in my home in Albuquerque, New Mexico... far away from the likes of all of you people. I sat there on my couch, waiting to hear what the "great" Juan Vasquez would have to say about his so-called Death Match at Rising Sun Showdown. I, like all of you, wanted to hear yet another patented Vasquez excuse about why he acted like the monster he claims to be fighting... and why you should all still cheer for him anyways.

But Juan Vasquez didn't show up. Juan Vasquez wasn't in the building to address the fans... HIS fans. Juan Vasquez was in the middle of yet another act in his long-standing con job of you, the AWA faithful.

[Cooper smirks before continuing.]

DC: You see, the AWA would have you believe that Vasquez' career started the day he walked into the building all those years ago and challenged Ron Houston. They're wrong. As a student of the game, I can tell you that I've followed his career for a lot longer than that. I was watching when he could barely get on a show in Los Angeles. I was watching when he was trying to find his way in Michigan. And yes, I was watching him be the leg-breaking son of a bitch he was in Canada.

[More boos for Cooper's words!]

DC: It's quite admirable really. The AWA and Juan Vasquez have somehow managed to make all of you think that he's the nicest guy in a pair of boots. That he's the hero of the masses. The Savior of Wrestling. A walking, talking silver screen cowboy come to life.

But every once in a while, we see the monster that Vasquez truly is. We saw it when he dropped Stevie Scott on his head with a piledriver. We saw it after WrestleRock when he knew the shiny happy Vasquez wouldn't cut it. We saw it in that Outlaw Rules match against Ebola Zaire. And yeah, we saw it against Ishrinku in Japan.

[Cooper pauses for dramatic effect.]

DC: Juan Vasquez is a lying, destructive, vicious, savage monster...

...but I'm the man who plans on ENDING that monster.

[The boos pour down on the smirking Cooper now.]

DC: But you know the best thing about Juan Vasquez? He truly is his own worst enemy. Look around... look around the AWA. All over the place, on both sides of the locker room, you see people coming together for battle. Martinez and Preston, the Unholy Alliance, the so-called Kooky Quartet, the Shane Gang...

Juan Vasquez, on the other hand, stands alone.

He needs no friends... until it's convenient.

He wants no allies... until it's convenient.

When Juan Vasquez needed friends and allies to go through hell with him last summer, he was more than ready to make them. And where are they now?

[He lifts his hand, ticking off his fingers one by one.]

DC: Supernova? Through a windshield. Vasquez laughed about it. Von Braun? Injured in WarGames trying to help Vasquez "defeat" the Unholy Alliance who - by the way - are stronger than ever. Good job, Juan. Stevie Scott? Through a windshield and Vasquez didn't even blink an eye to help his so-called friend.

Which brings us to wrestling's own Stevie Wonder, Luke Kinsey.

[Some cheers go up for the Hall of Famer.]

DC: Yes, cheer for him. Cheer loudly. God knows he can't see any of you so let's make sure he can hear you. Luke Kinsey is supposed to be Juan Vasquez' best friend. We've heard it so many times that we've all started to believe it no matter how many times we've seen them stab each other in the back.

Luke Kinsey came out of retirement for Juan Vasquez. He went to WAR for Juan Vasquez.

And in the end, he sacrificed himself - his vision - to save Juan Vasquez.

[A pause.]

DC: And the man who blinded Kinsey still walks amongst us. He now dresses in the same locker room as Juan Vasquez, another wolf in lamb's clothing who would have us believe he's changed his ways and he's not the monster he was when he spewed blinding mist in the eye of a 160 pound reporter... a woman... and so many other helpless foes.

He dresses, on some nights, mere feet from where Vasquez tugs on his boots... and yet Vasquez does nothing. Not a single thing to avenge his best friend who gave up EVERYTHING for him.

[Cooper grins at the jeering crowd.]

DC: You can boo your hearts out. I expect it. Those who wield the truth as their sword often hear the most negative of reactions to it. But you know, deep down, that I'm right. You know, deep down, that Juan Vasquez is the monster that I say he is. And you know, deep down, that I'm the man that is going to slay the monster and make things right for the AWA.

I'm the man who will defeat Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem and then take aim at the AWA World Heavyweight Title that rightly belongs to me.

You want to challenge me to a Loser Leaves Town match? I accept!

[The crowd ROARS! Cooper slowly raises a finger.]

DC: The loser of the match between myself and Juan Vasquez will leave the AWA... for six months!

[The cheers turn to boos as they smell a rat.]

DC: Hey, I've seen the rules the front office will break... I've seen the depths they'll sink to to protect their golden child, Juan Vasquez, and I'm not about to risk my career to their biased actions.

But don't think you're getting off easy, Vasquez.

[A smirk.]

DC: I fully intend to end your career anyways. I fully intend to finish the job I started on you. And I fully intend to make sure that you NEVER step foot inside an AWA ring again. You'll sit back, looking through one good eye at a calendar, watching the pages fall off... watching and waiting as November gets closer and closer...

But SuperClash VI will happen... and you WON'T be there. You WON'T come back, Vasquez. You'll never come back again... amigo.

[Cooper is beaming now as the jeers get louder.]

DC: 2014 is the Year of the Shane Gang, I hear.

[A shake of the head.]

DC: I'm sorry, boys, but 2014 is the year of Dave Cooper. It's the year of the Professional. I plan to embark on the greatest year of my career - of ANYONE'S career - when I end the career of Juan Vasquez and go on to become the World Heavyweight Champion. It'll be a historic moment - the exclamation point on my career.

And you'll all get to witness it.

[Cooper smiles a very disingenuous smile.]

DC: You're welcome.

[He drops the mic, stepping through the ropes onto the elevated platform as the ringside doctors continue to work on Joseph Puckett.]

GM: What a disgusting statement by Dave Cooper, trying to shift attention onto Juan Vasquez while attempting to blind Joseph Puckett in there tonight!

BW: The man wields the truth, Gordo. You have to admire that.

GM: I don't have to admire a single thing about Dave Cooper's words nor his actions, Bucky. That man makes me sick. We can only hope that Dr. Ponavitch has some good news about Joseph Puckett later tonight. However, in the middle of all that bitter ranting, I heard Dave Cooper alter the challenge laid down by Juan Vasquez. Loser Leaves Town... for six months.

BW: Hey, six months ain't nothin' to sneeze that... and Cooper's completely right! Karl O'Connor just let Vasquez join that Steal The Spotlight match last fall with no argument at all. He just shrugged and said okay. Who knows what he'll do to protect him from losing his AWA career?!

GM: It soundslike Cooper trying to protect his own rear end to me... but I'm sure Vasquez will accept. I'm sure he'll happily take the chance to rid the AWA of Dave Cooper for six months. I hope he heard every foul, vile word out of Cooper's mouth right there. And I hope he does accept that challenge for two weeks from now so we can kick off the Coast To Coast tour with Cooper getting the beating he's got coming to him. Fans, two weeks ago, we saw Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake have the latest in their war of words... and actions... when Lake and Percy Childes pulled some kind of chicanery with the online vote and successfully managed to get the Iron Claw - the Lynch family tradition - banned! Of course, the truth was soon revealed and the decision was overturned but not before Lake had already agreed to face Jack Lynch at Memorial Day Mayhem. Tonight, we get a preview of that match because Jack and Travis, the Lynch Brothers, have challenge Demetrius Lake to find a partner of his choosing to take them on.

BW: Well, we know it won't be Johnny Detson. He'll be too busy cleaning O'Connor's blood off his boots.

GM: Perhaps Rick Marley, the other member of the Unholy Alliance?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. Percy's pretty steamed at Marley for losing his shot at the World Title two weeks ago. I don't know if he'd trust "Showtime" with a gig this important.

GM: Whoever it will be, let's find out right now...

[We crossfade. Up at the interview platform stands Jason Dane along with the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake and Radiant Raven. The fans boo loudly, and Lake just waves it on. Towering over all present, the six-nine dark-skinned self-described King Of Wrestling is wearing a dark blue blazer with white trim, black dress pants, and leather shoes. A light blue dress shirt under the blazer and his black fedora round out this ensemble. Lake's round afro, pressed down on top by his hat, and conical beard and mustache frame a confident, haughty expression. Raven, whose pale skin couldn't contrast more from her charge, wears an impassive, almost bored expression as she gazes over the crowd. She's wearing a purplish-blue dress with bright spangles, white gloves that extend almost up to the shoulder, and makeup that matches both of these shades. Her jet-black hair hangs to the shoulder.]

JD: Tonight, Demetrius Lake, you are scheduled to team with a yet-unknown partner to face the team of Jack and Travis Lynch. Two brothers who have fought side-by-side their whole lives, and both of whom... one in particular... are raring to get their hands on you. With Memorial Day Mayhem just two weeks away, and your showdown with Jack Lynch imminent, who do you have backing you up tonight?

DL: Mister TV Announcer, you have finally asked me a question that was both intelligent and intelligently stated. I'd be proud of you if I didn't know that was a fluke. And speaking of a fluke, the way Jack Lunch got that greasy pimple-faced bum to overturn the ban of the Iron Claw was the fluke of the year! I can assure you that he used up all of his luck right there, so

Jack Lunch is definitely out of time. Now I shouldn't even have to fight the man, being as the Iron Claw was banned when the match was made, it should still be banned for the match.

JD: That sounds like a Percy Childes problem... so where is he?

RR: None of your business, little man.

DL: Exactly. Even as we speak, Percy Childes is in the back conducting business. I don't need Percy Childes to speak on my behalf, so you just focus on the King Of Wrestling. The AWA says that the Claw is legal and that the match has to go on anyway. But now Jack Lunch has no more excuses when I pin him in the ring on Memorial Day. If he even makes it to Memorial Day! Because when the Lunch brothers put their collective IQs together and barely obtained the double digit number needed to ask the AWA for a tag match so they could get their hands on me, I had everybody in the back come up to me and ask to team with the King Of Wrestling. Nobody likes a Mexan, and nobody likes the Lunch family!

I had Johnny Detson come to me, and say "King, let me be your partner this week. I will show the whole world that everybody who loves the Lunch family is fundamentally wrong!" I had Rick Marley come to me, and say "King, let me be your partner this week. I will prove that I was cheated and robbed last Saturday Night when I beat those two bums into the dirt!"

JD: Those sound more like your words than theirs.

DL: It's a paraphrase, Mister TV Announcer, you just shut your mouth and listen real good. I told Johnny Detson and Rick Marley, "Gentlemen, you have your own business that needs tending, and this is a personal matter. I know that with either one of you in my corner, victory would be assured, but the fact is, the state of Mexas is due for some comeuppance and there's only one way to do it." That's what I told them. The Unholy Alliance is a strong unit, but I went outside the family for this one. These Mexans are ignorant, and we'll soon be away from here on the summer tour. Thank Graham for that! If I had to come back down from Missourah one more time I believe I would have killed one or two of these Mexans.

So this week, I want to give the alleged state of Mexas a going away present. A gift from the greatest state in the union. I want to give them the gift of CLARITY! I want to give them the gift of the TRUTH! I want each and every Mexan in here to know that they are nothing, their alleged state is nothing, and I could only call on one man to do that. A Missourah man! We're gonna whup these two hobos in the ring tonight, and show all Mexas that Missourah is the land of champions!

[The crowd is really booing now.]

DL: Shaddap! Now, when a superior ath-e-lete makes his entrance, all you people should show respect by remaining completely silent! Complete silence! You can holler all you want to when the Lunches come out. You can sing opera when they come out for all I care because they deserve no

respect! But stand up and remain in complete silence! A better man than you is about to grace this building.

[Static.]

GM: No way.

BW: Lake requested complete silence, Gordo. We should respect his wishes.

["Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev kicks in and the boos not only spark up but light up the arena. The haunting tune creeps over the speakers soon followed by the trumpeting horns and wind string ensemble. The dramatic arrival of the Ring Leader is short lived as Miss Sandra Hayes and Terry Shane III cut through the black entrance portal and stand at the top of the elevated ramp. The Siren's alluring early summer attire is highlighted by a deep low neckline and a sexy open back that creates the perfect blend of flirty and fashionable. The light, flowy red and black dotted fabric gives a boho vibe for a relaxed, yet sensual look. Her client is equally as stunning in his own right. An emerald robe full of sparkling jewels lining everything from the sleeves, neckline, and every last inch of material that hangs to the floor. Shane's stringy black hair is flung back away from his piercing brown eyes and his eyes survey the arena before latching onto those of Demetrius Lake.]

JD: I don't believe this. Demetrius Lake, your tag team partner is Terry Shane III?!

DL: No, Mister TV Announcer, he came out here just because he couldn't believe that a man was found this stupid and he had to see for himself. YES, you dummy! This man is a true champion, and we're going to show these Mexans tonight what it looks like when real champions get in the ring with their local yokels.

[Shane and Hayes approach the platform where Dane, Lake, and Raven await. As Shane draws in closer, Lake extends his hand, holding it straight out towards the Ring Leader who calmly steps forward, looking the Black Tiger up and down...

...and then snatching his hand into his own and pulling Lake in where the two exchange a firm pat on the back as playful grins are drawn across the faces of Raven and Miss Hayes. The arena fills with boos, drowning out any other reaction present in the arena.]

GM: Two evil forces coming together, it makes me sick.

JD: Terry Shane, this is most unexpected as we learned earlier this week, that both you and Steve Spector were reprimanded by the AWA President for-

TS3: [low]: Listen....

[The pause draws another ovation of boos from the hostile Texan crowd.]

TS3: Do you hear them, Dane? Steve Spector has chosen his path and tonight for the PROUD state of Missouri, I have chosen mine.

[Shane's demeanor remains calm while Lake slaps his hands together over his head.]

TS3: If the Gang can not hold Steve Spector back, men who have survived and outclassed everyone who has stepped in their way, then so be it. I welcome Steve Spector to march to the ring tonight as Demetrius Lake and I show the entire industry where the greatest wrestlers in the world are born and bred. If he chooses to do so, that will be HIS problem. Not mine. Not Demetrius'. His and his alone and for his actions I promise you he will pay for his hubris most direly.

JD: And the Lynches? Why now? Why put yourself in this position in a match of this caliber so close to Memorial Day Mayhem? Is it foolish pride? Arrogance?

TS3: It is... because of HONOR.

It is an honor and privilege to stand beside this man [gesturing to Lake] who I came up with in this business. A man who helped rid of all the scum, dirtbags, and second class wrestlers in the state of Missouri. A man who helped raise the bar of what it meant to be a CHAMPION in the greatest state of our nation. Together we stood down every challenger, every phony, every shallow, fake, wannabe, pretender whoever stepped foot in a ring on OUR home turf. Tonight, we grant the state of Texas the same blessing that we bestowed upon the Show-Me State.

Tonight...

...we show the Lynches the door once and for all.

[The crowd jeers as the foursome raise each other's hands, standing on the platform all to see and despise.]

JD: That big tag team showdown is coming up later tonight but right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[We fade back to the ring to see two masked men in the ring with referee Ricky Longfellow and Phil Watson. Both wear full black bodysuits with trim; one has orange trim and one has a very pale shade of pink. Both of them are shouting at the fans, threatening them, and making some very over-the-top evil laughter.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Parts Unknown... weight unknown... DOCTOR INSIDIOUS AND THE NEFARIOUS ONE!

[The duo pose to the boos of the crowd. And then, the punk rock anthem, "Anarchy In The UK" by the Sex Pistols, plays over the PA. The fans don't immediately react, because this is new. And then, two extremely odd-looking men throw the curtain aside, and throw their fists up in the air.

They each wear a loose red shirt with various silver/dark green/dark yellow/black/navy designs spraypainted and airbrushed in (skulls, motorcycles, flames, words, etc) over a black long-legged singlet, leather-and-chrome boots, and black elbow pads. Their fists are heavily taped. Over this, they wear open black leather longcoats with "BRIXTON BRUISERS" stenciled on it with red spray paint, and visor-like sunglasses which are tinted red.

They both have bulky, unathletic builds, with one being a bit larger than the other. The smaller of the two, still six-two and two seventy, sports an improbably blue feathery mohawk, jagged blue eyebrows and a chrome tooth. His partner is no normal-looking fellow himself: six three, two eighty plus, with a dark orange spiked hairstyle, thick dark orange eyebrows, and a missing front tooth. Their facial expressions are crazed and their mouths are turned into smirks.]

GM: ...oh my.

BW: Yeah, all I know about these guys is I already wouldn't get in the ring with them.

PW: Their opponents, coming down the aisle... from London, England... at a total combined weight of five hundred-fifty-three pounds...
...RIPPER BROOKS and CHAINGUN HARROW!

...THE BRIXTON BRUISERS!

[The Brusiers take their sweet time walking to the ring, but they run their mouths at full speed the whole way. Pointing at the ring, waving on the fans, the dangerous duo look happy to be there... with nasty grins and intense glares indicating that their intentions are not benevolent. The crowd reacts loudly just because of the sheer presence, though it is more of a buzz than cheers or boos.]

BW: RIPPER?! CHAINGUN?! A couple of normal guys there. Yup. Nothing wrong with them!

GM: I detect sarcasm.

BW: I detect crazy. Lots of crazy.

[The duo proceeds to walk down the aisle at their own pace, steps through the ropes, and continue to yammer on about goodness knows what.]

GM: The Brixton Bruisers about to make their AWA debut, Bucky. My notes say that they're fought all across Europe and in some smaller East Coast organizations, and have quite a large following in their home country. It also says... believe it or not... that they were trained by Gabriel Whitecross.

BW: You gotta be kidding. These guys look like they were trained by Mad Max!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The bell is gone, and the Bruisers have divested themselves of their ring jackets.

BW: Gordo, look at those jackets. Those things used to be beautiful. That's real leather. Those things gotta be five hundred bucks a pop, and they SPRAY PAINTED THEM.

GM: I wasn't going to say anything, but these men don't seem entirely there.

BW: Who is who here?

GM: That is Ripper Brooks with the blue... blue hair. My goodness. Starting with The Nefarious One in the pale pink trim.

[The two men have a collar and elbow tieup. The Nefarious One executes a beautiful armdrag, to which Brooks keeps his opponent's arm trapped against his body in order to punch him seven times in the face.]

BW: And immediately, I think we see a general strategy.

GM: Brooks very cleverly trapping the arm of the Nefarious One, and using his head as a speed bag. From his back.

BW: I wanna see these guys fight the Moonshiners. I just have a feeling nothing would be left standing.

GM: A very intimidating aura from these two, uh, gentlemen. Brooks standing, and my does his offense seem to be high energy. Kicks, forearms, elbows, knees. This man is using all parts of his body in very rapid succession, and a headbutt floors the masked man.

BW: That's the sign of a man who knows how to fight and has done an awful lot of it. Everything is a weapon in his mind.

GM: Quick tag made, and in comes Chaingun Harrow, with... I don't even know what color that is. Brown-orange? Ripper Brooks holding the Nefarious One wide open, and Harrow laying in a blow. And another.

BW: This Harrow guy... those punches were right to the ribcage. I'm already seeing a difference.

GM: The Nefarious One reeling, and Harrow with a scoop and a slam. Chaingun Harrow measures his man, and drives an elbow to the ribcage.

BW: Brooks was going a mile-a-minute and hitting as quick as he could, and Harrow is measuring the guy and hitting precise. There's a kick. Every blow hits the same exact spot. Another sign of someone who knows how to fight and has done it a lot.

GM: Chaingun Harrow pulling up the Nefarious One by the arm, and a shortarm clothesline levels him. Tag back to Ripper Brooks, and Harrow piefacing the Nefarious One into the corner. And... oh my.

[The Nefarious One is back in the corner, while Ripper throws a rapid-fire flurry of punches to his head, body, shoulders... all over the place. Harrow, meanwhile, punches much slower, but each shot hits the same spot on the right side of the ribs that he's hit every time he has done a striking move thus far.]

BW: That's a full-on mugging, daddy.

GM: Harrow out at the count of four. Rough-neck tactics by the Brixton Bruisers. Ripper Brooks the legal man now, and I do not believe this man has stopped talking since he came through the curtain. He's now giving Doctor Insidious some choice words.

[Wandering out from his corner, Brooks heads towards Insidious and talks some trash... before pivoting and charging his own corner with an explosive shoulderblock to the midsection, crumpling up the Nefarious One.]

BW: Drove the wind out of him, and another tag. These guys are tagging fast. They understand teamwork. Which is kinda scary when you get street thugs like this. They don't usually go for tactics.

GM: Brooks hoisting the Nefarious One on his shoulders in a fireman's carry, and hurls him into a slam! Right at the feet of Chaingun Harrow, who drives the elbow down to the ribs. And locking on the chinlock. Technical maneuver as a change of pace here. Harrow digging his knee into the upper back of the Nefarious One, cupping the chin, and pulling with all his strength.

BW: Gotta say... it doesn't look like either one of these guys hits the gym, does it, daddy?

GM: My guess is that their exercise does indeed involve hitting, but not a gym.

BW: Harrow's got this cinched in deep. This guy might have some technical skill to go with that brawling.

GM: It is well-executed, and the Nefarious One doing well to push himself up off the mat to get that knee out from between the shoulder blades. An elbow to the midsection drives the wind out of Chaingun Harrow, and a quick headlock takedown on the Londoner!

BW: Finally gets a tag to Doctor Insidious. Let's see if the doctor has a prescription for what's ailing his team.

GM: Insidious with a headlock, and jams a chop to the throat of Chaingun Harrow. Eye rake follow up. Gutter tactics here. A big roundhouse right by Insidious, and... well, that wasn't helpful.

[Upon being socked in the jaw, Harrow's head snaps back, but he gets a big vacant grin on his face and nods. He waves on for more. Doctor Insidious seems taken aback, but obliges. Harrow staggers back, certainly affected by the blow... and yet, his smile gets wider.]

BW: And this is the part where you rethink your approach.

GM: Chaingun Harrow seems to... well, these blows are hurting him, but he seems to relish the fact that his opponent is fighting back! Harrow with a left cross stuns Doctor Insidious, and a knee to the midsection doubles him up. Tag is made, and in comes Ripper Brooks. Off the ropes... OH MY WORD!

[Harrow Irish-Whips Insidious straight at Brooks, who is rebounding off the ropes, and immediately Brooks throws himself into a spearing headbutt to the midsection of Insidious! He hits like a battering ram, and Insidious is doubled up and sent flying backwards, landing on his upper back and skidding a good three feet.]

BW: Now that's using your head.

GM: Dangerous spear headbutt there!

BW: That move is almost as dangerous to the recipient as it is to the guy doing it!

GM: Ripper Brooks on top of his foe, and is basically mauling him! Forearms and front elbows, along with some fists. He's not hitting the man the same way twice, and now pulling up Insidious by the mask.

BW: Another quick tag. These guys are definitely experienced, daddy. And more than that, they're in sync with each other. I have a feeling that we have a new threat in the tag division.

GM: Brooks spiking the head of Doctor Insidious into the outstretched boot of Chaingun Harrow on the exchange. A quick doubleteam on each exchange, and Harrow now in the ring. He has the arms of Doctor Insidious cinched... look at this maneuver!

[The maneuver in question involves Harrow picking up the doctor in a double-underhook... and holding him upside down! Harrow walks around the ring a bit, mouthing off at the Nefarious One, before falling back and planting Insidious with the delayed double-underhook suplex.]

BW: That sounded like a pumpkin being thrown out of a window.

GM: Having never thrown a pumpkin out of a window, I can only take your word for it. Another tag by the Brixton Bruisers, who are all over their opponents in their debut. Ripper Brooks on the second turnbuckle, and Harrow with his man in a half nelson...

[Chaingun shouts right in Insidious' face, as he holds the half-nelson on with his right arm and pins the other arm behind the back with his left. he then steps forward and hurls the doctor forth, directly into a rocketing Ripper Brooks' flying shoulderblock off the second turnbuckle.]

BW: IMPACT!

GM: Doctor Insidious will have need of a hopefully-not-insidious doctor if he takes much more of that. Severe impact there, with Harrow adding his power to the collision. That is outstanding teamwork, and Brooks for the cover.

BW: The Nefarious One broke it up. He must hate his tag partner.

GM: Brooks with a takedown on the nefarious One, and flailing wildly at him! It looks like the blue-haired Brit was unhappy with the intrusion! Brooks lifting the Nefarious One off the mat, hoisting him up... and a hard powerslam takes the black-and-pink-clad masked man down with authority!

BW: He'll think twice about running in on the psycho blue haired crazy guy next time! I mean, if he even thought about it once, he probably wouldn't have done it the first time.

GM: Ripper pointing at his partner. Looks like they have something to set up.

RB (heard over camera): LAST TRAIN OUT OF LONDON!

GM: Tag is made. What did he say? Last train out of London?

[Harrow does not enter the ring, but instead ascends the ropes as Brooks grabs the prone Insidious, picks him to his feet, and applies an armwringer.]

BW: Well, Chaingun's going up, so I guess the train's about to leave the sta... GEEZ!

GM: VIOLENT SHORTARM FOREARM SMASH TO THE FACE BY BROOKS! That has to be a knockout blow! And Harrow off the top... CRUSHING HIS MAN!

[The shortarm hammer blow to the jaw is immediately followed by a top rope buttdrop by Harrow, who has a cocky grin as he just remains seated on his opponent while Longfellow counts the three.]

BW: Yup. That was about like what a train would feel like.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Two brutal blows in swift succession, and the Brixton Bruisers have won it. Let's make it official.

PW: The winners of this match... RIPPER BROOKS... CHAINGUN HARROW... THE BRIXTON BRUISERS!

["Anarchy In The UK" begins anew as the Bruisers celebrate their win.]

GM: Alright fans, it looks like we're going to get some comments from the Brixton Bruisers; they've asked for Phil Watson's mic.

[Almost as soon as it begun, the music ends as Ripper Brooks has the house mic.]

RB: DALLAS TEXAS!

[YAY HE SAID OUR CITY'S NAME!]

RB: DALLAS TEXAS LET ME HEAR YOU SCREEEEEEEEEEAAAAAM!

[YAY WE LIKE SCREAMING! And Ripper apparently does too, because he's shouting. Lots of shouting.]

RB: THE BRIXTON BRUISERS HAVE COME TO THE AWA FOR THREE REASONS! WE LIKE TO FIGHT, WE LIKE TO FIGHT, AND WE LIKE TO FIGHT! TELL THEM, CHAINGUN!

[Harrow... well, he's also shouting.]

CH: WE COME FROM THE STREETS OF SOUTH LONDON. BRIXTON. LAMBETH. AND WE GREW UP WITH THE GANGS, AND THE THUGS, AND THE MUGGERS, AND THE COPS ON THE TAKE. THEY THOUGHT WE WOULD BE ONE OF THEM. BUT WE ARE NOT GANGERS. WE ARE NOT THUGS. WE ARE NOT THIEVES. WE ARE PUNKS!

RB: WE CLEANED EVERY ONE OF THOSE GANGS, THOSE THUGS, AND THOSE CROOKS OFF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD, BECAUSE PUNK IS FREEDOM! FREEDOM FROM OPPRESSORS! FREEDOM FROM THOSE WHO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO! WE BEAT THEM UP UNTIL WE RAN OUT OF PEOPLE TO BEAT UP! OUR FIGHT IS AGAINST THE ONES WHO WANT TO BE THE BOSS OVER EVERYONE! OUR FIGHT IS AGAINST THE ONES WHO ABUSE THE PEOPLE WEAKER THAN THEM! PUNK IS ABOUT FREEDOM, AND WE WILL SET YOU FREE! WE DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE WISE MEN, WE DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE IN A GANG, WE DON'T CARE IF THEY THINK THE WORLD OWES THEM!

CH: WE JUST DON'T CARE! WE WANT TO FIGHT THE BULLIES ON THE BLOCK, AND IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO STEP ON SOMEBODY, COME STEP ON THE BRIXTON BRUISERS! YOU'LL PULL BACK A BLOODY STUMP IF YOU'RE LUCKY!

RB: AND IF NOT, YOU'LL NEVER PULL BACK AT ALL! OIIIII!

[Ripper throws the mic at the mat, and it bounces with a loud "KER-THUB" sound. The crowd cheers, as it now seems that these men are on their side. And "Anarchy In The UK" starts back up as the Bruisers make their exit.]

BW: Somebody teach them how to use a microphone. My poor ears!

GM: Bluster and overly-loud shouting aside, the Brixton Bruisers seem to be on a mission. They don't just want to fight, they want to fight 'bullies'.

BW: Bah. They just said that they're punks! I bet they'd roll your grandmother for a quarter, Gordo.

GM: I don't know about that. There is a strangely compelling conviction in those two men. They fight like demons, and they surely use violent and borderline tactics, but it feels as if they see themselves as champions for the downtrodden. It will be interesting to see how things go from here. Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is outside the locker room for Ryan Martinez, the new World Television Champion, where the party is raging! Jason?

[Cut to backstage, where Jason Dane stands outside of the locker room's closed doors.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. You can't quite hear it, but behind those doors is a celebration. Many of the AWA's stars have gathered together to celebrate the crowning of the fourth man to call himself the AWA World Television Champion, none other than Ryan Martinez. Mr. Martinez was too focused on his warm up and getting himself ready to speak with us before his match. But I'm hoping now I can get a word with him, before he joins the celebration in his honor.

[Just then, the camera turns, focusing on the approaching Ryan Martinez. He wears a black, short sleeved, Under Armour T-shirt, and a pair of tight black shorts. His hair is wet, plastered to his face, an indication that he's just stepped out of the shower. There's a look of quiet intensity on his face. More thoughtful than we usually see young Ryan, as he contemplates the totality of all that happened to him tonight. The camera leaves his face to focus on what's slung over his shoulder. A long black leather strap, a diamond shaped silver face plate, surrounded by square shaped silver plates on either side of the strap. The lettering on the plates is a rich red color. With his hand holding the AWA's Television Title belt firmly against his shoulder, the AWA's White Knight stands near Jason Dane.]

JD: Mr. Martinez, without a doubt, this is the biggest night of your professional career. So let me begin by saying congratulations.

[Ryan's expression remains sober, as he looks to the camera.]

RM: Thank you Jason.

Before I say anything else. I want to make something clear. Alphonse Green, you fought a hell of a match. And I don't mean "wrestled" I mean "fought." And that's just what I wanted from you.

I knew, going in, that it wasn't going to be easy. I knew you would push me to my limit and beyond. I knew that one false step from me, and you would have won the match. And I stand here right now, knowing that it could have gone another way.

And just so that there's no doubt. The way you lost? I don't like to see a great competitor, and a good man lose that way. You deserve another title shot. And so long as I am champion, there's a shot waiting for you, Alphonse. You go home, and you heal yourself up. And when you're rested and ready, I promise you, you'll be at the front of the line.

JD: Certainly, it has to be bittersweet, knowing your victory came at the expense of Mr. Green's career longevity.

RM: Very much so Jason. But the best thing I can do right now is honor this title. The best thing I can do is be the very best champion I can be. Because that's the best way to live up to the lineage and the legacy of this title. And that's my responsibility right now. Because Jason...

I am the World Television Champion.

[As he speaks those words, a smile comes to Martinez' face. This might be the first time he's really come to accept it. The first time he understands that he's won the very first singles title of his career.]

RM: I have to say it again. -I- am the World Television Champion.

And to Eric Preston, my friend, my partner, the man who helped me train for this moment, I say "thank you." To Bobby O'Connor, who agreed to wake up at the crack of dawn to go running with me, I say thank you. To Hannibal Carver who generously helped me form a game plan, I say thank you. To Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons, who helped me work on my endurance training, I say thank you. To Jack and Travis Lynch who came over and dragged me to the gym even when I wanted to stay home and rest, I say thank you. And to Brian James, who gave me a black eye when he showed me how to throw a jab properly

[Ryan's smile turns into a grin.]

RM: I say, thank you.

And to the five thousand people who were screaming and cheering for me as I pinned Alphonse Green. For the millions who watched at home. I say my loudest, most sincere thank you to them.

Because this...

[Martinez slaps his open palm on the faceplate of the title belt.]

RM: This is for you. This is for everyone who stood by me, behind me, and with me. I couldn't be here if it weren't for you. I couldn't do this without all the people who believed me. Every time I go out there and defend this title, I'm defending it for you.

Don't think for a moment I don't understand what this title belt represents. With it, Glenn Hudson proved that he was still relevant, that he still had fight left in his body. With it, Dave Bryant found redemption. With it, Alphonse Green endeared himself to Gang Green and to everyone who ever saw him put on the performance of a lifetime each and every time he stepped through those curtains. Relevance, Redemption, Adulation. That's what this belt has meant before.

And now, now it means defiance.

[Ryan's eyes narrow, his expression intensifying.]

RM: So long as I am champion that means that there's a man who holds a singles title that he earned honestly. A title that was won without any backroom deals, and not at the expense of a man who'd just been through a war only minutes ago.

This is a spotlight I –earned.–

But more importantly, this is a title belt untouched by the corruption of the Wise Men. This a title that they can't, and won't, taint. Wise Men, I hope you're listening. And I hope you hear me when I say that, no matter who you send, they'll never claim this belt. I will always defend this belt. And I will always defy you.

JD: Speaking of the Wise Men. While you have many title defenses in your near future, in the immediate future, you and Eric Preston have Pedro Perez and his cohorts waiting to challenge you at Memorial Day Mayhem. Two weeks ago, we saw Eric Preston try to reach Todd Michaelson with no success. The question on everyone's mind is, who will join you and Mr. Preston on Memorial Day.

RM: Well, Jason...

[Martinez exhales slowly.]

RM: We don't know. We haven't picked anyone. We're –not- going to pick anyone.

JD: Excuse me? Are you saying you two are going it without a third man?

[Ryan shakes his head.]

RM: That's not what I'm saying at all.

JD: Then I don't think I follow you.

RM: Come Memorial Day, Eric and I are going to get what we want. We're going to get Perez and those two other lapdogs of the Wise Men in the ring. And the end of the night, we're going to send those three out of the AWA, tails tucked between their legs.

But we can't do it alone. And we won't.

We need a partner. But like I said, we're not going to pick anyone. All we're going to do is make the call. The call that's been heard time and time again in the AWA.

We're calling for a hero.

It doesn't matter who it is. Its time that someone stepped up. Time that someone joined us in the fight against the Wise Men's lackeys. Time that someone joined us in saying that enough is enough. I know in my heart that someone who's listening to the sound of my voice is ready. This is the moment. This is the time. If you're tired of being manipulated, if you're tired of seeing evil man prosper, then answer my call. Two weeks ago, Bucky Wilde said that you could count Eric and I among the numerous victims of the Wise Men. He predicted that we would never be heard again. Well, Mr. Wilde, I'm right here, and guess what? I'm -your- World Television champion too!

Let this serve as testament to the power of honor, and what happens when men stand in defiance of greed and corruption. You can achieve your dreams, and you don't have to sell your soul in the process. You can live with honor and fight like a man. Stand with me. Stand with Eric Preston. Stand up, and defy the Wise Men. I know that there's someone in the locker room who can feel something stirring in their soul. I know there's someone who's ready to join us, to defy the powers that be and find a new way, a better way. This is your moment. Join us on Memorial Day. Join us, and together, we'll be unstoppable.

Count on it!

[Ryan steps away then, and enters the locker room. As he does, the sound of cheers and applause can be heard coming from beyond the door, Martinez' friends welcoming him to the celebration in his honor as we fade to black.

And back up from black on a shot of the sun shining on a hot summer day over a beautiful white sand beach.]

"It's summer. The time of the year when all minds turn to one thing..."

[The camera drifts over a beach volleyball game with some well-toned bodies.]

"Wresting!"

[The shot shakes and then breaks apart to reveal AWA action inside the ring.]

"The summer is that one time every year where the AWA goes on the road, bringing all the hottest action to the town near you. And this year, for the very first time, we're going COAST... TO... COAST!"

[The shot fades to show a graphic over top of it.]

"The tour kicks off on Monday, May 26th in Gainesville, Florida at the O'Dome for MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM! This huge kickoff event will feature the World Title rematch the world is waiting for with Supreme Wright defending against Dave Bryant! Plus so much more action coming to Gainesville!"

[The graphic changes.]

"On Wednesday, May 28th, we'll be in Orlando, Florida at the CFE Arena for a live arena show featuring the World Tag Team Champions!"

[It evolves again.]

"Friday, May 30th... get ready Jacksonville as the AWA comes to the UNF Arena with a big event headlined by Ryan Martinez taking on Rick Marley!"

[And again...]

"We've got two big weekend events - Saturday and Sunday - we're coming to Savannah, Georgia and Charleston, South Carolina! Get your tickets now at ticketmaster.com for these huge live events!"

[The words "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" appear on the screen.]

"On Saturday, June 7th, the AWA returns to the airwaves on WKIK for another exciting edition of Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE from Charlotte, North Carolina! You do NOT want to miss that one!"

[The graphic fades, leaving the AWA logo.]

"It's the major league of professional wrestling coming all summer long to a town near you as we go COAST TO COAST!"

[The AWA logo fades to black...

...and then back to the backstage area where, alone as usual, is Gibson Hayes. Hayes is still in his dark navy suit, white dress shirt, and red tie. He has a microphone in his hand and is about to spout some truth... his truth.]

GH: Hello folks, if you're just tuning in, I'm Gibson Hayes. I came to this place to pick a few fights and spread a bit of panache on this dish. I can't say I've set the world on fire, but I can say I helped close the Case on a career.

However, that's in the past... just like the relevance of the Championship Committee.

You see, they think that their impotence can be cured by trying a show of force. Their crumbling powerbase, their clawing and scraping to retain relevancy, their last gasp chance to show that they matter. Silly, silly little munchkins - do you think a 30 day suspension is a punishment? 30 days without pay? No skin off my back, no real hit to my wallet. I didn't come here just for the paycheck, no siree. Gibson Hayes came here... for reasons.

[He smiles.]

GH: And reasons he shall see satisfied. Instead of clinging to the last little bit of supposed power you have trying to make an example out of the one person no one in the back will care is out, instead of peacocking on the small battle, instead of putting on your big boy pants and making sure that World Championship you worked your way to creating is back under your sway, you pick me to single out. The absolute one person that won't teach anyone anything and the one person who just doesn't care about being punished.

[A few laughs, heck, a belly chuckle from Gibson, escape.]

GH: You see, this is exactly what I expected. You're trying to give Nenshou what he wants, the crowd what they desire, and what your members need.

[A pause.]

GH: ...well, I'll play ball - for a price. You see, Nenshou, I collect things. Names, careers... secrets. You're hiding something, you little scamp you. You're holding onto a big one from what I can see. You want me, in that ring? You're going to have to put that secret on the line. Otherwise, it just isn't worth it. If you pin me, I'll help you with Percy. That's the deal. Take it or leave it, Nenshykins. Ta-ta for now!

[A wink and a blown kiss as we fade...]

Fade back up. The camera goes to the interview stage, and as the camera focuses on the three men standing there, the screams and shrieks begin. It isn't for Jason Dane, who stands, flanked by two men. It isn't for Jack Lynch, who stands on his left hand side, dressed all in black, his cowboy hat slung low over his eyes. Its for the twenty first century Adonis, Texas' favorite heartthrob, Travis Lynch. Travis is clad in his trademark super smedium AWA black TRAVIS T-shirt and black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

JD: I'm joined here by...

[Jason has to yell to make his voice heard above the screams,]

JD: Jack and Travis L...

[At the mention of Travis' name, the rest of Jason's words are drowned out.]

JD: Tonight, you two men will be facing Terry Shane III and a man who is no stranger to the Lynch family, the Black Tiger himself, Demetrius Lake. But before that, Travis, how are you recovering after the brutal attack we witnessed two weeks ago at the hands of The Lost Boy?

[Jack steps forward, shaking his head.]

