

June 7th, 2014 - Dale F. Halton Arena - Charlotte, North Carolina

# 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 Ryan Martinez dropping Alphonse Green on his head with the Brainbuster 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 a bloodied Dave Bryant wrenching the back of Supreme Wright in the Iron Crab to capture the World Title in controversial fashion at Memorial Day Mayhem...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the exterior of the Halton Arena. The digital signage out front reads "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in flashing bold font. There are still lines of fans streaming into the building as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the footage.]

GM: In the wake of one of the most action-packed yet controversial nights in AWA history at Memorial Day Mayhem, the AWA comes to you LIVE here tonight from the Halton Arena on the campus of the University of North Carolina here in Charlotte for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!

[As Gordon speaks, we crossfade into the entrance area of the building where the fans are rushing towards their seats, dressed in the gear of their favorite AWA superstars. We catch a glimpse of a Hannibal Carver t-shirt, a few young ladies in Lynch gear, and yes, even a few #ScumbagTravis shirts on some obviously intoxicated frat boys.]

GM: We have a brand new World Heavyweight Champion in the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant, the first-ever two-time World Champion here in the AWA but I'm not sure there's a single soul who likes the way it happened, Bucky.

BW: The Gainesville Gyp was in full effect as Supreme Wright got robbed by Dave Bryant!

GM: He got robbed by the Wise Men, Bucky!

BW: I wouldn't know anything about that.

[A second fade gets us into the arena where over nine thousand fans have packed themselves into the building to witness 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. Fans are packed into the permanent seating as well, waving signs of all shapes and colors including a rather creative one that looks like a tombstone that reads "R.I.P. Casey James."]

GM: It was plainly obvious to me at ringside that referee Marty Meekly, now on probation by the AWA for his actions at Memorial Day Mayhem, called for a submission that did NOT happen. And as much as I dislike the actions of Supreme Wright since SuperClash, no one deserves to lose the World Title like that - not after the classic those two had put on until that moment.

BW: You think it was the Wise Men who did that but I think Bryant got to Meekly himself. He put the cash in the pocket!

GM: He did not! The new World Champion will be joining us later tonight in a special sit-down interview with Jason Dane to talk about what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem but in the wake of that controversy, the AWA was STUNNED by the sudden resignation of AWA President Karl O'Connor.

BW: The FORMER President, Gordo. The Strangler choked when it counted and then bailed out citing health reasons.

GM: We wish Karl O'Connor nothing but the best but the search for a new AWA President begins right here tonight where AWA ownership has invited several of the top candidates to appear and address the fans. I'm also told that before the end of the night, one of the AWA's owners will address the situation and update us on the progress of this job search.

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

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and strips flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in an eye-scorching pink sportscoat with a white t-shirt underneath, splashed with the phrase "#ScumbagTravis."]

GM: But all that aside, we've got one heck of a Main Event scheduled for you here tonight pitting the man who won the first-ever Mayhem Match, Brian James, challenging Ryan Martinez for the World Television Title.

BW: And I hear Brian's dedicating the match tonight to his dearly departed father.

GM: Casey James is NOT dead! Sheesh. Fans, it's going to be an exciting night of action as we start down the road to the 4th of July, less than one month away, for Guts & Glory to be held at Hammons Field in Springfield, Missouri! We'll find out a lot more about that big event later tonight but right now, let's go up to the ring for our opening matchup!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall and has a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring:

ALEX WORTHEY AND JP DRIVER!

[The two fan favorite wrestlers wave to the crowd to light applause.]

PW: And their opponents...at a combined weight of 610 pounds, they are Jim Reles and Eddie Reles...the Rowdy Reles Boyz!

[A deep booming bass voice rings out over the PA system.]

"GREETINGS... FROM RELESVILLE!"

[The PA systems roars to life with "Bodies" by Drowning Pool as two massive men wearing matching black and blue tie dyed t-shirts under pairs of faded blue overall shorts, along with black knee pads and wrestling boots . The larger of the two is an African American standing over 6 1/2 feet tall and pushing 350 pounds, while the smaller is a blond white guy standing between 6 feet and 6 1/2 feet tall and weighing in the 250 pound range. The two men pause at the entryway, their eyes locked on the ring and then stride forward, jawing at the fans in attendance... the concession guys... the security guards, and anyone else that happens to be within earshot.

Reaching the ring ropes, they each step into the squared circle, still jawing at the fans before they point at the announcers' table and shout "Say nice things about us!", then slap hands as they stand ready in the ring.]

GM: Nice things?

BW: Well... they seem like nice guys...

GM: I think our definition of "nice" may differ a bit, Bucky. Everything I've heard about these two tells me that they're lucky not to be in jail.

BW: Gordo... my notes say that these two guys are supposed to be brothers?

GM: Half brothers, Bucky. The Reles Boys..

BW: Boyz...with a z.

[The brothers Reles storm around the ring...

...and then immediately charge Worthey and Driver, who were discussing which of them should start.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway! Jim and Eddie Reles not bothering to wait for the bell here in their debut match in AWA.

BW: I don't know much about them yet, Gordo, but I think we can get their boot impressions off of Worthey and Driver!

[The Reles Boyz quickly overwhelm Worthey and Driver, pushing them back into the ropes, where Jim Reles wraps his massive arms around JP Driver and tosses him back over his head with a belly to belly suplex.]

GM: Oh my! What a show of power from big Jim Reles! He just tossed 250 plus pounds over his head like he was a ragdoll!

BW: The big man is exiting the ring to his corner, leaving his...are we sure they're brothers?

[Eddie Reles pushes Worthey into the ropes and sends him for a ride, then takes a step forwards and leaps, hitting a corkscrew back elbow that sends the veteran wrestler to the mat hard.]

GM: Big impact back elbow from Eddie Reles has Alex Worthey dazed.

BW: Alex Worthey is dazed on the best of days for him, daddy.

[Eddie Reles brings Worthey to his feet and brings him over with a quick snap suplex that leaves Worthey clutching his lower back.]

GM: Nice suplex by Reles!

BW: But he doesn't even give Worthey a moment to recover as he drags him up, tossing him back into the corner... the Reles Boyz corner and that ain't where he wants to be, Gordo!

GM: It certainly isn't with two big, mean guys like the Reles... Boyz.

BW: Gotta really FEEL that "z", Gordo. BoyZ.... BOYZZZZ!

GM: ...right. Well, this will let them do a number on him and keep their man fresh while they rotate through.

[Eddie Reles fires a rapid series of punches into the head of Alex Worthey then tags out to Big Jim Reles. Referee Ricky Longfellow starts the count as Eddie doesn't leave...]

GM: A double team is on the way here as Jim Reles drags Worthey out.

[Eddie steps back, creating space as Jim lifts Worthey for an atomic drop but as he brings him down, he doesn't extend his knee, allowing Eddie to CRACK Worthey with a kneeling uppercut as he comes down, sending him slumping down to the mat.]

GM: Oh my stars! That...modified atomic drop uppercut just knocked Alex Worthey into next week, Bucky!

BW: They call that Welcome to Relesville, Gordo... looks to me like they should welcome Worthey to the dentist instead!

[Reles sneers at the protesting referee as he hauls the groggy Worthey up off the mat by the hair, hitting him with a pair of big right hands up against the ropes before shooting him off...]

GM: Worthey off the far side...

[As Worthey rebounds, Jim Reles stands straight, lifting the smaller man up into the air...

...and then THROWING him down with a standing spinebuster that shakes the whole ring!]

GM: Good grief!

[Reles stands over Worthey, staring down at him, almost daring him to get back up and keep fighting. He finally reaches back, tagging in his half brother.]

GM: The tag is made, Eddie comes in fast...

[Eddie hits the ropes, charging back towards his own partner who hoists him high into the air, pressing him overhead...

...and then shoves him upward, allowing Eddie to come crashing down on top of Alex Worthey in a big splash!]

GM: WOW! HIGH IMPACT RIGHT THERE!

BW: A painful doubleteam... and you notice that JP Driver doesn't seem too interested in tagging back in, daddy.

GM: His partner's all the way across- OH! COME ON!

[Gordon's outrage is caused by Eddie Reles dashing across the ring, throwing a big open hand slap across the face of a surprised Driver, knocking him to a knee...

...and then bringing him inside the ring!]

GM: Driver's coming in! Driver's coming in!

[But Ricky Longfellow's having none of that, diving in front of Driver to prevent his attack on Eddie Reles who backs off, quickly scaling the buckles as his bigger brother steps in, grabbing Worthey's feet...]

GM: Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this.

[With Jim holding the legs apart, Eddie leaps off the top, driving a flying headbutt down into Worthey's... nether regions!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Yeeesh. Worthey won't be enjoying a night out in Charlotte after that, Gordo.

GM: A blatantly illegal attack by the Reles Boyz and...

[Eddie comes to his feet, grabbing one leg while Jim grabs the other. The referee wheels around, putting a count on them as they look at one another, shrug...

...and pull HARD, hitting a double wishbone on poor Alex Worthey who rolls over onto his stomach, clutching at his crotch.]

BW: There's not a Mrs. Worthey, is there?

GM: No, I don't believe so. Why?

BW: I'm not sure he's going to be much use to her from now on if there is.

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[The referee chases Eddie Reles out of the ring only to have Jim immediately tag him right back in. Jim lifts Worthey off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh... he's got him up!

[Jim Reles holds him up in powerbomb position as Eddie positions himself. Jim brings him down as Eddie leaps up, snaring the head and neck against his shoulder...

...and DRIVES him down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! HE'S DONE!

BW: That was...they call that the Reles Traction Bomb, Gordo...and I don't think there's any point in counting, do you?

GM: Ricky Longfellow with the academic count... for one... for two... and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson makes it official as JP Driver comes in to check on Alex Worthey.]

GM: JP Driver is obviously concerned about his partner after that devastating doubleteam... that - what did you call it? The Reles Traction Bomb? Incredible maneuver and...

[Eddie and Jim stand in the ring, arms raised, and throw each other a quick glance. They look over at Worthey and Driver.]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no need for-

[A quick glance and nod between the half brothers are exchanged before they charge JP Driver, overwhelming him with a flurry of fists and boots before hauling him towards the ropes.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD?!

[The duo lifts Driver up in a double military press, holding him high for a moment...

...and then HURLING him over the top rope down onto the raised entrance ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Moments later, Alex Worthey follows suit, getting tossed out onto the ramp alongside his partner.]

GM: That's just disgusting, Bucky! Disgusting!

BW: Well, look on the bright side...

GM: Bright side?

BW: At least they're closer to the stretchers...

GM: Despicable. Fans, let's get out of here and go backstage to Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is indeed standing in the hallway alongside the green and white Combat Corner t-shirt wearing Willie Hammer.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Willie Hammer, the last time we saw you-

[Hammer raises an open hand, stopping Stegglet short.]

WH: Lemme finish that for ya, Marky. The last time y'all saw Willie Hammer, I was gettin' my rear end stomped into the mat by the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Hammer slow claps, deliberately and with a grin.]

WH: Congrats, Supreme. You did it. You shut my mouth... for one night. And to top it off, you busted me up so bad, the doctors wouldn't even let me lace 'em up for the Mayhem Match and I lost my chance to face Ryan Martinez right here tonight for the World Television Title.



[That grin grows bigger.]

WH: But you lost something too, didn'tcha, playa?

[He nods his big afro-sporting head.]

WH: Yeah, you did. And you may not like how it happened. And Dave Bryant, the new World Champion might not like how it happened. All the people in the office might not like how it happened.

Me?

[He shrugs.]

WH: I'm not sure I mind so much. Yeah, you may have gotten robbed. Yeah, you may have gotten screwed over. But if I pull out my phone...

[Hammer lifts his phone.]

WH: Zoom in on this, Mr. Camera Man.

[The cameraman obliges, showing the screen of the phone which reads "TODD"]

WH: And if I dial this number...

[He taps the screen, lifting it up again to show "DIALING..." He taps another button so we can hear the ringtone.]

WH: And if I wait... and wait... and wait...

[Soon, the voicemail message kicks in and Hammer clicks the "End Call" button as he shakes his head.]

WH: Then my mentor still won't take my calls. He won't take Cody and Mike's calls. He won't take Brian's calls. He won't take Eric's calls. He won't even take his own brother-in-law's calls from what I hear.

My mentor... my teacher...

He's still out of the sport he loves...

[Wright lifts a finger, pointing at the screen.]

WH: ...and it's all... your... fault. So, forgive me, Supreme. Forgive me if I don't...

[He rubs at his eyes like he's crying.]

WH: ...shed a whole pile of tears over what happened to ya, playa. But my mama always told me that in life, you reap what you sow. You stuck the

blade in deep... in Mr. Bryant... in Mr. Michaelson... in a lot of the fans out there who supported you without having a reason in the world to do it...

So excuse me if I don't give one bit of a damn when you get the blade stuck in you.

[We fade away from a fairly intense Willie Hammer and Mark Stegglet back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing in the ring with a short Hispanic man with curly dark brown hair. He wears colorful yellow full length tights with an intricate red-and-brown pattern on them, with boots and wristbands that match the color scheme.]

[\*DING\*DING\*]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing two hundred nine pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[As Abaran jogs around, waving on the fans, they start to boo because of the man now entering the ring. An overweight white man with some definition in his chest, neck, and arms, the man has brown hair with a bald spot on the top of his head and a brown handlebar mustache. This is Colonel Pieter Wilhelm de Klerk, and he is getting a negative response to say the least. Garbed in black shined-up combat boots and olive army fatigues, de Klerk twirls his mustache as he strides to center ring. He is wearing a camouflage jacket with the flag of South Africa on the back and a red beret.]

PW: His opponent... from Capetown, South Africa... weighing two-hundred seventy-one pounds... COLONEL P. W. DE KLERK!

[de Klerk raises a fist in a military salute, and snatches the mic from Watson as he walks by. The boos get louder.]

GM: Oh, no. Someone cut the microphone. The things this man says...

CPWdK: No.

BW: That didn't sound so controversial to me, Gordo.

CPWdK: No, I did not come to the United States for this. Every single time I come out here, I am affronted with one of the inferior genetic strains from the gutters of mankind. You, boy.

[Abaran is furious, and points at the Colonel, yelling loudly in Spanish.]

CPWdK: I don't speak ape, boy. Leave this place at once. Go into the back and find someone... pure... to come wrestle me. I want true competition, not to soil my-

[And then Abaran dropkicks him in the face, because that's really all there is to say, isn't there? The crowd cheers for de Klerk's comeuppance as the South African staggers to the ropes.]

GM: Yes! That's how you deal with a racist!

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

BW: And he better keep dealing just that way, because if de Klerk gets control he's gonna be real sorry he didn't go running for a different opponent. I don't like de Klerk's attitude about things... the way he talks, you'd think all Mexicans were Cesar Hernandez!

GM: And don't you start! Abaran with a hip toss, throwing down the Colonel! And a second dropkick as he stands, sending de Klerk through the ropes to the outside!

[Leaping in triumph, Abaran pumps a fist in the air and whoops to the crowd.]

BW: Don't let up, kid! If you give the Colonel any time to catch his breath...

GM: Caspian Abaran wants to earn his lost luchadore mask back, and a victory against this man might be just the trick! Abaran dashing off the far ropes... SUICIDE DIVE... NO!

[\*DING\*]

[Attempting to execute some of the signature luchadore offense, Caspian Abaran leaps through the ropes... right into the ring bell, as de Klerk had snatched it from the timekeeper's table and swung it straight into the head of the onrushing Montemorelos native! The boos ring louder than the bell, as Abaran falls limp to the floor!]

GM: THAT HAS GOT TO BE A DISQUALIFICATION!

BW: It is... Davis Warren is calling for the bell, but obviously, de Klerk ain't gonna ring it for him!

GM: DE KLERK RAMS THE BELL INTO ABARAN'S HEAD AGAIN! What possessed this man to... no, wait, I think that's obvious, isn't it?

BW: He said he didn't want to wrestle someone... uhhh, unpure is the word he used, right? He meant it. It takes some hardcore hate to just throw a match check away for your so-called principles.

GM: de Klerk is peeling back the mat at ringside! Someone has to stop this! Someone has to... HE'S SETTING UP THE STATE OF EMERGENCY! HE'S GOING TO CRUSH ABARAN'S SKULL IF HE HITS THIS ON CONCRETE!

BW: On the plus side, the kid'll be justified in wearing a mask again.

GM: THAT'S NOT FUNNY! DE KLERK PICKS HIM UP!

[And the crowd cheers wildly as de Klerk is tackled away from Abaran and punched repeatedly by a Hispanic man in a nice blue dress shirt, navy slacks, and brown dress shoes. It is Cesar Hernandez, whose cream-colored tie and thin-rimmed glasses make him seem more like a teacher than a wrestler... and yet he is enraged, pummeling de Klerk with fists and fury!]

GM: THANK GOODNESS FOR CESAR HERNANDEZ!

BW: Yes! Now when de Klerk plants a Mexican face first in the concrete, I can feel good about it!

GM: De Klerk is trying to escape! The Colonel trying to go over the rail, but the fans are pushing him back! And Hernandez winds up and pelts him one between the eyes!

BW: Gordo, in all seriousness, we do need security. Cesar won't stop if he's this mad, and if you think he wouldn't pop de Klerk's head like a zit on that exposed floor when he's angry, you do not know the man.

GM: It is true that Cesar has a fiery temper. Security coming down to break it up, and De Klerk using them as a wall... oh, he took a parting shot at Hernandez and is walking away! Security having to hold Hernandez back!

BW: They should taser him just to make sure. Or better yet, let me do it.

GM: Fortunately, de Klerk never got to hit the State Of Emergency on the concrete. That move is a version of a piledriver, and is injurious enough in the ring! That was nothing less than an attempt to end a career!

BW: Yeah, trying to cripple preliminary guys seems to be a fad these days.

[Hernandez rolls into the ring and calls for the microphone. The lanky Mexican's shoulder-length black hair is slightly curled, and there is an infuriated expression on his clean-shaven face. Watson gives him the mic, and he points towards de Klerk, who is still in the upper aisle being yelled at by officials.]

CH: DE KLERK!

[With an unimpressed stare, P.W. looks at Hernandez and wrinkles his nose, as if he's offended to even have his name spoken.]

CH: You came here tonight trying to kill this kid! If you hate us Mexicans so bad, like you hate everybody else, and you want to take one of us out... I'm right here! Why don't you come show how superior you are, huh?!

[With his index finger, Hernandez beckons De Klerk to the ring, but the South African seems singularly uninterested. He makes a "to heck with this" arm motion and starts walking to the back. Cesar sees that the simple challenge didn't work, and tries again.]

CH: Fine, you don't want to fight me? Why don't you wrestle me? You're so proud of your military wrestling! And last time I wrestled you, seven years ago, I pinned you in the middle of the ring! Have you forgotten?! Did you forget what happened when you came for the PCW Title?

[That seems to have gotten under De Klerk's skin a bit. He stops, puts a single arm behind his back to adopt his proper posture, and starts walking to his right... where the interview area is.]

CH: If anything you ever said is true, then why did I beat you? Or why don't I tell my people in the "ape language"? De Klerk es un cobarde que vive una mentira! ...I sabe que no es nada, pero lo compensa con excusas para esconderse de las personas que son mejores que Él!

CPWdK: That will be enough of your simian jibbering. The genetic flotsam you're addressing are not important in any way. But it seems that this ape fancies himself a man. You are lying about ever having defeated me, as I obviously would never lower myself to wrestle one of the lower primates.

[This makes Hernandez even more furious, and he has to be restrained by security again.]

CPWdK: As far as the AWA understands, you are just another illegal who crossed the border last month, no different than the trained monkey who tends the lawn of my Stateside estate. So your lies to bait me are useless. But I see that you are quite enraged. Yes, you're angry enough to fling your own feces, and no doubt you will commence doing so as soon as you have a movement. If you are so enraged, ape, then this is the question I have. True sapience is expressed in the willingness to sacrifice. If I am to sacrifice my dignity as an evolved being by laying hands upon you... what are you willing to sacrifice for the opportunity to rise above your lowly state? Hm?

CH: Sacrifice? You want one? You get in the ring, and if you beat me, I'll leave the AWA! But if I beat you, you have to!

CPWdK: Why should I make TWO sacrifices?

CH: So you're saying I could beat you?

[de Klerk has to think about that for a moment. He then comes back with a response.]

CPWdK: Inadequate. If I must make two sacrifices, yours must be the ultimate. I want your CAREER.

[The crowd gives a loud "oooooh"!]

CPWdK: You will not merely leave the AWA and return to your drug-ridden haven, performing in front of your tribe. You will never embarrass the sport of wrestling again with your presence! Not here! Not in Mexico! Not in Japan! Not in Europe! Nowhere! Those are the stakes! Where is your confidence now, mong...

CH: DONE!

[The crowd gives a loud dismayed reaction, as they sense a trap.]

CH: And if you lose, you leave the AWA!

CPWdK: No. What kind of man would I be if I allowed myself to be outdone by an ape? If your career is on the line, then I say this... if I lose to you, I would never DARE enter a wrestling ring again!

[And maybe for the first time, the crowd cheers something that Pieter Wilhelm de Klerk says.]

CH: You remember one thing. You may call us apes, but in Mexico, the promises we put on a match are binding. Whether it's a mask, hair, or a career... if you go back on your word, no Mexican wrestler would rest until you were retired for good, and that goes triple for me. I'll hunt you like an animal if you renege on your promise!

CPWdK: I say the same, except I'll hunt you with a blunderbuss the way I do all the other animals.

[And that's it; Cesar leaps out of the ring and tries to run up the aisle, but he's blocked. Security stops him as De Klerk twirls his mustache and walks to the back with a confident smile on his face.]

GM: Bucky, is this right? We saw one career-ending match at Memorial Day Mayhem... do we have another one here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling?!

BW: As much as I don't support de Klerk's opinions... we have the chance to see the end of Cesar Hernandez! This could be a great day!

GM: You're still sore from the last time you tripped him in a match when you were managing, aren't you?

BW: Revenge is a great analgesic! I should go trip him tonight during that match.

GM: You will do no such thing! Fans, it looks like Hernandez vs De Klerk is on, with two long careers on the line tonight! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be the Surfer Dudes in tag team action!

[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...

Dragonforce's "The Game" begins blaring out, as text in big black letters on a white background pop onto the screen]

HE'S COMING.

IT'S TIME...

TO CHANGE THE GAME!!!

[The scene ends with a shot from behind of a large, well-built man hitting another with a front Fireman's Carry slam...

...and then fade to a shot of an American flag blowing in the breeze. A voiceover begins.]

"America is the land of opportunity."

[A shot of a bald eagle breaks through.]

"The land where the most humble of men can become the greatest of individuals."

[Hey, that's the White House!]

"The country where dreams can come true and the impossible can become possible."

[We fade from the White House to show the man known as MISTER Oliver Strickland is standing in front of a US flag.]

MOS: Make my dream come true. Make me the next President... of the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Strickland gives a big thumbs up to the camera as a quiet voiceover comes up.]

"The preceding message was paid for by Kingsley Online Entertainment."

[Fade out.]

...and we cut back to live action backstage to reveal AWA ace interviewer Jason Dane standing with one of his favorite targets of late: Unholy Alliance member "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired cruiserweight stands calmly staring into the camera wearing his standard wrestling gear...but with one addition: A leather biker jacket festooned with LED lights running up the sleeves, up the shoulders and (presumably) onto the back. Along side of the Marley and his shiny new jacket stands Wise Man, Unholy Alliance leader and all around AWA fixture, Percy Childes.

Dane doesn't look thrilled at the manager's inclusion.]

JD: Rick Marley, it was my understanding that this interview was going to be one on one. Why the sudden change of heart? Do you have something to hide about Johnny Detson walking out on you? Is there a fissure inside of the Unholy Alliance? Something Percy Childes here has to try to cover up?

[Marley laughs quietly, shaking his head as Percy looks on.]

RM: Dane, the amount of clue that you've got coursing through your brain could fill a thimble and leave room to spare for the all of the talent in Hannibal Carver's body. Me and Johnny had a long talk after that match. He got his bell rung and got a little confused by what was going on. You can't tell me that you expect a guy with a concussion to continue in a match after he's exhibiting symptoms...is that what you want? The wrestlers to risk brain damage?

JD: Not at all! Concussions are serious-

RM: (interrupting) Exactly. The fact that he was suffering a serious medical condition and went to seek treatment while Craven chased after him like an idiot dog that sees a car going down the street. Well, Dane: Do you know what happens when those poor, idiot dogs actually manage to CATCH the car?



JD: I--

RM: (interrupting again) THEY GET CRUSHED. JUST like they deserve. Just like Craven deserves.

You see, all those months ago when Carver started standing in front of a camera and began to gibber, I went out and hired the finest team of UN translators to figure out what he was saying. I could ALMOST make out that he was saying my name, but the rest of that crazy moon language was indecipherable to me. They finally brought back the results and I'm shocked! Shocked to find out that he apparently wants to wrestle me.

JD: You've addressed the fact that he wants to-

RM: (interrupting a third time) ...so I'll give him his answer directly. Carver: You don't like what I did or what I have to say? You don't think that I deserve my spot here in AWA? You want to do something about it?

I'm right here, big boy...and I figure that with my new coat, I'm not going to be hard to find.

[Marley turns around, revealing the flashing LED lights on the back, which read "Simply The Best" before turning once again to face the camera.]

JD: That's grotesque.

RM: That's just telling the truth, Dane. I'm good at that.

JD: You're one of the biggest liars in this company. Johnny Detson didn't have any concussion and you know it! The doctors in the back didn't have him anywhere on the medical report. You're swallowing a bill of sale from this clown...

[Dane points angrily at Percy as Marley steps in again.]

RM: Careful there, Dane. This 'clown' is one of the Wise Men...and people that cross the Wise Men tend to end up in a bad way.

[Dane looks at Marley in shock.]

JD: Are you threatening to windshield me like you guys did to Supernova? To... to half the roster at this point?!

RM: I'm not admitting to or threatening anything. I'm just warning you. If you keep going where you are, bad things are going to happen to you.

You don't believe me? Look at the track record.

[Childs leans in to speak.]

PC: Jason Dane, how many times have I had to restrain my charges from reacting to your provocations now?

JD: Provocations?!

PC: You're constantly crossing lines with us. You know that I've had to do all but threaten my own men with suspension - as that is what the AWA would levy - because of the way you deliberately bait them. But you're getting close to the point where I'll stop, fines and suspensions be damned. I have protected you constantly for years, Dane. Show some gratitude and wisdom and stop provoking us.

JD: That's... the most twisted... I'm not going to even justify that twisted logic with a response. It's things like that that make me use the word 'clown'.

RM: And as for this 'clown'? Who else has the pull that Percy does through the Wise Men and Unholy Alliance?

No one.

He's a force of nature in this business...and he's guiding some of the finest athletes in this company--

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: But no champions, Rick. Not one. You keep saying that you're the best wrestler in the company. That you're the greatest wrestler in the world, bar none...but all you have to show for your ego is a flashy leather coat and a string of losses longer than my arm. Where's that pull that you're talking about with Percy Childes?

Did it help you when you tapped out to Supreme Wright? When Carver knocked you into next week? How can you be the best if--

[Marley glares at Dane.]

RM: I AM THE BEST--

[Marley takes a deep breath, calming himself down.]

RM: You want to know why I'm the best?

Because it MATTERS to me. That's right. It matters.

Not what the other wrestlers think. Not what the fans think. Not what the writers think.

It's what I think.

[Dane shakes his head with disgust.]

JD: That's just arrogance. How can you say that when you laid down--

RM: (shaking his head) No...arrogance would be if I can't back it up. This is ego. I KNOW how good I am. I KNOW what I can do and what I've done.

[A pause.]

RM: And I know I can do better. That I AM better.

[Marley pauses, shaking his head.]

RM: I do things in that ring that no one else does. I fight guys twice my size and more and come out on top... and on top is where I belong.

Carver, Craven... your little kooky buddies? You think you're going to stand in the way of that? All of you are just another roadblock. Another obstacle that I need to overcome... and believe me, if there's one thing that I know, it's removing obstacles.

And you can take that to the bank.

[We fade away from Marley...

...and back up to the ring, where two wrestlers are standing by. One is a pale-skinned young man with a brown bushy "baby-fro", a garnet-red singlet with white arrows crisscrossing the front, white boots and tape. The other is tall with a lanky, decently-muscled build. He has very short black hair, a scruffy goatee, long black tights with blue trim, and a white tank top.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring... at a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-eight pounds... the team of... WINSTON "FAMOUS" JAMESON and SCOTTY RICHARDSON!

[Jameson leans back in the corner making a 'me' pose while Richardson walks around the ropes yelling at the fans to shut up. They were kind of mild to start with, but they cheer up when "Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys starts to play over the PA.]

PW: And their opponents, about to make their way down the aisle! Hailing from Southern California and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five pounds...

...VANCE RICKS... TRAMPUS KENNEDY... THE SURFER DUDES!

[Upon being named, the Dudes emerge from the back, throwing up the Shaka sign to the fans. Both Surfer Dudes look like stereotypical 80's California surfer guys, with tanned skin, blonde hair (Ricks has dark roots) and blue eyes. Kennedy wears tie-dyed bicycle shorts while Ricks opts for tie-dyed trunks (the actual pattern is slightly different between them; Kennedy has a tangerine/red/violet cloud pattern while Ricks has a yellow/blue/orchid whorl pattern), a tie-dyed 'Surfer Dudes' baseball cap (worn

backwards), and sunshine-yellow ring jackets with 'Surfer Dudes' on the back. Kennedy has tie-dyed kneepads (with a black rubber base), black elbowpads and boots, and taped wrists and fingers. His hair is long and hangs almost over his eyes, while his physique is impressively sculpted. Ricks sports white kneepads, elbowpads, and boots. His physique is nice, but not at Kennedy's level. He's got shorter spiky (bleached) hair, and a tattoo on his right shoulder of a yin and yang with kanji script underneath translating into "Life & Death".

Kennedy and Ricks make their way down the entrance aisle towards the ring. Both men stop periodically to slap hands with any fans who have their hands out-stretched. Kennedy and Ricks get to the ring and climb in. Ricks climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and gives the crowd the Shaka sign. Kennedy removes his jacket and strikes a bicep flex. Ricks hops off the second turnbuckle and sheds his jacket. Both men move to their corner as their music stops playing.]

GM: It is great to see the Surfer Dudes back after the knee injury that Vance Ricks suffered just days before their big break in the Stampede Cup at Rising Sun Showdown.

BW: Why would he complain? He wanted a big break, so he got one! Right on the knee.

GM: The Dudes were replaced in the Cup by the team of Noboru Fujimoto and Yoshinari Taguchi, and they had to watch Fujimoto and Taguchi advance through the tournament in their spot. That had to be hard, Bucky.

[\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: Nah, it was pretty easy. All they had to do is sit on their couch and watch. Nothing to it. And they were better off staying there, if you ask me.

GM: I didn't. We're starting off with Trampus Kennedy in there against Winston Jameson. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and Kennedy taking Jameson over easily with the fireman's carry and right into an arm scissors. The Dudes are no longer rookies, Bucky. In fact, they wrestle for both the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro, which is one reason that we see them somewhat infrequently.

BW: And the reason why we saw them VERY infrequently at the Stampede Cup, because Ricks got hurt at a Tiger Paw show. That's what happens when you spilt your focus.

GM: Actually, he was injured by one of our own teams who was touring to promote the Stampede Cup... the Longhorn Riders. From what I heard, Pete and Jim Colt were upset that the Dudes had a spot in the tournament, and in their jealousy they may have intentionally injured Ricks.

[Jameson eventually manages to scoot to the ropes, and Kennedy breaks the hold. Winston stands up and shakes his arm with a pained expression,

but the rookie is inattentive and gets armdragged back into center ring. Trampus applies an armbar and drags the "Famous" one towards his corner.]

BW: That's the rumor. I heard the Dudes called out the Riders already, because they didn't learn their lesson the first time.

[The tag is made, and the crowd cheers as Ricks slings himself over the ropes to axehandle Jameson in the arm off the slingshot. He then slings BACK over the ropes, and back again with a slingshot axehandle to the face.]

GM: Impressive transition by Vance Ricks, and it looks like he is back to one hundred percent to me. And to your point, Bucky, earlier tonight we caught up to the Surfer Dudes. This is what they had to say about their recent travails, and about the Longhorn Riders.

[It's time for our good friend, the picture-in-picture promo! A small insert moves in on the upper right hand corner of the screen as Ricks back suplexes Jameson in the ring. The Dudes are standing in their to-ring gear up in the interview screen.]

TK (small screen): When summertime rolls around, you know it's time for the Surfer Dudes to join the party, brah!

VR (small screen): And when we lost our shot to enter the Stampede Cup, it broke our hearts. But what the fans of the AWA don't know is how it happened. Those dirty Longhorn Riders targeted my knee because they were jealous that we made the big show. We sat back and watched the team that took our spot make a run in the tourney, and we knew it should have been us.

TK (small screen): But we're back with a vengeance, brah, and that vengeance is gonna be on Hot Sauce Pete and Jerky Jim! We challenge you two yokels, anytime anywhere. You took our moment, so we're gonna take your whole summer... and make it hang ten!

VR (small screen): Shaka!

[As the screen pulls back away, we see that in the meanwhile, Ricks has hit a rolling neck snap on Jameson, then tagged his partner back in. The Surfer Dudes whip Jameson off the ropes, then Kennedy drops to his back while Ricks runs after Jameson. Ricks stops and hits a back body drop on Jameson, sending him down on Kennedy, who pulls his knees up causing Winston to bounce right off the knees and flop out through the ropes! The Dudes celebrate the spectacular move when we return to action.]

GM: We're back, and what an amazing doubleteam move by the Surfer Dudes while the interview played!

BW: It was, yeah. But you know, I think the Surfer Dudes' anger is misplaced. Why get mad at the Longhorn Riders? You know who they should be mad at?

GM: Jameson rolling back in, right in his corner. Tag to Scotty Richardson, who is making his AWA debut. Richardson is demanding that referee Davis Warren check Trampus Kennedy for a foreign object, which is absurd. But it does disrupt the momentum of the Dudes... much like the Longhorn Riders did to them with a jealous assault in Japan. The Riders are still in Japan, actually, but are scheduled to return in two weeks for Saturday Night Wrestling. Now, who besides them should the Dudes be angry with?

BW: The AWA. Because when Air Strike suffered an injury, and Cody Mertz was injured, they let THEM have a substitute and go on. Not the Surfer Dudes.

GM: There is a difference, Bucky. The Air Strike happened due to a between-rounds cheap shot after Air Strike had won a tournament match. The AWA and Tiger Paw Pro didn't want a bye. Richardson and Kennedy lock up, and Richardson with a headbutt in the clinch. Big right hand by the newcomer from Dallas.

[Grabbing Kennedy by the hair, Richardson rakes his eyes on the top rope.]

GM: The young man has used rough tactics to get an edge. Not a bad first impression. Doubling Trampus over with a kick, off the ropes... swinging neckbr... NO!

[The lanky Texan attempts a running swinging neckbreaker, but Trampus hooks his arms to counter with a backslide, gets Richardson straightened up, and then snapmares him over... backwards!]

BW: He snapmared Richardson over backwards onto his face!

GM: Tag to Ricks, and the Surfer Dudes moving in on Scotty Richardson. Double atomic drop! And a double hip toss sending Richardson all the way across the ring!

BW: Well, if they wanna pick a fight with the Longhorn Riders, I'm sure they'll get an answer on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, and that answer ain't gonna be a no. I'd like to see them throw Pete Colt across the ring that way.

GM: Vance Ricks ascending to the top turnbuckle, and flashes that surfer hand sign to the crowd... and brings it down over the head of Richardson! That's the Shaka Drop, and it gets a two count.

BW: You know what 'shaka' means, right?

GM: They told me once that it means "hang loose".

BW: It's actually Hawaiian for 'not in the face!'

GM: Will you stop? Side suplex by Ricks, and a quick tag back to Kennedy. Vance and Trampus off the ropes and a double elbow drop. Double kip up, and a second double elbow drop!

BW: Here comes Jameson!

GM: Double back body drop!

BW: There goes Jameson!

GM: It did give Richardson time to roll out of there. But Kennedy and Ricks are eyeing their opponents!

[Winston Jameson and Scotty Richardson have rolled to the floor and are trying to regroup... but they look up just in time to see both Surfer Dudes leaping through the ropes with tandem planchas! The crowd erupts in cheers for the spectacular move!]

BW: Alright, now... that kinda circus flying looks real pretty, and it does hit hard, but that won't fly, pun intended, against a couple of bruisers like the Riders.

GM: The Surfer Dudes roll their opponents back in, and in after them. Trampus Kennedy is the legal man.

[Kennedy rushes in, catching a rising Richardson with a leg lariat that knocks him back down where he promptly rolls out to the apron, tagging Winston Jameson who just rolled onto the apron himself.]

BW: I don't think Jameson knows he's even been tagged, because that dive to the floor knocked him loopy.

GM: You're right... Kennedy reaching out there, and a brilliant side belly to belly suplex hurling Winston Jameson into the ring! Tag made to Ricks, and Kennedy sends Jameson off the ropes. Picking him up in the bearhug... RICKS WITH THE FLYING MISSILE DROPKICK! THE WIPE OUT!

BW: Yeah, that's it right there. But again, I'd like to see them try that on the Colt boys.

GM: Three count, and the Surfer Dudes are very impressive tonight!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cheers fill the air as "Surfin' USA" starts back up. Ricks and Kennedy pose in the middle of the ring, each taking a knee and flashing the Shaka sign as Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... VANCE RICKS... TRAMPUS KENNEDY... THE SURFER DUDES!

