



# SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

OKLAHOMA STATE FAIR ARENA  
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA  
JULY 19TH, 2014

[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 a panning live shot of the Oklahoma State Fair Arena commonly known as The Big House. The building is usually used for rodeo events and it shows from the dirt floor and general decor. At least the AWA has put some mats down under the ring and covering the ringside area (we've spared no expense!) for some sort of protection.]

GM: Coming off one of the greatest nights of action in the history of the American Wrestling Alliance at Guts & Glory, the AWA has stormed into Oklahoma City as the Coast To Coast tour rolls on with another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: Gordo, I know that life on the road is tough but could you manage a shower now and again?

GM: What on Earth are you talking about, Bucky?

BW: That stench! They say it's 'cause this joint is usually used for the rodeo but I think we both know better.

[As the announcers banter, we crossfade towards another panning shot, this one going around the ringside area where the first few rows of fans are screaming and stretching, trying to break into the camera shot as they wave their homemade placards and sport the latest AWA merchandise available at [AWAShop.com](http://AWAShop.com) including a few fans waving replica title belts in the air.]

GM: Guts & Glory is in the history books as all eyes turn towards Labor Day weekend in the City of Angels - Los Angeles, California - for the end of this summer's tour.

BW: You put the best the sport has to offer inside the Fabulous Forum as it was known back in the day, it will truly be the Battle Of Los Angeles, daddy!



GM: The Battle Of Los Angeles is on the horizon but tonight, we've got a big show in store for you as well.

[A second fade cuts outside the building to show late-arriving fans still filing into the arena for what promises to be an exciting night of professional wrestling action.]

GM: Our Main Event will see a massive Tag Team Battle Royal with the winning team heading over to Japan to face Violence Unlimited in the very near future.

BW: What a prize. The right to go to Japan to get your tail kicked.

GM: But if they can pull off the win against the 2014 Stampede Cup winners, it'll be a major bump for their careers. In addition to that, we'll have one of the most important moments in the history of this company as we will host an Ownership Vote, LIVE in the center of the ring, to determine who will be the next President of the AWA!

BW: I got my money. I'm votin' for Percy.

GM: You mean your money is on Percy?

BW: Is that what I said?

GM: Unbelievable.

[As we cut back into the ring, we can see that there is no entrance stage on this night as the AWA is using a simple red carpet surrounding on either sides by metal barricades that lead down the aisle towards the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the entrance curtain.

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 neon green sportscoat with a yellow t-shirt underneath, splashed with the phrase "#ScumbagTravis."]

GM: Fans, it's going to be an exciting night of action but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening match!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to go!]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, weighing in at 204 pounds... from Houston, Texas... this is Lone Star!

[The masked man in the ring raises a hand in yelled Hook 'Em Horns. His black mask is centered with a silver star, a black Stetson cowboy hat on his



thread thrown off to the side. Discarding his black fringed vest, the man is dressed in white boots and black pants with a silver strip down each side.]

GM: What can you tell us about this guy, Bucky?

BW: He's from Texas.

[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 his wrestling gear, large headphones on, hands up to hold them in place as he dances.]

PW: And his opponent... from Duluth, Minnesota... weighing in at 170 pounds...

THIS...

IS...

TOOOOOOORRRRRRAAAAAAAAAA!

[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.]

GM: I can tell you much and more about this young man, Bucky, but his action always speaks louder than my words can.

[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.]

GM: After TORA's performance against Brian James at Guts and Glory, he could very well finally not be the underdog in a match.

BW: He's still outweighed by what? Thirty pounds? Forty? I don't care who's on the other side, preliminary talent or not, if you outweigh someone by thirty pounds, you are not the underdog.

[Continuing to bob and jive, TORA reaches 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, leaning right in and lets



them take the selfie. Hopping down from the raised ring ramp, TORA makes sure to do a full round of the ringside, every hand reached out getting slapped back. He is energetic and bouncing 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: Week by week, we see more fans of this young high flyer. He's going to be a big, big star!

BW: If he learns to slow down and not try and kill himself. He's too much sizzle, not enough steak. No one ever orders sizzle at a BBQ. He might be as exciting as they come, but until he learns to wrestle like a star and carry himself like a star, he'll just be exciting.

[Then he pauses, turns and points and runs over, pulling a Macht Kraftwerk mask out of his pocket and puts it on a smiling kids 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.]

GM: And there's the bell to begin this match... and here we go!

[Immediately, the bigger Lone Star charges across the ring and starts laying forearm after forearm into the spine of TORA. Stepping back, he thwacks a toe into the high flyer's midsection, driving the wind out of him.]

GM: A hard kick by this Lone Star. Whip across... clothesline ducked and look at that!

[TORA snaps off a quick spinning headscissors, sending Lone Star tumbling.]

BW: Stay on him! When are you going to learn this?

GM: TORA picking Lone Star up now and sends him across the ring with a whip of his own but is taken down with a shoulder block...

[The crowd cheers as TORA instantly pops right back up, kippping up to his feet with a smile as the masked man takes a step back in surprise. TORA waves him off, pointing to the ropes again.]

GM: TORA's telling him to do it again.

BW: Idiot likes getting knocked down apparently.

[The masked man sneers through the cut out in his mask, turning to run across the ring...



...but TORA's following him, hitting the ropes just as Lone Star rushes past him. The masked man slams on the brakes as he realizes what happened, turning back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: RUNNING PALM STRIKE! Nice shot by the kid!

GM: One heckuva shot, Bucky.

[The energetic bundle isn't done yet either, running again to hit a leaping somersault senton, rolling to his feet and launching into a standing moonsault without effort, hooking a leg!]

GM: OH MY! ONE! TWO! Not enough but what a spectacular series of moves in a row. If TORA can do anything well, it's setting up amazing combinations like we just saw.

BW: That garner no result, Gordo. He can hit all the jazz he wants, but if it isn't finishing a match, it isn't working.

GM: He's a smaller man, the smallest in the AWA currently, Bucky. It's going to be a thousand stings, but each one of those stings hurt and each one of those stings pile up to put even the biggest dog down.

[TORA grabs Lone Star by his mask to pull him up, but in response takes an open handed thrust to the throat, putting him down to a knee as he gasps for air, clutching at his windpipe.]

GM: What a shot by Lone Star! No matter who you are, that is going to stop you dry!

BW: Now it's time for him to be an underdog alright.

[Lone Star whips TORA hard to the buckles, charging in after him...

...and runs RIGHT into a boot to the face!]

GM: Ohh! Nice count- what was that?!

[Thrusting outwards with one foot, elbows propped up in the corners, TORA uses the force to propel himself up and over, upside down, flipping right into the apron. Lone Star staggers back, shaking the cobwebs out. TORA starts stomping one foot on the apron, waving an arm to get the crowd join in with him... and they do!]

GM: This crowd is right behind TORA! He's waiting on Lone Star and... MY STARS!

[Leaping straight up, TORA launches off the top rope, landing picture perfect on his shoulders, only to snap back driving Lonestar's head into the mat with



a hurricanrana, reaching back to snap both legs in tight! The crowd pops BIG at the move, on their feet to count along.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- No! I was sure that was it! I was sure that was going to be it but somehow Lone Star was able to kick out.

BW: Size. I am telling you. This kid is too small to compete in the AWA.

GM: He's been proving you wrong night in and night out. Omaha, Wichita, Topeka, every night TORA is in the ring he proves you wrong, but you keep going back to that he's too small.

BW: He is!

[As Lone Star gets up, he holds the top of his head, trying to rub out the pain. TORA targets him, getting low and taking aim as the black-masked man turns. TORA makes a move... but takes a thumb to the eye!]

GM: Right in the eye socket!

[Lone Star once again hits the ropes, looking for anything to help him out, charging back.]

TORA: STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP!

[And Lone Star falls for it, almost pinwheeling backwards only to fall to an enzuigiri to the head that brings forth a raucous cheer from the audience!]

GM: Lone Star is down and I think... yes! TORA is going up! There are few men in the industry who are as breathtaking coming off the top rope and flying across the ring.

[TORA looks out to the cheering crowd for their approval. They give it, loudly, and he quickly gets to the apron, climbing turnbuckle after turnbuckle to the top. He perches way up there, throws up double peace signs... and leaps!]

GM: FIRE... IN... THE... SKY!

[Landing right across the chest after the twisting shooting star press, TORA bounces up, then back down laterally and hooks a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!! There we go! Another big win by TORA!

[Phil Watson makes it official as Davis Warren holds TORA's arm up in the air, celebrating his victory.]

GM: The sky is the limit for this young talent and his future in the AWA! What a big win tonight with a spectacular move to finish off the masked man, Bucky.



BW: That's all well and good against Lone Star but let's see what he can do against some REAL competition.

GM: Like the time limit draw against Brian James at Guts & Glory?

BW: No. Let's put him in there with someone like Demetrius Lake or Brad Jacobs or Terry Shane and see how he fares.

GM: TORA's willing to take on all comers if you ask me... and right now, he's down here at ringside with Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet, microphone in hand, as TORA walks into view, fresh off his victory. He's all smiles as he pats Stegglet on the back.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Fans, I'm out here right now with the man known as TORA who is fresh off a victory tonight. Congratulations on that.

[TORA nods.]

MS: But I think the question on everyone's mind here tonight is if we look back a couple of weeks ago, you had a spectacular match at Guts & Glory with Brian James that ended in a time limit draw. Many people believe that if that match had gone just a few seconds more, you would have had that match won with the Fire In The Sky. What's your mindset after that match and moving forward?

[TORA nods the entire time, smirking.]

T: Well, next time hopefully we'll get a few more seconds! But seriously, Mr. Stegglet, it was a great match and something I was proud to be a part of. BJ and I went out there and we knew it was all on the line. No holding back. All guns loaded for bear. I got the heck beat out of me, Mr. Stegglet, believe that. But I will GLADLY do that again.

MS: I think that's a match the entire world would love to see again.

T: I am here to compete, Mr. Stegglet, to do my very best and put on the flashiest, danciest, awe inspiring, high flying, death defying, "oh my god, look at that!", "I should have taken a picture", gravity ignoring, hard hitting, spin kicking performance I can each and every time I have the privilege of being in an AWA ring.

[Mark smiles as TORA pantomimes the movements.]

T: The fact is, Mr. Stegglet, that I have a long way to go here in the AWA to get to the top. But if the fine people of the towns we visit come out and see my match and go home talking about it, I'm smiling. If the kids out there yell and scream every time I hit a move, I'm smiling. If some young ladies are dancing along with my music when I enter the arena, believe it buddy...

[He gives Mark a "You know what I am talking about" elbow.]



T: ...I am smiling.

MS: What are we going to see from TORA in the future? What's next?

T: Whatever they put in front of me. Just... more awesome.

[And with that, TORA winks and heads off camera.]

MS: One of the bright, rising stars of the AWA in TORA, folks. Right now, let's go backstage to my broadcast colleague, Jason Dane, who has a special guest. Jason?

[We cut over to the backstage area, where Jason Dane stands by with the devious Mr. Sadisuto.]

Sadisuto is a short Japanese man with a pudgy build. He has slick black hair, a thin mustache, and a Fu Manchu beard. He is dressed to the nines in an expensive formal suit with a derby hat. The veteran from Tokyo carries a wooden cane with a carved dragon's head handle... the same cane that he used last time out against Nenshou. Sadisuto is smiling broadly and making slow but purposeful motions with the cane, much like attack katas. The crowd boos him persistently.]

JD: With me at this time, the man who ambushed Nenshou on the last episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, Mr. Sadisuto.

MS: Nooo. Was not ambush, boy-san. Hahaha, it was messsaaaage!

JD: You gave Nenshou a one month ultimatum to win the World Title, which was ridiculous!

MS: And oh. Poor Noboru-kun did not win title! So much shame. Vely vely much shame for him and his family, hahaha.

JD: Point blank... did his family REALLY send you, Sadisuto? And what do they expect you to do?!

MS: Of course they do, boy-san. Noboru-kun family call for me, because I know them long time. They know Mistah Sadisuto always know how to delivah message. Tonight, I have vely vely special message for Noboru-kun. I will bling him back to Japan, and you neeeever see him again, hahahaha.

[Sadisuto stops fiddling with the cane and holds up an index finger.]

MS: Unless!

JD: Unless what?

MS: Unless Noboru-kun stop being like child. He get one chance for extension. One chance. He can go back to Childes-sama, and have until end of year. If no, well...



[Sadisuto starts making slow fighting motions with the cane again... and a sudden quick flick of his wrist causes a blade to extend from the handle, ending inches from Dane's face. The interviewer jumps back with a startled yelp.]

MS: Ahahahaha!

JD: Go back to Percy Childes? I thought you might say something like that, Sadisuto. It didn't add up to me. Why would a Yakuza family ask you, of all people, to step in? But you've done work for Larry Doyle in the past, haven't you?

MS: Ahhhhhhhh, so. You remembah. You remembah what happen Ryan Martinez-kun shoulder. Hahaha, yes. Vely good friend, Doyle-sama. Mistah Sadisuto do him favor. Ryan-kun still have bad shoulder today. It will neeeevvvver heal, hahaha! That is because I sever nerrrrve. When Mistah Sadisuto do someting, boy-san, he do it right way. That is why Tetsui-sensei send me.

JD: Really. Because I'm pretty sure your "good friend" Larry Doyle is one of the Wise Men, and you're here to get Nenshou back under Wise Men control.

[Sadisuto's smile slowly fades, and he retracts the cane blade into the handle. Sadisuto places the handle under Dane's chin, causing Jason's eyes to go wide... but he doesn't back down.]

MS: Tell me something, boy-san. You doubt Mistah Sadisuto? You tink Mistah Sadisuto is lying?

JD: Y-yes.

MS: Hahaha! Vely good, boy-san, to be so brave. But I am not lying. This cane is proof to Noboru-kun that I am not lying. He train with it in family dojo many many year. Tetsui-sensei give this to me as proof. Now! Tonight, Noboru-kun, you have decision. You come to ring, and submit. Submit to Mistah Sadisuto as soon as bell ring, and go to Childes-sama. Or else... hahahahaha! You will feel vely much paaaaaaiiin. And suffah too! Hahahahaha!

JD: That match will be later tonight. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We crossfade back to the announce team seated at ringside.]

GM: That man is not right in the head, Bucky.

BW: Don't let him hear you say that. He just pulled a blade on Dane, Gordo, and as much as you drive me crazy, I'm rather fond of you.

GM: Why, thanks, Bucky. That means a-

BW: Don't get all sappy. I'm just worried about who they'd replace you with.



GM: Of course. Mr. Sadisuto will collide with Nenshou later tonight in singles action but as you know, fans, we've been on this Coast To Coast tour since the end of May and while the end is in sight, we've been receiving rave reviews in each and every town we hit.

BW: Most of those events are not televised but we DO have cameras at the live events because you just never know what'll happen from town to town and city to city.

GM: That's right. We'll see a couple examples of that tonight but right now, let's head over to our own Colt Patterson for a special AWA Road Report!

[We crossfade to the "studio" setting that is usually reserved for Jason Dane's Control Centers. We see the standard bank of television monitors but right now, we see the colorful Colt Patterson standing in front of them. He's clad in a shiny purple vest with no shirt underneath, showing off his still well-toned physique, a leopard print bandana tied around his neck and a golden fedora tilted to the side.]

CP: It's about time that this joint called on the true announcing talent on this team to contribute something to the party. I'm Colt Patterson and this is the AWA Road Report, jack!

[A graphic announcing the segment as the "AWA ROAD REPORT" comes up over his shoulder. Colt strikes a single bicep pose so that the graphic "rests" on his muscle.]

CP: Look at it! Look at it right there, ladies! Travis Lynch ain't got nothin' on that! Our cameras were live in Omaha, Nebraska - the only thing LIVE in Omaha, Nebraska - to see a big time six man tag team match with the Dogs Of War taking on Ryan Martinez, Bobby O'Connor, and a substitute partner for Eric Preston in the form of Hannibal Carver! What happened next was somethin' you gotta see to believe. Check it out!

[Colt points to the camera as we fade to a view of a packed crowd watching on as the Dogs of War are taking control in the ring over a fallen "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor as Ryan Martinez argues with the referee, unwittingly helping his opponents to continue to do damage to his good friend Bobby as Carver shouts along at the ref with Martinez. The relative silence is quickly filled by the voice of Colt Patterson.]

CP: As you can see, the Dogs of War are once again showing superior tag team tactics as they put the boots to Bobby O'Connor... only helped by Ryan Martinez' refusal to stop arguing with the ref and go back out to the ring apron where he belongs.

[Pedro Perez picks Bobby up by the head as he barks an order at Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker, who nod in agreement. Perez whips Bobby to the ropes and ducks his head as Bobby rebounds.]

CP: Right there, Bobby O'Connor leapfrogs over Pedro Perez, saving himself, but--



[Bobby charges at Carpenter and Walker, who catch the charging youngster by surprise, sending him FLYING over the top and to the floor.]

CP: And that right there is why those three men are undefeated in six man tag team competition. Martinez finally gets a clue and goes back out to the apron, pointing as Carpenter and Walker go to the outside to deal out more punishment... but they aren't the only ones going out of the ring.

[Carver curses, clearly fed up way past his limit and drops to the floor. He grabs a steel chair from ringside as the ref starts a count on the two Dogs and Bobby outside the ring,]

CP: Clearly, Hannibal Carver has lost it and doesn't realize he isn't in some barroom brawl, as he slides into the ring with that chair, in clear view of the ref.

[Perez is unaware of Carver's presence, as he tries to distract the ref from counting out his teammates... all the while the ref is trying his hardest to alert Perez to the danger coming from directly behind Perez.]

CP: WHAMMO! Carver clobbers Perez right in the back with that chair, and the rest is academic as the ref calls for the bell... an obvious disqualification right there.

[Walker and Carpenter leave Bobby alone upon seeing the chairshot, rolling back into the ring and quickly helping their fallen comrade out of the ring and back to the locker room to safety. Carver stands there with the chair in hand, screaming at the ref with incredulous anger.]

CP: And now this maniac is in the ref's face, taking him to task for doing his job? Unbelievable.