JL: Wait, just a minute, Jason. I got somethin' to ask. Ladies...

[Jack removes his hat, and looks out over the crowd.]

JL: How you feelin' about my baby brother?

[The screams are ear splittingly loud, and last a long, long time. And all through it, Jack grins and nods his head, his point proven.]

JL: Now lemme ask you, Jason. That sound like the sorta reception a scumbag would get?

JD: Not at all!

JL: That's what I thought. Trav, answer the good man. How ya doin'?

TL: Sorry, I can't hear you...

[The screams come again as Travis leans towards Jason, who one can only assume is repeating the question. Travis nods his head and begins to speak as the screams die down.]

TL: Sunshine, I get it, I really do. We all see that you crave attention, that you want the spotlight so that all eyes on you and only you. And since the day you set foot in the AWA you've done everything you could to be in that spotlight. You hitched your little ol' wagon to Jimmy and the attention just started coming.

Wit' your new found attention, came problems for Jimmy and the rest of us.

[Jack nods.]

TL: Everyone here saw the war between the Lynches and Beale Street Bullies that you helped fire up even hotter. Yet, the end of that war caused issues for you, didn't it? Dick wound up in the hospital never to be heard from again, and honestly, that no good SOB got what he deserved. Adam ran for the hills leaving you with Good Ol' Bobby. And what did Bobby do ... he dropped you to the curb!

[The fans in the Crockett Coliseum cheer.]

TL: And like a dog you came running back to Jack and myself with your tail between your legs ... hoping we would forgive you, but you found out that

wouldn't happen. So you've resorted to trying to ruin my name, to ruin my family's name with a vicious lie ... and yes there are those who have bought into your Scumbag Travis movement. But this is Texas and Texans know the truth, that you're a no good, lying, piece of trash.

Now you drag The Lost Boy from whatever never never land he's been hiding in to attack me! You think that wildman swinging a chair into my back, into my stomach is going to keep me down ... think again!

[The crowd cheers loudly again as Travis stares into the camera, a look of determination in his eyes.]

JD: As I said earlier, tonight, you will be wrestling Terry Shane III and Demetrius Lake. Let's begin with Terry Shane. What are your thoughts on Mr. Shane?

JL: Neither Trav nor I have ever found ourselves in the ring against Terry Shane. So far as I know, he's never said our names, and we've never said his. You might think that this means we've got no problems with Mr. Shane the third. You might think that for us, this is just a match.

You'd be wrong.

Terry Shane, just 'cuz we haven't addressed you doesn't mean we haven't noticed you. You come out here all the time and talk about how great you are. Now I know your daddy and your granddaddy meant somethin' to this business. But son, a great pedigree ain't likely to do a lot to impress me.

They say this is the year of the Shane Gang. You know what I say? I say no one makes a claim to greatness, no one claims to be the AWA's future, no one talks about their lineage and pedigree until they've stood in the ring with a Lynch.

Because this ain't the year of the Lynch family. This is the -home- of the Lynch family. And we got a word for people like you who come in to our homes, talkin' big, tellin' us what's what, and claimin' everything for themselves. And that word is "carpetbagger."

Trav, tell Mr. Shane what we do with carpetbaggers 'round these parts.

TL: We beat 'em pillar to post and back again! Then we ship them north of the Mason-Dixon line where they belong! Terry, like Jack said we haven't crossed paths before but tonight you're in Texas, takin' on the measurin' sticks of pedigree and lineage.

I'm the first to admit that my time here hasn't been as illustrious as Jack and Jimmy's ... but the Lynches' pedigree is bar none! So Terry, stop your whining and let's see what you truly have in that ring.

JD: And that brings us to Demetrius Lake. Two weeks ago, we saw the failure of his campaign to ban the Iron Claw. Travis, you had to find that heartening.

[Travis smiles as he nods his head.]

TL: I told you Jason, the Iron Claw is part of us. So yeah it's a darn good feelin' to know that self proclaimed King of Wrestling's ploy fell apart.

JD: In the aftermath of SuperClash, Jack, you promised to give Mr. Lake the Claw every time you saw him. That is a promise you've done your best to keep. Tonight, I imagine we'll see you continue to keep that pledge.

JL: Well, Jason.

[Jack places his hat back on.]

JL: I'm afraid I'm gonna have to disappoint you.

'Cuz I'm savin' the Claw for Memorial Day.

You see, when Demetrius tried to take the Claw from me, he guaranteed one thing. He guaranteed that he's going to get the beating of a lifetime comin' up. You try to take somethin' away from me, somethin' that represents all that I hold sacred, and you think I'm gonna take that lyin' down. You make that assumption, and all I can think is that I've got to work a hell of a lot harder at makin' sure you understand who I am, 'cuz no one should think they can get away with pullin' a stunt like that.

And yes you've earned a Claw. But I'm not gonna do it tonight. I'm gonna delay my own gratification. Because I know, if I wait, if I force myself to hold off, then puttin' it on your big fat head come Memorial Day will be all the sweeter.

So no Claw tonight.

But don't worry, I got plenty waitin' for you. I got a flyin' knee that'll feel good crackin' against your skull. I got a lariat that'll just about take your damn head off. And I got a right hand just achin' to knock some teeth out.

JD: Travis, you must have some very strong feelings about Demetrius Lake as well. He's attacked your father, maligned your family, tried to ban the Iron Claw. What are your thoughts as you face him for the first time?

TL: Demetrius, when you attack a Lynch, the family makes you pay. Don't believe me ... ask Rex Summers if you can find him. Last I heard he was performing in Thunder from Down Under so start there. If you can't find him ask Adam Rogers... wait he's gone ... Dick Wyatt ... again gone ... Bruno Verhoeven ... you guessed it gone.

Noticing a pattern, Demetrius?

JL: Jason, I think that says it all. Now if you'll excuse us, Trav and I have business to attend to.

[A big cheer goes up for the Lynch brothers as they stride out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: What a tag team war that's going to be later tonight, fans. Right now, let's head back down to Phil Watson for more action!

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

PW: This next match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Boise, Idaho... weighing in at 283 pou...

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

PW: My apologies... weighing in tonight at 215 pounds...

"SEXY" SCOTTY STEEEEEEEVENS!

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

GM: Wait a minute, last time we saw him, he claimed he was two hundred and twenty two pounds! Now he says he's two hundred and fifteen!? If anything, he's gotten even heavier!

BW: Don't question Big Sexy Gordo. If he says two fifteen, then that's what he is!

GM: I think the shine from your jackets has ruined your eyesight, Bucky!

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. Tonight, James has eschewed his usual ring gear, in favor of a green and white tracksuit. 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. The always eager and energetic James pauses to shake the referee's hand, an enormous smile on his face.]

GM: Brian James, out tonight in green and white, as he pays homage to one of his trainers, Todd Michaelson. I understand that many of the Combat Corner graduates will be sporting similar colors tonight, all to show their solidarity with Willie Hammer, who, of course, will be taking on Supreme Wright in tonight's main event.

BW: Hey Gordo, I got news for you. Supreme Wright went to the Combat Corner too! This goofball in the ring doesn't even know how to properly show support!

[James begins to remove his tracksuit, revealing his usual gear underneath - 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. Carefully, Brian James hands his tracksuit to the ring attendant, pausing to shake his hand. Which leaves him vulnerable.]

GM: Stevens with a forearm to the back of the head!

BW: And with those giant ham hocks he calls arms, you know there was some force there. The force of the flab, daddy!

[Bucky seems to be right, as James is knocked forward, crashing chest first into the turnbuckle. With no other choice available, referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

GM: And we're underway, but only after Scotty Stevens' shameful attack on Brian James.

BW: Hey listen, if Brian James wants to spend his time lookin' at the girls in the front row, kissin' babies and wearin' stupid track suits, then he gets what he deserves.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Listen Gordo, that boy's daddy, the late, great, Casey James would never have been caught flatfooted like that.

GM: For the last time Bucky, Casey James is not dead!

BW: Denial ain't just a river in Egypt!

[As Brian James turns around, he finds himself pummeled in the corner, as Stevens begins to throw wild punches, the flab flying and jiggling the entire time.]

BW: And Scotty Stevens giving Brian James a taste of his own medicine here.

GM: Yes, if Brian James' attack consisted of no technique and shoddy dieting.

BW: Hey, there's granite in that pudge!

[Stevens mockingly steps back, making a bunch of lame "karate" chops and other displays of mockery. This ends with Stevens lifting his leg up from the mat, though just barely, doing a very bad impression of the famous Crane Kick.]

BW: It'll be all over if he hits this, Gordo!

GM: If Scotty Stevens manages to get his foot higher than two inches off the mat, I'll be very surprised. As it is, this might be the closest that man's come to seeing his toes in a decade.

[Finally clearing his head, Brian James' eyes narrow as he spies Stevens' mockery. James rushes forward, reaching an arm around to grip the nape of Stevens' neck. His other arm bent, he begins throwing his elbow forward, driving it repeatedly into the mouth and nose of Scotty Stevens.]

GM: And there is the first flurry of Brian James' trademark strikes! Scotty Stevens is dazed!

[James gets in close, and places his leg around Stevens', gripping one of the sexy one's wrists and the opposite shoulder, James torques his body, tossing Stevens over his body and causing him to crash down hard to the mat.]

GM: Ashi Guruma! Also called a Leg Wheel. A throw that highlights James' judo training.

BW: Admit it, you had Jason Dane teaching you some stuff.

GM: There's nothing wrong with doing your research.

[With Stevens on his side, James grabs hold of Steven's wrist and twists it, holding his arm perpendicular to the mat, twisting his wrist and bending his hand flat to add leverage to the armbar.]

GM: Stevens is howling in pain.

[Grinning at the audience, James takes his free hand and begins slapping Steven's considerable belly flab, to the delight of the crowd.]

GM: And now Brian James having some fun at Scotty Stevens' expense. Seems like good payback for Stevens' earlier mockery. Though I could have done without seeing that belly roll!

BW: Last time I saw that much jiggling, well, I was hanging out with our World Champion in the Champagne Room.

[James wrenches back on the armbar, and Stevens howls again. But James decides to end the hold, perhaps prematurely, as he lifts Stevens off the mat and sends him to the ropes. Perhaps in preparation for a backdrop, James lowers his head, but Stevens manages to put on the brakes and grab hold of James' hair. James is held in place, as a big fat knee is driven into his mouth.]

GM: Brian James making a rookie mistake that'll cost him a trip to the dentist.

BW: This is exactly the sort of idiocy that makes me lose all respect for this goof. He had Stevens on the mat, was making him howl, and then what happened? The Adderall wore off and now he's got to get moving! You get a man down on the mat and you just hold him there! In my day, a man worked a hold!

GM: Seems like you've been waiting awhile to get that out, Bucky.

[Stevens scoops James up and slams him down, making sure to let his considerable girth land on top of James' body, which sends all the air rushing out of James' body. Stevens stands, and then drops the world's fattest elbow, right across Brian's throat. Stevens then begins to drag James across the ring, towards the turnbuckles. He stops midway, bending over, hands on his thighs.]

BW: Scotty Stevens just a bit winded there.

GM: That's hardly a surprise. Stevens is not exactly a man with considerable cardiovascular endurance.

[Stevens huffs and puffs, as he finishes getting James into the corner. And then Stevens climbs, all the way up... to the first turnbuckle. Arms outstretched, Stevens doesn't leap so much as he falls forward.]

GM: BIG FAT BELLY FLOP!

BW: He may not be able to jump high, but he... uh... well, there's a lot to come crashing down.

[But, as Stevens is falling in slow motion, Brian James has plenty of time to roll out of the way, the ring bouncing and shaking when Stevens' gut finally connects with the canvas.]

BW: What do you think, Gordo, that's about a 4.5 on the Richter Lane scale?

GM: At the very least.

[James sends Stevens into the ropes, but Stevens reverses, throwing his arm forward, but James ducks under the clothesline, though some of the

underarm fat manages to muss James' hair. Behind him now, James lifts Stevens up, and then drops him down, into his lifted knee.]

GM: BIG FAT ATOMIC DROP!

BW: After that, Stevens is probably remembering that he had two helpings of potato salad at Cowboy Bob's!

[James spins Stevens around, and begins to launch a series of kicks to Stevens' knees and inner thighs]

GM: Brian James with the low kicks. That flab is turning bright red, Bucky.

BW: Those kicks look like a bunch of dirty groin kicks to me!

GM: Are you kidding? Brian James strikes with a frightening degree of accuracy, no doubt due to the influence of his training at the hands and feet of the legendary Tiger Claw. None of those kicks are illegal!

[With Stevens' legs wobbly, Brian James runs backwards, and bounces off the mat. With a head of steam behind him, he passes behind Stevens and then leaps in the air, grabbing Steven's by the hair, driving him down into the mat.]

GM: BULLDOG!.... sort of!

[This time, James stays on Stevens, as he brings him up by the hair, and then cradles his head forward, bringing his knee upwards, driving and smashing his hard knees into Stevens' head and chest.]

GM: KNEE FURY! Maybe he heard you Bucky, because Brian James has been unrelenting in his attack for the last minute or two.

BW: Well, even a broken clock is right twice a day, Gordo.

[Stevens sags and prepares to go down, but instead, James hooks his arm around Stevens' neck, holding him up. He loops an arm under one of Stevens' arms, gritting his teeth as he somehow finds a way to muscle Stevens up and over.]

GM: A single underhook suplex - kind of a throw really. You don't see that one too often, Bucky.

BW: But look at James holding his back. That's a hell of a lot of bulk to be lifting in what is essentially a dead drop.

[James' hand is at the small of his lower back, but nevertheless, he smiles through the pain, looking to the crowd for support. Stevens is whipped back first into the corner turnbuckle, and James rushes forward, placing a foot on Steven's saggy, D-Cup pectoral, and brings his other foot forward, his shin connecting solidly with the side of Stevens' head.]

GM: STEP UP ENZIGUIRI!!

[Stevens stumbles forward, into five rapidly delivered elbow strikes. James presses his body against Stevens, and with herculean effort, he lifts Stevens up, setting him up on the top turnbuckle. The strain of lifting Stevens shows on his face, but with Stevens up, James ascends to the top rope, and hooks his arms around Stevens, lifting him high in the air. After a crouch, James leaps backwards off the top.]

GM: SUPERPLEX!!

BW: I don't believe he got him up, but its all over now!

[Seconds after both men come crashing down to the mat, Brian James floats over, covering Stevens. Longfellow falls into position.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! HE GOT HIM!

[James is still clutching his back, as Longfellow holds his arm in the air.]

PW: Here is your winner..

BRIIIIIIIIIIAAAAANNNNNN JAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMESSSSSSS!!!

GM: Another impressive showing for Brian James. Mark Stegglet is heading down to ringside to get some words with this young man.

[Cut to ringside, where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand, standing next to a sweaty Brian James.]

MS: A hard fought victory, but an impressive win for you, Mr. James. Any thoughts on what you've just been through?

[James stands up straight, smiling into the camera. He shakes his head once, sweat flying from his hair, all over an irritated looking Stegglet.]

BJ: Man, do I feel good right now! Scotty Stevens put up a heck of a fight. And it'll be a couple of days before I do any more heavy lifting. But thanks to the great training I got from Mr. Claw, and of course, Mr. Michaelson, I got the win.

And more importantly, I got to do it in front of all of the great AWA fans!

[The smile grows brighter.]

MS: When you arrived to the ring, you were wearing green and white. Can you explain the significance of those colors?

BJ: These are the colors of Todd Michaelson. And these are the colors of the Combat Corner. And let me tell you something, Mark. The AWA is filled with proud alumni of the Combat Corner, myself included.

Tonight, a whole bunch of us are wearing green and white to show our support for one of our own. Willie Hammer. Willie is taking on Supreme Wright, and tonight, the green and white is for you, Willie.

MS: As has been pointed out, Supreme Wright is also an alumnus of the Combat Corner.

[James nods.]

BJ: You're right Mark. Supreme Wright went to the Combat Corner. But it's pretty obvious that he wasn't a part of the Combat Corner.

[Brian's face adopts a (relatively) serious expression.]

BJ: Let me see if I can explain it. There's a bond between those of us who were in the Corner. Guys like Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons, they're my brothers. Willie Hammer too! They're the guys who were with me when I could barely lace my boots. They're the guys that pushed me, and the guys that I pushed. We've been through war together, wars no one will ever see, because they happened on sweaty mats in front of an audience of three or four teachers.

Supreme was there before I was, but I heard the stories. The stories about how he stood off to the side. How he wouldn't go to karaoke Thursdays or bowling Saturdays. Supreme Wright took what he wanted from the Combat Corner, and what has he given back?

So no, the green and white isn't for Supreme Wright. He's a great wrestler. No doubt about it! But he isn't one of us. Not really, not in the way that counts. I mean, look what he did to the guys in Team Supreme.

MS: All of them students at the Combat Corner.

BJ: All of them guys who got their heads twisted around by Supreme Wright! Well listen here, Mr. World Champion. You're a jerk.

And tonight, Willie Hammer is gonna teach you a lesson!

[Brian exhales then, shaking his head.]

MS: All of this ties in to what you said two weeks ago. That you want to prove something to your former teacher. You want to show Todd Michaelson that not every person who leaves the Combat Corner comes out damaged.

BJ: You're darn right!

To... Mr. Michaelson, I don't know if you're listening. But I hope you are. I hope you hear what I'm saying. Because I'm telling you, that Cody, and Michael and Willie and I, we're here to make you proud. We're here to show that you taught us more than wristlocks and takedowns.

We're proud of our time in the Combat Corner.

And I hope you'll be proud of us too!

Tonight, Willie Hammer is going to beat some sense into Supreme Wright. And there's not anything anyone can do about it. Willie, we love you. And don't you worry about those guys in Team Supreme. Your Combat Corner guys have got your back! Now there's only one thing left to ask.

Do all you great fans think that Willie Hammer is going to give Supreme Wright what's what?

[The crowd cheers.]

BJ: Then fans, say it with me...

[Brian takes in a deep breath, and lets it out.]

BJ: YEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

[Flashing another smile, Brian steps away, as we cut back to ringside.]

GM: The always-energetic and enthusiastic Brian James with a win here tonight but he says the Combat Corner guys are behind Willie Hammer, Bucky. What will Supreme Wright think about that?

BW: He won't.

GM: Huh?

BW: Have you not been following the product?! Supreme Wright is focused on one thing - the AWA World Heavyweight Title. And in two weeks' time, he will defend that title against the Number One Contender, Dave Bryant. You honestly believe what colors some punk kids are wearing are going to bother the champion? I don't think so. Willie Hammer may walk into tonight wearing green and white but when he walks out, he'll be wearing a suit of black and blue, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen. But that's coming up later tonight. Right now, let's go backstage where Johnny Detson is just moments away from his big showdown with Bobby O'Connor!

[We cut to an empty backdrop. Nothing but a cinder block wall painted white. Into the shot walks Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to compete, wearing his long, gold trunks with black boots, his shades resting firmly on the bridge of his nose. He paces back and forth for a bit before he starts talking, never breaking stride in his pace.]

Detson: Acceptance is a powerful release but so difficult to achieve. Isn't that right, Bobby?

[Detson continues to go back and forth, not looking up, just walking back and forth.]

Detson: We could just go right down the collective line of past greats who haven't realized... didn't yet notice. Christopher Blue, with all his smug elitist views came back not yet accepting the fact that his relevancy to this sport has long since expired. He was reminded and forced to accept the fact.

(Stopping, Detson turns to face the camera with a sneer.)

Detson: That's what I do, Bobby, I make people accept the facts they can't stare in the mirror and accept for themselves. Reality is a hard pill to swallow, but its medicine that needs to be taken nonetheless. Let's not kid ourselves on what this is. You're going to come at me with everything you have... you will try, and you will fail.

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: You see, Bobby, you were cursed with the last name of the person in charge, and when that person in charge is as blatantly as biased and incompetent as your grandfather seems to be, certain messages need to be dealt. You got your first beating due to the incompetency of your family, the second one you got because of Hannibal Carver.

[Letting out a small laugh, Detson continues.]

Detson: The same Hannibal Carver that use to be something. The same Hannibal Carver that use to be relevant. And irrelevancy can make you do stupid things, like get involved in a fight you can't win. Maybe it makes you rub elbows with the same corporate type, authority figures that you once spurned. But when the offers dry up and the star begins to fade, people start to act different. He's trying to grab something that just isn't there, and he's taking you along for the ride.

[A sigh, a neck roll, and then Detson continues.]

Detson: And then you have your new friend Billy Craven. The epitome of every single albatross around anyone's neck. That man will help you sink faster than anything possibly could. A wasted career, a wasted life...

[Again, Detson just lets out a small laugh.]

Detson: Just a waste. The One Man revolution... destroyed... by the words one man. The man of a thousand monikers, none of which come close to truly describing what Billy Craven truly is.

[Detson lowers his shades down his nose to stare straight at the camera.]

Detson: Irrelevant.

[Pushing his shades back up, Detson shakes his head and laughs.]

Detson: It's funny Bobby, you got goaded into this fight, not just by me, but also by the two relics to your left and to your right. You got goaded because

your last name is O'Connor. You got goaded into this, not because you have a shot at winning, but because those people know that the only way to stay relevant...

[Detson thrusts a thumb in his direction, pointing at himself.]

Detson: ...is to be around someone who is.

[Sighing, Detson runs a hand down his face.]

Detson: Acceptance. Sooner or later we just have to accept the fact that we aren't good enough, we are no longer relevant, and the things we were... we will never be again. You? You have to accept the fact that no matter who he puts to your left... to your right... you will never be as good as your grandfather. Me? Someday this will all just fade away.

[Detson trails off as a cocky smirk forms on his face. He rips his shades off and tosses them to the side.]

Detson: Unfortunately for you, today's not that day.

[Walking off, Detson leaves the camera focusing on the backdrop until it slowly fades away...

...and back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult begins to play over the PA system to a decent sized cheer for the third-generation superstar.]

PW: From Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing in at 265 pounds...

BOBBY O'CONNNNNNORRRRRRR!

[The 23 year old strides through the curtain in cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim and matching knee/elbowpads and boots. He's wearing a white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt as well as he points to the cheering fans. At first glance, he looks like a clean cut boy next door but the mass of scar tissue on his forehead tells a very different story.]

GM: Young Bobby O'Connor in the biggest match of his young career here in the AWA. He is a very different competitor than the likes of his legendary grandfather, Karl, and father, Cameron, who were so well-respected for their sweet scientific skills in the ring.

BW: Both of those guys rode those technical skills to World Championships on multiple occasions but this guy decided he wants to be a tough guy. There's a reason they call this kid Bunkhouse Bobby, Gordo.

GM: We're told that he engaged in several very bloody wars as he first started out in this business. Of course, O'Connor is a graduate of The Yard, the training school run out of Amarillo, Texas by Mister Oliver Strickland and Terry Shane Jr. - one of the top training schools in the country.

BW: In the world, if you ask me. Todd Michaelson's a helluva trainer, Gordo, but if you want to learn about mat wrestling and submission skills, you could find no better teachers than Strickland and Shane, daddy.

[O'Connor reaches the ring, peeling off the B.O.C. shirt and flinging it out to a ringside attendant as he dances back and forth, fists balled up and lashing out in a shadowboxing pattern as the music changes to "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin.]

PW: And his opponent... from Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds...

[After about twenty seconds of guitar, the curtain parts as Johnny Detson walks into view, Percy Childes a few feet behind him.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNN!

[Clad in his black zippered sweatshirt, long gold tights, and black boots, Detson looks out over the crowd. Percy Childes pulls up alongside him, gesturing with his crystal-topped cane at the fans... then to the ring. They converse for a few moments before Detson breaks out into laughter.]

GM: Johnny Detson certainly doesn't seem to be taking this match very seriously, Bucky.

BW: The man is a former World Champion. It's hard for him to get too excited about a match with a punk kid who ain't amounted to squat yet, Gordo.

GM: Every wrestler who ever laced a pair of boots was once where Bobby O'Connor stands tonight - young, outnumbered, outgunned in experience. It's a match that no one thinks he can win... except himself.

[Detson reaches the ring, unzipping and sliding his jacket off. He tosses it to the same ringside attendant as he stands on the elevated ramp, jawing at O'Connor who nods, waving for him to bring it on...

...and then decides he's done waiting, stepping through the ropes and getting pummeled with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: There's the bell from Ricky Longfellow and we're off and running in this special challenge match!

[Detson continues to rain down forearms to the back of the head, landing a half dozen before switching to overhead elbow smashes to the back of the head as well!]

GM: Detson's hammering away at O'Connor out on the ramp. The fiery youngster came hot and heavy after him but Detson, the veteran, cut him off and took advantage of that wild streak.

[Detson turns to the crowd, pointing to the downed O'Connor as he slowly turns back...

...and gets caught with a headbutt into the midsection!]

GM: O'Connor goes downstairs!

[He rears back, firing a right hand into the breadbasket!]

GM: Another shot to the midsection! And a third one as well!

[O'Connor climbs off his knees to his feet, grabbing Detson by the arm, whipping him into the outside ropes, catching him up under the chin with a back elbow that sends him falling back into the ropes...

...and then charges in, connecting with a clothesline that takes Detson over the ropes and into the ring!]

GM: Wow! O'Connor with a flurry of offense and he puts Johnny Detson back into the ring!

[The third-generation brawler spins around, pointing a warning finger at Percy Childes. The crowd roars in anticipation of O'Connor flattening the despised manager as he walks towards him.]

BW: Hey, hey, hey! Percy ain't done nothin' to this punk kid!

GM: Except try to have him driven through a windshield because of who his grandfather is!

BW: Oh, well, if you're going to take that personally.

[O'Connor's threat serves its purpose, backing Childes halfway down the ramp before the Missouri native turns back to the ring, stepping through the ropes as Detson climbs to his feet, catching O'Connor coming in with a falling double axehandle to the back of the head, knocking the youngster down again.]

GM: Detson lowers the boom on him as he tries to step back in!

[The former World Champion grabs O'Connor by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...

...but O'Connor reverses, shooting Detson into the ropes.]

GM: Detson off the far side...

[O'Connor squares up, lashing out with a double armed chop across the chest, knocking Detson off his feet and putting him down on the mat...

...where he promptly rolls out to the floor, quickly being joined by a red-faced Percy Childes.]

GM: Detson bails out... and Percy's right there with him.

[O'Connor shouts for his opponent to get back into the ring as Childes and Detson huddle up on the floor, trying to discuss some strategy as the referee starts his count...

...only to be brushed aside by O'Connor who leans through the ropes to attack.]

GM: Ohh! Detson goes to the eyes!

[The young brawler staggers back, rubbing at his eyes as Detson slides under the ropes into the ring...

...and then runs across, leaping to drive a knee up in between the shoulderblades of O'Connor, sending him falling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! Detson takes advantage of the eyegouge!

[Detson is all smiles as the crowd boos the cheapshot. He steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he stomps O'Connor a few times. The youngster manages to get off the ringside mats though as Detson grabs him by the hair, smashing his face into the ring apron.]

GM: Detson continues to work him over out on the floor, big knife edge chop by the veteran!

[He winds up, ready to deliver another chop when a right hand bounces off his head, knocking him down on his rear end. Detson throws his hands up, begging off, scooting away as a fired-up O'Connor stalks towards him.]

GM: O'Connor's fighting back and he's got Detson trying to back off!

[Detson scrambles to his feet, rounding the ringpost and rolling back into the ring as O'Connor climbs up on the apron, stepping through as Detson climbs up off the mat.]

GM: Big right hand by O'Connor... and another one right after! The young man is really taking the fight to the veteran so far in this one.

[With Detson stunned, O'Connor switches his stance, lashing out with a series of stinging left jabs to the point of the chin...

...and then throws a big right, knocking Detson down to the mat again where the former World Champion rolls right out to the floor once more.]

GM: Detson making a run for it again. He's having a hard time getting on track against young Bobby O'Connor here tonight in Dallas as we say goodbye to our hometown fans for the summer. Two weeks from tonight, we'll be in Gainesville, Florida and all summer long, we'll be hitting some of the AWA's favorite cities. Be sure to check out AWA.com for the official Coast To Coast tour schedule.

[O'Connor looks a little flustered at the official as Detson and Childes huddle up on the floor again. He loudly complains, gesturing at the duo from inside the ring.]

GM: O'Connor wants this fight back inside the ring.

BW: I can't say that I blame him at this point of the contest but Detson's got a ten count to regroup out there on the floor and right now, I'd suggest he use every single moment of it.

[But the fiery Missouri native is having none of it, stepping out on the ramp. He gives a loud war whoop before charging down the apron, leaping off...

...and wiping out a surprised Detson with a diving shoulderblock!]

GM: DIVING TACKLE OFF THE APRON AND DOWN GOES JOHNNY DETSON! OH MY!

[O'Connor climbs to his feet, throwing back his head and giving a roar to the fans who cheer in response.]

GM: This young man is fired up here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum, looking for the biggest win of his young career against a former World Heavyweight Champion in Johnny Detson.

[The Missouri brawler drags his opponent off the floor by the hair, absorbing a verbal tirade from the Collector of Oddities as he hurls Detson under the ropes into the ring. O'Connor grabs the ropes, looking to pursue.]

GM: O'Connor climbs back in, heading right back to work on Detson. He's showing a great deal of focus in there tonight - a little unusual for a competitor as young as O'Connor. The 23 year old who will turn 24 in just a couple of weeks trying to stay on his veteran opponent, pulling him up by the arm...

[O'Connor slings Detson into the ropes where he rebounds back, leapfrogging over a backdrop attempt. Detson pulls up short, swinging around to bury a forearm into the kidneys of O'Connor!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot to the back... look out here!

[Detson lifts O'Connor up, dropping him over a bent knee in an atomic drop...

...and then quickly ties up O'Connor before snapping him back down to the canvas!]

GM: Side Russian legsweep connects! What a beautiful move by the former World Champion!

[The Hollywood native immediately rolls to his side, taking a knee. But instead of making a pin attempt, he grabs a handful of O'Connor's light brown hair and opens up with a series of hard right hands to the skull!]

GM: Illegal closed fists by Detson! Get in there, referee!

BW: O'Connor's been throwing clenched fists all night and you haven't said a word about it, Gordo. At least TRY to sound impartial out here if you're gonna be the so-called Dean of Professional Wrestling.

GM: I've never used that nickname for myself, Bucky.

[Detson breaks off the attack at the count of four, climbing to his feet. The crowd jeers as he saunters around the ring, taking some advice from his manager before moving back in with a series of hard stomps to the back of O'Connor's head as the youngster tries to battle off the canvas.]

GM: Detson's trying to keep O'Connor down on the mat. The young man has been quite the handful for the former World Champion so far in this matchup and he needs to keep him down to neutralize him.

[Hauling O'Connor off the mat, Detson lifts him under his arm, dropping him across a knee in a side backbreaker. He shoves him off his leg and down to the mat before attempting a lateral press.]

GM: Detson covers... but O'Connor surprisingly is out right after one! We're just over five minutes into this matchup but apparently Johnny Detson hasn't done enough to wear down the youngster quite yet.

BW: That might be about to change, Gordo. Detson's right back to his feet... and a big leaping kneedrop! Right down across the sternum! That'll take some of the wind out of this kid's sails.

GM: Detson with another cover - but again just barely more than a one count before O'Connor kicks out. I like that out of a competitor, Bucky. A lot of guys will stay down until two, getting that little extra breather but a two can turn into three real quick.

[Detson climbs back to his feet, glaring down at O'Connor who is already climbing back to his feet again. The former World Champion greets him with a pair of right hands before rocketing him into the nearest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: O'Connor hits the corner hard, staggering back out...

[He wobbles right into a lunging clothesline by Detson that puts him down.]

GM: Covers again for one... there's two... and out comes O'Connor. He got the two count this time at least.

BW: He's gonna get more than that soon enough. It's a process in there to break a man down and that's exactly what Johnny Detson is doing. He's listening to his manager, the great Percy Childes, and he's doing the wise thing in there.

GM: The wise thing, huh?

[Detson drags O'Connor off the mat...

...and HURLS him through the ropes, sending him crashing down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHHH! Down goes O'Connor out on the floor...

[The referee steps in, preventing Detson from pursuing...

...which is Percy Childes' opening to walk over, burying a pair of kicks into the ribs of O'Connor! The crowd jeers loudly, getting the referee's attention just as the Collector of Oddities nonchalantly strolls away.]

GM: Percy Childes with a cheap shot out on the floor. The referee's asking him about it and of course, Childes is denying it.

BW: What would you want him to do, Gordo?! Of course he's going to deny it!

GM: In the meantime, that gives Johnny Detson an opportunity to go out to the floor and go after Bobby O'Connor. Remember, fans, O'Connor asked his mentor, Hannibal Carver, to keep both he and the rest of the so-called Kooky Quartet out of this and to let him fight his own battle here tonight.

BW: Be careful what you wish for.

[Detson is all grins as he drags O'Connor off the floor by the arm, turning towards the ringside railing...]

GM: Irish whi- REVERSED!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES DETSON!

[O'Connor slumps to a knee as Detson throws his arms over the barricade, keeping himself on his feet as Childes angrily shouts from around the ringpost.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor, no matter how much punishment he takes, keeps finding a way to get himself back into this matchup, fans! The third-generation competitor... the grandson of the legendary "Strangler" Karl O'Connor and the son of the multiple-time World Champion Cameron O'Connor... keeps on fighting and you've gotta be impressed, Bucky.

BW: I'm impressed he didn't find a way to lose before the bell rang, Gordo. Dumb kid.

[O'Connor rises to his feet, approaching Detson...

...and DRILLS him with a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Oh my! Hard shot to the chest by O'Connor!

[He grabs Detson by the hair, dragging him towards the ring where he rolls him in. O'Connor rolls himself back in as well, crawling into a cover where Detson lifts the shoulder just before two.]

GM: And this time, it's Johnny Detson kicking out before the count of two... and look at this! Turnabout is fair play, fans!

[The crowd roars as O'Connor takes a knee, hammering Detson with right hands to the skull. The referee's count breaks up the attack as O'Connor rises to his feet, giving a shout to the Dallas fans.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor has turned this match around at this point and may be looking for a way to finish off his opponent.

[O'Connor hauls Detson to his feet, throwing a Mongolian chop that connects with the shoulders, sending Detson falling back into the corner. Giving another big whoop, O'Connor mounts the midbuckle.]

GM: He's gonna let him have it, fans!

[Ballin' up his fist, O'Connor rains down blows off the second turnbuckle, the crowd counting along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[He hops down to a big cheer, grabbing an arm and sending Detson across the ring where the former World Champion slams backfirst into the buckles before staggering out...

...and getting LAUNCHED skyward with a backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP BY O'CONNOR!

[Detson doesn't take long to climb back to his feet...

...but immediately gets dropped with another knife-edge blow across the chest!]

GM: He takes him down again!

BW: The kid's got some lethal chops, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does.

[Detson scrambles back to his feet again, wobbly as O'Connor approaches, leaping up, and bringing a Tomahawk chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping chop connects and Detson's in some serious trouble right now, fans!

[Grabbing the arm again, O'Connor whips him across the ring, catching him on the rebound...]

GM: Up goes Detson...

[...and DROPS him with a one man flapjack!]

GM: ...DOWN goes Detson!

[O'Connor flips him over, applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Detson's shoulder comes flying off the mat after the two count. O'Connor claps his hands together, climbing back to his feet. He continues to clap, getting the crowd to clap along with him.]

GM: Listen to this Crockett Coliseum crowd showing support for the youngster!

[He hauls Detson off the mat, pulling him into a front facelock.]

GM: Suplex on the way... get HIM down from there!

[The "him" of course is Percy Childes as he climbs up on the apron, shouting at O'Connor. The referee moves to confront O'Connor when Detson suddenly drops down...

...and SWINGS his arm up into the groin of O'Connor!]

GM: OHHH! LOW BLOW!

[Detson gets back up, quickly double underhooking the arms of O'Connor...]

GM: No, no, NO!

[...and leaps up, dropping to his knees and DRIVING O'Connor facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: HOYLE DRIVER! THAT'S IT!

[Detson flips O'Connor over, applying a press as a confused official turns around, dropping down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A blatant and terrible miscarriage of justice there by the Unholy Alliance - by Childes and Detson - as they lie, cheat, and steal their way to victory here tonight in Dallas.

BW: A win's a win, daddy!

GM: You can say that all you like but it looked very much to me like Bobby O'Connor was more than Johnny Detson could handle in there. O'Connor kept absorbing everything Detson had and just kept coming back and back. I think the young man might've been on his way to victory but Detson and Childes STOLE it from him.

BW: Hey, all I saw was a Hoyle Driver and the one-two-three.

GM: You failed to notice the distraction by Percy Childes? The low blow from Johnny Detson? They stole this one and you know it, Bucky!

[Back on his feet, Detson is celebrating his triumph alongside Percy Childes, their arms raised in victory...

...when Detson circles back to the downed O'Connor, viciously stomping his head and neck!]

GM: Oh, come on! You won the match! What more do you want?!

BW: You really want to ask that question? You think that's... wise?

GM: I'm sick and tired of wondering what is and isn't wise... of wondering WHO is and isn't wise for that matter. If these Wise Men are so damn tough, why don't they show the world who they are and prove it?!

BW: Oh, you don't want that, Gordo. No one wants that.

[Detson lifts O'Connor off the mat, holding his arms behind him as Percy Childes winds up...

...and DRIVES the end of his crystal-topped cane into the throat of O'Connor, leaving the young man gasping for air down on the mat as Childes hands the cane over to Detson.]

GM: Uh oh. This can't be good news for Bobby O'Connor.

[Detson raises the cane over his head like an executioner raising his axe...

...and SLAMS it down over the back of O'Connor's head, stopping all movement out of the Missouri native.]

GM: Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting, fans. Johnny Detson, by hook or by crook, had won the match but that wasn't enough. He wanted to embarrass the kid. He wanted to HURT the kid.

BW: And it looks like he's done exactly that, Gordo. O'Connor might be out cold. He ain't movin' at all.

GM: Fans, we're going to need to get some help in there for Bobby O'Connor... yeah, good... great. Gloat over your defeated opponent's body after you knock him out with an illegal weapon.

[Gordon's obvious disgust is at Childes and Detson doing exactly that.]

GM: I'm sick of these two. Let's get out of here.

[We cut backstage, where sits Nenshou. It is dimly lit, and Nenshou is clad in his red robe. The hood is down, and we can see his black, white, and yellow face paint in the low light. He is glaring at the camera with a look of barely-restrained rage. His fingers are clenching and unclenching; he's clearly furious. As usual, he speaks slowly and haltingly.]

N: Gibson. Hayes.

You know not what you ask. Your life. It will. Not. Be my fault.

Request. Granted.

You fool.

[He bolts up out of view, and we go back to the arena.]

BW: Whoa. He's really going to tell Gibson Hayes his dirty secrets?

GM: I didn't think he'd call that bluff. We've been wondering for years just what Nenshou is so secretive about. We have learned bits and pieces here

and there, but Nenshou is, honestly, very melodramatic when it comes to his past and his life.

BW: Think he'll just make up some lies?

GM: That seems at odds with his personality. Nenshou tends to be brutally honest. He'll be in action later tonight, so he'll probably be brutal in other ways as well if he has to give up his precious secrets. And if I were Gibson Hayes, I'd be careful about what that might mean at Memorial Day Mayhem. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back so don't you dare go away!

[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...]

We quickly fade backstage to the Siren herself, Miss Sandra Hayes. Hayes is pacing in front of a closed door, likely where Terry Shane III's meeting with his tag team partner this evening, Demetrius Lake, is taking place.]

MSH: The Year Of The Shane Gang.

[Hayes smirks.]