BW: I won't lie. Ricks and Kennedy aren't the easy targets they used to be. All that international experience made them a lot better. But they still don't have a killer instinct. They let things happen to them. If they had any real guts, they'd have made it to Rising Sun Showdown and had their big-show opportunity. The Longhorn Riders are coming back to town, and they don't need an invitation, daddy.

GM: That's one opinion. Fans, we'll be right back after these messages!

[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.]

"Wrestling!"

[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.]

"Tomorrow night, we'll be in Norfolk, Virginia for a live event featuring Dave Bryant defending the World Heavyweight Title!"

[The graphic changes.]

"On Friday, June 13th, the AWA invades Knoxville, Tennessee for a live event followed by Lexington, Kentucky on Saturday, June 14th! Both nights will feature BIG 30 man Battle Royals with \$25,000 prizes that you will NOT want to miss!"

[It evolves again.]

"Thursday, June 19th will see the AWA LIVE in Cincinnati, Ohio for the very first time with Ryan Martinez meeting Johnny Detson in one-on-one action! On Friday, June 20th, we'll be in Louisville, Kentucky with Eric Preston taking on former champion Kolya Sudakov!"

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

"The weekend will be red hot as we're coming to Memphis, Tennessee on Saturday, June 21st for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and then on Sunday afternoon in Little Rock, Arkansas!"



[The graphic changes to read "GUTS & GLORY."]

"This all leads up to Friday, July 4th in Springfield, Missouri at Hammons Field for Guts & Glory! The World Title will be on the line under the stars featuring a special concert with rock and roll band Styx and a fireworks show after the matches! Bring the family out for a fun-filled night in Springfield!"

[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 up to a closeup of a lightbulb, swaying left and right. We zoom out a bit as we pan down...]

HC: Do yeh see?

[... we see seated in a steel folding chair with his head bowed is Hannibal Carver. He has a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood up and a six pack with one beer missing in his lap, and the "missing" one clutched in his left hand as he brings it to his lips. He finishes off the can of Budweiser and tosses it to the floor as he pulls another one free of the plastic six pack ring and pops it open.]

HC: Do yeh see now?

[He crushes the can in the palm of his hand as he chugs it, some of it spilling out of the corner of his mouth. He tosses it to the floor as well as he wipes his mouth, finally looking up.]

HC: I only ask, because it seems that yeh all must be blind. I came out here and said it time and again. Supreme Wright did what he did, and it wasn't a shining example of what yeh might consider "right"... but I understood it. Because when the fat man comes out and says the Championship Committee is in his back pocket?

[Carver cracks open another brew.]

HC: Well hell, yeh gotta do whatever it takes to put a chokehold on that strap just to make sure he never gets his grubby mitts on it. But everyone just looked at Wright. How he robbed Bryant. Never seeing the big picture.

[Carver sighs, shaking his head as he takes a sip.]

HC: Never seeing that it isn't a man in the ring we ALL have to be worried about. So on a night when I finally got my hands on Marley and put him down for that HARD sleep... and I didn't find a DAMN thing to be celebrating about.

Because even though me and Bill sent Detson scurrying for the hills and damn near caved Marley's head in... at the end of the night it was those jackals having the last laugh.

[Carver finishes off his beer, crushing the can and tossing it to the side.]

HC: Don't think this is over by a long shot, boys. Marley, I cleaned yer clock but I ain't had enough by a damn sight. And Detson?

[Carver grunts to himself.]

HC: Yeh've been talking way too much and WAY too loud about me and my legacy to get off with a slap on the wrist like that. Bill hasn't whet his appetite with yeh, and I sure as HELL haven't. Come hell or highwater?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yer due to get yer mind erased along with yer whiny running mate.

[Carver smirks, perhaps reliving smashing Rick Marley in the back of the head before an unpleasant thought clearly crosses his mind, complete with a scowl on his face.]

HC: The fat slob Percy Childe played his games and the big strap changed hands. Not because one or the other was the better man. Hell, they were matched as even as yeh can be and went toe to toe for a full sixty minutes. It was a helluva thing... but now we may never know who the true man is, because money changed hands and we have a new champ. I knocked his boy the hell out... but still he gets to walk out at the end of the night and make a mockery of this company.

That don't sit right with me.

[Carver stands up quickly, sending the steel chair falling backwards.]

HC: Speaking of things that don't sit right... Bobby standing side by side with Eric Preston.

[Carver scowls and then spits on the floor.]

HC: The man that crushed one of the finest moment this sport has ever known. James Monosso fought against his own limitations and that aforementioned fat pig throwing roadblocks up and achieved the impossible... he won the big prize all on his own.

And then yeh took it all away from every single person that was along for that ride with him. Now I know he tried in the past to take yeh out of this sport permanently... but it still doesn't sit right. I still don't trust yeh, no matter what yeh say about changing yer tune. And at the end of it, what did I see? Bobby O'Connor fighting three thugs on his own. Fighting against the odds but taking a hell of a beating all the same. Right after Detson and

Childes worked him over with that damn cane, going out there when the doctors said he should be getting some rest... and getting it all over again.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: I haven't talked to him yet tonight, but if that boy has any sense... Bobby finally IS taking the night off, and I'll tell yeh something. When he is back around here, I'm gonna have no choice but step up to him and look right in his face...

[Carver nods.]

HC: ... and shake his hand. Because regardless of whether I agree with what he has to say about Preston, I still have no choice but to respect the hell out of him fighting for what he thinks is right. And moreso, because we need to stand united more than ever before. Because after what yeh saw at the big show, after yeh saw that slimeball Lake setting the Texas flag on fire...

[Carver drops his head, cursing under his breath.]

HC: ... none of us have heard or seen Jack. Yeh can beat a man in the middle of that ring, but what Lake did? That's a whole other story. Bobby is resting up and will be back because the body can heal... but the spirit?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: That don't heal quite as easily. So I don't know when Jack will be back out here for all yeh folks. I don't know when he'll be back fighting for the pride of all of Texas. But I DO know one thing.

[Carver scowls, cracking his knuckles.]

HC: Every last one of the Alliance is gonna pay.

[And with that, we fade out...

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

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

Already in the ring, hailing from Wagga Wagga, Australia and weighing in at 247 pounds, he is "Outback" Zack Kelly!

[The crowd responds with a light smattering of applause]

PW: And his opponent...hailing from Allentown Pennsylvania and currently residing in Miami, Florida... representing the Unholy Alliance... weighing in at 215 pounds...

"SHOOOOOOOWTIIIIIIIIIME"  
RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICK

MAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRLEYYYY!

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. Suddenly, a pair of white pyro bursts set in time with the bass drum light up the entry way as the remainder of "Saints Of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system. As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley standing at the top of the ramp with his back to the crowd.

The dark haired cruiserweight is wearing a leather biker jacket festooned with LED lights running up the sleeves and down the back, where they reveal script that reads "Simply The Best".

The fair skinned light heavyweight has his dark hair slicked back and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.

Turning around and holding his arms up over his head to soak in the (negative) reaction from the fans in attendance before he pumps his fists and starts his way down to the ring.]

GM: That jacket is...certainly something.

BW: I have to admit, I'm really fond of it, Gordo. Marley's showing some real fashion sense out there.

GM: That's certainly debatable but what's not debatable is the fact that Marley got his particular spotlight turned OUT by Hannibal Carver two weeks ago at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: That unhinged psychopath struck the man in the back of the head! From behind!

GM: It's hard to hit someone in the back of the head if you're not behind him, Bucky.

BW: You know what I meant!

[Marley jaws with the fans on his way down to ringside. Smirking all the way, he doesn't miss an opportunity to explain to them how lucky they are to see someone of his caliber come to whatever hell hole AWA is occupying this evening. Climbing into the ring, he strides across the squared circle to climb to the second rope in front of the announcer's table, where he raises both hands to the crowd before back flipping back into the ring to a chorus of boos as he removes his shiny jacket.]

GM: Marley showing off his athleticism as he backflips into the ring, now jabbering away at his Australian opponent here tonight. "Outback" Zack is a real tough veteran of the sport, Bucky, but Rick Marley is quite likely in quite the mood after yet another contentious interview with Jason Dane.

BW: Dane's got a death wish, daddy! He keeps on prodding Marley the way that he has been and Showtime's gonna snap. It took Percy Childes stepping in to save him here this week!

GM: Childes did indeed step in, Bucky... but I don't see him out here with Marley this evening.

BW: Percy's a very busy man. Marley's not gonna need his help against a guy like Crocodile Dundee here.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the bell to kick this one off.

[Before the bell, Marley had turned to exchange some words to the fans at ringside, so wasn't facing "Outback" Zack at the onset, which was all the green light the veteran needed. Charging the smaller man, he hits him with a running double axe handle to the middle of Marley's back that sends him stumbling into the corner.]

GM: Outback Zack's not wasting any time here tonight in Charlotte... whoa my! Big overhand chop to the chest!

[The Australian winds up a second time, slapping his open palm down on the pectorals of the former World Champion. A third blow has the crowd going wild as Marley winces in pain in the corner.]

GM: Marley's in trouble here as Outback Zack is really taking it to him! Are you sure about what you said, Bucky? Are you CERTAIN that he's not going to need Childes out here to give him yet another unfair advantage?

BW: Well, Marley HAS been really distracted lately... sometimes not even listening to Percy. Maybe it's tough love. Yeah! That's it! Tough love on Percy's part, daddy!

GM: Tough love it might be but you better believe even in his absence from ringside, Percy Childes - and the Wise Men - are watching... and they can't be happy with Rick Marley as of late.

[The Australian looks around at the cheering crowd for a moment...

...which is all that Marley needs to reach up and stick a thumb in the big man's eye, sending him stumbling out of the corner.]

GM: Cheap shot by Rick Marley! And the referee's letting him have it for that illegal blow right there.

BW: Marley don't care though. He's pushing right past Warren. Too bad it's not Marty Meekly in there, Gordo. He'd have let it go.

GM: Marty Meekly, as we mentioned earlier, has been placed on probation by the AWA front office but he WILL be officiating a match here later tonight

from my understanding which should be a very unique situation. Would he have called Marley's dirty trick right there?

BW: Dirty? I didn't see anything dirty... and neither does Outback, now that he's been blinded.

[Marley charges out of the corner behind the blinded Marley, jumping and catching the back of his head with one hand...

...to DRIVE Kelly's face into the canvas in the center of the ring!]

GM: Leaping faceslam by the Unholy Alliance member!

[The dark-haired cruiserweight climbs quickly to his feet as Kelly tries to push up off the mat, leaving him open to Marley pasting him in the forehead with a series of right hands.]

GM: Marley hammering away at the kneeling Australian. One small mistake, and now Marley is in complete control over Outback Zack, Bucky.

BW: Marley's so quick that one small opening is all he needs, Gordo. Kelly looked out to the fans in appreciation for their support, and look what it got him! A head smashed into the canvas. That's why it's always smarter to ignore the fans and antagonize them.

GM: The fans are the ones that pay our salaries!

BW: I don't see their names on MY paycheck, daddy.

[Marley hauls Outback Zack up to his feet, pointing over his shoulder towards the entryway. Davis Warren turns to look...

...and misses Marley sticking a thumb in Zack's OTHER eye!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

BW: See, I told you, Gordo. We NEED Marty Meekly out here.

GM: Completely uncalled for on the part of Rick Marley who is now being thoroughly chastised by Davis Warren for the second illegal eye gouge.

BW: Yell at him all you want, if you didn't see anything, you can't do anything about it!

[Marley steps back, measuring his opponent as he struggles back out to the middle of the ring. A smirking Marley grabs him by the hair, dragging him to the corner where he slams his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the corner... and a sharp back elbow puts Outback Zack back down on the canvas.

[Marley rains down a few stomps to the head, forcing Zack to roll to his stomach. The Unholy Alliance member backs off, watching as the Australian pushes up to all fours...]

GM: What's he...?

["Showtime" rushes across the ring, stepping on the back of Outback Zack, springing off to land on the top rope...

...and then springboards back, flipping into a moonsault onto Kelly's back!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: Holy... did you SEE that, Gordo?!

GM: I saw it... and I was very impressed by it!

BW: It's moves like that that earned Ricky Marley the name the Human Highlight Reel once upon a time.

GM: Try calling him that in front of Skywalker Jones... or even TORA for that matter. Rick Marley taking some time to converse with the fans about how great he is.

BW: When you can do things like that, you've got some serious evidence on your side about EXACTLY how great you are, Gordo! How many other guys can pull something like that off?

GM: Well, Skywalker Jones and TORA as I just-

BW: I'd like to see them try!

[After pausing to harangue the fans for a moment, Marley moves back over and hoists Kelly up by the head before hitting him with a series of knife edge chops that drive him back into the turnbuckle.]

GM: Big chops sending Kelly back... oh, big right hand... and another right hand. The referee's right in there again to warn against the closed fist.

[Marley grabs the arm, sending him for the ride across the ring to the far corner and charging in just behind him. Kelly hits the turnbuckle and bounces out, extending his arm out of pure reflex as he does and catching Marley with an inadvertent, but still effective lariat that sends both men to the mat, with Kelly on top!]

GM: KELLY WITH A CLOTHESLINE AND HERE'S A COVER!

BW: PERCY'S GONNA KILL HIM!

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! NO! So close, but Marley got a shoulder up at 2!

BW: ..I...never had a doubt.

[Laying on his stomach, Marley pounds the mat in frustration before coming to his feet and shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. Kelly is slower to recover, allowing Marley a chance to stalk him, moving a bit away...and the moment Kelly gets vertical...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Casting Call! Marley nailed Outback Zack with his Casting Call superkick!

BW: And you know what that means, daddy...

[Marley quickly moves over and picks Kelly up by the head once more, this time locking on the front facelock for a split second before spinning...

...and DRIVING Kelly facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Limelight! Marley nailed the Limelight!

BW: Davis Warren can warn all he wants, but this one's over...

[Marley simply rolls over and lays on his back on Kelly as Davis Warren counts.]

GM: One. Two. And there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Rick Marley with an impressive victory over Outback Zack... will that be enough to get him back in the good graces of Percy Childe and the Wise Men?

BW: I'm sure they would have rather he won the tag match at Memorial Day Mayhem but... well, this is a good start on the right path for him, right?

GM: Time will tell. Fans, right now, we have a special video package for you regarding a man who will be making his AWA debut later on this evening. He is a former National Football League standout, Super Bowl champion and Pro Bowl offensive lineman. Let's take our first look at "First String" Frankie Farelli!

[The video piece opens to a sunrise over a grassy field; a practice field which has been chalked up as a gridiron. One man is seen in silhouette, hitting a training sled. A slow, string-heavy classical piece provides suitably dramatic background music. We get the nice deep voiceover narrating the piece.]

NARRATOR: Francis Farelli was born to two star athletes in Long Island, New York. His father, Chuck, played for the Cincinnati Bengals and Washington Redskins in the late seventies and early eighties, earning a Super Bowl ring with the Redskins in 1982. His mother, Iris, was a member of the US



Olympic swimming team in 1976. With this lineage, Frankie Farelli was destined for greatness.

[During this exposition, we get a variety of training images. Running concrete stairs in an outdoor stadium. Benchpressing a large amount of free weight in a modern, clean gym. Running cone drills back on the field. We can see the man more clearly now. A thickly-built man with short blonde hair and intense brown eyes, Farelli wears red, white, and blue workout gear in each shot.]

NARRATOR: His potential did not go unnoticed, and Frankie Farelli was signed to a full scholarship at The Ohio State University, where his standout play assisted them in winning the National Championship in 2002.

[Highlights of Farelli at Ohio State are shown, launching devastating blocks and celebrating in the aftermath of their national title win.]

NARRATOR: This success would only continue. Drafted by the New England Patriots after the 2003-2004 season, Farelli achieved the height of his profession in his rookie year, as a member of the Patriots' 2004 season Super Bowl winning team.

[We next see Farelli there, posing with a group of his teammates in front of the Lombardi Trophy after their victory over the Eagles.]

NARRATOR: For eight seasons, Frankie Farelli was a mainstay of the Patriots, culminating in a Pro Bowl selection in 2009.

[Some highlights of Frankie, wearing 73, in action... chop blocking a member of the Cowboys, cutting a member of the Texans, and hurling a member of the Eagles to the turf by the jersey.]

NARRATOR: And now, Frankie Farelli looks to conquer even greater heights! Having mastered the NFL, he is here in the AWA to show the pro wrestling world just what it means to be a world class, "First String" athlete.

[And we cut to a shot of Farelli, now in wrestling gear... blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape.]

FF: Wake up, wrestling fans! I'm gonna show you all what a REAL athlete looks like... for the very first time.

[And then, a buxom blonde cheerleader jumps out in front of him, wearing a blue, silvery-white, and red cheerleader outfit and waving huge pom-poms.]

CHEERLEADER: GOOOOOOOOOOOOOO FRANKIE!

[And we cut back to the arena.]

GM: Hmm.

BW: The guy looks impressive. And you can't knock that resume.

GM: Something bothered me there. Right at the end. I certainly am looking forward to see what Frankie Farelli can do in the squared circle, and he definitely has the credentials for it. But... what was that business about being a "REAL athlete" supposed to mean?

BW: Hey, you know jocks. Always pumping themselves up. Don't read into that.

GM: Anyway, we'll see Mr. Farelli in action later tonight. But right now, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[We open up to see that the ever-present Phil Watson is in the ring with a bestubbed man with short dirty-blonde hair and light mustache. The average-build grappler is six feet tall, wears a tan two-strap singlet, black boots and kneepads, and red wrist tape.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring... from Joplin, Missouri... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... MICHAEL WEAVER!

[Weaver gives the overhead two-finger wave gesture to the fans. They give mild cheers, until they hear the opening piano and drum open of "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong. And then they scream bloody murder.]

BW: I guess the King Of Wrestling is as popular in North Carolina as he is in Texas.

GM: Demetrius Lake is one of the most hated men in professional wrestling, Bucky. In or out of Texas. After what he did at memorial Day Mayhem, he should be despised everywhere in the world.

BW: Except Missouri.

GM: Especially Missouri. He is an embarrassment to that classy state.

[As the famous trumpet of Satchmo joins in, the six-foot-nine frame of "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake steps out through the curtain. The dark-skinned King Of Wrestling is wearing an orange ring jacket, orange wrestling trunks and boots with violet monogramming, violet kneepads, and white wrist tape (which is very heavy around the left thumb). Lake's round afro is pushed out a bit by the black fedora that he wears, and there's a smug look on his face. A mustache and long conical beard complete Lake's throwback 70s look.

Not far from him is the six-foot tall ebony-haired exotic beauty Radiant Raven. Raven is wearing an orangish-brown dress that seems to be made of both leather and fabric. It is fairly conservative in the amount of skin shown,

but the texture and style certainly accentuates her curves. Raven has some makeup which features orange eyeliner that extends into whorls going towards the cheeks. Her expression is utterly impassive, almost bored.

The third member of the entourage is the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. Childes, clad in a sharp black sport jacket and beige slacks, with a white dress shirt and a red tie, lags a bit behind the other two. Carrying his crystal-tipped walking stick, the bald squat manager with the dark mustache and goatee appears to be in a very pleased mood.]

PW: And his opponent. Introducing first, the manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes! He represents, accompanied by Radiant Raven... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing three hundred eighteen pounds... he claims to be the King Of Wrestling... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

BW: Does Watson want to get beat up?! Lake already told him about that "self-professed" and "claims to be" stuff!

[In fact, as soon as Watson said that Lake "claims to be" the King Of Wrestling, Lake went from a slow walk down the aisle, crowing at the fans, to a power walk. He enters the ring, marches up to Watson (who is trying to hustle out of there), and grabs him by the tie. We see him waggle his index finger in Watson's face as he reads him the riot act for introducing him that way. Raven enters the ring shortly after while Childes goes straight to the corner on the outside.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is a classic bully, intimidating Phil Watson into revising the introduction...

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

BW: HEY!

GM: But he won't get the chance! Michael Weaver attacks as the bell has rung! Two forearm blows to the side of the head... and ELEVATES THE BIG MAN! HE GOT HIM UP AND OVER WITH THE HIP TOSS!

BW: I can't believe he threw Lake!

GM: And another! Michael Weaver on a roll! Off the ropes...

[But when Weaver hits the ropes, he almost falls through them, because Raven has waited until now to exit the ring... and did so as soon as she saw Weaver coming, so she could hold the top and middle rope an exaggerated distance from one another and mess him up. Weaver recovers his balance quickly, and confronts her just as referee Davis Warren does. Raven, now on the apron, protests that all she was doing was leaving the ring.]

BW: What a klutz!

GM: Raven held the ropes open! That should be a disqualification, because Davis Warren saw it!

BW: She was leaving the ring, Gordo! What do you want her to do, stay in there the whole match? Or roll under the ropes so the pervs can look under her dress?

GM: She timed that, and held the ropes much farther apart than... FROM BEHIND!

BW: Yeah, two hip tosses aren't gonna keep the Black Tiger down for long.

GM: A pounding forearm across the back. Lake spins Weaver, and slams that double-chop directly into the throat! That should be an illegal maneuver!

BW: The chops hit the side of the neck, not the windpipe.

GM: When done correctly, yes, but that's not how Lake does it. He uses the double-chop motion to disguise a direct hit to the Adam's apple.

BW: Are you sayin' the King does moves wrong? Why don't you go tell him he screws up his moves, Gordo, and see if he don't give you a demonstration?

GM: I'll pass. Lake pulling up on the ropes, driving his foot down into the jaw of Weaver. Raven shrieking that this is not a chokehold, which is correct, but it is still illegal.

BW: Why?

GM: Using the ropes. Finally, Lake breaks, and Warren is backing him up to... oh, no.

[As Davis Warren advances on Demetrius, warning him about the cheating, Raven pulls Weaver's head and shoulders out onto the apron and starts choking him.]

BW: Gotta say, a lot of men would love to have Raven have their hands all over them. Weaver's a lucky guy.

GM: She's choking him!

BW: Nah, he's just breathtaken by her beauty and her classy makeup.

GM: She would look classy and beautiful if it wasn't for the trashy makeup.

BW: Gordo! Did you just call Raven 'trashy'?!

GM: Only the makeup.

BW: Oh, man. When she... when she watches this film...! Raven! Please don't kill Gordo, he's an idiot and doesn't speak English!

GM: Lake back in on Weaver after the cheap shot. Picks him up over his shoulder, and down with a booming slam. At six feet nine inches, Lake is a giant of a man... those slams are devastating.

BW: Yeah, the Black Tiger does a lot of simple moves that are much more devastating because of his size, power, speed, and athleticism.

[As the announcers banter, Lake takes a moment to stroll around the ring and shout at the fans, telling them to shut up while a master is working. They do the opposite. He then goes to his fallen foe, gets to one knee, tucks Weaver's right arm in the crook of his right knee, applies a reverse chinlock with his right arm, and a half nelson with his left.]

GM: As a complete package, I don't think anyone in the AWA is a more impressive athlete, though I have noticed that he has balance issues when he gets hit.

BW: Good luck hitting him. He's got Weaver cinched up right now in a half nelson chinlock. What is this hold?

GM: I've seen Hamilton Graham use this to control and wear down opponents. Because Lake prefers a roughhouse style, and jabbing weapons into people's throats, it is easy to forget that the man can wrestle when he wants to. No doubt he learned this from Graham.

BW: Weaver's goin' nowhere. This hold makes him carry not only his own weight, but Lake's as well. It'll tire him out fast. How could Lake not be great when Hamilton Graham trained him?

GM: Then to be fair, Michael Weaver is probably also destined for greatness. He's the nephew of Patrick Weaver, a former major star in his own right and a rival to Karl O'Connor. I know that he was trained very well in technical wrestling, and he has linked his hands...

[As Lake looks incredulous, Weaver manages to link his hands (quite a tough task considering the hold) and pull, using Lake's own leg as a leverage bar to pop out of the hold. The crowd cheers the obscure counter to the obscure hold, and Lake stands up and shoots Weaver a dirty look as the rookie preliminary wrestler rolls to his feet.]

BW: How the heck did such a rookie know the counter to that?!

GM: Didn't I just say? His uncle was a technical wizard, and he wrestled Hamilton Graham many times.

[Demetrius Lake nods his head, and extends a hand to the young technician. Weaver takes it, and gets popped across the face with a meaty right cross. Because Lake isn't Juan Vasquez, Weaver doesn't die instantly, but he is dropped to the ground, where Lake stomps him mercilessly.]

BW: Ha ha ha! Uncle didn't teach him the counter to that one, did he?

GM: That's just awful sportsmanship, which is no surprise from a man who literally burned a man's heritage right in front of his face, then covered him in the remnants!

BW: Sportsmanship?! The King Of Wrestling doesn't descend to the level of the peasants!

GM: Lake sending Weaver off the ropes, and thumps him right in the forehead with that big boot! The heel hits the forehead flush; that is a nasty blow. Now driving the knee down into the chest of the fallen man. And again. And again.

BW: Now we're seeing the dominance. When the "Black Tiger" gets control, he stifles you. Just ask Jack Stench. If he's woken up yet.

GM: Despite the punishment, Weaver struggles to his feet. Lake whips him off the ropes...

[Demetrius hooks his thumb at his chest and shouts to the crowd, 'Now I got him.'. Which is, of course, the ultimate jinx. Michael ducks the subsequent clothesline attempt, continues off the far ropes, and rushes in with a clothesline that he quickly wraps around into a sleeperhold to the roar of the crowd!]

BW: OH NO! Pat taught him THIS?!

GM: That's the Weaverlock! His uncle's famous sleeperhold! This could be the biggest upset-

[Immediately, Lake runs for the corner, and dives in between the top and middle turnbuckle, catching the post with his hands to spare his shoulder an impact. This sends Weaver's sternum right into the top turnbuckle, and he collapses back with the wind driven out of him.]

BW: Well, you know if Patrick Weaver taught his nephew counters to Hamilton Graham moves, Hamilton would do the same, right?

GM: Absolutely. Weaver is stunned, and Lake moves in. Weaver to his feet... and Lake grips him and rips him! Violent belly-to-belly suplex! My word!

BW: He almost de-booted him with that! And Lake's going up top!

GM: Weaver is stunned and the wind has been driven out of him. That is only going to get worse as the three hundred eighteen pounder from Kansas City is on the top rope!

BW: \_\_\_BIG CAT POUNCE\_\_\_! Say goodnight, kid. Oh, well, speaking's probably an issue for him right now.

GM: No offense to young Mr. Weaver, but he is not getting up from that.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Black Tiger has won it, with just a few decisive moves.

[The crowd boos as Lake gets to his feet, raises both hands in a token of victory, and soaks in the crowd and the announcement.]

PW: The winner of this contest... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[As soon as Watson makes it official, Lake starts stomping the hell out of Weaver.]

GM: And what is the purpose of this?! The match is over!

BW: This dumb kid embarrassed the King!

GM: What?! How?!

BW: He backjumped him at the start, threw him twice, countered his hold, and locked on a sad version of his uncle's finisher as if he had a chance. Demetrius is going to make an example of him in order to show these preliminary guys that they better not even try to fight back. Just take your beating and get your check.

GM: That's inane! These young men are trying to become stars, too! This is a sport! A competition! You don't just...

[Lake pulls up Weaver after stomping and clubbing him for a while, stands him up, extends the left hand out, and slams his thumb into Weaver's windpipe with a haymaker motion that sends the youngster collapsing and holding his throat in a desperate effort to breathe. The fans are booing like mad.]

BW: TIGER STRIKE! That'll learn him!

GM: That is a gutter move that should carry an automatic fine and suspension! And now Lake is calling Watson in the ring?! Don't go, Phil... he'll just abuse you as well.

BW: If Watson did what he was told, maybe he wouldn't get in trouble.

[Percy Childes has to go and assure Watson that he won't be beaten up as long as he does what he's told before Phil hesitantly steps in the ring. Lake grabs the mic from him and begins to speak in that deep midwestern voice.]

DL: First of all, Mr. Ring Announcer, don't you ever say that I "claim to be" the King Of Wrestling again! This is your second strike! You know what happens to a man who gets three strikes. He goes out. OUT. You wanna be out?

[Watson shakes his head frantically.]

DL: Then you smarten up. When I win the match, you will say "the winner of the match is the King Of Wrestling, the Black Tiger Demetrius Lake". When I come to the ring, you will demand complete silence from these fans...

[BOOOOOOOOOOO!]

DL: ...because I need silence when I am wrestling. I am a fine tuned machine and these people do not have the right to disrupt my concentration.

[A "JACK! LYNCH!" chant starts in the upper deck, causing Lake to stop and glare hatefully in that direction. This encourages them to spread the chant throughout the arena.]

DL: You can chant all you want. Unless you chant some kind of voodoo spell, I can assure you that your chant won't work. Because Jack Lunch is dead!

[BOOOOOOO!]

DL: You will never, ever see Jack Lunch again! After I destroyed him with such ease at Memorial Day Mayhem, after I slapped him around like the hobo he is, he went back under a bridge in Mexas. He brought shame and disgrace upon all of Mexas, which is amazing because Mexas is a lot like North Carolina in that it had nothing to be proud of in the first place.

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!]

DL: Even them Mexans at the Alamo put up a better fight than Jack Lunch, which is a feat, but at least they only wet themselves in terror one time before they got put down like the egg-suckin' dogs they was. After he embarrassed his family, his name, his country, and everyone who had to watch that sorry bum try to fight a real champion, Jack Lunch went into hiding. It was the only intelligent move of his life. So because he finally did something smart, I have decided to reward him. I am the King Of Wrestling, and if I punish fool behavior, then I also need to reward intelligence in the rare cases when a fool shows it. Therefore, in two weeks time, I will be holding a public funeral for the career of Jack Lunch.

[BOOOO!]

DL: A full funeral service! I will give the eulogy, because only the man who killed his career deserves to have the last say on it. Nobody else is to speak on the man because nobody else is qualified to have an opinion. That goes double for all of you.

[Lake points at the fans as they jeer relentlessly.]

DL: And once we've got shed of Jack Lunch, the AWA will have no call to ever go back to Mexas. Honestly, the whole production should move to a proud state. To a home of champions. To Missouri. You wouldn't know what it is to be a home of champions here in Charlotte, so I don't expect you to



understand what real pride is like. That's why I had to beat the fool out of this boy.

[Lake looks down at the still-fallen Weaver, who is just getting his breathing in order.]

DL: Look at him. His uncle was a disgrace to the state of Missouri, a bum who lost to Old Yeller himself in a Mexas Death Match, and now he's following in the same path. I ought to put an end to it right now.

[He pauses to consider the idea, and then nods.]

DL: And I think I will. Jack Lunch can have himself some company in the soup kitchen.

[He then drops the mic, and picks up Weaver for even more punishment...]

GM: Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Hasn't this kid been beaten up enough lately?!

[The crowd explodes with cheers as "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor tears down the ramp with what appears to be a length of tow truck chain in his left hand. He quickly enters the ring, swinging the chain right towards Lake's head, who makes a quick exit.]

BW: Who does this kid think he is, brandishing a weapon at the King like that?!

GM: No doubt that Bobby and Patrick know each other very well, and Bobby O'Connor has clearly seen enough!

[Bobby wraps the chain around his fist, calling for Lake to bring it on. Lake backs off a few steps as he's now regrouped with both Raven and Childes. Bobby, still keeping his eyes on Lake, kneels down to check on Weaver as Phil Watson now joins him. Together they help Weaver to his feet as Bobby asks for the microphone from Watson.]

BOC: Demetrius Lake, if you want to see a disgrace to the state of Missouri just take a look in the mirror...

[Big cheers for that.]

BOC: ... and if you want to try and put an end to a young career from Missouri then just step into this ring and try me on for size!

[And even bigger cheers for THAT.]

BW: This punk already got nearly put through the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem, is he crazy?!

GM: No Bucky, just willing to fight for what's right!

BOC: First off, I think we should all show our appreciation to someone from Missouri who deserves it. For bringing his best to the table and nearly scoring an upset here tonight, let's hear it for Patrick Weaver!

[A big round of applause as O'Connor raises Weaver's hand, as Lake stomps back and forth on the ramp... incensed at the fans for cheering the man that HE beat.]

BW: Is this a joke? O'Connor's raising that loser's hand like he won the match!

GM: He may not have won, but you have to admit he put in one heck of a performance here against Lake.

BW: Bah!

BOC: It's bad enough that the likes of you and your cronies are why my grandfather is no longer with this company. It's bad enough that you disgraced the Texan flag. It's bad enough my friend Jack is nowhere to be seen at the moment because of what you've done... but if you think I'm going to sit in the back while you put the boots to someone just because they almost gave you more than you can handle...

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: ... then you're as stupid as you are tall.

[The crowd goes nuts, and Lake does too... just barely restrained by Percy and Raven who frantically stop him from heading back to the ring.]

BOC: A fellow native of my home state winning a big match at a big event, usually that'd be a source of pride. But all you've done is turn my stomach. You can try to ban the claw all you want, but after that sickening display?

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: I think I can speak for every man, woman and child from the state of Missouri when I say we'd like to ban YOU.

[Bobby grins at the scattered but unmistakeable chants of "YES!" throughout the crowd before going on.]

BOC: Any halfway decent person would feel nothing but shame over what you've done, but not you. You're proud. So proud that you're going to stage a mock funeral? To borrow a phrase, I respectfully disagree. Except that I could never muster even an inch of respect for a piece of garbage like you.

BW: This punk must've got hit in the head one time too many.

GM: I doubt it's that... but this does seem to be a much different and much more direct and confident Bobby O'Connor than we've seen before.

BOC: You call yourself the Black Tiger, but you're nothing but another dog. And I'm not afraid of dogs. I just stood up to three of them myself... they may have knocked me down, but I got right back up and am standing in the middle of this ring to tell you that enough is ENOUGH. If you set up this ridiculous and disgusting funeral of yours, expect another visit from me. You're a big man, but the bigger they are...

[Bobby points a finger directly at Lake.]

BOC: The harder they fall.

[Lake throws a tantrum on the ramp, having to be restrained from charging the ring where O'Connor is coiling the chain around his clenched fist.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor has laid down the law to Demetrius Lake! If Lake DARES to stage that mockery of a funeral for Jack Lynch's career in two weeks' time in Memphis, Tennessee... then Bobby O'Connor is coming for him and he just might be carrying that chain with him! Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll catch up with just what the 2014 Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited, have been doing in the Land of the Rising Sun 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...

...and then back up on the same building we just saw. The former AWA competitor known as "Stars And Stripes" Clayton Shaw is inside the ring shouting at two grapplers.]

CS: Drop down, tackle... do it again.

[Shaw nods as he watches the competitor complete his instructions.]

CS: Perfect.

[Shaw turns to the camera.]

CS: Everyone knows I've been down here at the Corner for a long time now, helping groom the future of this sport. I picked up... tried to pick up... where Todd Michaelson left off and... well, I think I've got a knack for it.

I love my job. I love this job. I really do.

But...

[Shaw shrugs.]

CS: I was talking to the kids here recently about the state of affairs in the AWA front office and from the mouths of babes it came...

"You've been with the AWA since Day One, coach. You could run this place better than anyone else!"

[Shaw smiles.]

CS: I don't know if that's true or not... but I know that I'd give it everything I've got and I know I'd make each and every decision with an eye towards the future of this sport. This building - this Combat Corner - would be my top priority. Going out and getting the best talent in the world - from Europe, Mexico, Japan, wherever else - would be my top priority. And cleaning up the garbage currently going in the AWA would be my top priority.

AWA President Clayton Shaw.

[Shaw grins, nodding.]

CS: Yeah, I like the sound of that.

[We fade out as Shaw turns back towards the action in the ring.

We fade into a black screen as the Tiger Paw Pro logo slowly fades in. A familiar gravelly voice that we recognize as belonging to Danny Morton can be heard shouting...]

"BEST TAG TEAM IN THE WOOOORRRRLLLLLDDDD!!!"

[The logo then fades out as "Shout at the Devil" by Motley Crue begins to play. As the song plays, we see several action shots of Violence Unlimited laying waste to their competition. Footage of Jackson Haynes obliterating opponent after opponent with his trademark powerbomb and the Whiskey Lullaby. Rapidfire cuts to Danny Morton hitting Oklahoma Stampedes and Backdrop Drivers on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes. The music then cuts off, as we cut to footage dated "June 1, 2014". We see Jackson Haynes lifting his Japanese opponent into the air for a powerbomb, holding him at the peak of the lift as Danny Morton dives off the top, hitting a flying clothesline and Haynes DRIVES his opponent into the canvas with a powerbomb!]

Announcer:

"DAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGEEEEERRRRRRRROOOOOOOOUUUUUUU  
SSSSSS!!!"

[Haynes stacks himself atop the opponent as the referee makes the count with the crowd counting along...]

"ICHI!"

"NII!"

"SAN!"

[The crowd erupts, as seat cushions and streamers are tossed into the ring and Violence Unlimited both raise their arms triumphantly. The shot then fades out, as we see the current Stampede Cup winners seated inside a studio, all smiles. Haynes and Morton are dressed in identical "BEST TAG TEAM IN THE WORLD" t-shirts and jeans. In the background, we see the two Stampede Cups that they have won and a HUGE pile of money.]

DM: Helllloooooooo, AWA!

Did you miss us?

[Morton rubs his hands together and throws his head back, laughing.]

DM: A lot's happened since we last talked boys, so me and Jack figured we might as well give you an update while you're busy shaking in your boots at the thought of us!