[The ref grips the chair with two hands, trying to tear it out of the Boston Brawler's hands before he can do anymore damage with it as Carver tugs in the opposite direction with it... demanding that he be able to use it to chase down the Dogs of War to finish what he started.]

CP: And then there was this. One of those the most disgusting things I've seen in all my years. What you're about to see is shocking, and I can only hope results in fines, suspensions... and if sane heads prevail, the firing of Hannibal Carver.

[Carver finally wrenches the chair away from the ref, but in doing so loses control of it as it goes sailing behind him and out of the ring entirely.]

CP: Why the police weren't called at this very INSTANT, I'll never know.

[A loud CLANG is heard as the camera rushes to see if anyone was hurt. It isn't immediately clear whether one was or not, but the area where the chair at least hit the guard railing is total chaos. People on the floor with other people scrambling to help. Just then, the shocked reaction from the crowd



causes the camera to swing its attention back to the ring where Ryan Martinez is struggling to get between Carver and the ref. By now, Bobby O'Connor is back to his feet, staring with a shocked look on his face at what just transpired from ringside.]

CP: And finally Carver proves that he's nothing more than a wild animal. To his credit, Martinez is just trying to diffuse this situation... but Carver sees it as nothing but another attack.

[Carver gets in Ryan's face, who just puts his hands up as he pleads for Carver to just calm down and leave the ring before things can get worse.]

CP: And then, what has to be the final nail in the coffin for this maniac.

[Carver curses loudly at Ryan... and then shoves him away to a collective gasp from the fans in attendance. Bobby finally re-enters the ring to calm things down... but is too late as Carver gives the universal sign for "get out of my face" and exits the ring to a mixed reaction of boos and muted confused shouts of "Why?!". Ryan and Bobby stand in the center of the ring dumbfounded, nothing but confusion and disappointment showing on their faces.]

CP: There you have it. If it was up to me, it would be an immediate pinkslip for that psychopath. I don't know if any fans were injured by his actions or not, but either way a loose cannon like that can't be allowed to have the chance to do more damage and destruction here in the AWA. Hopefully whoever is appointed the new president will do the right thing. Back to you, Bucky and Gordon.

[We fade back to our announce team at ringside.]

GM: Thanks for that, Colt. Now, Colt may be a bit on the biased side but I can't argue with him right there. I understand that Hannibal Carver was upset - some might say distraught - over what happened to his friend Eric Preston at Guts & Glory but there's no cause to act like that. I understand he was frustrated at the Dogs Of War's tactics in that match but there's no reason to-

BW: Gordo, you can make all the excuses for that lunatic that you want but at the end of the day, the man threw a steel chair out of the ring and it very nearly hit a fan. That one act could've submarined everything that the AWA has built over the years. You know how big of a lawsuit that maniac subjected us to with his utter lack of self control?!

GM: I do, Bucky. That's why I agree with Colt Patterson to an extent. Hannibal Carver must face some kind of a fine so he understands the severity of his actions. Possibly even a suspension.

BW: Fire him. Fire him right now. Let those lunatics elsewhere that like to use tables and chairs and god knows what else deal with him.

GM: I think that's a little - pardon the pun - extreme, don't you?



BW: You wouldn't be saying that if you were on the unemployment line right now.

GM: Perhaps you're right. I'm told that AWA ownership and the Championship Committee has elected to deal with this situation right now rather than wait for a ruling by a new AWA President so hopefully in a little while, we'll be able to shed some light on this situation but right now, it's time for our first commercial of the night but when we come back, Willie Hammer will be in action 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...

The camera cuts back to the backstage interview area, where Jason Dane stands, mic in hand across from "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired



cruiserweight is wearing his light-festooned leather biker jacket a t-shirt and jeans, and a pensive look at Dane brings the mic up to his mouth...]

JD: Welcome back, wrestling fans...joining me now is Unholy Alliance member "Showtime" Rick Marley, fresh off of his victory over William Craven at Guts & Glory...a victory that left Craven sporting an injured leg that was further damaged by his friends, the Dogs of War and Johnny Dets--

RM: We're not friends.

[Dane blinks, frowns, then looks at Marley.]

RM: We're not. The Dogs of War? Detson? Not my friends. We're business associates. At most. And barely that.

[Marley pauses.]

RM: I didn't...

I never...

[Marley stops, shaking his head as Dane smells blood in the water from the normally confrontational wrestler.]

JD: Are you saying that this WASN'T some sort of plan on your part? That you DIDN'T conspire with the rest of the Unholy Alliance - with the Wise Men - to once and for all remove the obstacle that was William Craven from the Wise Men's path?

We all saw you, Rick Marley. We saw you target that leg throughout your match. We saw you set it up with that chair, showing the world that you could break his knee and cripple him for life...then walking away...maybe you thought the damage was already done! Maybe you didn't want the suspension that would have come with that heinous attack! Maybe you-

[Marley interrupts.]

RM: Maybe I've already cost one wrestler their career and I'll be damned if I do it again.

[Dane blinks as Marley reaches out and takes the mic from his hand, shaking his head, his voice full of disgust.]

RM: Look, I'm not going to fight with you here, Dane. Not today. Not now.

You're asking me if I put Craven out intentionally? No. No I did not. I might had dinged up his knee more than it already was, but that's a risk he ran when he stepped into the ring sporting an injury. It's a risk that ALL of us take. Every guy that laces up boots and steps into that squared circle knows the score on that front...but intentionally injuring a guy...taking away his ability to earn a living?



Think back to my beef with Monosso..I know you guys all decided that he was really a swell guy...but that's a page out of HIS book.

He intentionally dropped Sean Marley...my father...back first over a steel railing. That single move cost him his career...

[Marley pauses, looking down.]

RM: Just like I did to some poor rookie schlep a few years ago back in Phoenix.

[Dane opens his mouth, but Marley keeps on rolling.]

RM: I did. I got caught napping and he scored a quick roll up pin on me. Only time to that point that my shoulders were on the mat for a 3 count in YEARS...but there it was...I demanded a rematch, and The Tucson Kid? He was all in. Gave it everything...and won again...because I had no intention of wrestling him.

It was a set up. I went into that match with the intent to hurt the kid...and I did it. In a big way. After I laid him out with a chair, I went to the top rope and jumped...and I put that chair under my leg and fractured that poor kid's skull...it was sickening.

[Marley pauses and shakes his head while Dane looks on in shock.]

RM: Yeah. And I felt COMPLETELY justified in doing it. Celebrated it. Mocked his fans...his friends...his family...his trainers...I was so self absorbed and laser focused on proving that I was the best...that his win was a fluke that I didn't see what I'd done...not for months...not till I visited him in the rehab center where he was learning to walk again.

Where he was learning to dress himself.

Where he was learning to use a fork.

Just like I saw my father go through back in the day...but this time it wasn't some fairy tale monster that did it. It wasn't the big bad boogeyman.

It wasn't James Monosso.

[Marley jerks a thumb at himself.]

RM: This time it was ME...if there was a monster, it was me...and it was me because of one reason:

Because I my ego was so damned fragile that I couldn't stand the thought that he'd beaten me...or that I might not be able to beat him fairly.

Just like Detson couldn't stand the thought that he couldn't beat Craven...

[Marley pauses, taking a deep breath, then nodding.]



RM: But me? I'd beaten Bill before. He could happily use me to get what he wanted...what he NEEDED:

Craven gone.

[Marley shakes his head bitterly.]

RM: And the sad part? Going in, I was STILL going to put him out...to end his career...right up till the point where I had that chair around his leg and I was on the turnbuckle...I STILL fully intended to cripple the guy.

Cripple him...because Johnny Detson is afraid of him. Because I got the order. Because the Wise Men wanted him out of their way.

But instead of doing it, I beat him...then I walked away...I thought that would be enough. I thought that...

[Marley trails off, clearly becoming more angry now than disgusted.]

RM: But it wasn't, was it, Johnny? Instead of letting him go out on a stretcher and get taken care of, you went after him again...but with help, because God knows that even crippled, Bill STILL scared the crap out of you...and you, as a group, went after an injured guy and used the ambulance to potentially finish him off once and for all.

[Marley pauses, looking up.]

RM: I went to the hospital to see him the next day...did you know that, Dane?

[Dane shakes his head as Marley steamrolls on, ignoring him.]

RM: It's weird...seeing William Craven outside of a wrestling setting...in a hospital. His leg wrapped up from where the doctors were doing something or another to it...those green scale tattoos under fluorescent lights...

Outside of a wrestling ring...possibly forever.

Just like Detson wanted...just like Percy arranged.

Just like I helped make happen.

[Marley shakes his head, handing the mic back to Dane.]

JD: Does...does this mean that you're considering LEAVING the Unholy Alliance?

[Marley looks at him for a long moment without saying anything before responding, his voice sounding as if a crushing weight is on him.]



RM: Leave? Johnny Detson is a backstabbing worm. The Dogs of War are barely restrained animals. Demetrius Lake is even more of a raging egomaniac than I am...and Percy? Percy Chiles is the single most manipulative person in the wrestling business: Past, Present or Future.

[He shakes his head.]

RM: Percy and the Wise Men hold all the cards...I'd be crazy to try to leave...

But what Detson did? What the Dogs of War did?

Some things don't go unanswered...and you can take that to the bank.

[We slowly fade away from Rick Marley to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow. Not what we're used to hearing from Rick Marley, Bucky. Remorse? Sadness? Pity even?

BW: Pathetic. For the first time in his AWA career, he looks like the world-beater he's always claimed to be and now he's feeling bad about it? Now he wants to tug on Superman's cape... he wants to spit in the wind... he wants to THREATEN the Wise Men?!

GM: But what about what he said there. He said he had visited William Craven in the hospital. We've been told that Craven is going to be on the shelf indefinitely. That it IS quite possibly a career-ending injury for him. And one of his greatest rivals visited him in the hospital? That seems most unlike Rick Marley, Bucky.

BW: I hope he scoped out the roommate situation while he was there because when Percy hears what he just said, Ricky Marley might find himself in a hospital bed right next to that freak Craven.

GM: Fans, let's go up to the ring and see Willie Hammer in action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. Nearby, a pudgy, balding, shoulder-length mullet sporting, Tom Selleck mustache owning, Dominican Republic-themed singlet wearing grappler stands, doing stand-up pushups against the turnbuckles.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic... weighing in at 275 pounds... Angelo Corderoooo!

[Boos go up from Oklahoma crowd since they can see across the ring at his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent, in the corner to my right...

[Hammer starts dancing from foot to foot, bouncing back and forth in a green and white pair of trunks and matching boots as the crowd's cheers pick up.]



PW: From South Central, Los Angeles... weighing in at 280 pounds...

WILLLLLLLIEEEEEEE HAAAAAAAMMMMMERRRRR!

[Hammer surges forward to the middle of the ring, pushing out his chest as he throws his arms back to louder cheers. He grins at the crowd, clapping his hands a few times before he backs to the corner, pointing across at his opponent.]

GM: Willie Hammer has been out to make a name for himself since debuting last year at SuperClash as part of Steal The Spotlight. He's had a tremendous first half of the year here in the AWA and I'm sure he's got plans of getting to the next level in the second half.

BW: Would you call him a top contender for Rookie Of The Year?

GM: I believe he is, yes.

BW: Sucker.

[As the bell sounds, Willie Hammer comes sprinting across the ring, leaping into the air and throwing a Superman punch that CRACKS Cordero on the jaw, sending him falling backwards into the corner that he just stepped out of!]

GM: What in the...?!

[Hammer is all grins as he jogs forward, doubling up to throws quick and impactful rights and lefts to the midsection of the Dominican Republican (is that a word?), jostling him back and forth before grabbing the pudgy arm...]

GM: Hammer shoots him across, coming in after him...

[The bulky grappler from South Central Los Angeles takes flight, blasting Cordero with a flying forearm in the buckles!]

GM: Big forearm in the corner! Hammer's waving him out!

[Hammer waves Cordero forward, scooping the 275 pounder up and holding him across his chest.]

GM: Wow!

BW: Nice show of power out of the kid from South Central LA.

[Hammer drops down, bringing Cordero down hard across his knee in a backbreaker...]

...and then powers him back up, holding him across the chest!]

GM: Oh my! He got him back up!



[With a whoop, Hammer swings him to the side, hooking him under the arm...

...and SITS out in a ring-shaking side slam!]

GM: The ring shook from that one!

BW: Nearly six hundred pounds of flesh bouncin' off the mat. I can't imagine why the ring would shake on that.

GM: Hammer's right back up to his feet...

[The Los Angeleno looks around the ring at the cheering crowd, puffing his cheeks out as he starts to run in place, throwing his arms out to the side...]

GM: We've seen this before, fans!

[...and dashes to the ropes, high-stepping out to the downed Cordero, leaping into the air...]

GM: SHADES OF JUAN VASQUEZ!

[...and DROPS his 280 pound frame backfirst across Cordero's chest in a high impact senton backsplash!]

GM: He learned it in the Combat Corner from the Hall of Famer and he put it to good use there against Angelo Cordero who gets flattened underneath him!

[Hammer pops back up to his feet, throwing his arms apart and sticking out his chest as he leaps to the center of the ring with a "YEAAAAAH, ALRIGHT!" to a big cheer!]

GM: Willie Hammer's got these fans in Oklahoma solidly behind him as he steps through the ropes to the apron...

BW: We've seen the power. We've seen the agility and the speed... and now we're going to see the high flying. This kid's got the total package, Gordo.

GM: Are you starting to come around on young Willie Hammer?

BW: There's no denying he's a talented kid. But is he talented enough to get back in there with the former World Champion?

[Hammer gets to the top rope, pumping his arms up and down several times, getting the fans to clap in rhythm...

...and hurls himself off his perch, pumping his arms and legs once before CRASHING down on the chest of Cordero!]

GM: AND IT'S HAMMER TIME HERE IN OKLAHOMA CITY!!



[Hammer stays atop Cordero, keeping the lateral press applied.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Willie Hammer scores another impressive victory here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling as he continues to work his way up the rankings, looking to crack the top contender's list and perhaps earn himself a shot at Ryan Martinez and the World Television Title which we'll see defended here later tonight. But right now, let's go to our interview area back by the entrance where Jason Dane is standing by! Jason?

[We go back up to the interview platform, where Jason Dane stands by, alone.]

JD: Earlier tonight, we heard the ultimatum from Mr. Sadisuto. If Nenshou does not return to Percy Childes and submit in his match tonight, Sadisuto says he'll see to it that Nenshou is brought back to Japan.

[A sudden flash of red cloth comes in from the side as Nenshou appears from more or less nowhere. He is wearing a red hood and robe, both with silver and gold trim. Dane jumps in startlement, the fans cheer, and Nenshou grabs the microphone. He speaks in his hesitant voice, slowly.]

N: Sadisuto! No. The answer is no. I will not. I will not go to Childes. I will not go to Japan. No.

JD: So, is Sadisuto actually working for your family, or for the Wise Men?

N: I think both. He is of greed and of ambition. I say one of us. One of us will go back. Back to Japan to never be seen again.

But. That will not be me.

[Nenshou whips the hood off of his head to reveal that his facepaint tonight is completely white. No other color adorns it. He drags his thumb across his throat, and gives a big thumbs down.]

N: I am the one with a message. For my father. For Percy Childes. For you. I will give you the message. You will carry it to the rest. You will not need to speak. They will see you and understand. It is your last mission.

And you can do nothing to avoid succeeding in it, fool.

[After this statement, Nenshou hops back off the platform and goes back the way he came, leaving Dane to wrap up.]

JD: Nenshou making his choice clear. It should be a bitterly-contested matchup between Nenshou and Mr. Sadisuto tonight. Right now, let's go



backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with Willie Hammer fresh off his latest victory!

[We fade back to the locker room area to find Willie Hammer, a sheen of sweat on his upper body, grinning at the camera as Mark Stegglet stands by his side.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. Joining me now, fresh off his latest impressive victory, is Willie Hammer. Willie, with the exception of your loss to Supreme Wright, you've really been on the hot streak as of late. You've gotta be climbing the rankings, working your way towards a shot at a championship here in the AWA so I gotta ask the question - which title are you taking aim at?

[Hammer shakes his head, his afro staying picture perfect as he does.]

WH: None, my friend. None at all.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

WH: Not yet, at least. Because I've got unfinished business to take care of. Now, I know that after what went down at Guts & Glory, I'm gonna have to get my tail in line but I'm a patient man, Mark Stegglet. I can wait my turn 'cause sooner or later, my number will get called and when I get my hands on Supreme Wright this time...

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Seriously? After the injuries you suffered at his hands last time, you're looking for another tangle with the former World Champion?

[Hammer shrugs.]

WH: People get hurt in this sport, Mark. It's part of the game. I got hurt against Wright and I'm pretty sure I'm gonna get hurt a lot of times in my career. I'm not afraid of getting hurt. But you know who else got hurt recently? Eric Preston.

[Hammer looks down.]

WH: When you stand in the ring at the Combat Corner, listening to Todd Michaelson talk about respect for this business and representing yourself as part of the AWA, there's one name you hear over and over... Eric Preston. Even in Mr. Preston's dark times when he was doin' things that Mr. Michaelson wasn't exactly proud of, he still talked about Eric Preston. It wasn't Aaron Anderson, the first one out. It wasn't Supreme Wright, the first World Champion from the Corner. It wasn't even Jones and Hammonds... 'cause they got attitude.

It was Eric Preston.

[Hammer clenches his fists, pulling them up in front of himself.]



WH: And when Wright slammed that door on Mr. Preston's head, I made myself a vow right there on the spot.

I WILL... BUST... HIM... UP!

I may not beat him. I may not end his career. But you better believe, I'm gonna make that man bleed at my hands. I'm gonna slam his head into everything I can find until his brain is rattled around in that self-absorbed noggin of his head. I want him to see tweety birds when he opens his eyes just like Eric did. I want him to taste his own blood in his mouth just like Eric did. I want...

[Hammer's words trail off as his gaze drifts off camera to...]

?: Oh, man, Willie...did you ever pick the wrong day to mouth off, brother.