MSH: The man knows what he's talking about. How could it be anything but our year? At Memorial Day Mayhem, Donnie White is going to FINALLY put to rest the eternal thorn in our side, Shadoe Rage and his Amazon freak of a wife... girlfriend... paramour... whatever the heck you want to call her. The Lights Out Express are going to be the next World Tag Team Champions, you can bank on that. And when Terry Shane III, the Ring Leader himself, cashes in his-

[Suddenly, she stops. She looks like she's ready to yell out when Steve Spector walks in from off-camera.]

MSH: What do --

[Spector raises a hand to her lips, temporarily silencing her. In his left hand, Spector raises a clipboard which causes the Siren to cower down as if he were about to strike.]

SS: ...relax, little girl, I know Shane's put that thought in that pretty little head of yours, but I'm not gonna crack this thing upside it.

[Hayes' goes from close-eyed to squinting a single eye on Spector, fixating it on the clipboard in his hand.]

MSH: Autograph for little Stevie?

[Spector scoffs at the notion.]

SS: Hardly. Believe me, I don't want to be around you so I'm going to make it quick. I'd talk to the man himself but I'm not allowed anywhere near him, so like it or not, we're gonna have to deal with each other.

MSH: That's very Alfred Noble of you.

[Spector rolls his eyes and points to the paperwork on the clip board. Hayes' eyes perk up, curious as to what's on the paperwork.]

SS: Ya see this first form here? That's my release. I came here this morning to sign it... at least, that's what Karl O'Connor was hoping. We're all tired of what's been going on, right? The parking lot brawl two weeks ago was way over the top, I had to pay a hefty fine and was given the business by O'Connor when I handed the check over to him. This thing's been nothin' more than a headache for everyone involved. Once again, I got told that everyone needs to move on.

He's absolutely right, but we're not going to move on quietly.

[Spector shakes his head. Hayes prepares to speak but Spector dismisses the notion entirely.]

SS: Hold on, princess. See, I got in the old man's ear. He's been through a lot of battles throughout his career.. some pretty nasty battles, if I recall correctly. Each and every one of those wars he's been through? I brought up to him that they all ended in the ring. No one had to sign anything in a back room with the promise that this'll never be brought up ever again. I pretty much told him that endin' it this way is a load of crap.

Didn't quite get to him until I brought up family. Remember what the Wise Men tried to do to Bobby? Nearly ended the young man's career before it could even get started. Karl couldn't do anything about it, but Bobby's a big boy. He's more than capable of handling his own affairs. I brought up that my wife and kid can't. I told Karl that it's gotten to the point now where my own family wants me to tear Terry Shane limb from limb. This has to end..

[Suddenly, Spector is interrupted by noises coming from behind the door.]

MSH: Is this going somewhere, darling?

SS: You're right, I said I'd be quick, and here I am ramblin'. Well, here's the deal.

[Spector flips over the first page on the clipboard, revealing a second page, which appears to be a signed contract.]

SS: Me and Shane, one on one, no disqualification at Memorial Day Mayhem. No one is to come out at all. You, the Gang, anyone who might have an issue with Shane.. all stayin' in the back.

I win, I might consider takin' that number one contendership away from him. It's not like he's doin' anything with it anyway.

I lose..

[Spector flips back to the first page.]

SS: I sign this release and go home, effectively ending my career.

[Spector flips over the first page again, and pulls out the contract for the match. He hands it to Hayes for her to look over.]

MSH: Let me get this straight, after Shane beats you....

[She looks up...

...and Spector is gone.]

MSH [grinning]: Perfect.

[We fade away from a grinning Sandra Hayes...

...to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the high flying duo known as Air Strike, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Both members are wearing Combat Corner tee shirts with blue jeans.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. I'm here with the team that made the Finals at the Stampede Cup...

[Stegglet stops.]

CM: You mean half of the team that made the finals.

[Stegglet starts to respond when Mertz raises a hand.]

CM: It's okay, my brother-in-arms over here and Brian took it to one of the greatest tag teams of all time in Violence Unlimited and nearly pulled it off. Now I heard Brian James come out here and apologize last week. Brian, you have nothing to apologize about! If anything I owe you guys one. If it wasn't for my over-exuberance and coming down to the ring, you guys might have had a better shot. So Brian, Michael, I'm sorry.

MA: Sorry?

[Aarons raises his eyebrows.]

MA: Sorry for what? Coming down to an Air Strike match because you're a member of Air Strike? Man, no offense to Bri – but that should have been you out there! Those idiots cost you, they cost me, they cost us, they cost the fans and for what?

MS: Obviously you're talking about Strictly Business and their actions at Rising Sun Showdown. Cody, first off, how are the ribs?

CM: Mark, the ribs are fine. The doctors and therefore, the AWA advised us to take last show off but I've been cleared to compete again.

MS: That's good news.

MA: Yeah but you know what's not good, Steps. Watching on a TV those two jerks come on and say what they said about us.

CM: Sebastian, Tucker... you said we disrespected you? Maybe we got overexcited and did stupid things but not once did you tell us that you felt slighted. It was our dream to face you at the Cup. It was an even bigger dream to get a victory over legends such as you. You could have gotten a rematch if you wanted, but instead – instead you decide to attack us by surprise. And then you attacked us again. So instead of being the men, the legends, that you are... you decided to be cowards. No, we didn't disrespect Strictly Business, because you were doing that to yourselves already.

MA: Look, we all know what Strictly Business was and we all know what Strictly Business is. That Hall of Fame drum they're banging? Cods and I were in that drum line! And yeah, Cods and I, we should have known better than to hang with snakes in the grass like that, but we let a little hero worship get in the way. Lesson learned. So we all know what you are, what you were and what you want to be – but we also know where you aren't...

...and that's Memorial Day Mayhem...

...in the ring...

...with an opponent.

[Aarons smirks as he looks over at his partner pointing between the two of them.]

MA: Well, Cods and I, we're looking to solve that little problem for ya!

MS: Is that a challenge?

MA: You betcha! So if Strictly Business still says they got it and they want to prove it, then Air Strike will see them at Mayhem! And they can once again get the high flying, death defying...

[Aarons stops and looks right at the camera.]

MA: ...Strictly Business retiring, Teenage Dream Team. See you at Memorial Day!

[The tag team specialists exchange a fist bump~! before walking off camera.]

MS: There you have it. Air Strike laying down the challenge for Strictly Business to meet them at Memorial Day Mayhem, and what a lineup this is turning out to be! But right now, fans, let's go back down to Gordon and Bucky!

[Crossfade back to the ringside announce duo.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Another big challenge for Memorial Day Mayhem but speaking of big challenges for that premier event in two weeks' time, last time out we heard Callum Mahoney very clearly state that he wants another shot at Kolya Sudakov.

BW: He claims it's all even but he's going to find few who agree with him on that, I think.

GM: How do you figure that? He got the Armbar on Sudakov at SuperClash, he made him tap out.

BW: It was that crazy Steal The Spotlight match - not a one-on-one match. We saw what happened when Sudakov got him into a singles match.

GM: A singles match under rules that benefited only Sudakov! We all knew Mahoney was outgunned walking into a Shoot Fight but you put him in a wrestling ring with wrestling rules and I'm thinking it's a much different story, Bucky.

BW: You might be right but my sources are saying we ain't never gonna find out, Gordo.

GM: Mine as well. Apparently Kolya Sudakov has routed all questions about Mahoney's challenge to his representatives who say that Mr. Sudakov is not an AWA employee and therefore, will NOT be at Memorial Day Mayhem to answer that challenge. And you have to believe the hot-headed Irishman will NOT be happy about that... not one bit. But let's find out as we go back up to Phil Watson!

[Cut to the ring where ring announcer Phil Watson is standing next to a well-built, blond-haired, blue-eyed man, with golden tanned skin. His hair is shaved in a buzz cut, his face is clean-shaven and his ring attire is plain black trunks, white knee pads and white boots.]

PW: This next match is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. In the ring, hailing from Berlin, Germany and weighing in at 275 pounds, he is... DIERK DRAAAXLERRR!!!

[Draxler ignores the crowd's non-reaction, focused instead on his last minute stretching.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

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

[As 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 FOLLLOL DE DAH!

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

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

DING! DING!

GM: And there's the bell and it's the fighting Irishman taking on another young European prospect in Dierk Draxler. Both men circling each other... Mahoney goes in for a collar- No, Draxler shoves Mahoney away.

[In response, Mahoney grabs hold of Draxler's head and lays into him with a forearm uppercut. He follows up with a forearm smash, forcing Draxler into the corner. Mahoney pulls Draxler out of the corner by the arm, trying to twist it, but Draxler uses his power to reverse it.]

GM: Draxler with the size and strength advantage... But Mahoney showing some of that scientific wrestling background with that takedown and now he's got Draxler's arm trapped! Into a side headlock... And he lays into Draxler with those punches to the forehead!

[Draxler again uses his size, gaining his vertical base and powering Mahoney into the ropes. He shoves Mahoney towards the opposite side...]

GM: Leapfrog!

BW: Size AND agility! This kid showing a lot of poten-

GM: He catches Mahoney with an uppercut!

[Draxler pulls Mahoney to his feet and forces him into the corner. A right hand staggers Mahoney, who is then pulled out of the corner and dropped with a hip toss.]

BW: Look at the bum begging off Draxler... Oh, come on!

GM: That's one way to deal with a size and strength disadvantage.

BW: It's cheating is what it is, Gordo!

GM: Didn't know you were a stickler for the rules, Bucky.

BW: I didn't know you condoned cheating.

[Referee Marty Meekly admonishes Mahoney for the apparent eye gouge, but the Irishman denies any culpability, simply pointing at the center of his right palm. He stays on the recovering German, nailing Draxler with another uppercut, followed by three lefts to the ribs with Draxler in the corner.]

GM: A knee to the face of Draxler! The other knee! Both knees! Cover... Only two! Another pin attempt! Again, only two! And again... Still two!

[With the pin attempts not quite working, Mahoney slaps on a chinlock, trying to wear the bigger man down. Keeping his right arm wrapped around Draxler's neck, Mahoney punches Draxler in the forehead with his left fist thrice. He then pulls Draxler to his feet, turns him around and hits his third forearm uppercut.]

GM: Mahoney with a drop toe hold... And now he slaps on the chinlock again, but with his whole body weight on top of Draxler's prone form.

[He releases the chinlock, driving his skull into the back of Draxler's skull!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt! We don't usually see a headbutt delivered like that but it certainly was effective... as are those open handed slaps to the side of the head he's dishing out right now before reapplying the rear chinlock. There are so many ways that Mahoney can hurt you.

BW: Sure, he's got an unorthodox offense, but he lacks the finesse of a fighting machine like, say, Sudakov. Basically, he's a bum!

[Mahoney tires of wearing Draxler down. He releases the chinlock, but still has his hands around the head of Draxler, pulling him to his feet, when Draxler catches him with a forearm to the breadbasket. A second and a third has Mahoney reeling, allowing Draxler to power him into the corner again. A fourth and a fifth forearm causes Mahoney to release his hold on Draxler.]

GM: Draxler with the rally and a right to the face of Mahoney! And another! And another!

[Draxler tries to whip Mahoney across the ring, but Mahoney cuts the momentum short, twisting Draxler's arm and laying into his midsection with the top of his foot.]

GM: Mahoney lands another European uppercut... And a stiff left!

BW: Which is illegal...

GM: Backslide! Draxler with a near fall!

BW: See there, Mahoney was going for another uppercut, telegraphed it a little too much, and nearly paid fo-

GM: Clothesline nearly takes Mahoney's head off!

[Draxler slowly pulls Mahoney off the mat, lighting him up with a series of right hands before hooking a front facelock. He gives a shout as he lifts him up, dropping him down with a vertical suplex!]

BW: The young, strong Dierk Draxler is fired up!

GM: And, now, he's heading to the top. That's a very bold move for a man of his size, Bucky. He's... no! Mahoney with another stiff left hand to the temple!

[A second one lands, knocking Draxler into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. Mahoney swiftly steps up on the second rope, grabbing an arm. He leaps up, scissoring the arm between his legs...

...and snatches him down to the canvas, hooking in his armbar!]

GM: The patented armbar applied by the Armbar Assassin and it won't be long now until-

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. Marty Meekly tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Instead, he holds both his arms up, to cheers from the crowd. As Mahoney celebrates in the ring, we cut to a shot of the ringside announcers.]

GM: Another impressive victory for Callum Mahoney who certainly seems to be back on track after that disappointing loss to Kolya Sudakov at the Rising Sun Showdown.

BW: Disappointing?! Devastating! Humiliating! You want to know why Mahoney has such a mean streak the last month or so? He's embarrassed to show his face, Gordo. The locker room is laughing at him. The fans are laughing at him.

GM: I don't believe that for a second. Fans, Mr. Mahoney has made his way over to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet awaits him. Mark?

[We crossfade to the platform where Mark Stegglet is standing. After a few moments, Callum Mahoney appears, already leading the crowd in a chant of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! He nods at Stegglet before holding one hand up to the crowd to call for silence as Stegglet starts to speak.]

MS: Congratulations on another victory, Callum.

CM: Thank you, Mark.

MS: Two weeks ago, you challenged the Russian War Machine to one more match at Memorial Day Mayhem. We have not had a response from Mister Sudakov or any representatives of his. In lieu of a match with the former National Champion, do you have any other plans heading into Memorial Day Mayhem?

CM: As expected, Sudakov has chosen not to respond to my challenge. Whether he thinks he is above facing someone like me, that he is too good for the AWA, or he is afraid to face me in a PROPER match, he has proven my point! The point is Sudakov CANNOT be bothered to show up anymore! Sudakov would rather be anywhere but the AWA! He is a FORMER AWA National champion and a FORMER MMA world champion; in short, what Sudakov is now is IR-RE-LE-VANT! I offered him one more shot at relevance here in the AWA, but since he's chosen to ignore it, then it is best that we IGNORE HIM!

[There are some cheers from Mahoney's fans, but the crowd, for the most part, do not quite know how to react.]

CM: Heading into Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm going to do what I do best...

[Mahoney pauses as he knows the chants of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" are about to begin.]

CM: See, nearly a year ago, I showed up at Opportunity Knocks and laid down an open challenge to any of the fellas in the back to a FIGHT! That's what I plan to do at Memorial Day Mayhem and this time, the challenge is not just to the fellas in the AWA locker room! I WILL BE at Memorial Day Mayhem and I want to...

[Here come the chants.]

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

[Mahoney claps Stegglet on the shoulder, before leaving the interview area, still leading the fans in chanting.]

MS: An Open Challenge for Memorial Day Mayhem laid down by the Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney! Mr. Mahoney may not know who he's facing at Mayhem but one man who DOES know is Shadoe Rage. Shadoe Rage will be climbing a thirty foot high scaffold to take on his arch-rival, the Atomic Blonde, Donnie White in a match where to lose, you have to take a long, hard fall off that scaffold. We caught up with Shadoe Rage earlier tonight. Let's hear what he has to say about this first-ever AWA scaffold match!

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Shadoe Rage stands before the AWA backdrop with Mark Stegglet and Marissa Monet. Rage is wearing a black sleeveless T-shirt, white jeans, a pink denim vest and

matching bandana tied at his throat, square-lenses, pink tortoise shell sunglasses and straw porkpie hat tipped jauntily back on his mass of bejeweled locks. In other words, it's a casual day for him. The mad, bad and dangerous to know bohemian has the kind of smile on his face that would make a smart man suddenly remember an appointment he had somewhere else. If the eccentric dress wasn't enough to send a man running, the ripped muscularity and the sledgehammer gripped tightly in his right hand might give a smarter man pause and consideration as to why he waited so long to run.

And if that were not enough, the 6'6 afro'ed Amazon at his side in the dashiki maxi-dress might finally give the smartest man reason to be fleet of foot. But Mark Stegglet is not that man. He is an AWA reporter and it is his job to stand where smarter men would not.]

MS: My guest today, colorful as always, has recently set the AWA abuzz with his decision to bring a scaffold match to Memorial Day Mayhem to settle his score with the Shane Gang's Donnie White once-and-for all.

[As he speaks, Shadoe is literally chewing his lips. His chest heaves and his ridiculously intense eyes shine through the amber lenses of his sunglasses.]

SR: Yeah, that's right. The Heaven and Hell match. Yeah, two of us right up there thirty feet over the ring. One man is going to be standing ... one man is going to plummet to his doom. The man standing is going to be me. The man plummeting straight to Hell is going to be Donnie White, Stegglet. I want to hear from him. I want to see how White handles this one. Joke your way out of this mess that you got yourself in, Donnie White. Because I'm finally unleashed. I'm finally allowed to do what I've wanted to do all along. And that's break every bone in your body. Iron workers climb up these scaffolds every day and they stop worrying after about 30 feet. It doesn't matter after that. So we're going up there and I'm going to knock you off and you're going to fall, Donnie White. And you're going to hit that mat like the overripe watermelon you are.

[Rage is frothing at the mouth. He drags his sunglasses off that madly beautiful face so his eyes beam unfettered through the camera.]

SR: Imagine what would happen if you land on your head, Donnie White. Imagine what would happen if you landed on your leg. You're not going to get up from this. You're not going to be a wrestler any more after this. You're out of my mind. You're out of my thoughts. You're not my problem any more after Memorial Day Mayhem. I hope Sandra Hayes has been setting aside money for you because you're not going to ever be able to walk again.

[Marissa leans in to whisper into his ear. A demonic grin spreads across Rage's face.]

SR: Mark Stegglet, Marissa Monet right here tells me that I might be getting too intense for TV.

[He turns his full attention on Stegglet who shrinks back from him as Rage touches the head of the sledgehammer to Stegglet's chest.]

SR: Are you feeling uncomfortable thinking about cracked skulls and shattered femurs? Are you scared about femoral hemorrhaging? Are you afraid that you're going to witness an execution at Memorial Day Mayhem?

MS: Well, I am now.

SR: Then don't watch because your fears are going to come true. Donnie White is going to be utterly destroyed at Memorial Day Mayhem. And I will not be held responsible for my actions. The AWA gave me the opportunity to settle this and it will be settled once and for all, Stegglet. Donnie White has a date with death. Everybody in TV land wear black because you're coming to a funeral. Believe that! Marissa, let's go!

[We fade away from the footage recorded earlier...

...and then back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following is a special challenge tag team match, set for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit!

[The crowd cheers with excitement just as...

...static fills the airwaves and is wiped out by an orchestra of boos.]

BW: No respect!

GM: None deserved, Bucky.

[This transitions directly into the dramatic composition "Dance Of The Knights", as composed by Sergei Prokofiev, performed by the orchestra of the Royal Opera House, and conducted by Mark Ermler. The fans boo mightily as the music is accompanied by the visual of Terry Shane III and Miss Sandra Hayes.

Both are dressed just as we saw earlier; Shane in his full length green robe which is fastened at the waist revealing nothing more than a glimpse of his athletic physique from neck to mid-chest. Miss Hayes playfully maneuvers around him as he twirls with his arms stretched wide. She spins her florescent pink branding iron over her head in his unison with her premiere client's movement.]

GM: Terry Shane the Third has been embroiled in the most bitter of grudges with Steve Spector since late last year, Bucky. I wonder how he'll transition mentally from that into, well, interfering in someone else's bitter grudge.

BW: Ya know, that could be why he's doin' it. If Spector comes after him tonight, he's done. That strict no-touch policy is in effect, so Terry Shane can get his career rolling again and head towards the AWA Title. What better way to do that than to team with his good friend and fellow

Missoruan, embarrass the state of Texas, and pick up a win against the Stench family? Less risk than taking a big singles match, and matches don't get much more visible than this.

GM: Excellent points.

[Miss Hayes completes her cat-walk down the elevated ramp and seats herself on the middle rope as she pushes up on the top with her free hand. Shane, holding his robe in place, bows through the opening in the ropes and steps into the ring as the music transitions from a late-thirties ballet reinterpreted as an orchestral piece to a late-twenties opera piece reinterpreted as a jazz classic, as "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong begins to play over the PA.

The jeering continues unabated as the tall, powerful form of the "Black Tiger", Demetrius Lake, stalks out from behind the curtain. Clad in blue trunks with red monogramming, red boots with blue monogramming, and white kneepads, Lake marches straight down the aisle. There is a mean look on his face, ringed by his round afro and conical beard, and topped by his black fedora. A white ring jacket, open in front, sports the state flag of Missouri... above a burning state flag of Texas. The crowd gets very hot when they see that.

Following Demetrius is his valet, "Radiant" Raven, who looks diminutive next to him but is actually quite tall in her own right. The black-haired beauty is wearing exactly what we saw before: a purplish-blue dress with bright spangles, white gloves that extend almost up to the shoulder, and makeup that matches both of these shades. As usual, Raven is completely impassive, to the point of being cold.

Bringing up the rear is the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. The short, squat Childes is wearing a midnight blue jacket and matching pants, white undershirt, and wine-red tie. She has a white package in her hands. The bald, goateed manager gets by with his crystal-tipped cane, and seems quite smug.]

GM: And now, the grand instigator in the whole Lynch affair. Demetrius Lake has had it in for Jack Lynch for years, dating back to the St Louis territory. His disrespect of Blackjack Lynch back at SuperClash reignited this whole vendetta.

BW: So what you're saying is that old Blackjack is the real instigator here.

GM: How can you justify that position?

BW: Simple: Blackjack Stench just invites disrespect.

[Lake steps over the top rope, and steps on the middle rope to hold them for Raven to enter without showing any fans the underside of her dress. Percy simply descends the steps and heads for the corner, letting his man take center stage. Demetrius fistbumps Shane, and then stomps around the ring

giving the fans an earful while Raven stands in middle ring, holding that box.]

GM: I am concerned that Radiant Raven has a box. Something is in there and it can't be any good.

BW: That's an awful thing to just assume, Gordo. What if it's a pledge to help the poor kids at a children's hospital?!

GM: Besides the fact that Lake and Raven wouldn't care, why would she bring something like that to the ring for a match?

BW: To show all the Texas fans all the good thing they do for Missouri kids, so that Texans can try to be a bit more likable so somebody'll help their kids too.

GM: Will you stop?!

[Rush's "Tom Sawyer" blasts over the loudspeakers, and the boos immediately vanish, replaced by wild cheering. Deep voiced chants of "JACK! JACK! JACK!" compete with the high pitched squeals of "LET'S GO TRAVIS!" Lake plugs his ears and shouts at the fans to be quiet while Shane leans into the far corner of the ring back first, lifting a closed fist underneath his chin, unamused by the theatrics of the crowd.]

GM: THIS PLACE HAS ERUPTED!

BW: If we're gonna blow the place up, at least wait for entire Stench family to show up so that we can get them all at once!

GM: Listen to these chants! Texas loves their favorite sons... and here they come!

[The curtain is pulled aside, and the Lynch brothers step out. Travis, the heartthrob, is out first. And at the first sight of him, the screams reach such a fever pitch that "Tom Sawyer" is barely audible. Travis is, as always, dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them, his two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white.

A moment later, to a similar, but more masculine sounding ovation, out steps his brother, Jack. The tall, lanky cowboy is, as always, dressed head to toe in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. Its open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. Both of his fists are taped with black tape that extends from the middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms.

Travis comes to the ring in a slight jog. Jack's stride to the ring is more of a saunter, taking his time getting to the ring, and takes his coat and cowboy hat off before he enters. Once both men are in the ring, they move to the center of the ring, shoulder to shoulder, ready for action. Their opponents

immediately bail out on the other side, congregating at ringside while pointing threateningly at the two men in center ring.]

GM: We are ready to go for a match that would be a main event anywhere in the world! Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

["Tom Sawyer" fades out as the AWA's erstwhile announcer begins. Referee Johnny Jagger is herding the Lynches back towards their corner as all five members of the Shane/Lake contingent huddle up at ringside for a strategy discussion.]

PW: Introducing first, the respective managers... "The Siren" Miss Sandra Hayes and "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOOOOOOOO!]

PW: They represent... seconded tonight by "Radiant" Raven... from the great state of Missouri... at a total combined weight of five hundred thirty pounds... the team of...

..."RING LEADER" TERRY SHANE THE THIRD... and "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[The fans boo their hearts out, prompting Lake to attempt to demand complete silence. That doesn't happen and it draws some shouting from Miss Hayes while Shane remains stoic and silent in the ring.]

PW: And their opponents, to my right...

[Loud cheering, squealing, and verbal joy ensues.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at a combined weight of five hundred and thirty one pounds...

...JACK AND TRAVIS LYYYYYYYYYNNNNCCCHHHHHH!

[The Lynches acknowledge the fans with waving, but are focused on the dangerous duo at ringside, not to mention their contingent.]

GM: AWA head referee Johnny Jagger has been assigned this one, and he's trying to get one man from each team in the squared circle. Jack Lynch will be starting for the Lynch brothers, and... on the other side, the team of Demetrius Lake and Terry Shane III are taking their sweet time about getting anyone in the ring.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Well, now they got a ten count to do it!

GM: And still, Shane and Lake seem to not be all too anxious to begin. They... are playing paper rock scissors.

BW: That's a perfectly valid way to decide who will start.

[Percy Childes steps up to Jagger, insisting that he hold his count so that his team can decide who will start. Jagger briefly relents, until he sees how slowly that Shane and Lake are proceeding through their best of three competition. He then resumes the count. The fans boo this blatant stalling.]

PC: Didn't Lake and Shane have all day to do this?

BW: Gordo, they're busy men. This might be the first time they've had a chance to meet.

GM: I saw them at lunch today, belittling the wait staff and mocking the fans who asked for their autographs.

BW: You can't discuss strategy in public! The Stenches have eyes and ears all over the place! Like most inbreds do... I heard Travis Stench once lost an eye to an atomic drop.

GM: Alright, it seems that they've...

[Terry Shane is on the apron. He waves Jagger over... and the camera picks up on him asking about the legality of 'dynamite' in the AWA rulebook. Jagger gets angry and starts counting very fast, making Shane jump into the ring quickly to avoid a countout.]

GM: Oh, for crying out loud.

BW: That was a valid question! Who does Jagger think he is?!

GM: The head referee. That funny business will not work on him. And you know that Terry Shane is not a man with very much of a sense of humor; that was deliberate stalling to cool this crowd off and to let the adrenaline rush of the fans wear off for the Lynches. Jack Lynch pointing at Lake, but it is the Ring Leader of the Shane Gang who will be starting this match.

[Shane rushes Jack, and aggressively forces a collar-and-elbow in an attempt to quickly rush him into a corner. However, Jack matches his high intensity level, and swivels Shane around to force him back into the corner instead. Both men feverishly work to break the other down.]

GM: Lock-up, and that is going to favor Jack Lynch. Lynch with a fifty pound weight advantage, and a high amount of technical skill to match Terry Shane. Shane is more of a pure technician, but Lynch is just as proficient when it comes to the basics of wrestling. Jack has Shane backed into the corner, but both men still stubbornly trying to force the other down in this lockup.

BW: Jagger's gonna have trouble separating them. He should just let them go.

GM: Shane drops onto Lynch's knees with a double-leg takedown! He used his smaller size to his advantage, slipping out while backed into the turnbuckles! Trying to transition to a leglock, but Lynch sits out of his grasp and into a front facelock! Lynch with the front facelock on Shane on the mat, and Terry Shane rolling him onto his back.. all the way over, but Lynch rides him the whole way! Shane with the knees under him, trying to kick back out of the hold, but Jack Lynch's grip has the tenacity of a bulldog!

BW: You know his grip is strong, with that illegal Claw being his finishing hold!

GM: Good point, and Terry Shane having to resort to using the ropes to get out of the hold. Johnny Jagger puts the count on, and Jack Lynch breaks it at four.

BW: When one of my guys do that, it's abusing the rules. When one of your guys does it, it's 'tenacity'.

GM: I offer no value judgements here. Terry Shane back in immediately with another lockup. Both of these men are extremely intense and competitive.

[This time, Shane pivots and flings himself to the side, in a motion that one would do if performing an armdrag takedown, while still in the collar-and-elbow. This causes Jack to fall as well, but since he was in control of the movement, Shane recovers immediately and takes his own front facelock.]

BW: Did you see that, Gordo?! Terry Shane is smart!

GM: Yes, he's quite clever. Too clever by half, on occasion, but a brilliant tactic on that occasion, and a sign of just how adept he is at wrestling. Some think of wrestling as an allotment of holds, but this man makes every body movement into a weapon.

BW: As opposed to Jack Stench, who can only make every bowel movement into a weapon.

GM: Lynch with the roll, but Shane rides it through. Lynch to his knees, kicks, rolls, sits out... escapes!

[The fans cheer as Jack Lynch pops up to his feet, and an exasperated Terry Shane pounds the mat with both hands after faceplanting due to Jack Lynch's escape!]

BW: Come on, the guy has ten pounds of pig fat on him to make his muscles gleam in the light!

GM: Jack Lynch does not oil his body.

BW: Travis Stench does, and he uses so much that ten pounds of it DRIPPED onto Jack during the entrance!

GM: I believe Travis uses water to get that effect, Bucky. The Ring Leader was just one-upped, and he despises that with all of his heart. Especially in terms of wrestling. Jack Lynch able to escape the hold where Terry Shane was not, and now Shane wants the rubber match, so to speak. One more lockup.

[The two men go to lockup again; but this time, Terry Shane sticks a quick finger to Jack's eye before quickly taking him down with a side headlock takedown, into a hammerlock, into a chinlock-hammerlock. He's wrenching the arm and the neck.]

BW: And there you go. Terry Shane the Third is the better wrestler. Case closed.

GM: The eye poke setting this hold up. Almost a proto-crossface chickenwing, though with more emphasis on the chinlock. Given that one of the men who trained Shane was Mister Oliver Strickland, I am sure he has many holds of this type in his arsenal. Jack to his feet, and sticking Terry Shane with the elbow. Shane is hanging with it.

[Two swift elbows to the midsection, followed by a quick drop to his knees, and Terry's off-balance enough for Jack to free his arm, and hip toss Shane across the ring! Terry stands up, and catches a clothesline from Jack, who runs through Shane to his corner, where the tag is made to Travis! The ladies approve loudly.]

BW: Oh, come on! Jack Stench has got to have so much grease on him that you could use his ear as a deep fryer! There is no other way he could escape like that!

GM: Technical acumen. Travis Lynch is now in, and a rushing forearm blow levels Terry Shane. Shane is reeling, and Travis pounds his head into the top turnbuckle! A single leg by Shane as he recoils, but Travis athletically rolls through and back to his feet!

BW: That was all Terry needed, though. He has gotten to his corner, and now Travis is gonna hafta answer to the King!

[Demetrius Lake steps over the top rope, and the crowd boos him. He glares down at Lynch, points a disparaging finger, and badmouths him. Travis' only response is to put up a single outstretched hand... a challenge to a test of strength. The fans cheer that.]

GM: Travis Lynch calling for a test of strength against the Black Tiger!

BW: He's gotta be even dumber than I figured! Lake's got six inches and fifty pounds on him!

[The fans are on edge as Lake steps up confidently, nodding his head and smirking. Travis grins and locks hands with Lake. The two men take a half-step back, and then collide chest to chest as they both put maximum force and effort into the test of strength.]

GM: Size advantage does not always equal strength advantage.

BW: That's true when the big guy is a non-athletic slob, but this is Demetrius Lake! He's the best pure athlete in the AWA, and possibly the world today!

GM: I could see an argument of that point, but this is not a test of athleticism. This is a test of strength. And observe.

[Nodding and smiling, Lake barks out "I got him!" several times in that deep voice... and very slowly, the smile melts as he's slowly forced backwards. His feet remain firmly planted, but his upper body is gradually, inexorably being pushed back as Travis Lynch exerts the power of his magnificent frame on his larger foe. The ladies shriek as this really shows off his muscles.]

BW: You just watch. The King is pretending to lose ground so that he can crush Travis Stench's spirit when he easily takes him down.

[The more Lake is forced back, the more his facial expression goes from smug, to perplexed, to outraged, to afraid. He looks around frantically, as if trying to figure out what external power is conspiring to cause him to lose ground. His knees begin wobbling; slightly at first, then more noticeably, then like a spasmodic drunken sailor with his finger in an electric socket. And finally... his body is arched back so far that one mighty heave from Lynch is enough to send the big sequoia-like body of the "Black Tiger" crashing to the mat with a THUD.]

GM: Travis Lynch has done it! He has forced Demetrius Lake to his back, and keeping the fingerlocks applied to force his shoulders down! Johnny Jagger counting, but a one count only as the alleged King rolls his shoulder up!

[This happens several times. Lynch happily keeps the test-of-strength grip on and tries to pin Lake with it, while trash-talking him the whole way. Demetrius has to repeatedly contort a shoulder off the mat to thwart the cover, and has to repeat this because lifting against Lynch's strength is tiring. Lake eventually bridges to get the shoulders up.]

BW: How about that bridge? Six-nine, almost three twenty, and he can do that.

GM: That is impressive, but how about the six three, two sixty man who is dominating him right now?

BW: Fluke.

GM: Travis drives the knee into the ribs of Lake to smash him down out of the bridge. A second bridge...

[This time, Travis pushes off the mat with his feet to bring his body down into Lake's midsection, keeping his hands planted in the knucklelock. But

Lake pulls up both knees to catch him coming in, and kicks Travis back... using the momentum to roll all the way up to a standing position and force Travis off of him!]

BW: Ha! There's your escape!

[Travis is flung backwards into the ropes, hits at almost full running speed, and rebounds back... twisting... and uncorking his biggest offensive weapon right into Demetrius Lake's face to a massive roar from the fans!]

GM: __DISCUS PUNCH__!

[The force of the Discus Punch doesn't just floor Lake... it sends him FLYING. The huge Kansas City native is driven five feet back through the air, hits the mat at speed, rolls all the way out of the ring on the other side...comes down off the apron onto his feet and tries to stand, but the momentum is so great that he stumbles backwards off balance and spills over the FIRST ROW RAILING! The crowd goes wild as Travis pumps his fists in the air! Terry Shane and Radiant Raven immediately rush over to the spot where the King landed, and all we can see is one of his legs up in the air as he's wedged upside down between the barricade and the first row fans!]

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH JUST LITERALLY KNOCKED DEMETRIUS LAKE INTO THE CROWD!

BW: NO WAY!

GM: I don't know if Lake can beat the ten count here! I don't know if Lake knows who or where he is!

BW: Somethin's fishy in D-Town, Myers! No way that punk takes out the King in one shot! Check his fists! He musta had a weapon!

GM: Yes, he had the weapon of momentum! He was rebounding off the ropes with the force of Lake's kick, Lake was moving forward with the force of his own roll, and we have seen many times how much momentum Travis generates with the spin of that discus punch!

BW: It was an illegal maneuver, and Percy Childe is pointing that out right now! A closed fist punch cannot be allowed like that.

GM: One punch? Bucky, most matches tonight have had a plethora of closed fist punches. Like using the ropes for leverage, they only constitute a disqualification if used repeatedly against the warning of the referee. Percy Childe is just buying his man time.

[But soon, Travis reaches over and grabs Percy by the tie! The fans go wild as it looks like he'll soon be punishing the Collector Of Oddities, but Sandra Hayes reaches in and grabs his ankle... a quick distraction that lets Childe escape. Travis flicks Sandra's hands off of his boot by kicking back, and she immediately disengages and hustles away. On the other side of the ring,

Shane and Raven are physically righting the upside-down "Black Tiger", who starts staggering around crazily.]

BW: Look at that! #ScumbagTravis tried to kick sweet innocent Sandra Hayes in the face!

GM: He did not! He kicked away from her, just to get her hands off of his foot!

BW: That was a windup, daddy. If she hadn't cleared out, he would have punted her head into the upper deck. And we don't even HAVE an upper deck.

GM: The distraction gets Percy out of danger and buys Demetrius Lake even more time. Lake staggering out of control; he looks like Bucky Wilde about two AM at the Dew Drop Inn!

BW: Hey! It takes me until three to get like THAT! And we don't discuss what goes down at the Dew Drop on the air, daddy, we got kids that watch this show.

GM: You should try the Rusty Spur some time, after the things you've said about the owner and various patrons.

BW: Uhm, uh, well, no. Hey, look, Lake's back in his corner.

[Terry Shane gets up on the apron, with Lake on the floor, and Lake reaches up and tags him. Johnny Jagger shrugs and allows it as Lake then falls on his face at ringside.]

GM: Tag is made, and apparently the referee is going to allow it.

BW: Okay, Terry. You've just gotta beat up the Stenches until the King recovers. You can do it!

GM: Cheerleading, Bucky?

BW: If it's against the Stenches, it's okay. Ha! Just like that eye rake!

GM: Shane to the eye looking for an edge. Sending Travis Lynch off the ropes, leapfrog. Now dropping down in front, and Lynch rebounds again off the ropes... high cross body by Travis Lynch! One, two, and almost a shock pin right there!

BW: Shane set himself to grab Travis for some move, but he didn't expect #ScumbagTravis to be able to fly at him like that!

GM: Can you please stop saying "hashtag"? I don't even know what that means! Travis Lynch is not very fast, but he certainly has a lot of power in his legs. Both men up, and Shane quickly takes an armwringer on Travis... but Travis rolls through it, springs up, and a dropkick sends Terry Shane spilling to the canvas!

BW: This ain't fair, Gordo! Terry has no one to tag!

GM: Travis tagging to Jack Lynch, and a double team now on Shane. They lift him... DOUBLE ATOMIC DROP!

[The crowd squeals as the spine-rattling impact sends Terry gingerly walking away, with rubbery legs. Jack Lynch follows him, and mocks his walk for a bit to the laughter of the fans.]

BW: That ain't funny!

GM: Belly-to-back suplex by Jack Lynch onto Terry Shane III, who is in big trouble here! Jack off the ropes, and driving the elbow drop down into the chest! A cover!

BW: Two count only. You're gonna hafta do a whole lot more work to get rid of the Ring Leader than that. Even with a two on one!

GM: Wait. Where's... where's Demetrius Lake?!

[The camera gets a shot of the Missouri team's corner. Sandra Hayes is there, Radiant Raven is there, and Percy Childes is there... but Lake is nowhere in sight!]

GM: Did Demetrius Lake walk out on Terry Shane?!

BW: That can't be it, Gordo. Raven and Childes wouldn't be there, and Sandra would be having a rage-induced seizure.

GM: Good point. Two big clubbing blows on Shane by Jack, and a tag made back to Travis. Excellent continuity from the Lynch brothers, as expected. Jack with another atomic drop, into a standing dropkick by Travis!

BW: Something's going on. I can feel it.

GM: I am more than a little concerned myself. Travis Lynch with the cover, and only a two. Whatever Demetrius Lake is doing is not helping Terry Shane at...

[Oh, ye who speak too soon. As Jack Lynch gets back out on the apron, Lake rolls out from under the ring on that side of the ring, behind Jack. Jack turns to follow the action, only for Lake to grab his foot, yank him off the apron, hook his head, and take a wild swing with his left arm, driving his heavily taped thumb into the throat of Jack with a haymaker-like Tiger Strike! Jack collapses to the concrete floor, clutching his throat, as the fans boo loudly! Lake immediately stuffs something from his thumb tape into his trunks.]

BW: HA HA! I bet THAT helps Terry!

GM: HE HAD A WEAPON! DEMETRIUS LAKE WITH SOME KIND OF WEAPON TO THE THROAT OF JACK LYNCH!

BW: The only weapon he had was the Tiger Strike. Oh, check this one out now!

GM: Lake pressing Jack Lynch overhead, and dropping him neck first on the ringside barricade! Johnny Jagger doesn't see any of this, because Raven is distracting him and Travis!

BW: Watch out for #ScumbagTravis, Raven! He'd deck you and Sandra both in a second!

GM: And I think Sandra Hayes just passed something to Terry Shane!