JH: Ain't no shame in bein' a coward, boys, but while 'yer SkyHerCs and Lights Out Expresses of the world are tryin' to find every excuse in the book to avoid us by tearing at each other like two hefers at a deparment store sale, Violence Unlimited won themselves a shot at Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown!

[Haynes makes a mentally unbalanced-looking smile on that grizzled face that is downright unsettling and begins to make a disturbing giggle.]

JH: Heh heh heh heh...that's right ladies, the greatest tag team in the whole damn world is just 'bout to become even greater! Soon, the greatest, most unstoppable and force in professional wrasslin', VIOLENCE UNLIMITED, will be addin' yet another great achievement to our long, long, LOOOONNNNNNGGGG list of accomplishments!

DM: But we're telling you this for a reason, fellas! We threw down the challenge once and you all sat on your hands pretending you didn't hear us! But we're here to send it out again!

We want a fight!

We're asking for a fight!

WE'RE BEGGING FOR IT!!!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Morton grits his teeth and gets a wild eyed look, ruffling his own hair and screams.]

JH: Ya' say you don't the necessary funds to make the trip to Japan?

[Haynes turns around and grabs a fistful of dollars, before tossing them into the air and letting them rain down on him like his name was Skywalker Jones.]

JH: Damn people, we'll PAY for your trip! Hell, me and Danny've stolen enough of the AWA's money...I figure we might as foot the bill this time! We'll PAY you fly over for the pleasure of gettin' your butts whapped by the best in the business! You can't beat that sorta' deal, can ya'!?!

This is your shot!

This is your chance at redemption!!!

WHY WON'T YOU TAKE IT!?!?!

[Haynes relaxes a bit, smirking slyly.]

JH: Or...are ya' chicken?

[Morton flaps his wings]

DM: BOK! BOK! BOK!

JH: Jones and Hammonds! Anderson and Strong! Hell, all three of those idiot kids ya' call Air Strike! We'll take ya' all on at the same time! Anybody! Northern Lights! ANYONE! Drag out those inbred buffoons, The Bishops! ANNNNNYYYBODY!!! I'm askin' ya'! Come shut us up! Come prove us wrong!

[Haynes gets out of his chair, getting up close and personal with the camera, eyes bugged out, veins bulging out of his neck, screaming like a lunatic.]

JH: SHOW THE WORLD THAT WE AIN'T THE BEST!!!

[Fade out.]

We go to the ring, where Phil Watson stands by with a pale-skinned man with brown curly hair, full length silver tights with a scale pattern, matching boots, and green elbowpads.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring, from Wichita, Kansas... weighing two hundred thirty pounds... GEORGE TALBOT!

[Talbot raises a single fist and turns at the waist to wink at the camera. Immediately following this, an odd 15/8 time signature pattern of synthesized bells plays over the PA. The fans stand up and buzz loudly, because most of them recognize this tune: it plays every Sunday on NFL broadcasts. It is the NFL Films stock music, "A New Game" by Tom Hedden. And with it, "First String" Frankie Farelli makes his grand debut entrance.

Pushing the curtain aside with an almost contemptuous flick of the wrist, Farelli swaggers on out to the ramp. A broadshouldered man with short blonde hair, Farelli is sporting a New England Patriots Starter jacket, blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape.

Bouncing out of the curtain behind him and quickly moving in front is the same cheerleader seen in the promo earlier. A gorgeous blonde, she's waving her blue-and-white pom-poms, although many male fans are no doubt distracted by a different pair of pom-poms that she's proudly displaying with her tight blue shiny top. Her cheerleader outfit matches Farelli's color scheme, and she is jumping all over the place as if she's just drank a six-pack of Jolt Cola and won't sleep for a week. High leg kicks and loud WOO-HOOs and GO FRANKIEs punctuate her movement down the aisle... as does wolf-whistling from the crowd.]

GM: Alright, fans, we're getting our first look at "First String" Frankie Farelli. He certainly carries himself with a great deal of confidence, doesn't he? I'd almost say that he's got an arrogant expression there, but I should not jump to conclusions.

BW: Jump. Jump. Oh, yeah. Jump.

GM: Bucky.

BW: Jump. Jump.

GM: The cheerleader seems to have mesmerized my broadcast colleague.

BW: Hm huh what? Uh, yes, Gordo, you're right, that is a good technical move! That's... definitely what we were talking about, right? Right!

GM: Bro-THER.

[Eventually, the duo reach the ringside area. Farelli waits for the cheerleader to hop onto the apron and hold the ropes open before he enters the ring. She then neatly jumps in over the top rope, and bounds all over the ring waving her pom-poms and leading cheers that aren't actually there, because the fans do not know what to make of this guy yet and do not trust his demeanor. Farelli walks over to Phil Watson, and motions for the introduction. Watson does an uncomfortable double-take, because he's never been given a direct order from a wrestler to do his usual job before. "A New Game" stops as Watson starts.]

PW: And his opponent... from Long Island, New York... weighing in at two-hundred eighty-two pounds... "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[Shaking his head in annoyed disapproval, Farelli snatches the mic from the befuddled ring announcer.]

FF: Is that it? Is that IT?

I came here from the National Football League, people. The NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE. Each and every wrestler in the back wishes that they were a good enough athlete to be in the NFL instead of rolling around in barns like you do here in the AWA!

[BOOOOOOO! Yep, they know how to feel about him now.]

FF: And I did this out of the goodness of my heart. I did this because I didn't think there were people IGNORANT enough to believe that professional wrestling was a sport on par with football. But everywhere I went during my football career, there'd always be those couple of guys in the corner, with those ashamed looks on their faces, talking "Juan Vasquez" this and "Alex Martinez" that and "Luke Kinsey" and "Doc Holliday" and "Adam Rogers" and... who the hell were they? Huh?

[BOOOO!]



FF: NOBODIES! I was a real live NFL star right in front of them, and they were too ignorant to know the difference! So I decided I'd help them out. Y'know, by beating these pseudo-athletes to a pulp and showing everybody where all the FIRST STRING athletes go! They talk about US on SportsCenter, they talk about YOU when? Never!

[BOOOOOOO!]

FF: So I expected the welcome wagon, people! I'm legitimatizing you all! I'm giving you credibility! Where's the confetti?! The ticker tape?! The balloons?! The pyrotechs?! I came here from the NFL and you give me this crappy entrance?!

So it looks like, as with everything else, if you want something done right you have to do it yourself. This...

[Farelli points at the cheerleader, who has her hands on her hips and is nodding agreement with everything Frankie says.]

FF: ...is my head cheerleader. Chastity Chamberlain. Get a good look at the kind of woman that nerds like you could never have.

[Chastity reinforces this idea by pointing at Frankie and saying "REAL MAN", then at George Talbot and saying "LOOOOOSER!"]

FF: And I'll even show that I'm a bigger man, that I even forgive you for treating me like some common wrestler. I'll give you until next Saturday Night Wrestling to give me a real entrance. And I'll do one better. I brought the shine that you never could. BEHOLD!

[Farelli dramatically reaches into his pocket and pulls out... a ring. His 2004 Super Bowl ring. He slides it on his ring finger and holds it up high.]

FF: Bow down.

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

FF: Bow down in the presence of the REAL greatest prize in sports! Not your gaudy tin belts, oh no. And as a token of goodwill... you. Boy.

[He snaps his fingers and points at Talbot.]

FF: Because this entrance was too pathetic to be acceptable for my debut, I will let you kiss the ring and leave.

[Frankie holds out his fist, Super Bowl ring on hand, and waits for George Talbot to come kiss it.]

GM: Oh my... we should never have allowed this man in the AWA! He has disrespected us all! This is an outrage!

[Talbot walks up... and spits on the Super Bowl ring! The crowd cheers! Farelli recoils as if he had been shot, cradling his precious ring as if it were his only child. Horror and panic are on his face as he rushes to Chastity and hands her the ring. She rushes it out of the ring and back to the locker room, and Farelli immediately turns and runs clean through Talbot with a ferocious bodyblock!]

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

GM: GOOD FOR GEORGE TALBOT! That is how you stand up for professional wrestling!

BW: Yeah, but this isn't. He's gettin' beat like a rug now, Daddy.

GM: Frankie Farelli just spit in the face of everyone who has ever entered this business! And he is hammering away on George Talbot with brutal forearm smashes. An Irish-whip into the corner... OH MY WORD!

[Farelli gets into a three point stance, and rushes out of it, laying in an open-hand palm strike to the chin of Talbot to snap his head back violently! Talbot collapses to the mat clutching his neck, while Farelli walks around the ring asserting his dominance to the booing fans.]

BW: That's perfectly-legal use of the hands! Sent Talbot fifteen yards! First down!

GM: I don't know how you could say anything supportive of a man who just denigrated your entire way of life.

BW: Easy. I know a ploy when I see one. Frankie Farelli just riled up everybody in the AWA. That's how you make a name for yourself, and how you get the big boys in the ring with you. You gotta figure; this guy learned strategy from Bill Belichick! He'd do anything!

GM: Some lines should never be crossed. Farelli applies a bear hug. With the power of this man, this simple hold must be debilitating.

[It would be, if he kept it on. But Farelli runs to the corner and smashes Talbot back-first into the turnbuckles. The momentum bounces him out, and into a huge overhead belly-to-belly suplex that sends Talbot sailing!]

BW: WHOA! Did you see the air time Talbot got right there?! He just about landed in Gillette Stadium!

GM: An incredible move, using the explosiveness of Farelli to full extent. And now the man from Long Island ascends to the second turnbuckle. He is making the signal for a touchdown.

[And as Talbot staggers up, Farelli launches himself forward, smashing the Kansas man in the jaw with the front of his elbow as he launches himself off the ropes like a missile!]

BW: TOUCHDOWN!

GM: You'd have to think so. That was absolutely vicious, and he may have knocked his man completely unconscious.

[Farelli again signals touchdown, and makes a fairly lax cover, which still gets a three count.]

"DING! DING! DING"

BW: Well that didn't take long.

GM: No sir. An impressive win in barely over a minute. Unfortunately, it seems that Mr. Farelli will have some capability to back up his outrageous statements. Joshua Dusscher he is not. Let's get the official word.

PW: Here is your winner... "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

["A New Game" starts up, and Farelli parades around the ring demanding that the fans apologize for booing him. Of course, they boo him more.]

BW: Gordo, I wanna point something out. That guy did a suplex. He might really believe what he's saying... and most football guys do believe that crazy stuff. But he came prepared. He prepared for this. He's been out of football since he got arrested for beating some guy up in a nightclub in early 2012. He took all that time to get himself ready. So don't think he's some dumb jock who doesn't know what he's getting into.

GM: Considering how quickly he defeated a promising young wrestler, I gathered that. Frankie Farelli says that he'll be here next Saturday Night for a much bigger entrance. I'll believe it when I see it.

BW: Well, I just saw him destroy a guy. And that's the kind of thing that makes me believe.

GM: The AWA roster is constantly growing, bringing the very best in the world to our rings to put on the very best of action for all of our fans. And when you talk about the very best of action thinking back to Memorial Day Mayhem, you have to think about that thrilling Heaven And Hell Scaffold Match between Shadoe Rage and the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White.

BW: You mean the night that they turned the lights out on the Atomic Blonde?

GM: Donnie White suffered some serious injuries from that fall off the scaffold and as a result, it will be quite some time before we see him action again. We've yet to hear anything from the Shane Gang regarding their fallen comrade but I'm sure that will be coming soon. However, one of the pressing questions coming out of Memorial Day Mayhem is what is the mental state of Shadoe Rage.

BW: On a scale of crazy to psychotic, he's a solid James Monosso, daddy.

GM: You make light of it but we were VERY close to seeing Shadoe Rage leap off that scaffold onto Donnie White. We were VERY close to seeing Shadoe Rage dive onto Marissa Monet for that matter! Somehow she talked him down though... only to have him attack a referee!

BW: Something he paid a steep price for.

GM: That's right. He was hit with a heavy fine and was immediately suspended from in-ring action. Rage will not be allowed to compete inside the ring here tonight... however, we understand the suspension will be lifted before the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: But he's here tonight, Gordo. He's here.

GM: Indeed he is... and I'm told he wants to address the fans regarding what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem. That'll happen later tonight but right now, we're going to head back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: This following tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Currently in the ring at a total combined weight of four hundred fifty-five pounds... Joe East and Steve West!

[The two men in the ring wearing standard issue tights raise their arms to little or no reaction.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis begins to play as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come racing out of the back to the cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Weighing in at a total of four hundred twenty pounds, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz... the team of... AIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIKE!

[All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long green tights with a white vertical stripe going down the leg; Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long white tights with a green vertical stripe going down each leg. Each is wearing the Air Strike Fan Club tee shirt! Both members sling themselves over the top rope and then rip off their shirts before throwing them into opposite sections of the crowd.]

GM: Here comes a duo that has to be disappointed with how Memorial Day Mayhem shaped up.

BW: Disappointed? Gordo, Sebastian and Tucker deemed them unworthy of their time keeping these two dumb kids alive, I call that a win!

GM: Air Strike challenged them and if you ask me Strictly Business is doing their best to duck Air Strike!

BW: That's why no one asked you Gordo. And Air Strike challenging a far superior team just proves their stupidity.

[Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons exchange a high ten before Mertz steps out of the ring.]

GM: And it looks like it'll be Michael Aarons in the ring looking to start things off with Steve West. And Bucky, we haven't seen Aarons in a ring since the Stampede Cup finals.

BW: Where Violence Unlimited stomped a hole through him!

[Aarons goes in for a collar elbow tie up but West quickly grabs the arm and spins it around in an armwringer.]

BW: I've been told that Steve West is the master of the armwringer, Gordo, and Aarons just got locked up in his signature move.

GM: Been told by who?

BW: People.

[Aarons is quickly looking for a way out of the hold as he runs towards the ropes. He springboards off the second rope, flipping up and over. West is stunned by the quickness of the move allowing Aarons to armdrag West down to the mat with it!]

GM: OH MY! That's one way out of that move.

[Aarons moves over and scoops up a rising Steve West, sending him down with a body slam. He then bounds off the ropes and drops a leg across the throat of West before slapping his partner's hand to a pretty decent pop from the female fans.]

GM: Air Strike becoming more and more popular with the female fan base. Travis Lynch may soon have some serious competition.

BW: That's like comparing the prettiest old maid or the smartest idiot; it's not really a compliment or an honor to be compared with those Stenches. #ScumbagTravis tee shirts on sale now by the way.

GM: Will you stop that?! Both members of Air Strike in now and they whip Steve West into the ropes. West bounces back right into a double elbow from Air Strike. Mertz off the ropes and crashes down with a leaping backplash...

[Aarons bounces off, throwing a senton splash of his own.]

GM: A pair of backslashes on Steve West by the tag team specialists known as Air Strike!

BW: Classic double team cheating from Air Strike. This is one of many reasons Strictly Business will not face them. That and not knowing who they are.

GM: They know very well who they are! They could have cost Air Strike the chance to win the whole Stampede Cup tournament with that sneak attack after their matchup.

BW: Whoa, whoa, whoa... that's a bit presumptuous don't you think, Gordo? Violence Unlimited just might be the baddest men on the planet. I'm not sure Mertz and Aarons at TWO hundred percent beat Morton and Haynes.

GM: Hopefully we'll get a chance to test that theory at some point, Bucky.

[Aarons slides out of the ring, leaving Mertz in as West rolls over and tags in East.]

GM: Cody Mertz in the ring now...

[Joe East rushes him but gets caught in a side headlock that Mertz uses to take him up and over.]

GM: Nice side headlock takedown by young Cody Mertz.

[East battles quickly back to his feet, backing Mertz to the ropes where he fires him off.]

GM: East shoots him off... clothesline ducked by Mertz...

[Mertz hits the far ropes, rebounding back to duck a second clothesline attempt.]

GM: He ducks again, building a head of steam now.

[East lowers his head, setting for a backdrop but Mertz uses his momentum to twist his body, using East's own position to propel himself into a backflip, landing on his feet behind his opponent!]

GM: Wow! What a counter by Mertz... and what a dropkick by Mertz!

[The standing dropkick flattens East in a hurry but he's soon scrambling to get back up off the mat.]

GM: Cody Mertz throws one of the best dropkicks you'll ever see and-

[Mertz catches the rising East in deep armdrag, taking him down a second time into a kneeling armbar.]

GM: Nice armdrag and right into the armbar, putting the pressure on the shoulder as he pulls the young man up, walks back to his corner... and there's the tag to Michael Aarons!

[Aarons grabs the top rope, leaping up to the top in one fluid motion...

...and promptly leaps off, dropping a double axehandle down across the stretched-out arm of the opposition.]

GM: Air Strike with more of their trademark tag team action as Aarons gets in an armwringer of his own here, wrenching the arm of their opponent.

BW: Air Strike looks good in this match but this obviously isn't Strictly Business and they're obviously not on their level.

GM: How can you, Sebastian, and Tucker say that when Air Strike beat them at Rising Sun Showdown?

[Aarons continue to apply pressure to the arm as East writhes around looking to tag out. A quick yank on the arm by Aarons though sends East down to the canvas.]

BW: You weren't there, Gordo, you don't know, that victory, if you can even call it that, was extremely tainted.

GM: How so?

BW: Because Sebastian and Tucker said it was and since they're legends of the sport, they should know. You know I was talking to them in the back the other week and it took them a good three hours to list every legendary team they've faced and beaten. They have the list prepared alphabetical and chronological!

GM: I don't doubt that. Back to the ring though as Michael Aarons drags East back to the corner again... and another tag.

[Aarons goes from his applied front facelock to take East off his feet with a double leg takedown, setting for a catapult to the cheers of the crowd...]

GM: Aarons falls back...

[Mertz rushes the ropes, leaping to the second rope, springing back into a crossbody on the catapulted East!]

GM: Oh my! Another Air Strike specialty as Mertz goes for the cover!

[The count gets to two before Steve West comes back into the ring to break up the count.]

GM: West breaks it up! Here comes Michael Aarons!

[Aarons charges him as West back up...

...and then drops down, pulling down the top rope!]

GM: AARONS GOES OVER THE TOP!

BW: Smart move against a dumb kid.

[The crowd cheers as unbeknownst to West, Aarons manages to hold on the top rope as he was falling over and save himself from a spill on the floor.]

GM: AARONS HANGS ON! What athletic ability by Michael Aarons!

[But before Aarons can get back in, West charges Cody Mertz who sidesteps, hurling West through the ropes and down to the floor to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Mertz sends West to the floor!

[The crowd cheers again as Aarons uses his upper body strength to skin the cat, pulling himself back over the ropes to his feet inside the ring...

...and then dashes across, leaping past his partner, over the ropes, and down onto West!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Michael Aarons just cleared the top rope with ease and crashed down on his opponent without any regard for his body!

[Mertz grins, pumping a fist at his partner's big dive as he turns back towards a staggering East who is starting to stir after the latest Air Strike double team. East gets to a knee as Mertz rushes to the ropes, rebounding back fast...

...and springs off the bent knee, throwing an enzuigiri to the back of East's head!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[East flops over on the mat as Mertz grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself out onto the apron. He stands there for a few moments, running in place as he waves for East to rise, getting the crowd up to their feet in support of the popular duo...

...and then leaps up to the top, springing off the ropes...]

GM: HEADSCISSORS!

[...and SNAPS East over with a hurrcanrana, reaching back to hook both legs tightly.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"



GM: Nice win for Air Strike here tonight in Charlotte!

BW: They looked good tonight but I have a feeling that they have a long way to go before Strictly Business finds them matchworthy.

GM: Sebastian and Tucker may not find them matchworthy but if they keep stringing together wins like this one, the Championship Committee may find them worthy of a World Tag Team Championship match in the not-so-distant future.

BW: Before Strictly Business gets a shot?! Bite your tongue, Gordo.

GM: Cody and Michael have made their way over to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by to hear what they have to say. Mark, take it away!

[The camera cuts over to Mark Stegglet, standing in between the tag team Air Strike. Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons are breathing a little heavy but have smiles plastered on their faces nonetheless.]

MS: Thanks Gordon, I'm standing here with Air Strike. Gentlemen, this is the first time the two of you have been in the ring together on television since the Rising Sun Showdown.

[The duo exchange a look and then fist bump in a mini celebration.]

MS: How does it feel?

MA: Stegs, we ain't gonna lie. It always feels great to get out here and rock and roll in front of all these great people. Giving them the high fly and death defy is what Air Strike lives for.

[Crowd reacts as Mertz leans in.]

MS: Mark, Air Strike still hasn't forgotten why it's been so long since we last wrestled. We haven't forgotten why Air Strike, as a team, didn't wrestle at Mayhem. And while it was a lot of fun wrestling in that Mayhem match with fellow Combat alums, that personally wasn't the match I wanted... WE wanted.

[Aarons frowns and shakes his head back and forth.]

MA: Heck no! What we wanted, what I dare say these fans wanted...

[Aarons points out to the crowd which responds positively.]

MA: ...was for Air Strike and Strictly Business to meet one more time so that Sebastian and Tucker could get smacked around by the Teenage Dream Team, ONE MORE TIME!

[Big pop from the crowd.]

CM: But I guess Tucker and Sebastian are showing their true colors. They attacked us from behind, cost us a chance to win the Stampede Cup, and now ignore our challenge. But unfortunately for them, Air Strike will not – IS NOT - going to be ignored!

MA: You see you can sit in the back there and list off all the greats from ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago and heck, you guys probably beat all those teams from the past. But what you got here...

[Aarons points at himself and Cody.]

MA: ...is your future. And while your past is great, your future is what's staring you straight in the face.

CM: Your actions don't change the fact that you're a great team. Your actions don't change the fact that you're legends in this sport. But your actions also don't mean that we're going to walk away because you don't think we're worthy. Memorial Day Mayhem you avoided us, but we're not done. July the Fourth.

MA: Guts and Glory.

[The crowd buzzes sensing where this is going.]

CM: Air Strike is challenging Strictly Business one more time to face each other in that ring!

MA: Let's see if you got the guts to face the high-flying, death defying, making sure that Strictly Business is expiring...

[Aarons smirks and the duo exchange a fist bump.]

MA: ...team in Air Strike. We'll be there, will you?

MS: There you have it folks, Air Strike once again challenging Strictly Business, this time for Guts and Glory.

[Mertz steps back in.]

CM: I'm sorry Mark. But I just wanted to add one more thing. Tonight, our good friend Brian James is going after the World TV Title against Ryan Martinez. It's going to be one heck of a fight but Brian, good luck out there and you know Michael and I are pulling for you.

[Aarons jumps in front of the camera and just screams "YEAH! BRING IT HOME, BRI!" Before the duo leave, leaving Mark Steglet.]

MS: I think that says it all. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, the international high flyer known as TORA makes his SNW in-ring debut and you do NOT want to miss that!

[Fade to black.]

The scene opens on a pair of college coeds at a party with red Solo cups in their hands talking to a young hispanic man and "Showtime" Rick Marley. The hispanic college student nods at the girls smiling as Marley looks on, appearing irritated. As another guy walks behind him, Marley glances over his shoulder, then back at the girls, just in time to notice the girl standing across from him glance at the guy walking by...]

RM: Wait a minute...back that right up? What do you think you're doing?

Girl: Nothing...I was just...

Guy #1: Hey, knock it off, man...

RM: (ignoring him) Nothing is right. I am the greatest thing here, bar none. The fact that you're looking at some sunken-chested moron when he wanders through your idiotic field of vision just shows how worthless you really are. You're standing in front of the greatest--

[The guy grabs him by the arm and takes him to the kitchen as he continues to throw insults towards the girls.]

Guy #1: Jim, eat a Snickers.

RM: (looking offended): Why? What makes you think that \*I\* need a Snickers bar?

Guy #1: You get really touchy when you're hungry...

[Marley considers it for a moment, then nods, taking a the candy bar and taking a bite...the camera cuts back to his friend.]

Guy #1: Better?

[The camera cuts back to where "Showtime" Rick Marley had been standing a moment before. Now in his place stands a shorter, heavy-set Asian guy holding a Snickers Bar and chewing.]

Jim: Mmmmmm. Better.

Announcer: Snickers. Because you're not yourself when you're hungry.

[The two guys walk back over to the girls they were talking to a moment before, only to find that the girl on the right has been replaced by Nenshou.]

Jim: Sorry ladies.

[Nenshou responds by spraying green mist at him as the camera abruptly cuts to black while Jim screams in pain.]

Fade to black.

[We cross fade to the backstage area where we see Jason Dane walking down the hallway, obviously with a cameraman in tow. After a few moments, he pauses in front of a door on his right.]

JD: Pretty sure he's in here.

[Jason pushes the door open and the camera man pans the room till we see seated upon a bench the youngest of the Lynch brothers, Travis Lynch. Travis is attired in a pair of faded blue jeans, with a thick belt, with a silver buckle in the shape of Texas, and a super smedium AWA white "Texas Born, Raised a Lynch" T-shirt. He slowly wraps his left hand in white athletic tape. He looks up and raises his head in a nod as Jason Dane walks through the door, microphone in hand.]

JD: There you are. I've been looking all over to get a few last minute words from you.

[Travis flashes his trademark smirk at Jason for a split second, then resumes wrapping his hand.]

JD: I mean I need to know Travis, with The Lost Boy's reputation for violence why would you agree to this fight tonight?

[Travis rips the tape and smoothes it down for a few moments before looking up at Jason once again.]

TL: Let me ask you a question first Jason. Over the years have the questions gotten to you?

JD: Questions?

TL: Yeah, I'm sure you've been asked them. What's it like to have Morgan as a brother? Or did you get your break in the AWA because of Lori?

[Jason doesn't look pleased by the questions, but Travis quickly resumes speaking.]

TL: You know I mean nothin' by these questions, Jason. Your family has been good to me since I was what, seventeen ... no, I had just turned eighteen. Eight years has gone by real fast, but over those eight years it's always been the same for me. Jack and James this, James and Jack that ...

[Travis pauses, the smile returns for a moment again as he runs his right hand through his dirty blonde hair.]

TL: I know how that may sound, Jason, but I love my brothers, so it didn't bother me when the comparisons started. I mean, I was working with my brothers and pops in the greatest industry there is. But all the "Jack can do this, James did that" brought about a lot of people wanting a piece of Travis just cause he's a Lynch. And I really wish I could say it was just the boys in the back, but nope, the drunks at the Spur wanted a shot as well.

[Jason just looks at Travis as he continues to speak.]

TL: One night in oh-six I was doing an autograph signing at the Rusty Spur for PCW...

JD: You weren't even old enough to be in there.

[Travis laughs.]

TL: Come on Jason, you know Blackjack, like that mattered. So there I was finishin' up and a couple of beautiful women couldn't keep their eyes off of me...

JD: What a problem to have, Travis.

[Travis just shrugs his shoulder with a smirk on his face, as he senses Dane's sarcasm.]

TL: Not always but it becomes a big problem when their men are drunk and jealous. Anyway, one winked so what could I do but wink back. Next thing, there was a bottle to my head and then all I remember is being stomped on the floor.

Until your brother...

[He points at Jason who smiles reflexively.]

TL: Your brother bailed me out for the first time that night. And he'd bail me out for the next couple of years in the PCW whenever Jack and James weren't around. Trust me, I appreciated it each and every time 'cause with Misery Inc. running roughshod back then I needed all the help I could get.

But that's when the "Travis can't cut it in the business" rumors started. People were saying he needs his brothers or he needs Morgan Dane by his side. I was eighteen fresh out of college and I already had a target on my back bigger than Wright's after he won the AWA World Heavyweight Championship... you're damn right I needed someone watching my back.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: The night I debuted in PCW full-time, I was hung by a microphone cord by The Lost Boy. And eight years later I will finally end, once and for all, what he started that fateful July night in Dallas.

JD: But there's no rules tonight... it's not even a match! It's a no holds barred fight!

TL: I know it is, Jason. And I know it plays right into The Lost Boy's wheel house...

JD: Then why do it?

TL: It's time I finally get the monkey off my back, Jason. It's time for everyone to see that while Jack, James and Morgan have been there for me... that I fight my own battles!

[As Travis finishes his sentence, he stands to his feet and pats Jason on the shoulder. He walks towards the door, and as he opens it Jason asks one last question.]

JD: Wait, Travis! One last thing, how's Jack?

[Travis stops and turns back towards Jason. He runs his hand through his hair once again, looking towards the floor as he does so.]

TL: You know, Jason, I wish I knew.

[With that, Travis turns around and walks from the locker room as we slowly crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Some interesting words from Travis Lynch right there, Bucky, as he prepares to come out here later tonight and FIGHT The Lost Boy. It's not a wrestling match, fans. Sunshine wanted a fight and she's got one. We'll see if she regrets it.

BW: I'm thinking it's Travis Stench who is gonna regret it, Gordo. We know that Jack Lynch is nowhere to be seen, James Lynch is trying to figure out how to set a microwave timer with his upper lip 'cause it's the only part of him still moving, and I ain't even gonna talk about Morgan Dane.

GM: It's long been the stuff of locker room legend that the wild-eyed savage known as "Maniac" Morgan Dane, the brother of Jason and Lori Dane, spent quite some time in the Texas territory for Blackjack Lynch and that one of his duties was to keep an eye on Travis when his brothers weren't there to do it. But he's not here tonight either. This is Travis Lynch one-on-one with a ghost from his past. Can he put that ghost away once and for all? We'll find out a little bit later but right now, let's go back 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.

[A young man hops over the top rope. Tall, athletic and tanned, he wears a bright orange pair of barely trunks with yellow and green tassels hanging from his belt. He hops in, spinning in circles before stopping, swaying his hips (to some cheers from the ladies) and then strikes a football quarterback pose, going right into the Tebow.]

BW: This kid has no shortage of confidence.

GM: His bio says he played quarterback at Belair Prep, was a starting pitcher for two years at USC, and won a Div. 1A championship in the 100 meter dash his senior year of college after never running track prior. He was

a Gold Medal Skier in the 2008 US Championships, allegedly an astronaut though he never made it to space, a pro Hockey player for the Ontario Reign, an LA Kings farm team, a fireman, lifeguard, disco dancer, the first male Hawaiian Tropic Model...

BW: Of course he was...

PW: Introducing in the ring, from Beverly Hills, California, weighing in at 190lbs... KENNETH DOLL!

[Darkness falls over the area as the first beat hits... then a long note. Electronic sizzle over the PA. Blue lights start flickering around the entrance way. Red. White. Yellow. Blue. A cacophony of lights hit right in tune with Darude's "Sandstorm". Spotlights ignite on the entrance, each one further revealing a bobbing form. Hands reach out from the unknown person's side, swaying and waving to the beat. One final one shows him standing there in full gear, large headphones on, hands up to hold them in place as he dances. He being... TORA!]

PW: And introducing next, from Duluth, Minnesota, weighing in at 170lbs... THIS... IS... TORA!

[The high flying spectacle steps out of the entrance way, hands holding the headphones as he dances in place and finally towards the ring, feet flying to the rhythm. TORA is a definite athlete. He is super toned and strong looking though more like a track athlete or gymnast than a bodybuilder or pro wrestler. He's well proportioned and full of energy. He's also fairly handsome in a young college kid sort of way with a clean shaven face.]

BW: Duluth? Who would willingly hail from Duluth?

[He wears half red/half white tight wrestling pants with red and white kickpads. His pants have a variety of stripes, zig zags, dags and dragons down the side in print opposite to the side they are in, a collected kaleidoscope of chaos on each. He wears a haphazardly striped red and white vest over top his nary a percentage of fat upper body. His dark hair is worn in a messy fashioned faux hawk the tips dyed sharp light blue.

Continuing to bob and jive, TORA reaches off the long ramp out to every fan who asks, slapping hands, high fiving and fistbumping. A fan's dancing? He dances right along with them. Fans want pictures? He stops, kneels down, leaning right in and lets them take the selfie. TORA makes sure to hop off the ramp and do a full round of the ringside, every hand reached out getting slapped back. He dances the entire way, taking the ringsteps in a single hop and getting onto the apron, TORA urging the crowd out of their seat to dance along (which many kids and women do!).]

GM: TORA is becoming quite popular with the kids and families in the audience, and in a hurry. His charisma, his wrestling ability, the way he can wow a crowd at a moment's notice... he's someone to watch!

[Then he pauses, turns and points and runs over, pulling a Nijikon mask out of his pocket and puts it on a smiling kid's face. He high fives the kid, hopping up on the apron, dancing, keeping it up as he steps on the outside turnbuckles to the top. He waves his arm in beat, popping his hands into peace signs to the crowd, drawing them down so the finger tips touch making a mask like gesture. One final step and he backflips into the ring and dances along with the music until it starts fading out and the lights come back on. He discards his vest, throwing it to an attendant as he heads to his corner.]

BW: Interesting choice considering what we saw in Japan!

GM: Just showing some respect for a fellow wrestler and besides, that kid is happy... DOLL!

[Having had enough, Kenneth Doll attacks TORA from behind, slamming forearms into his upper back and sending him to a corner. He lays into the smaller competitor with kicks to the stomach, stepping back and "dusting his shoulder off" before grabbing TORA for a whip. TORA manages to reverse the Irish whip and holds onto the wrist, using it to pull himself between Doll's legs, sliding up to his feet!]

GM: Look at that agility! TORA is lightning fast!

BW: Doll is messing around too much in there. For once, he's going to be the bigger guy, stay on him!

[TORA immediately hits the ropes and jumps over a sprawled Doll and continues, coming back. Doll ducks down, TORA turning in mid run, flipping over his back and landing behind him. Doll turns, TORA grabs his wrists and sends him for an Irish whip. Doll hits the ropes and comes back with a shoulder tackle, leveling TORA...

...who then IMMEDIATELY kips up and dusts his own shoulder off!]

GM: I can't call this match nearly fast enough! The action is frenetic in there, folks!

BW: There we go! Good old slap to the jaw!

[TORA clutches his jaw in pain, Doll celebrating before winding up and going for another, only TORA sees this one and grabs him by the back of the head.]

GM: Jawbreaker and he holds on, twisting... right into a neckbreaker!

BW: Doll kicked out quick on that one, but it hurt!

[TORA gets right back up and just as quick hits a standing moonsault, hooking a leg!]



GM: Another cover off a spectacular move! ONE! TWO... Doll kicks out again!

BW: TORA is quick, as quick as maybe anyone in the AWA save a Skywalker Jones, but he's small. The smallest guy on the roster. He's going to have to hit harder than that.

GM: He has Kenneth Doll back up and whips the youngster into the corner... and charges right into a boot!

[And is quickly flattened with a charging clothesline, Doll using the respite to catch his breath and shake out his neck.]

GM: And now Kenneth Doll is in the advantage. He needs to keep on this and keep TORA grounded and down. You let him up, you give him room, and well, Bucky, he's shown what he can do!

[Doll quickly pulls TORA up into a front headlock, giving out a hearty "Oh yeah!" before taking him up and over.]

BW: More impact!

GM: Doll floats over on the suplex and a cover... and TORA kicks out at two! Come on ref... closed fists!

[Doll simply sits side out and lays some frustrated punches to the forehead of TORA, snuffing off as the referee berates him, warning him about a possible DQ. ]

BW: He has until five, Gordo. Leave the kid alone. You take the full five, you wear the opponent down and you win. It's smart wrestling. For a relative newcomer, he's doing alright!

GM: He's certainly doing really well right now, taking it to this international superstar. He has TORA up on his feet now and pushes him to the ropes. Irish whip again by Doll and... oh wait a second!

[TORA does not return, instead using both arms to hold the ropes and halt his momentum. Doll, hands up in confusion, charges in. TORA bounces up with the ropes for balance, planting both boots into Doll's jaw, using his face as a springboard to flip right over and land on the apron. The crowd POPS at the agility, Doll not down, but stunned.]

GM: Amazing balance right there!

[Doll turns around, even more agitated, only for TORA to leap up and connect with a foot to the side of his head, putting him down!]

GM: Leaping head kick by TORA and Doll is down!

BW: TORA has some educated feet.

[TORA takes a moment before getting into action, reaching way up and clapping over his head, getting the crowd into it slowly. At first it's kids, then their parents, then most of the crowd is clapping along. TORA waits until they are going on their own before grabbing the ropes and slingshotting himself upwards. He lands shins first on the top rope, bouncing off and tucking himself into a ball before shooting out his legs and landing across Doll's neck with one! POP!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE! I've never seen anything like that! In all my days!

BW: How does he doing things like that?! Is he actually THAT light?!

GM: Stunning agility shown by this bright up and comer... cover! ONE! TWO! Doll kicks out! I thought TORA had him there, I really did. TORA showed a lot in the Mayhem match, especially in his battle against Brian James, but we're starting to see what he can do in a one on one contest here against a game challenger.

[Rolling backwards, TORA reaches down and grabs Doll, struggling to pull him up and to a position where he can continue his offense.]

GM: This is where TORA is going to struggle, Bucky. He's the smallest guy on the roster. Big heart, but he's only a hundred and seventy pounds. He will have problems getting a lot of guys up.

BW: Especially in the land of the giants we have in AWA. Imagine him against some of the talent we've seen? How would this little kid do anything?

[A knee to the gut stops him, another stuns him and a third, a big one, puts him down. Doll slams down with a double sledge to the back, getting right back up for a second. He returns to his feet, shaking a hand out, stomping TORA for good measure.]

BW: When you hit a guy so hard you hurt your hand, you are trying to do some serious damage.

GM: Doll picking TORA up again and up onto his shoulder. Powerslam coming uuuupppp... TORA slips behind!