[...three men, dressed in Team Supreme hooded gear. Two of the men have their hoods up, arms folded across their chests as they flank the third man, whose hood is thrown back, revealing none other than Tony Donovan, II. Donovan walks up to the other side of Stegglet, his Team Supreme brethren not far behind him, and smirks at Hammer.]

TD2: You don't mind if we step in on your interview, do you, Willie?

[Hammer looks ready to respond, but Donovan pulls the microphone away from him, leading Hammer to do his best to glare a hole right through the younger Donovan's skull.]

TD2: Oh! You look a little upset, Willie! I can't imagine why YOU'RE mad, after all...you aren't the one sitting around the locker room, listening to every no-account jackwagon in earshot run down your teacher, speak ill of your mentor, threaten the man leading you to greatness with every form of bodily harm they can think of that's legal in the ring -- and a few thinking of trying to get their piece of the best wrestler in the AWA in a less than legal arena, I'd bet.

[Hammer jabs a finger into his chest, and barely off mic, says, "Good! I just hope there's enough left for me!", drawing a short laugh from Tony Donovan.]

TD2: Well, I was gonna ask you how you'd feel if you had to sit around, listening to everybody badmouth YOUR teacher...then I remembered that he tucked tail and ran, which means while I'm being lead to greatness by the most dangerous professional wrestler in the world, you're being lead...well, nowhere, and by nobody.

[Donovan's grin fades.]

TD2: I'm sick and tired of everybody and his brother thinking they can cut down the boss and get away with it, Hammer. I'm sick to death of people blaming HIM for what happened in the Tower of Doom...sick of people



thinking that a man like Eric Preston was deserving of anything but a split skull after what he's done to Supreme Wright.

[Donovan takes a step forward, getting dangerously close to Willie Hammer's personal space. Hammer looks ready to punch TD2's lights all the way out, but the two other members of Team Supreme aren't far from Donovan.]

TD2: I don't think I'm going to let you waste any more of Supreme Wright's time, Hammer. You aren't worth the time and the effort it'd take for Supreme to cut you down again, and I don't want to bother Mr. Jackson with something this...

[Tony Donovan II looks Willie Hammer up and down, then sneers.]

TD2: ...easy. You've been running your mouth about Supreme Wright for weeks, and aren't even smart enough to shut your mouth after taking a beating from the man himself. It's time for someone to shut you up for good, Hammer...and that someone's standing right here.

[Donovan pokes a finger into his own chest, a smirk returning to his face as a fuming Hammer does a doubletake at the two members of Team Supreme flanking the younger Donovan, thinking better of jumping into a three-on-one situation.]

TD2: So, instead of flapping your lips about Supreme Wright...how about you take on his best student? I mean, what've you got to lose, right? You beat me, maybe the boss takes another five minutes out of his day to stretch you out and send you back to the dressing room with a new crick in your neck. You lose...well, getting knocked around by your betters isn't all that bad, right?

[Donovan laughs and walks off with the other two Team Supreme members, leaving a furious Willie Hammer behind with Stegglet.]

MS: Willie?

[Hammer's fists are clenched, his eyes burrowed into the back of the departing Donovan.]

MS: Willie?

[Hammer jerks his head towards Stegglet, an expression far different than his usual jovial self.]

WH: Yeah.

MS: Do you have a-

WH: Yeah. Yeah, that sounds about right.

MS: Huh?



WH: In one of my favorite movies, someone says there ain't no thing as a bad student... only a bad teacher.

[Hammer nods.]

WH: That kid had a daddy who was never home and a teacher who is a two-faced, conniving, backjumping piece of garbage who walked out on the people who dragged him out of nowhere and made him what he is today. So, yeah... it sounds about right that he is what he is.

MS: It sounded like he laid down a challenge.

[Hammer's smile returns, a bit more of an edge on it this time.]

MS: Yeah, that's just my game. I got a message for whoever the new AWA President's gonna be... and I know who'd get my vote. Two weeks from tonight, me... Young Donovan... let's hook 'em up.

[Hammer winks at the camera before storming out of view.]

MS: The challenge has been made and I do believe the challenge has also just been answered, fans! We'll be right back after this commercial break!

[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.]

"Friday, July 25th, the AWA steams into Albuquerque, New Mexico for a big show featuring the World Champion, Dave Bryant, putting the title on the line! Saturday in Santa Fe, we'll see Bobby O'Connor one-on-one with Johnny Detson! And Sunday in Pueblo, Colorado, it'll be an afternoon show with the World Tag Team Titles on the line!"

[The graphic changes.]



"On Friday, August 1st, we kick off the month in Colorado Springs with the Dogs Of War taking on Air Strike and Brian James!

And on Saturday, August 2nd, the AWA invades Phoenix, Arizona for another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!"

[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...

We fade back up on a darkened corner of a room. Very little is evident except for three men cloaked in shadow. A silhouetted arm reaches up and tugs on a chain, causing a lone light bulb to illuminate the face of Isaiah Carpenter.]

IC: Where are the white knights now?

[Carpenter smiles.]

IC: Twice, the AWA's best and brightest have stood up and told the masses that they could lead them from the darkness. That they alone held up the lantern that could guide the people to safety.

Twice, their light was extinguished and they were proven wrong.

[A chuckle.]

IC: Very, very wrong. So, again I ask... where are the white knights now? With their favored son in the hospital again... with the so-called King of Monsters sidelined permanently... where are the white knights who will lead you out of the clutches of the forces of evil?

[Carpenter shakes his head.]

IC: Nowhere. They're not coming. They've learned their lesson and it's that true power rests in the hands of those willing to do what the others will not. Supreme Wright was willing to do what Eric Preston would not. Percy Childes and Larry Doyle were willing to make the decisions that Ryan Martinez could not. And the third?

[A hand shoots out from the darkness, claspings over Carpenter's mouth for a moment before shoving him aside. Pedro Perez steps into the light.]

PP: Forgive him. He's always been the guy who wants to tell the secrets that he knows. Never tell him when you've scratched your buddy's car or...

[Perez raises an eyebrow.]



PP: ...scratched your buddy's girl. Because he'll be the first to tell the world. Knowledge is power and the ability to keep that knowledge a secret is even greater power. Soon, they'll know, my friend. Soon, they'll all know the answers to the questions that they have yet begun to even ask.

[Perez holds up a sheet of paper.]

PP: This is the lineup for Saturday Night Wrestling... and despite being the most powerful and impactful force this promotion has come across in its time... despite us causing the greatest effect in the shortest time that this business has ever seen...

We're not on it.

[Perez does an audible "tsk, tsk."]

PP: You had your chance to create order.

[Perez produces a lighter, flicking a flame to life under the paper and grinning madly as it burns in his hands.]

PP: Now it's our turn to create man's greatest fear... chaos.

Chaos is coming at the hands of the Dogs Of War... and it's coming soon.

[Perez steps aside, throwing a glance over his shoulder as the big man of the group, Wade Walker, steps into view. He growls, staring into the camera lens as he speaks in his deep voice.]

WW: The Wise Men send their regards.

[He palms the camera lens with a midnight blue fingerless glove, shoving it aside as we cut abruptly to black.]

Fade back to the announce desk.]

GM: The Dogs Of War with a very strong threat for... well, the entire AWA, I suppose. They say they're bringing chaos here tonight and I can't imagine they're stretching the truth after seeing their actions at Guts & Glory.

BW: They speak the truth though, don't they? They have gone through everyone put in front of 'em like a hot knife through butter on Mama's dinner table. They beat Preston, Martinez, and O'Connor at Mayhem, they were on the winning side in the Tower. Who is left? Who can step in front of them now?

GM: I don't have the answer to that but you better believe there are plenty of people who will try. And some of those people may try during this phenomenal Coast To Coast tour that we're in the midst of. We've been to a lot of great towns this summer and with the tour running through Labor Day, we've got a lot more great towns to come - including some cities we've never been to before. Now, a lot of what goes down on those non-televvised



shows will never be seen by fans outside of that arena but we've had our cameras at several of these shows this summer to catch a glimpse of what's been going on.

BW: I went to a couple of those shows, Gordo, and the AWA superstars have been busting their tails just as hard when the camera lights are off as they do when they're on.

GM: Absolutely. One person that we were most intrigued to follow the past couple of weeks was Terry Shane. After Shane's loss in his much-anticipated World Title Match at Guts & Glory... and more specifically, after the problems he had during that event with his cohorts, the Lights Out Express, and his manager, Sandra Hayes... I think everyone wants to know what's next for Terry Shane. We've got some highlights from some of his matches since that night as well as some comments recorded just last night backstage in Tulsa. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage recorded over the past couple of weeks. The first one has the graphic that reads: Omaha, Nebraska – July 7, 2014.]

GM: MY STARS! HE HAS HIS LEG HOOKED AROUND HIS NECK!

[Terry Shane wrenches up on the leg of Allen Allen, wrapping it across the back of his neck and contorting his body into the air in such an angle that he is only physically able to claw at the canvas and desperately reach for the ropes.]

GM: Allen Allen is in all kinds of trouble here, Bucky! The ropes are nowhere in sight and-

BW: BOOT PARTY!

[Shane lifts his right boot up over the flailing body of Allen Allen and then DRIVES his heel down across the back of his skull!]

GM: OH MY! THOSE STOMPS ARE VICIOUS!

[And he does so again, and again, and again...]

GM: We've seen this from Shane before! He nearly captured the World Title at Guts & Glory with this same technique!

[Shane, teeth gritted, pins the cheek of Allen Allen down with his boot before lifting his foot once more and bringing it down with reckless abandon as the image fades.]

GM: ALLEN IS OUT COLD!

[The footage changes, this time with the graphic that reads: Overland Park, Kansas – July 11, 2014.]

JD: There he goes, spinning around and around just like his old man!



BW: Don't let Shane hear you compare him to that hack!

JD: Or what, Bucky? Shane needs a stern lesson on respecting his elders, hell, on respecting anyone! His father paved the way for him to even have a career!

[Cesar Hernandez squirms on the mat, doing everything in his power to yank his leg free from the grip of the Ring Leader who feverishly spins around his right leg.]

JD: SPINNING TOE HOLD! THE PATENTED SHANE FAMILY SUBMISSION!

[Hernandez rocks back and forth, violently throwing his body around, before eventually turning his body up on it's side and eventually over onto his stomach.]

JD: Hernandez trying to come up with a counter! This guy has all kinds of fight in him!

BW: All kinds of fight but no kinds of answers!

[Hernandez tries to crawl for the ropes but Shane, standing over him and still holding onto the leg, snaps around his leg, twisting around it several times...

...before dropping to the mat in an inverted figure-four leglock!]

BW: HE SPUN RIGHT INTO THAT LEGLOCK, DANE! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

JD: Yes.

BW: Inverted figure-four by the Ring Leader! This year ain't over yet!

[Another change of scenery. Another new graphic: Topeka, Kansas – July 13, 2014.]

CP: Terry Shane has found him in quite the slugfest here tonight against one of the most unlikely of opponents!

JD: Alexander Awe knows that a win here will put him back on the map, Colt! Many fans believe that it is time for Awe to cut ends with his longtime tag team partner and friend Solomon Shock and try to make a name for himself on his own! With the performance we have seen from him so far tonight there is no question in my mind that many of those people are absolutely right!

[Awe backs Shane into the corner, pounding him clubbing right hands. Shane eats punch after punch on the jaw, making no effort to shield his face. Awe, with the Topeka crowd behind him, backs up several steps, and lunges forward, spinning, and whipping his arm ferociously around...



...only to have Shane duck, hook his arm, and propel his body over Awe's back and snap him over right into the crucifix neck crank!]

CP: NO ESCAPE! SHANE HAS THE NO ESCAPE LOCKED ON ALEXANDER AWE!

[Awe tries to clasp his hands together but Shane jerks his body backward, thwarting any shot Awe had of preventing his neck from being stretched away from his body.]

JD: Shane is on a tear, Colt! It almost pains me to even admit it.

[As the shot changes this time, it changes in a drastic fashion as we now see Terry Shane dressed in street clothes, seated across a table from Jason Dane. The graphic reads: Tulsa, Oklahoma – Last night.]

JD: So you're telling me that there's no friction? I find that impossible-

TS: Dane, I do not need to explain myself any further. You saw what the entire world saw. You saw my father... you saw my colleagues... you saw my...

[He pauses a beat.]

JD: Manager?

TS: Dream delayed.

JD: I saw Sandra Hayes and your Gang disobey a direct order. I saw your men come out to the ring at Guts & Glory and quite possibly cost you the World Title. How does that make you feel, Terry?

[Shane glares at Dane who sits across from him at a table.]

TS: It sickens me, Jason.

[Dane grins, pleased with the response.]

TS: It sickens me that a mic jockey like yourself has the audacity to look me in the eyes and ask me a question like that because he fears no remorse. He knows that he, like all the other stage hands and crew members, are untouchable. That if I lay a hand on them that there will be...

...ramifications.

[Another pause.]

TS: But guess who is not safe? Guess who should be afraid?

[Dane prepares to speak but is silenced by Shane who rises out of his chair.]



TS: Everyone. Every single wrestler in the AWA. I do not need to stand here and list anyone by name because to me no single wrestler in the back is more or less important than the next. Regardless of color or creed... regardless of size or strength... regardless if your name is Dave Bryant or not.

Be afraid...

...and be ready.

For in two weeks' time when we roll into Phoenix, Arizona, I am going to stand in the center of the ring and call off a name.

JD: Whose?

TS: Are you even listening? The name... it is not important. The message that I deliver, that is what matters. I am going to call out a name and if that man does not walk to the ring and go toe to toe with me then I will have no choice.

I will hunt them down...

[Shane begins to walk off.]

JD: And then what?

[Shane looks over his shoulder.]

TS: Pray.

[We cut from the pre-taped footage back to the announce team at ringside.]

GM: Terry Shane, refocused and re-energized perhaps, says he's coming to Phoenix in two weeks' time and he's going to make a challenge to... someone. Who knows who it will be?

BW: It could be anyone, Gordo. But I've gotta admit, I'm a little surprised by that interview. Dane let him off the hook. Terry Shane has not answered the questions that everyone needs the answers to - is he still the Ring Leader of the Shane Gang? Does he still consider Sandra Hayes to be his manager? And does he still count the Lights Out Express as allies?

GM: He did seem very eager to avoid those questions by trying to threaten Jason. You know, a lot of people seemed to think that Shane might be turning over a new leaf at Guts & Glory... banning Hayes and the LOE from ringside... trying to do things on his own... but that Terry Shane we just saw highlights of and that we just heard from... that's the same man who tried to cripple Steve Spector and Hannibal Carver, fans. Coming up next, we've got the debut of a new competitor here in the AWA - a very tough individual who - quite frankly - made a big splash early in his career and then vanished from the scene. But before we see him in the ring, let's get some pre-recorded comments from the man known as Joshua Barnes.



[We crossfade to a shot of the locker room. There's wooden benches, lockers - some opened and empty, others closed with combination locks. A few fluorescent light bulbs illuminate the room. As the camera pans around the room, it reaches a man looking around the place. He's stocky, with a mop of curly black hair hanging down to his neck. Behind wire-rimmed glasses is a nose that has plenty of scar tissue and has been broken more than once. He's wearing gray slacks and a buttoned-up blue shirt, and carrying a duffel bag. Scowling, he looks around the room another moment before speaking.]

JB: God, I hate this place.

[He sets down the duffel bag on one of the benches, speaking as he does so.]

JB: Professional Wrestling. The moneymen behind the leagues will gladly let you cripple yourself as long as they make one more dime. The other wrestlers? They'll stab you in the back to get ahead. Each and every one of them is a two-faced liar, and it doesn't matter if they are cheered or booed. And as for the 'fans'?

[He snorts]

JB: They'll gladly chant for you as long as you're holding their spit bucket. But the second - the SECOND - you show any sign of weakness, they'll turn on you.

[He shakes his head and unzips the duffel bag.]

JB: Unfortunately for me, I happen to be really good at this.

[He reaches into the bag and yanks out a laminated magazine article from about a decade ago. The title clearly reads:

NEWCOMER BARNES SHOCKS THE WORLD, BEATS THUNDER AND MARTINEZ TO WIN WRESTLEBOWL IV!]

JB: Alex Martinez and Brody Thunder. A win over either one is something most wrestlers dream of doing. The number of people that have beaten both can probably be counted on two hands. The person who beat them both in the same match?

[He holds up a single finger, then points it at himself]

JB: Me. Joshua Barnes.

[Pause.]

JB: Worst day of my life.

[Barnes tosses the article back in the duffel bag.]



JB: See, the wrestling I can handle. I've always been good in a fight. But the politics, the backstabbing... that stuff, I couldn't handle. I tried to do 'the right thing' and my family was attacked. My FAMILY. And when I asked for help, when I asked for a chance to even things out - forget it. To the other wrestlers, to the fans, to everybody - I was a sucker.

I turned bitter. I got mad - hell, I broke a guy's jaw for mouthing off to me. All I wanted to do was hurt people. I hated everybody - myself included.

And then I walked away. Got fed up with the whole business and walked out. Best decision I ever made. Went home, got married, two kids - I was happy.

[Another snort]

JB: Guys like me aren't supposed to be happy, though. Long story short: The economy sucks, I've been out of work over a year, and we're on the verge of losing our house. There aren't any jobs back home for me.

[Barnes picks up the article again]

JB: But some people still remember this. And they called. And so I have to leave my family, and my home, and go out on the road to a job that I hate and people that I can't stand.

[Barnes casually tosses the article aside.]

JB: Don't care about politics, don't care about titles. You know what I care about? Getting paid. Person A wants Wrestler B in the hospital? I can handle that. As long as the check cashes... I'm your man. I remain very, VERY good at hurting people.

Tonight's match? Consider it a demonstration of what I can do.

Because if Joshua Barnes can't be happy... I don't see why anyone else should be, either.

[We fade away from Barnes in the locker room to the ring where Phil Watson stands in the ring and waits for the murmurs to die down before beginning his duties.]

PW: This next match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, weighing 235 pounds and hailing from Watertown, New York - here is CHARLIE STEPHENS!