[Travis approaches Raven to yell at her to get down. Raven confidently taps her chin and tells him to take his best shot. In the meanwhile, Lake is wrapping the power cable from one of the cameras around the neck of Jack Lynch, tying his neck to one of the barricade supports and choking him.

And Sandra did hand something to Terry Shane, who has it underneath his body in his hand. Percy Childe casually walks over to Travis and makes a feint as if he were going to trip him, but backs off when Jagger sees him... ensuring that Jagger's eyes will be fixed on that confrontation. The crowd is going apepoop about all of this, booing and screaming!]

GM: This is ridiculous! There are far too many people at ringside!

BW: Yeah, at least a hundred in the front row alone. But they paid to be here, Gordo, so you can't kick them out even if they ARE smelly.

GM: Finally, Demetrius Lake returning to his corner. Johnny Jagger sees him as he's almost to his corner, and yelling at him...

[It is then that Travis turns around, sees that his brother is not only not on the apron, but is laid out at ringside with a power cable around his neck and the barricade support. He pauses in shock before rushing in that direction... only to be cut off by a leaping punch from Terry Shane III... with some kind of object in his hand. Shane throws it into the crowd, who is furious beyond description!]

BW: Oh, I love it when a plan comes together.

GM: That was disgusting! Travis Lynch has been knocked for a loop, and he is all alone in there! Jack Lynch had his windpipe crunched by a weapon and the barricade!

BW: Oh, but when the Lynches were doubleteaming Terry Shane, that was okay?! Seems awful hypocritical to me, Gordo.

GM: No weapons or interference were involved in that! Terry Shane with a double underhook on Travis... SLINGSHOT BUTTERFLY SUPLEX!

BW: That's the Butterfly Effect, daddy! Every time he does that move, a butterfly gets its wings. Or loses them. Or something deep and philosophical.

GM: Shane pulling Travis over to the corner, and there is the tag to Lake. I'm sure that Lake would love nothing more than to punish Travis for that Discus Punch earlier on. He's still holding his head where he was struck.

BW: And kicking Travis while he's down. Which is the best time to kick a guy.

GM: Lake picking up Travis now. Stuffs a double chop to the neck, and Travis staggers back against the ropes. Hooks him coming out... huge belly-to-belly suplex!

BW: You could see the wind blasted right out of Travis with both of those moves.

GM: The alleged King Of Wrestling drags Travis to the bottom rope, and drilling his knee into the back of the neck... strangling him on the bottom rope with all three hundred eighteen pounds! Come on, Jagger, you have to get him off of the man!

BW: He's trying, daddy! But I'd like to see you try and tell Demetrius Lake what to do!

GM: As soon as Lake is off, Terry Shane the Third runs down the apron and puts his foot in the back to choke him! But Jagger catches it! He's backing both Lake and Shane off at once. That's the hallmark of the head official.

[As Jagger forces both lake and Shane, on opposite sides of the top rope, to back away... both Raven and Sandra Hayes move in on Travis. Hayes grabs his hair and sits back to pull him down, while Raven is throwing forearms across the back of his head! Needless to say, there's almost a riot-like atmosphere in the crowd.]

BW: Justice! How's THAT feel, #ScumbagTravis?! Feminism strikes a blow against their oppressors!

GM: Bucky, you hate feminists!

BW: Not in regards to getting back male abusers! You go, girls! Get that dirty womanbeater!

GM: *sigh* Even Johnny Jagger can't handle this many people. There needs to be some kind of limit to the number of people at ringside. Earlier tonight, Percy Chides was griping about Supreme Wright having so many people last week for the Wright match against Rick Marley, and now he perpetrates the same here.

BW: He's just fighting fire with fire to show the AWA how bad it is...

GM: The Unholy Alliance does this all the time! Finally, Hayes and Raven are finished, and Travis is clawing for breath...

BW: Trying to hit those women. I'd like to see him try that with Radiant Raven. She'd knock his last real tooth out.

GM: While Raven can certainly hit even a man like Travis Lynch hard enough to do real damage, I doubt she could fight him for very long.

BW: What a sexist statement. HEY RAVEN, GORDON SAID YOU SHOULD GET BACK IN THE KITCHEN!

[Raven shoots Myers a withering glare as Demetrius Lake has dragged Travis Lynch back in the ring. He picks him up, and hammers Lynch with a backbreaker. Not letting go, he instead straightens up and delivers another. He repeats the process several more times during the course of Gordon and Bucky's banter.]

GM: In the meanwhile, the Black Tiger with four consecutive backbreakers on Travis Lynch! Make that five! The power of the Black Tiger cannot be denied, even though he proved to not be Travis' equal on that account.

BW: Which one's stronger right now, though?

GM: I'd say the man who still has his tag partner. Lake with a gutwrench, and hoisting Travis over his shoulder! This is a Canadian Backbreaker! Submission hold!

BW: Wrong! This is a Missourian Backbreaker! And Travis Stench is just too dumb to quit.

GM: Lake backing up to his corner, and sticks out his leg... very smart move. He used his leg to tag Shane so that he did not have to let go of the hold or get close enough for Travis to reach the ropes. The referee is going to allow that one as well. Totally at his discretion.

BW: Shane coming in... ha ha! Lake just dropped Travis right over Terry Shane's knee!

GM: They might have broken him in half right there! Shane with the cover! One, two, but Travis will not give in!

BW: With the damage they're doing to his back, he might give out before he gives in.

GM: Jack Lynch still seriously hurt on the floor, and medical attention is down there. Lake jammed a weapon into the man's larynx as hard as he could, and he may have an impacted trachea!

BW: If he's lucky, he can still breathe, and if we're lucky, he'll never speak again.

GM: Shane sending Travis to the ropes. Side lift on the way off, and across the knee... then snapping back to send the man face first!

BW: The Terry Shane Special! He does that weird backbreaker and then whaps the guy's face into the mat. I love it.

GM: And Shane is now climbing the turnbuckles! Travis Lynch face-first on the mat... struggling to his knees... and here comes the Ring Leader!

[With a bloodthirsty leer, Shane leaps high, and comes down with both feet... but Travis instinctually rolls away, leaving Shane to jam the double stomp into the mat. Terry bounces into a leap just to spend the force of the impact on something other than his own ankles and knees, while Travis dives towards his corner... where no one is waiting for the tag. The crowd shouts angrily as a whole bunch of people yell about this.]

BW: Terry might have missed that Torpedo Stomp to the spine, but Travis is missing a lot more than that right now.

GM: The dirty trick that Lake pulled earlier paying dividends now. Shane barreling into Travis from behind, burying his shoulder into Lynch's lower back! Travis stumbles back down to the mat, and Shane... jumping up and down on his back! Come on! That's just bloody-minded brutality!

BW: He doesn't like missing moves. That'll show that Texas dweeb not to screw up Shane's offense!

GM: Shane with a fit of pique right there. Now slapping on the half nelson to control his man, drags him towards his corner, and lifts... half nelson backbreaker by Shane, and a tag to Lake!

BW: They're torturing him now, daddy. Heck with trying to beat him. And Jack Stench is gonna get stretchered. What a great day!

GM: Lake down and driving the knee into the lower back. And again. And again! Demetrius Lake doesn't jump with his kneedrops, he just plants his hands and lays them in over and over.

BW: And now he's letting the crowd hear about it.

[Circling the ring, Lake boasts to the fans. Percy Childes lifts his crystal-tipped cane and approaches Travis, who is pulling himself towards the ropes... but Jagger stops him and backs him off. Sandra and Raven move in from the other side, but Jagger points at them as well. However, Lake now fishes into his trunks for a foreign object, and Jagger has no chance to see that.]

GM: This is... this has gotten beyond insane. This is a five-on-one! Five on one!

BW: Soon to be a five on none, when Travis gets some of what Jack got!

GM: Lake jabbing that loaded thumb into the neck of Travis Lynch! That wasn't the Tiger Strike, but it was still nasty!

BW: The Tiger Strike isn't something you can throw a lot, because each time you almost break your own thumb. There's a reason people don't usually haymaker with their thumb. There is a technique to it, and if you do it wrong, you'll be missing thumbthing when you pull your arm back.

GM: Only Bucky Wilde could make the basest cheating sound like science. Lake digging that object into the forehead of Travis, and tags out to Shane the moment Jagger turns around!

BW: Because who's gonna check the illegal man?

GM: Jagger, apparently! He sees Travis clutching his throat!

[Lunging towards Lake, Johnny Jagger grabs his left wrist before he can pull it behind him. Lake's eyes bug out and he bellows at Jagger that no one touches the King, but Jagger is unintimidated and demands that Lake open his hand. The fans cheer briefly, as it seems that Lake has finally been caught! But the cheering dies as Jagger searches Lake's thumb tape... while Shane digs a foreign object into Travis Lynch's forehead. Booing resumes in force.]

BW: HA HA HA! Lake passed the baton when he tagged!

GM: I am disgusted. Absolutely disgusted! They have a five on one and they're still resorting to this?!

BW: Yeah. Because it's fun.

GM: Terry Shane puts the weapon in his trunks, and flings Travis into his corner. Tag back to Lake. Travis... a small trickle of blood from the left brow, I think.

BW: A bigger one after that! Lake pelted his forehead with the big boot... oh man. Is he gonna...

[The audience loses it as Lake walks around the ring making the sign for the Iron Claw... and clamps it on the battered Travis Lynch!]

GM: Of all the... of all the insults! To beat the Lynches in their hometown with the Claw?!

BW: This would be the ultimate humiliation! Demetrius told you all that this hold should be banned! What more fitting way to prove it than to cripple a Stench with it!

GM: Wait... look at this!

[Medical personnel go flying as Jack Lynch recovers enough to see what is happening to his brother! He forces his way off the stretcher and rushes to the apron to a massive cheer from the fans! Jack starts stomping the ring apron and inciting the crowd...]

JL: GO TRAVIS GO! GO TRAVIS GO!

BW: NO! How did he... that guy should have an oxygen tube down his throat!

Crowd: GO TRAVIS GO! GO TRAVIS GO! GO TRAVIS GO! GO TRAVIS GO!
GO TRAVIS GO! GO TRAVIS GO!

BW: And don't get THEM started!

GM: JACK LYNCH IS BACK! And the roar of this crowd is urging on Travis!
He's fighting the Claw!

[Lake's eyes bulge, and he looks around in horror as Travis gets a grip on his wrist... and sits up. And rises to his feet, slowly but surely. Travis' foot stomps in time to the chant, and Jack claps along with it. Finally, Travis gets to his feet... only for Lake to let go!]

BW: TIGER STRIKE!

GM: TRAVIS DUCKED IT! DISCUS PUNCH!

BW: LAKE DODGED IT!

GM: But that got him away, and Travis leaps... AND MAKES THE TAG!

[EXPLOSION! The crowd goes bananas as Jack Lynch barrels in the ring at 732 miles per hour, but instead of breaking the sound barrier he tries to break Lake's face with a jumping high knee! He creams Lake and goes right through him to the enemy corner, where Shane has already entered the ring to try and ambush him. Jack beats him to the punch with a dashing elbow into the corner, and bounces out with a headlock and bulldog on the Ring Leader!]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS IN, AND KATIE BAR THE DOOR! JACK IS ON FIRE!

BW: Get Demetrius some lighter fluid and he would be!

GM: Jack Lynch tackling lake, and raining blows into his head! Oh, how he has waited for this! What... WHAT?!

[Travis has collapsed exhausted on the apron, to recover the massive damage to his back and the cut to the head. But from over the barricade, a man with a long black topknot and a swath of red paint across the face rushes up to Travis and starts pounding away! Clad in a leather jacket and blue jeans, he has a crazed expression as he hammers down with blow after

blow! Screams ring out through the audience as their joy for Jack reentering the match is terminated as they realize that even THAT was a setup!]

GM: NO! THE LOST BOY!

BW: #ScumbagTravis is getting beat like a five-dollar-

GM: Jack doesn't see it! He's too focused on Lake! Jagger trying to pull Jack Lynch off of him as Jack is choking and punching at the same time! Jack Lynch's temper has blinded him to the new threat!

[We see Sunshine jog down the aisle, and takes high-fives from Raven and Sandra as she passes them. The blonde instigator is wearing her red painted neckbrace, a cutoff #ScumbagTravis T-Shirt knotted in front to accentuate her cleavage, and a black miniskirt. She is yelling at Travis at the Lost Boy pulls him off the apron, kicks him in the back, picks him up, and drives him back-first into the barricade, causing Travis to flip head-over-heels into the crowd!]

BW: And in the dark depths of Texas, a ray of Sunshine beams down on #ScumbagTravis.

GM: This was a setup!

BW: How much you wanna bet that Sunshine called up Sandra Hayes and Raven for some girl power support, and this is the result?

GM: Possible, but now the Lost Boy is in the crowd! He's slamming Travis Lynch on the concrete in the crowd! We need security! The fans are not safe near this man! He does not care! This lunatic will attack anyone!

BW: And Jack just noticed it! Oh, too bad, Terry Shane III just leveled him from behind when he got distracted by his little brother.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Johnny Jagger has called for the bell! He sees that the Lost Boy is taking Travis Lynch through the crowd! But Terry Shane and Demetrius Lake are mauling Jack Lynch! They are mugging him in the ring!

[Terry Shane picks up Jack and locks on a side Russian legsweep position... as Lake extends the thumb and pounds it into Jack's throat for the Tiger Strike! Shane drives him back with the legsweep, and the fans are riotously angry!]

BW: GOODBYE!

GM: NO!

BW: Tiger Strike Legsweep?! Ha ha ha! the King Of Wrestling declared last week that there would be no match on Memorial Day, and he meant it!

GM: There was no weapon this time, but combined with the heinous shot from earlier... this is catastrophic! And security is busy in the back of the crowd pulling the Lost Boy off of Travis!

BW: You think THAT was catastrophic?! Check THIS out!

[Percy hands Lake the cane, and Lake climbs the top rope... as Terry Shane traps one of Jack's arms and pulls him on top with the crucifix neck crack!]

GM: _NO ESCAPE_! Terry Shane has his neck submission on, and it is leaving Jack wide open for Lake to come off the ropes! Someone has to stop this! If Lake hits Jack's head or neck while he's in THIS hold, they could break his neck!

[And the fans roar again, as someone new enters the ring after leaping the barricade! Wearing a pair of faded jeans, sneakers, and a blue "Ramblers" hoodie, with the hood up... the fans recognize him and cheer.]

BW: GET HIM OUT OF THERE!

GM: STEVE SPECTOR IS HERE!

BW: But he can't touch Terry Shane, remember! He can't touch Sandra, or any Shane Gang members! He's helpless here!

GM: But there's nothing that says he can't touch Demetrius Lake!

[Lake goes wide-eyed as Spector rushes the ropes, steps up to the second turnbuckle, and grabs his arm. Spector then falls backwards... spiking Lake into Terry Shane's head with a hiptoss off the top! The fans go crazy as Shane releases the hold, clutching his head!]

BW: NO! That was an attack! That was an attack!

GM: On Lake! Shane was in the way! Steve Spector was waiting at ringside somewhere... if he had been in the back he never would have been able to arrive in time to stop that move!

[Spector slides out, snatching up a chair, and hurling in the general direction of the ring, sending Unholy Alliance members scattering. He grabs a second one, diving under the ropes with it as Childs calls a retreat, and Raven pulls Lake out of the ring while Shane staggers holding his head. He takes a wild blind swing... and Spector steps into the path of his fist! The crowd cheers...]

BW: NO! TERRY, DON'T!

[...but Shane stops himself at the last possible instant, and rolls out under the ring. The entire Lake-Shane contingent clears out through the crowd! The fans are so bent out of shape at this point that we see one or two people hit Lake and Shane as they hustle out of the arena at top speed.]

GM: THIS ENTIRE CROWD IS ABOUT TO RIOT, BUT STEVE SPECTOR AND HAS MADE THE SAVE!

BW: Spector's out of here... Myers, do you know what this means?! He's stalking Terry Shane! He was right there the whole time, in disguise or something!

GM: That hoodie concealed his identity. He was a front row fan, and nobody knew it!

BW: But even that might not have been in time! Jack Lynch is out, and his throat and neck took some bad damage. I bet there won't be no Memorial Day match for him!

GM: We're out of time! Fans, we'll be back after this!

[The camera gets a shot of security ushering the Lost Boy and Sunshine out through a back entrance as Travis is laid out in the rear of the crowd... it looks like the Lost Boy also took some shots from fans there. Then back to the ring where Steve Spector is checking on Jack 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...]

We fade back up backstage, where Jason Dane stands alongside the two members of Strictly Business, Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian. Tucker is clad in a pair of dark blue jeans and a black hooded leather jacket with a white t-shirt underneath. Sebastian, meanwhile, sports a pair of inked and faded jeans and a circa-1982 album cover tee of Social Distortion's "Mommy's Little Monster." The two men have a bored look on their faces as Jason Dane begins.]

JD: Fans, I'm here backstage with Strictly Business. Gentlemen, these fans want to know the answer to the obvious question.

[A puzzled look crosses Tucker's face.]

AT: Forgive me for askin', Dane, but I'm not sure exactly what the obvious question is...?

JD: The gauntlet thrown down earlier tonight by Air Strike! They challenged you two to a match at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Sebastian's brow furrows a bit.]

MS: I'm sorry, who?

[Dane now is the one looking confused.]

JD: Air Strike! The two men you betrayed at Rising Sun Showdown!

[Tucker shakes head.]

AT: Sorry, it's not ringin' a bell. Mike, that name mean anything to you?

MS: The Outlaws, Epitome of Cool, Down Boys, Frats...

[He pauses, counting on fingers as he glances upward to jog his memory.]

MS: ...Hardin, Thunder, Martinez, Langseth... those names mean something to me. But... Air Strike, you said? Hmmmm. I know there were those Zokugun Sangai imports we roughed up that one time, but that's all that springs to mind.

JD: You two know full well who Air Strike is!

AT: Look, Dane, we've been busy lately. Photo shoots for the AWA website, interviews with all the major publications about our return to the sport... Hell, we've only been on the company payroll for two weeks and we're

already workin' on a DVD that'll be available at the AWA store soon. I think it was about the time we beat Serge Annis and Chris Myers within an inch of their lives. Or was it The Machines? I can't remember.

JD: So, are you refusing to face Air Strike at Memorial Day Mayhem?

AT: We didn't come back to the sport to teach a couple of greenhorn rookies how to electrify crowds in the ring. We didn't come back to the sport to sell tickets for the suits by putting our names on the marquee. We came back to the sport to remind everyone just who we are and what we're capable of. An' that ain't happenin' while we waste time pussyfootin' around with a couple o' teenagers.

MS: This isn't some pro wrestling internship program where we take a couple fly-by-night rooks, bring them up to our level and off we go - them to the top of the card and us to our golden years with our minuscule pensions riding shotgun. If that's what the brass was looking for here, they should have gotten Jason Keening and Michael Banshee on the phone instead.

[An unsubtle scoff.]

MS: How this sport failed to take notice of the indelible mark we left on tag team wrestling is beyond me. We flew through the tag ranks like a hot knife through butter. And once all the tandems with any relevance to them whatsoever had either retreated or retired, they just started pairing up World champions as opponents for us. Reed, Kauffman, Van Strife, Bryant, you name it. That's all that was left.

It became clear in recent years, however, that people needed a reminder of the excellence they witnessed at the turn of the century. We're here to hand-deliver that reminder. But you can label that message return-to-sender unless we're able to get in there with somebody worth our time and energy. Not a couple blips on the radar like this Air Strike team you speak of, whose names I forgot days ago.

JD: So when can we expect the two of you in the ring, then?

MS: Maybe when Derek Mota comes through that curtain dragging an IV behind him. If and when Brody decides he can fit us in between physical therapy sessions, perhaps we'll think about lacing up the boots again.

It's like this, Dane. We spent a decade-plus risking life and limb on a nightly basis against not only the best this sport has seen but also its most dangerous. Anybody looking for a history lesson can thumb through the 1999 chapter, find the words 'Killing Box' and see things weren't exactly the walk in the park then they are now by comparison. We earned our stripes a long time ago. We did it somebody else's way longer than we ever should have and some may not like the way it tastes going down, but we're here to do business one way. Our way. And you can call us selfish and short-sighted from sun up to sun down, but we don't give an Ivan Ramius who thinks what about it.

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

AT: We're a Hall of Fame tag team, and we're only facin' Hall of Fame competition. So go tell O'Connor to throw Vasquez in the ring. Pull Stevie Scott outta that windshield and have 'em team up for old time's sake. Let us finish up 15 year old business with Craven. Adam Rogers is alive somewhere, ain't he? Marley and Detson were World Champs somewhere, at least. Hell, go get us Martinez – and not the dumb kid. Taken 3 is going to suck, by the way. Get us somebody we've heard of.

Because nobody in this tag team division as it stands currently is worth our attention. And until that changes, we'll be back here in street clothes, collectin' paychecks we don't really need. Now be a good boy, Dane, and pass the word along.

[Tucker pats Dane on the head patronizingly and the two stroll off camera, not a care in the world. Dane is shaking his head as he watches them walk out of view.

We crossfade back down to the announce team.]

GM: Strictly Business can claim all the want that they're too big for Air Strike but sooner or later, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz WILL get their hands on the team that may have cost them everything at the Stampede Cup. Just like how at Memorial Day Mayhem, Dave Bryant will, at long last, get his hands on the man who cost him everything back at SuperClash last fall. Last week, there was a report that Bryant has been hard at work in the Combat Corner working on his version of the Boston Crab, the Iron Crab, named after "Iron" Brett Bryant - a relative of the Doctor of Love.

BW: If he thinks he's going to make Supreme Wright give up the World Title that he LIVES for, he's dead wrong.

GM: You could be right but I'm sure Calisto Dufresne felt the same way until Bryant locked that Crab on him at SuperClash. Plus, we already know that if the Crab doesn't work, Bryant's laid out Supreme Wright with his superkick before. In fact, let's take a look back... right now... at the first time these two men met inside the ring and then we'll hear from Dave Bryant just two weeks before his shot at the World Heavyweight Title!

[We fade to black...

...and then fade up on a shot of Dave Bryant, fresh off a victory over Juan Vasquez during The Chase For The Clash, earning himself a trip to the Finals of that tournament. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"What a moment! What a win! But this night's just getting started, fans! Remember, Dave Bryant meets Supreme Wright in the Finals of this tournament later tonight!"

[We fade again, this time to Supreme Wright speaking into the camera, moments before his tournament Final against the Doctor of Love.]

"I'm not gonna' say how much I "want" the World Title.

If you don't understand how much Supreme Wright wants the World Title, then you just haven't been paying attention."

[The words echo a few times as Wright stares into the camera. We cut to a closeup of his eyes.]

"Some would have you believe that this journey is about Dave Bryant's redemption."

[The same eyes we've zoomed in on close tightly.]

"I respectfully disagree."

[They flash open. Open wide. Wild. Vibrant. His voice changes to one that - until that night - we had not heard.]

"I AM GOOD ENOUGH!

I AM WORTHY!

I WILL DEFEAT YOU, MR. BRYANT!

AND I WILL..."

[The eyes tighten again, narrowing to a tight focus as his voice falls back under control.]

"And I will be your next AWA World Champion."

[The eyes flash, cutting to a bright white light as the voice of Dave Bryant cuts through it.]

"I'd rather talk about the man I'm facing this evening, a man who has repeatedly proven himself to be a man with character.

A ruthless, vicious competitor. A man who wouldn't bat an eyelash about injuring his opponent if he had to do so to win.

He'll stand up, look you in the eye, and then chop a wheel right out from under you."

[The image of Dave Bryant fades in, weary yet hopeful as he stood just moments before the biggest match his career had seen in years.]

"This is the biggest night of his life, the biggest night of OUR lives, and we're both so desperate to prove ourselves that it's a surprise neither of us has snapped from all the emotion we've keeping bottled up inside."

[Bryant closes his eyes, shaking his head.]

"I can't climb this far up the mountain and fall again.

Supreme Wright, you said something that rang in my ears earlier tonight and it rings even louder now.

"There isn't a man in this world that desperately wants to hold the World Title more than I do."

[A pause, cutting into a very similar pair of determined eyes.]

"You're wrong."

[The two pairs of eyes are superimposed over one another, flashing with focus and determination... with hunger... with the desire to win. With the desire to be "the man." With the desire to be the World Heavyweight Champion.

We cut to highlights of their match during the tournament Finals.

The two men stand eye to eye, staring each other down with the referee standing between the two, giving final instructions to both men.

And then as they burst into action, the sounds of "Two Worlds Collide" by Inspiral Carpets plays.

Wright surging into motion at the bell, securing a rear waistlock, dumping the Doctor of Love down on the back of his head with a German Suplex. Gordon Myers' voice provides the commentary.]

"Wright went right to the suplex but at what cost? His ribs are a wreck!"

[We see Wright gator roll Bryant across the ring, scrambling out into a pair of quick elbows to the back of the neck before the former Combat Corner student attempts to hook in a Cobra Clutch Crossface. Bryant immediately rolls to the side, slipping under the ropes to the floor.]

"Bryant rolls out! He felt the Cobra Clutch Crossface coming and got the heck out of there in a hurry!"

[Bucky Wilde chimes in.]

"We've NEVER seen anyone escape that hold once it's applied!"

[The footage jumps ahead in the match as Bryant rocks back into an elevated surfboard, stretching out Wright. Gordon continues.]

"Oh my! Now that'll do some damage to the entire body of Wright! It puts pressure on the back, the ribs, the arms, the legs."

[The hold gets worse as Bryant pulls Wright back into an inverted facelock, really stretching out the submission specialist. We fade deeper into the

match where Bryant whips Wright hard into the nearest set of buckles, causing him to stagger out...]

"SUPERKICK!"

[...where Wright snatches Bryant's leg over his bicep, securing a High Cradle Capture, and flipping Bryant over his head in a suplex! A little bit later in the encounter, we see Wright teeing off with knife-edge chops across the chest and later, the injured ribcage. Bryant falls out to his knees just before Wright nearly takes his head off with a roundhouse kick to the back of the head!]

"KICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!"

[We see Bryant kicks out of the pin attempt as Wright switches to a mount, ready to rain down blows...

...but gets rolled into a sunset flip type pin by Bryant, gaining a two count of his own. Both men scramble up before Wright CREAMS a kneeling Bryant with a stiff forearm to the jaw!]

"GOOD GRIEF!"

[We dig deeper into the match, watching as Bryant changes his attack, cracking Wright with a left hook before clipping his knee from behind. From there, he SLAMS the kneecap into the canvas repeatedly. And then into a section where Wright is targeting the arm and shoulder, delivering a mounted palm strike to the shoulder before switching into an armbar. Gordon calls the action.]

"Wright's just trying to rip the arm out of its socket with brute strength! There's no execution on this hold... just sheer force."

[Bucky follows up.]

"You saw Wright in that interview, right? He's cracking, Gordo. He's cracking under the pressure. No more Mr. Cool who respectfully disagrees with everyone. He's a big loss away from snapping if you ask me."

[We cut again, showing Bryant get snapmared down to the mat where Wright sets for another roundhouse to the skull. The Doctor of Love ducks down but pops back up in time to eat a back kick to the mush...

...and THEN the big roundhouse to the skull of the seated Bryant! We hear the impact of the kick, the collective "OHHHHHHH!" of the capacity crowd, and then the call by the best announcer in the game.]

"GOOD GRIEF!!"

[A fired-up Wright grabs a handful of hair, unleashing a series of stiff short kicks to the forehead of the Doctor of Love. The crowd can be heard groaning with each delivered blow until Bryant falls back into the

turnbuckles. Wright shoots him across, charging in after him for a koppou kick...]

"OHH! HE MISSED!"

[With Wright's leg crashing and burning into the turnbuckles, Bryant looks to take advantage of it by snagging a front facelock, preparing for what would be a match-ending DDT...

...until Wright muscles him up into a fireman's carry.]

"HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!"

[Bryant shifts his body weight as Wright attempts to put him away with Fat Tuesday, sliding out as Wright falls to his back with his legs in the air. The Doctor of Love attempts to hook in a figure four leglock...

...and gets pulled into a small package in the process! The referee dives to the mat, counting a near fall as Bryant kicks out in the nick of time. The two men scramble up, trading blows to the roar of the crowd. Punches from Bryant... forearms, elbows, and chops from Wright.

Cutting further ahead, Wright rushes across the ring, blasting Bryant with his patented running European uppercut, muscling him up onto the top turnbuckle right after. An attempt at a belly-to-belly superplex goes awry as Bryant battles back...

...and then leaps off for a second rope sunset flip, only to have Wright mirror Bryant's pin of Juan Vasquez earlier in the night, kneeling down and hooking the legs.]

"REVERSED!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-"

[Bryant reverses it into a sunset flip pin of his own.]

"ONE!! TWO!! THRE-"

[The two men trade counters around an attempt by Wright to secure the inverted Texas Cloverleaf he calls the Supremacy which sparks Gordon to say...]

"Back and forth they go! Both men trying to find a way to finish off the other, win this match, this tournament, and go on to SuperClash V to face Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title!"

[We see Bryant grab a limping Wright, tucking his leg up for a shinbreaker...

...and then uses the momentum to bounce him back into a back suplex, folding him up for a near fall on a jackknife cradle.

"Wow! Another near fall there in this one! It's gone back and forth so many times. Hold and counterhold, move and countermove.

They both want this win so badly. Wright says he doesn't just need the win... he doesn't just want the win... he MUST win! Dave Bryant says that he can't lose this one and go back to defending the World Television Title... not after what he's been through to get here over the past decade of his career!"

[Wright again attempts to hook the Cobra Clutch Crossface as Bryant falls back, smashing Wright against the turnbuckles before staggering out and throwing Wright over his shoulder by the arm in a martial arts style counter. Bucky gets to call this one.]

"Wright could've countered it but he never dreamed it might happen! Bryant broke the hold with something we've never seen him even do before. He might've been learning that throw JUST for this match, Gordo! Just for this situation!"

[Bryant again attempts the DDT, only to be driven back into the turnbuckles. Wright turns it into a fireman's carry, looking for Fat Tuesday...

...but Bryant slips out, desperately throwing a superkick. Because of their closeness to one another, Bryant's kick catches Wright in the chest, sending him falling back into the ropes where Wright falls between the top and middle rope, seesawing back towards his opponent.]

"LARIA-"

[Bryant ducks down, catching the rebounding Wright around the torso, muscling him up onto his shoulder, throwing him forward with as much strength as he can manage, sending Wright several feet away where he lands on his knees.

The Doctor of Love leans down, slapping the mat with both hands before letting loose a hellacious scream. He uncorks a Call Me In The Morning, aimed right at the chin of the kneeling Wright, sending a deafening "WHAAAAAACK!" throughout the building, getting the treasured "OHHHHHHH!" in response as Wright collapses backwards in a heap.

Bryant surges forward, jackknifing the legs into a cradle. He runs in place, pushing hard with his legs for leverage as the referee drops to count.]

"ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

[The bell sounds, the crowd erupts, and Bryant rolls to his back, his chest heaving wildly as both men lie on the canvas.]

"He did it! Dave Bryant has done it! The World Television Champion is heading to SuperClash where he will attempt to become the World Heavyweight Champion!

[The words "World Heavyweight Champion" echo over and over and over as we slowly fade from the highlight footage...

...a cut to the back brings us to two things -- a large AWA banner across the nearest wall, and the Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title. Bryant, dressed smartly in a navy blue suit, is staring at the banner, chuckling for a moment before he pats it and turns to face the camera.]

DB: So...is it that obvious that I've been burning the candle at both ends for the past several weeks.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: For future reference, kids, if you want something kept quiet, don't mention it idly in front of the AWA's crack investigative reporter. I suppose it doesn't make a difference anyhow -- Wright's too smart to think I'd just waltz into our match at Memorial Day Mayhem without doing everything I could to get ready. I'm pretty sure I've watched every match he's wrestled here three times over by now, looked at them over and over, looked at them with other people, gotten every bit of input I can from whomever I can.

Now, finding footage of his grandfather, _that_ was a challenge. Of course, there were people who collected what footage they could then as there are now, so I've seen Mr. Wright work...and it looks like he passed everything he knew onto Supreme Wright. Roosevelt Wright was not a man concerned with niceties, a man willing to stretch whatever part of you out it took to get you to tap out. Roosevelt Wright was completely ruthless -- and one of the best technicians I've ever seen. His grandson?

[Bryant shakes his head for a moment, as if in disbelief.]

DB: He's even better. Supreme Wright inherited all his grandfather's ruthlessness, all his skill, and a reckless disregard for the unwritten rules of the ring to boot. We all saw that in Japan, when he tried to break one of Kenta Kitzukawa's fingers. That kind of thing just isn't done -- but Supreme didn't give a damn. He was willing to do whatever he had to do to walk out of Rising Sun Showdown still holding the AWA World Title, and he did. He was willing to do what it took to make sure Rick Marley didn't so much as get a whiff of the World Title, and wouldn't you know it, Rick Marley found himself in the Cobra Clutch Crossface, and he couldn't tap out fast enough.

[Bryant rubs a shoulder, seemingly in sympathy.]

DB: I can't say I blame him too much for that. Wright can hook that move any way he wants, from close to wherever he wants. It's one of the most dangerous holds in the sport, and once it's locked on, you don't have much time to get to the ropes or do whatever else you have to do to break it...unless you enjoy the sound of your shoulder being popped out of its joint, that is.

So, what's the point of all this? The point is that Supreme Wright is immensely talented, completely willing to yank your joints out of alignment or even break your bones. The point is that not only is Wright one of the best in the ring, one of the most talented technicians to ever grace the squared circle, he's also smart enough to know that he doesn't know

everything. That shoulder throw I pulled during the Chase? There's no way in hell that works if he thinks of it, and if I ever tried it again, I'll probably wind up getting dropped on my head and THEN locked in the Crossface. He's ruthless, adaptive, maybe the most dangerous man in the AWA right now because he's gotten hold of the thing he chased for so long, and he'll do anything and everything it takes to keep it.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: So, you might wonder why I'm smiling, why I'm so willing to heap praise upon Supreme Wright, a man who wronged me in the most profound way possible...well, there's two reasons. One, I have to remember how good he is, how dangerous he is, because at Memorial Day Mayhem, I set foot in the ring with him again, and if I forget for a second what he's willing to do and what he CAN do in that ring, I'll wind up in a local hospital with no memory at all of how I got there. As for how I'm still smiling, well...as good as Supreme is, he does have a weakness...

[Bryant taps his own chest.]

DB: Me. When I was reviewing all those tapes, one thing stood out -- how calm Wright always is, how cool, how collected. No matter how important a matchup was, no matter what kind of things anybody said to or about him, nobody ever cracked that stone cold exterior of his, nobody ever got him to show any appreciable emotion. Nobody except the good old "Doctor of Love" himself. If you listen to him that night we faced off for the first time, there was anger there. How dare some aging former star stand in the way of Supreme Wright and the legacy he feels he deserves?

[Bryant smirks once more.]

DB: Then, it happened. I drove the heel of my boot straight into his jaw, covered him for a three count in the middle of the ring. I defeated Supreme Wright cleanly in the center of the ring, on a night when we'd both been knocked around, a night where neither of us had any excuses because we both wrestled hellacious matches earlier that very evening...and that's how I took up permanent residence in Supreme Wright's head. That's how I burrowed so deeply under his skin that Percy Childe's horsecrap about the Championship Committee had just the effect Percy wanted it to have -- to get somebody to circumvent that Committee. Wright heard the fat man go on and on about how they're corrupt, how they make sure only the "right" men get their shots, and that was all he needed to hear. I'm the only man in the AWA to really break open that stone cold shell...and the last person to actually BEAT Supreme Wright, to boot.

[Bryant takes a deep breath.]

DB: That gives me something that nobody else in the AWA has. Kenta Kitazawa, he didn't have it, though he thought everything he learned from Todd gave it to him. Rick Marley, he didn't have it, but he sure thought his connections with Percy gave it to him. Willie Hammer, despite having more

guts than a lot of guys on this roster who've been around a lot longer... doesn't have it.

[Pause.]

DB: If you need help figuring out what "it" is...

It's an edge.

[With that final phrase, Bryant turns and walks off camera as we fade to black...

Fade back up on what sounds like a very passable punk cover of the Beach Boys' "Surfin' USA" with a sun-drenched beach. A voiceover begins.]

"The experts say that it promises to be the hottest summer on record."

[A shot of a pair of bikini-clad girls being baked by the sun.]

"But it's not global warming's fault."

[A shower of sand is kicked in the girls' faces, causing yelps and angry shouts. We slowly pan up from the sand to reveal a grinning Miss Sandra Hayes in a bikini of her own.]

"It's the AWA's fault"

[Cut to shots of AWA action with sunburst graphics and transitions cutting from shot to shot as the voiceover continues.]

"It's become an annual tradition when the AWA hits the road every summer, leaving their hometown of Dallas behind and going out to all the cities thirsting for the professional wrestling action that only the AWA can provide."

[A series of show dates appear on the screen, scrolling past one by one.]

"But this year, the AWA makes history by going COAST TO COAST for the very first time. So, check the tour schedule now for the show nearest you because you do NOT want to miss it when the AWA comes to your town!"

[We cut back to the bikini-clad Sandra Hayes, now with her pink branding iron slung over her shoulder.]

MSH: Can you feel the heat?

[A seductive smile and wink follows before we fade to black...

We return from commercial to a view of the ring, where we see Phil Watson standing by with a fairly familiar figure. Dressed in ragged jeans, a faded Phillies T-Shirt, black boots, and chomping on a cheap cigar, the South Philly Pighter is yelling at the crowd.]

GM: We're back, and coming up next we will see Nenshou in action.

BW: Uh, oh. Gordo, check your two o'clock. We got company coming.

[Walking down the aisle to the boos of the crowd is everyone's bestest friend: Gibson Hayes. Hayes is still in his dark navy suit, white dress shirt, and red tie. His afro is looking quite puffy, too.]

GM: I see. Gibson Hayes making himself known. The AWA has issued an ultimatum to Hayes: he must wrestle Nenshou at Memorial Day Mayhem. No tricks, no walkouts - or else.. And earlier tonight, Hayes stated that he was going to need a concession from Nenshou to make that happen.

BW: All these secrets that Nenshou and Percy Childes have been hiding all these years! You think that Hayes has come out here to spill the beans?

GM: Possibly, since he's approaching our position.

[The audio screeches as Gibson pulls up a chair and the audio from Gibby putting on the headphones is definitely irritating.]

GM: Mr. Hayes, to what do we owe the distinction?

GH: I figured it was a good time to sit down and take in the sights from the best table in the house. However, all the restrooms were occupied so I figured I'd sit down here. Oh... and to talk about all of Nenshou's secrets. He had Dane come tell me. It was hilarious!

BW: Well, you heard it right there, Gordo. That's how you hit Nenshou where it hurts. I bet he wishes he never turned on Percy Childes now!

GH: You gotta make me believe in your sucking up, Buckminster Fullofit. Fred Hoyle, now he was a sycophant.

BW: Who?

GM: We'd better get this match going.

[*DING*DING*]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing two hundred forty-three pounds... THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[The fans boo, and then the opening peal of thunder that leads into "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis turns the boos into cheers. In no time, the red-robed figure of Nenshou is marching down the aisle. His head is obscured by a round red cloth hood with a long slit that reveals the eyes, with silver and black designs framing it. Through the slit, we can see that his face paint is black and white with some yellow accents.]

PW: From The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing in at two-hundred thirty-five pounds... NENSHOU!

GH: You ever wonder if he's poked his eye putting on his make up? Or, you know, put on some "Wild Horses" and danced around backstage, fantasizing about being reborn? Hi-ya indeed.