[And lands on his feet after escaping. Doll turns around, but sees no one as TORA drops with a double kick to the knee, putting Doll down!]

GM: Dropkick to the knee and... DDT! DDT right from a kneeling position! Think about the impact that does not just to the head, but the neck, upper spine. MORE innovation by TORA! I am loving watching this kid!

[From his back, TORA starts clapping his hands together again, getting the crowd behind him. This time there are even quicker to join in. Doll rolls over, getting up, TORA joining him with a sudden kip up to his feet!]

GM: Here we go!

[TORA starts laying into Doll with roundhouse kicks to the upper leg, each one a SMACK of shin on skin. Doll is eventually driven to one leg in pain, then down!]

BW: Right to the jaw, Gordo! No more pretty boy smile!

GM: Leaping spinning back kick and that one hurt!

[But not enough to keep him down. Shakily, he staggers back up and swings wildly, but TORA is already in motion, running past and leaping up to the second rope, springboarding up and backwards, turning as he does. His arms and legs go wide as he connects sideways against Doll, taking him down to the mat to another POP!]

GM: BIIIIIIIIIG CROSSBODY! This kid was once told he was too small, he was too short, he would never make it and here he is on the biggest stage in wrestling wowing everyone!

BW: He'll wow more people if he can pick up a win here.

[TORA rolls off and back to his feet, immediately diving in for a cover.]

GM: This could be it! ONE! TWO! THR--WAIT! No! Kenny Doll kicks out!

[TORA rolls off again, getting back to his feet. Doll tries to do the same, TORA moving in on him... and getting a back elbow to the jaw for good measure!]

BW: He was playing possum! Astronaut, track star, baseball player, model and now actor.

GM: That one stunned TORA!

[Doll shakes his head, trying to regain some composure. Seeing TORA stunned he backs up, puts both hands together as if a baseball pitcher and winds back... only to be halted as TORA puts a hand up yelling STOOOOOOOOOP! at the top of his lungs!]

BW: What?!

[Doll is stunned by the scream, moreso by the step up enzuigiri that follows! Doll spins nearly around, TORA leaping up and catching his head, driving him down face first with an ace crusher!]

GM: TORA CUTTER! Right on the mark!

BW: There's the cover!

[And with a one... two... three... it's over!]

PW: YOUR WINNER... TORA!

["Sandstorm" hits again as TORA gets back up, hand being raised in victory. He heads to the turnbuckles, climbing up with one foot on the top rope. He starts bobbing his head, dancing along with the music, pointing at the Nijikon masked kid and giving him a thumbs up before heading down and sliding out of the ring to give some high fives to asking fans.]

BW: Gordon's up, I think he's going to talk to the kid.

[TORA fist bumps a final fan before heading over to Gordon Myers. He puts his arm around the venerable play by play man's shoulders, looking into the camera. His hair is sweat plastered to his head, his face red with effort.]

T: WHOOO! Feels great, Mr. Myers!

GM: That is your first singles win here in the AWA, TORA, and obviously it feels great. You've been very impressive in both your showings so far. Where do you see yourself going from here?

T: All I want to do, Mr. Myers, all I've ever wanted to do is wrestle. I've done it all over this great nation, all over Mexico, Japan, Europe, Canada. Anywhere that would have me in the few short years I've been in this business I've went. But deep down, since the I saw my first AWA show, I knew it was here I wanted to come. And here I am! HERE I AM! It's a dream come true! YEAH!

[The crowd around TORA is as fired up as he is, mugging for the camera, reaching out to pat him on the back.]

GM: Well, I for one can't wait to see you in action again, young man, and I think I can speak for the crowd when I say they agree with me. Ladies and gentlemen... TORA!

[As the young high flyer walks out of view, Gordon stays behind.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take another quick break but when we come back, we're going to hear from the Shane Gang!

[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 we find Jason Dane standing in the midst of Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Miss Sandra Hayes.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, and I've asked the Shane Gang to join me here to answer a few questions that came out of Memorial Day Mayhem. First off, I suppose I've gotta ask - I asked for the Shane Gang... where is the so-called Ring Leader?

[Miss Sandra Hayes glares a hole straight through the inquisitive Dane.]

MSH: The only thing so-called around this place right now is you... the so-called investigative journalist.

LS: Let's not be so rash, Sandra.

[Hayes looks puzzled as Strong.]

LS: I mean, there's also the so-called World Tag Team Champions. Didja forget about them? I know everyone else did. They couldn't get past us at the Stampede Cup and they couldn't withstand the heat we brought to Memorial Day Mayhem.. We are way past takin' them out of the fryin' pan and throwin' em back into the fire, Jason. Yet they keep findin' a way to crawl out of the kitchen and not put the titles on the line. Last I heard, Herc called out tonight because he was home studyin' for an ear exam.

[Anderson chuckles as Hayes smirks.]

AA: What about the so-called World Heavyweight Champion Dave Bryant who needed the help of the mighty Marty Meekly and a mass conspiracy to become the World Champion?

[More chuckles all around.]

JD: Very amusing, fellas. Very. Can I get an answer to my question?

[Sandra turns to Lenny.. then to Aaron.. and then right back to Jason Dane.]

MSH: In a word.. No.

[Dane glares at Hayes.]

JD [stern]: Seriously?

MSH: You're going to ask questions with that tone of voice?

LS: Get real, brother.

MSH: You won't get an answer out of me even if we were related. If you want the Ring Leader... then march your pampered little feet around this arena and go find him yourself.

[Dane sighs, turning to the Lights Out Express who can barely contain their laughter at the situation.]

JD: You guys were a lot more tolerable when Donnie White was around.

[Anderson dips his head, looking downward as Strong grabs a handful of Dane's shirt.]

LS: Ya got somethin' to say about the Hawk, jack?! After what he went through at Memorial Day Mayhem? After he went off that wretched scaffold and Captain Crazy tried to ravage him like a tiger attacking a nursing antelope?

[Dane raises his hands defensively as Strong steams around him, waving his arms frantically.]

JD: I didn't.. I just —

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Enough."

[The camera wheels as all eyes turn towards the source of the gritty voice - Terry Shane III.]

TS3: This... is the Year of Terry Shane.

JD: Don't you mean-

TS3: Not Donnie White. Not Juan Vasquez. Not even Dave Bryant.

[Dane bows his head, backing up a step.]

TS3: This is MY year, Dane. The year where I retired Steve Spector. And in just a short while, the year when I will become the World Heavyweight Champion and take my rightful place as the greatest professional wrestler on this planet.

And you want to talk about Donnie White?

[Shane looks incredulous at Jason Dane whose head pivots between the other members of the Shane Gang who have a look of disbelief on their faces.]

MSH: Terry, he-

[Shane lifts a hand, silencing Miss Sandra Hayes.]

TS3: I do not want to hear you.. [eyes darting around] ANY of you.. even mutter his name in my presence. The only question you should be asking about that complete and total disgrace to this entity is - who will be replacing him? Who is going to step up and climb with me to the top of the AWA?

[He points to his comrades.]

TS3: That is the only question you should all be asking about. It is a question that needs an immediate - and damn good - answer. Is that not right, Sandra?

[Hayes quickly - and quietly - nods.]

TS3: As for me, Jason? I have business to attend to...

[Shane glares at Anderson.]

TS3: ...as do you.

[Then to Strong.]

TS3: And you.

[Then to Miss Hayes.]

TS3: And most certainly you.

[The Ring Leader turns on his heel, storming out of view and leaving a surprised Shane Gang behind. Miss Hayes is the first to recover, shoving Dane back against the wall.]

MSH: This interview is over. Get lost.

[The Shane Gang walks out of the camera's shot, leaving a stunned Jason Dane behind as we slowly fade back to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: A rather tense moment there for the Shane Gang who seem a bit at odds here tonight.

BW: Hey, I gotta side with the Ring Leader here. Whether Donnie White is a friend to those guys or not, the fact of the matter is that he's done and he'll remain that way for a long time to come. That means that the Shane Gang needs to move on... and the best way to do that is to capture championship gold. The Lights Out Express have GOT to be considered the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles right now and we know that at some point tonight, Terry Shane is going to reveal when he will be challenging for the World Title.

GM: I understand all that, Bucky, but that was barely even a human response from Terry Shane. A man who has been one of his closest allies for over a year got thrown off a thirty foot scaffold a few weeks ago and his response is - who will replace him? Disgusting.

BW: It's a guy who has no time for friendships. He wants success.

[As Bucky's words trail off, the synth pop beat to "Fame" draws a mixed reaction from the crowd as Shadoe Rage steps through the curtain. He pauses in front of it, chewing on his lower lip, worrying it between his teeth as he stares from behind his tortoise shell aviator sunglasses. His head darts back and forth between sections of the fans as some cheer and some boo. His body tenses into a semi-athletic stance, ready to charge, ready to pounce.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, Shadoe Rage has once again come out here to give us a piece of his mind.

BW: That's what I'm afraid of. You know he don't have any to spare, Gordo. Just look at him out there - muttering at himself - and he hasn't even been given a mic yet!

[The muttering and cussing Rage makes his way down to the ring at a clipped pace before vaults over the top rope into the center of the ring. He's wearing dark blue jeans, a slouchy black V-neck and a black and white marbled tam to cover his locks. He holds out one hand and a ring attendant dutifully gives him a microphone. His right hand is stuffed into his jeans pocket. Rage draws a deep breath, looking down at the mat.]

SR: Well, I've been fined and suspended again.



[There's a mixed reaction from the crowd. Rage looks up at them, making eye contact finally.]

SR: Memorial Day Mayhem was supposed to be a moment of celebration! It was supposed to be my time to finish off my business with Donnie White. It was supposed to be my time to shine. My time to do things my way.

[There are some boos as people remember Rage's last appearance.]

GM: Shadoe Rage and Donnie White of the Shane Gang engaged in a blood feud for nearly a year. Amazingly, even though the fans started out sympathetic towards Rage even they found that his actions at Memorial Day Mayhem were too far over the line.

BW: You saw that lunatic after his match, right? Bashin' his own skull in with a chair? That boy is paranoid, schizoid, manic, even possessed!

GM: The AWA has to look at how much longer they feel comfortable letting this man compete. He has demonstrated he has little to no control over his violent impulses.

[Rage continues.]

SR: To be honest with you, I don't even remember what happened. One minute I knew the bell rang and the next minute I knew I had my chance to plant Donnie White all the way to Hell and then the next minute I was backstage and Marissa was explaining to me what all went down.

[Boos. Rage knuckles his forehead.]

SR: (irritated) You've got to understand something. Donnie White stood in my way. I came to the AWA to compete for championships and to prove myself on the biggest stage of them all! And Donnie White mocked me. He blocked me. He cheated me in three straight matches. And I started to feel a pressure building inside of me. I started feeling an anger burn that I didn't want to burn. It got very very hot inside my head.

[There's more of a mixed reaction to Rage's statement. Rage struggles with his emotional control.]

SR: I KNOW YOU WANT TO BOO ME! I know you're upset with me! I know that you think I'm some rabid dog that needs to be put down. I'M A HUMAN BEING! I'm a human being that is imperfect. I make mistakes. I have flaws. I have limitations. But I'm trying, dammit, I'm trying to do the right thing.

[There's a pained expression on his face.]

SR: You think I want to be treated like a mad dog? No, I don't want to be a mad dog. I want to be a man. I am a man. I am a man. I am a man known to evil, known to weakness, known to rages. What should have been

a celebration is another ruined moment in my career. I get it. I disappointed you. I apologize to you for my behavior towards Marissa. I apologize to you for going too far with Donnie White. I'll take my punishment and I'll try to do better next time.

[Rage looks out at the disbelieving crowd.]

SR: The Championship Committee understands. I'll pay my fine. Serve my suspension and then I'll refocus. They made me the Number One Contender to the World TV Title because they still believe that I am a worthy competitor. They know that that was one very, very personal piece of business between me and the Mile High Mohawk. It had to end that way. There was no choice in the matter.

And tonight, I will be paying close attention to Brian James and Ryan Martinez. Whoever walks away with that belt know one thing. You're dead in my sights and I'm going to come for that title. I'm on my way. I'm-

[A voice rings out over the PA system, suddenly interrupting Rage in mid-sentence.]

"...in SERIOUS need of getting your head back on straight!"

[All eyes turn towards the entrance.]

GM: What is this?

BW: Somebody feeling up to confronting Rage obviously.

[The crowd buzzes as to who would dare interrupt the manic man from Canada and they're not left for waiting long as coming down the aisle is one Tony Sunn. The powerhouse wrestler walks with purpose, stern gaze clearly fixed on Shadoe Rage. He pulls himself into the ring, eyes not wavering from Rage for a second as he raises the mic.]

TS: Shadoe Rage, champion, legend...

[Respect is evident in Sunn's voice, but there's the telltale edge of disappointment as well.]

TS: ...narcissist, madman.

[Tony's jaw clenches a little before he continues.]

TS: You potentially ended a man's career at Memorial Day Mayhem. Hell, your OWN career was nearly ended that night! But whatever crap you had with Donnie White, it ended the MOMENT he fell off that scaffold and the officials declared you the winner!

But you? You just Wouldn't. Let. It. GO!

[Sunn points at Rage for emphasis.]

BW: You expect a rabid dog to let go of a bloody bone?

GM: Tony Sunn is making a valid point. Everybody understood Rage's actions right up until the end of the match. Then everybody realized that what he was going to do was overkill. Tony Sunn has often said he is not a man to stand by and let injustice go unpunished.

[Tony shakes his head in disgust, grimacing and growing more agitated.]

TS: Winning wasn't enough for you, was it? You wanted to take his damn head off! No...no, it doesn't matter how much of an idiot Donnie White was, NO ONE deserves to be crippled for life like that. And the fact that you didn't care WHO got hurt while you went hunting for your pound of flesh makes your actions all the more sick -- White, your own manager...the referees.

[Sunn glares, letting his words sink in.]

TS: See, I don't think you're sorry at all, Shadoe Rage. Or actually, you're just sorry you got CAUGHT! You're a smart guy, you know you gotta make nice with the Championship Committee for a shot at the Television title. But for all your self-flagellating out here to Miss Monet and the AWA fans, I didn't hear you offer ONE APOLOGY to those officials you assaulted when they tried to stop you from going after White!

And I can't -- WON'T -- let that slide...

[Rage is staring dead in the eyes of Sunn who is quite worked up.]

GM: Tony Sunn is letting Shadoe Rage know that his actions won't be tolerated. Shadoe Rage embarrassed the company again at Memorial Day Mayhem and might have ended Donnie White's career.

BW: The AWA has to take the blame for that one, Gordo. They shoulda known you don't give a lunatic like Rage a match and some gasoline and expect him not to strike the match, daddy. That boy needs constant medication. You notice Marissa can't even show her face round him any more, either.

[Tony's eyes blaze with anger. His face is tense, yet determined as he keeps his focus on Rage.]

TS: If it were up to me, your selfishness wouldn't be rewarded with a Television title match. That's not up to me, lucky for you...but then again, I don't see YOU scheduled for a shot any time soon.

But you know who is?

[Sunn allows himself the faint trace of a smile.]

TS: Me. And I can tell you, it isn't James or Martinez you should be thinking about down that line -- it's ME.

[And just like that Rage's already razor thin veneer of civility and sanity cracks. His left eye squints and twitches as the left corner of his mouth tugs and jumps into a grimace. He knuckles his forehead with his right hand. The nerve that he has that needs violence and mayhem is starting to throb with a need for satisfaction. He jumps forward butting into Tony Sunn's head. Sunn's eyes narrow sharply, but, though he pulls his head back, the Ithaca native doesn't move from his spot in the ring.]

SR: You? You? YOU? WHO ARE YOU? I'll tell you who you are ... You're ....

[Rage sticks his hand against Tony Sunn's chest. He shoves violently only to be moved back himself. Rage stares at his hand and then at Sunn's chest and his eyes pop and his face pulls with shock. Rage's shock only widens as Sunn then clamps a hand on his wrist and easily pushes him BACK another couple of steps, much to the surprise of the crowd. Quickly, Rage recovers, staring up into Tony Sunn's eyes with that basilisk's glare.]

SR: I PAID MY FINE! I'LL SERVE MY SUSPENSION! I'M OUT HERE APOLOGIZING!

[Rage spins away from Sunn, trying to get himself back under control. He tries several deep breaths but the energy is too much. He wheels back on Tony Sunn.]

SR: I don't know who the Hell you are. Or what the Hell you think you're doing but-

[Sunn cuts him off.]

TS: [unwavering through gritted teeth, one fist clenching by his side] Do you REALLY want to find that out?!

[Shadoe draws a deep breath, still struggling with his rage. Sunn's muscles tense, readying for any sudden attack. No goading, no cocksure arrogance from Sunn -- he bears Rage's withering hate like a mountain against the winter wind.]

GM: We've got a situation here! Even though Shadoe Rage is suspended from competing, you have to think that won't prevent him from taking a swing at the powerhouse.

BW: If he does, that suspension might get some extra time tacked onto it. I hear the front office is tired of Rage's garbage, Gordo.

[Finally... Rage removes his hand from Sunn's chest. He spreads his hands in surrender and slowly backs away.]

GM: Wow. Shadoe Rage is backing off! He's backing away.]

BW: Didn't think that was gonna happen.

[Once he's sure he's out of reach, he hops over the top rope to the floor, slapping the apron in frustration. He glares at Sunn, muttering and gesticulating. Now that he has separation, he puffs up his chest and shouts curses and threats. For his part, Tony just continues to stare daggers at Shadoe, not rising to take the bait from the veteran, save for one simple, curt nod. Rage licks his lips thoughtfully, wipes his face and blinks slowly at Tony Sunn. He backs his way down the aisle muttering to himself and rubbing slowly at his head.]

GM: Even Shadoe Rage isn't crazy enough to take on Tony Sunn here.

BW: Gordo, Rage just proved he ain't as crazy as everybody thinks he is. I don't know if that's a good or a bad thing though. If I were Tony Sunn, I wouldn't want that lunatic spending two seconds thinking about me.

GM: Tony Sunn taming Shadoe Rage here tonight and the fans are cheering him for it. And with a World Television Title in just two weeks' time for Tony Sunn, you have to imagine he wants to make sure that Shadoe Rage is on his best behavior right here in two weeks. Fans, throughout the night so far, we've been hearing from some of the men who hope to be named the next AWA President but right now, we're going to hear from someone who I believe may be the odds-on favorite. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to a black screen. A voiceover begins.]

"When you think of the word "talent", you think of one man."

[We get a quick sequence of shots from Alex Martinez to Mark Langseth to Adam Rogers to Marcus Broussard to Juan Vasquez.]

"For over fifteen years, one man has been the driving force in this industry. One man has found the greatest talent in the world and brought them to masses."

[Back to the black screen. A word is backlit, growing slower and slower.]

"One man helped guide the most historic promotion of all time. One man helped found the greatest promotion in the world today."

[The word gets bigger and bigger, revealing it to be a name.]

"One man is the cornerstone of professional wrestling."

[M-A-S-T-E-R-S-O-N. The shot fades up to show Bill Masterson, grinning and well-dressed in front of a "MASTERSON FOR PRESIDENT!" banner. He speaks.]

BM: When you look for an AWA President, you look for a man familiar with the top talent in the world. You look for a man who has the experience to both guide two world-class promotions to the top of the business. I am the

former Vice President of Talent Relations for the EMWC - a company that arguably possessed the greatest talent roster at the peak of the wrestling wars. I am a former founding owner of the AWA - the leader in the industry.

I am Bill Masterson... and I want to be your President.

[The grinning Masterson fills the screen...

...as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: There you have it, fans. I'm not sure you could find someone with a stronger resumé as a wrestling executive than that man right there, Bill Masterson. He said it himself - a former EMWC VP of Talent Relations AND a former founding owner of this company.

BW: A bunch of "formers" in there, Gordo. Sounds like he got fired a ton.

GM: Bill Masterson sold his share of the AWA because he disagreed with some of the changes to the product over the years... but after speaking with him this week, I know the man is looking to take the AWA to the next level but he intends to do it the right way.

BW: You spoke to him earlier this week? Are you actually endorsing this guy?

GM: I'm not endorsing anyone but-

BW: But you're encouraging the AWA to hire the guy who the Wise Men were able to blackmail into doing their dirty work for them last year? Did you forget about that, Gordo?

GM: I think he explained-

BW: I don't care what kind of explanation Masterson's got. He can't be trusted to run the AWA... not one bit.

GM: I think you're wrong, Bucky. I think he can-

[The arena lights go out.]

GM: What's happening now?

BW: Did we forget to pay a light bill or something, Gordo?

[The lights come back on and the Crazy Homeless Lady is standing in the middle of the ring, flanked by the nightmarish Walking Dead. Unique Allah is dressed in a ragged wifebeater, untied Timberland boots and battered canvas carpenter shorts. He rubs at a nasty looking scar above his belly. His eyes stare ahead vacantly. Henri Lamarque is bare-chested, bare foot, shapeless linen pants belted around his waist with a length of rope. His body is nothing but slabs of muscle. The hangman's noose dangles from his right

hand. A scar is visible around his neck that looks like a ligature mark. Like Allah's, his eyes are vacant, too.]

BW: Gordo, I can't stand the look of these people. It's like some nightmare came to life.

GM: For weeks, we have been receiving cryptic messages from this woman claiming that they were coming home. Then they attacked the Hive and we haven't seen the Hive since. What are they doing here now?

[In answer, the Crazy Homeless Woman goes into convulsions. Her ratty, tattered locs shake around her head as her eyes rollover white. She bares stained yellow teeth and lets loose with a piercing shriek before she comes back to the world. Her head snaps towards the cameras. Her dark lost eyes become focused and the twisted scars that outline her face are nightmarish. She reaches into the depths of her ragged clothes and pulls out three dirty and bloodied masks. The masks clearly belonged to the Hive.]

BW: I guess that answers what happened to the Hive.

CHL: De beez dem gon! Dem strength is ours now! Dem power has been taken for our 'unger. Dem energy 'as been used for 'im to return.

GM: What? Who is returning?

BW: Gordo, you following any of this?

GM: I'm trying, Bucky. I'm trying.

CHL: Me name is Poet.

[She looks around at the arena.]

P: And I bring a message. I bring a message from 'im.

We 'ave come 'ome. This wrestling business 'as been notorious for forgettin' de people dat compete inside dis ring. All yuh forget the pain and sufferin' we 'ave suffered. You always cryin' fi sumthin' new. But for dose of we who was cast aside. What is to become of we? It's a 'ard life. It's a long and lonely life. We was left on de streets, 'omeless, 'elpless. We had give everything we 'ad to give and we was left to die. But 'im became our savior. In return, we are to find 'im strength. We are to prepare 'im place. In dis ring, our Savior is comin' 'ome. De Beez was di first to suffer we wrath. De Beez 'ave now taken our place. But dey won't be de last. No, we comin' back to take what is we own. We comin' 'ome. 'Im comin' home.

[The lights go black...

...and when they come up the ring is clear.]

BW: Did you understand any of that, Gordo? What was all that Savior and 'him is coming' business besides an assault on the English language?

GM: I'm not sure, Bucky. All we know is that this woman is named Poet and she's... well, she's quite eccentric and erratic in my books. Whatever happened to the Hive, God help them. And God help us that that doesn't happen to anybody else.

BW: This whole thing sends a chill right down my spine, Gordo.

GM: I can't say that I blame you... but the idea we're about to let this next man talk sends a chill down my spine. Former World Champion Gibson Hayes, perhaps the most unpopular man in the AWA locker room, apparently has something to say.

BW: I'm not sure there's a "perhaps" needed there, Gordo. Gibson Hayes IS the most unpopular man in the AWA locker room. Even his fellow so-called bad guys don't like him. In fact, I heard a story recently where he's been kicked OUT of the locker room and had to dress in a janitor's closet!

GM: I've heard the same rumor but I'm not sure that's worth discussing on the air, Bucky. Jason Dane is standing by at the top of the aisle... Jason?

[We go to the top of the aisle and, standing with a microphone in his hand is Jason Dane - interviewer extraordinaire. Standing next to him, is 6'3" (6'7" with his afro) Gibson Hayes. Hayes is dressed in an black business suit (lined weaver, drapey and very 60s chic).]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. As you can see, I have been joined by the aforementioned Gibson Hayes. Mr. Hayes, you are coming off a loss to Nenshou at Memorial Day Mayhem and...

[Dane trails off as Hayes looks him up and down.]

GH: You know, guy, it's sometimes hard to keep focus. The weight of the world can sure slow a guy down... am I right?

[A pause. Dane doesn't bite.]

GH: See? Speechless, ladies and gentlemen. His silence is just like yours. You're already waiting with bated breath for my decision. Which little bit of pawn shop repurposed gold is Gibson Hayes going to elevate? Will he go straight for the jugular and take the big daddy of them all... or will he take the smaller fry and make it the most talked about championship on this earth?

[An exasperated Dane replies.]

JD: You are just coming off a loss...

GH: ...of concentration. You're interrupting very important talking here. You're stopping me from telling these fans, these poor yokels who've slaughtered their pigs and other assorted livestock to afford the tickets to see me. The wallets out there waiting for a true champion and I have



decided to finally give them one. Most of the guys in this place are either hicks, fat slobs, street trash, dirty foreigners - what kind of message is that sending? Fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life, Jason. In fact...

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAAAHNIIIIIGHT?!"

GM: Gibson Hayes is out here running his mouth once again... and it looks like someone has had enough.

BW: Gordo, for once you and I agree.

GM: I never thought I'd see the day we...

BW: Hayes was talking about Sweet Daddy Williams, and I agree: I've had enough of that fat, drunk, and stupid Sweet Daddy.

[The cheers intensify as the man from Hotlanta, G-A steps through the curtain wearing a pair of blue jeans and a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt that reads "All May Enter - Only The Best Will Leave." He grips a house mic in his right hand as he approaches.]

SDW: Whoooooweeeeee, someone sure does like flappin' their gums out here to all these wonderful people in Charlotte, North Carolina!

[Big cheer from the Charlotte fans!]

SDW: Gibson Hayes, son... you're a long way from home, ya hear?

[Hayes does NOT hear, cupping his hand to his ear and shouting "WHAT?!" repeatedly off-mic.]

SDW: Cute. Real cute. Almost as cute as when Nenshou put you down where you belong at Mayhem... right on your back staring up at the lights, baby.

[The crowd cheers as Hayes sneers.]

GH: I didn't think you'd put down the donuts long enough to speak, tubby. Don't work yourself up too much - you don't want to have a heart attack or lose a limb to the 'beetus, Sweets.

[Williams smiles.]

SDW: You think this all fun and games, don'tcha? You come out here and run your mouth to me... to these people... to that locker room full of people back there who bust their tails to be the best in the world night in and night out and it's all some joke to you, ain't it?

[Hayes smiles, showing that yes... it IS a joke to him.]

SDW: You walk out here on OUR time... on OUR show... in OUR ring... and you act like you the king of the mountain just 'cause you did your time somewhere else and had something to show for it.

That don't mean squat here!

[Big cheer!]

SDW: YOU don't mean squat here!

[Another big cheer!]

SDW: As far as I can tell, the only thing you done here is made the front office wish they'd spent their money on better catering in the back.

[The crowd laughs as Hayes seems to fume a bit.]

SDW: Now, you think that we shoulda laid out the red carpet for you 'cause of what you did there but it don't work that way here, boy. You gotta EARN your stripes in this house!

[Hayes glares as Williams draws closer.]

SDW: These people spend their hard-earned money - money that ain't easy to come by at times - and you're what they get to see? That ain't right. That ain't right and you know it! They shouldn't be wastin' their money seein' you come out here and-

[Hayes has finally heard enough, snapping at the rotund veteran.]

GH: Maybe if these greasy lowlifes worked harder, they wouldn't have to sell cans or their cousins to afford seats in this pigsty?

[The boos pour down on Hayes... just as he intended. He arrogantly looks out at the crowd with a smirk on his face as Williams steps right up into his face.]

SDW: You want to say that again and see what happens?

GH: Maybe if these-

[Williams slaps the mic aside, jabbing a finger into Hayes' chest.]

SDW: I been in this business a long time, kid, and I've seen your act before. You're the funny guy. The guy who doesn't care about anyone or anything. Who gets a cheap thrill on making the fans feel bad. That don't fly with me... never has.

You don't deserve to wrestle in front of these great fans. And you sure as heck don't deserve to wrestle for any AWA championship.

[More cheers.]

SDW: Men have bled, sweat, and been carried out of that ring just trying to get a shot at the title and you want to coast on your reputation.

Well, right about now, your reputation don't mean a damn thing 'round here.

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as Hayes grimaces, shaking his head.]

GH: I liked you better when you were spiking your blood sugar and courting a coma, tubby.

[Williams smiles, patting his large belly.]

SDW: You think you've got a fat joke that I ain't heard? Fact is, we can keep on talkin' out here all night like this...

[Williams pauses, pointing to the ring.]

SDW: ...but I've got a better idea.

[The crowd cheers, realizing what the fan favorite is offering.]

SDW: You may not deserve to wrestle in front of these fans tonight... but you DO deserve to get your overhyped tail kicked in front of these fans tonight!

[Bigger cheer! Hayes turns to look at the ring, slowly nodding.]

GH: Sure... yeah, okay. As long as the insurance covers what's going to happen to you, Lard Daddy Williams, let's have a little tete-a-tete.

[Hayes starts backing down the aisle towards the ring, taking off his jacket, loosening his tie as he jerks a thumb over his shoulder at the ring.]

GM: It looks like we have a match, folks! Sweet Daddy Williams, one of the the locker room leaders of the AWA against one of the least liked men in our sport.

[Williams quickly follows, throwing his t-shirt into the crowd to big cheers as they scramble over the unique souvenir.]

GM: Williams stepping in...

[No ring intros, no music, just two men in the ring as Davis Warren beelines it down the aisle, moving into the ring and signaling to the timekeeper as the bell sounds.]

GM: Here we go!

[Hayes, sans dress shoes but still in his suit, feints a kick to Sweet Daddy's face, before smirking - amused at his own antics.]

GM: Williams steps back and-

[The rotund fan favorite presses the matter, rushing at the former World Champion and toppling him with a shoulder tackle that puts him down on the canvas!]

GM: The three hundred pounder puts him down... but Hayes kips right back up to his feet...

[And gets run right down with a beefy-armed clothesline that takes Hayes off his feet again. This time, he stays there as Williams raises his leg, looking to stomp the former World Champion...

...but Hayes rolls to the side, avoiding it.]

GM: Hayes playing possum there, rolls up to his feet...

[But as Williams starts to turn towards him, Hayes swings a leg around, knocking the Hotlanta native's legs out from under him with a legsweep.]

GM: Williams gets his legs swept out from under him... but look at this!

[Instead of capitalizing, Hayes spreads his arms wide and presents himself to the audience.]

GM: Hayes doing himself no favors as he showboats.

BW: Hey, Williams wanted to give these people a show and Hayes is obliging right about now.

[The arrogant Hayes turns around...

...and gets met with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand! Maybe that'll teach Hayes to not mess around when he's got an advantage.

[As Hayes stumbles, Williams grabs an arm, tossing him into the ropes. The rebounding Hayes drops into a baseball slide, going between the legs of the veteran fan favorite and sits up on the mat...

...where again, instead of taking advantage of the situation, he pauses to tap his temple and mock the situation.]

GM: Hayes avoids the clothesline but he's-

[An annoyed Williams grabs Hayes by the afro, YANKING him back down to the mat for a moment before leaping into the air...

...and DROPPING his hind quarters down on the chest!]

GM: OHHH!

[This gets a two count as Hayes manages to free his left shoulder (all the while yelling about being buried in fat and that Williams smells like five week old donuts.) Williams rolls off, fists at the ready.]

GM: Hayes not at all taking this match seriously. I just can't wrap my head around what in the Sam Hill he thinks he's doing.

BW: Making good money for minimal effort?

[Climbing back to his feet, Hayes rushes to the ropes, bouncing off towards a waiting Williams. The former World Champion connects with a running front kick to the hip, spinning Williams away from him.]

GM: Nice pin-point running kick by Hayes!

[He grabs the back of Williams' jeans, repeatedly burying kidney punches into the lower back...

...but Williams shakes free, lifting him up under an arm, dropping him with a side slam!]

GM: Ohh! Sweet Daddy Williams with the big counter and he puts the former World Champion down again!

[Williams pulls Hayes up, unleashing a series of big right hands, driving him back into the corner. He pauses, grabbing the arm for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip sends him across... in comes Williams!

[Hayes grabs the top rope, yanking himself clear from his opponent's rear-end first charge, sending Williams crashing backfirst into the buckles. Hayes walks out to the center of the ring, taunting the fans, making the "belt gesture"...]

GM: This doesn't seem like the best of moves for a former World Champion. Not sound strategy at all as he has his opponent in trouble and is now looking for-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...and Williams rushes out, leaping up to snare the side headlock, and DRIVES Hayes facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP! RILEY ROUNDUP!

BW: He got the bulldog!

GM: Williams with a cover!

BW: No way!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS BEATS A FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

[An agitated Gibson Hayes rolls from the ring, falling to his knees on the floor.]

GM: Gibson Hayes wanted Sweet Daddy Williams and he got all he could handle and then some, Bucky!

BW: I can't... I can't even believe that just happened, Gordo. What the heck does Gibson Hayes do now?! He just got beat by the fat man himself!

GM: That's going to change things for Gibson Hayes you have to believe. Maybe NOW he'll start taking things seriously! Maybe NOW he'll stop treating everything like a joke!

BW: Well, I wouldn't go that far but Hayes looks like he's in disbelief. He's in shock. Two losses in a row for the former World Champion, Gordo.

GM: A bad night for Gibson Hayes... but speaking of people who had bad nights at Memorial Day Mayhem, you've gotta mention Callum Mahoney. The Fighting Irishman is standing by with Mark Stegglet right now. Mark?

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney. However, Mahoney is not dressed to wrestle. He has on a black studded leather jacket with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black T-shirt and dark blue jeans.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Joining me at this time is the Armbar Assassin, Callum Mahoney. Callum, less than two weeks ago, at Memorial Day Mayhem, your open challenge victory was marred by the surprise appearance of the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov. The former National Champion's attack left you bloodied. What does Sudakov's return mean for you going forward?

CM: What it means is that instead of accepting my initial challenge like a man, the so-called Pro Wrestler Hunter Killer had to resort to a sneak attack. See, Mark, I was ready to move on.

At Memorial Day Mayhem, I told the fans I was going to use the Open Challenge on the Coast To Coast Tour as a way of showcasing some of the local talents in some of the cities we'd be passing through, but thanks to Sudakov, and I'm sure that rat Larry Doyle had a part to play in the attack as well, that's not going to happen.

[Mahoney runs a hand over his bandaged forehead.]

CM: Not this week, because the doctors have told me to take it easy for a while, and not for the rest of the tour, because suddenly I find I've got my attention drawn back to the Russian War Machine! Clearly, you agree, Sudakov, despite whatever that snake's been whispering in your ear, that there is unfinished business between us! Business which can be only be resolved with, as I have been asking, no, BEGGING of you, ONE! MORE! MATCH!

[Mahoney pauses, as if to collect himself. He looks directly at the camera, his voice low as he continues.]

CM: Last July Fourth, at Opportunity Knocks, I made my AWA debut by issuing an open challenge that was answered by no less a decorated veteran than Tommy Fierro. This Fourth of July, it's not going to be an open challenge and my opponent will not be unknown to me. The only unknown will be how this is going to go down, because, Sudakov, one way or another, so help me God, at Guts and Glory, I will get my hands on you.

[A steaming mad Mahoney glares into the camera as Mark Stegglet wraps it up.]

MS: That sounds like a challenge to me! But will Larry Doyle accept on behalf of his newest charge? We'll try to get an answer to that later tonight but right now, we've got to take a quick commercial break!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and as we come back up, we hear a disturbance. The camera shot is erratic, showing walls, floors, everything but what you'd expect out of a professionally shot piece of footage. We can hear a loud voice shouting, "OUT OF MY WAY! GET OUT OF MY WAY!" before the cameraman bursts through a set of doors and into the Charlotte night sky.

The cameraman runs several more feet, the noise getting louder and louder as he nears the sight of the drama...

...and pulls up, aiming at the camera at a shot of Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds in street clothes, being viciously stomped into the asphalt by the Lights Out Express. Aaron Anderson, in particular, is trash talking all the while as he buries boots into the ribs of Jones.

There are several AWA officials all around, trying to restore order as the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles attempt to put the champions on the shelf. An angry Jon Stegglet breaks into view, screaming threats at Anderson and Strong which seems to work as the Shane Gang members back off moments later.

The camera stays on the downed Jones and Hammonds for several moments as they are tended to by AWA officials...

...and then fade back to live action where a well-dressed (yet unfamiliar) man is standing in the middle of the ring.]

???: Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting.

[The fans buzz in confusion.]

???: For those of you ignorant as to my identity, my name is Sam Owens. For many years, I was the sole owner and operator of a territory known as the St. Louis Wrestling Office.

[Some cheers of recognition go up for the older gentleman. He nods solemnly.]



SO: While I appreciate the cheers, I feel confident in saying that the majority only know a thimbleful about the promotion I dedicated my youth - and much of my life - towards. You know what you've heard uttered on this broadcast. You know about men like Hamilton Graham... like Terry Shane Jr... like the O'Connors.

But you do NOT know what the St. Louis Wrestling Office was built upon.

[Owens pauses.]

SO: Wrestling. Pure professional wrestling.

[Big cheer! Owens looks disdainful this time.]