[Stephens, in a crew cut and wearing camouflage trunks, raises an arm in the air and gets some cheers from the crowd.]

PW: His opponent, making his AWA debut... he weighs in at 295 pounds. He hails from Brownsburg, Indiana.



JOSHUUUUAAAA BARRRRNNNNNESSSS!

[The lights darken and a spotlight focuses on the top of the aisleway as Joshua Barnes steps out into the arena. He's wearing black trunks and a green jacket. No music plays, so the crowd's reaction - some cheers, but mainly boos - can be clearly heard. Barnes doesn't look at the crowd as he begins walking down the aisle. He stays in the middle of the aisle, getting nowhere near the audience. Stopping by the timekeeper's table, he drops off his wire-rimmed glasses and jacket. He climbs the stairs, enters the ring, and wait for the match to begin]

GM: I find it interesting that Barnes doesn't use any music like so many of the other AWA stars.

BW: Backstage, the arena crew was asking him about that. He didn't want any music or anything. To him, this is a job. And most accountants don't walk into the office with "The Final Countdown" blaring.

[Referee Davis Warren checks both men and, finding nothing, starts the match]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And let's see what Joshua Barnes is all about inside the squared circle.

[Stephens and Barnes lock up in the center of the ring, pushing into one another as Stephens snags a side headlock.]

GM: The former military man, Charlie Stephens pulls him right into the side headlock.

[Barnes sets his feet, shoving Stephens off to the ropes where he bounces back off...

...and then bounces off the near three hundred pounder, falling down to the canvas!]

GM: Stephens went for the shoulder block to no avail. Barnes is only an inch taller than Charlie Stephens but outweighs him by over sixty pounds.

BW: I've seen video of Barnes from the past. He hasn't wrestled in several years, but he was a big, nasty man who knew how to throw his weight around.

GM: The question is, how much ring rust does he have?

[Stephens gets back to his feet, rubbing at the back of his head as he edges in towards Barnes, diving into another lockup.]

GM: Back to the lockup... Stephens looking for a slam!



[But Barnes slams a forearm down across Stephens' neck, sending him down to the mat facefirst. The bigger man follows up, dropping a knee across the back of the head before rolling him over for a pinfall attempt.]

GM: Barnes covers for one! He gets two! But that's all. Barnes gets the two count and he certainly isn't wasting any time here.

BW: You don't get paid by the hour in the world of pro wrestling, Gordo... and the way that Stephens hit the mat and then got that knee to the skull, it could have been enough real easy.

GM: We heard his comments backstage, and you can tell from his body language - Joshua Barnes does not want to be here. And it looks like he wants to end the match quickly.

[Barnes reaches down, hauling Stephens off the mat but Stephens catches him by surprise with a knee to the gut, doubling him up.]

GM: Stephens goes downstairs!

[Straightening Barnes up, Stephens opens fire with forearms and fists, driving the larger Barnes back into the corner, getting more and more cheers from the crowd with each shot!]

GM: Stephens has got these fans in Oklahoma behind him now!

BW: Maybe Barnes has more rust on 'im than we thought, Gordo.

[Stephens grabs the larger man by the arm, looking for the Irish whip...

...but Barnes reverses it, sending Stephens slamming backfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Stephens hits the corner hard right there, staggering out now and-

[Barnes CRACKS him under the jaw with a left hand, sending Stephens falling back to the buckles!]

GM: What a shot! What an uppercut by Barnes!

[With Stephens cornered, Barnes squares up, going to work with a series of brutal forearms and chops on the chest of Stephens.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Each and every one of those shots is leaving a giant welt on the chest of Stephens and you can hear 'em down the road! Barnes just ain't a nice guy, Gordo. I know a little bit about this guy. I've seen him beat the heck out of some people in some other territories... Will Geddings... former Tennessee star Ketsu Bayushi. Barnes broke his jaw bare-handed, Gordo!



He's not a happy person... he's not a nice guy... but I ain't gonna be the one to tell him that.

[At the count of four, the referee shows tremendous courage and steps in, forcing Barnes to step back, raising his arms as he follows the referee's orders. Stephens' chest is covered with welts as he stumbles out about two steps before falling to the mat.]

GM: Stephens was absolutely pummeled in the corner there.

BW: You were asking about ring rust, Gordo. I don't see much on Mister Barnes there - do you?

GM: You were asking about it too, Bucky.

[Barnes takes his time, cracking his knuckles as he goes to pick Stephens up...

...and gets plucked into a cradle by the feisty fan favorite!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Barnes kicks out in time, angrily getting to his feet as Stephens attempts to shake the cobwebs and do the same.]

GM: Both men trying to get to their feet before their opponent can. Barnes is up but Stephens is almost-

[Barnes surges forward, extending his arm, and SLAMS his arm under the chin of Charlie Stephens, flipping him backwards like a ragdoll before he crumples to the mat!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE OUT OF BARNES!!

[Barnes snorts - actually snorts - in frustration as he rolls over Stephens and hooks the leg.]

GM: He's got him down for one... for two... and there's the three. Wow.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: You could have counted to 100 right there, fans.

BW: Mental note - do not make this man angry at you

[Phil Watson makes it official but Barnes doesn't hang around for it, rolling out of the ring, grabbing his jacket and glasses, and walking back up the aisle, ignoring the reaction of the fans.]

GM: Like we said, Joshua Barnes wants no part of being out here in that ring and immediately bails out after his victory.



[Referee Davis Warren kneels down next to Stephens, giving a wave towards the locker room.]

GM: It looks like the official wants some medical help down here for Charlie Stephens. His eyes are open, we can see that, but he took the full force of that brutal clothesline.

BW: Joshua Barnes made a statement to the AWA locker room in that match. And that statement is "I will hit your hard and I will hurt you if you get in my way."

[The medic and official are on their knees, continuing to check on Stephens as we cut back to the top of the aisle where Barnes continues to ignore the crowd as he ducks through the curtain, heading back to the locker room.]

GM: No music, no flash, nothing but pure rawbone toughness out of Joshua Barnes in his AWA debut right here tonight.

BW: That's gonna be a guy to watch out for if you're an AWA superstar, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Speaking of guys to look out for, I'm told that right now, we're going back to the locker room area where the always erratic Shadoe Rage is standing by with Jason Dane! Jason?

[We fade backstage to Jason Dane and a Shadoe Rage that is struggling and failing, clearly, to keep his emotions in check. Rage is dressed in white jeans and his "Enemy of the World" sleeveless burgundy T-shirt with his sepia image on a wanted poster. His hair is loose, falling around his face and shoulders and down his back, not held back a bandana. He isn't wearing his sunglasses. They're hooked to his shirt. The crazed hazel eyes are in full effect, glaring at Jason Dane, daring him to speak.]

JD: My guest right now, Shadoe Rage, suffered a setback in his climb to the top at Guts & Glory when he was counted out of the ring against Tony Sunn.

[He gets cut off right there as Rage encroaches on his space and holds his hand over the mic.]

SR: Setback? I didn't suffer a setback. I was the victim of a conspiracy! I was the victim of a heinous conspiracy! The Wise Men are right. The AWA is corrupt. And they haven't given me my due! Ever since I walked back into the AWA, Jason Dane, the AWA has been denying me my due. They've been trying to deny me my rightful place as a top contender to the AWA World Television title and the AWA World Heavyweight championship.

JD: What are you talking about?

SR: Jason Dane, you may think I'm crazy, but I'm not insane. No, I came to the AWA with no fanfare. And I came in here to show the people what I could still do! The Prophets of Rage were finally behind me and my past was



finally behind me and I had the chance to show the world exactly who I was and what I was about.

And then Donnie White sidetracked me. Donnie White started pushing my buttons and the man that I was ... the man that was known to evil ... yeah, he started rearing his head. He started whispering in my ear and I will admit that I lost control at Memorial Day Mayhem but after a year of being cheated and abused I had to do something. The AWA kept making me out to be the bad guy, the guy who lacked self control.

[Dane's expression says "Well, aren't you?"]

SR: And yes, I am that man. But I paid every fine. I served my time. They suspended me and I took the suspension. They fined me and I paid the money. I was the good soldier. And as much as they tried to deny me they couldn't deny the fact that I became the Number One Contender to the Television Title! Where's my title match?

[Dane doesn't respond to the question he can't possibly answer. Rage stares at him expectantly.]

JD: I haven't the slightest clue. What do you-

[Rage interrupts.]

SR: I mean Tony Sunn, the man who is the Number Two Contender, the man who is only famous for beating a fat guy, was granted a match. And now they're going to leverage Guts & Glory over my head to give him a title shot before I get mine! That's the conspiracy! They keep denying me my rightful opportunities because they know Alphonso Green couldn't hang with the Rage and Ryan Martinez definitely can't hang with Shadoe Rage. So they're trying to put roadblocks in my way because I'm not a homegrown talent, because I'm not a backstage politicker, because ....

JD: ...you're crazy?

[Rage draws a deep breath as he tries to deal with Dane's comments that Dane suddenly looks like he wishes he'd kept to himself.]]

SR: I'm not crazy.

[He tics violently.]

SR: No, I'm not.

[He cuts his eye at Dane and points in his face.]

SR: You're just lucky that you're protected around here, Dane. But I know where you live. Don't ever forget that!

[Dane stiffens at the threat.]



SR: Calm down, Dane, because I'm not giving the AWA another excuse. I'm here to expose their conspiracy against me and I'm here to expose Tony Sunn as the swarthy opportunist that he is.

JD: Swarthy opportunist? Where do you come up with this-

[Rage interrupts again.]

SR: Where? I just see the truth that's in front of all of us, Dane. I see the truth and there's no hiding it from me. There's no hiding the conspiracy from me. Look at what happened with Supreme Wright. Meekly cheated him so they could get their golden boy, Bryant, on the throne. Why? Because they couldn't control Supreme. And they can't control me. So Tony Sunn, looking to claw his way up the ladder of opportunity any way he can, decides that he's going to target me for the AWA on the pretense that he doesn't like the way I treat the referees.

JD: Wait a minute, Tony Sunn has always been quite clear about how he felt about people abusing the officials.

[Rage nods his head.]

SR: Really? He hates people who put their hands on the referees, right?

JD: Yes.

SR: So where was he when Carver was putting his hands on the referees? Did Carver get fined? Did Carver get suspended? Where was Sunn when Dave Bryant kicked Meekly right in the mouth? Hmmm? Where was he? And did Bryant get fined? Did Bryant get suspended? No. And right before our match at Guts and Glory what did Sunn do? He tells some nonsense story about my brother giving his dad a concussion accidentally 16 years ago. And that's the fuel for why he's going after me? The AWA's self made man?

[Dane seems about to respond but...]

SR: Don't choke on your lies, Jason Dane. You can't justify it. There is no justifying it. He said those things to soften up the referees. And it worked because the referee gave me a fast count and counted me out the ring. Tony Sunn couldn't beat me. He couldn't pin me. So he had to cheat me. And he got another crooked AWA ref to help him out. He probably paid the guy fifty bucks or something and said find a way to sting him, please. He did what his AWA masters wanted him to do ... beat the problem. Beat the man who will not bow, beg or scrape.

JD: So you're saying you made it back into the ring before the ten count? A lot of people would say you hesitated. A lot of people would say you froze. A lot of people would say you intentionally got yourself counted out because you didn't want anything to do with Tony Sunn. A lot of people would say-

[Rage is about to pop as he interrupts again.]



SR: A lot of people would say fat meat isn't greasy, Dane! I don't care what a lot of people say. Every wrestler and every referee knows that when you get on the apron and you're holding those ropes that you've broken that imaginary plane and part of you is in the ring while part of you is out! It's the same rule that governs counting a pin. If part of me is outside the ring, you can't count the pin. And that happens when I grabbed the ropes.

I was partially in the ring, partially out of the ring. There was no hesitation. There was no need to hesitate. I was waiting for the referee to get Sunn back to his corner so I could safely enter the ring. But no. He didn't stop the count. He sped it up! He hit me with the ten! And then he hightailed it out of there because he did his robbery and he couldn't face me and he couldn't face the people out there! And let me ask you, Jason Dane, what did I do to deserve that? Did I cheat during the match?

JD: Well, it looked like you were going to hit Sunn with a chair!

SR: But I didn't. I didn't hit the referee. I didn't even threaten him. Not even a little. I didn't deserve to be cheated out of a win at Guts & Glory! But the conspiracy is on against Shadoe Rage. And Tony Sunn signed up voluntarily because it meant an opportunity for him to get his shot at the Television title. He knew he couldn't beat me for that title. But I bet you he wants his shot against Ryan now that the Wise Men are after Martinez. I bet you he thinks it's fair to wrestle him now! He's a swarthy opportunist, Dane. And errand boy for the corrupt elements of the AWA.

Even without a president, somebody isn't making just decisions. Someone's not being fair to me. But that's all right. Because that's going to change. You cannot deny my talent, Dane. I don't care if you think I'm crazy. I don't care if you think I'm insane. I'm the best to ever do it in this business and I'm going to the top! So Tony Sunn is going to fall. I'm going to get him one way or the other. And the AWA Television Championship will fall! And then the AWA World Championship will fall! Shadoe Rage is going to laugh last, Dane. Shadoe Rage is going to laugh best! Shadoe Rage is going straight to the top! Understand?

JD: Yes.

SR: Good. Because this interview is over.

[And with that, Rage sweeps off set.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, the volatile and paranoid Shadoe Rage. He honestly believes there is a conspiracy against him despite the evidence of what we have all seen at Guts & Glory. I hope the AWA is paying attention to his words because that is one dangerous man. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[Crossfade to the announce team seated at ringside. Gordon can be seen shaking his head.]



GM: What kind of delusions is that man going through, Bucky?

BW: Hey, you know when I said that Barnes wasn't a nice guy but I didn't want to be the one to tell him that? Shadoe Rage is about thirty-seven cards short of a full deck but I don't want to be the one to tell him that either!

GM: I'd hate to be Tony Sunn or Ryan Martinez or... heck, the guys who put up the ring if Shadoe Rage decides they've wronged him in some fashion. Rage wants a World Television Title shot? Can you imagine that guy as World Television Champion? There's no telling what he'd do at any given time!

BW: Like it or not, the Championship Committee DID name him the Number One Contender though. We know that Tony Sunn's got an upcoming shot at the title scheduled but sooner or later, Shadoe Rage WILL get an opportunity to become the TV Champion, Gordo.

GM: I suppose you're right... and speaking of opportunities, up next is the big Golden Opportunity match. Six preliminary wrestlers who have put together impressive performances and some wins in non-televised events will have the opportunity to compete tonight for a big cash prize and a shot up the rankings, Bucky.

BW: That's right. Some fans asked me a couple times what that phrase means: "preliminary wrestler". Those are guys who ain't on the primary roster list put out by the Championship Committee because they ain't won enough matches to qualify. Until they meet qualification, they make less money, they can't get television time to themselves under most circumstances, they don't get music or special entrances, and they do not get ranked in the title picture. Usually, they're young inexperienced guys, or journeymen who never "made it" as a star somewhere because they just weren't quite good enough. And about ninety percent of them won't. They're the guys who come out here and try to qualify against ranked talent, and usually fail.

GM: But with time and experience, some grow to be quite good. Many if not most AWA stars began their career in preliminaries, usually in places besides the AWA, by other names, and so forth. Tonight, six competitors who are believed to be close to that breakthrough get a chance to qualify for the rankings. Let's hear from all six in this video package, put together earlier this week.

[We cut to a picture-in-picture screen. An AWA backdrop fills the main screen while action clips of the wrestler speaking play in the upper right hand screen; an inversion of how this infrequently-used technology is usually employed.

The first person up to speak is James Reed. He has dark brown feather-cut hair, matching mustache, and blue eyes, and is wearing a Pittsburgh Steelers heather grey T-Shirt and backwards baseball hat. He is leaning back a bit, in a casual yet confident position.]



JR: I been up and down the road a time or two now. I've wrestled here, the Northeast, Alabama, and elsewhere. And it's my time. I'm gonna make it my time. Tonight, five SOBs step in that ring, and they're young. They're hungry. They'll do anything to get that big check and that spot in the rankings.

But they're stepping in with a man who just don't give a damn. I will take that check, I will take that spot, and I welcome anybody who thinks otherwise to cross me and see how it goes for ya.

Here's a hint... it all ends in tears, and I don't cry, son.

[The next one up is Matt Rogers. Rogers is a pale, thin man with long black hair, a thin mustache and goatee, and a black leather jacket with red/white/black bandanas looped around the shoulders. He's slouched forward and is eyeing the camera with spite in his eyes.]

MR: You want an introduction? Fine.

I hate you. You try to force the world to conform to your image. You use laws, rules, cops, and officials to hold down people who threaten you. You try to make yourselves safe by ruining everyone who isn't you. But you lie to yourself. You think those things matter. You think law and order can save you. That's what you all want... someone to save you from the boogeymen you've talked yourselves into believing in.

You're society... and I'm coming to tear you down. One brick at a time. Or tonight... five of them at once.

I'm taking what I want, and you cowards sure as hell can't stop me.

[The next person we see is Madhouse McWesson. The bulky bruiser with the tall black mohawk cuts one of the more unique figures in the sport, with his jagged eyebrows, denim open jacket, and big beer belly giving the image of a tough guy brawler. His eyes are wild-eyed and crazed as he rambles in his loud gravelly voice.]

MM: Yyyeeaaahhhh! I been waitin'! Tonight they lined up all the chickens in the coop for a grenade-launchin' explosion of feathers and agony, grandma! I'da whupped tar into half a strip club for a quarter of that much money, but if they got the jack I got the time! And you're outta time! Because the Madhouse is open for business and we're sellin' candy. PAIN CANDY! AND IT'S HALLOWEEN, KIDS AND KIDDIES! COME GET YOURS!

[McWesson spends the last few seconds of his interview time shaking the camera and making crazed faces. When we cut to the next competitor, it is Alex Worthey. The black haired grappler is wearing glasses and a white dress shirt, because he's a professional. His bulky frame is seated upright and his expression is calm and serious.]

AW: Two months ago, I lost my tag team partner.