GM: These comments notwithstanding, Nenshou is one of the more formidable men in all of professional wrestling. Entering the ring, and it seems that you have his attention, Mr. Hayes.

GH: Well, I am one damned handsome man and, as it is well publicized, the best afro in the business.

[Upon entering the ring, Nenshou walks to the side of the ring where Gibson is seated with Gordon and Bucky, and points down at Hayes. He whips his hood off (revealing his brush cut black hair with the kanji for "free man" shaved into it), and does the quick 'throat slash/thumbs down' motion. Gibson winks and blows Nenshou a kiss. And then the Phighter barrels into him from behind with a clubbing forearm!]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Nenshou is totally taken off his game! He never got to do his weird meditation thing because he had to run his mouth at Hayes!

GM: An assault by the South Philly Phighter! Hammering relentlessly on Nenshou! There is an Irish-Whip, and catching the man from Japan with a hard elbow!

GH: Some concentration. Jeez, if he lets a guy, albeit an incredibly charming and wondrous fellow like moi, distract him. Not a good thing if he really wants to be a champion... or even pop that clammy balloon known to y'all as Percy Childes.

GM: The Phighter forcing Nenshou into the front facelock. Swinging neckbreaker coming up, perhaps...

BW: This is his move!

[With a triumphant shout, the South Philly Phighter executes the swinging neckbreaker. But Nenshou does a full in-air barrel roll and lands on his feet! The Phighter, from his back, goes wide-eyed... and Nenshou spits a clear spritz of liquid from his mouth straight down into his face! The crowd goes wild for the counter and the 'mist'.]

GM: UNBELIEVABLE COUNTER!

BW: Where's the disqualification!? He used mist in front of the referee!

GM: That was just plain water, Bucky.

GH: So I was watching a few documentaries about Japan and it seems that they're all either monsters or mutants with crazy hair and stuff. He must have some sort of mutation and that allows him to spit out that junk. Obviously, we'll have to postpone the match and have him dissected and studied for the good of humanity. I, for one, am a big enough man to step aside and let Nenshou be splayed open to help us learn about his shadowy and mysterious people.

GM: The Phighter getting up, but Nenshou hammering a chop into the back of his head. It is now the Phighter's turn to be completely taken off-guard!

BW: Yeah, water does that to him.

GM: A series of strikes to the Phighter, who is reeling! And an explosive standing flying headscissors! The Mexican 'hurricanrana'!

GH: If hurricanrana is Spanish, from the free fighting style of Mexico, wouldn't calling it Mexican be redundant... and a bit racist?

GM: No, that would be a clarification for our English-speaking fans.

BW: You don't get irony, do ya, Gordo?

GM: Off the ropes goes Nenshou, and a quick snapping elbow drop hammers the chest of the man from Philadelphia.

GH: Throw some batteries at him, Phighter! Quick! Pretend he's Santa! Oh man, it's like an execution in there.

BW: Are you... trying to hint at something?

GH: If I were, you wouldn't figure it out, not-Hoyle.

GM: Nenshou now taking the time to center himself. There's that 'battle meditation' that makes him so fearsome.

GH: Closing your eyes and playing Mai the Psychic girl is all well and good, but, you know, you can throw things at him from outside, or skirt around, or a myriad of other things. Nenshou doesn't seem to have a clue how to deal with things that break from the simple base game.

GM: Yes, your psychological ploys will be a challenge for Nenshou. But right now, he's in complete control here. Irish-Whip to the corner... VIOLENT ELBOW TO THE JAW! The back handspring adding the velocity there... the timing was perfect. The Phighter couldn't have dodged it even if he knew what was coming.

GH: To be fair, the Phighter hasn't been able to dodge a meal in ages. He's fat, slow, and bloated... and Nenshou still hasn't put him away yet.

GM: Nenshou with the backbreaker to set the Phighter in position. There's no question that the end is near now.

GH: It is? Wait, that was a question. Never mind.

GM: Nenshou up to the top rope like a cat. ___MOONSAULT___! Nenshou with the moonsault press, and this contest is over.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[Nenshou immediately bolts up from his leisurely cover to face Gibson, who is leaning back in his chair and yawning.]

BW: I wouldn't get too comfortable if I were you, Hayes. You're well within range.

GH: Ah, but this isn't a match and I'm not a combatant. What we would have here is a nice, easy dose of assault. And I don't think a pretty boy like Nenny-poo would like the hoosegow all that much.

[As if to punctuate Bucky's point, Nenshou climbs to the top turnbuckle. Not to celebrate, though "Raijin's Drums" is already playing. He adopts a ready position to leap down upon his hated enemy... who doesn't make any kind of effort to move.]

GH: Is it all mist, smoke, drums and a really bad haircut that obviously was bereft of mirrors with this guy? C'mon, spice up your life. Didn't you learn anything from the inspiring life of Sporty, Ginger, Scary, Baby, Posh, Doc, Dopey, Sleepy, and Harpo? Cut and dried, predictable. Is he always like this, Gordon Shumway?

GM: Perhaps. But we'll see in two weeks time what will actually happen when the two of you square off for real.

GH: Maybe. Eh, I'm going to stare at him now, so, buh-bye.

[The staredown continues, as we fade away from ringside.]

The camera cuts back to a shot of the Unholy Alliance Locker Room door with Jason Dane standing in front of it. AWA's interviewer extraordinaire looks a bit miffed as he looks into the camera, wireless mic in his hand.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me shortly will be "The Collector of Oddities" Percy Childes, leader of the Unholy Alliance and "Showtime" Rick Marley, fresh off of his title loss last week to Supreme Wright.

[Dane looks down at his watch, muttering under his breath.]

JD: Even if they were supposed to be out here ten minutes ago.

[As if on cue, the door opens, revealing the very duo in question.]

JD: FINALLY...Gentlemen, after all of your maneuvering and scheming, Mr. Marley came up short in his--

[Childes interrupts.]

PC: Stop right there. Jason, why are you back here? The interview stage is out on the arena floor. And as I told you before, we will give no interview this week. You know very well that a rematch is in the works, after Wright's faction interfered repeatedly. Had there been a one on one match, you'd be looking at the new World Heavyweight champion. But it is time to look ahead, not backwards.

JD: Do you really expect people to buy that for one moment? Rick Marley all but assured everyone that he'd be walking out of the ring with the title around his waist.

[Marley opens his mouth to respond, but Percy smoothly steps in.]

RM: --

PC: Yes, and it is likely that you've also made promises that were delayed by something beyond your control. We've factored for this possibility. Supreme Wright is not an easy man to defeat. Far from it. In fact, the way he conducts his business is, despite his belief otherwise, perfectly in accordance with what the Wise Men would wish in a champion. So this is only a setback on a personal level. In the larger picture, all things proceed apace. The Championship Committee's days may well be numbered... seeing what they allowed to occur.

JD: I simply refuse to believe that this is all part of some master plan on the part of the Wise Men. The Unholy Alliance showed up in force to try to steal that belt for Rick Marley, but even with all of that help, he still couldn't get the job done.

PC: Is there a purpose to your attack, Dane? Supreme Wright had many more people on hand than Rick did. And though all of them together don't attain to a single man that I have ever managed, that does mean that they can be in more places at once. Yes, Rick should have been able to manage a group of rookies and trainees, but the fact is, he shouldn't have been forced to. Yes, I believed that even with the numbers as it were that he would prevail. Nonetheless, a stronger Championship Committee wouldn't have...

JD: The simple fact of the matter is that he once again wrote a check with his mouth that he didn't have the ability to back up.

[Dane turns to Marley, actually ignoring Percy for a moment before he continues.]

JD: You see, I'm not afraid of you, Rick. I know your type...I see it every day here in AWA. You're all talk, but when it's time to deliver, you fall short. You did it against James Monosso. You did it against Royalty when you

turned your back on the entire AWA, and you did it again against Supreme Wright.

That's the reason you REALLY laid down for Detson, isn't it? That you were afraid that you weren't good enough to get the job done and were terrified of playing second fiddle to him in The Unholy Alliance? When's the last time you won a meaningful match, Rick? When's the last time you actually delivered on the hype that you try to drum up for yourself?

You're trying to get by on your resume, and failing even at that.

[Percy is taken aback at Dane's unexpected show of spine...and Marley looks impassively from Dane, to Percy, then back to Dane...then nods.]

RM: You want to see what I'm capable of?

Both of you want to see? Fine.

Watch the ring...because I'll SHOW you what I can do...and you can...

Ah, the hell with it.

[Marley storms off, leaving Dane and Percy standing there...]

PC: Now see what you've done?!

[Percy storms off as well as a slightly-surprised looking Jason Dane looks on as we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: What the heck got into Dane?!

GM: When you put up with and hear some of the things that Jason Dane does every week, you're bound to get a little riled up now and again. But what in the world did Rick Marley mean when he said he was going to show Jason AND Percy Childes what he's capable of?

BW: I have no idea.

GM: That may be something to keep an eye on here tonight but right now, it's time for the debut of a new competitor here in the AWA just in time for the launch of the Coast To Coast tour.

[Up at the interview stage, Mark Stegglet is standing next to a man never before seen on AWA television. A tall, lanky fellow with a dusky skin tone and a voluminous head of black hair that goes to the shoulder, this man bears some scars from battles in the past, but is still very much a handsome fellow with classical features. He's wearing a blue ring jacket, with billowing pleated sleeves, long white embossed patches down the sides and sleeves, and some silver lining between the blue and white sections. He's sporting blue trunks and boots with "CH" monogrammed on them, blue kneepads, and white wrist tape.]

Quite a few members of the crowd seem to know him and are cheering, but to the rest of us, Mark Stegglet will have to give the introduction.]

MS: Please welcome to the AWA, a veteran of the squared circle. All the way from Guadalajara, Mexico... former PCW Texas State champion Cesar Hernandez.

[Hernandez answers. Despite his foreign origin, his accent is light and his English is flawless.]

CH: Thank you very much, Mark Stegglet. It is good to be back in the state of Texas in front of the same people who supported me years ago.

MS: And more besides. What does the AWA have to look forward to with you on the roster?

CH: Mr. Stegglet, for most of the last decade, I wrestled in my home country of Mexico. I made a few runs in PCW, but for the most part, I've been at home fighting the good fight. There are always people who do not understand that wrestling is a beautiful sport. There are always people who believe that they can use professional wrestling to further their own desires while giving nothing back. There are always people who think they are better than everyone by some warped idea of birthright. They think that they're special. But they are a dime a dozen. They come, and they go, and I like to see to it that they go sooner than later.

I am here in the AWA for the fans, Mr. Dane. My good friend Blackjack Lynch told me that lately, the fans have had it up to here [*holds his hand to his brow*] with political games, dirty tricks, and people thinking that they're something special because they can get all their so-called friends to beat up one guy. When things get dirty, somebody has to clean the place up. And I am more than happy to mop the floor with anybody who causes trouble here in the AWA.

[There's a decent-sized cheer for Hernandez who nods before continuing.]

CH: There are a number of people fighting the good fight. Jack and Travis Lynch, who I've known since they were schoolkids. Ryan Martinez, who put the weight of his own heritage on his shoulders and still moves forward. Eric Preston, who cleaned up his own life when it looked like it could never be done. Dave Bryant, who did the same and suffered the indignity of having his dream taken from him. Air Strike, who took a knife to the back and it still couldn't hold them down. Brian James, who stood up when no one else would to help strangers in need. Hannibal Carver, who was the most violent of men, but who turned that very thing to the betterment of the sport that made his name. Bobby O'Connor, for whom honor runs in the blood. Willie Hammer, who fears no man. Alphonse Green, who rose above all the corruption to make a man out of himself.

And there are more. These are the men you build around. These are the men who embody the spirit of professional wrestling, in all of its forms. And I have come to join them, because they inspire me. I have been a

professional for more than twenty years, and I still learn. My heart still beats for this sport, and I will bleed for it if that is what is necessary. For all of these fans, I lay down my own well-being. And it starts now! Orale!

[Thrusting a fist into the air, Cesar begins to jog to the ring. The sound of a trumpet fanfare is heard over the PA as he does.]

MS: Alright! Cesar Hernandez with an impassioned declaration, and it is time for his debut on AWA Saturday Night! Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[The music playing is "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" and the crowd is giving Cesar quite a welcome. Hernandez goes to each side of the elevated aisle, clapping and pumping his fists to encourage the fans to cheer on. At his jog, he gets to the ring very quickly, leaping over the ropes and, in the same motion, coming up with a big fistpump, thrust to the sky.]

GM: Thank you, Mark Stegglet, and I am excited to see what the longtime veteran, former PCW standout Cesar Hernandez, will do here in the AWA. He has wrestled in the territories of Houston, San Francisco, New England, and of course his homeland of Mexico.

BW: This guy's definitely familiar.

GM: Of course. One of the most respected...

BW: That's it! Now I know where I seen him. He used to sell tacos in a stand in Tijuana.

GM: I believe you're mistaken.

BW: He owes me two bucks! Those tacos were rotten!

GM: Please. Let's get the introductions.

[*DING*DING*]

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

[Entering the ring near Watson now is a pudgy man with a dark mullet and receding hairline. He has a big bushy mustache, and is wearing a singlet with blue and red checkers, separated by thick white lines. He has black boots and fuzzy wristbands. Cesar's music fades out as he tests the ropes.]

PW: Introducing first... from San Cristobal, in the Dominican Republic... weighing two-hundred seventy-five pounds... ANGELO CORDERO!

[The journeyman raises his arms to little reaction.]

PW: And his opponent... from Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[Hernandez takes a big theatrical bow to the crowd, which gives him a much more positive response. The Mexican veteran removes his flashy ring jacket and moves to center ring.]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Alright, we have an all-Latin America matchup here. Collar and elbow tieup, and Hernandez takes a headlock. Transitioning into a hammerlock. Cesar Hernandez is a consummate technician, and Angelo Cordero is going to need to be very cautious that he keeps his limbs away from Hernandez' punishing holds.

BW: And he needs to be double careful that he don't eat Cesar's rotten tacos.

GM: Bucky, you know very well who Cesar Hernandez is... and despite all this "taco" nonsense, I know you're no racist at all. I've sat ringside with you calling matches from Juan Vasquez and both of the Martinez family to mention a few. However, I DO seem to recall you taking a drubbing from him once or twice during your managerial career.

BW: ...don't remind me. In all seriousness, never make this guy mad. Most people, you want to make them mad to make them sloppy. When Hernandez gets mad, he turns into Rambo.

GM: Fortunately for most of his opponents, Hernandez doesn't have a short temper. He's a patient wrestler. Cordero makes the ropes.

BW: And there's your prissy immediate clean break. At least take your four seconds to milk it.

GM: Cesar could not be faulted if he did, but that is not how he chooses to go about his business. Another lockup, and straight into an armwringer. Taking his man down now, and transitioning into an armbar. This is exactly where Angelo Cordero does not want to be.

BW: You know where I don't want to be? In Cesar's taco shop... or more specifically, in el bano after eating there. No es bueno.

GM: Bucky, I know you dislike Cesar Hernandez but I can't believe some of the stuff you're saying! This isn't like you.

BW: This guy brings out the worst in me. Just like his tacos bring the worst OUT of me.

GM: Absolutely disgusting. Hernandez showing that he is a very adaptable mat wrestler, shifting into a prone chicken wing, and is countering every movement of his opponent by re-locking the arm to cut him off. Targeting the left arm of Angelo Cordero.

BW: Which is hilarious. You know what his finishing move is, right?

GM: He has two.

BW: The figure four leglock! And he's working the arm, because he's confused. Rotten tacos and worse strategy.

GM: Hernandez is, as I mentioned, very patient. First he disables an arm to cut off his opponent's ability to use offense, and then he breaks down the leg for the figure four. He also has the Misil De Jalisco, and if an opponent is not paying attention, that can dim your running lights in a hurry. As Bucky Wilde can personally attest.

BW: Never mention that again.

GM: Cordero up to his feet, and Hernandez with the Irish-Whip with the locked arm. Picture perfect armdrag takedown back to the immediate armbar! The knee planted into the face of Cordero. Cesar Hernandez is a nice man outside the ring, but he shows his opponent no quarter. Even simple holds are very punishing. You'll often see an elbow or a knee ground in on his man. Any fair and legal tactic, and he knows them all with his vast experience.

BW: Oh, yeah, he's got that mean streak in him. Don't let the baby-kissin' handshakin' fool you. He wasted his career kissin' up to the fans, because he had the potential to be so much more.

GM: Given all of his championship accomplishments, and quite honestly the money he's made in his career, I'd hardly call his career a waste. He's here for the love of the sport, not the paycheck.

BW: He pulled up in a beat-up 2003 Ford, Gordo. That woulda been a stretch limo if he would have tapped that dark side for real. And you know it. I believe that's why he calls out guys who did. Jealousy.

GM: Hardly. Cordero escapes to his feet again, and is scooped! Hammerlock slam! Right on the left shoulder. Cesar Hernandez lifting up his man, armwringer. Again. Wrenching the arm! Repeated armwringers has Cordero on his knees.

BW: He's pretty much turned Cordero's arm and shoulder into liquid at this point. He could pop a Callum Mahoney armbar on him and submit him right here.

GM: I do not think Cesar possesses an armbar that is the level of the Armbar Assassin, though now that I think of it, those two would be a very formidable team. A scoop of his man, and a shoulderbreaker. Very clinical, very methodical disassembly of Angelo Cordero's left arm here. This is how a technician operates.

BW: This is how a dummy operates, because now he's gonna start over on the leg instead of finishing the guy at his weak point.

GM: Hernandez scissoring the left leg, and dropping a knee on the inside of Angelo's knee! That is painful to an extreme.

BW: Anybody ever done that to you, Gordo?

GM: It doesn't take much imagination to see someone's knee being bent sideways and imagine that being painful. Hernandez goes for the toehold, but Cordero kicks him off!

BW: See? He could have stayed on the arm, or attacked the leg from the beginning, but nooooo.

GM: Is patience such a lost attribute these days?

BW: Cordero is on the attack! Punch, punch... uh...

GM: Angelo Cordero attempted a flurry of punches, but as soon as he threw a left he doubled over. He's trying to wrestle one-armed, which is doomed to fail. Hernandez with a single leg takedown from the left side. Cordero tried to stuff it, but it was impossible. He has no strength in his left arm.

[Holding the prone Dominican's left leg in one hand, Hernandez raises his other hand and looks to the crowd for approval. They give it to him, and he clutches the leg, leaping and tumbling over Cordero with a snapping motion. Angelo yelps and clutches his hamstring.]

BW: OW. That's a lot more painful than it looks, daddy, and I do have firsthand knowledge of that. Pat Weaver did that to me when they were breaking me in. That's a flashback I didn't want.

GM: Cesar grasping the left foot again... a second hamstring pull! Tumbling over the man and using his body weight and momentum to do a number on the hamstring and calf muscle.

BW: That makes me want to limp just sitting here.

GM: Between that, and Cesar Hernandez in general, this must be a traumatic match for you to call, Bucky.

BW: You know what makes it worth it? Imagining what's gonna happen when he gets in the ring with a guy like Robert Donovan or Johnny Detson. Or Terry Shane. Or Ricky Lane.

GM: Cordero is facedown, and look at this!

[After some working of the crowd, Cesar goes to Cordero, and applies a leglace on his left leg. Tucking his instep behind Cordero's knee, and Cordero's instep behind his own knee, the Guadalajara native starts clapping, and the crowd follows suit. Then he falls back, wrenching poor Angelo's leg!]

BW: Indian Deathlock!

GM: One of the variations of that hold, yes. Hernandez straightens up, and falls back with it again! Cordero cannot push himself over with his arm in the shape it is in. Working a leg is normally difficult because these holds require more setup. Opponents can fight back more easily, but with the arm on the same side unusable...

BW: I still think it's bad strategy! Takes too long and is too complicated.

GM: Not for a technician of this level. Hernandez turns his man over, and giving the signal! He's ready to end it!

[After spinning his fist in the air, Hernandez spins extremely quickly, applying a figure four leglock in a flash.]

GM: FIGURE-FOUR! Hernandez applies that hold so quickly that it is almost impossible to counter.

BW: But he'll never get a man like Rick Marley set up far enough to do it. Or Demetrius Lake.

GM: Nonetheless, he's got it on Angelo Cordero, who tried to tap out with his left arm and couldn't even do THAT, but the right arm sufficed and this contest is over!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Impressive debut by Cesar Hernandez, completely shutting down his opponent with pure wrestling.

BW: Let's see him do that to a pure wrestler.

GM: We shall see.

PW: The winner of this contest, by way of submission... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[The fans cheer, and "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" begins anew. The Jalisco native stands, a big smile on his face, and takes another grand bow to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: I get nervous when he bows like that.

GM: Hm? Why?

BW: What if he ate some of his own tacos before the match? Point that thing the other way!

GM: Will you stop?! Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with the AWA President Karl O'Connor! Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing next to the AWA President who appears to be sweating profusely, repeatedly wiping his brow before Dane speaks.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. President, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling.

[O'Connor nods, wiping his brow again.]

KOC: Thanks... thank you, Mark. It's a pleasure as usual.

[Dane furrows his brow.]

JD: Sir, are you okay? Can I get you a glass of-

[O'Connor gives a dismissive gesture.]

KOC: I'm fine... fine. I believe you had some questions.

[Dane nods.]

JD: I do. First off, you have been at the center of a number of controversial decisions as of late and my sources say that you're starting to... well...

[Dane eyes O'Connor warily. The retired Strangler has an edge to his voice when he replies.]

KOC: Crack? Fold under the pressure? Give up the goose physically? You think the first one to ask me that, Dane? You think I haven't heard it for weeks now? Yes. I've made some decisions that a lot of people haven't agreed with - a lot of them in this building even. But every decision I've made, I've felt was in the best interest of the American Wrestling Alliance.

JD: But I-

KOC: I don't answer to you. I don't answer to the boys in this locker room. And quite frankly, I don't answer to the fans either. I only answer to three men.

[Dane's eyes go wide.]

JD: We all heard you tell Steve Spector and Terry Shane to "choose wisely" earlier this week but are you telling us that you answer to the Wise Men?!

[O'Connor rolls his eyes.]

KOC: Seriously? You're losing your touch, Jason. Would I really put myself at the mercy of three men who attempted to put my grandson through a windshield to send me a message? The three men I was talking about are Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor, and Todd Michaelson - the owners of this company. If THEY don't like the job I'm doing, they have my phone number.

JD: Fair enough. Memorial Day Mayhem is traditionally the kickoff to the big summer tour - this year's tour is even bigger as we'll be going Coast To Coast for the very first time. But I'm told that you have an announcement about something to happen AFTER Memorial Day Mayhem.

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: For nearly a year now, we've all sat around waiting for Terry Shane III to show the courage that his father showed me and my son so many years ago inside the ring. Everyone wants to know when Shane plans to cash in that title shot contract. Well, on June 7th, I intend to find out. On that night, Terry Shane will walk to the ring on Saturday Night Wrestling and reveal when he plans to challenge the winner of the Supreme Wright/Dave Bryant match for the World Heavyweight Title.

[Dane nods.]

JD: I think we'll all agree that's a great call considering how long he's sat on that contract.

[O'Connor throws a glare in Dane's direction. His next words are dripping with sarcasm.]

KOC: So glad you approve.

[Dane clears his throat before continuing.]

JD: One more question, sir... I understand that you have a new talent signing to announce.

[O'Connor smiles slightly, happy to move on to a different subject.]

KOC: More of an official signing, I suppose. As you know, Jason... there is a line down the street, around the corner, and all around the world of top level competitors wanting to come to the AWA to be a part of the major league of professional wrestling. Heck, we've even got people going on other promotions' shows and BEGGING for a job.

[Dane smiles.]

KOC: A few months back, word leaked out that the AWA had signed a contract with the daredevil high flyer, TORA. I'm happy to announce that as of earlier this week, TORA's contractual obligations with Tiger Paw Pro have ended and he has inked his AWA deal. He will be eligible to debut in the coming weeks and we're very excited to see what this young man brings to the table.

[Dane nods happily.]

JD: As am I. In fact, we have a special video featuring the man known as TORA that we'd like to show the AWA fans right now. Thank you for your time, Mr. O'Connor.

[The AWA President nods curtly, again pausing to wipe his sweaty brow as we fade to a fuzzy black and white. It comes slowly into focus and showcases a high view of a wrestling match. It comes to us from an apparent Japanese crowd. A sweep shows a Tiger Paw Pro banner and it all suddenly makes sense. In the ring two men battle at a rapid pace. One is a masked man in black, silver and a dark royal blue get up. His pants are the aforementioned blue with black "stripes". He is sheathed in a similarly colored mask with silver trim mane. Some may recognize him as TPP star Blue Tiger.

Ducking a clothesline and coming back with a second rope, turning springboard crossbody is a young man more familiar to AWA crowds these days, TORA. He is wearing kickpads and loose shorts, tassles wrapped around his arms and boots flying as he takes to the air. On impact he hooks a leg, getting a nearfall. Immediately the two are up, TORA sweeping the legs out from Blue Tiger with an arm before hitting the ropes going up... going under... and flipping straight over on a hiptoss, landing on his feet, ducking to a knee and hitting a rolling fireman's takeover, right into a bridge that gets a two count.

Over the blink and you miss it action comes a voice. TORA's voice.]

T: Sometimes you succeed.

[The next scene cuts to the young high flyer ducking a wild high kick and snaring Blue Tiger, driving him down with a TORA Cutter, rolling him over with a quarter nelson as the referee slides in, counting a dramatic three. TORA rolls off and to his knees, pumping a fist as he exhaustedly gets to shaky feet. The referee raises his arm, TORA clutching his abdomen as he reaches high in victory. A crowd pan shows the crowd on their feet, applauding wildly.]

TORA: April thirteenth. Two Thousand twelve. Sixteen of the best junior heavyweights compete in the famed Skystar tournament and it's the second round. Blue Tiger was a rival like few I've ever had that year. It was here, on this stage, that I overcame him and moved on in the event.

[The cut goes to another event. This time TORA is on the offensive as we start, lacing in to LION Tetsuo with roundhouse kick after roundhouse kick. Each one draws a crease of pain across TORA's face, each kick slowing him down a bit further. He takes a step back... takes in a deep breath... and launches the kick of his life, only LION catches it and trips TORA down, spinning into a figure four.

TORA screams in pain as the hold is latched on.

Another shot, a closeup of Tetsuo's famous masked face as he yells in Japanese at his victim.

Another shot, TORA reaching for the ropes, trying to roll over the hold and escape. The fans cheer him on, urge him to success.

Another shot, TORA with his hands over his face, fingers digging into his skin, trying to find a last reserve.

Another shot, TORA tapping the mat frantically, reaching to grab his knee as LION let's go, his hand being raised in victory.]

T: Sometimes you don't succeed. June twenty first, two thousand thirteen. LION Tetsuo did an absolute number on my leg. Veteran, legend in this sport, taught me a grave, painful lesson that day.

But it didn't set in right away.

[Another switch of scene, this to a similar one. LION Tetsuo lays a front kick to the knee of TORA, followed by another. The popular high flyer clutches at his knee as Tetsuo hits the ropes, returning for a running palm strike. TORA looks up to see the move that's won so many matches coming and ducks under it, spinning on a heel to launch a high kick to the head of a turning Tetsuo. The former Global Crown Champion is stopped in his tracks, shakes his head as another is launched... and caught! In a scene so similar to the last, Tetsuo trips TORA and grabs the leg, spinning for a figure four, only this time he is pulled down into a small packed pinning predicament. Enough of one that is draws a three count and shocking victory!

Then the scene switches. This time to TORA standing in front of a split banner. It's a Rising Sun Showdown advertisement, diagonally split between AWA and Tiger Paw Pro colors and vernacular. TORA is dressed in an old faded SWLL shirt, large red headphones draped crooked around his neck.]

T: What it taught me was a strange lesson. Not about how to counter a move. Not about how to win a match. No... that night right there cemented in my mind, my soul, my heart, how to live life, how to live in this business. Rewind a bit and listen to what I said.

Sometimes you succeed.

Sometimes you don't succeed.

Never anywhere did I say you fail, because you don't. NEVER let yourself be convinced you failed. Convince yourself that you simply need to try again. Convince yourself that you didn't succeed not because you couldn't, but because you didn't. Try again. Try harder then them. Try harder, work harder then everyone else in the room and you WILL succeed. That's was my mantra from that day forward.

No matter what life brings you. Or... in this business... who you are in the ring with.

[Shots cross the screen of him in the ring with various other stars.

Staring across the ring at HERO Ishikawa.

An inch away face to face with November.

Super Solar and himself across the ring from each other.

He and Skywalker Jones across the ring from each other on the recent Tiger Paw Pro/AWA cross promoted tour during a tag match.

Noboru Fujimoto standing taller then him, only in stature, as the two square off before a much talked about showcase contest.]

T: All you need to do to succeed is get out there and do YOUR very best. Because if that's the way you live, like I live, then one day YOUR best will be THE best.

[He nods.]

T: Yeah, sometimes you'll fall.

[A shot of TORA laying down on the mat, sweat sheened as he looks up at the lights.]

T: But you'll start to rise.

[A shot of TORA getting an arm raised after a victory.]

T: And so my life brings me back home, to the United States. To my family and friends. And to the AWA. People all over the world call the AWA the best wrestling promotion on the planet today. Trust me, I've wrestled in all those places. Germany, South Africa, England, Canada, Mexico, Japan... the AWA is a special place in the wrestling world these days. The very best talent in the world. Supreme Wright, Skywalker Jones, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, Terry Shane, The Lynches, Alphonse Green, Johnny Detson, Hannibal Carver, Juan Vasquez, the list goes on and on and on.

So little ole me. All five foot eight and one hundred and seventy pounds of me, is heading into _the_ proving grounds in the wrestling world. Don't get me wrong, Tiger Paw Pro is a shark tank. Bleed a bit and get eaten alive.

But AWA... phew...

[TORA lets out a desperate whistle.]

T: It don't matter though. The best in the world means I get to wrestle the best in the world night in and night out. And once again I won't always succeed. But I won't fail.

I promise all my fans out there. Mom. Dad. Uncle Jack. No matter what. I will make sure to work harder then everyone in the room and I... will not... fail.

[The young star smiles, winks and blows a kiss to the camera as it fades out...]

...and back up to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd. The crowd is waiting to see what comes next when suddenly...]

PA: Father...please forgive me for the wrongs that I have done... and those I am about to do.

["Saints of Los Angeles" blares to life over the PA system as "Showtime" Rick Marley strides out of the back. The dark haired cruiserweight has cut his previously shoulder length hair and now wears it slicked back, irritably running his hand through it as he approaches the ring.

Ignoring the jeering fans, some of who launch into a "YOU GOT CHOKED OUT!" clapping chant, Marley slides under the bottom rope and pulls a wireless mic out of the back of his wrestling trunks, pacing agitatedly back and forth as he begins to speak.]

RM: You know...when I first returned here to the AWA, I said it was to save the AWA from the level of boredom...the soul-crushing monotony that had taken hold of the product, both here in the ring and whenever most of the guys in the back picked up a microphone. The lack of charisma during the interviews was soul-crushingly bad...nearly as soul-crushingly bad as what happened when a pair of semi-literate hillbillies lumbered around the ring and did their best impression of Patrick Swayze in Roadhouse.

A parade of wannabe cowboys, each one claiming to be tougher than the last.

It was just damnably depressing.

But I showed up...in the middle of one of those monotonous monologues from James Monosso...

[The crowd cheers at the mention of the departed AWA World Champion.]

RM: ...who I went on to face...and lose to.

[The crowd cheers louder at Marley's mention of one of his losses. The dark haired grappler looks around, frowning before shaking his head to continue.]

RM: It's been suggested this evening that losing matches like the one against Monosso is in fact something that I've done a lot of here in the AWA...guys like Nenshou...Supernova...Supreme Wright...

[The crowd cheers each time Marley mentions a name, his expression looking as if he stepped in something unpleasant.]

RM: ...and that's true...even if each and EVERY one of those times, someone from the outside has stepped in and cost me what's mine...because the facts are clear: I AM the most talented wrestler here in the AWA, bar none. If it weren't for the fact that out company seems to sell tickets to interfere in my

matches like it's some sort of Disney attraction with a Fast Pass, everyone watching at home on TV and here in the arena would know it too...

Which is why it's a shame...a real shame that I've been told Hannibal Carver's taken the rest of the night off...because it's time for some payback, and my name's been on his lips so often lately that you'd think he tattooed it there.

You want to see me pull my own weight?

You want to see what I'm capable of when the shackles are off? Fine... they're off tonight.

The Kooky Quartet? You guys have heard of them?

[Big crowd pop for the mention of the bizarre grouping of fan favorites. Marley looks irritated at the reaction, but finally shrugs...then sits down in the middle of the ring.]

RM: Good...because those are the mouth breathers that stuck their noses in this last time and cost me MY title...so now it's on.

I'm not leaving this ring till one of them comes out here to answer for what they've done.

Me and one of them. ANY of them.

One on one...

RIGHT NOW.

[There's a pregnant pause as Marley waits expectantly. A confident sneer is plastered across his face as he waits just long enough to start pacing. Then, all falls still for a moment, the lights flicker and suddenly the fervent whispers of children ring throughout the arena, jabbering quickly among themselves.]

Voices: Slayer. Strangler. Crusher. Crippler. Gouger. Grinder. Dragon.

Craven

[Dimming ever darker the deep and slow bass guitar licks of Black Sabbath's "Into the Void" drone out over the PA as a dark figure emerges from the entrance portal.]

#Rocket engines burning fuel so fast; up into the night sky they blast.#
#Through the universe the engines whine. Could it be the end of man and time?#

[Marley's sneer fades beneath the strobing of a thousand camera flashes. Nodding his head, he watches as Craven stops just outside the entrance portal and raises his wooden sword before looking up at it, reverently.]

GM: And the challenge has, apparently, been answered.

BW: William Craven cranking the creepy meter to eleven. Did I hear kids talking just now?

[A grand gesture from Craven, swinging the sword down to his side as he lifts a microphone, silences the music. When the green man-beast talks it's an over-deep voice that comes in labored gasps.]

WC: Here I am, Richard, at your behest. Not the first time, perhaps not the last and my response somewhat overdue...

[Confused, Marley looks up the aisle at Craven, rises to his feet and fairly shouts back--]

RM: You've upped the crazy, Bill... what the hell are you--

[--and gets cut off.]

WC: All those months ago, in that back hallway, you spoke of the monster you'd fought in a previous life and wondered where he was. Does it fill you with joy? I've finally accepted your invitation.

[Still looking confused, Marley throws up his non-microphone hand.]

RM: I don't think that gas mask is full of oxygen, Bill...you're gibbering again. I'm not in the mood for poetry or riddles tonight. Right here, right now... are you in or out?

[Craven mocks surprise, raising a hand to his mask and hunching his back.]

WC: Oh Richard, you have forgotten! October was not so long ago. Before you and yours struck down my Emperor, before you found your way into the good graces of your so-called "Wise Men", you decried my status as supposed lap dog to Chris Blue, asked where the monster had gone and laid hands upon me stating that, when I was ready, we should "chat about that slap".

[Marley smirks, firing back.]

RM: I don't think the slap worked...you haven't seemed any more awake since October...or coherent.

[Removing his gas mask, Craven exposes his green-tattooed, shaven head and licks his sharpened teeth with split tongues. Now his real voice, all spit and gravel, is heard; an angry whisper.]

WC: That's where you're wrong, Richard, I'm ready now, the monster is very much awake and in control.

To sum up; I'm the King of the Monsters.

And you're dead.

[Dropping the microphone Craven first walks, then runs, then SPRINTS before entering the ring. Marley falls upon him and it's on!]

****DING DING DING****

GM: And it looks like we've got a match right off the bat, Bucky!

BW: I'm not sure that Rick Marley thought this one through, daddy! William Craven is one of the most dangerous guys in the world. Yeah, he's not playing with a full deck, but that just makes him even worse! The guy thinks he's a lizard!

[Marley peppers the broad shoulders of Craven with rights and lefts as the tattooed man comes into the ring...but Craven's superior size and strength allow him to fight through, burying his shoulder into Marley's ribs and forcing the smaller man back into the corner.]

GM: This is exactly where Marley doesn't want to be, Bucky. He gives up about six inches and right around a hundred pounds to Craven...and the self-proclaimed 'best wrestler in the AWA' isn't gonna be able to do much of anything if the big man grinds him into hamburger before he can even wrestle.

[Craven straightens up and maintains the cinch, firing a series of knee strikes into Marley's ribs that lift the dark haired cruiserweight off the mat with each impact.]

BW: With all of his crazy, I forget that Craven's got some sorta karate background.

GM: Muay Thai, Bucky. Craven's done that for years, which is easy to forget with how often he just relies on the power game when he's in the ring, but he's an accomplished striker too.

BW: I think he just about forgets his own name a lot of the time. Maybe he doesn't remember that he knows it?

[With Marley slumped in the ring and referee Davis Warren not applying a count, Craven looks over his shoulder, grabs Marley on either side of the head and tosses him halfway across the ring, where he lands with a resounding thud.]

GM: Oh! Look at that power from William Craven! He just tossed 215 pounds of Rick Marley like he was a child, Bucky!

BW: Craven looks like he's gonna give Marley a whoopin' like one too!

[Craven walks calmly after Marley, picking him up by his hair, then sending him CRASHING hard into the corner with an Irish Whip. Marley gasps at the impact... slumping down and gritting his teeth.]

GM: What an impact...Craven is really working over Marley's back here in the early going, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure it's that coherent, daddy...I think that Craven might just want to hurt him after Marley slapped the taste out of his mouth a couple o' months ago...not sure that was the greatest idea that anyone's ever had.

[Craven once again grabs Marley and sends him for the ride, this time even harder into the corner. Marley smashes back first into the corner, but the impact is so severe that it bounces him out forcing him to fall to the canvas face first.]

GM: If Rick Marley doesn't turn things around, this will go down as the most ill-advised challenge ever laid down in an AWA ring...he's...oh, no! What are THEY doing here?

[Gordon refers to "The Collector of Oddities" Percy Childes and Johnny Detson, who make their way from the back to ringside...taking up a position in one corner, where Childes immediately begins to shout encouragement and instructions to Marley, who has crawled over to the ropes to pull himself to his feet while being stalked by Craven.]

BW: They're his manager and stablemate, daddy...they have every right to be down here.

GM: But with Hannibal Carver down at the Rusty Spur taking the night off and Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor potentially still recovering from their matches earlier tonight, Craven's suddenly caught up in a numbers game...doesn't that make Rick Marley's entire point about showing everyone what he can do into a farce?

BW: What he can do is rely on the excellent advice of Percy Childes to get a win... just like he should!

[Craven brings Marley back to his feet, then fires a hard right hand that sends the smaller man back into the turnbuckle...then grabs him by his hair, pulls him out of the corner, grabs him around his arm and torso and unleashes a NASTY exploder suplex that nearly sends Marley out of the ring.]

GM: OH MY! Craven is just manhandling Marley here in the early going, folks. Marley is dazed on his hands and knees as Craven slowly stalks towards him...he absorbs a pair of weak right hands to the stomach as he grabs Marley by the hair once again...OH! Desperation move by Rick Marley! He grabbed the front of Craven's pants with both hands and yanked as he fell backwards, sending the big man hard to the barely padded floor!

BW: Well, Marley may not be as good as he says he is but he's at least smarter than that big green goof.

[Marley comes slowly to his feet as Davis Warren chastises him for dumping Craven. Shaking his head, Marley stumbles towards the far ropes and bends over, watching closely as Craven comes to his feet....the moment the big man's bald green head appears over the canvas, Marley takes off, nailing a baseball slide dropkick that sends Craven crashing to the floor once again.]