SO: Please, spare me. You people care nothing for true professional wrestling. You care about your spectacle. You care about a former World Champion and Hall of Famer putting his body through an explosion... a literal explosion. You care about a promising competitor being thrown off a thirty foot scaffold. You do not care about the sweet science of my world.

[The cheers are starting to turn a bit.]

SO: But you will. When I am hired as the AWA President, I promise you that we will NEVER see abortions like that again. No more explosions. No more barbed wire. No more scaffolds. No more ladders. No more garbage like what Steve Spector and Terry Shane III put on at Memorial Day Mayhem.

The rules will come back... and they WILL be enforced.

And that... that mess out in the parking lot just now?

[Owens shakes his head angrily.]

SO: It will NOT be tolerated. I promise you that.

[Owens inclines his head in a slight bow, handing the mic back to Phil Watson as we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: Man, you talk about your old codgers.

GM: Sam Owens is a very good friend of mine, Bucky.

BW: Why am I not surprised to hear that? A guy wants to roll things back into the Stone Age and you're best buddies with him. Used to ride on dinosaurs to school together, I bet.

GM: Very funny. Sam Owens ran one of the most successful territories in wrestling history, Bucky.

BW: I know that, Gordo. But I'm not sure his ideas work in today's wrestling world.

GM: We may get the chance to find out if Sam Owens is picked as the next AWA President. But right now, let's go backstage where I'm told Jason Dane has caught up with one of the most controversial men in the entire AWA, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle!

[Cut to the backstage area, where Jason Dane stands with a ridiculously grinning Larry Doyle. Doyle is in his Fishbowl Party retro gear tonight, as his brown leisure suit and ruffled shirt plainly attests to. He slaps Dane on the shoulder and nods his head, grinning ear to ear. Behind Doyle, standing off his right shoulder, is the black suit wearing Van Alston, who stands with his arms crossed.]

JD: Larry Doyle, you look like a man who was given a second chance at life.

LD: Well, Dane ol' pal, I gotta tell ya, it's a wonderful day to be alive. They're ALL great days to be alive when you're Larry Doyle, because brother I gotta tell ya, Memorial Day Mayhem was just about my finest hour.

JD: Yeah, tell us about Memorial Day Mayhem and the way it ended, tell us about-

[Doyle holds his hand up to interrupt.]

LD: Now now now, Jason. I'm gonna give ya a military quote here, from Major Ed Wuncler.

There are things we know, and there are things we don't know. And there are things we know that we don't know, and there are things that we don't know we don't know. Unknown unknowns, if you will.

If you're gonna legitimately ask me in front of a worldwide viewing audience to explain to you what happened at the end of Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm going to have to plead the fifth. I will come clean to you that, yes, I am now clearly a part of a certain secret society.

But being a part of that society means that we deal in unknown unknowns. We deal in modes of communication that are not spoken. Our currency is information, Jason, because knowledge is power and we wield power like John Wayne wields a six shooter. There are no Wiser Men then my cohorts and I. So no, Jason, I ain't gonna tell ya anything about the way the night ended.

But I'll tell ya this.

Larry Doyle Enterprises has never been stronger.

[Doyle throws a hand up and then stretches out his thumb.]

LD: On one hand I've got a stud, a thoroughbred, a damn horse to hitch my wagons to. Brad Jacobs is the very future of the AWA, Dane, and I've never lied to ya. He's got everything you need to be not just a champion, but to be

a superstar. Strength, power, endurance, explosiveness, Brad Jacobs has got it all, buddy.

And now he's got a very firm understanding of who knows what's best for him. Brad Jacobs is FINALLY taking some good advice, and it's coming from me. Brad Jacobs is on the road to fame and fortune, and as long as he keeps towing that line he'll get there faster than he can imagine.

And on the other hand...

[Index finger extension.]

LD: ...is the most dangerous man the AWA has ever seen. A former National Champion, Dane, the Russian nightmare himself! And I don't need to tell ya that winning his trust is no easy matter. But Kolya and I have come to an understanding, he has seen the light at the end of the tunnel and he has felt the warm embrace of the American dollar.

So lemme put it out there to everybody, in case they're wondering.

If you need to speak with Kolya Sudakov, you need to speak with ME. His business is MY business. Don't call him, cause he ain't callin' ya back. That man lives in a private compound surrounded by barbed wire with one telephone that's one point three miles from his house.

He don't wanna speak to you! He don't wanna hear from you! Kolya Sudakov wants to do three things: he wants to fight, he wants to break bones, and he wants to cash the checks.

[Doyle rubs his thumb and forefinger together.]

LD: Which means he and I have one thing in common. And the more he fights, the more bones he breaks, the bigger checks WE cash.

And if YOU have a problem with that, if anyone in the audience has a problem with that or if anyone in the back has a problem with that, let me re-introduce you all to Van Alston, my personal problem solver. You can just call him tech support, because HE'LL deal with all your concerns.

Now as you can see...

[Dane looks at Doyle, then at Alston, then back at Doyle.]

JD: You're loaded for bear.

[Doyle breaks out in a grin, then reaches out and straightens the lapels on Dane's suit, and pats him on the back one last time.]

LD: Well now... you might be the Wisest Man here.

[And with that, Doyle leaves the area, Alston trailing behind him.]

JD: Larry Doyle's charges will be in action when we come back!

[The camera fades out to black for a moment, and then we cut to commercial.]

Open to a finely set dinner table in an upscale restaurant, as soft classical music is playing. Tuxedoed servers are hustling and bustling, bringing finely polished silver trays of food to tables. The camera zooms in on one table, where one person stuffs a napkin into his collar and picks up his fork and knife...

...Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Ya know, daddy, I been everywhere in this sport of ours, and I seen 'em all. I know what it takes to be a top guy, I know what it takes to keep them turnstiles movin' and keep them cash registers ringin'.

I've seen the best technical wrestlers of all time, I've seen the highest flyers that've ever lived, I've seen the most powerful human beings to ever walk the face of the Earth!

But when it comes down to it, we all wanna see the same thing...

[The last waiter comes and sets down the kind of plate you'd see for a gigantic bird or maybe a small dinosaur. With a finely manicured hand the waiter takes off the lid of the obviously gourmet meal...

...and reveals the newest AWA DVD! AWA's Best Grudge Matches!]

BW: ...a good fight!

[The scene goes from Bucky in the restaurant to clips of some of the AWA's most famous fights, as Bucky narrates.]

BW: AWA's Best Grudge Matches is gonna bring to you the most intense, the most personal battles we've ever seen. Fifteen matches in high definition, with yours truly and my main man Gordo on the call. And even better, I'm your host!

[The shot switches to the intense staredown between Calisto Dufresne and City Jack.]

BW: It was nothing but high drama and emotion when Calisto Dufresne and City Jack squared off, I guarantee you that.

[Switch to a much younger Eric Preston pulling back on James Monosso in their famous Towel Match.]

BW: Or maybe you wanna relive Eric Preston and James Monosso goin' toe to toe in a towel match, with nothin' but pride and sanity on the line!

[Switch to the Southern Syndicate huddled outside the massive WarGames structure, with Juan Vasquez looking across the ring, the crowd in the background frenzied.]

BW: And what would a DVD about grudge matches be without WarGames? The Southern Syndicate in all their glory, daddy, standin' across the ring against Juan Vasquez and his all star team. What a match it was! And for you completist fans, we've got the first ever AWA WarGames, featurin' names you haven't heard in a long time, like Werewolf Gregorson and Despair!

It's all here, baby, all the matches that made your hair stand up. Alex Martinez and the Dragon, William Craven!

[Cut to that barbed wire match, both have been punctured.]

BW: The Lynches, the Beale Street Bullies, Broussard vs. Stevie in a Loser Leaves Town. Juan Vasquez and Dave Cooper puttin' it ALL on the line!

The tension, the emotion, the heartbreak, the sorrow. The pain, the blues and the agony! It's all right here, daddy. So get off the couch, run to your car, and go get you some!

[Cut back to Bucky in the restaurant, piece of meat on his fork.]

BW: Bring home the bacon today, daddy, and sink your teeth into the finest the AWA has to offer!

[As Bucky inhales his dinner, the camera fades to the DVD cover as a voice over plays.]

"AWA's BEST GRUDGE MATCHES is available at AWAsShop.com, Target, Wal-Mart, KMart and wherever DVDs are sold. Kids, get your parents permission!"

[Cut back to action, where an ecstatic Bucky Wilde is sitting with Gordon Myers.]

BW: Waddya think of THAT, Gordo? Bucky Wilde makin' my big screen debut. Go ahead, go ahead, tell me it wasn't perfect. Tell me it wasn't the cat's meow, daddy! Ya can't!

GM: It was fine work Bucky, and kids, remember to ask your parents before purchasing that DVD.

BW: It's got the Bucky Wilde Seal of Approval, Gordo, you KNOW it's the good stuff. And you wanna know the best part of filmin' that thing?

GM: What's that?

BW: I kept flubbin' my lines at the end on purpose, so they kept bringin' me more filet mignon! HA!

GM: Why am I not surprised? Let's head to Phil Watson and get to some serious business!

BW: Ain't nothin' more serious than free steak, Gordo! That much steak makes you a king in some countries!

[Cut to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following match is a tag team contest, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the blue corner...

...from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing 203 pounds...

"ADORABLE" AARON ANDREWS!

[Andrews is a frail, limp looking man with a curly black afro. He's wearing an AWA t-shirt over long black trunks and is jumping around in the ring, screaming into the cameras "I MADE IT! I MADE IT! I MADE IT! I'M HEEEEEEERRRRREEEEEE!"

GM: Aaron Andrews looks happy to be here, Bucky.

BW: Why wouldn't he be? We threw his rear end out so many times, he must have snuck in here. Someone check his clearances!

GM: Will you stop?!

[Back to Phil.]

PW: And his partner... from, uh, Nod...

BW: That's off the coast of Portugal, I hear. Beautiful this time of year.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: ...weighing in tonight at 198 pounds...

...WINNIFRED! MASTERS!

[Masters wears a faux Dracula getup, with a powder white face and red lips, and the requisite black hair. He flings off his cape and reveals a full body suit, with a nylon shirt made to look like a tuxedo and black dress pants.]

BW: This cannot be good...

GM: I heard we were hiring some new competitors but this is ridiculous.

[Back to Phil!]

PW: And their opponents...

[Larry Doyle's voice interjects as he powerwalks down the ramp, climbing through the ropes, and snatches the mic away.]

LD: Wait a second, gimme that, how in the hell were we supposed to know it's dress up hour at the short bus carnival?

[Larry Doyle clears his throat as the camera pans to his charges.]

LD: Introducing first! The Tower of Power, the Author of Rage, The One Man Weapon Of Mass Destruction! He is the Scourge of the Far East, the Act of God and the first natural disaster since Hurricane Katrina that FEMA couldn't cover! I give to you, from Miami, Florida...

BRAD JACOOOOOOOOOOBSSSSS!

[Jacobs stays in the corner, in black tights and boots, seething.]

LD: And his partner! The Baddest Man on the Planet! The Russian Nightmare himself! The perfectly designed one man wrecking machine, a former AWA National Champion, and my new personal best friend!

KOOOOLLLYYYYAAAAA  
SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDAKOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOV!

[The Russian War Machine snaps his singlet in place, having not said a word. At Doyle's command, Kolya calmly steps out of the ring so that Jacobs can start the match.]

\*DING DING DING\*

[As the bell rings, Jacobs sprints out of his corner just as Aaron Andrews is trying to get the fans to chant "AWA"...

...and nearly breaks him in half with a spear!]

GM: Oh! Aaron Andrews might have just had a lung punctured, and that is the first move of the match!

BW: Quick, double axehandle to the stomach, get all the air out of him!

[Jacobs peels Andrews off the mat and whips him into the corner, then follows him in with an avalanche! Jacobs backs up as "Adorable" Aaron Andrews staggers back out... and then gets mowed over with a clothesline!]

GM: Brad Jacobs is all business, all the time!

BW: And can you blame him! He's got to show Larry Doyle that he's worth keeping around, he's got mouths to feed and prayers to answer!

GM: Bucky, I cannot believe you're actually making light of the fact that Larry Doyle is basically blackmailing Brad Jacobs! How low can you be?

BW: A man's got needs. Larry Doyle needs to surround himself with power, simple as that. So he had to use what he had in front of him.

GM: Blackmail? Threats of prison?

BW: Well it worked!

[A seething Jacobs glares outside the ring at Doyle, who is clapping and cheering his "protege" on... and then the former Miami Hurricane picks up the limp Andrew and presses him overhead, with the crowd counting along...

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

After the fifth, Jacobs keeps his arms extended and walks around the ring with him as the crowd applauds... and then throws him like a lawn dart at his corner, where he accidentally hits Winnifred Masters during his flight path.]

GM: Amazing strength! Unbe-LIEAVABLE strength from Brad Jacobs, and Larry Doyle is telling referee Davis Warren that Andrews tagged his partner in!

BW: Well... Jacobs chucked him like a sack of trash, and Andrews definitely hit Masters as he landed in the corner. So that counts, right?

GM: That's what Larry Doyle is stating, and it looks like the referee is going with it.

[The (sort of) tuxedoed Masters climbs in the ring, and hunches over, then walks around the ring very methodically on his toes with his hand slightly out in front of him, as if he were trying to scare little kids. The camera zooms in on him as he creeps up to Brad Jacobs, who hasn't moved a muscle...]

BW: BOOM!

[POP!]

GW: JACOBS DECKED MASTERS WITH ONE RIGHT HAND, AND HE SPLIT HIS LIP!

[Jacobs, growling the whole time, picks the now bleeding Masters up with one hand. Jacobs grabs Masters' right wrist with his left hand, then leads him around and lights into him with repeated right hands...



"WHACK!"  
"WHACK!"  
"WHACK!"  
"WHACK!"  
"WHACK!"  
"WHACK!"

...then holds off for a second and looks around at the crowd as Masters somehow stands on Jello legs. Jacobs holds his right hand up and winds it as the crowd begin to go "oooOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH-"

...and then screams "BOOM!" as Jacobs run Masters over with a short arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohmygosh, Masters might need to be put out on the curb for the garbage collectors on Thursday night! What an impressive, outstanding showing by Brad Jacobs, and it's funny that we haven't seen Sudakov yet.

BW: I think we might real soon, Gordo.

[Jacobs goes to pick Masters up and sets him in the corner, ready to strike, when he notices Larry Doyle hop up on the apron. He's clapping his hands in the air, and pointing to the Russian War Machine.]

"Brad! Braaaaaad! Tag him in, let's go, tag 'im in, Brad. Do what I'm tellin' ya. Follow directions. Let's go, tag 'im in."

GM: So NOW Sudakov tags in, when all the work is done? Is that what this is all about?

BW: Hey man, it's a nice racket if you can get it.

[Jacobs looks at Doyle, then looks up at the sky for a moment. When his head is back level, he calmly slaps Sudakov on the shoulder and exits the ring. Kolya enters the ring, walks toward the enemy corner and calmly high kicks the holy hell out of Aaron Andrews, who was facing the crowd.]

GM: He wasn't even facing the ring!

BW: You go tell him that, Gordo!

[The former National Champion spins on a dime, then sprints forward and UNLOADS on Winnifred Masters, hitting a Russian Sickle for the ages and covering him with one foot as the referee makes the count.]

BW: One, two, three, you can count to a million, daddy! Ain't NO ONE getting over on this team, I'll tell you that much! Kolya Sudakov looks sensational!

GM: He did two things!

BW: And they were sensational! You've got to admit!

\*DING DING DING\*

[Larry Doyle rushes in to the ring and celebrates with Kolya, slapping him on the back and telling him good job as Phil Watson makes the announcement.]

PW: Your winners of the match, the team of KOLYA SUDAKOV and BRAAAAD JACOBS!

[The fans mostly boo, but cheer at the mention of Jacobs, who is beckoned in to the ring by Larry Doyle. Doyle grabs the microphone and crows into it as the crowd boos.]

LD: Ladies and gentlemen I present to you, the NEXT AWA World Tag Team champions! The team of the Russian War Machine, the Russian Nightmare, the former National Champion, Kolya Sudakov! And my pupil, my protege, my prized student, Brad Jacobs!

[Once again the fans cheer at the mention of Jacobs.]

LD: Now Brad, know your place and open the ring ropes for us, will ya please?

[Jacobs just looks at Doyle, who nods his head earnestly and points to the ropes, saying "Go on, go ahead." A deflated Jacobs turns around and sits on the second rope, allowing Doyle, Sudakov and Van Alston to exit. The crowd is raucous with boos.]

GM: Absolutely terrible. Brad Jacobs has found himself in an awful position where he's basically under Larry Doyle's thumb and just can't seem to find a way out from under it.

BW: Not if he wants his baby bro to stay at home instead of the pokey.

GM: You're enjoying this too much. But with Jacobs and Sudakov under his control, Larry Doyle suddenly looks like a major power player inside the AWA - and perhaps more importantly to Doyle, inside the Wise Men, once more.

BW: The Wise Men are on top of the wrestling world... something you'll find out later tonight.

GM: Is that a threat?

BW: No, no... I'm just telling the people they should keep watching 'cause there's something big going down tonight.

GM: Something... how in the world do you know that?! Bucky Wilde, are you the third Wise Man?!

BW: Gordo, just hang tight. You'll see what I mean soon enough.

GM: Well, fans, we're going from one group helping power the Wise Men to another as Mark Stegglet just caught up with Johnny Detson to get his thoughts on Memorial Day Mayhem!

[We cut to the backstage area with Mark Stegglet standing next to a rather smug looking Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed in his long gold tights with black boots. He has on a black sweat jacket, zipped up, and a pair of sunglasses resting on the bridge of his nose.]

MS: Guys, I'm standing here with Unholy Alliance member Johnny Detson. Johnny, what are your thoughts after suffering a thorough defeat at the hands of William Craven and Hannibal Carver?

Detson: Thorough defeat?

MS: Yes, last we saw, Rick Marley got knocked unconscious and you were turning your back on your partner and running from William Craven.

[Detson goes to speak but stops, the smugness gone from his face. He slowly moves a hand to cover his mouth before reaching up and pulling his sunglasses off his face. He looks Stegglet up and down before finally speaking.]

Detson: The last time I looked you are not Jason Dane, correct?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

Detson: No, I thought you had the common intelligence to know your place and not hide behind the bravado of your family name.

[No response. Detson simply places his free hand on Stegglet's shoulder and flashes a used car salesman smile.]

Detson: You would do... wise... to remember that.

[With that, Detson slides his glasses back on and lowers his hand off Stegglet's shoulder. Stegglet remains still, not saying a word.]

Detson: But to answer your question, this "thorough defeat" that you speak of was not suffered by me.

MS: But your team –

[Detson cuts him off.]

Detson: Yes, my team suffered a rather humiliating defeat at the hands of two hacks but it wasn't me that was defeated. Perhaps you should talk to Rick Marley.

MS: Jason Dane talked to him earlier tonight and he stated that you suffered a concussion which is why you left the ring.

[Detson bursts out laughing as if Stegglet has told some sort of joke, only stopping when he sees the reporter is not laughing.]

Detson: Oh, you're serious? Look, we all saw that match. If anyone suffered a concussion, I'm pretty sure that it's the guy who got knocked out and lost after a blow to the head.

MS: So why did you leave? To set up Rick Marley?

Detson: There was a big green jack-o trying to chase me down with his wooden sword. He's obviously unstable. I was thinking of my well-being.

MS: Craven didn't have any weapon and you took off before Craven gave chase.

[You can see the annoyance etched on Detson's face as he glares at the reporter, but after a moment he sighs.]

Detson: It's reasonable to assume that Billy buddy would have a weapon as he can't do anything close to what is called wrestling. The man, if we're still calling him that, wouldn't know the difference between a wristlock and a waistlock; so if I see him chasing me, I'm assuming he's carrying that weapon because swing and smash seem to be the only two words he can manage. The thing is William Craven said he was going to end me, well guess what Billy boy... I'm still here!

[Detson stretches out his arms and looks around.]

Detson: And you are not!

[Detson flashes a cocky smirk before looking back over at Stegglet.]

Detson: And that goes for Rick Marley too. Rick Marley wanted to dismiss me. Rick Marley wanted to say that he's the best in the world, the planet, the universe, or whatever! He said he could beat Hannibal Carver any time... anywhere. So I managed to get Rick Marley and Hannibal Carver in the ring together one on one, and instead of getting the job done, he worries about where I'm going when I'm the one who gave him what he asked for!

MS: So there is friction in the Unholy Alliance?

[Detson scoffs.]

Detson: Friction? No, there's no friction, just reality. The reality is that if I had said I was going to take care of something like that corporate shill of a man you people still insist on calling Hannibal Carver; it would have been taking care of. Rick Marley... didn't. Reality. Johnny Detson gets the job done. From Bobby O'Connor, to Billy Craven, to Corporate Carver; and anyone else. Anyone and everyone have been put on notice.

[Detson pauses, laughs to himself before taking a small step towards the camera and ripping off his shades so that he can glare at the camera.]

Detson: And anyone... and everyone... would be wise to remember that.

[With that, Detson turns and winks at Stegklet before laughing and walking off camera.]

MS: Johnny Detson with some... not-so-thinly veiled messages for his partner-in-crime, Rick Marley. Fans, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[As we crossfade back to the ring, the crowd is standing and booing as, for the second time tonight, Colonel Pieter Wilhelm De Klerk is on his way to the ring. No music, just a steady march.]

GM: Fans, this is it... in mere moments a storied career will come to a close. Will it be this man, Colonel Pieter Wilhelm De Klerk... or will it be that of Cesar Hernandez? Both men have wrestled all over the world.

BW: Remember, de Klerk put these stakes up. So you know he's got a plan. Cesar Hernandez is walking right into a trap, and then we'll never see him again! Which is nothing but outstanding as far as I'm concerned.

GM: Yes, your rooting interest is clear.

BW: Well, I guess there's one drawback.

GM: Which is?

BW: Food poisoning cases in Tijuana will go up by 200%.

GM: Will you stop?! Let's go up to Phil Watson!

[The crowd boos relentlessly as de Klerk gets to the edge of the ring and stops, his left arm behind his back. He uses his right arm to twist his handlebar mustache and peer out at the crowd. He offers them a military salute as Watson gives the intros.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a thirty minute time limit... and it is... A CAREER VERSUS CAREER MATCH!

[The cheers are loud for that as de Klerk climbs into the ring and raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers another military salute to the crowd.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring... from Capetown, South Africa... weighing two-hundred seventy-one pounds... COLONEL P. W. DE KLERK!

[Boos continue until a trumpet fanfare blares over the PA. The South African Colonel gets a sour expression as "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" plays

on, and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps out from behind the curtain, and jogs towards the ring.

A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports an intense glare at De Klerk as he jogs confidently down the aisle. It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing a greyish-purple trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and violet lining and trim.]

PW: And his opponent... from Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[Hernandez makes no further attempt to rouse the fans, who are already up for this anyway. He approaches de Klerk with a threatening point and some harsh words that we cannot hear, against which de Klerk stands tall, twirling his mustache with a look of disdain on his face. The music dies out and the buzz is palpable.]

GM: I cannot stress enough to the fans... both of these men have been in this sport for more than twenty years. This is their life.

BW: And someone is about to lose their whole life, as they know it, to somebody who represents something they can't stand.

GM: Absolute anathema. This is no mere vocational change for the loser... it would be the absolute destruction of everything they have worked for their entire lives. Stakes do not get larger than this.

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

GM: Lockup! Despite the hate, both men are wrestlers and do not want to risk their livelihood and their very way of life on a mindless brawl. Jockeying for position, but de Klerk is the stronger and forces Hernandez into the ropes.

BW: And NOW he'll pop him in the jaw. Get the guy in a compromising position before you lay into him; always a good philosophy.

GM: de Klerk applies the side headlock, and with his power, this is a significant move.

BW: That's the fastest way to cauliflowered ears. Though at this point in their lives, neither one of these guys have to worry about that anymore.

GM: Very true. Hernandez pushes de Klerk off... no, the powerful South African maintains the hold with a handful of hair!

BW: That's a strong accusation. I didn't see no hair pull. The ref didn't see it either. He's askin' de Klerk, which is stupidity. Like he'd ever say yes.

GM: If nothing else, it lets him know that he's being watched. I was a referee long ago, and I do not miss that job.

BW: Gordo, you've been everything in wrestling but a wrestler or a promoter. You even sold hot dogs when you started.

GM: I definitely do not miss that job. Hernandez with a back heel trip, and that will get him out of the hold. de Klerk reaches up and pulls the trunks to keep Hernandez from applying a very early figure-four leglock!

BW: That woulda been bad! If Hernandez got that on this early, he might not have got a submission but he might have hobbled the Colonel for the rest of the match. The stakes are too high for anything like that.

[The two men come together in another collar and elbow but this time, Hernandez immediately takes him down with an armdrag, quickly switching to an armbar with his knee planted against de Klerk's face.]

BW: A lot of times, I see goody-two-shoes guys come out here with their 'aw shucks' routine and they're too nice to succeed. Cesar Hernandez is not that guy. He's got a killer instinct, but he wasted his whole career ignoring it because he wanted to slap hands and kiss babies. Still, de Klerk better be careful. You just don't know what Hernandez will decide to resort to.

GM: "Decide to resort to"? Listen to yourself.

BW: Hey, daddy, I always play back Saturday Night Wrestling so I can listen to myself. I have the truck guys put the audio on an MP3 player so I can listen to myself in the car driving from show to show.

GM: I know. It's my car you're usually driving, and I'm the one who always pays for the gas and the innumerable dents from your reck...

BW: HEYWHATAMATCH!

GM: de Klerk finally reaches the ropes, and Cesar Hernandez breaks the hold at once. I apologize for my frustrated tangent, fans. Colonel de Klerk takes a walk outside to shake off the damage to his left arm.

BW: There's no need to be in a hurry. Worst case scenario is you get a time limit. Nobody gets retired if a Career match goes to a time limit.

GM: I do see the logic in what you're saying. Colonel de Klerk climbing the steps and back on the apron. He certainly likes to twist that mustache.

BW: After all these years, it's a wonder the thing hasn't come off.

GM: Another lockup in the ring, and de Klerk rakes the eyes. Side headlock, and a hard punch to the skull. A second! De Klerk takes Hernandez over with the side headlock. Squeezing away now.

BW: Using his weight to make Hernandez push up on him to keep his shoulder up. That's a good weardown move.

GM: Patient tactical wrestling. Hernandez grips the arms of de Klerk, and is trying to counter out of this. That will be difficult with de Klerk's upper body strength.

BW: Very. He's trying to pry up the headlock and turn him into an overhand wristlock. No way. De Klerk's too strong.

GM: Ah, but Hernandez slipped it enough to duck out the back door, and twist the arm into a hammerlock! Using de Klerk's strength against him there. Hernandez is a clever technician with great experience.

BW: de Klerk's got the ropes again. And again Hernandez doesn't use the five count to his advantage. He's awful selective about when to be ruthless.

GM: He abides by the rules, Bucky!

BW: He beats up managers!

GM: You started it!

BW: So?

GM: Again, de Klerk has taken a walk, and the crowd is getting restless with these tactics.

BW: They can get as restless as they want. de Klerk ain't there to put on a mindless display, he's there to win. Smart tactics that are boring to watch are better than dumb moves that people freak out over.

[The South African takes his time before making his way very slowly back up the steps, stopping on the apron to point at Hernandez, ordering the official to back him off.]

GM: de Klerk's taking his time in getting back in there.

[But as he does, Hernandez dashes in for another lockup.]

GM: Back to the lockup and- another eye rake attempted, but Hernandez blocks it and fires off a right hand! And a left! De Klerk is staggering, and Hernandez leaps up... flying headscissors! Beautifully done, right into an armbar with the combination headscissors!

BW: But too close to the ropes.



GM: At this rate, Bucky, de Klerk is going to get nothing in edgewise. Every time he tries to get something going against Cesar Hernandez, Hernandez shuts him down and applies an armlock. You can see as Hernandez breaks that the South African is favoring the left arm.

BW: Well, maybe that's because Hernandez is pulling his hair. Look, see, de Klerk is telling the ref all about it.

GM: In a flying headscissors? How?

BW: I think de Klerk is telling him that monkeys have long arms.

GM: I think you're right, because whatever de Klerk is saying to the referee has infuriated Cesar Hernandez, who did not have far to go after seeing what de Klerk did against Caspian Abaran earlier!

[Eyes bulged in anger, Cesar rushes de Klerk and swings at him. de Klerk takes a couple shots before ducking between the top and middle ropes. Hernandez ignores the protests of Ricky Longfellow, and pushes past him... to catch a mule kick to the unmentionables!]

BW: Oops. Old trick knee flared up there.

GM: That was a deliberate low blow! P.W. de Klerk with the cheapest of cheap shots!

BW: When your entire way of life is on the line, you do whatever you need to. There's no such thing as a cheap shot if you get to live another day.

GM: The fans are irate, and now de Klerk moving in. A knee drop. All two seventy down across the shoulderblades of Cesar Hernandez. And a blatant chokehold, right in front of the referee! Come on, Longfellow!

BW: He broke at four!

GM: And put it right back on! de Klerk trying to choke the life out of Cesar Hernandez on the mat! Every time Longfellow hits four, he breaks and then does it again!

BW: So it's legal. Calm down.

GM: It's an abuse of the rules! de Klerk pulls up Hernandez, twists the arm, and a short-arm clothesline drives the Mexican star to the canvas. Here's a cover, and de Klerk digging his elbow to the side of Cesar's face as he goes for a pin.

BW: He won't get him at this point. But look, he keeps putting a pin on, each time Hernandez kicks out. de Klerk is spending zero energy, but he's making Hernandez spend lots. And digging the elbow in. Ah, the lost arts. It'd be tragic to lose P.W. de Klerk.

GM: I do have to admit that this tactic is both legal and intelligent. Finally, Hernandez rolls away from de Klerk. Trying to get to his feet, but the Cape Town native applies a front facelock. A knee pounds into Cesar's bread basket. And another. And another. Still more! de Klerk measuring and laying in knee smashes to the rib cage and solar plexus of Cesar Hernandez.

BW: If he can drive the wind out of him, he can get him in the State Of Emergency. And nobody's getting up from that.

GM: That is a big if.

[The fans are jeering as de Klerk tosses Hernandez sideways out of the front facelock and onto his face. But they really howl when Cesar attempts to get to his hands and knees, only for de Klerk to step right on the back of Cesar's neck, walking over him while digging his face to the canvas!]

BW: So I don't go for the racial superiority messages that de Klerk says, but the First Amendment protects him. And if he can walk all over Cesar Hernandez like this, hasn't he backed up what he said? Don't we owe him an apology?

GM: BUCKY!

BW: I mean, I don't think what he says about Mexicans in general is true, but Cesar Hernandez in specific? Yeah, I could see him being an evolutionary throwback and a lesser being.

GM: That's awful!

BW: What's awful is the pain Hernandez is in now! De Klerk has the abdominal stretch on. Whatever pain his ribs are in from the knees is magnified now. And by "awful", I mean "awfully funny".

GM: de Klerk is torturing Hernandez... and using the ropes for additional leverage! Ricky Longfellow is out of position!

BW: Just tap out, Hernandez. Nobody will think you're a coward. No, we'll be too relieved to have gotten rid of you.

GM: Will you stop?! Longfellow now questioning de Klerk on why the top rope is shaking, as de Klerk let go as soon as the referee started to move. I don't know why else he thinks the rope would be shaking. There's no breeze in here.

BW: It was shaking because all the fans are stomping and cheering. They're so happy to be rid of Cesar Hernandez.

GM: They're stomping to get him pumped up to escape the hold! But de Klerk using the ropes again!

[The fans shout in anguished protest as the pulling of the ropes causes Cesar to shout in loud pain. This time, Longfellow tracks around in time to

see the infraction, and he lays a count on. At the count of four and a half, de Klerk swings his arm over and mashes Cesar across the chest with a beefy forearm, dropping him out of the hold.]

BW: Did you hear that sickening smack? We're only moments away now, daddy. I can feel it. The end is here.

GM: de Klerk with that arrogant stride, walking around the ring. He picks up Hernandez... head down, and going for the State Of Emergency!

BW: YES!

GM: Back body drop counter by Hernandez! Desperation move!

BW: NO!

GM: Cesar using the ropes to pull himself up... and de Klerk with the knee to the shoulderblades!

[We get a closeup of this, as the Colonel has both arms on the top rope and his knee on Hernandez's knack... choking him with the second rope. The fatigues-clad South African calls down to Hernandez: "You're finished! Your strain is finished! You are animals! And you'll be hunted to extinction by real men!"]

GM: Despicable!

BW: I was okay with the mental image of some guy in a pith helmet chasing Hernandez with a hunting rifle.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: It was actually me in the pith helmet.

GM: Uh, oh... I think that tirade may not have been the best idea.

[The fans start to cheer as a wide-eyed Cesar Hernandez pulls himself up, even with de Klerk ignoring the count in an effort to keep him down. Rage contorts Cesar's face as he spins and plasters de Klerk between the eyes with an overhand right. de Klerk staggers back and catches a flurry of punches from the Guadalajara native.]

BW: Hey! Closed fists, ref!

GM: Hernandez is enraged! He has had enough of de Klerk's insanity and racism, and is putting an end to it! The Colonel misses with a roundhouse right, and a biiiiiig atomic drop by the Mexican superstar!

BW: Get out of there, de Klerk!

GM: Cesar Hernandez sends the Colonel off the ropes, and a big looping hook to the soft midsection of de Klerk! Winding up now... WHAT A HAYMAKER! Hernandez sends de Klerk sprawling to the canvas!

BW: He's calling time out. Time out, Longfellow!

GM: There's no time outs in professional wrestling!

BW: There are if you know how to make them!

[Pieter Wilhelm pulls himself up in the corner and begs off. Hernandez answers this with a running kick to the midriff. He tries to Irish-whip de Klerk into the opposite corner, but the Colonel grabs hold of the arm. He reverses, and over reverses in almost a dose-y-do looking move before whipping Hernandez off at a ninety degree angle from where he was originally going... right at Ricky Longfellow! The referee and Hernandez collide!

GM: DE KLERK SENDS HERNANDEZ INTO THE REFEREE!

BW: That's it! Cesar Hernandez hit the ref! He's disqualified! He's retired!

GM: You know very well that was all de Klerk's doing. Both Longfellow and Hernandez are stunned...

[As such, the Colonel has time to straighten up to his military posture, march to the corner, and go rifling through his ring jacket. He pulls out an apparently well-used wooden billy club from inside the jacket, and the crowd goes nuts.]

BW: Alright! This is how you calm down unruly animals.

GM: No! With careers on the line, how can you resort to this?!

BW: Are you joking?! He had this in mind the whole time! He set up for this the whole match!

[De Klerk holds up the club. The referee is down. Hernandez is groggy. With a vicious grin, the South African moves in for the kill.]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[He brings the club up like an executioner's axe, and down...

...into nothing but air, because Hernandez has dodged and sprints towards the ropes! In a flash, he rebounds off, and leaps into a violent flying punch that hits the off-balance Colonel at very high velocity! The crowd erupts!]

BW: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

GM: \_\_EL MISIL DE JALISCO\_\_! HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT!

BW: No... stay down, Longfellow!

GM: Longfellow is up! The count! One... two... THREE!

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

BW: DAMN IT!

[The fans cheer in loud celebration as a jubilant Cesar Hernandez gets to his knees and thrusts his fists up to the sky!]

GM: DE KLERK IS GONE! WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

BW: But we're stuck with Hernandez! That's the real tragedy here!

GM: Let's get the official word!

PW: THE WINNER OF THE CAREER VERSUS CAREER MATCH... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

That means... PW DE KLERK MUST RETIRE!

[Walking around the ring and soaking in the cheers, Hernandez starts to encourage a certain chant... a song, actually, and it does not take long for it to catch on.]

Crowd: "NANA NA NA! NANA NA NA! HEY HEY HEY! GOOOOOOOD-BYYYYEE!"

"NANA NA NA! NANA NA NA! HEY HEY HEY! GOOOOOOOD-BYYYYEE!"

[As the fans start to repeat, de Klerk regains enough wits about him to realize what has happened. A look of abject, absolute horror crosses his face as he looks out over the crowd. He shakes his head in denial and stomps about screaming, but the fans drown him out by singing.]

GM: It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

[Finally, de Klerk drops and rolls out of the ring, stomping away... not even giving himself the dignity of marching out in his usual proud posture.]

BW: Well, even if they don't like his politics, I hope these fans appreciate that this guy gave his whole life to the sport, and was very, very good at what he did.

GM: I am sure that history will remember that. But right now, it's a victory for justice. We haven't had enough of those lately.

[Cesar takes up the house mic, and speaks into it...]

CH: Caramba! Estoy soñando?! Por favor no me despiertan! Gracias, amigos, por estar a mi lado! Esta noche compartimos este momento juntos como uno! Gracias!

[He then hands the mic back to Watson as "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" starts back up over the PA. Hernandez exits the ring and slaps hands all the way to the back.]

GM: And who knows. We're now rid of one cancer... maybe this is a sign of things to come? Maybe a man like Hernandez is what we need to help fight off the Wise Men?

BW: And maybe pigs fly.

GM: I...

BW: Nope. They don't.

GM: \*sigh\* We'll be back after this.

[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.]

"Tomorrow night, we'll be in Norfolk, Virginia for a live event featuring Dave Bryant defending the World Heavyweight Title!"

[The graphic changes.]