We worked together for years. We were on the verge of breaking into the tag ranks, the way the Northern Lights and...

[Worthey snarls, despite himself, at a bad memory.]

AW: ...Dichotomy did. But our record gave me this opportunity. One chance, tonight, to make it all worthwhile. To make what JP and I did mean something.

He was my best friend, and I wish he was the one with the opportunity instead of me. But life goes its own way, and the only wishes that get granted are the ones we grant for ourselves. In the Golden Opportunity match, I will not allow his career to have been in vain. I know that my opponents want this badly, but I doubt that they need this the way I do. I will give you everything I have...

[He makes a "tap out" motion on his arm.]

AW: ...until you have had all of it that you can take.

[Next in the procession is Kenneth Doll. The blonde haired model-quality pretty boy is wearing a pink stole, a neon blue cheetah spotted suit jacket with nothing but his sculpted lean physique underneath, and he's taking a selfie with a green cell-phone that has his face printed on the back. His body language reads 'apathy'.]

KD: I must capture this moment for posterity! Finally, the ugly people of the world will get what they don't really deserve... more me! I, Kenneth Doll, am far too good-looking for this barbaric sport, but I have been very gracious to condescend to all you people. Some of whom are too hideous to qualify as people, much as my five opponents don't. Whoever they are. I wasn't paying attention.

Then I will go on to such performances that will be so great that I will cure cancer and end world hunger just by wrestling! Because when they see me, all the ugly, diseased, and poor people will just die from their feelings of inadequacy. Won't that be wonderful?

Now if you don't mind, I need to prepare intently for my coronation tonight. Getting proper imagery of this fabulous face takes time and effort, and you're wrinkling my genuine emu-skin stole with your nasty faces.

[And finally, we go to Caspian Abaran. Fresh off of a performance at Guts & Glory, the unmasked luchadore is a short brownish-tan skinned Mexican man with curly dark brown hair. Abaran is wearing a white T-shirt with an AWA logo on it. He is swaying slightly back and forth in his chair with a posture and manner that tells us that he has a lot of energy and cannot wait for the match.]

CA: Hola! I am so blessed, amigos, to be here. My match at Guts & Glory, even though I fell short, I hold my head up high and know that I gave the



fans the best fight I could give them against a former World Champion, Gibson Hayes. Senor Hayes, on that night, showed that the skills of a champion are still in him and I acknowledge his victory.

But I also know that, to earn back my mask, I have to push myself to get better. I have to strive for greater heights because that is the heart of Lucha Libre! That is the way of the tecnico! When a Golden Opportunity presents itself, I must respond with everything in my soul! With honor! With style! With sacrifice! And with courage!

I WILL regain my mask and the honor of my true name! Amigos, damas y caballeros, I ask you to stand with me tonight and give me your support! One man alone cannot face the evils of the world, but all peoples together can do anything! I fell short in my first Golden Opportunity, but tonight, together, the impossible dream can come true!

[Abaran practically jumps out of his chair, and we return to live action. All six men have gathered into the ring by this point, and all are now in their ring attire. We go straight to Phil Watson for the intros after the 'attention everyone' bell rings.]

[\*DING\*DING\*]

PW: The following contest is the GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY MATCH!

[The fans cheer, because this seems like it will be fun. Reed and McWesson are trashtalking, Doll is taking selfies outside the ring, Abaran is playing to the crowd, Rogers is standing in the corner with his arms folded, and Worthey is stretching the ropes to test their tautness and to warm up.]

PW: The rules are simple... the first man to gain a fall in the ring via pinfall or submission will be the winner. There are no tags and no countouts. If a wrestler is thrown over the top rope or disqualified, he is eliminated from the match, but the match will continue until one man gets a pinfall or submission, or is the last man not eliminated.

Now introducing the participants. First, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing two hundred seventy pounds... JAMES REED!

[Reed, whose ring attire consists of full length forest-green tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots, throws his baseball cap into the crowd and pumps a fist to the applause of the fans.]

PW: Next... from Oakland, California... weighing two hundred nineteen pounds... MATT ROGERS!

[Still wearing the leather jacket we saw in the pre-recorded spot, Rogers stretches his arms out wide and holds his nose in the air, inviting some boos from the crowd. He wears long black tights with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, and heavily taped wrists, forearms, and fingers.]



PW: The next competitor... from Bonesteel, South Dakota... weighing two-hundred eighty pounds... MADHOUSE McWESSON!

[The fans boo as McWesson steps up on the second rope and shouts "I'LL KILL EVERYBODY AND SOME OF EM TWICE!" while making wild gesticulations that may correspond to how he intends to commit said murder. Somehow. He's wearing faded blue jeans, old combat boots, rugged leather work gloves with the fingers cut off, and a black open-front vest.]

PW: Continuing the list... from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina... weighing two hundred fifty pounds... ALEX WORTHEY!

[The response for Worthey is cheers, as he has been involved in some TV time this year. Worthey's clad in his grey trunks, black boots, and white knee pads. Alex steps towards the center of the ring, raises one hand in the air, and then swings it around into a fist pump.]

PW: Next up... from Beverly Hills, California... weighing one hundred ninety pounds... KENNETH DOLL!

[Doll seems agitated as the crowd boos. He rolls under the bottom rope, marches up to Watson, and we can hear him shout "I demand top billing for this match!" before stomping off in a huff and pouting in the corner. He's wearing pink-and-yellow tie-dyed tights with blue Christmas garland glued to the outside around the legs in a spiral. He's got a belt made of ivory-shaded beads and string with a big fake sapphire on the 'buckle', and is still wearing that pink stole from earlier. His footwear is black pleather and looks like someone took a bunch of straps from the shin area of a designer woman's shoe and attached it to the bottom half of a wrestling boot.]

PW: Finally... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing two hundred nine pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The fans give the biggest reaction so far to Abaran, who does a backflip off the top rope to pose in the middle of the ring. Abaran is garbed in bright yellow tights, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown.]

GM: A very interesting set of stipulations. Certainly a first in the AWA and a special treat for Saturday Night Wrestling viewers.

BW: With big stakes too. It's not quite a straight-up multi-man match and not quite a battle royal but has shades of both.

GM: What in the world is Kenneth Doll doing?

[Now that Watson is done, and referee Ricky Longfellow is giving last instructions as to what exactly constitutes a DQ in this match and what does not, Doll grabs the house mic.]



KD: EXCUSE ME! What was that?! Not only did you give a Mexican RAT top billing, but you did not give me my super entrance! I am the star! These people came here to see ME! The whole reason this match was made was to showcase my talents, and \*PHLUGG\*

[Doll spits on his own words as James Reed walks up, kicks him in the midsection, wraps his arm around Doll's head, and drives his windpipe into his shoulder with a sitout Ace Crusher to the loud approval of the crowd!]

GM: \_STEEL CURTAIN\_! REED HITS HIS FINISHER!

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

BW: Cheap shot! Cheap shot!

GM: This could be the fastest match in Saturday Night Wrestling history... but all four of the other competitors break up the pin!

BW: That's right, Gordo! There ain't no friends here.

GM: I think Doll is already out, but now we have McWesson raking the face of Abaran, Rogers kicking Reed, and... Worthey trying to steal the pin on Doll while everyone else has paired off!

BW: Nope. Rogers caught him and legdropped him. Now HE'S goin' for the pin!

GM: Madhouse McWesson powerslamming Caspian Abaran on top of the pin! Now he's trying to pin Abaran, Rogers, AND Doll!

BW: Ha! Nobody in this match thinks outside the box like Madhouse McWesson!

[Rogers and Abaran both kick out at the same time, throwing the big man from South Dakota off of the three of them. But before Rogers can get up, Reed comes off the ropes, driving a front elbowdrop down into the chest as Worthey hauls Doll by the leg to the ropes, dumping him out to the floor.]

BW: Smart move. It's too early to pin somebody with everybody else healthy, and you don't want to risk somebody pinning him when you ain't looking. That Steel Curtain is devastating. And why eliminate a guy who is weak and could be pinned later?

GM: A major weapon in the arsenal of James Reed, which all five of his opponents will need to be wary of. I'm not sure if any of the others have a finishing move that established... but if they do, this would be the match to unveil it in.

[Reed runs at McWesson and drops the big man with a clothesline, leveling him with a THUD. He then descends upon him, raining down punches as Abaran rushes Worthey and leapfrogs him.]



GM: Abaran goes up and over on Worthey!

[As Alex was standing next to the ropes, Abaran lands with both feet on the second rope, bounces back, lands on Worthey's shoulders, and sends him spiraling head-over heels with a spectacular rana that the crowd cheers for!]

BW: Whoa! How in the name of Graham did Abaran pull THAT move off?!

GM: Lucha Libre teaches body control and aerial technique that no other style can match. Abaran up... but Matt Rogers pulverizes him with a flipping heel to the face!

BW: That was a Rolling Koppou Kick, Gordo, and he hit him HARD! Come on, you get paid for this, learn the names of some moves!

GM: That's why I have an expert color man, Bucky.

BW: ...okay, I'll give you a pass, then.

GM: Madhouse McWesson has rolled out of the ring under James Reed's onslaught, but is now dragging the Pittsburgh man to the floor! Both men went under the bottom rope, so neither are eliminated. The match can spill to the outside, fans, because there are no countouts. However, you cannot win the match out there... only lose it if you use a foreign object and are disqualified.

BW: How's Ricky Longfellow gonna worry about what is goin' on outside the ring when he's got three men INSIDE the ring?

GM: This is Longfellow's forte as his father was a referee in the wild and woolly Los Angeles area. I do concur that this match should have multiple officials though.

[Out on the floor, McWesson hoists James Reed up in his bulky arms, violently slamming him down on the thinly-padded dirt floor in the rodeo arena!]

BW: And that'll take Reed out of the match for a while! You don't get up from a slam on the floor real soon!

GM: In the ring, Matt Rogers is blatantly choking Caspian Abaran with some of his wrist tape! As mentioned before, this is NOT a no disqualification match!

BW: Longfellow putting the count on him... whoa!

[Rogers flies into a rage and tosses Abaran aside. He steps right up into Longfellow's face and growls threats at him. He's not yelling, but his face is scarlet with anger and there is undeniable threat in his words. Ricky doesn't back down, and threatens a DQ. The fans get up in arms about this treatment of the official.]



GM: What in the world is Matt Rogers thinking?

BW: He hates being told what to do. The A on his tights don't stand for "America" or "Agreeable" or "Reasonable". It stands for "Anarchy".

GM: Why would it stand for "Reasonable"?

BW: He never graduated high school.

[But before the argument can go any further, Worthey spins Rogers around, lifting and dropping in a quick inverted atomic drop...

...and then DROPS Rogers with a meaty European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Nice shot by Alex Worthey! Worthey qualified for the match due to the excellent tag team record of himself and JP Driver, who was... presumably injured... by the Walking Dead some weeks ago. We have not seen him since.

BW: Eaten. He was eaten by the Walking Dead.

GM: Since they haven't been arrested, I assume not. Worthey applies a double-arm surfboard of some kind with the arms crossed in front of the neck... excellent scientific wrestling! Caspian Abaran sizing up Reed and McWesson on the floor, as McWesson is battering Reed up against the railing.

BW: This dummy knows that going over the top is an elimination, right?

[Caspian dashes off the far ropes and dives through the ropes with a tope to lay McWesson out. Reed runs to the side just in time to avoid being plowed over by the energetic luchadore as the fans cheer.]

GM: WHAT A DIVE! Caspian Abaran has to be one of the favorites because of his recent successes, defeating Gibson Hayes on Saturday Night Wrestling and giving him a tough run at Guts & Glory. He has a lot of momentum.

BW: But he's a tiny man in a match where you can be thrown over the ropes and eliminated. Which I guess makes being on the outside kinda smart.

[As Abaran celebrates the big dive, he gets dropped by a running vertical press, toppling the luchador!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS BY REED! James Reed driving Abaran to the floor, and sending several hard blows into the side of his head. Abaran was playing to the crowd and it cost him!

BW: I take it back. Taking your eyes off an opponent is the opposite of smart. Reed at least knows that it's every man for himself. The fans like him but he's aggressive and could be so much better if he'd forget the fans altogether.



GM: Back in the ring, Rogers attempting to escape the cross arm surfboard...

[His method is to slide back, getting his legs under Worthey, as if he's trying to put himself in a cross-arm camel clutch. Once he gets his legs under Worthey, he hooks his feet behind Worthey's heels and straightens himself out, causing the technician to fall backwards and breaking the hold.]

BW: And a clever way to do it. You know, Matt Rogers didn't just train in the Combat Corner. He also trained in the Tiger Paw dojo in Japan. He ain't shabby in knowing how to wrestle, himself.

GM: That's true. And Alex Worthey trained in England and Belgium, as well; both men had very good schooling. Worthey traps the leg in a scissors, and applies an ankle lock before Rogers can scoot away. That European mat wrestling style, not allowing Rogers any clearance.

BW: But he won't get any real danger with the ankle lock unless he can get off of his back. He's tryin', but Rogers keeps usin' the free foot to kick him back down. Both guys wrestling smart here.

[And then we juxtapose that with action outside the ring, where Madhouse McWesson grabs Reed and Abaran, and headbutts them both simultaneously. All three men stagger backwards.]

GM: If only everyone used their heads the same way as the men in the ring. Madhouse McWesson is a bizarre competitor.

[Reed recovers first and lays into McWesson with kicks and punches. McWesson responds by grabbing his ear... and Irish-whipping him at the ring apron with it!]

BW: Did he just throw James Reed by his EAR?!

GM: McWesson's repertoire is flat-out insane. Unpredictable moves that nobody else does.

[He pulls Abaran back and European Uppercuts the luchadore in the upper back, sending the much smaller athlete plummeting front first into the floor!]

BW: But he's effective with it, Gordo. That unpredictability makes him dangerous.

GM: Haymaker by Reed! And throwing Madhouse back in the ring. James Reed is a meat-and-potatoes brawler, Bucky, and perhaps the best-travelled of these men as far as a professional career goes.

[Reed picks up Madhouse McWesson and bodyslams him right on Matt Rogers' leg as Rogers is still working to escape the ankle lock. Reed then drops a front elbow on Worthey... and since McWesson's bulk is now on both Rogers' and Worthey's leg, he goes for a pin on Worthey!]



BW: Smart cover. Worthey got the shoulder up, but he couldn't kick out normally. James Reed is aggressive and cunning, Gordo. He's the kind of guy who'll fight anybody anywhere; all he needs is a good manager to direct him. I could make this guy a champion if I was still managin'.

GM: You mean, you could make yourself a lot of money at his expense.

BW: I'll have you know, rumors that I gouged my clients were totally untrue. Sixty-five percent was more than fair for my-

GM: SIXTY-FIVE PERCENT?!

[Meanwhile, Reed continues the onslaught. McWesson stands and Reed hammers him with a brutal right, sends him off the ropes, and pounds him with a jumping headbutt. McWesson drops, and Reed staggers a bit clutching his head... which gives Matt Rogers an opening to level him with a tumbling clothesline!]

BW: Matt Rogers with the front flip on the clothesline to use his body weight and drive Reed down! That flip looks extraneous, but it ain't. At only two nineteen, Rogers has to use momentum to make up for the relative lack of power.

[And here comes Abaran, leaping off the top turnbuckle with a flying dropkick to the back of a groggy Madhouse McWesson! McWesson goes stumbling out of control forward, and right into Alex Worthey who catches him with a tremendous belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: What a spectacular missile dropkick and suplex! Worthey with the hook of the leg, and Rogers breaking it up with a soccer kick.

[Rogers turns around, shouting at the downed Worthey...

...and gets flattened by a high jumping leg lariat that wipes the anarchist out!]

GM: Oh my! Another impressive move out of the luchador and everyone seems to be going for that fall, Bucky... not many attempts to eliminate someone via over-the-top!

BW: You gotta figure, one pin is a more efficient way to win than five eliminations.

GM: James Reed is up now, and an atomic drop on Abaran. There's a clubbing double axehandle on Worthey. McWesson staggering... Reed is looking for the Steel Curtain!

[The crowd senses it, and the Pittsburgh native plants a boot to the gut, reaches around... and McWesson bites him in the neck to prevent the big Ace Crusher!]



GM: What in the world?! He's biting the man's neck! There is no place for that in professional wrestling!

BW: There is when the alternative is being put out! Reed staggering...

[And at this point, both cruiserweights in the ring get the same idea. Abaran and Rogers charge Reed and uncork an unplanned double dropkick... which sends Reed sailing over the top rope to the floor! The crowd cheers the dynamic move.]

PW: JAMES REED HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

GM: Tough break for James Reed, who was a big threat in this match! And McWesson from behind!

[The crazy man from Bonesteel grabs Abaran by the back of the tights, pulls up on the black trunks that Abaran wears under his tights and gives him a wedgie! He then LIFTS Abaran by the wedgie, and chucks him across the ring! The crowd gives a huge mixed reaction and sympathy pop for that extremely unorthodox move.]

BW: HA HA HA HA! That was awesome!

GM: That was humiliating! I can't believe Madhouse McWesson just did that!

BW: Now he's after Rogers. Real dangerous when a big man has a cruiserweight by the ropes in a battle royal type match!

[McWesson boxes Rogers' ears, and headbutts him in the chest, Zidane-style. Rogers falls back, and McWesson grabs him by his voluminous hair and starts spinning around giant-swing style! The fans again react for the crazy move.]

GM: GIANT SWING BY THE HAIR! There are disqualifications here, you know!

BW: He's got a count of five... and he let go on the fourth rotation! Rogers goes flopping through the ropes hard to the floor!

[After this wild series of moves, McWesson gives Abaran a shoulder drop for good measure, then points at the crowd, yelling at them.]

MM: NOW I GOT EM ALL RIGHT WHERE THEY DON'T WANT ME!

[And immediately, Worthey comes up behind him and locks on a Cobra Clutch. Way to jinx yourself, Madhouse.]

GM: McWesson took his eyes off of what was going on! Alex Worthey with the Cobra Clutch applied, and Madhouse won't be able to bite his way out of this!