GM: Marley's using the ring structure to his advantage here, Bucky...trying to limit the advantage that Craven has in power by picking his spots and hitting when the bigger man is vulnerable.

BW: Marley is a lot of things, Gordo...a lot of them not good...but one thing he excels at is being opportunistic in the ring. If there's an opening, he'll exploit it.

[While Craven comes to his feet on the floor, Marley once again runs to the far ropes, hopping off one set, he jumps to the ones facing Craven with his back to the big man, then springboards into the air, crashing down on top of the green beast with a breathtaking springboard moonsault to the outside that leaves both men in a tangled heap on the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! Rick Marley just leapt high into the air and crashed down on top of William Craven, and now both men are down on the outside with referee Davis Warren starts the count!

BW: That's the problem with those high risk moves, Gordo...you may hurt the other guy, but it sure don't feel too good for YOU either. Marley may have hurt Craven, but now they might have a double count out.

GM: Johnny Detson is over, encouraging Marley to get back into the ring while the high flier is on his hands and knees. Percy Chiles is yelling at Davis Warren that his count is too fast and offering an example of a proper - MUCH slower - count!

BW: Percy is a giver...always willing to show people how to properly do their jobs!

[As Davis Warren reaches seven, Marley manages to crawl to the ring apron and roll under the ropes, then back out again as Craven has crawled halfway to the ring. Marley approaches Craven and lays a kick to his head, breaking the count.]

BW: What is Marley doing?!? He could have just left Craven out there and won by count out!

GM: Percy Chiles seems to be telling him the same thing, Bucky...but it looks like Marley was serious about wanting to prove himself in that ring.

[Still on the outside, Marley picks Craven up and sends him into the ring post with an Irish whip.]

GM: OHH! THE DRAGON GETS SENT INTO THE STEEL POST!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Craven collapses to the floor in a heap as a smirking Marley slides back into the ring once again.]

GM: Marley might be willing to take the countout now.

BW: Maybe Percy got through to him, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps he did as both he and Detson are shouting at Marley for that apparent break in focus.

[As the referee starts his count again, Craven groggily shakes his head as he lays on his back on the outside.]

GM: Marley continues to use every shortcut he can think of to try and damage the man known as the Dragon.

BW: With as big and strong as Craven is, I'm not sure that running him over with a truck will be enough, daddy!

[Craven pulls himself to his knees using the ring apron as Marley looks on from inside the ring. He keeps on climbing, getting up on the apron as Marley pounces, running to the ropes perpendicular in the corner, leaping up, and springing back with a dropkick...

...only to have Craven swat him away like a fly!]

GM: And there's that power from Craven that you were talking about, Bucky! He swatted Marley out of the air with one hand!

BW: I'm not sure he's human, Gordo. Even under the tattoos!

[Craven starts between the ropes to come in, only to have Marley there once again, this time with a layout dropkick that catches him flush in the chest with one leg over the ropes and the other on the outside. Craven falls out of the ring with his left leg tangled between the middle and bottom rope as Marley quickly approaches.]

GM: Oh no! Craven got caught coming in once again and now he's just hanging by his left leg from those ropes! Davis Warren is trying to keep Marley away to get him untangled, but Marley is ignoring him, putting the boots to that trapped knee!

BW: What did I say about opportunistic, Gordo? Marley sees an opening and nothing in the world is gonna stop him from trying to take advantage of it.

GM: Davis Warren physically placing himself between Marley and Craven... that slows Marley down for a moment, but he just slides out of the ring and circumvents Warren, firing right hands into Craven's knee from the outside

while the bigger man tries in vain to defend himself - upside down and in agony!

BW: All the power in the world doesn't help much if you're not on the ground. This is a smart play from Marley.

[Warren slides out to once again interpose himself, drawing an irate Percy Childes over to complain about biased officiating as Marley climbs onto the apron, measures the distance and places a running stomp directly onto that trapped knee, bringing a growl of pain from Craven...but finally freeing his leg with the impact. Laying on the apron on the outside, Craven clings to the second rope to stop himself from falling while Marley re-enters the ring.]

GM: After the way he was being manhandled earlier in the match, Rick Marley has grabbed an opening and is trying to exploit it. Craven rolls into the ring, clutching at his left leg and pulling on the ropes to help him get vertical while Marley stalks him from behind...and runs in and places a hard kick to the back of the knee that sends Craven back down to the mat once again!

BW: He needed to seize something after that otherwise Craven was gonna seize his spine and take it home with him as a trophy.

[With Craven prone, Marley moves in and drops an elbow into the inside of his knee, bringing a shout of pain from Craven...but the big man reacts quickly. Ignoring the pain shooting through his knee, he quickly reaches out, grabbing Marley's left arm and snaking his right over Marley's throat...]

GM: DEAD ZONE! MARLEY MOVED IN ON THAT KNEE AGAIN AND CRAVEN LOCKED IN THE CHICKENWING!

BW: Talk about opportunistic! Look at him thrashing like a shark with a piece of meat! He's gonna tear Marley's shoulder out with that!

GM: Davis Warren is in, asking Marley if he wants to submit! Will Marley tap out twice in a row, Bucky?!

BW: If he doesn't do something soon, he's not gonna have a choice! This move can end your career if you don't respect the damage it can do!

[Marley flails as Percy screams at him to hold on while Detson pounds the apron...and Marley's free hand finally finds the bottom rope, which he grabs for dear life...]

GM: He's got the rope! Marley's got the rope and referee Davis Warren is calling for a break!

BW: Marley just saved this match...and possibly his shoulder!

[Reluctantly, Craven lets go and Marley rolls away, clutching his shoulder and glaring at the tattooed man as Craven comes to his feet using the ropes.]

GM: Craven's back to his feet, moving in on Marley...

[Marley rises to meet him, faking a collar and elbow tieup but ducking under Craven's attempt. He hits the far ropes, diving to clip the knee out from under the slower Craven.]

GM: Ohh! He clipped him! He drove his own shoulder right into the back of the injured knee and Craven's down again!

BW: Not only is he down but he's cradling that knee. He's in a whole lot of pain, Gordo.

GM: Marley using that quickness that he's known for to put Craven down onto the mat once again! What's he doing now?

BW: Looks like he wants to remind Craven about something...

[Marley steps over the downed Craven, shouting at him.]

GM: He just told Craven that he's still not awak-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped him! Just like last fall, he slapped him aga-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: He did it again!

BW: I'm not sure that's a good idea, Gordo.

[Marley is still taunting the prone Craven who suddenly lashes out from his back, connecting with a BIG right hand that sends Marley stumbling away, clutching his jaw.]

GM: Craven showing that it's still not a good idea to taunt him, even if he's fighting on one leg!

BW: Marley just got taught that it's a bad idea to try to add insult to injury against a guy like Craven.

[Marley stumbles into the corner as Craven comes gingerly to his feet once again, limping into the corner where he nails Marley with a series of big right hands that leave Marley slumping... then Craven moves the smaller man to the ropes and sends him for a ride with an Irish Whip...]

GM: Craven sends Marley in... big forearm shot attempt is ducked by Marley! Marley off the far ropes...and he nails Craven with a low dropkick right to that injured left knee!

BW: At this point it doesn't seem like Marley intends to ever touch another part of Craven's body... not that I blame him. Those tattoos don't really look sanitary to me.

[Marley quickly moves in, using a standing step over toe hold to wrench that leg as Craven shouts in pain... but uses his long arms to reach up and grab at Marley's head... bringing him close enough to fire off a series of punches that once again earns him a respite.]

GM: Marley breaking the hold after he gets peppered with those hard right hands from Craven... but Marley is right back, this time moving in with a rear chinlock after Craven rolled onto his stomach... just trying to wear down the bigger man at this point... make him use up his energy.

[Marley shouts 'Check him!' to Davis Warren repeatedly as he pulls back on Craven's chin...]

GM: Craven's not giving up to a rear chinlock.

BW: You don't think Marley knows that? It's just a mental game for him. You make Craven have to say he's not giving up, using more air to do it. He's trying to wear the bigger man down. Make him carry his weight. Make him fight out of these holds.

GM: And fight out of it is exactly what Craven's doing, battling up on one leg to his feet...

BW: Marley's on his back!

GM: Right where Craven wants him as-

[The crowd cheers as Craven falls backwards, smashing Marley against the turnbuckles, squashing the smaller man.]

GM: Great desperation move from William Craven...but now he has to have enough left in that knee of his to follow up. He turns around, dragging him out on the ropes and sends him for the ride...

[As Marley rebounds, Craven picks him up, pivoting...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER OUT OF CRAVEN!!

BW: We've been talking about Craven's knee, but remember all of that damage that Rick Marley's back took earlier in this match, Gordo? Moves like that are gonna take the starch out of his sails pretty quickly!

GM: Craven hurt himself a bit on that move, grabbing at his leg... not able to take advantage of it right away... but now he's going for a cover! ONE!! TWO!! Ohh... Marley's out at two!

BW: Makes you wonder if he'd have kept him down if he'd manage to cover right away instead of clutching at that knee, doesn't it, Gordo?

GM: It certainly does.

[Craven comes gingerly to his feet once again, pulling Marley up as well.]

GM: Another whip, coming in after him...

[But as Marley and Craven race towards the corner, "Showtime" shows why some have called him the "human highlight reel" as he runs up the corner, backflipping over the charging Craven who slams chestfirst into the corner...

...and then falls back into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: OH MY STARS! What a show of athleticism by Rick Marley! WAIT! HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

BW: ONE!! TWO!! TH- NO! Even with a handful of tights and with Craven only having one leg, he kicks out at 2! I'm tellin' ya, daddy, Craven may just be immune to conventional weapons! You need something blessed by the Pope to stand a chance!

[Marley comes back to his feet a moment before Craven does and immediately backpedals for space as the big man charges, limping in as quickly as he can, only to be caught with a drop toe hold from Marley that sends him crashing face first into the second turnbuckle.]

GM: Once again, Marley taking advantage of his quickness, and the damage done to Craven's leg, Bucky.

BW: He keeps this up, we could be talking about permanent damage... not that I think Craven would notice. That guy looks like he was put through a sausage grinder... and that was BEFORE the tattoos.

[Marley comes over and plants a kick into the back of Craven's left knee once again. Craven turns to face him, still slumped in the corner as Marley hits a right hand... then another... and another... then climbs to the first ropes for leverage and fires more punches down... then to the second for more...]

GM: Rick Marley is just pummeling William Craven in that corner, and Davis Warren is warning him...

BW: And so is Percy...he's telling him to get down before...UH OH!

[Bucky's uh oh is that Craven apparently had enough of being punched. With Marley already on the 2nd ropes, Craven slid his arms under Marley's legs and picked him up, taking 2 limping steps away from the turnbuckle as Marley cartwheeled his arms, desperately trying to shake free...]

GM: Marley's in a world of trouble... AND CRAVEN PLANTS HIM WITH A RING SHAKING POWERBOMB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

BW: Marley bounced away from Craven!

GM: He did, Bucky! If Craven can make the cover, this one will be over...he's crawling towards Marley! He's got an arm on him! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

BW: SO CLOSE!

GM: Marley got his arm up at the last minute, and Craven pounds the mat in frustration.

[With Percy and Detson shouting at Marley, the Unholy Alliance member rolls to his stomach as a weary Craven struggles to push up to his knees. He looks at the official who holds up the two fingers.]

GM: Both men are trying to get back to their feet, trying to get off the mat. You can hear Percy Childes and Johnny Detson shouting encouragement... at least, I think it's encouragement. They sound pretty angry actually.

BW: It's tough love.

GM: I suppose that's one way to look at it.

[Craven struggles up to his feet, leaning heavily against the ropes as Marley tries to get off the canvas. Detson circles around, shouting through the ropes at his ally.]

GM: Listen to Detson now, just screaming at Marley to get up and fight.

[Marley grabs the same ropes, dragging himself to his knees. Percy Childes circles around, also shouting at Marley who slowly climbs off the mat...]

GM: Both men back up... Marley charges!

[The Unholy Alliance member barrels across the ring towards his hobbled opponent...

...only to catch the full impact of a Mafia Kick from Craven that nearly flips the smaller man completely over! Craven's left leg, the one he used to plant for the kick, gives out just after the impact, leaving him down on the mat in agony right next to his foe.]

GM: Both men down again!

BW: At this point, even when Craven is able to score something on offense, it's taking something out of him, Gordo. He hit that big kick but he tweaked his knee again doing it. His leg gave out and he can't capitalize off the kick. He's gotta do something soon, Gordo, because the longer this match continues, the worse his leg is getting.

GM: You're right, Bucky, but Marley doesn't seem any easier to keep on the mat than Craven does.

[Marley, dazed and battered, has the presence of mind to roll out of the ring for a breather.]

GM: Marley rolls out to the floor. A smart move to avoid any pin attempt from Craven.

BW: It's the sign of a ring general. Ricky Marley and I have had some disagreements over some of the things he's said on the mic in the past but I've never been able to deny that he's a top level competitor inside that squared circle.

GM: Marley's out and Craven's battling back to his feet, sucking up the pain from that injured knee. He's in the center of the ring... cheers from the crowd for the courage he's showing with that banged-up knee as Percy Childes and Johnny Detson move over to their partner-in-crime's side, again giving him some advice as he leans on the apron...

BW: Here comes Craven!

GM: He's tired of waiting! He wants to end this thing!

[Craven reaches over the top rope, snagging a handful of Marley's hair to a big cheer. He drags "Showtime" up on the apron while Percy Childes screams at the official.]

BW: Looks like Marley's about to come back into the ring the hard way!

[Craven sets Marley up for a suplex over the top rope...]

GM: Craven going for a suplex... NO! OH MY STARS! Marley reversed in mid-suplex and nailed his Re-Write inverted DDT!

BW: Didn't Craven remember that you just CAN'T suplex this guy?

GM: Marley immediately on Craven with a cover! NO! JOHNNY DETSON'S GRABBED CRAVEN'S GOOD LEG AND IS HOLDING IT DOWN FOR ALL HE'S WORTH!

[The referee slaps the canvas once.]

BW: CRAVEN CAN'T GET LOOSE WITH HIS BAD LEG!

[The referee slaps the canvas twice.]

GM: DAVIS WARREN DOESN'T SEE HIM!! COME ON! NOT LIKE THIS!!!

[The referee slaps the canvas a third time, spinning to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE WINS IT!

GM: You mean that they STOLE it!

[Marley rolls off of Craven, stumbling into the ropes and holding his arms up in the air, celebrating as Craven stays on the mat, clutching his knee. Childes and Detson enter the ring looking at Craven, then to Marley...then nod. A brief talk brings another nod as Detson slides out and brings in a steel chair.]

GM: This looks like trouble, Bucky! Detson and the rest of the Unholy Alliance look like they're going to put Craven down once and for all!

[The crowd explodes into applause as Hannibal Carver bursts out of the back with a 2x4 in hand, storming towards the ring, sending the Unholy Alliance members scattering out of the squared circle.]

BW: Dang it... who told Carver this match was going on!? He wasn't even in the building!

GM: The numbers game just evened up a bit, Bucky! Here comes Carver, with that weapon in hand, and there goes Marley, Childes and Detson, scattering like roaches when the lights come on!

BW: Looks like the Kooky Quartet isn't interested in letting The Unholy Alliance trim their numbers, Gordo...

GM: Not by a long shot...and you can bet that we haven't heard the last of this! But right now, fans, we've got to take a break. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut into the ring where 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...

We fade back in on the back alleys behind the WKIX studios where AWA Saturday Night Wrestling is shot. The bins are full to overflowing. Refuse is strewn across the ground. Sacks of garbage pile up. Here the camera finds the Crazy Homeless Lady nestled against the bags of trash, her ratty watch cap pulled down over her hair and sweaty, over-stuffed threadbare clothes engulfing her thinned physique. She clutches a handful of bones and holds them to her lips, whispering and muttering before she casts them away with a fierce scream. Horrific eyes lock onto the camera and the scarred-face twists and twitches into some ghastly grin.]

CHL: De bees dem gone. Dem buzz away!

[She cackles through blackened teeth.]

CHL: De dead dem walk and dem come fi all yuh. Dem come fi all yuh. Yuh no safe.

[She clutches herself in a hug, rocking back and forth, muttering unintelligible gibberish until she notices the cameras are still on her. She stares through them with wide eyes.]

CHL: I remembah mi name ... it were Poet. I remembah mi name. I remembah di burns. I remembah dese scars ... I remembah 'im comin' to me. I remembah 'im message. We comin' 'ome ... and we comin' to reclaim what should 'ave been ours. Di dead does walk and we dat 'as suffered will rise again. Yuh never know when we come, but we comin' ... we've come 'ome. We've come 'ome.

[For a moment the crazy homeless lady who used to be named Poet looks out at the screen with haunted, scared, very human eyes. There is nothing

in them but pain and endless torment. A soul screams behind those eyes and then it's gone, replaced by something infinite and evil.]

CHL: Yuh will never be safe from we again!

[We fade away from the haunted eyes...

...and back up to Mark Stegglet who stands with Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson because quite frankly...Jason Dane wants nothing to do with the Shane Gang and the feeling is quite mutual. Anderson and Strong are clad in their green and white track jackets zipped up to the neck. Both men are in their ring trunks, knee pads, and boots because that's just what they do. Noticeably absent is Miss Sandra Hayes who is off plotting the demise of Steve Spector with Terry Shane III.]

MS: Gentlemen, you put on quite a performance over the past month and a half. You won the Tag Gauntlet. You went to Japan and in the Stampede Cup you defeated the Global Tag Team Champions and outlasted the War Pigs. Then you took SkyHerc to the limit before the match was thrown out. I know you can't possibly be satisfied with how things went down. In fact I'd say you are probably a bit disappointed --

LS: Disappointed? Disappointed?! You know what's disappointing to us, Mark? The fact that Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton BELIEVE they are the best tag team in the world. That ain't right, jack! Right now they are laughin' their way to the bank toastin' with their own home-made Kool-Aid in matching gold Cups 'cause they just robbed the AWA blind and ya know who we can all blame for that?

[Pause.]

LS: That's a question, Stegglet. Go ahead and answer it!

MS: I --

LS: Karl O'Connor! That's who! Grandpa Karl hand fed Violence Unlimited the Stampede Cup and guess what he has to show for it?

AA: [cold] Nothing.

LS: That's right, jack! He ain't got diddly squat! No rematch. No epic showdown. No trophy to catch a glimpse of in an AWA ring. He did it to himself and he did it to these people. He stole from EVERYONE the chance to see the Lights Out Express against Violence Unlimited in the finals. Instead we got a D plus replacement of a C minus team and the rightful winners...[he gestures to Anderson and himself] were stuck watchin' on the sidelines.

AA: We earned that shot, Stegglet. We won that match. You saw it. The whole WORLD saw it. Our hands were raised and our names were shouted over the arena speakers. Karl O'Connor had no right to throw the match out. Where was Karl during Supreme Wright and Kenta Kitukawa? Where

was Karl during Dichotomy's blatant cheating? Nowhere. The Strangler has gone senile and lost his marbles. Maybe Percy Childes isn't as crazy as we all think he is and THAT'S saying something.

LS: We whipped on those boys, Mark! Jones and Herc pushed right on back just like we knew they would. We've been beaten on so many times in our career, stomped on, had our faces ground into the dirt and ya know what? We ain't ever quit. We ain't ever stopped. We ain't ever cried foul or been burned like this. Ya know what we did?

[...]

MS: Do you want an actual response this time?

LS [mockingly]: "Do I want an actual response this time?" OF COURSE NOT, MARK! Let me tell you what we did...

...we let it go.

We let it go and we came back stronger. We let it go and we came back better. We let it go and we came back meaner and tougher and we ain't ever looked back! We ain't finished with them boys and we ain't stopping till we get another crack at those straps. The Axeman and I got a whole lot left in our tanks and a pair of straps with our names on it. Morton and Haynes might be able to hide over in Tokyo with their tails tucked between their legs but Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds ain't got nowhere to go....

...and we ain't got any place left to "let it go" too.

This is OUR time.

Those are OUR titles.

For Jones and Herc it's gonna be LIGHTS...

SMACK!

[That was not the sound of Lenny Strong slapping his own elbow. No, that was the sound of a fist slamming against the wall. The camera shifts over to the source, where we see the current AWA World Tag Team Champions, Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones.]

HH: Sorry bout that. Are we interruptin' something important?

[Hammonds removes his fist from the wall.]

HH: 'Cause from what I hear, you're under the impression that ya' beat us.

LS: You're damn right we-

[Skywalker Jones suddenly jumps in, getting right up in Strong's face.]

SJ: YOU DIDN'T BEAT ANYBODY!

[Strong is momentarily taken aback, not expecting that outburst.]

SJ: You didn't win...you didn't even survive! You got kicked outta' the Cup just like we did! Do you know what defeating us means? What it TRULY means?

[Jones raises his tag team title right in Strong's face.]

SJ: It means THIS. It means you ripped this outta' my cold, dead hands, beat Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones...and actually EARNED the right to wear it!

HH: But ya' didn't. And now Violence Unlimited's earned the right to call themselves number one. But you think you got the right to call'em out? You think you got the right to say you were the ones that were screwed? You think you got the right to say these belong to YOU?

You don't.

Check yo' privilege, 'cause you're tryin' to fly before you even learn to walk. You think you're first in line?

[Herc shakes his head, pointing towards himself and Jones.]

HH: Nah, the line starts HERE.

[And with that, the champions exit stage left.]

LS [staring at Anderson]: I can't believe you let them talk to you like that.

[Anderson cracks his right knuckles into his left fist, then vice versa as the camera cuts out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, from Watertown, NY... weighing 235 pounds...

CHARLIE STEPHENS!!

[Stephens is a good looking athlete, with a square jaw, a solid build and a brown military buzzcut. He wears camouflage trunks along with black boots and elbow pads, and salutes the crowd as his name is called.]

GM: Charlie Stephens is a decorated military veteran who served our country on two tours of Afghanistan, Bucky. He's a real American hero.

BW: Does that mean I can't say that he's going to get steamrolled in about five minutes?

GM: No, Bucky, it means he FOUGHT for your right to say that.

BW: Well that's awful swell of him, and I really mean it when I say thank you, because Brad Jacobs is about to have him breathing out of his earhole!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent! Accompanied by Larry Doyle! From Miami, Florida, weighing 282 pounds...

BRAD JAAAAACOOOOOOBBBSS!!

[After Watson finishes his introduction, none other than Ice Cube's voice blares into the audience...]

#THERE ARE SEVEN KNOWN WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

#YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS THE EIGHTH

[The driving bass of "It Takes A Nation" by Ice Cube thumps in the Crockett Coliseum, and the fans unleash a cheer! Moments later, Brad Jacobs comes out into the aisle, scowling as he pounds down the aisle with Larry Doyle a step behind him. Jacobs is thick and muscular, with dark black skin and the numbers "305" tattoo'd on his right shoulder. Jacobs wears his black Blonde Bombers tights, although he's shaved off the blonde mohawk into a buzzcut. Around his neck are thick industrial chains and as he makes his way into the ring, they sway with menace. He pounds up the steps and ducks into the rings, throwing his hands in the air as he makes his way to the center, grabbing the chains with one hand and hurling them out of the ring to be caught by an attendant. Larry Doyle quietly claps in the corner as Jacobs flexes by the ropes.]

GM: What an interesting reaction from these fans, Bucky Wilde, who have decided to accept Brad Jacobs as one of their own in record time!

BW: And where did it get him? At the bottom of a Wise Men beatdown, and he about gave his manager a stroke!

GM: I think we're starting to find out that there is more to Brad Jacobs than we previously thought.

DING DING DING

[As soon as the bell rings, Charlie Stephens jumps into actions, rushing across the ring and firing off rights and lefts to Jacobs in the corner. The attack doesn't last very long though, as Jacobs reaches out with both hands, grabs Stephens by the throat and emphatically switches spots!]

GM: Rare power on display from the former All American! Rights and lefts to the body, upstairs, downstairs, now a vicious back elbow to the jaw!

BW: Tiger Claw must be smiling up from whatever hell he resides in!

GM: Will you stop it, please?!

[Jacobs grabs Stephens by his right arm and propels him across the ring, where Charlie hits sternum first. He bounces out and turns around just as Jacobs delivers a clubbing clothesline right underneath the jaw that flattens him like a pancake.]

BW: Brad Jacobs, he ain't gettin' paid by the hour, folks.

GM: Jacobs now has the former Army Ranger in the corner...

[Once there, Jacobs grabs Stephens' right arm with his left hand and pulls him into rapidfire short right hands, peppering his jaw and cheek with six inch punches that leave welts the moment they make contact. Jacobs releases and Stephens stumbles back into the corner, hits backfirst and stumbles back out... into a military press! The crowd erupts as Jacobs lifts Stephens over his head and starts to press...]

GM: One, two, three times! Three reps in the set, and Jacobs dumps him to the mat!

BW: This is a strong, strong kid, Gordo, he could be a Larry Doyle's next meal ticket. Do you know he's never managed a World Champion?

GM: Well, Jacobs called out Supreme Wright on the last SNW, that might change for Larry Doyle in a hurry if Supreme decides to defend the title against this powerhouse.

[Stephens is back on his feet, groggy but still with it as Jacobs measures him up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUDDDD!"

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR BY BRAD JACOBS!

[And where there's a spear, there's an end in sight, as Jacobs pulls Charlie Stephens up to his feet, lifts him for a vertical suplex... and then folds him into a powerslam on the way down.]

GM: My goodness, my oh my, what power and explosion on display from Brad Jacobs! Here's the count, and it's academic at this point... one, two, three. Another decisive victory for Brad Jacobs, and listen to the fans Bucky, they are firmly on his side!

BW: How could you not be? Who wouldn't want to be on THIS GUY's side?

[The referee raises Jacobs' hand as his name is announced, and he rips away after a second and bends through the top two ropes for a microphone.]

BW: Don't let him get it, Larry, every time he talks he messes up your business interests!

[No avail. Doyle can only sit back and watch as Jacobs begins to speak.]

BJ: The last time I was in a ring on SNW, I called out our so called champ. And three thugs who ain't done a damn thing in the AWA wanted to get up in my business about it.

Well lemme tell ya how a champion responds. Supreme Wright, make one of your man servants take notes, so maybe you can start actin' like a champ...

[The crowd buzzes as Jacobs points right at the aisleway.]

BJ: Y'all must not know how to read, dog, because you talkin' to somebody from Overtown in Miami, Florida. The roughest town in the damn world. You talkin' to someone who's been jumped, shot at, stabbed and jumped again before I could ever drive a car. If you three wannabe thugs think you 'bout to keep Brad Jacobs down, you better come back down here so I could beat some sense into your empty heads.

[The crowd cheers as Jacobs scowls.]

BJ: The camera don't lie, dog, the whole world seen you try to beat me down... and yet here I stand, my heart still beatin', my blood still pumpin', and my body knowin' that you three ain't got what it takes to take down a real man. So if you wanna try again, I'm not goin' nowhere, I'll be right here waitin' ladies and-

LD: NO!

[Doyle can takes no more, and with both hands he swipes down and grabs the mic, and then backtracks to a safe distance.]

LD: Brad. C'mon man. Let's not do this anymore. Don't you see? You can't win. Please, please, listen to me. I've never done you wrong, I've always steered you the right way. So you need to listen and trust me.

[Doyle pauses and puts his right hand up, signaling for Jacobs to calm down.]

LD: You are not calling out the Unholy Alliance. You are calling out ALL of the Wise Men. You are calling out people that you do NOT want to make enemies with. They are people that end careers and they end lives, Brad, believe me.

[Doyle looks down at the mat, shaking his head before looking his charge dead in the eyes.]

LD: You think it's a coincidence that Petrow is gone? That Langseth is gone?

Those are men who are legends in this sport. People will be talking about them in a hundred years, they're all time greats. And the Wise Men made them obsolete.

They were part of Royalty, the only group that could threaten them, and Royalty is shattered. Crushed. Gone for good. You think THAT'S a coincidence?!

[Jacobs looks at his manager very calmly, listening to every word, considering the argument as Doyle continues.]

LD: These guys are power brokers, they are decision makers, they are guys who pull strings and destroy anyone in their path. And if they can get rid of guys like that, all time legends who threaten their status quo, they won't think twice about taking out someone like you and making sure you're never seen again.

[At the last line, Jacobs snaps his head to look at Doyle. Larry goes to talk again but Jacobs palms the microphone and rips it away.]

BJ: Guys like me?

[Doyle's eyes go wide, realizing what just happened. He starts to shake his head.]

BJ: Someone like me?

[Doyle is pleading with Jacobs to listen from off-mic.]

BJ: What're you tryin' to say, Larry?

[Even though he's off mic, Doyle can be heard as clear as day.]

LD: No! No! Brad! I didn't mean that, lemme explain! Calm down now, let me talk, Brad, be reasonable, let me-

BJ: Shut up!

[The crowd explodes as Jacobs is staring daggers through his manager.]

BJ: I don't give a damn who the hell these Wise Men are, I ain't backin' down one bit. Whatever they callin' themselves, Wise Men, Unholy Alliance, it's all the same. If what you tellin' me is true, then they took EVERY ONE of my friends out... and they was about to take me out too.

But I'm still here, Larry!

[Big cheer!]

BJ: I can take an ass whuppin' and you damn sure know I can give 'em!

I worked too hard, I bled too much, I wasted too much of my life in a ring like this to back away from some damn ghost that everyone is scared of. You know me too well, you know me, Larry, why the hell you think for one second that I'm not gonna step to these punks!

You think I'm scared!? You think I'm scared?!

[Jacobs' eyes go wide, his nostrils flaring with anger.]

BJ: DO I LOOK SCARED TO YOU?

[Doyle shakes his head back and forth so fast he's just a blur on camera, but he's still trying to get Jacobs to relent, resting his hands on Jacobs' arm.]

BJ: GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF OF ME!

[Doyle whips his hands into his pocket as the crowd is loving it, on their feet and cheering as Jacobs rants.]

BJ: I ain't never been scared of a man in a my life and I ain't about to start now. I've been dealin' with little punks scared of they own shadow my whole life, I been dealin' with gangs and thugs and wannabe tough guys forever. When you can't stand up on your own, when you too yellow to fight for yourself, when you need someone to constantly tell you that you the man because life told you that you's a pansy, you join a gang. That sounds JUST like Rick Marley and Detson, that sounds just like Bigfoot Lake, who couldn't find the ghetto with a damn map.

Life told you that you suck, so you need Big Fat Percy to tell you different. Well, Big Fat Percy better tell you to move your asses to the next exit, because as soon as I'm done here I'm runnin' back to the dressing room and I ain't gonna stop tearing things up until you three are lined up in ambulance. You took my friends out?

Now I'm takin' YOU out!

[The crowd explodes as Brad Jacobs tosses the mic aside and goes through the ring ropes, with Larry Doyle practically in tears begging him not to do it. Doyle pursues a fuming Jacobs down the ramp, pleading with him to stop as the crowd roars.]

GM: Brad Jacobs is heading to the back... and he's huntin' Wise Men tonight!

BW: He's crazy, Gordo! He's out of his mind! Has he seen the list of people the Wise Men have openly taken out?! Scott, Supernova, Blue, Waterson, Matsui... and those are just the ones we know about! Who knows who they've taken out in secret?!

GM: Brad Jacobs is red hot with rage! Larry Doyle just pointed out that the Wise Men may have been responsible for taking out Joe Petrow... for taking out Mark Langseth. We know how both of those things happened but Doyle seems to think there may have been some... machinations if you will... behind the scenes to make that happen. Could that be true, Bucky? Could the Wise Men be responsible for the collapse of Royalty?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I wouldn't put it past 'em. Royalty didn't seem like they were playin' ball with the Wise Men. If you think back to

WrestleRock when the Wise Men first struck publicly, we know that Royalty didn't play a part in it. Maybe the Wise Men got tired of Royalty not getting in line with everyone else.

GM: Brad Jacobs has disappeared through that curtain. I hope we've got some cameras back there going after him. We need to find out what's going on back there. Fans, we're going to take a break but hopefully, when we come back, we'll have our cameras in the locker room area to find out what Brad Jacobs is going to do back there! Don't you DARE go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[Fade to black on a shot of Larry Doyle hustling to catch up to an angry Brad Jacobs.]

And back up from black on a shot of the sun shining on a hot summer day over a beautiful white sand beach.]

"It's summer. The time of the year when all minds turn to one thing..."

[The camera drifts over a beach volleyball game with some well-toned bodies.]

"Wresting!"

[The shot shakes and then breaks apart to reveal AWA action inside the ring.]

"The summer is that one time every year where the AWA goes on the road, bringing all the hottest action to the town near you. And this year, for the very first time, we're going COAST... TO... COAST!"

[The shot fades to show a graphic over top of it.]

"The tour kicks off on Monday, May 26th in Gainesville, Florida at the O'Dome for MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM! This huge kickoff event will feature the World Title rematch the world is waiting for with Supreme Wright defending against Dave Bryant! Plus so much more action coming to Gainesville!"

[The graphic changes.]

"On Wednesday, May 28th, we'll be in Orlando, Florida at the CFE Arena for a live arena show featuring the World Tag Team Champions!"

[It evolves again.]

"Friday, May 30th... get ready Jacksonville as the AWA comes to the UNF Arena with a big event headlined by Ryan Martinez taking on Rick Marley!"

[And again...]

"We've got two big weekend events - Saturday and Sunday - we're coming to Savannah, Georgia and Charleston, South Carolina! Get your tickets now at ticketmaster.com for these huge live events!"

[The words "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" appear on the screen.]

"On Saturday, June 7th, the AWA returns to the airwaves on WKIK for another exciting edition of Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE from Charlotte, North Carolina! You do NOT want to miss that one!"

[The graphic fades, leaving the AWA logo.]

"It's the major league of professional wrestling coming all summer long to a town near you as we go COAST TO COAST!"

[The AWA logo fades to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find a shaky shot out in the parking lot of the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: We're back, fans... and as you can see, our cameras are making an attempt to follow Brad Jacobs out to the parking lot of the Crockett Coliseum. During the break, we heard Jacobs asking for the location of Percy Childes and someone tipped him off that the Collector of Oddities is out-

[The camera falls on Brad Jacobs who is still hot under the collar as he paces through the lot.]

"CHILDES! SHOW YOURSELF!"

[Jacobs' shout goes unanswered as he pulls to a stop, hands on his hips as he looks around the sea of cars.]

"Son of a..."

[Jacobs' words trail off as three men rush in from out of camera's view. The biggest of the trio strikes first, wrapping his arms around Jacobs' torso and DRIVING his back into the hood of a car, pushing him back over it. The camera catches a glimpse of one of the smaller men as he mounts the hood, taking a knee to hammer at Jacobs' head.]

GM: That's Pedro Perez! It's those hired guns again!

[Perez watches as the even-smaller member of the trio joins in, burying his knee into the chest of Jacobs, pinning him down as he takes turns pounding Jacobs with right hands as the larger man continues to hold him in place.]

GM: They've got Brad Jacobs trapped, isolated in a three-on-one attack! The Wise Men have struck again!

BW: Did you think he'd get away with threatening them, Gordo?! Did you really think they'd be alright with that?!

GM: I suppose not but- ohh!

[Gordon groans at the sight of the big man straightening up, laying in knee after knee to the midsection of Jacobs, forcing him down to his knees where Perez grabs him around the throat, SLAMMING the back of his head into the front grill on the car!]

GM: OH!

[With Jacobs down on the asphalt, the trio launches into a vicious series of stomps and kicks on his prone form. Perez is shouting at him this time.]

"You thought you were too big for the Wise Men?! You thought you could threaten them?!"

[Perez buries a boot into the ribs as Jacobs groans. The big man gestures at him with a "get him up!"]

GM: They're pulling Brad Jacobs off the- right hand! Right hand!

[Jacobs lets loose a flurry of haymakers at Pedro Perez and the smaller man...

...before a leaping front kick to the chest knocks Jacobs back over the hood again. A wild-eyed Perez leaps on him, hammering away with hammerfist blows until the big man pulls him off.]

GM: Oh my god. They're pulling Brad Jacobs back and... I think... I think they're going to put him through that windshield!

[Perez launches into him again verbally.]

"It didn't have to be this way! You could've been on the right side! You could've been one of us!"

[The fiery youngster slaps Jacobs across the face as the big man turns him around, shoving him facedown on the metal car hood as he turns, looking into the shadows of the dark parking lot.]

GM: What... or who... is he looking at?! This guy is looking off...

[A voice rings out from the shadows.]

"Get him up."

[They slowly turn him around, the big man and the smallest man each holding an arm as Perez sits on the car hood, grinning as he cups a hand under Jacobs' head, yanking his head back roughly and holding him up. Still in shadows, the voice continues.]

[From off camera, a familiar voice calls out...]

"It didn't have to be like this, kid, we could have run this place."

[The voice pauses and coughs.]

"You had the whole world in front of you. You've got limitless potential, you've got physical gifts that no one else has. You had your whole career to be the World Champion, but you were too damn bullheaded. You wanted it now... you needed to do it right now. Your temper cut you down!

If you would have LISTENED, we wouldn't be here right now. But you had to color outside the lines, you had to do your own thing and try to be a hero to these windbags, those peons who make you think you matter.

You matter to ME, to US!"

[The voice cracks with anger.]

"_NOT_ to anyone else! But you forgot that! And look at who you hurt!"

[A moment later, Larry Doyle walks into view to gasps from inside the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: Doyle? What the hell is Doyle doing out there?

[The manager is visibly exhausted and deflated. The bravado and pomposity that usually accompanies Doyle is replaced with an aura of resigned acceptance. His suit coat is gone, his tie is loosened, his hair a sweaty mess.]

LD: Kenny Stanton. He loved you like a brother. Hell, you two were CLOSER than brothers.

And no sooner did you two lose those titles than you were out the door. The moment he got hurt, you had to shoot your mouth off and challenge Supreme Wright.

You left your brother, your tag team partner, you left him in a hospital and never looked back.

[Doyle glares at Jacobs, gesturing wildly with his right hand.]

LD: And what about Dave Cooper? When you guys needed someone to lean on, someone to give you advice, to help you get to the next level, the Professional was there for you.

And then one day you guys just decided to let him go on his own and fight his own battles, you just brushed him off.

[Doyle's voice is rising, legitimately angry for one of the first times on AWA TV.]

LD: And what about your manager, huh? What about ME? What about the man who dragged you two out of some lousy nine-to-five job, who found you when you couldn't get booked more than once a month? Who gave you style, who gave you confidence, who transformed you to nobodies into the Tag Team of the Year?

Damn you, Brad, WHAT ABOUT ME?!

[He pauses, looking down at the asphalt.]

LD: How the hell do you think I felt having to order someone to put your face through a damn windshield?!

[A ripple of confusion is heard from inside the Coliseum over the announcers' microphones.]

GM: Wait a second... did he just say-?

[Doyle continues.]

LD: I warned you, damnit. I told you. Don't mess with the Wise Men, stay the hell away! I told you in little words so even someone as feeble minded as you could understand.

STAY. AWAY. FROM THE WISE MEN.

But you had to push, you had to prod, you had to swing it around.

And now I have to end you. Now I have to give the order.

[Doyle is stalling, stuttering, beyond upset.]

LD: This isn't how it was supposed to go. You... you were going to find out soon enough. I wanted to tell you, kid. But it just wasn't... it wasn't the right time.

But here it is, kid.

[Doyle pauses, taking a deep breath.]

LD: I told you earlier tonight that the Wise Men took out Langseth... they took out Petrow... hell, they crushed Royalty under their boots. And all that... that was completely true.

But you got it wrong, man... you got it all wrong.

You thought it was Percy.

[He shakes his head.]