"On Friday, June 13th, the AWA invades Knoxville, Tennessee for a live event followed by Lexington, Kentucky on Saturday, June 14th! Both nights will feature BIG 30 man Battle Royals with \$25,000 prizes that you will NOT want to miss!"

[It evolves again.]

"Thursday, June 19th will see the AWA LIVE in Cincinnati, Ohio for the very first time with Ryan Martinez meeting Johnny Detson in one-on-one action!

On Friday, June 20th, we'll be in Louisville, Kentucky with Eric Preston taking on former champion Kolya Sudakov!"

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

"The weekend will be red hot as we're coming to Memphis, Tennessee on Saturday, June 21st for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and then on Sunday afternoon in Little Rock, Arkansas!"

[The graphic changes to read "GUTS & GLORY."]

"This all leads up to Friday, July 4th in Springfield, Missouri at Hammons Field for Guts & Glory! The World Title will be on the line under the stars featuring a special concert with rock and roll band Styx and a fireworks show after the matches! Bring the family out for a fun-filled night in Springfield!"

[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 up on a dark part of the arena. It might be a basement. Maybe a storage room somewhere. Maybe even somewhere in the rafters. Wherever it is, this is not your usual polished and well-lit footage. Someone is doing this handheld. Into the shot steps three men - Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker - collectively known as the Dogs Of War.]

PP: It's been a long time in coming. For far too long, I sat in the sweltering heat of Puerto Rico dreaming of a night like Memorial Day Mayhem. And suddenly, there I was... standing with my brothers...

[Perez, standing in the center, gives each of his "brothers" a slap on the chest.]

PP: ...putting down the white knights of the AWA, the golden children, those who the front office thought were worthy of being on a poster.

[Carpenter speaks up.]

IC: Bobby O'Connor got beat so hard that his grandpa got sick over it.

[Perez smirks as Walker leans in.]

WW: It's for the best, Bobby. Believe me when I tell you that you wouldn't want the old man seeing what happens next time you get in our way.

[Perez takes the lead again.]

PP: What about Eric Preston, boys? Eric Preston was supposed to be better... better than me, better than all of us. He's the one that Michaelson

took under his wing and doused with the oil to anoint him as the heir apparent.

Eric Preston was given the keys to the kingdom and just can't ever seem to find the keyhole.

[Carpenter chuckles.]

IC: By the time we're through with Preston, he'll think he's back in a fight with that drooling slob Monosso.

[Perez nods confidently.]

PP: We may have had the same father, Eric, but we damn sure ain't brothers... and I got no problem putting you in a wheelchair next to Monosso so you two can spend your sunset years together.

[Walker slams his powerful fist into an open palm.]

WW: No problem.

[Perez nods wildly this time.]

PP: Ohhh, Ryan Martinez. The son of a legend. The offspring of a Hall of Famer. The one with all the pressure on his shoulders. They think you're the White Knight, Ryan... the one who has come to save the kingdom.

When you take the so-called future of the industry and you shove him into a world filled with pressure, one of two things'll happen. He'll endure... persist... and become a diamond. Or...

[Walker smashes his fists together a second time.]

WW: Crack.

PP: That's right, man. Crack. He'll break, he's shatter, he'll crumble. He'll turn to dust at our feet.

IC: And we'll walk right through it, leaving nothing but our footprints behind.

[All three men nod and smile at that line.]

PP: So, make your jokes, fellas. Find all the dog analogies you can... 'cause you're in our yard now... you're in our yard each and every time you step in that ring with us. And when people step into our yard uninvited...

[Carpenter leans in.]

IC: They usually pull back one less body part than they started with.

[Walker smirks at Carpenter as the duo walks out of sight, leaving Wade Walker behind.]



WW: The Wise Men send their regards.

[Walker reaches out towards the camera, resulting in an abrupt cut to black.

We fade back up on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a special exhibition match, scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... TONY DONOVAN!

[The crowd greets the Team Supreme member with a smattering of boos, as his stare is solely focused on the entranceway.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights go out.]

PW: ...he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina....weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds...

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCKKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

["Point of No Return" by Immortal Technique begins to play over the PA system as the crowd immediately erupts in boos at the sight of Cain Jackson, along with the rest of Team Supreme emerging out from the entrance way. Missing their namesake and leader, the members of Team Supreme are dressed in their trademark red and black tracksuits, with the exception of Jackson, who wears a sheer black version of the tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the pack.

Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a ponytail. Once he reaches the ring, he barks some orders at the other members of Team Supreme, who proceed to surround the ring. Removing his tracksuit, Jackson reveals plain black leg-length wrestling tights and white wrestling boots.]

GM: This next match is an unusual one, but Team Supreme collides, as Tony Donovan takes on Cain Jackson!

BW: I hear Jackson requested this match himself, Gordo! If Donovan's actions didn't get Team Supreme tossed out at Memorial Day Mayhem, there's a whole lot of people that think Wright would still be the World Champion!

GM: I'm sure The Wise Men would've at least had second thoughts about making their presence known.

BW: But Donovan blew it! And now he's gotta' pay the consequences, daddy!

"DING DING!"

[The moment the bell rings, Tony Donovan explodes out of the corner with speed that you wouldn't expect from someone his size, only to run right into an elbow that stops him dead in his tracks.]

GM: Tony Donovan wanted to get the drop on Jackson, bu-OHHH!

[While Gordon is speaking, Jackson rears back his arm, nearly taking Donovan's head off with a short-ranged lariat!]

GM: If we were expecting any mercy from Jackson against a fellow teammate, I think that just answered it! He threw that lariat with bad intentions!

BW: Jackson ain't no big cuddly teddy bear. A man like this does EVERYTHING with bad intentions.

[Dragging a dazed Donovan up to his feet by the hair, Jackson screams in his face, "You brought this on yourself! You deserve this!" before locking his arms around Donovan and pivoting around, PLANTING him into the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OH! A big suplex from Jackson!

BW: You see the beautiful form and technique on that move? That was no ordinary belly-to-belly, Gordo! That's from countless hours of practice and training with one of the very best in the business in Supreme Wright!

GM: I don't think Jackson's too concerned about form and technique right now.

[Jackson pulls Donovan to his feet, only to take a shot to the gut from Donovan. He takes another shot to the gut and is then backed up by a big uppercut that sends him stumbling back a few steps. Seeing his opening, Donovan runs into the ropes...]

"SMMMMAAAAACCCCK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and right into a big boot from Jackson!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A KICK!

BW: He just booted him so hard, I bet Rob Donovan's rubbing his jaw in pain right now, Gordo!

[Donovan is lifeless on the canvas, apparently knocked out by the big boot, but Jackson isn't going for the pin. Instead, he looks at the members of Team Supreme standing around the ring and screams, "HAS HE HAD ENOUGH?"]

GM: What's he doing?

[And the members of Team Supreme respond with a unified "NO!"]

GM: What!?

[Jackson bends down and drags Donovan's limp body to the middle of the ring. He then steps out onto the ring apron, before he begins to climb the ropes!]

GM: Wait a minute! Wait just one minute! Tony Donovan can't even defend himself anymore! And now Cain Jackson is going to hit a move off the top rope on him? He just might do permanent damage here!

BW: We've said it over and over again, Gordo. There ain't a single man in this sport that cherishes the World Title more than Supreme Wright! We always wondered what he'd do if he ever lost the title. Well, look at what's happening in the ring! You think Cain Jackson cares about the win? Heck no, he's carrying out orders! Wright wants every single last person he feels responsible for taking the most important thing in the world to him to pay and Tony Donovan is the first person on that list!

GM: No, don't do this! Don't do this!

[However, before Jackson can leap off, the crowd suddenly screams with cheers, as we see Robert Donovan making his way down to the ring!]

GM: ROB DONOVAN IS HERE! ROB DONOVAN IS HERE TO SAVE HIS SON!!!

[The members of Team Supreme, seeing Donovan, immediately climb up onto the elevated rampway and charge Donovan, who knocks them aside with relative ease. Three members try to hold him down, but Donovan roars with a burst of strength, tossing them off him. As he does so, Jackson sees his opening, leaping off the top and towards Donovan...

...only to knock him out of the air with a huge overhand chop that catches Jackson right in the chest!]

BW: Why is Rob Donovan sticking his nose in Team Supreme's business? This has nothing to do with him!

GM: Rob Donovan saw his son was in trouble and he did what any parent would do!

[Cain hits the ground and immediately rolls out. Rob Donovan walks towards the ropes with bad intentions, but Cain is immediately surrounded by the rest of Team Supreme, who help the big man up to the ramp and towards the back as the angry patriarch of the Donovan clan points and glares at him, yelling, "This ain't over!" at the retreating Team Supreme.]

GM: That seems pretty direct, Bucky, but it looks like the elder Donovan is a little more concerned with the health of his son than he is about chasing Team Supreme at the moment.

[Rob kneels down next to his fallen son, pulling him up -- only to have Tony Donovan shove him away, stumbling to the ropes and through them, onto the ramp.]

BW: Hah! Mind your own business, DAD!

GM: It looks like that's exactly the sentiment Tony Donovan is expressing, but what did he expect? No father is going to just stand by and watch his son get beaten up without trying to do something about it!

[Tony makes his way up the aisle...and is pulled along by the rest of Team Supreme as they escort Cain Jackson through the curtain. Rob Donovan is standing in the middle of the ring, looking a mix of confused and angry.]

BW: The big dope wants a microphone now? No, don't give it to him!

GM: Rob Donovan has something to say about this, and I don't blame him one bit. What could Tony Donovan be thinking?

BW: That he doesn't want to be stuck in his loser father's shadow, probably, Gordo! This man's life story is one failure after another. Who can blame Tony Donovan for wanting to be out of that shadow?

[Donovan steps to the center of the ring, mic in hand.]

RD: I don't know what the hell you're thinkin', boy, but you are gonna hear this! There was no way in hell I was about to stand by and let Cain Jackson just beat you up, and you're a bigger damn fool than I realized if you thought I wouldn't step in there. I don't know how the hell Supreme Wright convinced you that you had anything to do with him losin' his title, but your old man knows you didn't have a damn thing to do with it.

[Donovan pauses for a moment, seething.]

RD: Wright lost 'cause karma's got an ice cold heart, kid, an' he earned every bit of what happened to him at Memorial Day Mayhem. He ain't got the simple guts to fight me himself, so he sent his hired goon out to knock YOU around instead, 'cause I ain't worth his time or he thinks he's doin' you a favor by not getting in the ring with me himself? A coward like that don't deserve to be champ -- and he for damn sure don't deserve to be the man trainin' my blood to carry on the Donovan name!

[The crowd pops for that one, surprising the big man a little bit.]

RD: Since you won't step in the ring with me, Wright, maybe I can get that big ol' lackey o' yers to fight for ya! You hear that, Cain? You wanna fight a Donovan?

[The big man's free hand clenches into a fist.]

RD: Come Guts and Glory, you can fight this one!

[Donovan throws the microphone down.]

GM: Wow! That's a challenge! Robert Donovan wants Cain Jackson at Guts & Glory! He wants a fight against Team Supreme!

BW: What he wants is a fight against Supreme Wright but the former World Champion's got bigger fish to fry.

GM: Bigger fish like Percy Childe perhaps?

BW: What the heck does that mean?

GM: It's plainly obvious that Percy Childe is responsible for Supreme Wright being a FORMER World Champion, Bucky. And if I can see it, I'm betting Wright can see it as well.

BW: Everyone's blaming the Wise Men. Everyone's blaming Percy for the Gainesville Gyp. Everyone except... Percy.

GM: What are you talking about now?

BW: Hehe... roll it, boys!

[A handy prerecorded segment begins to play. We know this, because "PRERECORDED" shows on the screen, and the backdrop is that of a wall in the backstage area. The interviewer holding the microphone is none other than Bucky Wilde, proving that the segment was from earlier in the day.

Next to Bucky is a shorter man, bald with a dark goatee and mustache. The "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childe has both hands resting on the round crystal tip of his walking stick in front of him, and a calm expression. Garbed in a sharp black sport jacket and beige slacks, with a white dress shirt and a red tie, Percy is preparing to take questions as Bucky speaks.]

BW: Good evening, fans! Bucky Wilde with the prerecorded backstage scoop, because this man alongside me just will not settle for second best. Percy Childe, I just wish you'd have given me a bit of warning so we could have made this a full-fledged edition of the Call Of The Wilde!

PC: My apologies, Bucky. But with so many people asking me about the events that took place in the latter part of Memorial Day Mayhem, I simply could not have my message distorted by people with an agenda. Jason Dane is overtly against myself and the group of figures I collaborate with...

BW: The Wise Men, right.

PC: You know, we speak of that in terms that are misleading. As if the Wise Men were a wrestling stable. We're not. No, the Unholy Alliance is a wrestling stable. I understand people speaking ill of the Unholy Alliance, wanting to fight the Unholy Alliance, and so on like that. The Wise Men is an alliance formed to improve the conditions of professional wrestling for the

wrestlers themselves. To advocate for the wrestlers who do not get preferential treatment due to fickle, arbitrary fan reaction.

BW: Alright, before I ask about Memorial Day, would you expand on that for the people? So they understand where you're coming from.

PC: Gladly. There is no occupation in the world where the whims of the public determine the financial and career prospects of an employee as it does in professional wrestling. Surely, even the people must understand how inconstant and changing they are. Take the career of my own Rick Marley as an example. They've cheered him, they've booed him, they cheered him again, they booed him again, and over and over. His entire career. He never changed, Bucky. They changed! And when he was cheered, Mr. Marley was treated well by promoters the world over. He was granted better contractual terms for his matches, preferential treatment in championship consideration, and so on. But when he was booed, he had to fight his own employers more often than not. Do you wonder why a man who was a World Champion for one of the most successful territories in history still believes in a "glass ceiling"?

BW: I think I made my opinion on that pretty well known. But you're saying that what he was really seeing...

PC: It wasn't a glass ceiling, it was an iron fist. Marketing corporations were determining contenders. Main event spots were given to those who moved the most merchandise. Bucky, that's not just Dallas... that's everywhere. The AWA is not guilty of any corruption unique to themselves. This is systemic in all of professional wrestling, and all the Wise Men are doing is evening the playing field. We advocate for the unpopular wrestlers, the ones booed and hated by the fans, because without us these fickle fools wouldn't even be here. Every story needs a villain... it so happens that the fans decide who the villains of professional wrestling are. Those cursed by their whims have no control of their own careers. We're consolidating their political power in a form that the promoters cannot exploit.

In short... we, the Wise Men... are acting in the best interest of the entire sport. And the "heroes" who oppose us are really only protecting their own advantages.

BW: I'm sure that a lot of guys won't see it your way, so let's go to Memorial Day. At the end of the show, we saw you and "Hollywood" Larry Doyle come out during the Main Event.

PC: Scouting.

BW: You appeared to give a signal with that cane to the referee.

PC: Hm? I was conversing with Larry. I believe we were discussing Dave Bryant's execution of some hold, and I was pointing just in normal body language. I was explaining how he had the Iron Crab angled to keep Supreme Wright from being able to move. I suppose that I see how that might look a signal to someone not privy to our conversation.

BW: The allegation is that you guys paid off Meekly to call a submission that never happened.

PC: I'm aware of the allegation. It is, quite possibly, the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

BW: Still, if everybody's talking about it, you gotta address it.

PC: Yes. First, if you're accusing us of this crime, you understand that a crime has three parts. Motive, means, opportunity. The opportunity existed, undoubtedly. The three of us have access to every AWA employee.

Means? What in the world could we offer Marty Meekly that is worth jeopardizing his entire livelihood for? If he were found to have intentionally thrown any match, let alone the World Title match at one of the biggest shows of the year, after over an hour? Why, his career would be over and the lawsuits would be daunting. A financial payoff could never cover the financial damage he'd take from a lifetime of lost wages on top of the legal fees and punitive damages. Certainly, we could have sent the Dogs Of War to threaten to send him through a windshield, but compare that threat to the threat of losing his career and facing such a suit. There's no comparison; any reasonable man would take the windshield. We simply would have no way to leverage him even if we wanted to.

And that leads to the million dollar question, Bucky. Motive.

Why in the world would we want Dave Bryant to win the World Heavyweight Title? Supreme Wright as the champion benefited our cause. He played by his own rules, which declawed the AWA Championship Committee. That made them more pliable. What would we have to gain by changing that, in favor of a man who is selling copious merchandise and who enjoys the fleeting support of the fickle fans?

BW: I can think of an easy answer. Is Dave Bryant the third Wise Man?

[Percy's answer... is a smile.]

PC: No comment.

BW: You gotta be kidding! Percy, 'no comment' is the same thing as saying 'yes'!

PC: It is not even remotely the same. As a matter of course, we do not answer yes/no questions about our membership. That would be foolish, and you couldn't trust our answers in any case. I'd never say 'yes' even if you guessed our third man.

BW: But why was Marty Meekly in your limo after the match! He ran right to your limo!

PC: He was being chased by an extremely angry man who wanted to take him apart, limb from limb. A sore loser doesn't factor in reason to the things he does, and Supreme Wright is a known sore loser. Another reason why our involvement in some conspiracy wouldn't make sense. Why poke a sleeping bear? But we offered Meekly a place to hide when he ran our way, simply because it was the right thing to do. If there is any AWA employee we do not want to alienate, it is the referees. The last thing we want is for referees to start giving wrestlers who support the Wise Men the short shrift.

BW: In other words, you were kissin' up to the refs by protecting one.

PC: I wouldn't word it that way, but I suppose it isn't inaccurate.

BW: That makes sense to me. The refs are pretty clannish. They stick together and would remember it if you helped one of them out.

PC: Which makes them less likely to cave in should the AWA Board Of Directors try to use them to pressure us. Which leads me to the last question. My question for you, Bucky.

BW: Wait. That ain't how interviews work, Percy. I'm interviewing you, not vice versa!

PC: Then consider this my closing counter-argument.

There are only three possibilities. One: after over an hour of grueling torture, Supreme Wright was so drained that he didn't notice the ropes, and submitted to one of the most painful holds in wrestling. This seems the likeliest option on the surface. But... but possibility two is that he didn't. Marty Meekly had officiated for over an hour. He is not a well-conditioned athlete as Wright and Bryant are. He has to position himself, move quickly to get out of the wrestlers' way, go down to make a count or ask a submission over and over... do fans even realize how much energy referees expend?

BW: I never much thought about that.

PC: Meekly was likely very fatigued. Easy for a man in such a state to make a mistake, wouldn't you think?

BW: But you said there were three possibilities.

PC: Indeed. I honestly find this scenario the least likely, but I am looking into it because the implications are... sinister. If Marty Meekly threw that match... who would have benefited?

BW: Dave Bryant.

PC: Yes, but how could Bryant have made Meekly make that call. No, who would have benefited, Bucky? Who has the power to ensure that Meekly would be safe from the retribution mentioned previously? Who had the need to regain control of the World Title from the man who undermined the



Championship Committee every night? And would wait until the very point in the match when Larry and I came out to scout, just to get us in trouble?

BW: What?

PC: Bucky... how stupid do you think we are?! How stupid do you think Meekly is?! If WE had Meekly do this, why would we have ever shown up?! Marty Meekly could have cost Supreme Wright that match at ANY TIME. Why wait over an hour?!

BW: But... how would he have known you guys were coming out there?

PC: He shouldn't have. And yet, I asked for permission to go to ringside and scout the match. I... may have considered having Demetrius Lake challenge the winner publicly, in order to lay groundwork for a title match. That wasn't Wise Men business, that was my personal managerial business. But my request was denied. At least initially.

BW: I think I see where this is going.

PC: Moments before the match, we were granted permission to scout as long as no wrestlers accompanied us, and as long as we didn't get within fifty feet of the ring. O'Connor must have known, because he was enforcing that distance. Larry and I didn't take that up until late, and the only reason we did was to analyze whether it was worth sending a man down to ambush the winner. Again, not Wise Men business, though I probably should have done that alone rather than do so with Larry. It should have been a warning sign that he gave us both permission.

BW: He? Who's he?

[Percy smiles wanly. Bucky's expression is that of horror.]

PC: Why, a member of the AWA President's office.

BW: WhoawhoaWHOA! But that would mean...

PC: I'm not accusing. I'm looking into it. But if Supreme Wright was done in... well, you know, it's odd that Karl O'Connor was right there, isn't it? He could have restarted the match, or thrown out the decision if he believed there was no submission, couldn't he? And he resigned immediately afterwards? A man known for integrity, resigning with the integrity of his show in question. Things that make you go 'hmmmm'.

[Bucky is staring out into the air, his jaw having dropped.]

PC: Oh, I'm sure that if O'Connor was involved, it wasn't by his will. He's not answering my calls, I'm afraid. In any event, does this clear anything up?

BW: Oh. Oh, yeah. That's...

PC: Be careful on your way to the production truck to turn this in, Bucky. I'd stick around to be sure that this footage gets backed up, if I were you.

BW: Count on that, Percy. Let's go back to live action... back to you, self!

[And to live action.]

GM: I... what?

BW: Gordo, I've thought about this all day. It makes all the sense in the world.

GM: I cannot believe that the AWA front office - be it the Championship Committee, be it the AWA President's office, or even ownership itself - would be complicit in costing a man the championship!

BW: Oh? Why would the Wise Men do it?

GM: There must be a reason!

BW: The Wise Men are being used as a scapegoat! We KNOW why the AWA would have wanted Wright to lose! He called his own shots, and Dave Bryant is currently the kind of baby-kissin' fan favorite that they love as champion!

GM: The more I think about it...

BW: The more reasonable it sounds!

GM: No! The more unreasonable it sounds! Percy Chiles is a master manipulator. He knows very well that we have a limited amount of information available to us at this time, and he is twisting the available facts to make an absurd allegation.

BW: He outright said that he was NOT making an accusation and that the AWA President's office culprit was just a theory. If he was lying, don't you think he'd have put it more strongly?

GM: It is BECAUSE he is lying that he didn't put it more strongly! He gave himself backpedal space for when he is proven wrong, so that he can weasel his way out of this! Fans, do not buy what Percy Chiles is selling for one second!

BW: At least, watch these commercials and buy what they're selling!

GM: Fans, we'll be right back so don't you dare go away.

[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 fade back up to the ring where two men are about to be announced. The crowd is relaxed, quiet as two relative unknowns are about to have a match.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing to my left, from Tennessee... he weighs in at 202 pounds... "Jumping" Jack Daniels!

[The black trunks wearing Daniels leaps up, living up to his nickname as he pumps a fist in the air to little reaction. He throws his long, stringy brown hair back as Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent, in the corner to my right... weighing in at 240 pounds... Henry Porten!

[Porten sports a dirty blond brushcut, bulky build. He wears long blue trunks with red laceless boots. The name "HENRY" is printed down one side, and a red fireball is printed on the other. He also wears white wristbands.]

GM: Henry Porten taking on newcomer "Jumping" Jack Daniels here. Porten has picked up a couple wins on recent live events and... wait a second, Bucky. What... wait... is that William Payne?!

BW: It's been a while since we've seen this guy.

[Heading down the aisle is the aforementioned gent, not seen since the 2011 Stampede Cup. Glasses perched upon a confident face, dark hair slicked back, Payne makes his way down the aisle, quite quickly at that. He is dressed in a midnight blue, pin striped suit, tapered and cut perfectly for him. Producing a microphone, he speaks out in his used car salesman tenor.]

WP: Whoa... whoa... whoa. Not to be rude, gentlemen, but I have a very important announcement and it just \_cannot\_ wait.

[The two turn towards him, shaking their heads in aggravation, asking the referee about the situation and generally being a combination of confused and aggressive. Porten is especially so, warning Payne back, yelling at him for the interruption. Payne just continues walking down the elevated ramp.]

WP: That's fine, Henry. You're out here for a... "content".

[Complete with finger quotations and dripping sarcasm.]

WP: But my purpose is much, much, MUCH more important. Now, if you will...

[He interrupts himself, stepping into the ring.]

GM: There's a match about to happen! What is he doing?

[Porten steps up, giving his opponent the confidence to join in. Both have fists raised, eyes narrowed like attack dogs. Payne raises a hand, backing off.]

WP: Whoa... whoa... whoa... wait a second. Are... are you trying to fight me because I came out here and interrupted your match, Henry.

HP: YOU KNOW IT!

[The crowd somewhat cheers as the mostly unsuccessful grappler pipes up, puffing his chest.]

WP: NO ONE CARES ABOUT YOUR MATCH!

[Payne seems to almost shock himself with his outburst. He brushes his slicked raven hair back, taking a deep breath. Porten steps forward again, looking to end this.]

WP: What I meant to say, Henry, was... did you think I came alone?

GM: Oh... my... stars... they're back! THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

[Drums and Samoan screams ring out across the arena, the primal tones of the Haka resonating off every wall. Two VERY intimidating figures make their barefoot way down to ringside, intimidation, ferocity penetrating from their every pore. They're dressed in the attire that they were last seen in -- bare, taped feet, plain black wrestling tights that end just below the knee, taped hands and wrists, and hair as wild as the look in both men's eyes. One, Mafu, is significantly shorter than the other, but still a mound of destruction. The other, Scola, is the big man of the team, tall and lanky but solid as a rock.]

BW: He definitely did not come alone!

[Payne backs off, laughing audibly as the Samoans enter the ring. They look back as a unit towards Payne who simply looks at Porten and shrugs as if to say "I warned you..."

...and that's when Mafu lashes out with a thrust kick to Porten's throat, dropping him instantly. Porten's hands go to his throat as he falls, Mafu not even bothering to look at him, just returning to a side stance after the sudden strike.]

GM: Jack Daniels just needs to run. He needs to get out of there now!

BW: However long that's going to be. I can't believe the Samoan Hit Squad is back!

GM: And under the umbrella of William Payne!

[Daniels sees that discretion is the better part of valor and goes to flee, only to be caught as Scola reaches out and grabs him by his scraggly, retreating hair. The crowd is stunned at the return, many yelling as Scola one hand lifts Daniels in front of him and joins in with Mafu for a double headbutt that echoes across the arena, even over the crowd's gasp at the impact. Poor Daniels simply crumples, completely unconscious. A growl from Scola sends the referee fleeing, Mafu turning his head and looking right at the gasping for air Porten.]

BW: Jack Daniels, we hardly knew ye! That's the first ever grade four concussion!

GM: That's a predator's star in Mafu's eyes. That is pure evil intentions!

[Mafu tears Porten off the mat and whips him with wild abandon at the ropes. Getting his center of gravity under him, Mafu throws Porten straight up over him, Scola catching him on his shoulders and DESTROYING him with a powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THE IMPACT! THE DASTARDLY IMPACT!

[Hyped at the meteoric impact, the Samoans roar in victory, tongues out, thumbs drug across their throat as they beat their own chests and scream in Samoan at the crowd. Payne enters, smiling widely. He looks down at the bodies around the ring, kicking a toe into Porten's side to see if he is even alive. The Samoans see their new business partner enter, coming to stand beside him.]

WP: AS I was saying... I have a very important announcement for the entirety of the AWA.

[He looks to Mafu. He looks to Scola. He smiles wide, white teeth shimmering through. A smile turned to instant serious.]

WP: The Samoan Hit Squad is back in the AWA. Run. Run for your lives.

[And right back to the smile we go, Mafu climbing to a turnbuckle, Scola standing over Porten and roaring, thrusting his arms out wide in a frightening scream.]

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad is back and they have just laid waste to these two young competitors, Bucky.

BW: The Samoans have always been one of those "can't miss" prospect teams that just kept on missing. They've had bad luck, bad management, bad breaks... but now they're with William Payne who is one of the sharpest managerial minds in the business. If he can get them on the right track, if he can focus them on an endgame, this could be VERY bad news for the rest of the AWA tag team division, daddy.

GM: Bad news indeed as the Samoans will likely take aim at-

[Suddenly, the feed is interrupted by static. After a moment it corrects itself, joining a conversation in process. Seated behind a desk in a room with off white walls is a caucasian gentleman with white hair and a slightly receding hairline. He's dressed in a black suit with a white priest's collar.]

Priest: I can't say for sure. I'm no scientist. I'm sure you've already spoken to highly educated scientific minds that believe they have all the answers to the cause of this... phenomenon.

But if you want my opinion?

[He looks to someone off camera, just beyond the camera. The old man finally nods as he's presumably been told to continue.]

P: You have sex out of wedlock. You have children entering schools and killing their classmates. You have the breakdown of the American family unit.

[The aged priest sighs, shaking his head.]

P: I think it's a sign from God.

[And before he can elaborate on the aforementioned "phenomenon", the feed is interrupted by static once again. Much more disruptive than before. Finally, we fade to black.]

And then back up on Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: What in the world was that about?

GM: I haven't the slightest clue. A sign from God? A phenomenon? A whole lot of mystery wrapped around that interruption right there but there's not a whole lot of mystery about what we're going to see here in just a few moments. Two weeks ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, Steve Spector - the former World Champion and Hall of Famer - put his career on the line against Terry Shane. He said that if he lost, he would sign his AWA release and go home, never to compete again. Tonight, Mr. Spector is here to live up to his word.

[Gordon goes quiet as we cut to a panning shot of the interior of the arena, watching and waiting...

Suddenly, the opening to "101 North" by Tomahawk begins to play over the PA system as the crowd erupts in cheers. Stepping out into the aisleway one final time is the Hall of Famer, Steve Spector. Spector looks a bit worse for wear, as he's still fairly bruised from his battle with Terry Shane III at Memorial Day Mayhem. Spector slowly walks down towards the ring, taking in the cheers from the adoring crowd. Once Spector reaches ringside, he steps out onto the apron, a grimace on his face. He steps into the ring, slowly making his way to the middle of the ring, mic in hand. He looks out over the crowd, nodding in approval as the crowd starts up a "Thank you Steve!" chant. A smile forms over Spector's face as he takes a bow. He then begins to address the crowd.]

SS: No, thank you.

[Spector nods his head.]

SS: I know it's a bit cliché, but each and every one of you made me what I am today. I would not have had all those accomplishments throughout my career.. and would not have made the Hall of Fame, if not for all of you giving me the energy to drag myself into the ring night in and night out. Unfortunately..

[Spector pauses, unsure of what he wants to say.]

SS: Frankly, at some point, there had to be some sort of closure. I was not satisfied with quietly disappearing all those years ago without saying goodbye to everyone I've had a pleasure of performing in front of. I kind of wish it ended better, standing triumphant instead of bein' laid to rest, locked in a submission hold, feelin' the fight seepin' from me.. but it had to end.

Ya know, kids..I had fun. Sure, I shortened my career by a decade with some of those insane stunts I've done.. but I had fun. Do I have any regrets?

[Spector rubs his chin in thought.]

SS: Well...

[Static.]

GM: Oh come on!

BW: Speaking of Steve Spector's career regrets.

[‘Dance of the Knights’ by Serguei Prokofiev is cued and with it the hot Carolina crowd spits out a chorus of boos. The bursting horns kick in and are soon followed by trumpeting horns layered over woodwinds which complete the opening hymns of the haunting tune. The onslaught of boos only heighten as the crowd gets a visual of the Ring Leader stepping into view.]

BW: There he is, Gordo! The man who just might be the next World Heavyweight Champion! You know, it IS the Year Of The Shane Gang.

GM: So I've heard. If you ask me, this guy shouldn't even be here tonight. He assaulted AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger at Memorial Day Mayhem during that No Disqualification match. If Shadoe Rage was suspended for it, why isn't Shane?

BW: You know, I asked the same question, Gordo. Turns out that since it was No DQ and the attack happened DURING the match, the AWA wasn't so sure about their legal standing in case the punishment was challenged in court by Terry Shane.

[Terry Shane III glides forward, whipping the tail end of his green and golden studded robe around with him. His jet black hair is tucked behind his ears and cascades down the nape of his neck. Beside him stands the Siren, the outspoken go-getter and female counterpart to the Leader of the Shane Gang. Her black rat is slung over her left shoulder and the florescent pink branding iron is thrown over her right. She is quickly followed by one of the fastest rising tag teams in the World; the Lights Out Express... Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson.]

BW: Hail, hail... the Gang's all here!

GM: Except for Donnie White who apparently Terry Shane considers a failure after losing that scaffold match at Memorial Day Mayhem. I can't believe the man is actually already talking about replacing White. Does anyone even know how long White will be out for?



BW: Long enough. The Ring Leader said he's got business to attend to and can't be bothered to wait around for the Atomic Blonde to heal up. It's tough, it's harsh, but it's the realities of the business we're in, Gordo.

[The quartet minus one stomp towards the ring, marching forward towards Steve Spector who can't help but to stare out amusingly as they quickly approach the ring. Strong jaws at a few front row fans in the aisle while Shane and the rest of the Gang stare forward. It is Miss Sandra Hayes who reaches the ring steps first, scurrying up them heels and all, and sitting herself onto the bottom rope. The Ring Leader calmly maintains the same stoic pace, ascending step by step, before stepping through the gap in the ropes created by Miss Hayes. Anderson and Strong remain on the outside, circling the ring like rabid wolves.]

GM: Anderson and Strong are fresh off that brutal assault on Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds in the parking lot earlier tonight - an attack I'm told that sent the World Tag Team Champions to a nearby medical facility for treatment and testing. Boy, they look pleased with themselves.

BW: Shouldn't they? They beat down the champs on national television!

[The music fades as Spector speaks up.]

SS: Hey.. just the man I wanted to see.

[Spector's light-heartedness is lost on Terry Shane III who stalks past him without so much as throwing a glance in his direction. He gestures towards Watson who hops out of his ringside seat and produces a mic. It is then that Spector moves in Watson's direction, halting him with a raise of his hand and snaps his fingers towards a couple of chairs laying against the barricade. Watson, almost panicking, reacts towards the veteran and grabs a pair of fold up chairs. He quickly slides them into the ring where Spector grabs them and makes his way back to a now nervous Shane who backpedals as Spector lifts one of the chairs up in his hands.]

BW: Wait a second! He's retired now! He signed the contract! He agreed to-

[Spector calmly unfolds one chair, placing it on the mat. He does the same with the other, drawing laughter from the crowd and a glare from the annoyed Terry Shane. Spector turns the chairs so that they face each other, before taking a seat one one of them, gesturing to the other.]

SS: Sit.

[Spector gestures towards the open chair. Shane stares at it for a few moments and then finally lifts his eyes in the direction of Steve Spector. The Hall of Famer shrugs at Shane's refusal.]

SS: Ya know, normally in situations like this I actually would shake your hand, but...

[And now it's Spector who kicks the open chair a foot away from himself.]

SS: This ain't exactly normal... you know, the whole stalking my family and accusing me of being as much of a tyrant at home as I am in the ring thing... ain't no way that's happenin'.

[Spector shakes his head.]

SS: But, I gotta commend ya for finally puttin' me out to pasture. Really, good job. Pat yourself on the back and give yourself a handshake.

[Spector claps his hands slowly as Shane looks on, still unamused.]

SS: Deep down, I still want to crack you over the head with one of these steel chairs...

[Big cheer! The crowd obviously likes that idea. Shane turns back and forth quickly, glaring at the cheering fans. He raises his hands in a defensive posture as Spector smiles.]

SS: ...but that would make things complicated in a legal sense. We're not here for a fight, as much as I hate to say it. You picked your time to come down here and address your situation with your World Heavyweight Title shot... so knock yourself out, kid.

[Spector hands Shane the mic.]

TS3: Steve...

[Shane stops himself, signaling something to Miss Hayes. The Siren responds, mouthing, "I got this" to him as she grabs the open chair and drags it away from the Ring Leader.]

TS3: For once in your life you are absolutely right. This...[twirling his finger around] you and I... is anything BUT normal. For over six months we have put one another through the most horrific things imaginable. We have hit each other with chairs... we have hammered one another with pieces of wood. We have bloodied each other up and we have broken and battered each other into the ground. Yet after all of that, here we are... both still standing. Although after tonight, one of us will still be standing here... and the other will be going away and never coming back.

[Spector gives him a half nod.]

TS3: Fact is, I am tired, Steve. I got into this business to prove a point - that I was the finest technical wrestler in the world. And somehow along the way, I got wrapped up in crippling that savage twit Hannibal Carver.

[Cheers for Carver. Shane looks disgusted.]

TS3: Then you came along. A Hall of Famer. A former World Champion. A legend in this sport. You achieved EVERYTHING that a professional wrestler

like me could have dreamt to attain. I may have made it perfectly clear that I never saw eye to eye with you on how you got there but the truth is... you got there. I will never be the guy liberally bouncing chairs off my head or others, going through tables on my own accord, or smashing myself and others with broken glass.

But I recognize and acknowledge what you have accomplished over the years. That is a fact that not even I will ever be ever to take away from you.

[Spector looks surprised at the genuine words of Shane — if you want to call it that.]

TS3: So, with everything we have been through together, Steve... on your last night in the business that you love so much... the business that made you rich... made you famous... made you a legend... there is only one thing left to say, Steve. Only one thing left for me to tell you, your wife, and your son.

Steve... from the bottom of my heart.

[Shane's head drops. Miss Hayes' eyes widen, jetting around in all directions.]

TS3: I am sorry.

[Shane slowly extends his hand towards Spector, offering a handshake. The crowd buzzes, building into almost a frenzy.]

TS3: Sorry I wasted EIGHT long months chasing you around this ring when I should have finished the job the first time I laid eyes on you! Sorry that I let you SURVIVE, Steve... Sorry I gave you any inkling of hope and prayer that you belong in MY ring!

[The crowd LOUDLY jeers as Shane changes the offered hand into a finger pointing back up the aisle. Spector glares at Shane, wanting nothing more than to club him over the head with the steel chair inside the ring. Spector stares long and hard before shaking his head one more time and making his exit, dropping the mic to the canvas.]