[He tries. He then makes an angry choked exclamation, because he just bit his own arm.]

BW: Uhhhh. Yeah, this is gonna be a problem for him.

GM: Worthey trying to use leverage on this hold to get the big man over the top rope!

[Alex steps forward and leans on the ropes, forcing them down and causing a flailing, uncoordinated Madhouse to spill over them. McWesson uses his arms to grab the second rope, though, so he remains rooted on the apron!]

BW: Madhouse is fighting it! But he's gotta get out before Worthey puts him out!

GM: And that is happening right now! McWesson is sagging... OH NO!

[Remember Kenneth Doll? Yeah, he has just run into the ring and hooked Worthey from behind... dumping him over the top rope! With the Clutch on, Worthey takes Madhouse out with him! The crowd boos as Doll jumps around the ring as if he has just won everything.]

PW: ALEX WORTHEY AND MADHOUSE MCWESSON ARE BOTH ELIMINATED!

GM: Kenneth Doll! We forgot about him! He was biding his time!

BW: I didn't forget, Gordo... I just didn't want to spoil the surprise for everyone who did. Like the other guys in the match.

[Doll starts prancing in center ring, loudly proclaiming his victory as the crowd boos him.]

KD: I AM THE WINNER! GIVE ME THE MONEY! PAPA NEEDS FIFTY NEW PAIRS OF SHOES!

[Doll happily turns around... in time to see Caspian Abaran running past him. He turns frantically, but Abaran has springboarded off the second turnbuckle, pivots in mid-air, hooks Doll's head, and swings him down with a devastating tornado DDT that sends the crowd in a frenzy!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS, WHAT A MOVE!

BW: Right on his head, Gordo! GQ and Vanity Fair will be crushed!

GM: Not as crushed as Kenneth Doll! Matt Rogers too far away to break up the pin! The cover... one! Two! Thr... WHAT?!

[There's no question that Abaran has Doll down for a count of three... unfortunately, Matt Rogers flies off the top rope to break up the pin! Rogers was too far away to break up the pin, so his flying headbutt hits the only other target... Longfellow. The crowd erupts into angry booing as Rogers drives his head down into the back of the official!]



GM: HE HIT THE REFEREE! MATT ROGERS DELIBERATELY HIT THE REFEREE!

BW: What else was he supposed to do?! The match was over if he didn't!

GM: Longfellow is knocked silly, and Rogers also reeling! Abaran is incensed! Rogers rolling out of the ring...

[The Oakland-born cruiserweight gets to the floor, picks up a still-dazed Madhouse McWesson, and rolls him under the bottom rope. And so, by the time a hurting Longfellow recovers enough to turn and see who hit him, Matt Rogers is out of the ring and the only one in sight is McWesson.]

BW: That's brilliant! Longfellow thinks McWesson hit him!

GM: That's ridiculous! Why would Madhouse McWesson have hit Ricky Longfellow?! He was eliminated!

BW: Why would he bite somebody's neck, wedgie-throw a luchador, or do a giant swing by the hair? He's nuts! You could literally blame him for anything and it's plausible!

GM: Abaran trying to tell Longfellow what happened! Rogers from behind! No!

[A flying cross chop takes Abaran down as boos fill the air. Rogers kicks Abaran out under the bottom rope... and goes over to pin Doll!]

GM: Not like this!

BW: Exactly like that... he got him!

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

GM: MATT ROGERS STOLE IT! He stole this from Caspian Abaran! He assaulted an AWA official! I hope he takes a photo of that check, because he certainly won't have much of the money left to spend once the AWA fines him to high heaven!

[Matt Rogers stands up in center ring, spreads his arms out wide, and lifts his nose in the air as the capacity crowd jeers him loudly!]

BW: I got news for you, Gordo. We don't have a President! Until that vote, we're livin' in the Wild West, and Matt Rogers just punched his ticket on his way to the big time. Poor Caspian got stepped on again... just another rung on the ladder.

GM: But he is hot! Abaran in the ring and furious at Rogers! Look at this!

[After re-entering the ring, Abaran walks over to Rogers and shoves him in the chest. The two cruiserweights go nose to nose. Rogers is smiling and mocking Abaran as the luchador points at his chest and tells him off for what



he did. Abaran can be heard to shout "HOW DARE YOU HIT THAT MAN?" while Matt makes the "boo hoo" motion with his hands over his eyes.]

BW: We got a situation here! I love it!

GM: Of course we do! Matt Rogers used some sickening tactics to win the Golden Opportunity match! There were disqualifications, Bucky... that was not a no DQ match! He should have been disqualified immediately! Ricky Longfellow was dazed and reeling after the flying headbutt, and by the time the cobwebs cleared he only saw McWesson. Look at this!

[Madhouse McWesson is seen nodding to Longfellow and telling him "YOU LOOK OUT OR I'LL HIT YOU AGAIN BOY!" ]

BW: And Worthey is in to plead Abaran's case too. So is Reed! They're all telling Longfellow what happened, but there ain't no instant replay in professional wrestling!

GM: There should be! There should have been two referees in a match this wild, Bucky! Let's get the official word... maybe with three witnesses, we can get some justice!

PW: The winner of the Golden Opportunity match... MATT ROGERS!

[Nope. The boos get louder as Rogers points at Watson. He's still face-to-face with Abaran as he calls Phil Watson over.]

GM: What's this? Abaran and Rogers are nose-to-nose and Rogers wants the mic?

[We can now very clearly hear Abaran over the house mic.]

CA: Don't give him that mic! He hit a referee and cheated to win!

MR: Watson. This little rat didn't hear you the first time. Announce it again.

[Abaran shoves Rogers again whose only response is to point at Watson as he repeats the announcement by request.]

PW: The winner of the Golden Opportunity match... MATT ROGERS!

[BOOOOO! Rogers gives a nice classy bras d'honneur to Abaran before stepping out of the ring. He exits with one arm held high. Abaran takes the microphone.]

CA: Rogers! You haven't heard the last from me! You will answer for what you did, in the ring!

[The only response is a dismissive handwaving as the anarchist exits. The crowd cheers Abaran as the other competitors begin to disperse.]



GM: And that's a fact that Matt Rogers will have to deal with. He may have picked up his first big win, but he has also made his first big enemy!

BW: Makin' enemies is a sign you're doin' it right.

GM: Despite the result, it was an exciting contest and I just hope that the next time the AWA has such a wild format, there will be more than one official involved. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to take a look at a very surprising situation between Travis Lynch and The Lost Boy... don't go away!

[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: Mmmmmmm. 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...

...and as we fade back up, we find a confused-looking Mark Stegglet standing in a random backstage area. It is not the typical interview location as we see piles of production crates, a stack of metal piping, several steel chairs on a cart, and various other items you might expect to find backstage at a major sporting event. Stegglet seems excited as the camera's gaze falls upon him.]

MS: Are we back?

[There's a brief pause as Stegglet looks off the side, gesturing the cameraman forward as he speaks.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, we have some breaking news to report right now. After his partner, Alex Worthey, competed earlier tonight, I was on my way to my next scheduled interview when I came across JP Driver, who has not been seen on AWA television ever since he was... taken? Kidnapped, for the lack of a better word, by the Walking Dead some time ago on Saturday Night Wrestling. JP is...

[The camera pans slightly to the right and JP Driver is there, looking worse for wear. His eyes are vacant. He is dirty and looks like he's lost some weight - not in a good way. He is also shirtless and even against his dark skin, we can see mottled bruises on the flesh around his heart.]

MS: JP, can you hear me?

[There is an abject look of horror in JP Driver's eyes as he looks up at Stegglet.]

MS: JP, can you please tell us what happened to you? Where have you been?

[When Driver speaks, his voice is slow and slurred, as if he were drugged or has suffered a head injury of some kind.]

JPD: I was...

[He gulps, swallowing hard.]

JPD: I was taken.



[Stegglet nods.]

MS: We saw that, JP. But where? Where were you taken?

[Driver looks up at Stegglet in confusion, his jaws moving uselessly as he if he's trying to speak but just can't manage the words.]

JPD: I... I was taken.

MS: Right, we know-

JPD: I was taken to... him.

[Stegglet shakes his head in puzzlement.]

MS: Him? Who? Allah? LaMarques?

[Driver shakes his head violently.]

JPD: He said he... he said... needed me.

[He clutches at his skull like it's splitting in half.]

MS: Who, JP? Who needed you? And what did-

[Driver interrupts suddenly.]

JPD: HE! He...

[Driver rubs violently at the bruises surrounding his heart.]

JPD: He... claimed me!

[Stegglet looks even more confused.]

MS: JP, you're not making any sense. What are you talking about?

[Driver doesn't seem to have heard the question, just babbling to himself at this point.]

JPD: He took me... and he... he claimed me... my... my soul. My soul he took. He said... it belonged...

[Driver shakes his head again, uttering a sob of pain.]

JPD: He grabbed my... MY HEART!

[Stegglet clutches his own chest, his jaw dropping.]

MS: The bruises. Is that because of...?



[Driver nods, rubbing at his eyes.]

MS: Were... were The Hive there? We haven't seen them since-

[Driver shouts.]

JPD: THERE! He took... he took them too. He... I don't... he made them...

[Stegglet looks uneasy at the whole situation.]

JPD: He made them... obey. He... claimed them too. Their... their faces. He... he used them... to make himself.

[Stegglet shakes his head in confusion.]

MS: Claimed them? Used them? To make... I don't understand any of this.

[JP Driver's eyes pop open wide.]

JPD: It felt like... like he was...

[JP scratches violently at his filthy hair. Then he touches the bruises over his chest. He pants.]

JPD: He said he would let me go. He said 'Go... go deliver a message to them.'

[Stegglet's reporter instincts kick into high.]

MS: A message? What message?

JPD: He... he said... he's coming... he's coming home.

MS: JP, you keep mentioning a "he"... who in the world is "he?" Who did this to you? Who is responsible for this?

[Driver pauses, breathing heavily. His chest puffs in and out as he tries to find the nerve to say his name.]

JPD: J... Jericho.

MS: Did you say...?

JPD: Jer... Jericho Kai!

MS: Jericho Kai? Who in the world is-

JPD: He's coming home! He's coming home!

[Driver suddenly lurches to the side, making loud retching noises behind a crate as Stegglet cringes, waving the camera away.]



MS: We certainly don't need the fans seeing that. Fans, a most bizarre situation unfolding backstage here with JP Driver who has returned but... but he's got a strange story that just don't quite make sense. But apparently there is someone named Jericho Kai who is in some way connected to The Walking Dead and... well, he's coming home whatever that means.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We crossfade back to the announce team at ringside.]

GM: A very... VERY bizarre situation right there.

BW: What the heck happened to that guy, Gordo? I told you I didn't like those Walking Dead guys. Never trust the homeless - that's my motto.

GM: First, the rantings of that disturbed woman named Poet... now the message sent from Jericho Kai. This whole thing just doesn't sit right with me. Not one bit. Fans, as we were saying earlier tonight, we've had some very exciting live arena events as of late - non-televised shows but shows where our cameras are present just in case. As you're about to see, that often pays off for us as we're about to see a situation unfold that we think you'll be very interested in seeing as well. Take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "TOPEKA, KANSAS - LIVE AWA ARENA EVENT" as a series of shrieks from the female fans in the building ring out for the sounds of Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer" as it begins to play throughout the arena. Our shot is of Jason Dane standing in the ring.]

JD: At this time, fans, I'm being joined...

[Jason Dane is nearly screaming himself now as Travis Lynch begins to walk down the aisle. Jason stops speaking and just smiles as Travis slaps the hands of a few young fans before he is grabbed by a young woman who plants a long kiss on him. Security pulls her away as Travis can only smile, continuing to the ring.]

JD: Everywhere we go, Travis, there is no question these fans love you.

[The camera pans the crowd, showing "I LOVE TRAVIS", "MARRY ME TRAVIS", "LYNCH FAMILY FAN CLUB" signs and of course a "#scumbagTravis" sign.]

TL: If that young lady was any indication, yes, yes they do.

[Travis flashes his pearly whites and winks at the camera.]

JD: You've had a few good reasons to smile on this Coast To Coast tour.



TL: Darn right I have. Got to team with Jack again in Des Moines, not sure if Lake and Detson felt it was a good time, but we had some fun. Climbed the ladder in Omaha and Wichita with a couple of wins ...

JD: I need you to hold on one second for me, Travis. Before we talk too much about what happened at Wichita, we need to go back to Guts & Glory. First off, congratulations on defeating Sunshine's beast... The Lost Boy.

[Travis smiles again and nods his head.]

JD: But the question that everyone wants to know is why did you help the man who on two separate occasions had tried to hang you?

[The youngest of the Lynch brothers runs his hands through his dirty blonde hair.]

TL: Upbringing. All my life the old man and ma... they'd tell you, you need to protect those who can't protect themselves. Now I know they meant my younger siblings. But I took that to mean that I protect everyone I can.

I've been in the gym since I could walk, be it for football, discus, or wrestling and when you are built like this...

[Travis hits the ladies with a double bicep pose, to the expected shrieks of joy.]

TL: You need to protect others. Now the Lost Boy, he's a darn beast but after two discus punches there was no way that he could defend himself from that harpy. A harpy with a chain...

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: She whipped a man like he was a dog, and then tried to choke the life out of him. I couldn't stand it... I couldn't stand seeing her be the cause of yet another serious injury.

[Travis pauses and runs his hands through his hair again.]

JD: And in Wichita, we saw the Lost Boy return that favor when the Longhorn Riders jumped you after your match in what we can only assume is Sunshine's Plan B.

TL: Plan B, Jason? Let's call it what it is... a damn bounty. She sent the Longhorn Riders out to do what the Lost Boy wasn't able to, what Misery Incorporated wasn't able to do .. end my career!

And I know they were looking to do just that. You can see it in their eyes as they stomped a mudhole in my chest before Pete hoisted me onto his shoulders for the Colt Revolver. I don't know what would have happened had The Lost Boy not showed up when he did, but I'm thankful I didn't have to find out...



[The fans start to boo while Travis is recounting this incident, as a tall, lean man steps over the top rope to the side. Travis soon sees him; it is Matt Ginn of Dichotomy. Ginn stands about six-seven, though his slender build makes him a bit less imposing than most tall wrestlers. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol. He's wearing a dark gray polo shirt with a red Assassin's Creed logo and heavy wrist tape.

Ginn holds up his hands placatingly, but as he does, the other half of Dichotomy, Mark Hoefner, rolls underneath the bottom rope behind Travis. The athletically built Hoefner has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a red Spanish Inquisition T-Shirt and is moving slowly in an effort to sneak behind Travis.]

TL: What do you want?!

MG: My desires are simplistic, and financial in nature.

[Travis figures this out immediately, and turns around right away. Unfortunately, Hoefner is incredibly fast, and by the time Travis sees him, he is already leaping into a vicious running haymaker on Lynch! He smashes Lynch flush on the chin, staggering the toned Texan back into the grasp of Ginn. A huge six-seven belly-to-back suplex folds Travis over, and Dichotomy begins to stomp the life out of him. As Dichotomy continues to stomp away at the Texas hearthrob, Jason Dane can be heard screaming into the microphone as he hightails it from the ring.]

JD: This is uncalled for... come on, we need some help out here!

[The six-seven Ginn once again pulls Travis Lynch to his feet, sending the youngster towards Mark Hoefner, who has run the ropes to gain momentum, and Travis Lynch is sent to the mat after a leaping knee to his chops.]

JD: Where's security?

[A portion of larger male fans in the front row wearing #scumbagTravis T shirts cheer loudly as Matt Ginn motions to the top rope with his head and Mark Hoefner steps onto the ring apron. Matt Ginn pulls Travis to his feet and drives the point of his elbow to the side of Travis' head. Travis Lynch staggers back a step and Matt Ginn spins him around and drops to a knee.

As Matt Ginn begins to position for an electric chair lift, a mixture of boos and cheers come from the crowd as The Lost Boy comes running down the aisle. The beast slides into the ring, charges towards Matt Ginn and drives his shoulder into to the back of Ginn's knee forcing him to the mat. Travis drops to the mat and rolls towards the apron as Mark Hoefner leaps off of the top rope as The Lost Boy stands to his feet, and The Lost Boy delivers a right hand into the stomach.]



JD: The Lost Boy is here!

[Matt Ginn uses the ropes to pull himself back to his feet and The Lost Boy charges, connecting with a clothesline that sends Matt Ginn over the top rope to the floor! The Lost Boy turns around and grabs Mark Hoefner by the head and delivers a crushing headbutt, but The Lost Boy doesn't let go of Mark Hoefner's head and delivers yet another headbutt. He drops to the mat and rolls to the ropes. The crowd cheers as The Lost Boy helps Travis to his feet and the two men stare at both member of Dichotomy as we get a graphic saying "MORE TO COME..."

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...

...and then back to the ring in Topeka, Kansas where Travis Lynch has Mark Hoefner in the corner and connects with a knife edge chop across the smaller man's chest. We hear the voice of Bucky Wilde as Travis climbs to the second ropes and begins to rain right hands into the forehead of Mark Hoefner.]

BW: Come on, referee, stop this! Those are closed fists! The scumbag needs to be disqualified for those!

[The fans are counting along with each punch from Travis "6,7,8,9,10!". After he connects with the tenth punch, Travis drops to the mat again and grabs the arm of Mark Hoefner.]

GM: Mark Hoefner and Matt Ginn deserve everything Travis does to them tonight! Dichotomy jumped Travis Lynch and if it wasn't for The Lost Boy who knows if they would have finished him off with the Apocalypse Now.

BW: I'm sure they would have, Gordo, and I know I would have loved a world with one less Stench, but knowing Blackjack there's another Stench somewhere in Asia.

GM: Asia?

BW: Yes, Asia. Blackjack couldn't keep it in the stables.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Mark Hoefner slams hard into the corner chest first and he stumbles out backwards from the impact. Travis Lynch grabs him and hoists him into the air.]

GM: Sky high atomic drop!

[With Hoefner staggered, Travis hits the ropes, bouncing back and slamming a leaping forearm into the mush of Mark Hoefner!]