LD: Percy didn't do it. He didn't give the order. He didn't have to. See, Brad... I knew what had to be done. And I did it.

Just like I'm doing right here... right now.

I'm doing what's best... for the Wise Men.

[One more pause.]

LD: If you still ain't figured it out, kid, let me speak it clear for you...

I'm the second Wise Man!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock inside the Crockett Coliseum. The announcers are speechless as Doyle leans in close to Brad Jacobs.]

LD: And now you've got to go.

[He nods to the Wise Men's hired guns, leaning closer, intending to say one last thing to his now-former charge...

...who summons up all his remaining strength and SPITS right in Doyle's face to a big cheer from inside the building! Doyle recoils in disgust, acceptance crossing his face. He waves a hand as he wipes his face.]

LD: Go ahead... do it...

[Doyle's eyes go cold.]

LD: Finish him.

[A gleeful Perez shouts "YOU HEARD THE MAN!" and helps turn a struggling Jacobs around as the three men drag him up on top of the car, trying to lift him up...

...when a shout comes from off-camera. The camera suddenly jerks to the side, revealing Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez running into view! The fans inside the building erupt as Perez leaps off the car hood, diving on top of Eric Preston with a barrage of right hands as Martinez grabs the smaller man by the leg, jerking hard and causing him to fall even harder on his back on the car hood!]

GM: MARTINEZ AND PRESTON! MARTINEZ AND PRESTON! They're gonna meet these guys at Memorial Day Mayhem but they're getting themselves a piece right here tonight!

BW: They just saved Brad Jacobs, Gordo!

GM: They certainly did! And we've got a fight in the parking lot!

[The big man slips off the hood, hammering the new World Television Champion with forearms to the back of the head as Preston and Perez trade haymakers several feet away. Jacobs slumps down, barely conscious on the hood of the car as the brawl rages on. From off-mic, we hear several shouts as AWA officials and security come barreling into view.]

GM: Security's on the scene! AWA officials are on the scene! They're trying to break this up!

[A hard right hand from Martinez sends the biggest man falling back...

...right into the cameraman, sending the camera pitching to the side where we abruptly cut to black. We slowly fade back up to the ringside announce team who look shocked at what they just saw... and heard.]

GM: Wow! What a chaotic scene out in the parking lot area where Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez arrived just in time to save Brad Jacobs from... whoever the heck these guys are. Jason Dane plans to reveal their identities later tonight in the Control Center but...

BW: But the big news is that the whole world now knows who the second Wise Man is! It's "Hollywood" Larry!

GM: Apparently, Larry Doyle is indeed the second member of the mysterious and powerful entity known as the Wise Men. I don't think anyone saw THAT particular revelation coming. We're just two weeks away from Memorial Day Mayhem and we now know that Larry Doyle and Percy Childes are in cahoots as the Wise Men! How can that NOT have a major impact on what we're going to see this summer on the Coast To Coast tour?!

BW: Matsui and Waterson couldn't cut it with the Collector of Oddities but Larry Doyle could! He's part of the gang! He's one of the elite! He's one of the most dangerous men on the planet.

GM: And to hear some of the words out of his mouth out there, he sounded like a much different man, Bucky. Confident, fearless, and ruthless as he ordered those hired guns to put Brad Jacobs through the windshield. Thank heavens for Preston and Martinez who may have just saved Brad Jacobs' career!

BW: Why wouldn't he be confident? Why wouldn't he be fearless? You heard it from his mouth. HE got Petrow out of here. HE got Langseth out of here. Larry Doyle's been pulling the strings behind the curtain for months now to orchestrate himself into this position. And now he's here. Now Larry Doyle is where the power lies! He and Percy Childes run this town, daddy!

GM: But Doyle may have just put a very large bullseye on himself with that revelation. Remember, those hired guns failed to get the job done - they DIDN'T put Jacobs through that windshield which means he's still out there and you better believe he's gonna be looking to put Larry Doyle out after what he heard and what Doyle tried to do. Fans, this situation continues to develop and we'll bring you more information throughout the rest of the

night as it does... but right now, we'll be seeing Dichotomy in action. Bucky Wilde's favorite tag team, it seems.

BW: I dunno about that, but you gotta understand. Sittin' here with you is fun, Gordo, and a heck of a lot safer than makin' myself a target as a manager. I remember distractin' Hamilton Graham once for a guy I was managin' at the time. You know what happened next?

GM: No.

BW: Neither do I! My next memory is bein' in the hotel room wipin' dried blood off my scalp, so I like this commentary gig just fine. But I like when people remember that "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde has forgot more about pro wrestling than the entire assembled Lynch family ever thought they knew, and Dichotomy did that when they came to me for advice on how to turn their careers around. Seein' them put that into action and prosper makes me feel good. I won't lie about that.

GM: Did you advise them to set up JP Driver and drop him off the elevated aisle ramp onto ring barricade neck-first a couple of months ago?

BW: Not specifically, but in general terms, yeah. And it got everybody but Driver talking. Ha ha ha!

[The camera picks up on two young men walking down the ramp towards the ring. It is Alex Worthy and JP Driver, the very two men who Dichotomy baited into an ambush that night. This time, they're keeping an eye behind them. Worthy is a Caucasian male with a slightly bulky physique, short black hair feathered out a bit, and a trace amount of stubble. Driver is an African-American with dark skin, long black dreadlocks, and a solidly built upper body. Both of them wear grey trunks, black boots, white knee pads, and wrist tape.]

GM: Tonight, they've got to answer for that little trick. JP Driver has returned, and both Alex Worthy and JP Driver are amped up for this.

BW: They should be grateful. When have we ever talked them up? Or talked about them at all? They've won some matches against other preliminary guys, but they've never made a dent on the main roster.

GM: You have to start somewhere, as Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner did less than a year ago. In fact, it was the Fourth Of July, Bucky. A match they didn't even win, but which brought them a good deal of attention. With the Fourth on the horizon, one wonders who will break out this year?

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[The techno-rock open of "Vengeance" by The Protomen opens up over the PA as the fans boo loudly.]

BW: Well, it ain't July yet, daddy. And these guys ain't gonna let lightning strike on their watch.

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following contest is a tag team attraction, set for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit!

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

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

GM: Dichotomy fell just short against SkyHerc in their matchup during the Stampede Cup, but certainly showed that they were capable of hanging in there with the World Tag Team Champions.

BW: "Hanging in there"? If they hadn't had to have wrestled an extra match, they'd BE the World Tag Team Champions.

GM: I don't know about that. It's difficult to muster much sympathy for the Gaines family after the things they have done, but Dichotomy essentially ambushed their path to victory in that match. In any case, Ginn and Hoefner are a top contending team at this juncture.

[On their way down the aisle, Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time. Both men enter the ring from the rampway, and proceed to center ring. Ginn immediately starts accosting the referee while Hoefner hops to the second turnbuckle to yell at the booing fans some more. The music dies down and the team of Worthey and Driver move in to levy some threats at Ginn.]

GM: This is a very, very heated atmosphere.

BW: Well, it does get hot in Texas this time of year. Must be all that hot air comin' from all them windbag Texans.

GM: *sigh* Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions.

PW: Introducing first, to my left. Coming down the aisle... from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina and Tampa, Florida respectively... at a total combined weight of five hundred seven pounds...

...ALEX WORTHEY and JP DRIVER!

[The fans give Worthey and Driver a bigger ovation than usual, remembering the history between these teams.]

PW: And their opponents, to my right. From Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

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

[As soon as this announcement is given, Ginn reaches out and snatches the microphone from Watson.]

MG: Before this brief but abject humiliation commences, I feel that I must issue a fair warning.

Worthey. Driver. How's the neck, by the way?

[Driver glares daggers, and bolts forward, but Worthey reaches out an arm to keep his partner from running into a trap.]

MG: This contest is the first and only time that the spotlight of professional wrestling has ever shone upon you. This is the first match in which you two cretins have been involved where you weren't being treated as afterthoughts. Nameless, faceless rookie cannon fodder to be trampled by the more experienced veterans. Oh, we've been there, too, as you well know. At one time, we struggled together.

But unlike you, we improved. We adapted. We... evolved. And all because, when the spotlight shone upon us in that one moment of truth, that one opportunity that would never come again, Mark and I shone with the splendor of a Class G-type main-sequence star, around which all the world must revolve. An overly prosaic description, admittedly. But I ask you: do you realize that this is your only opportunity? If you cannot succeed in this match, where the drooling masses have their attention focused on you, then their infantile attention spans will again drift off to follow the latest cult figure that the AWA manufactures for them. Your entire careers will be wasted. Permanent, complete failure.

And we will laugh. Because that will be most amusing.

[And then Worthey stops holding Driver back, leading to a jumping overhand punch to the bridge of Ginn's nose!]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The intimidation attempt backfires, and Matt Ginn eats a fist! And Driver has one for Hoefner as Worthey rushes Ginn with a diving forearm to the eardrum!

BW: I don't think it backfired, Gordo. You get these guys thinking that this is their only chance to break out, you ratchet that pressure way, way up... even stone crumbles under pressure.

GM: But pressure also turns coal into diamonds, Bucky! Worthey and Driver with the double Irish-Whip on Hoefner, and a double flying back elbow smash sends the Pennsylvanian to the canvas! Now Worthey and Driver turn their attentions towards Ginn, and a double hip toss send the six foot seven inch ex-scientist flying!

BW: It's not very nice to call him an ex-scientist. He's a future scientist!

GM: Then he can certainly appreciate the physics that went into that double clothesline! Ginn up and over the top rope, and Hoefner rolls out to avoid the same fate! Worthey and Driver have cleared the ring, and the fans are loving it! The capacity crowd is on their feet!

BW: The capacity crowd wouldn't know class if somebody locked them inside a schoolhouse.

GM: Dichotomy is regrouping, and it seems that riling up this young tag team had the opposite effect of what they anticipated.

BW: Wait for it, Gordo. The match is thirty seconds old. It's the late game where all the pressure sets in.

GM: Hoefner and Ginn back up on the apron, and demanding that the referee get one member of the other team out of the ring.

BW: A reasonable demand, I'd say.

GM: Worthey stepping to the apron, and it will be JP Driver to start. That makes sense; as the man who was injured six weeks ago, he has to be absolutely seething for payback. Dichotomy seems to think that this match is about opportunity for Worthey and Driver, when that is likely the furthest thing from their minds. This is about justice.

BW: First off, revenge and justice ain't the same thing. Second, if it's not about opportunity, then they're in this sport for the wrong reasons. It's ALWAYS about opportunity. Like how we say that a wrestler who isn't in the sport to be the World Heavyweight Champion has the wrong motives.

GM: But Dichotomy fits that bill by their own admission. Ricky Longfellow demanding that Dichotomy gets a legal man in. Hoefner is in now, and circling Driver.

[Having hopped over the top rope, Mark Hoefner takes a wide circle around JP Driver, who carefully tracks his movement, facing the faster Dichotomy

member. Then, Hoefner drops and rolls out under the bottom rope. Driver is briefly confused, and then a loud WHAP makes it all too clear... Matt Ginn with a hard big boot from behind clobbers the Floridian!]

BW: HA HA! Hey, the ref said for the legal man to get in. He didn't say that the first man in was gonna be the legal one.

GM: A bait-and-switch by Dichotomy, and Ginn driving the knee to the lower back of JP Driver! Wrenching back on the chin. Punishing hold applied after the dirty trick by Dichotomy.

BW: It wasn't a dirty trick! It was smart!

GM: Matt Ginn rolling to his back, pulling Driver over into a bow-and-arrow! Bow-and-arrow submission hold is applied! What a hold to get on this early. Ginn keeping his shoulders rolled off the canvas, and wrenching his man backwards over his knees.

[The fans boo as Hoefner walks down the apron and slingshots himself over the top rope, coming down into Driver's exposed ribs with a stomp. He then exits the ring. Longfellow yells at him, but Hoefner just shouts 'FIVE SECONDS']

BW: Ha! Ginn's close to the ropes with that hold, but that just means Hoefner can get his shots in.

GM: Without tagging!

BW: He has five seconds, and doing that takes, what, two?

GM: A second slingshot over the top into a stomp, and out again! That is an abuse of the rules! Yes, Mark Hoefner can get in and out in two seconds, but that does not give him license to do it whenever he wants!

BW: Yes, it does.

GM: Driver grasping the top rope, and Ginn releasing the hold at the count of four.

BW: It's hard to get revenge when you're not very bright.

GM: Ginn with a gutwrench suplex, and a tag to Hoefner. Driver laid out from the suplex, and here comes Hoefner off the ropes... Ginn with a flapjack... driving his partner down into the chest of JP Driver!

BW: Cover gets a two. It won't be long now.

GM: Hoefner with a blatant chokehold, and bouncing the back of Driver's head off the canvas! There's no technique to that, just a nasty assault. Hoefner pulling up Driver, and staggering him with the uppercut.

BW: Then puts the boot to the gut when he straightened up. Hoefner's real aggressive, daddy.

GM: Irish-Whip... Hoefner for the back body drop, but Driver with a sunset flip!

[The bad news is that the sunset flip doesn't take Hoefner down. The good news is that Driver slides back when Hoefner bends down to punch him, causing the Pennsylvanian to punch the mat. As he holds his hand in pain, Driver scoots up between Hoefner's legs, tucks them under his arms, and twists to the side to take him down.]

GM: Clever counter move there by JP Driver! He has Hoefner's legs as he gets to standing... and catapults him right into his corner!

BW: Aw, come on! You can't let him get you like that!

GM: Tag is made, and Alex Worthey enters the match! Driver with a side headlock, and Worthey puts a big kick to the ribs, and snatches him in a waistlock! Belly-to-back suplex by Alex Worthey!

BW: The referee let Driver hold him awful long. That was more like six seconds than five.

GM: Hopefully Ricky Longfellow doesn't put a fast count on anyone like Bucky Wilde just did. Worthey sending Hoefner off the ropes, and plowing into him with a running European uppercut! Hoefner is rocked backwards, into the ropes! Bounces off... SITOUT SPINEBUSTER! Dichotomy is in trouble!

BW: Correction... were in trouble.

GM: Matt Ginn pulling Hoefner out of the ring before Worthey can follow up! That is another abuse of the rules, as Dichotomy now regrouping on the floor!

BW: That's intelligence. Believe me, if anyone in the AWA is smarter than Matt Ginn, I dunno who. Manny Imbrogno, maybe. That would have to be it.

GM: Hoefner taking a walk as Ginn complains to Longfellow. Intelligence or not, nobody whines to referees more than Ginn does. But... they're not paying attention!

[The crowd cheers as JP Driver runs off the far ropes, leapfrogs Longfellow from behind, clearing the top rope and coming down on top of Ginn with a double axehandle!]

GM: WHAT A SPECTACULAR MOVE BY DRIVER!

BW: What a cheap move by Driver!

GM: He was in the ring for only three seconds, Bucky. That's your standard, right?

BW: But... but... but... GAAAAHH!

GH: Hoefner attacking Driver, who covers up and blocks... Hoefner too near to the ropes, and Worthey grabs him by the ears! Alex Worthey pulling Hoefner up on the apron, and snapmares him over the top back into the ring! And a knee to the back of the head for good measure!

BW: This match wasn't supposed to be this tough!

GM: Worthey pulling up Hoefner... NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX! INTO THE BRIDGE!

BW: NO!

GM: Two count only, but the entire Crockett Colosseum is on edge! They sense the upset!

BW: Gordo, I... dammit, I can't just sit here and watch this!

GM: You are not their manager, Bucky! Worthey whipping Hoefner up and to his feet. Scocop slam... no, Hoefner floated over the back and spiked a knee into Worthey's back! Great counter to stop the momentum.

BW: Oh, whew.

GM: And there's the Mongolian Chop by Hoefner! Leveling Worthey, and providing the space he needs to tag out. Matt Ginn is now the legal man.

BW: Watch him take out his embarrassment over that cheap shot he just took from Driver. And that cheap loss to Eric Preston last Saturday Night.

GM: There was nothing 'cheap' about any of it. Dichotomy sending Worthey in, and both men with a side double axehandle to the chest as Worthy came off the ropes.

BW: A double double axehandle, so I guess it's a quadruple axehandle.

GM: I suppose it is. Ginn plants a foot in Worthey's back, gathers up his arms... Review Board is applied! The standing surfboard! Alex Worthey is face down and stuck in a painful hold!

BW: And getting used as a shoe! Ginn's walking with the Review Board! That's so painful, I can't even imagine.

GM: A nasty hold, to be sure. Ricky Longfellow having to verbally ask for a submission, since Worthey cannot tap out in this hold. But he will not surrender.

BW: Sure he will. Just let Ginn do a lap or two and he'll be done.

GM: Well, perhaps Ginn's 'walking' worked against him right there, as Worthey got his knees underneath him when Ginn raised him off the mat on that step! Remember, Alex Worthey received training in Europe before coming to America; he's grounded in the European style of submission wrestling so counters are known to him. Ginn's height allows this hold to be still somewhat effective, but he's stuck transitioning to a normal surfboard out of the Review Board.

BW: These are the two technicians of their teams. We'll see if that Euro wrestling can handle American ingenuity.

GM: Worthey with a forward roll, slow and deliberate but effective! He has countered out of the surfboard, and locks on an armwringer... was trying to transition it, but Ginn jabbed him in the eyes!

BW: Ingenuity!

GM: Please. Ginn locking in Worthey, and lifts him for the vertical suplex. Holding him up there!

BW: The blood is rushing to Alex Worthey's head, fillin' up that big vacant space between his ears! And at six-seven, he's got a loooong way down when Ginn comes down with this.

GM: Indeed he does... and indeed he did. Thunderous vertical delayed suplex, and right near the Dichotomy corner to boot. Ginn tagging Hoefner, and it is safe to say that Dichotomy has obtained full control. Hoefner in, and running off the ropes as Ginn applies a gutwrench... oh my!

BW: HA HA! Ginn had him upside down like a gutwrench suplex, and Hoefner just ran in and kicked Worthey in the jaw! He landed on his face!

GM: That was downright savage. Hoefner picking Worthey up with two handfuls of hair, and running him to the turnbuckles.

BW: Wham! Face first to the buckles, and then wham! Spikes his head to the canvas! And there's your cover.

GM: A two count on Alex Worthey, who desperately needs a tag. Hoefner picking Worthey up again, and lifting him in a fireman's carry. Samoan Drop! Great impact there, and another cover!

BW: Longfellow sure counts slow when it suits him.

GM: His count has been consistent. Hoefner starting to get frustrated. Lifts Worthey by the hair, and snapmares him. Dropkick to the head, great explosion! Worthey was in a seated position, and got blasted with that.

BW: And the tag back to Ginn. Stay fresh, guys.

GM: Fans, I apologize for Bucky Wilde's lack of impartiality.

BW: I don't! Hoefner picks this dummy up and slams him into Ginn's outstretched boot. It's what his face deserved.

GM: Outdoing yourself again, Bucky. Ginn enters the ring, and hooks Worthey's head. He pivots him around for a neckbreaker... Worthey counters into a backslide! One!

BW: One count only; Ginn used the momentum of his lower body to roll back!

GM: Both men up... Ginn with the big boot, but Worthey ducks it and runs to the ropes! RUNNING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!

[The fans cheer as Worthey lays out Ginn before succumbing to all the punishment he has taken. Both men are groggy, and looking for their corner.]

BW: It's a race now, but Worthey has taken a lot more damage than Ginn has.

GM: But Worthey has more heart, and more guts! Ginn grabs the boot of Worthey, trying to keep him from crawling to his corner... Hoefner runs in! But so does Driver!

[Mark Hoefner dashes over to stop Alex Worthey, and eats a face full of flying forearm as Driver decks him! The fans cheer, and Driver rolls out under the bottom rope and hustles to his corner.]

BW: HEY! He can't do that!

GM: Hoefner was aiming to distract Longfellow so he wouldn't see the tag, but the team of Worthey and Driver had that tactic scouted. Dichotomy does that all the time! Driver back in the corner, and Worthey makes the tag!

[The contingent in the Coliseum, happy at seeing Dichotomy's dirty tricks fail them for once, roars for Driver as he hops into the ring, and starts pummeling Ginn with lefts and rights.]

BW: Aw, come on! These idiot fans are cheering these guys now?!

GM: JP Driver was dropped onto the barricade from the ramp six weeks ago, and everyone here wants to see him get some payback on the men who did it! Inverted atomic drop on Ginn! And one for Hoefner as he attempts a blindside! Irish-whip...

[Sending Ginn to the ropes, Driver executes a back body drop, but jumps back with it to land right on Ginn's chest as he does it! the crowd cheers the unusual move!]

BW: Since when could he do these moves?!

GM: That's the Driver Driver! He's been working on that in the Combat Corner! Hoefner charges again... and takes a Driver Driver of his own!

BW: A... Driver Driver? How did you even know that?!

GM: I did research.

BW: Research?! Bah, a real broadcast journalist doesn't need research, Gordo, he just decides what the facts are and makes it so by saying them.

GM: And a flying forearm for Ginn stuns him! Worthey back in now, and going after Hoefner... he hooks his ankles, and spins him. Giant swing on Mark Hoefner!

BW: He's the illegal man! This move will take way more than five seconds!

GM: Longfellow has lost control, so he's letting it go! Worthey spinning Hoefner round and round, and Driver is waiting for Ginn to get up!

[Driver leaps at Ginn, grabbing his head in a jumping neckbreaker attempt, but Ginn turns around and punches him in the head. And he clearly has something in his hand.]

BW: Take that, dummy! Good old fashioned knuckle sandwich!

GM: He's got brass knuckles! Bucky, Matt Ginn just used brass knuckles! There's no place for brass knuckles in the AWA! Longfellow is trying to shoo Worthey out of the ring, but he's still spinning Hoefner!

BW: That's what Worthey gets for being a dummy and trying such a long, showy move when he's not the legal man.

GM: He was trying to keep Hoefner away as Driver went at Ginn, but it backfired. Worthey releases Hoefner, and sends him skidding across the ring... but he's dizzy, and Ginn hammers him with the knuckles as Longfellow rolls Hoefner out of there!

BW: Justice is done.

GM: Ginn throws the knucks away, and back over to Driver... he's locking in the Stretch Plum!

[The fans boo as Ginn applies a prone abdominal stretch to Driver, hooking his head and arm, twisting his body, and wrenching him. There's an intense look on his face as he violently cranks on the hold.]

BW: SCIENTIFIC METHOD!

GM: Driver can't take much of this! That is a devastating submission hold!

BW: And it cranks the neck! The neck that Dichotomy injured six weeks ago!

GM: Driver trying to hold on, but the pain is unbelievable, and this could reestablish that injury!

BW: And his partner just spun around fifteen times and got clocked in the face, so he either escapes it...

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: ...or that.

GM: He had no choice but to submit! Dichotomy escapes by the skin of their teeth! Thanks to a pair of brass knuckles!

BW: It was that pressure they talked about! Worthey and Driver made some bad decisions in the heat of the moment, and that's how it ended.

GM: LET GO OF THE HOLD!

BW: Oh, that? He's got four seconds, remember?

[Ginn drops it at four and a half... the crowd boos loudly as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... by way of submission... MATT GINN... MARK HOEFNER... DICHOTOMY!

GM: A valiant effort by Driver and Worthey, who may well advance from the preliminary ranks someday. But it won't be today.

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

["Vengeance" begins anew as Hoefner staggers dizzily around the ring, asking the fans what they expected to happen. Ginn has a smug look on his face as he kicks Driver out of the ring under the bottom rope.]

GM: I cannot believe they resorted to... well, check that. I absolutely can believe that Dichotomy resorted to the use of a weapon.

BW: And I believe that means they're still in the World Tag Team Title hunt. They were targeted for a takedown and they withstood it.

GM: I am sure we'll never hear the end of it, either. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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...]

We fade back up to backstage. The halls are silent. There are no stage crew or sound and lighting techs within shouting distance. Standing against a blank back drop is Mark Stegglet and it's evident that he is waiting for someone and by the look on his face he has been experiencing this emotion for quite some time. Finally, Stegglet breaks the silence.]

MS: Fans, I am backstage waiting on the arrival of Miss Sandra Hayes. I was told she would be here several minutes ago with a response from her client Terry Shane III in regards to the challenge laid down by Steve Spector earlier tonight. If you are just joining us, Steve Spector entertained the idea of stepping away from the AWA and our sport all together per the request of Karl O'Connor but not before he had an opportunity to get his hands on the man who has been tormenting his life and that of his family.

[A door knob to the right of Stegglet creaks.]

MS: Here we go, Miss Hayes...

[But it is not the Siren who emerges...

...but the Ring Leader himself.]

MS: Terry Shane.

[Terry Shane III steps out of the doorway. His black hair is still a wild mess from his match with Demetrius Lake against the Lynches a short time ago. His robe is neatly strung over his right shoulder as he remains in his ring gear. Shane never even looks eyes with Stegglet but instead his stone-glare fixates right into the lens of the camera.]

TS3: Steve. Spector.

[He pauses a beat.]

TS3: You want to fight for your family? For your career? I will grant you one better.

[Shane raises the clipboard that Spector handed Hayes earlier in the night.]

TS3 [low]: I will let you FIGHT for your life.

I will let you FIGHT for your pride.

I will let you FIGHT for your legacy.

[Shane emphatically spits the word "fight" out of his mouth each time.]

TS3: And when you are done fighting? When you are done throwing chairs, tables, and light tubes at me like a barbarian When you are finished destroying the purity of our sport and profession.

I am going to CHOKER you out.

[He grits his teeth.]

TS3: You want a war, Steve Spector? You want MAYHEM at an event catered towards the career you have paved for your name? For your family?

All you had to do was ask.

[Shane grabs the pen from the clipboard and signs his name on it. He tosses it in front of him and it bounces off the concrete floor.]

TS3: At Memorial Day Mayhem...

...I will lay your pathetic excuse for a wrestling career to rest forever.

[Shane exits leaving a speechless Mark Stegglet staring at the ground and the clipboard that sits on top of it as we slowly fade back to the ringside announce duo.]

GM: Wow! You want to talk about a loaded card that just keeps getting better. It's official - it'll be No Disqualification rules when Steve Spector, the former World Champion and Hall of Famer, puts his very career on the line when he meets Terry Shane III!

BW: It's the Year Of The Shane Gang and STILL has a shot at the World Heavyweight Title in his back pocket - you better believe it's his year, daddy!

GM: Steve Spector's putting it all on the line at Memorial Day Mayhem and- what's this?

[Gordon is interrupted by a stumbling Larry Doyle, disheveled and looking over his shoulder literally every second step. He falls on the ramp and rolls into the ring, then crawls to Phil Watson and tears the microphone from his hands. He pants and gasps as he talks, not often completing a sentence.]

LD: Brad. Brad, listen Brad, I made a mistake. I know I said- I mean, we said, I do some things... we can fix this. We can talk it out, we can be men- DAMMIT! Brad, Jacobs, Brad Jacobs, you've GOTTA listen- just lemme...

[A voice calls out and cuts off Larry Doyle's frantic ramblings.]

"I think we've heard about enough."

[Power-walking down the aisle comes Percy Childes. He's surrounded by Rick Marley, Johnny Detson, and Demetrius Lake. None of them look particularly happy.]

BW: Hey! It's a Wise Men party!

GM: I'm not so sure about that. Percy Childes has... well, remember how upset he was when Louis Matsui wanted to reveal himself as a member of the Wise Men? Think back to the words Percy Childes dropped on us when he told the world he was a Wise Man and you can see he may not be too happy at Larry Doyle's public declaration here tonight.

[Childes has a cordless mic, and is speaking into it as he goes.]

PC: Larry, I didn't want to do this publicly. But you've handled this entire incident so... poorly... that I see no alternative.

[Doyle falls back against the ropes, hanging on for dear life. He's near tears as he begs off-mic as Childes steps through the ropes into the ring. The Collector of Oddities signals to the Alliance members, leaving them just beyond the ropes.]

LD: Percy please! I can fix this! Let me explain!

[Childes shakes his head, lifting his crystal-topped cane and jabbing it into the chest of the advancing Doyle, keeping him at bay.]

PC: No, Larry, you let ME explain. There was a moment earlier tonight, Larry, where I thought you were proving yourself to be a valuable ally. The same ally who joined us long ago. The man who had Royalty in the palm of his hands. The man who made everyone believe that you were part of a dangerous outsider faction, when in fact you were part of us and were directing them to serve our interests, though they never knew.

[The crowd is still buzzing with confusion over some of these revelations as Childes continues.]

PC: But now I see that just like Matsui and Waterson before you, you can not be relied upon when it counts. You had a problem to take care of. A Wise Men problem, no different than our problem with Petrow, and with Langseth. How is it that you took care of those problems but can't deal with a relatively unproven talent like Brad Jacobs?

[Doyle's looking nervous, tugging at his collar, visibly sweating. Lake is standing at the point where the ramp touches the ring while Marley and Detson have come down the ringsteps and are now circling the ring. Doyle looks left and right, obviously concerned about this entrapment surrounding him.]

GM: They said it again! The Wise Men apparently orchestrated the demise of Royalty! I can't believe it! I never would've thought-

[Percy continues, cutting off Gordon.]

PC: But the Wise Men have always been about power, Larry. And in our case, having power means having talent under your control. We have to control the talent in order to control the league. If we cannot cripple the AWA at will, then we lose what we have built.

In the span of just a few months, you've gone from having control over the World Champion, the World Tag Team Champions, and one of the most dangerous men in the company in Dave Cooper to...

[Percy looks around the empty ring.]

PC: No one. You have lost everything. Again. Didn't this happen to you before, with Baldwin and Nova? Fantastic talent, but they slipped through your fingers.

And now history repeats.

[Doyle looks down, shaking his head back and forth frantically. He looks up at Percy, a pleading look on his face as he's quite aware of what's going on inside the squared circle.]

PC: So, I say again... if the Wise Men are about power... and you have none...

[Lake steps over the top rope, and Marley and Detson clamber up onto the apron.]

PC: ...of what use are you to us now?

[They seem about to attack as Larry Doyle backs off, hands raised, screaming for them to stop. Percy raises his crystal-topped cane again, gesturing for his men to hold up.]

PC: Well, I suppose that I'm not so uncivilized as to ask a question and not allow an answer. Speak.

[Doyle grabs his dropped mic, falling to his knees in the process. He remains there, looking up at the Collector of Oddities who considers him coldly. Lake is cracking his knuckles as Detson and Marley stand on either side, shifting their weight back and forth.]

LD: I can fix this, Percy! I can make the kid see the light, I can make him understand. He NEEDS us. He can be convinced. He can be a powerful ally to us.

[Doyle looks around him, shaking his head again. His eyes lock with Percy Childes', pleading with him.]

LD: Give me a chance. Please... just one chance.

PC: A chance? We gave you a chance when we accepted you in the first place!

[Childes fingers the crystal at the top of his cane, tilting his head a bit to consider Doyle's plea. Lake is hopping on both feet now, ready to rip the kneeling manager's head off as a smirk crosses Johnny Detson's face.]

PC: But... Brad Jacobs has great potential.

[Doyle's eyes light up, nodding quickly.]

PC: I would be loathe to lose such a man from our organization. The time for conflict draws nearer with each day. The pieces are being assembled on the chess board for the ultimate battle. Martinez... Preston... this... Quartet.

[He spits the last word out like a piece of bad fruit, slowly nodding before continuing.]

PC: We have need of men like him. We have need of the greatest weapons we can bring to the board. And he?

[Another pause.]

PC: He is one that you could build a group around.

[Doyle climbs off the mat now, nodding wildly. He can be heard off-mic with a, "That's right, Percy! That's exactly right!" Childes ignores him, nodding his head again.]

PC: Very well. You have ONE chance to make this right, Doyle.

[He raises one finger to emphasize his point.]

PC: I will come to the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem and I want Brad Jacobs to apologize...

...and to swear his loyalty to the Wise Men.

[The crowd loudly jeers the idea of that. Percy smiles at their disgusted reaction.]

PC: If he fails? So do you.

And go ask Matsui and Waterson what the Wise Men do to failures.

If you can find them.

[Childes lets the weight of the threat dangle over Doyle who visibly gulps before nodding, a bit slower now. Childes returns the nod, gesturing to his Unholy Alliance who slowly back off, making sure the threat is loud and clear to the "Hollywood" Larry who slumps back against the buckles, breathing heavily and soaked with sweat. We cut to the ringside announce team who seem stunned at this turn of events.]

GM: Larry Doyle is the second Wise Man. Larry Doyle helped engineer the collapse of Royalty. And Larry Doyle almost just went down the same path as the two Wise Men who went before him!

BW: Larry Doyle just... he just made a promise that I'm not sure he can deliver, Gordo. If Doyle can't produce Brad Jacobs at Memorial Day Mayhem and FORCE him to apologize and swear his allegiance to the Wise Men, Percy's going to turn the Wise Men's wrath onto Larry! How in the world is Larry going to get Brad Jacobs back on the same page with him... AND the Wise Men?!

GM: I have no idea. What a crazy turn of events we're seeing here tonight, fans! When this night began, not a single soul believed we'd be seeing the revelation of the second Wise Man but Larry Doyle did it. Larry Doyle shined the light on himself... and did you hear Percy Childes out here talking about conflict? Talking about battle? This is a man who sees the writing on the wall. He sees these men allying against the Wise Men and he knows he needs to be ready for it. First, these hired guns... now trying to bring Brad Jacobs back into the fold. What's next for Percy Childes?! What's next for the Wise Men?! This summer just got a lot more interesting, fans. We're

going to take another break but when we come back, it's time for tonight's Main Event so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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[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 bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. A quick fade shows a similar set of monitors, all running AWA action in the background. Jason Dane stands before them, a grin on his face and a Memorial Day Mayhem logo superimposed over his right shoulder.]

JD: The time is ticking... the day draws near. It's an annual extravaganza here in the AWA as we kick off the summer tour - this Coast To Coast tour - with Memorial Day Mayhem! We are just over two weeks away from the big event which will be coming to you LIVE on WKIK from the O'Dome in

Gainesville, Florida on Monday, May 26th. It's a jam-packed card - a lineup filled with top notch talent in highly anticipated matches, some of which with some very high stakes. Let's run down the bill...

[The AWA World Heavyweight Title appears with Supreme Wright standing on one side of the graphic and Dave Bryant standing on the other.]

JD: It's the big one - the Main Event with the AWA World Heavyweight Title on the line as Supreme Wright defends against the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant. We've seen all the hype. We've heard all the interviews. And in two weeks' time, we'll see if Dave Bryant can avenge his shocking loss at SuperClash last fall.

[The graphic changes to read "LOSER LEAVES TOWN."]

JD: Juan Vasquez laid down the challenger and Dave Cooper accepted it... with a slight change. Those two men will meet in a match where the Loser Leaves Town for six months.

[Another graphic changes to read "NO DQ - CAREER AT STAKE!"]

JD: Steve Spector, the former World Champion and Hall of Famer says if he cannot defeat Terry Shane III at Memorial Day Mayhem that he'll hang up his boots and go home clearing a path for it to truly be the Year of the Shane Gang.

["SCAFFOLD MATCH!"]

JD: Speaking of the Shane Gang, the "Atomic Blonde", Donnie White will be in action as he and his arch-nemesis, Shadoe Rage, will do battle atop a 30 foot scaffold! There's only one way to lose this one, fans, and it's to go down, down, down! Earlier tonight, we heard from Shadoe Rage - now let's hear from his opponent!

[The red, white, and blue AWA logo spins across the screen before exploding forward. Just as quickly as it consumes the entire screen it vanishes and we are left with the "Control Center" logo in the bottom right corner with the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White standing in the center with Miss Hayes to his right. White's blonde hair is spiked across the center of his head, jetting out into long thin tips a foot overhead. He wears a fluffy green vest which is littered with metal stud patterns and a choker-chain around his neck. White's eyes are lined with white shadows and and hoops line his ear lobes.

The Siren looks the part of the alluring and dangerous vixen at his side. Her black rat tail is slung over her right shoulder and the pink branding iron over her left. Her free hand rests on the shoulder of Donnie White who stares forward with his neon green fingernails pointed out at the camera.]

DW: Heaven...

...to Hell.

[White smirks.]

DW: Shadoe Rage wants to threaten Donnie White with wild sledgehammers swings....throw watermelons from big buildings...and drag the Atomic Blonde to the deepest pits of hell. The man who created the very idea of Death and Darkness wants to call the smoothest soul soarin' the friendly skies out?! The man whose greatest claim to fame is getting his rear end handed to him by Steve Kowalski wants to challenge the MEMPHIS MADCAP at Memorial Day Mayhem in front of the entire world?!

[Miss Hayes mouths, "he does".]

DW: Well, Donnie White has some things to say to you, Shadoe Rage.

[There's a slight pause, Miss Hayes wiggles her fingers together playfully.]

DW: Don't you EVER tell Dee-Dubba that he ain't got no personality! Donnie White is the PROFESSA' of personality!

[Hayes stares at him with her brow furrowed.]

DW: Fact is playa, for the last seven to eight months D-White has been joined at the hip to ya. He tried to house break ya, taim ya, muzzle you up. He didn't try lockin' you in the car with the windows up but even D-White has his limits. Point bein', if that ain't hell for a thousand sins, the Memphis Mohawk don't know what is. Ya think your fancy wardrobe scares D-White? Ya think your smooth demeanor mixed with random impulses of special-friend syndrome frighten the Memphis Mohawk?! Ya think that six foot six stack of chocolate pound cake beside you intimidates the Blues City BBQ King?!?!]

[He nods.]

DW: You're DAMN right she does.

It seems to D-White that you've painted yourself into quite the predicament, playa. The best thing ya had goin' for ya..the ONLY thing...ya just took out of the equation. Donnie White knows that back in 98' in Stumptown, U.S.A. ya might have been a wild dog with the bite to back up the bark but this ain't Portland and you ain't the same man, brotha.

You're still a few cards short of a full deck but when the lights came back on in Portland after your so-called legendary battle I think someone forgot to flick the on-switch back up in your head, my man. It ain't no secret that you've got a few screws loose but callin' D-White thirty feet up into the air and challengin' him to a battle of will and sport ain't just stupid, it's down right dumb!

But if ya want to party with the man from the birthplace of Rock N' Roll then so be it but the Atomic Blonde promises you this...

[He holds up three fingers.]

DW: There ain't gonna be no singin'.

There ain't gonna be no dancin'.

And there sure as heck ain't gonna be no romancin'.

You want to jive with the Mohawk then come and get it, playa.

[Miss Hayes claps her hands together as the screen fades back into the Control Center logo...

...and then up where a picture of Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch emerges on the screen.]

JD: It's a grudge match over six months in the making as Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch collide in a one-on-one showdown. Lynch has sworn to lock that Lynch family Iron Claw on the Black Tiger. Will it happen in Gainesville?

["SIX MAN WAR!"]

JD: Eric Preston, Ryan Martinez, and a partner of their choice - a partner they now say they will wait to see who will step up to join them... meets the trio of hired guns that the Wise Men brought to the AWA very recently. Other than Pedro Perez, nothing was known about these other two men... until now. I have conducted extensive investigative research over the past few weeks to try and shed some light on their identities and I come to you now to shine that illumination into the shadows.

[A shot of Pedro Perez appears on the screen.]

JD: This man is Pedro Perez. Pedro Perez Jr. to be more exact. Mr. Perez is a former Combat Corner trainee who suffered a brutal assault during an AWA showcase match at the hands of the Southern Syndicate in the spring of 2010. He would later blame Juan Vasquez for the neck injury he suffered during that attack, taking it out on Mr. Vasquez during the infamous WrestleRock assault. Perez would later join forces with Ben Waterson but has not been seen since a brutal loss at the hands of Juan Vasquez... until now. My sources say that Perez has spent the time since then in Puerto Rico, harnessing his anger to become one of the most malicious men on that island.