TS3: That is right, old man! Hurry on up now. Tell O'Connor hello for me in the unemployment line!

[The crowd, almost stunned, watches on as Spector steps through the ropes. Shane looks on with a rare grin that stretches from ear to ear, winding his hand around in a mocking fashion for Spector to hurry along. The crowd continues to jeer, still shocked as they can't believe Spector would just leave on Shane's whim.]

TS3: Keep it moving. Now then... it is time for the moment EVERYONE has been waiting for. Time for me to stake MY claim and announce when and what my intentions are in regards to the World Heavy —

[And then, Spector stops. Turning, twisting, and staring back at Terry Shane III.]

TS3 [annoyed]: I thought I told you..

[Spector bolts back through the ropes and makes his way back to the center of the ring, snatching the mic he just dropped from the mat.]

SS [seething]: I should have just cracked you over the head after all.

[A pop from the crowd as Spector takes his seat, staring a hole right through Shane.]

SS: So.. why didn't I? With your concussion history, I probably could have easily murder death killed your career right then and there.. but instead..

[Pause.]

SS: I wanted to beat you with my own two hands, Shane. I wanted to give you somethin' to think about.. You know, in a way I'm happy you had this brief moment of clarity just now, admitting that you got wrapped up in trying to end an era that.. to be quite frank.. is long dead. There was no need for you to be wasting your time when you could have been the standard bearer for a new era of wrestling.

Wrestling as a business has to change. Look at all these names over the years, there's just way too many to count.. people that stopped wrestling by the time they were 30 years old due to the abuse they put their bodies through.. and by hell and high water, Shane.. you seemed interested in joining them. What a waste.

[Shane stares a cold stare through Spector.]

SS: This goodbye could have happened six months ago. I was only here to make sure the first ever AWA World Heavyweight Championship match on Pay Per View was contested as fairly as humanly possible, then two weeks later I'd have been out here makin' my retirement official. You could have come out and said "Hey, I'm gonna challenge for the World Title" and easily be standing in this ring tonight as the new face of professional wrestling.

Instead you wasted your time and probably cut your career by five years getting beaten upside the head.. damn, I don't even want to know how many concussions you probably have by now. While you were getting your brains rattled.. well, let's see..

[Spector looks down in thought, rubbing his chin.]

SS: You want to prove that you're the finest technical wrestler in the world? I think Supreme Wright's got you beat.

[Mixed reaction for the former World Heavyweight Champion.]

SS: Quickly establishin' himself as the best in the world. Or.. how about another guy from my long gone era? Dave Bryant?

[Huge cheers for the current World Heavyweight Champion.]

SS: The man escaped the era intact, and look at him. He's as old as I am and I've never seen the dude look better. I might think Wright is the best in the world right now, Bryant is a close number two. Or, how about this? Your Shane Gang..

Lights Out Express? Failed at the Stampede Cup, still lookin' to bring home the gold. Donnie White? He's broken in places I don't think anyone ever knew existed. What a shame, seein' your little Gang in shambles, while the Unholy Alliance and the Wise Men entrench themselves, lookin' to dominate the AWA, not caring who they step on along the way. Sadly, they ain't my fight... but you and your Gang, on the other hand?

[Spector puts his hand on Shane's shoulder and starts to pat it. However, Shane quickly yanks Spector's hand off his shoulder, and both men jump out of their chairs and to their feet. The crowd erupts, expecting both men to fight. After a brief staredown, Spector resumes his speech.]

SS: Easy there, pal. I was just warnin' you that the Wise Men could snap their fingers and pick at the pieces of what's left of your Gang. Do you really want me to make you permanently forget why you're even out here?

[Shane's fists, balled up and ready to strike, drop to Shane's side.]

SS: That's what I thought. Ya know, I hate your guts, but maybe it's not too late to change the road you're on. I ain't asking you to change your tune, not everyone can play the hero in this world of ours anyway.

[Spector shrugs his shoulders.]

SS: Now that we're through here, I'm gonna let you say what you need to say. All I have to say at this point is..

[Spector walks past Shane, pausing as he's at Shane's side.]

SS: Good luck. Don't disappoint me.

[Shane raises an eyebrow, despite being red with anger. Spector raises his arms to the cheering crowd, as he steps through the ropes one last time. He slowly makes his way up the aisle. Once he reaches the end, he turns to look out over the cheering crowd, and takes a bow. He steps through the curtains one last time as the camera pans back to the ring, where a seething Shane stands, mic in hand.]

TS3: Disappoint you?

[He shakes his head, fuming with rage.]

TS3: DISAPPOINT YOU?! I am the greatest professional wrestler in the world today! I am the son of one of the greatest professional wrestlers of all time! And I will be damned if some washed-up oldtimer is going to tell me that I disappoint him!

[Shane is livid now, pacing back and forth. He kicks one of the chairs towards the ropes.]

TS3: You think I can't hear the buzzing in the locker room? The chatter on the Internet? These idiot fans heckling me? They think I've lost it. They think I'm done before I even got started.

I have made my fair share of mistakes. I admit that. I got tied up with two maniacs in the span of just over two years, taking years off my career, and derailing me from my moment... my moment of glory.

[Shane shakes his head, pointing at the camera.]

TS3: Not anymore.

Because on July 4th, at Guts & Glory, in front of MY home state of Missouri...

[Dramatic pause.]

TS3: ...I WILL challenge Dave Bryant for the World Heavyweight Championship and become the wrestler that you all FEARED I would become.

[Shane angrily spikes the mic down to the canvas, turning towards the exit as he gestures for the Shane Gang to join him. A gleeful Miss Sandra Hayes is applauding the announcement as she climbs the wooden steps up onto the entrance ramp. Anderson and Strong take up the rear, watching the Ring Leader's back as they head down the aisle.]

GM: You heard it, fans! At long last, after holding that title shot in his back pocket for over a year, Terry Shane III will challenge Dave Bryant for the World Heavyweight Title in less than one month's time in Springfield, Missouri at Guts & Glory!

BW: And we're gonna crown a new World Champion AGAIN, daddy!

GM: That remains to be seen but that should be an absolute classic of a showdown between two of the finest wrestlers in the world right now. I can't wait to see it. Fans, we've got to take another quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from the World Champion for the first time since he won the title - Dave Bryant is up next so don't go away!

[Fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloopers are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-

heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could \_really\_ fight.

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

Kids: \*gasp\*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Terry Shane III from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that TORA leaping down the staircase at Robert Donovan? And why are Dichotomy beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Nenshou is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit MAMMOTH Maximus with a flying bodypress, Bobby O'Connor is hiptossing Dave Cooper across your family room, and Strictly Business and Air Strike are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Tony Sunn as he had Demetrius Lake in a headlock while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Steve Spector tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Spector and Wright action figures.]

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

[Juan Vasquez and Gibson Hayes double-clothesline Willie Hammer in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

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

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

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

[Cut to a posed shot of Jack Lynch, Shadoe Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut.

As "RECORDED EARLIER" scrolls along the bottom of the screen, the picture fades into a slightly unusual sight -- two chairs, facing the camera but angled so the occupants can look at each other without straining their necks.

A table rests between the two chairs, and on that table rests the greatest prize in all of sports -- the AWA World Heavyweight Championship title belt. Seated to the left, dressed sharply in suit and tie, is the World Heavyweight Champion himself, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant.



The chair on the right is occupied by none other than Jason Dane, one of the AWA's resident interviewers, occasional commentator, and investigative journalist. Bryant and Dane are both mic'd up, and Dane wastes no time in starting things off.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this exclusive interview featuring none other than our new World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant.

[Bryant gives Dane a wry half-grin, then interjects.]

DB: Before we get things started, Jason, would you do me a favor and tell the folks at home who asked for this?

JD: Well...you did.

DB: That's right, Jason, I asked for it. I'm sure some of the folks out in the stands and in the locker room will think that, perhaps, he doth protest too much, but I thought it was a better idea to answer any questions you -- and by extension, the boys in the locker room and the folks in the office and in the stands -- had for me in front of everybody. I didn't send you any questions, did I?

JD: No, in fact, your words were, "Ask me anything you want, however you want to ask it." if I recall.

DB: I asked you to do this because I know you aren't afraid to ask the tough ones, Jason. With that said...

[Bryant gestures at Dane.]

DB: Have at it, Mr. Dane.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Well, we'll start with an easy one...how are you feeling?

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: Like I had the hell beaten out of me by a man considerably younger and more vicious than I was, even at his age. He split my brow wide open, left some hellacious bruises across my ribs, my ear is still buzzing and I'm still feeling sore from being stuck in that damned Cobra Clutch Crossface.

[Bryant rolls his neck, grimacing briefly.]

DB: In retrospect, reminding someone like Wright how you've gotten over on him at every turn? Not the best idea I've ever had.

[Dane gestures to the title belt.]

JD: At least you have that...right?

[Bryant pauses for one uncomfortable moment before laughing sardonically.]

DB: Yeah...you're right, Jason, I do have that. I thought I went into the match against Wright prepared for anything -- Cain Jackson causing a DQ, Tony Donovan snagging my ankle and leaving my head a wide open target for Wright, even the possibility that we would go to the time limit and there'd be no winner. Of course, I imagined what things might be like if I won, thinking I'd finally get that SuperClash moment back, that I'd get to celebrate, even if it's just for a minute, without having to have those eyes in the back of my head looking for the next challenger.

[Bryant takes the belt off of the table and holds it in his hands, staring at it.]

DB: And the damned Wise Men made sure I didn't even get that. They tainted the moment, ruined it, and then handed me what was left while they laughed right in our faces. I know Karl O'Connor called it "inconclusive" but I don't believe that for one damned second. They planned this, Jason, just to show us that they could do it, to try to show the world that they have real power and they aren't afraid to use it.

[Bryant turns to face the camera squarely, turning the belt around as he moves.]

DB: You may have ruined my moment, Wise Men, but you can't make this belt any less the prize that it is. This is the pinnacle of achievement in professional wrestling, the big gold belt, the trophy every wrestler in the world wants to wrap around their waist. I don't care what kind of crap you have planned, no matter what you do, you won't ever be able to tarnish \_this\_.

[Bryant gives the title belt one last shake before gently placing it back on the table, plates proudly displayed.]

JD: That seems to make the next question I have for you a little redundant, but here it is anyhow: Did you have anything to do with what happened with Marty Meekly, Percy Childes, and Larry Doyle?

DB: No.

JD: Care to elaborate on that?

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Not really, Jason. Tainted win or no, I'm still sitting here the World Heavyweight Champion. I got what I wanted out of my match with Wright, but I don't think there's anything I can sit here and say to you or to anybody listening that will make them believe I wasn't involved if they're already convinced. No, I won't elaborate on that because I can't do it with words, I can only do it in the ring.

[Bryant pauses, then shakes his head.]

DB: Only in the ring, Jason. You saw the end of that match, saw how perfectly that... how perfectly Childes and Doyle set this up. Meekly's helping me to my feet after the time limit, Percy gives him the signal, and at the first opportunity he gets, he screws Supreme Wright out of the title. More than an hour of some of the best wrestling in the history of the AWA...then fifteen seconds of the purest bull anyone's ever seen...and that has me thinking, Jason.

JD: About what?

[There's a long moment of silence as Bryant collects his thoughts.]

DB: What if I should've already lost that match? What if Meekly had instructions to make sure I stayed in it, to make sure that I won, from the very beginning? Were his counts against Wright fast, his counts against me slow? It doesn't seem like it if you watch the match...and trust me, I've watched it again and again, looking for any obvious signs, anything any of us should've picked up...and saw nothing. Marty Meekly, he comes from a family dedicated to officiating wrestling matches. Who's to say he didn't simply cheat in ways that anyone who's NOT a referee wouldn't pick up?

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: I'm going to tell you something right here and now that I haven't told anybody, Jason... I was NOT conscious when the bell rang for the draw.

[Dane arches an eyebrow slightly.]

JD: The Crossface put you out? Are you sure?

DB: Well, as sure as anybody can be after having been choked into unconsciousness, sure. I don't remember hearing that bell ring, I just remember Meekly pulling me up, telling me we went sixty, and then...well, you know what happened.

[Bryant looks over at the belt, then back at Dane, the glint returning to the champion's eyes.]

DB: That's why I have to do it in the ring, Jason. I have to prove to every one of you... I have to prove to MYSELF that I'm worthy of that belt, that I lasted those sixty minutes through nothing but my own blood, sweat, and tears. I'm going to look my first challenger right in his eyes, be it Terry Shane the Third, Supreme Wright, or anybody else. No ducking, no dodging, no nonsense where I pull names out of hats...just honest challenges, accepted with no strings attached. I'll wrestle my challenger AND the doubts the Wise Men have given me into submission, and I will be a champion the AWA can be proud of...

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Or it'll be a hell of a short title reign.

[Fade out and back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Some very differing viewpoints on what happened during the so-called Gainesville Gyp at Memorial Day Mayhem, Bucky. Percy Childes and Dave Bryant tell two very different stories.

BW: Who ya gonna believe, Gordo?

GM: Well, my money's on the World Champion telling the truth.

BW: Is it? You know Bryant's history. You know his past as well as anyone does. He was a piece of garbage in the 90s and 2000s... he'll admit to that. He stole his rival's women. He cheated, lied, and robbed his way to championship gold. He aligned himself with one of the most dastardly SOB's in this history of our industry. Heck, when he first showed up in the AWA, he cheated to earn a spot on the roster!

GM: That's all in the past, Bucky.

BW: Maybe it is and maybe it isn't... but what I'm saying is that there's more than needs to happen here to get to the bottom of this story. There's more to-

[A voice interrupts.]

"I totally agree."

[The screen suddenly splits to show Jason Dane backstage.]

GM: Jason? You have something to add to this?

JD: I do, Gordon. I saw what Percy Childes had to say earlier tonight. Of course, I was there for the interview with Dave Bryant that you just saw. I've listened to what everyone - you, Bucky, Karl O'Connor, Jon Stegglet, the entire locker room - has to say about what happened at Gainesville.

GM: And?

JD: And I think that Bucky's right. There's more that needs to happen here to get to the bottom of this story... and I intend to make that happen.

BW: Of course you do. You're always running around stickin' your nose in where it don't belong!

JD: And I'd like Bucky to help me.

[Gordon and Bucky's jaws drop.]

GM: What?

BW: Say that again.

JD: I want the two of us to be inside that ring in two weeks' time for a very special edition of The Call Of The Wilde. I want answers so badly, I'll even let you host it, Bucky.

BW: The two of us? What good does that do?

[Dane smiles.]

JD: In that ring... the two of us... in two weeks... with two very special guests. I'll produce the World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant... can you produce Percy Childes?

[Bucky pauses, stroking his chin for a few moments.]

BW: You're damn right I can.

[Dane smiles again.]

JD: Perfect. Let's see if we can get the truth of the situation when we put those two men inside the squared circle - face-to-face.

[The split screen fades, leaving Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow! A big announcement right there as Bucky Wilde and Jason Dane will BOTH be on the set of The Call Of The Wilde in two weeks to interview the World Champion Dave Bryant and the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes!

BW: Jason Dane thinks he's gonna get Percy out there and badger him into admitting something he had no part of. Ain't gonna fly, daddy... not on my watch!

GM: I am very much looking forward to that! But I'm also looking forward to tonight's Main Even- wait a second! We're hearing something over our headsets right now. There's something going on back in...

[There's a momentary silent pause, presumably as Gordon and Bucky listen in.]

GM: We're going to cut to... yes, go... go now!

[We abruptly cut to the backstage area where our first shot shows Travis Lynch pitching forward, collapsing chestfirst against a wall. A few feet behind him stands The Lost Boy, broken wooden broom handle gripped in his hands. The remnants of the broom are on the floor as the unpredictable brawler raises the broom lengthwise with both hands...

...and SMASHES it down across Lynch's shoulderblades, causing him to fall to the floor!]

GM: The Lost Boy and Travis Lynch are starting their fight right now!

BW: Starting?! It looks like it's already almost over, daddy! The Lost Boy is putting the steel-toed boots to work on the ribs of Scumbag Stench!

GM: Remember, fans... this is NOT a wrestling match. These two men simply agreed to a fight here tonight in Charlotte and that's what we're seeing!

BW: Well, Lynch and Sunshine agreed. I'm not sure The Lost Boy even speaks.

GM: Perhaps not but he sure can fight. As we heard Travis say earlier tonight, he has quite the lengthy history with The Lost Boy dating back to the night that Travis made his full-time wrestling debut and was assaulted by this man. We've come a long way since then but the bad blood is still obviously there.

[The man with sloppy red face paint rimming his eyes drags Lynch off the floor by the hair...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the hallway wall! In the background, we can hear some shrieks of delight.]

GM: I can't see her but I definitely can hear the vixen known as Sunshine somewhere back there.

BW: You didn't think she'd let her man beat the snot out of Scumbag Stench without being close enough to witness it firsthand, didja?

GM: I suppose not. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned and Travis Lynch has learned that firsthand since rejecting Sunshine's advances a while back now.

BW: Since he shoved her down in the middle of the ring, you mean?

GM: No, I most certainly do not. We all know that was an accident... despite what your poorly-made t-shirts might imply.

BW: Poorly-made?! Hey, these were made in the finest sweat shops in Asia, daddy!

[Using the hair, The Lost Boy drags Lynch further down the hallway towards the cameraman...

...and then SLAMS him facefirst down on a wooden table, sending a stack of cups and several pitchers of water flying!]

GM: Ohh! Into the table...

[The Lost Boy grabs at his head, wincing in pain as he staggers backwards.]

GM: What in the world is wrong with The Lost Boy?

BW: I think it's the voices in his head, Gordo. You ever talked to that guy? He just ain't right. I had my fair share of run-ins with him over the years - sometimes he was on my side, sometimes he wasn't - but he was never what you'd call a normal dude.

[With Sunshine screaming at him, the burly brawler is able to refocus, staggering back towards Lynch who is pushing his upper body off the table...

...and fires off a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Travis goes downstairs!

[A second right hand bounces off the skull of Sunshine's henchman!]

GM: And then upstairs! The youngest of the Lynch boys is fighting back!

[A third haymaker sends The Lost Boy staggering backwards as Lynch leans over, scooping up a plastic pitcher...

...and SMASHES it down between the eyes!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[The Lost Boy staggers backwards, slumping back against the wall as Lynch grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Travis, no! There's no room for-

[...and WHIPS him the handful of feet across the hallway, sending him CRASHING hard into the wall, leaving a large dent where the three hundred pound body hit the drywall!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Lynch comes in fast, grabbing The Lost Boy by his top knot and SMASHES the back of his head into the wall...]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The Lost Boy didn't have many brain cells to begin with and he's gonna have a damn sight less after that, daddy!

[Lynch grabs the top knot again, dragging The Lost Boy towards the cameraman. He gives a wave of his muscular arm, sending the cameraman scurrying aside as Lynch walks past him, pulling his foe behind him...

...and a loud "CLANG!" is heard off-camera followed by several smaller metallic clangs. The cameraman wheels around to find The Lost Boy down on the ground atop a pile of metal poles that have been knocked over.]

GM: Right down on top of all those poles they use for various things when setting up the event... lights, the ring, whatever.

[The powerful Lynch grabs one of the poles, flinging it aside as he pursues The Lost Boy who is crawling away, using a nearby equipment crate to drag himself back to his feet...

...and Lynch charges him!]

GM: Lynch charging in and-

[The Lost Boy ducks down, backdropping Lynch over the top and right down on top of the crate!]

GM: Goodness!

[The Lost Boy slumps to a knee before getting back up, raining down clubbing forearms across the chest of Travis Lynch who is sprawled across the case.]

GM: The Lost Boy is hammering away on Lynch, just going to town on him!

BW: You think Stench knew what he was getting into when he agreed to this?

GM: I think he did, yes.

[The face-painted warrior pulls away, staggering a few feet before leaning over...]

GM: What's he-?

BW: He's picking up one of those metal poles, Gordo!

GM: Those things have got to weigh... what? Fifty pounds? A hundred?

BW: I ain't the one lifting 'em... that's all I know. But The Lost Boy is lifting that metal pole up over his head! He's gonna cave Lynch's chest in once and for all!

[The Lost Boy inches forward, barely able to keep the long (and heavy) metal pole balanced in his grip. He steps over the dazed Travis...

...who swings a leg up, catching him in the chest, sending him falling back and causing him to drop the pole to the floor with a loud "CLANG!"]

GM: Travis was waiting for him!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, standing atop the equipment crate...

...and HURLS himself off, throwing a crossbody and knocking The Lost Boy down to the floor!]



GM: Ohh! Down goes The Lost Boy... and Travis Lynch is right on top of him!

[The crowd inside the arena goes nuts as Lynch opens fire, battering the Lost Boy down into the concrete floor. Lynch gives a big shout as he climbs to his feet, pointing at a nearby Sunshine who scampers away.]

BW: Look out, Sunshine! He's in a rage and might coldcock ya again!

GM: Would you stop?! That never happened and you know it!

[Lynch turns back to the Lost Boy, burying cowboy boots into the ribs as the burly brawler tries to get off the floor. He wanders away, vanishing from the camera's view.]

GM: Where is Travis Lynch going?

BW: No clue. Maybe he's making a run for it. Maybe he's late for his Scumbags Anonymous meeting.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Sorry. I know it's supposed to be Anonymous.

[As The Lost Boy staggers to his feet, the question of where Travis Lynch went to is answered...

...as a large rolling equipment case comes barreling into view, **SLAMMING** into the Lost Boy and sending him crashing down to the floor again!]

GM: OHHH! LYNCH RUNS HIM DOWN!!

[Sunshine can be heard shrieking in anger at The Lost Boy as Travis Lynch stands, leaning against the case. He turns, spotting Sunshine sneaking up on him...

...and then points an angry and threatening finger at her!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: See?! See?! He's gonna knock her out! SCUMBAG, I SAY!  
SCUMMMBAG!

GM: She was sneaking up on him and he's just trying to back her off so he can deal with The Lost Boy!

[Sunshine backpedals, squealing with terror as Lynch stalks towards her, shouting at her.]

BW: This ain't right, Gordo! He's terrorizing her!

GM: He's not going to lay a hand on her, Bucky. He's just trying to scare her!

BW: It's working! She looks terrified!

[Sunshine ducks out of view, Travis pursuing.]

GM: Where did she...?

BW: They're out here!

[The crowd roars as Sunshine backs into view through the curtain in a black designed mini-skirt, red high heels, her #ScumbagTravis t-shirt, and a stylish leather jacket over it. Lynch follows her through a few moments later, still in the same attire we saw him in earlier.]

GM: Sunshine's trying to get some room between her and Travis Lynch but-

BW: But Lynch is stalkin' her like the scumbag he is!

[Lynch raises his arm again, pointing at Sunshine and shouting a few more words in her direction...

...just before The Lost Boy lumbers into view, clubbing Travis across the back with a steel chair!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHHH! COME ON!!

BW: What?! It's anything goes! It's not even a match! It's a fight, daddy! It's a fight!

[The Lost Boy throws the chair down, slumping over with his hands on his knees as Sunshine comes back into the shot, shouting for him to "FINISH IT! FINISH HIM!"]

GM: Sunshine wants to end this right now!

BW: She's a businesswoman, Gordo. She wants to move on in the ranks of managers here in the AWA and not be saddled with Travis Lynch all of her days. This has gone on long enough for her and she wants it over with. Can you blame her?

GM: She STARTED this thing with Travis Lynch!

BW: HE PUSHED HER DOWN!

GM: HE! DID! NOT!

[The Lost Boy abruptly grabs the nearby cameraman, shoving him down to the elevated ramp. The camera shot shifts drastically a few times before the

director cuts to a new shot, just in time to see The Lost Boy yank a cable out of the camera.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh yeah! You remember that sob story that Stench told earlier? On his first night as a wrestler, The Lost Boy hanged him with a cable!

GM: No, he's not!

BW: Oh, the heck he's not, Gordo!

[The Lost Boy loops the cable around the throat of Travis Lynch, dragging him up to his feet. Lynch is already choking, gasping for air as he struggles to free himself...

...and then it gets worse as The Lost Boy shoves him bodily off the elevated entrance ramp!]

GM: HE'S HANGING HIM! HE'S HANGING HIM!

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Lynch's legs flail about, his face rapidly turning red as the floodgates open and AWA officials come pouring from the locker room area, trying to prevent the lethal assault!]

GM: GET SOME HELP OUT HERE! NOW!

[The sea of officials are followed quickly by Air Strike, Sweet Daddy Williams, the Northern Lights, and several other wrestlers from the locker room. A few moments later, Travis Lynch is released, slumping down to the floor in a motionless heap.]

GM: Thank god! Thank god for these brave men who rushed out here to save their fellow wrestler from the clutches of The Lost Boy and Sunshine! Don't forget about Sunshine! This is all on her!

BW: Are you kidding me?! The Lost Boy is nuts! Sunshine probably has no more control over him than you have over your bowels after eating at Hernandez' place!

GM: Bucky, this is nothing to joke about. Travis Lynch appears to be okay down there on the floor. He's breathing, we can see that... but that was an attempt to do serious - permanent - damage to the man! Nothing justifies that! NOTHING!

[The Lost Boy and Sunshine are pushed back close to the ring where a beaming Sunshine is looking on as we fade to black.

Open to a pan of an empty Crockett Coliseum, before an event. The blue seats form a sea around the ring, which stands out like an island.]

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

[Brief flashes of famous faces appear as the pan continues. Vasquez. Scott. Monosso. Dufresne. Wright.]

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

[More: Rogers. Craven. Martinez (the elder). Spector. Langseth.]

VOICEOVER: And the home of the best in the world today.

[More: Shane. Martinez (the younger). Lake. Jones. Bryant.]

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

[The pan of the arena slowly morphs from a live action shot, to a 3D digitized animation shot of the exact same place. Everything looks the same, except this is no longer live footage... it looks like a video game.

And in the next shot, we see that it IS one; the stands are filled with virtual fans as a virtual Supreme Wright locks up with a virtual Dave Bryant. Rapid fire cuts to the game avatars of many AWA stars, past and present, either in ring, in selection screens, or in entrances.]

VOICEOVER: The year is 2014. And the game... has... changed.

[And cut to a still shot of Supreme Wright holding up the title after his championship win at SuperClash, because that's the cover of AWA 2K14 by 2K games.]

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[Cut.

And as we come back up to live action, we are in the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand.]

MS: The man joining me in just a moment is a man whose rise in the AWA can only be described as "meteoric." Having made an instant splash at the Stampede Cup, he then went on to win a shot at the Television Title shot at Memorial Day Mayhem. I'm speaking, of course, of Brian James. Brian, if you would join us.

[Stegglet motions off camera, and the camera turns to catch sight of Brian James bounding towards the interview area. Tall and lanky, Brian's long, "dirty" blond hair is soaked with sweat and plastered to his face. His "Claw Academy" t-shirt also clings to his chest, sweat stains visible on the front. Clearly, he's just come from a backstage workout. As always, Brian is a bundle of energy, moving back and forth, bouncing on the balls of his feet.]

MS: I suppose I don't have to ask how you're feeling tonight, Mr. James.

[Brian's fresh face lights up with enthusiasm.]

BJ: Man, Mark, I tell you, I feel so good, so excited tonight. I just have to scream...

[The pained, irritated look on Stegglet's face conveys a single message – "please don't."]

BJL: YEEAAAAAHHHHHHH!

[Stegglet winces, rubbing his ear for a moment before continuing.]

MS: The reason for your excitement is clear. Tonight, in mere moments, you have the opportunity to win the World Television Title from Ryan Martinez.

BJ: No, Mark. No...

[As Brian shakes his head, Stegglet looks on in puzzlement.]

BJ: Tonight, I am –going- to win the World Television Title!

This is my night. I can feel it in the air, Mark! Can't you? Tonight, I am going to walk out of here with that title belt around my waist.

This is my time, my night. Ryan is my friend. Ryan is as tough a son of a gun as you'll ever meet! And Ryan Martinez is a great man. But the two of us, we already agreed. This isn't about friendship, this is about competition.

And Mark, I can just feel it. I know that the Television title is mine for the taking.

MS: It certainly seems as if Ryan Martinez might be vulnerable tonight. He was in an absolute war against at Memorial Day Mayhem. He's only a small time removed from a hellacious battle with Rick Marley in Florida.

[Brian's expression hardens slightly.]

BJ: Listen Mark, if you're suggesting that I'm taking advantage of a vulnerable man, then you don't know me at all. And you certainly don't know Ryan Martinez.

Do you think anything could keep Ryan away from wrestling tonight? Ryan Martinez is a guy who won't ever quit. I know that, and the whole world knows that tonight, Ryan is bringing a hundred and ten percent.

There's a fire in Ryan Martinez. And that fire burns brighter than a few bumps and bruises. That fire is going to take him through whatever pain he might be feeling. That fire is going to burn through the Wise Men and leave the AWA a better place.

But not tonight.

[The seriousness is broken by a return of Brian's usual enthusiastic smile.]

MS: Expectations are certainly high. You've made a huge splash in a very short amount of time here in the AWA. A title victory tonight would certainly continue the story of your impressive rise.

BJ: You don't think I know that, Mark?

Like I said, Ryan is my friend. And there's one thing I've learned from my friends. Not just Ryan, but also Cody and Michael. And that's this. A man has to have a cause. There's got to be a reason for why a person does something. A reason that goes just beyond personal gain. You can't get anywhere, Mark, until you believe in something larger than yourself.

For Ryan, that cause is honor. He has a code of honor that no one can touch or blemish. He fights to show the people that you can achieve great things in an ethical way.

And for me? I fight for my teachers.

For Tiger Claw, who took me in when I was nothing more than a kid with a duffel bag and a head full of dreams. Lots of people say that Mr. Claw is a surly, nasty, miserable man. And they're all right. But he dedicated his time to training me, and to teaching me how to wrestle. He did that, not because he had to, but because he saw something in me. And I owe it to him to prove that his time wasn't wasted. Mr. Claw put me on the path. I can't let him down, not after he did all that.

And I also fight for Mr. Todd Michaelson.

I don't know where Mr. Michaelson is. I'm as in the dark as everyone else. But I do know that when I went to the Combat Corner, Mr. Michaelson was there every day. Working out with us. Giving all of us "dumb kids" the tools to make something of ourselves. You've never seen a man more dedicated to teaching, more happy to be giving a bunch of wet behind the ears kids a chance.

And Mark, do you really think I'm going to let either of those great men down?

[James is slightly choked up by the memories. His energy dies down slightly, replaced by a more intense expression.]

MS: You are certainly motivated.

BJ: I won't pretend that this won't be the fight of my life. I won't act like I'm just going to waltz in and take something that I know Ryan has sweat and bled for. I know what that World Television title means to you Ryan. And I know that you love being champion.

But I also know that tonight, I'm winning.

Tonight, I'm going to shake your hand, and then, I'm going to kick you, punch you, and do my best to tie you into knots. And I know that you're going to come at me and chop me until my chest is bleeding and drop me on my head until I'm even goofier than usual. That's what you want, and it's what I want too.

And I hope, in the end, when I win, you'll shake my hand too. We both know each other really well, Ryan.

But I am taking that title tonight. Tonight is my night, Ryan. Now, for all the fans out there, let's hear you scream one more time...

[Brian's head falls back, and he lets out a loud scream much to Stegglet's chagrin. And as Mark is left rubbing his ear again, Brian sprints off, as eager and energetic as ever.]

MS: The challenger is ready... but what about the champion? Jason?

[We crossfade from Mark Stegglet to Jason Dane who is standing in a different part of the backstage area.]

JD: In the days following SuperClash V, with the fall of both Stevie Scott and Chris Blue, it became clear to everyone that the AWA needed a man to stand up to the Wise Men. One man heard that call, and has found himself taking the lead in the battle against the Wise Men. The man joining me right now.

[The camera pans from Jason Dane to the man who stands next to him. The AWA's White Knight, and reigning Television Champion, Ryan Martinez. He's already dressed for the ring, wearing his trunks and hoodie. The World Television Title belt is slung over his shoulder, held in place by his hand. Ryan looks sober and serious, as he always does.]

JD: I have to ask you, Mr. Martinez, how does it feel to be standing at the vanguard of the growing movement against the Wise Men? You've become the person that all others rally around. It has to feel good, knowing that you've inspired a movement on this scale.

[Martinez exhales slowly, and shakes his head.]

RM: Jason, I won't lie. It would be really easy to stand here and talk about how I did this, and I did that. I could call myself the White Knight, and all of the other things that people say about me.

But I won't.

This isn't about Ryan Martinez. Maybe I started it, but what's happening in the AWA isn't about one person. This isn't my movement. This is a movement made up of a dozen voices, and it's a movement for the fans of the AWA.

I did what had to be done. And I'll continue to do it. I'll be here to fight the good fight until the day they take me out feet first. I'll be the man the fans need me to be. But I am not alone. I've never been alone. I'm not carrying this on my back.

I'm standing on the shoulders of all the people who make this possible.

JD: No one can doubt your commitment to the cause. But you and your allies have suffered some significant setbacks. After Memorial Day Mayhem, you've got to be very unhappy.

RM: Unhappy.

[He shakes his head.]

RM: I feel sick to my stomach, Jason!

JD: No doubt that sickness you feel is due to your loss at Memorial Day Mayhem. You, Eric Preston and Bobby O'Connor entered into that match confident, and it has to be hard, dealing with the loss.

[Ryan's head ducks for a moment, before he looks up, his eyes clear as he stares into the camera.]

RM: It's true Jason, we didn't win on Memorial Day. The Dogs of War have a victory over us. That can't be taken away, and I'm not the sort of man who runs from the hard truths. The Dogs of War won. They beat us. That's the truth. But every dog has his day, Jason, and soon enough, it'll be the day that those dogs get the whipping they deserve.

Since I've got here, I've been kicked in the head more than once. I've been knocked out, and I've been busted up. And before this is all over... I know I'm going to get a hell of a lot worse. I expect to bleed. I expect to have my teeth knocked out and my body thrown all around.

But here's what they can expect - you see Ryan Martinez get knocked down ten times, you can expect to see him get up eleven. You see Bobby O'Connor get pinned, you can expect to see him come back, looking for a fight and winning the next round. You see Eric Preston get knocked back a step, you can expect that he'll be charging forward, right through anyone that stands in his path.

One victory doesn't win a war. And I've said all along that that's what this is, a war.

But I can stomach a loss. I don't like it, but I know that there'll be another day, another fight, and another time when the Dogs of War will get what's theirs. No, what made me sick was watching as the Wise Men used the AWA as a stage to play out all of their sick, twisted fantasies.

I saw a guy like Brad Jacobs, who, I remind you, I've got firsthand knowledge of. I saw that big, tough, proud man, get forced down to his



knees. Blackmailed, forced to grovel to protect his family. I saw an honorable man forced to be the servant of men whose necks he should have snapped.

I watched Kolya Sudakov, as legendary a man as the AWA has ever seen, sell his soul for the sake of the almighty dollar. I saw Larry Doyle, a first rate scumbag, use his bloody money to buy the soul of a man that no one would have ever thought could turn out to be so dirty. Kolya – I don't know you, but I do know this. You're not worthy of respect any longer. You remember this Sudakov, it profits a man nothing if he gains the world at the cost of his soul.

And while I've never approved of his actions, Supreme Wright lost his title, not because he was beaten, but because the deck was stacked against him. Dave Bryant is our World Champion, and he will make a fine champion. But Bryant's reign should come after he put the man down or made him tap, not because Meekly was for sale.

Well, as far as I am concerned, Memorial Day Mayhem was where the line in the sand was crossed.

And there'll be no saving the men who crossed it.

[The camera lingers on Martinez' determined expression for several beats, before cutting back to Jason.]

JD: What was your reaction to the confrontation your friend and tag team partner Eric Preston had with Juan Vasquez? You two have been standing on the forefront against the Wise Men, and it seems as though Mr. Preston might have cost you a potential ally.

RM: My reaction...

[Ryan again shakes his head, then looks down and back up, grimacing.]

RM: Me and Eric... we have different philosophies on some things. No two men are alike, Jason, and even though we've got the same ideals and the same principles... I'm just... I have to be honest, I don't know what he was thinking.

JD: Do you think Preston got in his head, is it possible that Eric's words were in Juan's mind during his match with Dave Cooper?

RM: Is it possible? Sure. But I won't pretend I know what goes on in Juan Vasquez's head. What is clear is that we've got to step our game up. The Wise Men have FAR too much control, they've got far too much sway, they've got too much damn power. And Juan Vasquez is someone who could have been a valuable ally, but we all saw what happened. We lost an ally. And Eric needs to...

[Martinez stops in mid-sentence, puts his hand up and shakes his head.]

RM: No, not right now. I can't get into this now. Me and Eric have some things to hash out, but that isn't for in front of the camera. Jason, I've been here all this time, and I've talked about everything –but- what is on tonight's agenda. We need to talk about the Television Title, and we need to talk about Brian James.

JD: Before we do that, I want to take us back in time for a moment. Because you began your tenure as World Television Champion in spectacular fashion. Last Friday, May 30th, fans in Orlando, Florida were treated to a match that many insiders are calling one of the best of the year, when you successfully defended your title against Rick Marley.

RM: It was, as they say, Jason, a hell of a match. And Marley put up a hell of a fight. I know it could have gone the other way. And I know, sooner or later, my path will cross with Rick Marley's again.

JD: It was It was an epic confrontation, and a match that the fans who attended will never forget. And it brings me to something that's obvious. Your first defense was against Rick Marley, tonight you defend against Brian James. And then, if you're victorious, you face Tony Sunn. This is, without a doubt, the most ambitious defense schedule for any World Television Champion in the AWA's history.