GM: Travis takes him down again during this impromptu tag team encounter pitting The Lost Boy and Travis Lynch against the duo known as Dichotomy.



[Lynch hauls Hoefner off the mat by the arm, dragging him to the corner where he slaps the hand of the man with a swipe of yellow paint on his face, The Lost Boy.]

GM: In comes the Lost Boy off the tag and... boom! Big boot into the ribcage as Travis steps out.

[We cut deeper into the match where Travis Lynch is leaning against the rope, hanging onto his head as Hoefner tags Ginn in. Matt Ginn quickly grabs the arm, pulling him into a knee to the midsection. The youngest of the wrestling Lynchs doubles over as Ginn scoops him up.]

GM: Ginn lifts Travis Lynch up... and brings him down across the knee ribsfirst with that side backbreaker!

BW: Haha! And he just shoves him down to the mat like the piece of garbage that he is.

GM: I'd love to hear you tell him that to his face.

BW: No one can deny that Travis Stench is a piece of garbage after he's knocked down Sunshine TWICE now!

GM: He has NEVER intentionally knocked her down.

BW: Stay in your rosy bubble of denial, Gordo. But you can't claim that Matt Ginn is not in control right now as he drops a leaping knee down into the ribs of Scumbag Stench.

[Hauling Travis back to his feet, Ginn attempts a vertical suplex but as he gets to the apex of the lift, the former college tight end is able to slip free from his grasp, landing on his feet behind him. The crowd cheers as Lynch secures the waistlock, running Ginn chestfirst into the ropes, rolling him backwards...]

GM: Rogers Cradle! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Mark Hoefner's not about to lose like that, rushing in and DRIVING a big boot up under the chin of a stunned Lynch. The crowd jeers as Lynch hits the mat.]

GM: Dichotomy's looking to double team here, dragging Lynch up off the mat.

as he stands to his feet and leaps driving his knee into the ribs of Scumbag Stench.

GM: Matt Ginn pulls Travis Lynch back to his feet once again.



[Hoefner holds Lynch in a front facelock, keeping him still as Ginn slams a knee into the ribs, shoving him back to the Dichotomy corner where Hoefner steps out, tags Ginn, and steps back in.]

GM: Hoefner with the snapmare...

[And instantly leaves his feet, dropkick Lynch in the back of the head.]

BW: Nice combo by Mark Hoefner as... can someone shut these idiot fans up?!

[The fans in Topeka begin to stomp their feet and clap loudly as Travis Lynch grabs the back of his head and rolls onto his back. Mark Hoefner climbs to the second rope...]

GM: Hoefner is on the second rope and he leaps ... Empty pool! Travis rolled out of the way at the last possible second and Hoefner drove his elbow into the mat!

[Hoefner grabs his elbow, rolling around in pain as Travis rolls closer to the corner. The fans in the arena cheer louder as Travis pulls himself closer to his waiting partner.]

GM: Travis is getting close to The Lost Boy!

BW: Yeah, but Hoefner's getting back to his feet too. Get over there and stop the tag, Mark! Get him and end our misery of watching him!

[Travis gets closer and closer as Hoefner charges across to stop him...

...but a lunge from Travis gets the job done!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES THE LOST BOY!

[The face-painted beast is in fast, jabbing outstretched fingers into the eyes of Mark Hoefner who recoils, rubbing at his eyes...

...and The Lost Boy hooks a handful of trunks, rocketing Hoefner shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!!

BW: He's cheating all over the place! Of course he worked for Blackjack Lynch - that's what he taught everyone who stepped a foot in his territory!

GM: Travis is pulling himself to his corner as Hoefner is getting back to his feet.

BW: Come on Mark get him! End our misery!



[A knee to the gut has Hoefner reeling as The Lost Boy winds up, grabbing his own wild top knot with his right hand before headbutting Hoefner in the kidneys.]

GM: Unique offense out of The Lost Boy as Hoefner tries to get to his own corner...

[But The Lost Boy grabs a handful of trunks, yanking Hoefner towards him...

...and BLASTS him with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Hoefner again!

[The Lost Boy nods to the cheering fans, looking wide-eyed through his facepaint as he backs into the corner, pushing himself up on the middle rope. He grabs his topknot again, leaping off for a middle rope headbutt...

...that Hoefner avoids by rolling for his life!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

BW: NO ONE HOME! Mark Hoefner rolled to safety and The Lost Boy ate a face full of mat!

[The Lost Boy grabs his jaw from the impact of the missed diving headbutt as Mark Hoefner pushes himself back to his feet.]

GM: Both men are slowly getting back to their feet off the mat.

[The shot cuts deeper into the match where Mark Hoefner has two handfuls of Travis Lynch's hair and is raking his face down the length of the top rope to jeers from the crowd. A smirking Hoefner puts Travis in the corner, rapidly bouncing his face off the top turnbuckle.]

BW: You can hear the tears from the ladies of Topeka hit the floor each time the pretty boy's head hits the turnbuckles.

[Hoefner uses the grip on the hair to haul Lynch to the corner, tagging Matt Ginn back in.]

GM: Another tag by Ginn and Hoefner.

BW: Dichotomy has completely controlled this match which should be no surprise to anyone at all. Matt Ginn with an Irish whip that sends Stench into the far side ropes.

[Mark Hoefner charges forward towards the rebounding Travis Lynch and levels him with a leaping clothesline.]

GM: Big leaping clothesline by Hoefner... but Ginn is the legal man who hauls Lynch up... ohh! He drills him right between the eyes!



[Ginn wraps up Travis Lynch, snapping him back with the side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Ginn takes him down again and Travis really needs to make the tag soon or this one may be all over. A hard stomp by Ginn... and another, right down on the sternum before pulling him up to his feet...

[Ginn signals to Hoefner as he turns Travis around, dropping to a knee.]

GM: They're looking for Apocalypse Now! Hoisting Travis Lynch up into the air!

BW: This is gonna be beautiful, Gordo!

[But as they set for the flying bulldog, Travis Lynch rains down right hands on the forehead of Matt Ginn.]

GM: He's fighting it! Travis is fighting it!

[The barrage of right hands leaves Ginn off-balance, allowing Lynch to drag him down in a Victory Roll!]

GM: VICTORY ROLL GETS ONE!! GETS TWO!! GETS- NO!

[Gordon Myers' "no" corresponds to Mark Hoefner leaping off of the ropes and driving his knee into the back of Travis Lynch, sending him crashing to the mat.]

GM: Hoefner breaks the pin and-

[The crowd roars as The Lost Boy comes charging in, catching Hoefner with a stiff double sledge that sends him down to the mat. Lynch grabs the back of his head as he staggers up while Matt Ginn does the same.]

GM: Both men back up now and-

[Another big cheer goes up as The Lost Boy rockets Hoefner through the ropes to the floor but Ginn slips in from behind him, using a clothesline to the back of the head to knock the face-painted brawler over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Out goes The Lost Boy as well!

[Ginn leans over the ropes, shouting at the downed Lost Boy. He "dusts off" his hands, turning around...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Travis locks his hand around the skull of Matt Ginn, squeezing the temples.]

BW: That move is banned!



GM: Not any more! He's got that hold sunk in deep and this might be it, fans! We may be on the verge of seeing a major upset as Lynch and The Lost Boy knock off-

BW: HOEFNER!

[Mark Hoefner slides into the ring, steel chair in hand as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: Take a seat, Stench!

[The impact from the chair across the back causes Travis Lynch to release the Iron Claw and Mark Hoefner wastes no time driving it a second time across the back of Travis Lynch sending him to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! That's gotta be it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Ginn leaps and drives his knee down into the back of the fallen Lynch as the bell sounds a second time.]

GM: This match has been thrown out but Dichotomy doesn't care... and there's a third blow with that chair to the back of Travis Lynch!

[The fans in Topeka are booing loudly as Travis Lynch winces in pain.]

GM: Someone needs to stop this.

[Hoefner has opened the chair, setting it down on the mat as he grabs Lynch by his dirty blonde hair...

...and SLAMS his face into the seat of the chair!]

GM: Ohh! Brutal attack by Mark Hoefner!

BW: I can't tell if Stench's eyes are glazed over 'cause he's on dream street or if it's just the normal Stench look of confusion.

GM: Bucky!

[Ginn drags a stunned Lynch to his feet, waving for Hoefner to climb the ropes...]

GM: What are they doing now?

BW: They're gonna end him once and for all! They're going for that Apocalypse Now RIGHT on that steel chair!



GM: No, no, no! They can't do that! That'll... my stars, what in the world will that do to Travis Lynch?! That might...

BW: It might put Henrietta in an early grave!

GM: BUCKY! If they connect with this, it might fracture his skull! It might-

BW: I'm sure there's room for another cripple in the Stench house!

GM: Someone needs to stop this! Jack's not in the building tonight. He's in another town doing promotional work for the AWA and-

BW: And everyone else hates the Stenches!

[Mark Hoefner stands to his full height, extending his arms into the air.]

GM: No, no, no! Somebody stop this! Somebody stop this right now!

[Suddenly, the crowd roars as The Lost Boy surges up onto the apron...

...and SHOVES Hoefner off the top rope, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES HOEFNER TO THE FLOOR!!

[A totally unaware Matt Ginn is caught by surprise as The Lost Boy storms him, smashing him between the shoulderblades with a double axehandle, sending Ginn down to the mat with Lynch on top of him, hammering away with right hands!]

GM: This match was thrown out! A disqualification win for Travis and The Lost Boy, I believe!

[The Lost Boy snatches up the chair, closing it before taking a swing at a fleeing Matt Ginn who narrowly avoids it. A second swing almost connects as well before Ginn rolls to the floor, backpedaling quickly as The Lost Boy steps on the second rope, glaring at him.]

BW: Look at that maniac! Of course HE'S on the side of Scumbag Travis!

[Travis balls up his fists, shouting for Hoefner and Ginn to get back inside the ring as The Lost Boy repeatedly slams the chair into the canvas like the wildman he is. We slowly fade from the scene in Topeka.

We fade back from the previously-recorded footage to Jason Dane standing alongside the vixen known as Sunshine. Her long blonde hair is tied back in a very business-like ponytail on this night. She's simply attired - a black #ScumbagTravis t-shirt with the sleeves cut out to reveal her well-toned arms and the front cut deep to reveal her... well, you get the idea. A black leather mini-skirt rounds out the outfit.

By the way, she looks angry... very, very angry.]



JD: Fans, I am standing here with Sunshine who... well, things just haven't gone your way as of late, Sunshine. We look back to Guts & Glory where not only did your man - The Lost Boy - fail to defeat Travis Lynch but we just saw the footage from our live event where Dichotomy tried to earn your favor - and your money - only to have The Lost Boy actually SAVE Travis Lynch.

[Sunshine's glower turns more intense the entire time that Jason is recapping.]

S: Do you have a point, Jason?

JD: I suppose I do. What do you do now?

[Sunshine sneers at Dane.]

S: You know the problem with being a woman in the professional wrestling business, Jason?

JD: I'd imagine there are sev-

S: A reliance on men.

[Dane nods.]

S: Mentally, I'm stronger. Emotionally, I'm stronger. But physically? Physically, I still need a man to get in there and get the job done for me... and as my past has shown, I have really poor taste in men. Jimmy Lynch? Failure. Rogers? Wyatt? Donovan? Failures. All of 'em.

And now The Lost Boy.

[She shakes her head.]

S: I gave him an opportunity. He was wasting his life wrestling in Boys And Girls Clubs and local fairs. He couldn't get his foot in the door. I gave him that, Jason. I told him, "Finish off Travis and the world is your oyster." And it is! Can you imagine how much the man who retired Travis Lynch would get promoted by the office?! He had money... glory... championships all in his future if he could get the job done.

But it's quite obvious now that he was NOT the right man for the job... and actually is cozying up to the Lynches as we speak, trying to become their pet. They've always needed a pet to protect Travis... your own brother can speak to that, Jason. And now it appears as if they have another.

[Sunshine makes a dismissive gesture.]

S: I'm done with him. I'm moving on.

JD: So, it's time for Plan B?



[Sunshine pauses, a well-manicured fingernail bouncing off her pursed lips.]

S: Not... yet.

JD: I'm confused. I thought you said-

S: I know what I said... but I'm also the only one who knows what unleashing Plan B causes. Plan B was never designed to be used. This individual's services were... acquired... for an emergency.

JD: Acquired, huh? So, it all goes back to your mysterious benefactor.

[Sunshine smirks.]

S: Oh, Jason. You think you're going to trick me... goad me into saying something I'm not prepared to say.

[She does a "tsk, tsk" sound as she waggles a finger at Dane.]

S: Plan B is dangerous. Very dangerous. And he's the kind of person who can't be put back in the bottle once you've opened it. I'm not sure... The Lost Boy was hard to control. This man is impossible to control. No one's ever been able to control him once unleashed and I'm quite confident that I will be no different.

So, I have an offer to make... a proposal if you will...

[Dane nods.]

JD: Which is?

S: Travis Lynch gets one more chance. He survived my Lost Boy... he's put up more of a fight than I would have imagined. So, I will give him one more chance to set things right.

Two weeks from tonight, in Phoenix, I will step out to the middle of the ring one final time and give Travis the chance to apologize to me.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: I think we both know that's not happening.

S: Oh? Travis Lynch, despite all appearances, is not a dumb man. Or perhaps it's better to say his father is not. His father guides everything these boys do in their careers. So, I will speak directly to Blackjack.

Old man, listen to the sound of my voice.

Your boy has the chance to win gold. He has the chance to be a champion.

[Sunshine lifts a finger, pointing at the camera.]



S: Do NOT deprive him of that chance over foolish pride. Tell him to apologize for all he's done to me. Tell him to apologize for spurning me. Tell him to apologize for the horrible words he's thrown in my direction. Tell him to apologize for striking me - and to ADMIT that he did it.

And I will walk away. I will leave Travis to live his life and I will move on to live mine in peace.

[Sunshine shrugs.]

S: Or I WILL open Pandora's Box and unleash Plan B on your precious boy. It's your call, old man... choose wisely.

JD: Choose wisely?! Are you trying to-

S: Toodles, Jason.

[Sunshine smirks at a flabbergasted Dane as she walks out of the camera's view.]

JD: Did she mean...?

[Dane stares off-camera as we slowly fade back to the announce desk.]

GM: It couldn't be... could it?

BW: Why? Because she's a woman?

GM: Well, no... but now that you mention it, they're the Wise Men... not the Wise People.

BW: Sunshine as the third member of that group would be a major coup if you ask me. She's proven to be smart, to be cunning, and to be absolutely vicious when it counts!

GM: That's not my argument, Bucky. That's not it at all. I'm just... fans, this is potentially a major development. Is it possible that we just learned the third member of the Wise Men? Could we, right here tonight, now know the identity of all three Wise Men?!

BW: Wise People.

GM: Whatever! Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time, the challenger for this contest, this is HENRY PORTEN!



[Possessing a bulky build, the dirty blonde grabs a microphone, standing in the middle of the ring and facing the hard cam. He seems nervously confident as he speaks.]

HP: See, Samoans! I got a partner. Let's see if you are brave enough to accept our challenge!

[Behind Porten stands a fairly athletic looking younger man wearing baggy pants and a bandana over his head. He flashes some strange finger signs at the camera, mugging.]

BW: Is he kidding?! Did he actually just challenge the Samoans again? I thought he was joking.

GM: I don't think this is going to be a laughing matter for much longer.

[Porten hands the microphone back, pumping up his partner.]

PW: And their opponents... MANU... SCOLA... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

[And that confidence is shattered as the tubular bells of the Exorcist theme hit over the speakers. The crowd come to their feet as the two monsters come roaring from the back, stomping down the entrance way without pause. William Payne comes out behind them, smiling and walking much slower. Porten's partner seems like he is about to leave, Porten trying to convince him to stay, almost begging.]

GM: This is not a time to break up your team. Here comes the Samoans!

[The near three hundred pounders march through the ropes and without a break in action, Scola lays in a thrust kick to Porten's partner's chin, laying him out flat.]

GM: OHHH!

[He isn't finished, yelling gutturally as he pulls him up and tosses him through the middle and top ropes where he hits the floor, laying unmoving. Meanwhile, Manu is pounding poor Henry Porten in the corner with forearms across the chest.]

BW: Why? Why would you challenge the Samoan Hit Squad?!

GM: I'll give it to him that he's brave and trying to make an impact in the AWA but the Golden Opportunity match might have been a better idea.

[Scola joins in with the beating, both Samoans laying in alternating right hands as William Payne yells encouragement at ringside, yelling up "See, this is what you get! This is what you get!" as his charges take Porten to the ropes and whip him across the ring.]

GM: OH MYYYYYYYY!



[Porten is LAUNCHED on the return, going way up and flipping, landing on his back hard, bouncing on impact! The Samoans move straight forward, thumping chests and yelling out primal challenges to booing crowd members.]

BW: He just about hit the ceiling! They almost sent him out of the arena! Wow!

[Payne laughs as Porten grunts in pain "See! I told you. Don't challenge the Samoan Hit Squad! No one survives!"]

BW: William Payne talks as much action as the Samoans walk it. They are going to be quite the group to deal with for anyone in the tag team division.

GM: We've seen William Payne lead wrestlers to very successful careers, not just in the AWA through the Stampede Cup, but in Boston and around the country in smaller promotions. He is very good at motivating whomever is on his roster.

[Doing his best to survive, Porten rolls and pushes himself up. Scola aids him, grabbing him by the trunks and lifting him to his feet. The crowd OOHs at his power, Porten barely able to stand even with help.]

GM: These two are a pair of wrecking balls in that ring. Such ferocity!

[Without any finesse behind it, Scola puts Porten against the rope. From ringside, Payne yells "This is it! It's over! It's all over! Watch this AWA! Watch and learn!". Scola whips Porten by the arm across the ring as Manu charges, leaps and half turns CRUSHING him underneath!]

GM: BIG CROSSBODY! THIS ONE IS OVER!

[Or it would be if William Payne didn't yell at them to do it "...AGAIN! Teach him a lesson for challenging us!"]

BW: Porten's partner is smart for not getting back into this.