[The graphic changes to show the smallest man in the group.]

JD: This man is Isaiah Carpenter. Carpenter was also a student in the Combat Corner back in 2011 for a very short time. He was disciplined and kicked out of the school after an altercation outside the ring with another student. Very little is known from there but extensive studies of independent wrestling show results show that Carpenter seemingly disappeared for a period of time before resurfacing in Canada, Georgia, and Florida.

[The final change in graphics shows the big man of the group.]

JD: This man is familiar to many college football fans, I would imagine... although he looked very different in those days. In those days, his name was Barry Douglas. He was a top flight prospect, a clean-cut, good-hearted kid... a sure-fire NFL first round draft pick as a junior at Oklahoma. However, as draft day approached, he was found to have cheated on a test. Already on probation by the NCAA, the school immediately made the result public, stripping Douglas of his scholarship, and suspending him from the university. Douglas completely collapsed upon this incident. The NFL wouldn't touch him and he soon found himself in trouble with the law. He quit school and vanished from sight.

This man is now known as Wade Walker. To the best of my research, he has never appeared before on a professional wrestling show. To the best of my research, he has not trained in any of the major wrestling schools. To the best of my research, this man was a total unknown to the world of pro wrestling.

Until now.

[The graphic fades, leaving Dane behind.]

JD: These three men have been brought together by the Wise Men with no real motive... no real reason... except money... and violence. And you better believe they're receiving plenty of both.

At Memorial Day Mayhem, these hired guns... these dogs of war... will do battle with Eric Preston, Ryan Martinez, and a partner of their choosing and we will find out what kind of pro wrestlers they truly are.

[Dane holds for a moment before the graphic hyping MDM returns.]

JD: In addition to that, Ricky Lane and Tony Sunn will collide in their rubber match with the winner receiving a future World Television Title shot. Gibson Hayes will meet Nenshou in one-on-one action with Hayes being threatened with suspension if he a) does not compete or b) gets himself intentionally counted out or disqualified.

[A shot of Callum Mahoney appears.]

JD: The Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney, was hoping for something different but he intends to walk to the ring as he did on the 4th of July nearly a year ago... and he intends to make an Open Challenge to anyone in the world who wants to fight him inside that ring.

[The graphic fades.]

JD: In a bit of breaking news, we just received word that a new challenge has been issued and as a result, a new match has been made. We saw these men tangle earlier tonight... but let's hear from two of them in an interview recorded earlier tonight!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." It's shot backstage where Mark Stegglet stands, mic in hand, as per usual. AWA's intrepid interviewer is expectant as he glances shiftily to his right at something coming his way.]

MS: Hello fans, Mark Stegglet here and I'm about to be joined by WILLIAM CRAVEN--

[The rushed introduction is because of the interviewee's very abrupt arrival. Interposing between Stegglet and the camera is a gigantic green body that enters the scene roughly but doesn't stop. Pacing and limping, Craven looks fit to be tied.]

MS: Mister Craven, your thoughts on what just happened out there?

WC: What happened?

[Gritting his teeth, shifting his weight uncomfortably, Craven looks at Stegglet like he's an idiot. Stegglet looks back confusedly, not dispelling this perception.]

MS: Yes, the Unholy Alliance--

WC: I know who they are and what they did, Markus, and it's old hat. There's no need for analysis when purveyors of the world's oldest profession show themselves as the whores they are.

MS: I'm not sure if that language, I mean, the censors--

WC: If it's in the Bible it isn't a curse. Having been both victim and villain I can say with confidence that I vastly prefer to be on the giving side of such misbehavior.

MS: Wait, so you approve of your opponent's act--

[A glare from Craven stops Stegglet short.]

WC: Really? You ask that of me mere minutes removed from an undeserved loss? No, Markus, I do not approve but I do understand the game. I've played it many times and played it well. However those actions do have ... consequences...

[Just then, the two have their attention derailed by the sound of a door slamming open. Confusion turns to surprise, as a scowling Hannibal Carver storms towards them.]

MS: Hannibal Carver? But... I thought you had left for the night ... again?

HC: Yeh right on the first but not the second, Mark. I didn't like it, but I agreed to let Bobby fight his own fight tonight. I even told Jack and the King of Monsters right here to stand back and let him do his thing. And that they

did... but if yeh think Jack saw the crap those cowards pulled on Bobby, yer damn wrong. Then the business in Bill's match...

MS: Right; you decided to stick around. So what now?

HC: Well, I'm mad as hell. I was all set to get happy hour started a few hours early... but then these scumbags decided to play their little games. They both do a lot of talk... but tonight they crossed that line into making their actions, as weak as they were, do their talking.

Why'm I here? Well, I understand Marley claimed it was a shame I had left because he was FINALLY ready to put up his dukes and face me like a man. Which is funny, since all he's ever done is run away or play Bessy Dressy Luchador just so he could get his shots in on me... but if that's true Marley, this is yer lucky night.

MS: I... have a feeling by your demeanor tonight is anything but lucky for Rick Marley.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Oh, it's lucky alright. See, for anyone with a death wish like this jackass has... he's about to get an early birthday present from yers truly. The way I see it? Every time me and the Quartet try and take care of this business, one of their dirtbag buddies get in the way. But we've got a little event coming up called Memorial Day Mayhem. Jack already has that moron Lake tied up, so we don't have to worry about him. That leaves Marley and Detson... with Carver and Craven having nothing to do that night but bust some heads.

MS: You mean...

HC: I mean they wanted to call it MAYHEM... so don't blame us for what happens to those two sacks of skin. Marley and Detson going toe to toe with the South Boston Brawler and the King of Monsters. I'd say we'll wait for the response...

[Carver grins cruelly as he and Craven nod in unison.]

HC: ... but if yeh don't accept, me and my large friend here will just drag yeh kicking and screaming down to the ring. Ain't that right, Bill?

WC: Heh. Aheh. When you express it in that way ... I think I'd rather they say no...

[Both men are grinning now and they slowly turn their heads to camera in an unsettling synergy before abruptly bolting off stage right...

...and we fade back to Jason Dane in the Control Center who is shaking his head back and forth.]

JD: I would NOT want to be Marley and Detson come Memorial Day Mayhem. And for that matter, I wouldn't want to be Percy Childes either! Percy Childes, as we heard moments ago, has DEMANDED that Larry Doyle - who we now know is the second Wise Man - produce Brad Jacobs to both apologize for his actions here the last month AND pledge his allegiance to the Wise Men. If that doesn't happen, things could go very, very badly for the Collector of Oddities as well.

[A graphic appears shouting "MAYHEM!!"]

JD: And in the final match added to this tremendous lineup, the AWA has called for the first-ever Mayhem Match. Two randomly selected teams of five will collide in a match where the man who scores the winning pinfall or submission will receive a World Television Title shot against new champion Ryan Martinez on June 7th in Charlotte, North Carolina. This match promised to be action-packed as it will be conducted under lucha libre rules, meaning that a man rolling to the floor is as legal as a tag.

Now, let's learn who AWA President Karl O'Connor has selected through random draw as the two teams from the AWA competitors not already on the bill...

[Dane opens a sealed envelope, raising an eyebrow as he reads.]

JD: On Team #1... Brian James... Travis Lynch... the hot, young rookie Willie Hammer... from Air Strike, Cody Mertz, and one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones!

Their opponents will be... from Dichotomy, Mark Hoefner... from the Northern Lights, Chris Choisnet... one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Hercules Hammonds... from the Lights Out Express, Lenny Strong... and the dazzling high-flying newcomer, TORA!

[Dane grins as he slaps the paper down on the desk.]

JD: It's Mayhem for the very first time and I'm told that match will kick off Memorial Day Mayhem in just over two weeks' time. It's the hottest start to the summer on record, fans! It's Memorial Day Mayhem coming to you LIVE from Gainesville, Florida right here on WKIK!

[We fade away from the Control Center...

...and to part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with a guest.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, moments before the biggest match of his career... Willie Hammer.

[Hammer, sporting a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt, is in mid-afro pick when he pauses, looking incredulously at the interviewer.]

WH: The biggest match of my career?

[Stegglet nods.]

WH: Compared to who? Two weeks ago when I fought Winston Jamison?

[Hammer shakes his head in disbelief.]

WH: You ain't the sharpest knife in yo' mama's kitchen drawer, are ya? No wonder they give Dane the important interviews. He's probably somewhere else in the building waitin' to talk to the champ right now.

Yo, JD... you better turn yo'self around and get back over to this part of town, jack because...

[The confident rookie grins.]

WH: The champ... is... here.

[Hammer smirks, gesturing at his waist. Stegglet starts to interrupt when Hammer waves him off.]

WH: Yeah, yeah... the gold ain't on the line tonight. I know that, Mark Stegglet. But you know what IS on the line? Respect.

[He pauses, scratching his chin thoughtfully.]

WH: There's a few boys in the back here who ain't happy about this match, Marky. There's more than a few of 'em who think Willie Hammer is too big for his britches 'cause I came out here week after week and I called out the champ. They think I overstepped my lines... that I became a...

[He taps the side of his head a few times.]

WH: A habitual line stepper. But that's okay. Willie Hammer ain't here to make friends...

[Hammer looks off-camera with a smile.]

WH: But from the looks of things, I done found myself a handful. What I'm here for is to have a good time. What I'm here for is to make those fans out there damn proud that they spent their hard-earned money to see me wrestle.

But tonight, what I'm here for most of all... is to make sure that somehow, somewhere, Todd Michaelson goes to bed tonight with a smile on his face knowing that he did something right.

[He nods confidently.]

WH: I may not win. Heck, I might get my tail stomped like I ain't never had it stomped before.

But I'll give the champ one hell of a fight. I'll stand in there and show him that you CAN do things the right way. I'll show him that he was WRONG at SuperClash, no matter the prize.

And I'll show the world that when you can stand here and say that you trained under Juan Vasquez... you trained under Marcus Broussard... you trained under Todd Michaelson... you trained at the Corner...

You're ready... for anything.

[We fade away from Hammer's focused gaze...

The words "Recorded Earlier Today" crawl across the bottom of the screen, as we see Jason Dane, standing by the AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright. Wright is dressed in Supreme is dressed in a 3-piece, olive tweed suit, navy blue necktie, pink dress shirt, and a pair of black framed glasses. Behind him, are the members of Team Supreme, all dressed in their tracksuits, standing at attention. Beside Wright, is the physically imposing Cain Jackson, with his arms crossed over his chest, wearing a black "TEAM SUPREME" tshirt.]

JD: Supreme Wright, on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, you managed to beat back The Unholy Alliance and defeat a game Rick Marley; once again successfully defending your AWA World Heavyweight title. However, that match was marred by interference from several members of the AWA roster, including a man that has expressed absolute rage towards you and Team Supreme, Robert Donovan. With the inclusion of his son, Tony Donovan II into Team Supreme, you ha-

[Supreme holds up a hand, cutting Dane off.]

SW: Tony Donovan is a grown man capable of making his own decisions, Mr. Dane. If Robert Donovan has a problem with his son's decisions, then I suggest Mr. Donovan speak with his son directly, rather than trying to project his anger at his own personal failings, on me. That is of course...if his son is willing to speak to him at all.

[The champion looks over his shoulder at Team Supreme, staring at a stone-faced Tony Donovan II for a brief moment, before turning his attention back to Dane.]

SW: Believe me, I can understand Tony's feelings on the matter. My father, wasn't much of a father...and from the stories that Tony Donovan has told me, his father wasn't much of one either. But quite frankly, whatever problems are going on in that family are none of my business.

JD: Well, Robert Donovan seems to blame you entirely for leading his son astray. What do you have to say about that?

[Supreme smiles to himself at that statement, almost chuckling.]

SW: I've chosen to exercise restraint in dealing with Mr. Donovan, out of respect for his son. But if he continues to interfere with my matches, if he continues to assault my students, if he continues to make himself a problem...

[Suddenly, a VERY serious look forms on Supreme's face and he glares right at Dane, his voice filled with menace.]

SW: ...then I will be FORCED to take action.

[He tilts his head to the side and smirks.]

SW: Is that answer good enough for you, Mr. Dane?

JD: Um...it is. But aside from Robert Donovan, you face a much more immediate threat tonight, in the Combat Corner rookie, Willie Hammer. Hammer has been calling you out for weeks and now he gets the match he has been literally begging for. Your thoughts?

[Supreme visibly relaxes and smiles.]

SW: Willie Hammer.

[He adjusts the World Title belt cradled in his right arm.]

SW: It seems to me, if a young pup barks loud enough in the AWA, the Championship Committee'll throw him a bone just to shut him up.

[Supreme turns to the camera.]

SW: Mr. Hammer, do you honestly believe any of the garbage that's been coming out of your mouth or did you just see an opportunity to exploit the situation and get yourself a match against the World Champion?

[He turns his attention back to Jason Dane.]

SW: Because lets be honest, Mr. Dane. Willie Hammer did not EARN this opportunity. Willie Hammer does not DESERVE this opportunity. Willie Hammer should not be standing inside MY ring staring across it, at the World Heavyweight Champion.

But the young pup kept on barking. He yipped and yapped and begged like the dog he is, until they finally gave him his way. And for what? So he can get justice? Revenge? Retribution against me for all the "wrong" I've done?

[Supreme turns and points to Team Supreme.]

SW: You think I manipulated these men?

[He shakes his head.]

SW: No. I gave them a choice. I gave them an option. I gave them an opportunity.

And they took it.

[Supreme leans forward, staring straight into the camera.]

SW: You say I'm to blame for Mr. Michaelson resigning?

No. He QUIT. On you. On me. On ALL of these young men.

I didn't force anyone to do a DAMN thing, son.

[Supreme holds up the World Title.]

SW: You say I stole this title?

No, Mr. Hammer...I WON this title.

[His eyes are open wide now, his face is a mask of barely held hate, his voice filled with restrained anger.]

SW: I've said it before and I'll say it again...I have nothing to apologize for. I will not apologize for forming Team Supreme to make sure the future of wrestling was preserved. I will not apologize for Todd Michaelson deciding to abandon his own students. And I sure as hell will NOT apologize for becoming the World Champion.

I'm NOT wrong.

[He just STARES into the camera for a few tense seconds, before the anger subsides and the calm returns.]

SW: Don't fool yourself, Willie Hammer. You're not fighting for any great and righteous cause. You're not fighting justice or revenge. You're still just a lost puppy that keeps on barking.

[Supreme smirks.]

SW: But now it's about time for your MASTER...

...to quiet you down.

[And with that, Wright walks off, as Team Supreme follows behind him.]

...and then back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a NON-TITLE match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

Introducing first...

[For the first time in his young career, Willie Hammer gets entrance music as the sounds of "California Love" kicks in over the PA system. There's a hesitation before any movement beyond the curtain, just building anticipation.]

And then it happens.]

GM: Oh my.

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Michael Aarons comes through the curtain first, clad in a green and white tracksuit VERY reminiscent of Team Supreme's attire.]

Cody Mertz follows, completing Air Strike's presence.

Then Brian James.

Then Sweet Daddy Williams.

Then Soup Bone Samson, Willie Hammer's retired uncle to a nice ovation.]

GM: Willie Hammer said he's made a few friends in his short stay in the AWA so far and right now, he's proving it! Look at the show of support for Willie Hammer! Look at the show of support for Todd Michaelson! Look at the show of support for the Combat Corner!

[More and more people come through the curtain, many of which now have the hoods on their tracksuits pulled over their heads. Some show their faces, unknown faces to AWA fans since they haven't seen these young students on television quite yet.]

The assembled green-and-white clad "support system" stands at the top of the ramp, forming an "aisle"...

...when Eric Preston emerges from the curtain, taking a final spot in the group to a big ovation!]

GM: Even Eric Preston's showing his support for the Corner here tonight!

BW: And that's not going to sit well with Supreme Wright, Gordo. Those two have a history... a long and complicated history.

GM: They certainly do.

[With the music playing and the "aisle" formed, Willie Hammer strides into view. He's wearing a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt, slapping his chest a few times as he absorbs the cheers from the crowd. Underneath the shirt, we spy a green and white pair of trunks and boots as well.]

PW: From South Central Los Angeles... weighing in at 280 pounds...

WILLLLLLLIEEEEEEE HAAAAAAAMMMMMERRRRR!

[Hammer surges through the makeshift aisle, pushing out his chest as he throws his arms back to cheers. He grins, slapping the hands of all his assembled friends and allies before he points to the ring, nodding while he makes his way down the ramp. The "support system" falls in behind him, forming a line as they escort the Combat Corner graduate down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And they're coming with him! If Supreme Wright is going to have Team Supreme out here to watch his back, then Willie Hammer's going to have a few of his friends as well!

BW: The champ ain't gonna like this, Gordo.

GM: He absolutely will not, Bucky. You are right about that.

[Hammer steps into the ring, pulling off his Combat Corner t-shirt. He plants a kiss on it before chucking it into the crowd, giving a fan a special souvenir. He turns back towards the entryway, repeatedly swinging his large arms back and forth across his chest as his friends file down to the floor, forming a loose perimeter around the squared circle as the music fades down.]

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...

SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
WRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[The line of Team Supreme members grows longer until the big man, Cain Jackson, emerges from the curtain. He barks an order and the sea of Team Supreme members parts, making their own makeshift aisleway. The bodyguard steps in the middle of it, fuming as he points a warning finger down the aisle at Willie Hammer who has mounted the middle rope, waving for Jackson to "bring it!"]

GM: Willie Hammer is NOT intimidated by Cain Jackson, Team Supreme, or the World Champion.

BW: That's his first mistake, Gordo. He should be afraid... very afraid... of all of them.

[Supreme Wright strides through the curtain. He's passed on wearing the fight robe on this night, staring coldly down the aisle with the World Heavyweight title secured around his waist.]

GM: Wright does not look happy as we had anticipated.

BW: He looks like a man about to break some bones.

[Wright steps into the middle of the assemblage of Team Supreme members, spreading his arms wide. The crowd mostly jeers the World Champion though there are a scattering of cheers for the greatest professional wrestler in the world today.]

GM: There he is, fans. The man who is two weeks away from defending the World Heavyweight Title against the man who has gotten deeper under his skin than we've ever seen someone manage before. Dave Bryant is in Wright's head... but will that be enough to defeat Wright for a second time and capture the one thing Wright claims he can't live without - the World Heavyweight Title.

[Wright is walking swiftly down the aisle but pulls up short of the ring, wary of what happened two weeks ago. He lifts a hand, ordering referee Johnny Jagger to back Willie Hammer away from the ropes. The AWA's Senior Official obliges, getting Hammer back to the center of the ring. The World Champion steps into the ring, staring across at Hammer...

...and then turning slightly, letting his eyes rest on every member of the Combat Corner Corps at ringside.]

GM: Wright's looking at all of them, one by one, perhaps making a note of who is here - of who showed their support for Willie Hammer.

[His eyes fall on Eric Preston, leading to a very long staredown between the two former allies.]

GM: Whew. If looks could kill...

BW: We'd need a coroner right about now.

GM: You better believe it.

[Finally turning his focus away from Preston, Wright rests his eyes on Willie Hammer as the referee positions himself between the two competitors, trying to prevent a sneak attack by either side.]

GM: Johnny Jagger takes the title belt, handing it out to the timekeeper...

[Jagger wheels, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! The final Main Event before we embark on this summer's Coast To Coast tour is underway... and Hammer wastes no time in coming from the corner, going for the tieup...

[But Wright sidesteps, burying a right-legged kick into the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Wright goes downstairs to the gut!

[Hammer lunges, getting close enough to avoid a second kick as he bullrushes Wright back against the ropes. He quickly hooks his left hand around the neck, holding Wright close as he throws a flurry of right forearms to the side of the head to the cheers of the crowd...

...and then uses that left-handed grip to fling Wright down to the mat.]

GM: A flurry of offense out of Hammer to start off the match... and he stays right on Wright as he gets up... knife-edge chop! And a second one backs Wright into the ropes.

[Grabbing an arm, Hammer fires Wright across, hooking him on the rebound with a Japanese-style overhead armdrag!]

GM: Hammer sends him down to the mat!

[Wright scrambles up, moving back in...

...and gets sent over the top, thrown down to the mat a second time!]

GM: Another armdrag!

[As Wright gets up again, Hammer greets him by leaving his feet, throwing a standing dropkick that sends Wright falling back through the ropes, crashing down onto the ring apron.]

GM: Down on the apron goes the World Champion... and you can see those Team Supreme members scattering to give their leader room to maneuver.

BW: Their teacher, Gordo... not just their leader.

GM: You don't believe Supreme Wright is the leader of Team Supreme?

BW: I do. But I also believe that he's training them... he's teaching them... he's building the foundation for the future of professional wrestling since Todd Michaelson has failed them.

GM: I wouldn't say that.

BW: I would. Over and over again.

[Wright is down on a knee on the apron as Hammer approaches, trying to not give the champion a moment of rest. The Louisiana native lunges through the ropes, burying a hard elbowstrike into the midsection. Hammer

shakes it off, slamming his knee up into the jaw of Wright, knocking him back down on the apron.]

GM: Wright got a blow in there but Hammer got right back into it with that knee to the point of the chin.

[Hammer leans over the ropes, pulling Wright off the apron. He hooks a front facelock, powering Wright up into the air. He steps back, walking a few steps backwards...

...and then falls back in a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Hammer with the vertical suplex to bring the World Champion back in the hard way.

BW: This can't be how Supreme Wright expected to start this match, Gordo.

GM: You certainly wouldn't think so. The young rookie's got a lot of momentum, a lot of enthusiasm, and perhaps just a bit of Wright looking past him to Dave Bryant and Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Wright gets hauled off the mat by the arm, quickly being tossed into the turnbuckles. Hammer barrels in after him, leaving his feet for a big forearm attempt...

...but slams gutfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: He missed! He missed the leaping forearm!

[Wright yanks him down, spins him, and shoves him back into the turnbuckles. He shifts his feet, lashing out with a roundhouse to the ribcage!]

GM: Big kick to the body... and another... and another...

[Hammer bodies out, grabbing Wright by the arm, and throwing him back into the buckles to a big cheer. He leans down, rifling in rights and lefts to the ribs to a big reaction.]

GM: He's taking the fight to the World Champion!

[He straightens up, throwing the same big soupbone right hand to the skull of Wright with the crowd roaring now. At ringside, we cut to his uncle, Soup Bone Samson, who is grinning and applauding his nephew's actions.]

GM: Hammer grabs the arm, corner to corner whip... and he charges in after him...

[This time, Hammer connects as he soars through the air, landing a big leaping forearm smash on the chin! He steps back, allowing Wright to stagger out of the corner. Hammer hooks him around the head and neck, lifting and swinging him around...

...and sits out in a thunderous uranage slam!]

GM: WOW! What a slam out of Hammer!

[The young rookie scrambles over the World Champion, attempting a cover. The count gets to two before Wright lifts his shoulder, clasping his arms around the head and neck of Hammer to keep him pressed chest to chest...

...and then slams his knee repeatedly into the exposed ribcage of Hammer!]

BW: The knees to the body - a beautiful counter by the World Champion! I don't know if I've ever seen that done before, Gordo.

GM: Still hanging on, he rolls Hammer over to his back, continuing to drive home the kneestrikes to the body.

[Hammer throws a flurry of downward elbows to the ear of Wright, forcing him to break his grasp and roll away.]

GM: Hammer breaks free... and now both men are down for the moment. But not for long as Wright battles to his feet, hooks him by the afro...

[Wright lays in a pair of stiff European uppercuts, sending Hammer falling back into the corner.]

GM: The World Champion again goes downstairs, hammering some kicks into the body - no pun intended.

[He grabs an arm, looking to fire Hammer across...

...but Hammer leaps up to the second rope, pausing as Wright charges from behind, and then leaps off, twisting to catch him with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY! CROSSBODY!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright rolls him off, trying to scramble up to his feet first...

...but gets caught by Hammer who lifts him up by his armpits, sending him sky high, before bringing him down low with a thunderous Rydeen Bomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB! ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright claps his legs together on the ears of Hammer, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: The high octane, high power offense of Willie Hammer has Supreme Wright in some trouble in this one so far. Hammer doesn't fight a normal style. You don't see him trying to break down an opponent with small moves to set up the big moves. Hammer will bring the big stuff at any time as we just saw with that lifting powerbomb!

[Wright crawls towards the ropes as Hammer climbs to his feet, approaching from behind. Hammer grabs a foot, flipping Wright over...

...but Wright buries an upkick into the abdomen, freeing himself to roll under the ropes to the floor. He falls to a knee, quickly surrounded by his Team Supreme comrades as Hammer breathes heavily, rubbing at his ribcage.]

GM: And those repeated blows to the body may be taking some of the wind out of the sails of Willie Hammer. Wright's struck several times into the ribcage... into the abdomen.

[An eager Hammer leans through the ropes, grabbing Wright on his knees, dragging him up...

...but Wright BLASTS him with a European uppercut, leaving Hammer dangling over the middle rope.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

BW: Hammer wanted to stay on him but it cost him right there, Gordo.

GM: It certainly did... and look at this!

[Wright grabs both arms, giving a few tugs to get Hammer where he wants him. He pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing a handful of afro and tugging Hammer's upper body up...

...before DRIVING his knee up into the midsection, still partially draped over the middle rope!]

GM: Willie Hammer is in a bad position and Supreme Wright is taking advantage of it!

[He lays in a second knee... and a third as the supporters of Willie Hammer at ringside shout their disapproval of the attack. The referee shouts at Wright, ordering him back into the ring. Wright ignores him, rolling Hammer over so that he's looking up at the lights. The World Champion backs off, measuring his man...]

GM: Wright charges!

[The World Champion was hoping to drive a knee into the exposed ribs as Hammer suddenly sits up, avoiding it...

...and then using the ropes, swings himself backwards between the ropes, pulling his leg up to catch Wright on the ear with a boot!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES THE CHAMPION!

[Hammer rolls himself out on the apron, grabbing at his ribs as he looks down at the laid out Wright who was caught by surprise by the kick to the ear.]

GM: Hammer's out on the apron. He looks to be in some pain as those kicks and knees to the ribs seem to be having a major effect on the torso. He's leaning against the ringpost, waving for Wright to get back to his feet...

[As the World Champion climbs off the floor, Hammer comes charging down, throwing himself into a front flip...]

GM: SOMERSAULT!

[The massive form of Hammer connects, wiping out the World Champion under his near-three hundred pound frame!]

GM: OHHHH! What a dive by Willie Hammer!

[Climbing to his feet, again grabbing at his ribs, Hammer gives a shout to the crowd. He quickly pulls Wright up though, not wanting to give him a moment's respite...

...but Wright lowers his shoulder, grabbing Hammer around the torso, and SLAMS him back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHH! Supreme Wright again with the counterstrike!

BW: That's what the World Champion does so well. Even when you're in control, you're not in control for long. He just keeps finding a way to do damage over and over again, despite being battered from pillar to post.

[Wright backs off, ready to do it again but Hammer drives home a pair of double axehandles, smashing Wright down to a knee on the floor...

...where a well-placed forearm smash lays him out!]

GM: Wow! Wright seemed like he had Hammer in trouble but three big shots from Hammer puts him right back in control. This kid is so big, so strong, and so athletic.

[Hammer shoots Wright under the ropes, putting him back into the ring. He turns, pointing a threatening finger at a nearby Cain Jackson who smirks in response.]

BW: Willie Hammer don't scare Cain Jackson, daddy.

GM: No, it doesn't appear so.

[With a shout, Hammer deadleaps from the floor to the apron, pointing to the corner...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: He's going up top... already?!

[Hammer takes a few steps towards the corner...

...but spots Wright climbing off the mat and changes his mind, stepping through the ropes.]

BW: You can see the indecisiveness of a rookie right there. He wanted to go up top but realized he hadn't done enough damage. A veteran would've known that and gone straight into the ring.

[Hammer approaches Wright, arms back over his head in a double axehandle...

...but Wright buries a back kick to the ribs!]

GM: A mule kick of sorts right there...

[Wright wheels around, ready to strike when Hammer throws a stiff forearm to the jaw. A second one has the World Champion reeling as Hammer backs off, throwing a left jab... a second... a third...]

GM: He's jabbing away at the World Champion!

[The crowd cheers the series of jabs...

...but Wright surges forward, hooking a Muay Thai clinch. He slams his knee repeatedly into the body!]

GM: Knees by Wright... but Hammer breaks the clinch!

[He hesitates upon doing so, grabbing his ribs and wincing before he goes back to the jabs, drawing the cheers... cheers that grow louder as Hammer shifts his hindquarters from side to side, drawing a squeal from the females as Hammer grins, throwing a big right uppercut that knocks Wright off his feet, putting him down on the mat.]

GM: He's got him down again... and look at this!

[The cheers grow even louder as Hammer stands over him, throwing his arms out. His eyes go wide, his cheeks start puffing in and out comically as he runs in place, highstepping.]

GM: Willie Hammer to the ropes... we've seen this before... off the far side...

[The rookie leaps high into the air, ready to drop in the Shades of Juan Vasquez senton...

...but the ever-ready Supreme Wright lifts his knees, catching Hammer right in the kidneys with them both!]

GM: OHHH! WRIGHT WAS READY FOR IT!!

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo. We'd seen it before. We knew what was coming. Supreme Wright is a STUDENT of the game. He knows what every opponent is going to do likely before they even know they're going to do it. Willie Hammer may not have many matches on television but he's had enough for Wright to see that move coming a mile away, daddy!

[Wright shoves Hammer over onto all fours, quickly moving into a gutwrench to hold Hammer down...

...and SLAMS a knee to the ribs! And another! And another!]

GM: The knees are repeatedly being driven into the body as Wright tries to break down the rookie from Southern California.

[Hammer pushes up off the mat, still on all fours, still exposed to knee after knee to the body...

...and somehow grabs the wrist of Wright, isolating it, and using it to roll Wright over, ending up in lateral press position where Hammer gets some payback with a series of stiff knees to the body of his own!]

GM: Oh my! What a reversal! That's the kind of thing Willie Hammer learned in the Combat Corner!

[The Combat Corner "support system" gives a big whoop at the reversal, slapping the ring apron to rally Willie Hammer who climbs to his feet, dragging Wright off the mat.]

GM: Irish whip...

[As Wright rebounds, Hammer winces and scoops him up, holding him across his chest. He stands in the center of the ring, dropping him down in a backbreaker!]

GM: Backbreaker on the champion!

[He straightens back up, still holding Wright up with a pain-filled expression on his face...

...and instead of attempting the spin-out into a side slam, he bellyflops down into a front powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!!

BW: He had to change tactics again! The ribs are bothering him, Gordo!

GM: No doubt they are but is it enough to- a cover!

[Hammer hooks the leg as the referee drops down to the mat.]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-

[The World Champion kicks out, breaking the pin.]

GM: Ohh! A near fall for the rookie! He was a half a count away from pinning the World Champion and what in the world would that do to Supreme Wright, Bucky?

BW: What do you mean?

GM: He's got a title defense in two weeks! What would it do mentally to Supreme Wright to lose this non-title match to Willie Hammer?

BW: It wouldn't mean a damn thing, Gordo!

[Hammer climbs to his feet, looking up to the corner. He points to the buckles, moving slowly towards the corner, breathing heavily as he clutches at his ribcage...]

GM: He's going up top! He's looking for Hammer Time to put the World Champion away!

[The young rookie steps up on the second rope, slapping his open hand on his chest a few times. He puts a foot up on the top rope, breathing heavily and wincing with every movement...]

...when the World Champion suddenly gets up, rushing across the ring!]

GM: He was playing possum! The World Champion was-

[Wright LEAPS into the air, scoring with a European uppercut that catches a squatting Hammer FLUSH on the chin, pitching him backwards...]

...where he SLAMS backfirst on the ring apron before rolling off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Wright leans against the turnbuckles, nodding at the shocked crowd. Several of Willie Hammer's friends try to get to his side to check his condition but Team Supreme forms a circle, blocking their approach. Some angry words are exchanged.]

GM: Uh oh. Things are getting testy out there on the floor. You've got Team Supreme on one side and the Combat Corner Corps on the other, staring one another down.

BW: It's a powderkeg out there just waiting for a spark, daddy!

GM: No one's getting up from that. Team Supreme should just back off and let these guys check on Willie Hammer. He may be seriously injured after that fall... he might have even just been knocked out of that Mayhem Match.

[Sweet Daddy Williams gets right up in the face of Cain Jackson, reading him the riot act as Soup Bone Samson can be seen clenching his fist, smacking it into his open palm.]

GM: The referee needs to count the man out and finish this off before all hell breaks loose out here for the second week in a row!

[Johnny Jagger does exactly that, starting his ten count. He has a deliberate count, making sure to give Hammer every chance to get back into the ring as Supreme Wright slumps down to a knee in the corner, breathing heavily.]

BW: Such a different strategy out of Supreme Wright here tonight. We're so used to seeing Wright physically dominate his opponents. Tonight, he elected to allow Hammer to throw him around the ring, striking at those ribs at every opportunity to wear him own. It was almost like a rope-a-dope, Gordo.

GM: It seems to have worked judging by Willie Hammer's condition out on the floor as the count reaches three. These Team Supreme students have formed a human wall, preventing Hammer's allies from getting to him. Oh, come on! That's the man's flesh and blood! Let him through!

[Cain Jackson is barking in the face of Samson, shouting him back.]

BW: That old man wants no part of Cain Jackson.

GM: NO ONE wants part of Cain Jackson. The man is a physical beast!

[Eric Preston slips around the ringpost, climbing up on the ringsteps as he shouts at the Team Supreme members.]

GM: This is getting bad. The referee's trying to give Willie Hammer a fair count but he might just want to pick up the pace a bit before this turns into something he's got no control over.

BW: The count is up to five... make that six...

GM: Oh my god.

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Fans, Willie Hammer... the kid is moving! My god, the kid is moving!

[The crowd begins to rally behind Hammer as he rolls to all fours. His ringside allies are screaming and shouting for him now as well. As the din gets louder, the Team Supreme members look flustered, looking back and forth in a panic as the count reaches seven.]

GM: Hammer's on a knee, grabbing hold of the apron... dragging himself off the floor...

[The count hits eight as Hammer slumps against the apron. A shout of "COME ON, KID!" comes out of Sweet Daddy Williams, drawing a cold glare from Cain Jackson...]

...and with a desperate dive, Hammer hurls himself under the ropes at the count of nine to a DEAFENING cheer!]

GM: He made it! He made it back in! I don't think this young man has one Earthly clue where in the world he's at but he got back into the ring in time to break that countout!

BW: Does he have anything left? Can he even do anything at all?

[Pushing up to his knees, a dazed and hurting Hammer looks up at the World Heavyweight Champion. He lifts his hands, waving Wright forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK TO THE JAW OF A KNEELING OPPONENT!

BW: Well, that was a thinly-veiled message to the Number One Contender right there, daddy! If Dave Bryant is watching, he just saw the World Champion use the EXACT same move that Bryant used to defeat him last fall! That's Supreme Wright saying it will NOT happen again... it will NOT happen at Memorial Day Mayhem with the World Heavyweight Title on the line!

[Wright stands over the motionless Hammer, a blank expression on his face as the referee shouts, ordering him to cover the rookie...]

...and gets the slightest of head shakes in response. Outside the ring, Sweet Daddy Williams is being restrained from getting into the ring as Wright drags Hammer off the mat with great effort, somehow muscling the near three hundred pounder up into a torture rack...]

GM: No, no!

BW: Now THIS is a message!

[Wright just barely shoves Hammer over his head, dropping to his back and bringing up both knees into the back of the rookie!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: REIGN! SUPREME!

GM: That's how he won the World Title! That's what he used to beat Dave Bryant at SuperClash! And you want to talk about a message, it's signed, sealed, and delivered to the Doctor of Love right about now, Bucky!

[Wright rolls over, planting a knee on the chest of the unconscious Willie Hammer, looking out to the gathered Combat Corner Corps as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Supreme Wright scores the much-needed victory just two weeks away from the biggest title defense to date for him.

BW: Willie Hammer's done, Gordo! Laid out! Finished!

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams finally is able to get inside the ring... Soup Bone Samson right there with him... here comes the rest of the Combat Corner Corps now.

[A hot-tempered Brian James peels away from the group checking on Willie Hammer, sticking a finger right in the face of Supreme Wright...

...who simply reaches out, grabs the wrist, yanking James down to the mat where he promptly STOMPS the fingers!]

GM: What the-?!

[And that's what does it.

Soon, Team Supreme members are pouring into the ring as fists go flying in every direction from every man now filling up the squared circle.]

GM: For the second show in a row, all hell has broken loose here at the end of the Main Event! We've got fists flying everywhere... ohh! Cain Jackson takes two people over the top with a clothesline!

[The brawling soon becomes too hard to call with bodies spilling through the ropes, over the ropes, even under the ropes as Soup Bone Samson cold-cocks a Team Supreme member with a right hand and then stomps him out to the floor.

A charging Team Supreme member gets sidestepped by Cody Mertz who sends him barreling out to the floor before grabbing the top rope, leaping over the ropes and down onto him to a big reaction!]

GM: We've got bodies flying everywhere! Ohh! Tony Donovan II just takes Michael Aarons over the top to the floor with a running clothesline!

[Cain Jackson grabs two nameless Combat Corner students, clashing their heads together before hurling him through the ropes to the floor. He turns his focus towards Sweet Daddy Williams...

...and TURNS HIS LIGHTS OUT with a running big boot to the jaw!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The ring starts to clear as bodies pour out to the floor, still continuing the fight. Willie Hammer is rolled clear to the ramp during the brawl as Brian James throws himself over him in a protective gesture.

With the fight going on outside the ring, Supreme Wright turns his attention towards Willie Hammer, stalking past a downed Combat Corner Corps member to move towards him...]

GM: He's going after Hammer! He's going after the rookie who has been through enough here tonight!

BW: Hey, he wanted the champ? Now, he's got him!

[Suddenly, the downed Combat Corner Corps member leaps to his feet, throwing back his hood to reveal...]

GM: DAVE BRYANT! DAVE BRYANT'S IN THE RING WITH THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Bryant rushes forward, yanking Wright by the arm to turn him around...

...and CRACKS him on the jaw with a right hand! The crowd is roaring as Bryant batters the World Champion with shot after shot, staggering him. He grabs an arm, shooting him across...]

GM: Clothesline- ducked by Wright!

[Wright slams on the brakes, wheeling around...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...but Wright is ready for it, snatching the leg under an arm and using it to quickly lift Bryant up for Fat Tuesday. He turns once, Bryant up on his shoulders...]

GM: FAT TUES- BRYANT SLIPS OUT!

[He drops to his knees, reaching out to grab Wright's legs under his armpits, and yanks hard, taking him down...]

GM: Double leg takedown... IRON CRAB! IRON CRAB!

[The fresh Bryant is easily able to turn Wright over into the very submission hold that Bryant won the World Title with at SuperClash!]

GM: Dave Bryant's got the Iron Crab locked on in the center of the ring! Wright's screaming in pain and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Wright's hand repeatedly slaps the canvas.]

GM: HE TAPPED OUT! HE TAPPED OUT!!

[Bryant breaks the hold, throwing his arms in the air as Cain Jackson and Tony Donovan drag Wright under the ropes to the floor where he collapses in a heap, clutching his lower back.]

GM: And if that happens in two weeks' time, we're going to have a new World Champion! Fans, we're out of time! Dallas, Texas... so long 'til Homecoming!

[Bryant turns, smiling at the now-kneeling Wright who is still holding his back as he stares up into the ring at the man who has knocked him out... who has made him tap... who has defeated him once... and who has the chance to take away the one thing he cannot live without in just two weeks' time...

...and we fade to black.]