RM: Ambitious? You bet your butt, Jason Dane.

I didn't win a title belt so that I could just sit around and shine up the faceplate. This is the World TELEVISION title belt, and every time I'm on television, I'm going to be defending this belt. And not just against anyone who happens to be in the locker room. I'm going to defend it against the very this sport has to offer.

Steel sharpens steel, Jason Dane, and I aim to be razor sharp.

JD: And so tonight, the son of the Blackheart takes on the son of the Badboy.

[Ryan nods.]

RM: Let me tell you something. Brian James is a guy who has had a lot of time sparring in the gym with dangerous men like Tiger Claw. He's helped train Kenta Kitazawa. He helped me train. But this is a fight, Brian James, and the rules of a fight are a heck of a lot different than the rules of a spar. You've been in the gym a lot, but tonight, you learn what a fight is all about.

JD: Speaking of fights, you have had your share, not only of fights, but of all out wars. From your wars during last year's Stampede Cup to the war you engaged in with Gunnar Gaines against The Blonde Bombers, to your war against Gunnar Gaines himself. And ever since SuperClash, it's fair to say that those wars have only escalated in terms of the violence and the toll it's taken on your body. We saw you suffer a Concussionizer at Memorial Day Mayhem. We saw you powerbombed on the concrete in Japan. We saw you

in a hard fought match against Rick Marley. Many people are asking, just how much more can you take?

[Ryan turns to look at Jason, eyes narrowed.]

RM: I can take it all, Jason. Everything that's thrown at me, and more. That's the man I was raised to be. That's the kind of wrestler, and champion that I am.

Do you see this, Jason?

[Ryan points to the title belt on his shoulder, as Dane nods.]

RM: That means that I am the World Television Champion. That means that I won this belt. And so long as I'm wearing it, that means that, when all the chips are down, when everyone has counted me out...

I'll just keep finding a way.

JD: But Brian James is relatively fresh. And he certainly has momentum on his side. From his surprise entry at The Cup to his impressive win during the Mayhem match. More than one person is saying that tonight is Brian James' night.

RM: I know what they're saying. But I'm too young to be the old dog. And, I'm telling you right now, that this is Brian James' night to find out what it takes to be in the big leagues with the heavy hitters. You might say it's his night, but it's his night to be taught the lessons I've already had to learn.

Because I've been where you are. I know what's going on. And just as I had to learn, so do you too, Brian.

And what are they saying about Brian James?

Son of a legend. Hungry young lion eager to take his first taste of gold. A man that came out of nowhere and has taken the world by storm. Someone determined to find his own path and forge his own legacy. Someone who doesn't want and doesn't need to ride on his father's coattails. A hard hitting kid that may have more guts than brains.

Jason, seems like I've heard this song before.

[Dane nods his head and grins slightly.]

RM: I've looked into the eyes of Brian James, and I know what's there. A hunger. A hunger to be champion. A hunger so great that all you can think about is being champion. I know that you're tough, and I know that you've done nothing but train for this moment your whole life, and that since you won at Mayhem, all that hard work has tripled in anticipation. And now, you're so close, so very close that you can taste it. And that's in your eyes too.

I know because I've seen that look every time I look in the mirror.

You're a good man, Brian James. I count you the same way I count Eric Preston, and Bobby O'Connor, and the Lynches, as one of my brothers. I know what kind of man you are. I respect you, and anytime you need me, I'll be there. But don't think this isn't the toughest fight of your life, Brian.

My father has a saying that, until tonight, I never quite understand. But it fits this situation. All the respect in the world isn't going to save you from getting your butt kicked tonight, Brian James.

Because Brian, where you want to be is where I am.

What you want, I have.

And I'm a long way from being finished.

You want to climb that mountain Brian, and to get there, you have to knock me off. Well, we're both of us young lions, and I'm not ready to move on yet. I'm not finished getting to where I'm going. And I'm not letting you knock me back a step.

So tonight, as you're taking it to me, you need to understand that I'll be taking it to you. I am the World Television Champion, and if you want what I have, you've got to beat me. Maybe one day, you'll be there. But that day isn't today.

Have I been kicked around? I have. Am I tired and sore? You bet I am. But am I ready to roll over? No I am not. This isn't going to be an easy night for you, Brian James. You are not strolling to victory tonight. You're in for the fight of a lifetime. You're going to go far in this business. You're going to have a great career. But no matter how many legendary matches you're in, you'll never forget tonight.

This is the fight of your life, Brian James.

What you're becoming Brian James. I am. All the things you're hearing now, I've heard them and overcome them. I've been here a few years now, and I know what it's like to be think your middle name is "The son of the legendary." I've been through that. And I've stepped out of the shadow that currently hangs over you.

You'll get there, but you're not there yet.

And I've fought too hard. Done too many things to let you take this. From my first night in the AWA until right now, I've sweat and I've bled, and I've proven myself. You will do all those things Brian. But you haven't yet.

And you're not going to make your name by stepping over me.

You can't have my title Brian James. And you can't beat me for it. I'm bringing everything I have tonight. And I guarantee you that I've got more

than you can handle. You are my friend, my brother. But you are going to lose tonight.

Count on it.

[His face set in steely determination, Ryan strides off, confident and fired up...

...and we slowly fade back to the squared circle where a familiar face is standing. It's one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance, Jon Stegglet.]

JS: It's been another exciting night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling and in just a few moments, it'll be Main Event time here on SNW with the World Television Title on the line. But tonight's show has been interesting for a very different reason as well. Throughout the night, we've heard from a handful of the men who will be seeking the position of AWA President. We'll be hearing from more of them in the weeks to come as the ownership of this company tries to determine who will be the next to fill that role.

But the reason I'm out here is to let you, the fans, know that you will play an important role in the final decision of who will be the next AWA President.

[The crowd buzzes as Stegglet pauses.]

JS: By the end of the night at Guts & Glory, we will have revealed every candidate who will be competing for that job. And in the days that follow, you - the AWA fans - will have your chance to vote for your favorite.

On an upcoming Saturday Night Wrestling, we will invite two candidates to appear and make their final pitch. One of them will be the person you voted for... the other will be one of our selection.

And we will make the final decision LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling that night.

[Cheers from the crowd.]

JS: We look forward to what should be a fantastic summer of action and we look forward to you having a say as to who will help guide this company moving forward. Thank you for your time and enjoy the Main Ev-

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play, as the crowd goes nuts at the sight of the former two-time AWA National Champion, Juan Vasquez. The former champ has seen better days, wearing an eyepatch over his left eye and with his right arm in a sling. He moves with a slight limp, looking nothing like the man that has battled in some of the fiercest in-ring wars in the history of the AWA. He's dressed in a black hoodie with the newest design AWA "Combat Corner" t-shirt underneath. Stepping through the ropes, he speaks briefly off-mic to Jon Stegglet who

nods, handing over the mic and making his own exit. Vasquez takes a long look around the arena before he begins to speak.]

JV: I...

[The crowd drowns him out with a roar of cheers. He cracks a smile, before continuing on.]

JV: I kept my promise.

[The crowd shouts with approval.]

JV: At Memorial Day Mayhem, I defeated Dave Cooper and I banished him from the AWA. I've got one eye, I've got one arm, and my body hurts all over, but nothing makes me prouder than to say that I was able to win that match for all of you!

[Once again, the crowd cheers!]

JV: But...that victory didn't come without a cost.

[A frown forms on Juan's face.]

JV: When I said that I had enough left in me to take down Dave Cooper, that wasn't an exaggeration. I went into that match injured and I came out of it even worse. After that match, you all saw me get stretchered out; and you all know it had to have been bad, 'cause if I could've walked out under my own power, you know I would've.

But I couldn't. Simple as that. I COULDN'T.

[He looks down at the canvas for a moment, before raising his head with a pained expression on his face.]

JV: After the match, I saw my doctors and they confirmed to me, what I already knew. It IS that bad. Real bad. The simple fact is, this body's gone through too many battles and too many wars...

...and it all finally caught up to me.

[He takes a deep breath, readying himself for what he's going to say next.]

JV: That's why I'm here tonight...

...to announce my indefinite leave of absence from the American Wrestling Alliance.

[The crowd gasps, roaring in shock at the announcement. Juan shakes his head at their reaction. A voice from the crowd yells, "SAY IT AIN'T SO, JUAN!"]

JV: It's not my choice, but believe me, I've got no choice.

I've been doing this for eighteen years and there's nothing in the world that I love more than to wrestle in front of all of you, but with the way my body is now, I CAN'T wrestle. And it hurts. It hurts more than any injury I've ever suffered inside this ring.

[He closes his eyes and grimaces, trying to remain his composure.]

JV: I know somewhere in this building, Percy Childes and The Wise Men are smiling. I know that with Juan Vasquez gone, they think they've finally won.

Let's get one thing straight.

You bastards haven't won a damn thing.

[Big Pop!]

JV: I might be leaving, but your fight's just beginning. I see the next generation of wrestling; men like Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez who will pick up the torch that I've left behind and carry it proudly against you. I see the future of the AWA and it's a beautiful thing. I see the end of The Wise Men...

...and it's a beautiful thing!

[The crowd goes wild!]

JV: I won't pretend to know what's been going on in Supreme Wright's head since SuperClash, but I know damn well...EVERYBODY knows, that there ain't a single thing in this world that man treasures more than the World Title. You might've stolen it away from him, but making an enemy out of THAT man, just might've been your stupidest mistake.

Wake the hell up and get your head outta' your ass, Supreme, 'cause we need you to do the right thing.

[Juan then turns his attention up the rampway, all the way to the back.]

JV: Eric.

[There's cheers from the crowd for the mention of Eric Preston.]

JV: I know you're listening, but I've already said everything I had to say to you. Remember my words. I can't do this anymore, but YOU can. I KNOW you can.

I leave the future of the AWA in your hands.

[Juan then turns his attention to the crowd.]

JV: I can leave the AWA with a smile on face, because I know that when I come back, there WILL be an AWA to come back to.

You hear me, Percy?

"When I come back."

[Pop!]

JV: I will be back.

[Big Pop!]

JV: I will be back.

[Bigger Pop!]

JV: I.

WILL.

BE.

BACK!

[MASSIVE POP! And with that, Juan drops the microphone to the canvas and steps through the ropes, making his way up the rampway as the crowd rises out of their seats, sending him off with a standing ovation. Juan stops at the top of the ramp, taking one last look at the fans and raises a fist of acknowledgement, before stepping through and disappearing behind the curtains as we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow. What a moment, fans! We knew Juan Vasquez was physically and mentally banged up. We knew he'd been through hell with Dave Cooper and that Exploding Ring match back in March. And we all saw him go out on that stretcher at Memorial Day Mayhem... but I don't think any of us expected to see this happen here tonight, Bucky.

BW: My sources were silent on this one, Gordo. I don't know if Vasquez knew tonight, two weeks ago, two days ago... who knows. But the man says he's gotta take some time off to recover and if you know Juan Vasquez like we do, you know that if he's taking time off - it's gotta be bad.

GM: Juan Vasquez walks out through that curtain. He says it won't be the end. He promises that he will be back. But when? And with a huge potential weapon in the fight against the Wise Men gone, what in the world will he be coming back to? Good luck, my friend... take care of yourself... we'll be here waiting when you're ready.

BW: Now it really is up to Preston and Martinez to carry the fight on.

GM: It certainly is... and what does that do - mentally - to Ryan Martinez moments before he comes out here to defend the World Television Title? It's



time to find out. For the final time tonight, let's head back up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following 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... the challenger...

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

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

BRIAN JAMES!

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

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

GM: One of the hottest rising stars in the entire wrestling world, Brian James debuted back in March at the Stampede Cup, helping Michael Aarons get to the Finals... and then two weeks ago, he shocked the world by winning the first-ever Mayhem match to earn this title shot here tonight!

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

BW: For a rookie who is probably in over his head tonight, he doesn't look to be showing any signs of nerves, Gordo.

GM: He certainly doesn't. This kid looks ready for the biggest match of his life.

[The music fades into 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: And his opponent... from Los Angeles, California...

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

PW: Weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds... he is the AWA World Television Champion...

[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...

RYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN MARRRRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZ!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face. He pauses, looking out over the crowd. As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope. He quickly unzips his hoodie, throwing it to the turnbuckles and revealing the glittering title belt strapped around his waist.]

Ryan wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are taped with glossy black tape. Ryan steps to the middle of the ring, bouncing up and down, staring across the ring at Brian James who is shifting his weight from foot to foot in the corner.]

GM: The World Television Champion, the White Knight of the AWA, Ryan Martinez has taken the point in this war against the Wise Men and tonight, he looks to make his second successful defense of the TV Title.

BW: But if he does, he's got Tony Sunn waiting in the wings, Gordo! Ryan Martinez is out of his mind. He needs to lighten up on his title defense schedule or he's gonna run himself right into the ground.

GM: You could be right but before he can worry about Tony Sunn or anyone else, he's gotta get through Brian James right here tonight.

[Martinez unlatches the title belt, handing it over to the referee...]

GM: Wait a... that's Marty Meekly!

[Ryan Martinez seems to suddenly realize the same thing, not taking his hand off the belt.]

GM: Marty Meekly is in probation. We knew he'd be officiating here tonight but... really?! He's officiating another title match after-

BW: Hey, he wasn't found to be at fault for anything! Marty Meekly as the referee is perfectly valid!

GM: I can't believe the Championship Committee would put him in this position where he could potentially cause another title change if he's, in fact, in the pocket of the Wise Men.

BW: Or Dave Bryant. Or the Committee itself!

GM: Stop trying to confuse the situation.

[Meekly pleads his case to Martinez who reluctantly lets go of the title belt, allowing it to slip through his fingers.]

BW: Ryan Martinez may have just touched that title belt for the final time. It may be all over now, Gordo.

GM: I'm a lot less confident in Ryan Martinez' chances now that I see Marty Meekly as the official of record for this matchup.

BW: Hey, if you consider Meekly innocent until proven guilty, then what better way to test him out and see where his allegiance lies, Gordo.

GM: I suppose.

[Meekly holds the title belt over his head, showing it to all sides of the building before folding it up and giving it to the timekeeper. Brian James walks out to the middle, looking dead into the eyes of his fellow young lion...

...and extends his hand, offering a handshake.]

GM: A good show of sportsmanship there by Brian James. You can bet he learned that in the Combat Corner from Todd Michaelson.

[Martinez nods, shaking the hand of Brian James. As James pulls his hand back, we can see black tape wrapped around the fingers that Supreme Wright assaulted a month ago.]

GM: You can see that tape on the fingers. Brian James perhaps still feeling the effects of the former World Champion's attack on him a while back.

BW: You like saying that, don'tcha? "Former" World Champion.

GM: That's what he is, right? Although I'm surprised we didn't hear from Supreme Wright here tonight at all. I would imagine he's got plenty to say about what happened two weeks ago in Gainesville.

[The referee steps in, forcing both men away from one another...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! Ten minute time limit with the World Television Title on the line!

[James throws a quick pair of jabs that Martinez manages to backpedal to avoid, shaking his head at the incoming challenger who keeps on coming, throwing a roundhouse kick combo'd right into a spinning back kick, both coming up short as Martinez backs off again...

...and ends up right against the turnbuckles!]

GM: James forces him back to the corner and-

[The son of the Blackheart raises his hands, slowly backing off for the clean break to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Clean break by Brian James... and you have to really appreciate a matchup like this. You've got two young men... both sons of former World Champions... both sons of Hall of Famers. James is 20 years old, Martinez is 23. This is truly the future of our sport on display here tonight, Bucky.

[James rubs his hands together, waving Martinez out of the corner out to the center of the ring. The AWA's White Knight obliges, edging out a little bit at a time...

...and the two collide in a collar and elbow tieup, jostling for position!]

GM: Martinez using his strength advantage, pushing James back against the ropes...

[The referee steps in, starting a count again. He quickly gets to four as Martinez breaks, backing up with his hands raised...

...and Marty Meekly gets right up in the face of Ryan Martinez, shouting at the Television Champion.]

GM: Meekly's right up in his face!

BW: Martinez was breaking the rules and Marty Meekly wants to make sure he knows it.

[A disgruntled Martinez walks away, kicking the bottom rope in frustration as Meekly continues to read him the riot act.]

BW: Meekly's strictly enforcing the rules and you're mad about it, Gordo!

GM: I'm not mad about that... I'm mad about the aggressive posture he's taking for a relatively minor infraction of the rules. You know there's something else going on here, Bucky.

[Martinez turns back towards James, diving back into a tieup. James slips the tieup, smashing a forearm into the jaw. A second one stuns Martinez, sending him staggering back as James hits the ropes, rebounding off with a high front kick to the sternum, knocking Martinez back against the ropes.]

GM: The dangerous striking skills of Brian James has Martinez on the ropes.

[A few short forearms to the jaw leave Martinez stunned as James grabs the arm for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip coming up...

[James sets for a backdrop as Martinez comes off the far side...

...but the champion takes advantage of the rookie mistake, pulling him to drive a boot up into the mush!]

GM: Ohh! The challenger set too early and the champion takes advantage of it. He goes to the ropes again!

[James immediately straightens up, staggering backwards as Martinez hits the ropes again.]

GM: Martinez coming back...

[The White Knight throws himself into a spear tackle, breaking James down to the canvas. Martinez scrambles to take the mount, winding up the right hand...]

GM: Punches from the mount! Martinez is raining down right hands on-

[Meekly immediately steps in, shouting at Martinez. The puzzled Television Champion looks up at the referee who lifts a closed fist, slapping his open palm with it.]

GM: He's warning Martinez for the clenched fists!

BW: As he should!

GM: Of course he should but-

[As Martinez argues with Meekly, James swings his long legs up, hooking them under Martinez' arms and drags him down into a makeshift sunset flip rollup.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd "ohhhhs!" as Martinez just barely gets the shoulder off the mat in time.]

GM: How close was that?! Brian James was a half count away from becoming the new World Television Champion, fans! Ryan Martinez got himself distracted arguing with Marty Meekly and it almost cost him everything!

[Martinez is fuming mad as he gets back up, burying a knee into the midsection of the challenger before he can get off any offense. He grabs the arm, firing James into the corner...

...and barrels in after him, connecting with a big clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Big clothesline in the corner!

[Grabbing the arm again, Martinez whips him across a second time, charging in after him...

...and swings his leg up into a big running boot to the jaw!]

BW: YAAAAAKUUUUZAAAAAA!

[James starts to wobble out but Martinez shoves him back in, lifting his right hand to a big reaction from the crowd. The chop lands and quickly the Dallas crowd picks up on their cue as Martinez unleashes chop after chop on the trapped challenger.]

"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 receive more!]

"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!]"

[After the final blow lands, Martinez throws James out of the corner, watching him crumple to the canvas. The World Television Champion moves in, diving across the chest in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But James lifts the shoulder at the count of two!]

GM: Two count only right there as the champion comes up short in his bid to retain the title. Marty Meekly showing two fingers to the champion.

BW: Looked like a good count to me.

GM: I have to agree, Bucky. But with the controversy surrounding Marty Meekly at Memorial Day Mayhem, all eyes will be on him every time he steps inside the ring to officiate a match for quite some time.

BW: So much for innocent until proven guilty.

[Martinez pulls James off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...

...but James slips out, wrapping his legs around Martinez' legs. He uses a takedown similar to a drop toehold but goes the opposite direction, taking Martinez down onto his rear!]

GM: Oh! Unique takedown by James and-

[James keeps rolling and DRILLS Martinez between the eyes with a hard kick!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Unique takedown and a unique way to work your way into position to lay out the TV Champion with a kick to the skull, daddy. Brian James may not be like his dearly departed father in there but he's definitely got skills.

[With Martinez down, James rolls into the mount, unleashing punches from his own. The referee starts counting... perhaps a little bit slower than he did for Ryan Martinez but if so, it's just a hair.]

GM: Come on, ref! If you're going to break this up for Martinez for using the closed fists, you gotta do the same here!

[The referee's count reaches four before James backs off, hands open and up. Meekly gives him a few words as James nods, circling the rising Television Champion.]

GM: James sizing him up, moves in quickly...

[He wraps his arms around the waist, rolling to the side and taking him down with something resembling a belly-to-back suplex but with practically no lift - just impact.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: That looked like some kind of judo throw. James has experience in several different martial arts including judo so he's got that in his arsenal as well.

[James scampers back up, leaping sky high to drop a knee down across the sternum.]

GM: High kneedrop connects! He covers for one! He's got two! He's got-

[The champion lifts his shoulder off the mat as James sits back, swinging his legs up to scissor the left arm...]

GM: He's going for the cross armbreaker!

[Martinez promptly grasps his trapped wrist, trying to avoid James being able to pull the arm out straight, preventing him from being able to hyper-extend the elbow.]

GM: Martinez is trying to fight the armbar! He's trying to fight the cross armbreaker and-

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[James lifts his right leg, swinging his calf down into the face of Martinez once... twice... three times...

...and then reapplies the scissor, trying to get the armbreaker locked in!]

GM: James continues to fight to get that hold applied as Martinez fights to avoid that hold!

BW: Hey, Gordo... let's just say that Marty Meekly is what you think he is.

GM: Okay.

BW: What happens if Martinez gets hooked in this armbar?

GM: My stars, you're right! Fight it, Ryan! Fight this hold! Ryan Martinez can NOT afford to get hooked in any kind of armbar... any kind of submission hold at all!

[Martinez struggles to get to a knee, trying to find a way out. From a knee, he swings his right hand repeatedly into the ribs, trying to break the grip on his other arm...



...and somehow yanks it free, grabbing both legs.]

GM: CATAPULT!

[James lands on the second rope on his feet to a big cheer. Martinez scrambles back up to his feet...

...just as James leaps off, twisting around, and DRIVING a kick into the head of Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A dazed Martinez staggers towards the corner, falling chestfirst into the turnbuckles as James pops back in, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[James pops his hips, elevating Martinez up and over into a perfectly bridged German Suplex...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ LIFTS THE SHOULDER IN TIME!!

[James rolls to the side, slamming both fists down into the mat. He glares at the referee who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Marty Meekly says it was a two count.

BW: James is questioning him. Why? What reason does Marty Meekly have to lie about the count?

GM: Are you serious right now?! We've got about four minutes remaining in the time limit as James gets to his feet, pulling Martinez up.

[He pulls the World Television Champion into the Muay Thai clinch, rocketing knees up into the skull of Martinez, sending him falling back into the corner.]

GM: Martinez falls back to the buckles and James is moving in on him again.

[James sets, looking more like a boxer than a wrestler for a moment. He snaps off three quick left jabs to the jaw before throwing a right hook. Martinez raises his arm to block, causing James' hook to smash into the champion's elbow...

...and immediately recoils in pain, grabbing at his taped fingers.]

GM: Oh! I think he jammed his fingers!

BW: The fingers that Supreme Wright hurt about a month ago!

[James is wincing in pain, grabbing at his hand as Martinez staggers out of the corner...]

...and the challenger wheels around, throwing a kick to the inner thigh... very close to a low blow!]

GM: Ohh! That was close, Bucky!

BW: He almost caught him low!

GM: Perhaps a little bit of frustration being shown by Brian James after he hurt those fingers.

[With Martinez down on a knee, James steps up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!

[Martinez crumples as James dives across him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The champion's shoulder FLIES up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt just in the nick of time.]

GM: Wow! How close was that, fans?! We were a half count away from seeing the crowning of a brand new World Television Champion!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[James again balls up his fist, slamming it repeatedly into the mat.]

GM: So much frustration showing through on the young man from Portland, Oregon as he climbs to his feet, trying desperately to find a way to finish off Ryan Martinez in the next two minutes of action.

[The rookie drags Martinez off the mat, slinging him over a shoulder and marching to the corner where he deposits him on the top rope.]

GM: James is going for the superplex!

BW: That might be enough if he hits it, Gordo!

GM: You could be right!

[James steps up to the second rope, pulling Martinez into a front facelock. He slings the champion's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: He's got it set! Can he get the champion up and over?

[But as he tries, Martinez rifles off a series of short right hands into the ribcage!]

GM: Martinez is fighting back! He's fighting back!

[The blows stun James, allowing Martinez to slip out of the superplex attempt...

...where he leaps off the top, attempting to take James over with a sunset flip powerbomb!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: James is hanging on! He's hanging on for dear life!

[Martinez is standing on the mat, trying to yank the challenger down into a powerbomb...

...and then gives up, spinning out to slam a forearm into the back of James, stunning him. He slips under him, lifting James out in an electric chair lift.]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[Martinez catches the struggling James' arms, crossing them over so that the champion's got James' left wrist with his right hand and his right wrist with the left. He backs out to the middle of the ring...]

BW: KNIGHT'S END!

[...and DRIVES James back down to the canvas with a thunderous Ocean Cyclone Suplex, bridging back as Meekly drops down to all fours.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Martinez wins! Martinez retains the title and-

BW: DOGS!

[Before the champion has even regained his feet, the sight of Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker coming over the ring barricade and storming the ring is abundantly clear.]

GM: The Dogs of War are here! The Dogs of War have hit the ring!

[Perez promptly pulls Brian James off the mat, lifting him up for a belly to back suplex as Carpenter springs off the ropes, leaping up...

...and DRIVING James down with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHH!

[Walker leans back against the ropes, swinging his muscular arms across his body as he waits for James to get up with the aid of Carpenter and Perez...

...and then barrels across the ring, throwing a huge clothesline that takes James over the top and out to the floor!]

GM: THE DOGS OF WAR HAVE CLEARED OUT BRIAN JAMES!!

BW: And NOW they get who they came for, daddy!

GM: The Dogs of War are here for Ryan Martinez!

[By this point, Martinez is up, ready to fight as he gets swarmed by the midnight blue clad trio. He tries to defend himself, flailing about with fists and forearms but quickly gets run over, taken down to the mat where a wild-eyed Pedro Perez is raining down fists on him as Walker and Carpenter add stomps!]

GM: They've got Martinez down! They've got him down and they're putting the boots to him in the center of the ring!

[Perez breaks away, allowing Carpenter to drag a struggling Martinez back to his feet where Walker hits the ropes...

...and SPEARS Martinez, nearly breaking the World Television Champion in half!]

GM: Good god! What a shot by Wade Walker and-

[HUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: PRESTON!! HERE COMES PRESTON!

[The former Combat Corner student comes barreling down the elevated entrance ramp, diving through the ropes into the ring. He makes a bee-line straight for Perez, throwing himself into a full body tackle and taking him down to the mat!]

GM: PRESTON TAKES DOWN PEREZ!

[The fiery Preston lands several big bombs from the mount before Isaiah Carpenter rushes in, throwing a spinning back kick into the base of Preston's neck, causing him to pitch forward and down to the canvas.]

GM: My stars! This is a mugging! They've got Preston up off the mat and-

[Walker waves for Carpenter and Perez to get him up, looking for a killshot.]

GM: We're being told that Bobby O'Connor left the building already! AWA doctors made him take the night off after he-

BW: Oh, this is like a bad dream for Martinez and Preston! Look at this!

[The boos gets louder as the camera cuts to the top of the ramp where Johnny Detson is jogging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: What the hell is he doing out here?!

BW: I'll give you one guess, Gordo! It's like someone turned on the Wise Men signal and shouted "WISE MEN ASSEMBLE!" to the masses! The Dogs of War are working over Martinez and Preston and here comes Johnny Detson to join in!

[Detson steps through the ropes, waving for his shot at Preston. Walker glares at Detson, backing away as Carpenter shoves Preston towards Detson who buries a boot into the gut.]

GM: Detson's going for the Hoyle Driver! He double underhooks the arms...

[The former World Champion leaps up, DRIVING Preston facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! HE SPIKED HIM!!

[Detson gets back to his feet, taunting the jeering fans as the Dogs of War encircle Preston and Martinez, perhaps looking to finish the job once and for all...

...when a HUGE CHEER goes up!]

GM: CARVER! CARVER!

[A pissed-off looking Hannibal Carver comes storming down the aisle, clutching a steel chair in his hands!]

BW: AND HE AIN'T COMIN' ALONE, DADDY!

[Carver is quickly down the aisle, stepping through the ropes where he promptly jabs the edge of the seatback into Isaiah Carpenter's midsection before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF CARPENTER!!

[Carver winds up again as Wade Walker charges, throwing himself into a driving tackle that forces Carver to drop the chair as he slams back into the corner. Pedro Perez is right behind him, leaping up on the second rope and smashing Carver with fists to the skull as Walker holds him in place. A

smirking Detson lifts the chair off the mat, smacking it against the canvas a few times...

...and the jeers get even louder!]

GM: What in the HELL is going on here?!

BW: I'm wrong, Gordo! This ain't a bad dream! This is a damn nightmare!

[The jeers grow as Larry Doyle takes three steps down the ramp, gesturing wildly towards the ring. Kolya Sudakov wastes no time in charging down the ramp to join the fray.]

GM: Here comes Sudakov!

BW: What the heck is Jacobs doing?! Get in there, ya big oaf!

GM: The Russian War Machine is in and-

[Walker flings Carver out of the corner by the head...

...where Sudakov DRILLS him with the Russian Sickle, flattening the Boston Brawler!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Doyle gets closer to Jacobs, shouting at him repeatedly, jabbing a finger into his chest as he points down the aisle...]

GM: Doyle's ordering Jacobs to get down there and help the rest of the Wise Men's army! Percy Childes wants to stand there and tell us this isn't your normal wrestling army - well, what the hell am I looking at right now, Bucky?!

BW: This is a show of force! A message to the rest of the company! Stand up against the Wise Men and this is the price you pay, daddy!

[The Dogs of War, Johnny Detson, and Kolya Sudakov are working over Preston, Martinez, and Carver...

...when the cheers ring out again!]

GM: MAHONEY! THE ARMBAR ASSASSIN IS HEADING FOR THE RING!

[Mahoney gets about a half dozen steps down the ramp before a fuming mad Brad Jacobs grabs him, spinning him into a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Mahoney and Jacobs are brawling on the ramp! Doyle's shouting at Jacobs to get to the ring but the Fighting Irishman is having none of that, Bucky!

[Jacobs' heavy hands batter Mahoney back, sending him towards the ring where Ryan Martinez is attempting a comeback for his squad, dishing out chops to everyone in sight...

...until the Dogs of War swarm him in unison again, overwhelming him and driving him down to the mat!]

GM: Martinez trying to fight back to no avail! They're simply outnumbered! They're outgunned by the Wise Men's army and-

[A big clothesline by Jacobs takes Mahoney over the top rope, knocking him into the ring.]

GM: It's a six on four in there as Jacobs steps in... Mahoney still trying to fight back from his knees. Man, what a fighter that guy is!

[Jacobs falls back as Sudakov lights up Mahoney with three snapping roundhouse kicks to the sternum.]

GM: This is terrible... and look at Detson! Detson's telling them to get them all up! He wants them all up and he's got that chair!

[A smirking Pedro Perez pulls Eric Preston up, holding an arm as Isaiah Carpenter grabs the other. Wade Walker drags Ryan Martinez back up, holding the arms himself. Sudakov pulls up Mahoney while Jacobs drags Carver up.]

GM: Detson's telling them to line them up! He wants them all in a straight line and-

[Detson raps the chair against the mat a few times, sizing 'em up.]

BW: I think he's gonna brain 'em all with that steel chair, Gordo! He's gonna put an end to this little revolution right now and cement the Wise Men as THE power in the wrestling world!

GM: You gotta believe he's not acting alone. You gotta believe that Percy Childes put him up to this... and the Wise Men put them ALL up to this!

BW: O'Connor ain't here. Brian James is out cold on the floor. Who else they got?! Who else can-

[Detson winds up with the chair, swinging it back over his head as he steps up to Eric Preston...

...when Kanye West's "Black Skinhead" suddenly starts playing to a HUUUUGE shocked reaction!]

GM: What the-?! That's... that's Supreme Wright's music! That's-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supreme Wright steps through the curtain...

...and he does NOT look like he's in a good mood. Larry Doyle, still on the ramp, clears out as Wright begins coming down the ramp with purpose. Detson turns, waving Wright forward as he slams the chair into the canvas a few times.]

GM: WRIGHT'S COMING TO THE RING! WRIGHT'S COMING TO THE RING!!

[The former World Champion ducks through the ropes, avoiding a wild chairshot from Johnny Detson...

...and then uncorks a brutal elbow strike to the jaw of Isaiah Carpenter. A second elbow sends him back against the ropes where a rolling elbow drives him out to the floor! The crowd is going NUTS now as Wright turns, going for Johnny Detson!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Suddenly free from the grips of the Wise Men's army, Eric Preston rushes to stand back to back with his former classmate in the Combat Corner, meeting oncomers with haymakers as Wright battles with Detson.]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[Breaking away from Pedro Perez, Ryan Martinez shoves the former Combat Corner student back into the corner, lighting him up with chops as Wade Walker trades haymakers with Hannibal Carver!]

GM: MAHONEY TACKLES SUDAKOV DOWN TO THE MAT!

[The Fighting Irishman and the Russian War Machine get tangled up, rolling right under the ropes to the floor. Brad Jacobs breaks away, going to help his new ally out on the floor, evening the odds a bit inside the ring.]

GM: There are fights on the floor! Fights in the ring!

[Working in tandem, a running clothesline from Martinez and Carver knock Walker down to the mat where he rolls out to the floor. The brawling continues with Supreme Wright leading the charge, throwing elbows and kicks to Johnny Detson, forcing him out of the ring.]

GM: THEY'VE CLEARED THE RING!

[The crowd is absolutely deafening at this point as the fan favorites celebrate their triumph inside the ring. Supreme Wright is standing near the ropes, glaring at Detson as he backpedals away with the rest of his allies.]

GM: Preston is-

[Eric Preston snatches up a house mic, ready to speak...

...but before he can do it, Supreme Wright rips it right out of his hand to a shocked reaction from the crowd.]



SW: Whatever you're planning...

[Wright glares into his former ally's eyes, pressing a finger into his chest.]

SW: ...I want in.

[A hard shove of the mic to the chest punctuates his sentence as the former World Champion spins away to make his exit from the ring, leaving Martinez, Preston, Carver, and Mahoney inside the squared circle. Preston stares down the ramp at his exiting former classmate and ally before turning to face the camera, mic in hand.]

EP: Wise Men!

We. Have had. Enough!

[Preston points at the people in the ring, and then at the crowd.]

EP: Night after night, week after week, we can't have a match, we can't take a step, we can't get a drink in the back without two of ya three steps behind. You have taken money out of OUR pockets, you've taken money out of THEIR pockets-

[Preston points to the crowd.]

EP: ...and you have robbed ALL of us of the chance to succeed. You played the game masterfully, you divided and conquered, but dammit when Supreme Wright and Eric Preston are in the same ring kickin' the same tail, something's goin' down!

[The crowd cheers as Preston glares down the ramp at the exiting Wright's back.]

EP: People wanna know why I got in Juan's face before his match and what it was like getting punched in the mouth in front of millions. I was lookin' for some answers out of him, I had a question I just needed to know, and I gotta tell ya that the answer hit me a second before he did.

This is not Juan Vasquez's war. This is not his fight. This is MY fight.

[Preston motions behind him.]

EP: This is our fight. This is our livelihood, this is our job, this is OUR LIFE! And I'll be damned if I ask someone else to go fight for me when my world is on the line, I'll be damned if I ask someone else to stand on the front line when so much is at stake. Been there, done that, all I got was an empty promise and a broken mirror, because I couldn't stand to look at myself anymore.

The bottom line is that Juan Vasquez has paid his dues, he's fought his battles and he's got nothing left to give. His tank is on empty and that's

because he's been dragging this wagon for five years. He's been fighting the good fight, he's been doing right by people, he's been honoring and respecting and loving this sport and these fans for all of us, even when he had no one else by his side.

And if he doesn't have anymore bullets in the chamber, if he doesn't have anymore fight left in him, I'm not sweating it.

Because I do.

[Preston hooks a thumb to his chest, and then points at his comrades.]

EP: WE DO.

YOU DO!

[Preston motions to the crowd, who come alive.]

EP: This is OUR fight, this is OUR time, this is OUR war! We've ALL been robbed and cheated and swindled by these clowns, we've all had money taken out of our pockets and food off our table. The Wise Men have been livin' fat while we're beggin' for crumbs in the alley, tryin' to make ends meet and wonderin' when it's gonna end.

Well brother, let me tell you what my old man taught me, what Todd Michaelson beat into me, it's something YOU know and YOU know and YOU know!

If you want somethin' done, you gotta get off your ass, get your hands dirty and do it yourself.

No more waitin' for the old guard, no more waiting for the magic words, no more waiting for the cavalry. We ARE the cavalry, we ARE the army, WE will carry the wagon! It's our time to step up to the plate! It's our time to find our destiny!

[The guys in the ring are standing up behind Preston, nodding along, some bouncing on the balls of their feet, feeling the energy from the crowd...]

EP: And our destiny?

Goes right. Through. You.

[Preston points a crooked finger at the Wise Men and their charges.]

EP: This ends at Guts and Glory. YOU END at Guts and Glory. Five on five, pick your best, because these five men are walking into Hammons Field and we're not leaving until you're not moving.

It's OUR time now, and that means your time is up!

[Preston spikes the mic down to the canvas to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Charlotte crowd!]

GM: And THAT'S a challenge! Eric Preston lays it down! They're ready for a fight! They're ready for the Wise Men! We've gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you in two weeks from Memphis! So long everybody!

[With the fan favorites in the ring continuing to fire up the crowd, we slowly fade to black.]