GM: He's still down at ringside after that rocket of a thrust kick but I don't think Henry Porten is doing any better.

[Scola again pulls up a groggy Porten as Manu resets, roars and the two go into action, again sending Porten into an avalanche of a running crossbody! Manu goes to pin him, the referee begging him to do as much but it's William Payne who stops him "NO! One more time Manu! One more time! Show the world you do not, DO NOT, challenge the Samoan Hit Squad!"]

GM: Come on referee! Don't let this happen! Henry Porten is out on his feet... AND THEY DO IT AGAIN!

[And this time Manu stays down, pushing a hand against Porten's face, his other on the chest. His tongue lolls out, Scola planting on his partner's shoulders and roaring in victory as the referee counts a very quick three



count. William Payne hops up onto the ring apron, stepping in to raise his team's hands in victory, producing a microphone from out of nowhere.]

PW: YOUR WINNER...

WP: NO! Shut up! I'll do it the correct way.

[Payne sneers as Phil Watson stares a hole through him, walking away.]

WP: Your winners... the team no one should EVER dare challenge. The team that is going to destroy everyone in tonight's Battle Royal and go to Japan to destroy Violence Unlimited. \_The\_ most dangerous tag team in the world today...

THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

[Payne keeps the microphone up as Manu rolls Porten out with a foot, the two pacing wildly behind him.]

WP: For those of you who forgot, my name is William Payne! And what you are looking at folks is the evolution of tag team wrestling in the AWA! Everyone is always chasing everyone. Everyone is chasing a title shot. Everyone is chasing a main event. Everyone is chasing a dream. As of right now, that all stops!

[He waves one hand in a horizontal cutting motion, holding a cell phone in hand.]

WP: Everyone quits chasing... and starts running.

[He chuckles as both massive men step in behind him. Manu cocks his head, tongue going in and out. Scola puts both of his massive strength gnarled hands on Payne's shoulder, breathing heavily.]

WP: Running for their lives from these two men right here. Manu. Scola.

[Each word is individually emphasized.]

WP: THE

SAMOAN

HIT

SQUAD!

[Payne holds his hands out to his side, laughing in victory as the Samoans continue to mug and pose for the camera and fans.]

GM: A dominant victory - and a cruel one - for the Samoan Hit Squad. They are a force to be reckoned with and apparently they've also entered the



Battle Royal - tonight's Main Event. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Nenshou taking on Mr. Sadisuto!

[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 to the backstage interview area and to two men -- one, the AWA's resident investigative reporter, none other than Jason Dane. Standing on the opposite side of Dane, and specifically, Dane's microphone, is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant. Bryant's wearing a dark blue business suit, a watch that probably cost too much money, and the World Heavyweight Title over one shoulder. He doesn't look as happy as a man who just successfully defended the big gold belt should be, and presumably, Jason Dane will find out why the champion looks as grouchy as he does.]



JD: With me right now is the World Heavyweight champion, fresh off of a title defense at Guts and Glory...and not looking all too pleased about it, if I may say so.

[Bryant snorts.]

DB: As much as I'm happy to still have this slung over my shoulder, especially after correctly predicting that the Lights Out Express would be out to try to make sure it didn't happen...Guts & Glory was a very up and down night, Jason. On one hand, Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor beat Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake. Brian James and TORA had a hell of an opening match, SkyHerc beat the Lights Out Express, and since I'm trying to be an honest man, Jason, most important to me personally, I'm still standing here holding the biggest, brightest torch in all the land...

[Bryant pats the title belt with his free hand.]

DB: On the other hand, though... there's the Tower of Doom.

[Bryant pauses, looking down for a moment before his eyes snap back up.]

JD: From what I've been hearing, a lot of people had a lot to say about that... and frankly, a lot of it I can't repeat on-air.

DB: That's all right, Jason, there's enough words we CAN repeat on air to describe Wright. Words like scumbag and turncoat, for instance...and my personal favorite...

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: ...Sellout.

JD: I'm a little surprised your favorite has seven letters instead of, oh, four...but what do you mean by sellout?

[Bryant taps on the belt draped over his shoulder.]

DB: He sold us out, Dane, every single one of us. Childes was right, even if the good guys had won the Tower, it wasn't going to drive out the Wise Men...it just would've been a rallying point, something the rest of us can point to, something to let everybody know that no matter how much power they've gathered, no matter how many people decide to check their souls at the door and line up at the Wise Men's teat, they can be beaten. Wright, though...he doesn't give a damn about that. He never did. Childes offered him the ultimate payoff, another chance to regain the only thing he cares about, and no matter what he says, he took it. He split open Eric Preston's skull with all the emotion you'd feel swatting a fly...or so it seems, anyhow. I'm sure he'll try to justify his actions by pointing out what went on between he and Eric more than a year ago...

[Bryant shrugs.]



DB: It doesn't matter, Jason. Whatever garbage he spins up to try to justify it, he sold the AWA out, sold it out to the lousiest scum walking through the hallowed halls of the professional wrestling business, and all for a shot at MY championship. That's the worst part of this, Jason, after what happened at SuperClash with Meekly, again, the only damn thing Wright ever has to do if he wants a shot...is ask. But he won't. He'd rather take the back door, get his shot using whatever power and influence Childes, Doyle, and whoever they've scraped off the bottom of the barrel to be their third member have somehow, by hook or crook, gotten their greasy hands on.

JD: Speaking of Marty Meekly, do you think you'll face any consequences for that Call Me in the Morning --

VO: If I could say a few words on that...?

[And approaching the AWA World Heavyweight Champion and Jason Dane now is Tony Sunn. The grey t-shirt and faded blue jeans that Sunn wears might be in stark contrast to the suit Bryant is in, but they're just as neatly presented as the champion's clothes. Sunn gives Dane and Bryant both a respectful nod, but there's a pensive expression on the Ithaca native's face.]

TS: Look, I get why you did it. Heat of the moment with a guy who shouldn't be wearing the stripes. But I can't, in good conscience, condone it! Even with his case under investigation, Marty Meekly is still technically an official AWA referee. And the AWA brass thought he should be down there! You can't go around attacking an official just because you don't like them.

JD: But you have to admit, given Marty Meekly's actions at SuperClash, he's not someone who should be officiating a World Heavyweight title match?

TS: [frowning] It doesn't matter what I think. It's not my decision to make...

[Tony lets out a small sigh, looking pointedly over at Bryant.]

TS: ...nor was it Dave Bryant's. Yeah, Meekly didn't get the chance to potentially screw you over -- but then again, with all the scrutiny on him, he also didn't get the chance to prove he could officiate fairly with the Heavyweight belt at stake again!

[Sunn shakes his head, continuing.]

TS: Between Wright showing his true colors and the machinations of the Wise Men, now -- more than ever -- we gotta rise above and PROVE we're better than that! We can't play into their hands. Otherwise, what separates us from guys like Wright or Lake? Or Rage? We start acting bull-headed in attacking anyone and everyone and we're gonna drive other officials to sell out their judgment to Childes too!

[Bryant's eyes narrow slightly as he glares at Tony Sunn.]

DB: Tony...



[Bryant hesitates.]

DB: I see what you're getting at. I really do. So, I'm going to calmly explain to you why that happened.

[Bryant takes a deep breath.]

DB: You're a wrestler. Your father was an official. Wrestling's been your family business for a long time now, so you know what it's supposed to mean to win this.

[Bryant reaches up and pats the title.]

DB: So you're also going to understand when I tell you how much it hurt me when Marty Meekly handed me a belt I didn't win the right way. You'll understand when I tell you how much it pissed me off to sit around the locker room and hear people wondering aloud if I was in on it, if I was as desperate to become champion as Supreme Wright was to keep it. I sat back there after that match and I felt sympathy in my heart for Supreme Wright. SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Bryant looks a little pissed.]

DB: The lowest slimeball in the AWA and I was feeling bad for HIM! Feeling like crap because I got a title belt at his expense, and it WASN'T because I was better that night. I got that belt because Marty Meekly is a bought and paid for tool of the Wise Men...so, when I saw his face at Guts & Glory, I saw red...and then that son of a bitch saw \_stars\_.

[Bryant pauses, obviously gathering himself.]

DB: You seem like a good man, Tony. You seem like someone who is here, in my face, because he wants to defend the men wearing striped shirts here in the AWA, not a man defending Marty Meekly because he's just another secret Wise Men thug...so, Tony, I say we settle this disagreement the way we normally settle these sorts of things here in the AWA...

[Bryant points off-screen.]

DB: ...In the ring.

[From off camera comes that familiar strangled rasping voice that can only belong to one man.]

SR: Wait a minute! Wait just a damn minute!

[Shadoc Rage bursts onto the screen in his "Wanted Dead: The Enemy of the World" T-shirt. He tears at his hair, eyes popping. He rushes Dane, forcing his way between Sunn and Bryant.]

SR: Did I just hear what I think I just heard?



JD: Dave Bryant is going to face Tony Sunn in a non-title match.

SR: (pointing at Sunn) This swarthy opportunist complains about Bryant hitting a referee and he gets a main event match against the champion?

And this man (pointing at Dave Bryant) kicks a referee in the mouth and he gets to compete without suspension?

[Sunn and Bryant both glare at Rage. Rage turns his back on both of them, facing the camera and pulling at his mess of locs.]

SR: Unbelievably unbelievable. Jason Dane...

[He turns to face Dane.]

SR: I will not let this stand.

JD: What?

SR: (pointing in the faces of both Bryant and Sunn) I'm telling it to you and I'm telling it to you. This will not stand! No more. Goodbye!

[And with that Rage storms off the interview set. Tony rubs his forehead a little, then shifts his focus back onto the champ.]

TS: Sorry about that...you didn't deserve to be tangled up in my problems there, Dave. But, before that interruption, you were expecting my answer, right? Well, my dad hated corrupt referees as much as any wrestler who thought he was above the rules. We all gotta be held accountable.

[He grins and extends a hand towards Bryant.]

TS: Consider it a match then!

[Bryant shakes the hand, an equal grin on his face as we fade back to our announce team at ringside.]

GM: Wow! What an added match we're going to see later tonight - non-title, I'd assume - with the World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant, taking on the New York powerhouse Tony Sunn who has to be overjoyed about the news that SuperClash VI, the biggest event of the year, will be taking place on Thanksgiving Night in New York City, fans!

BW: Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of sports - we're comin', daddy!

GM: But before that is Labor Day weekend in sunny Southern California for the Battle Of Los Angeles in the Forum!

BW: A show that Nenshou may not even be around for if Mr. Sadisuto gets his way here tonight.



GM: Fans, four weeks ago, on the last episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, Nenshou was returning to the back after a victory when... well, this happened.

[We cut to "HIGHLIGHTS FROM LAST SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING", as the chryon helpfully informs us.

As Nenshou approaches the curtain, a hand reaches through the curtain and throws a large mass of white powder into Nenshou's face! The Asian Assassin staggers back, and a dapper portly Japanese gentleman wearing a bowler steps out from behind the curtain.]

GM: MR. SADISUTO?! What in the world did he do THAT for...?

[The fans boo loudly as Sadisuto is walking with the aid of a wooden cane. The cane has a carved dragon's head handle, and this is what gets violently jammed right in Nenshou's throat as he is blinded by the salt that was just flung in his face.]

BW: Maybe he's jealous of the attention Nenshou got on the Japanese tour. He's the original Japanese import star, Gordo!

GM: Many came before him and many will come after! Sadisuto leaning on that cane which he has planted in Nenshou's neck! Come on!

BW: All that speed means nothing if you can't see.

GM: Sadisuto with a wireless microphone...

MS: Noboru-kun! Hahahahaaaa! Your father say: you faaaaaiiiil him. You fail you familaaayyy! And their patience run out, Noboru-kun. You have one month. Next Satday Night Wrestling, you face Mistah Sadistuo. And if you do not have Wold Heavyweight Champinship by then, Noboru-kun, I send you back! You go back to Japan and neeevvvver wrestle again! Hahahahahaaaa!

[Sadisuto pulls up and exits, still laughing, as Nenshou is gasping for air blinded on the floor.]

GM: What on Earth?! What kind of ultimatum is that?!

BW: The dead serious kind. Do you know what Sadisuto used to do for a living before he became a wrestler? Let's just say he was an interrogator for the Japanese military. And if Nenshou's family called him in? I think Nenshou's in for an interrogation on why he didn't win the World Title like he was supposed to.

GM: This is ridiculous! He might not get a title match in the space of a month! I'm certain that Dave Bryant will have many defenses as the summer tour rolls on, but I don't know if any of them will go to Nenshou... so how can he possibly meet such a ridiclous demand?!



[The "HIGHLIGHTS FROM LAST SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" chryon goes away as we return to live action.]

GM: It turned out, fans, that Nenshou was able to wrestle for the championship of the world twice during the summer tour. He came extremely close in both Saint Louis and Wichita, but the fact remains that Dave Bryant is still the World Heavyweight Champion. The deadline is here, and whatever Mr. Sadisuto has planned is about to come to pass... maybe.

BW: No maybe about it. Mr. Sadisuto doesn't get cold feet. If he says he's gonna throw you off of a building, you better come in with a parachute, daddy!

GM: I am certain that he'll try. But Nenshou, as stated before, was a fraction of a second away from being the World Champion. He is a World Title level competitor.

BW: I remind you, Gordo, that just as Nenshou almost beat Dave Bryant for the World Title, Sadisuto almost beat him for the TV Title several times. There ain't no glory in almost beating somebody. You win or you don't. Tonight, Nenshou's gonna learn that there ain't no excuses.

[The fans start booing as soon as the gentle opening strings of "Sakura Sakura" play over the PA, and the Japanese flag is thrust through the curtain. Behind it walks the man holding the flagpole, Mr. Sadisuto. Short, pudgy, and unassuming, Mr. Sadisuto smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully. Then he marches to the ring, waving the flag and proceeding at an almost leisurely pace.

Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

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

Introducing first, coming down the aisle... from Tokyo, Japan... weighing two hundred fifty-one pounds...

...MR. SADISUTO!

[Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans. He then enters the ring and waves the flag a bit more with a big smile on his face.]

BW: Now that's patriotism, Gordo.

GM: That's some sort of message, Bucky. Sadisuto with a Japanese flag, which he hasn't brought to the ring with him in the past. Facing a fellow Japanese, I wonder what Sadisuto is trying to say?



BW: Sadisuto said earlier tonight that Nenshou had to submit and return to Percy Childes or he was gonna get sent back home. I bet that's a reminder of what's at stake.

GM: Perhaps, but I'm very unclear on how Sadisuto intends to send Nenshou back to Japan against his will. Is he planning a kidnapping? That seems unlikely to work.

BW: I dunno, Gordo, but if he hurts Nenshou bad enough where he can't wrestle... where else would he go but home?

[The placid koto of "Sakura Sakura" ends, and the thunder and drumbeats of "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis starts up. Nenshou wastes no time storming through the curtain and heading down the aisle. He is still garbed in his red robe and hood, as seen earlier on. The fans cheer the moment he arrives.]

PW: And his opponent... from the Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

...NENSHOU!

[Nenshou scrambles up on the apron and leaps over the ropes in a single bound before he whips off his hood to reveal his white-painted face. His black brushcut is unadorned by any markings, and soon we see that his ring attire is all in white... baggy pants and boots.]

GM: Nenshou opting for the all-white attire, a symbol of nothingness and death in Japan, once again. It worked out for him against Gibson Hayes on Memorial Day, but tonight he has another very personal task.

[As soon as Nenshou tosses the robe out of the ring, he brings his taped-up fingers from both hands together, and places the index and middle fingers of his right hand in front of his face. However, this attempt at centering himself into a meditative state abruptly stops as Sadisuto moves with a speed that one would never expect from a man with his physique, and hammers Nenshou in the ribs with a side hook kick.]

BW: Sadisuto's not going to give him time to get in that trance, Gordo!

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

GM: He certainly won't. Sadisuto with a thrust chop to the chest. Nenshou trying to fire back, but Sadisuto with the hand speed!

BW: He hit him right under the arm when Nenshou started to throw his own chop, Gordo. Nenshou's shakin' his arm after that. Some kinda nerve strike, I bet.

GM: Nenshou is not accustomed to facing someone with an advantage over him when it comes to the martial arts, but he faces exactly that. He's not



going to be able to use that striking effectively against the much more experienced Mr. Sadisuto.

[After the opening exchange goes poorly for Nenshou, the face-painted star backpedals a bit. Sadisuto does not pursue... he merely grins and bows slightly.]

BW: If Percy was here, Nenshou wouldn't have this problem. He'd have a plan to counteract that.

GM: I'm sure that's just what Sadisuto wants Nenshou to think. The cagey veteran is taking his sweet time and making Nenshou come to him. Collar-and-elbow tieup... Sadisuto with the rake of the eyes!

BW: Nothin' kung fooey about THAT one. Good old meat-and-potatoes cheating!

GM: Snapmare by Sadisuto, and clamping on a nerve hold. I have been told many times that this is sheer excruciating pain.

BW: I've experienced it, and it is. It feels like your whole body falls asleep on you, and is getting stabbed with needles.

GM: Nenshou not willing to stay in this long... up to his feet, and fires a kick into the midsection of Sadisuto. That will back the elder statesman down. A second kick to the abdomen, but Sadisuto firing back with a thrust to the sternum, and a side kick of his own!

BW: And follows that up with a nice variation of a nerve hold to the front of the neck.

GM: That's a blatant choke!

BW: It just looks like it to the untrained eye, daddy. These martial arts wizards have so many moves we don't understand. It's best to just let them do what they want.

GM: Johnny Jagger does not have an untrained eye, and he is laying a count on.

BW: If he accuses an honorable man like Mr. Sadisuto of cheating with his perfectly legal martial arts moves then it might end up being a lazy eye!

GM: You just complimented Sadisuto for cheating a minute ago when he raked the eyes!

BW: I... uh... WOW, WHAT A TECHNICAL MOVE!

GM: Sadisuto raking the back of Nenshou. It is obvious that the veteran is not going to be sticking much to the rules today.

BW: If his goal is to bring Nenshou back to Japan, he'll be goin' for an injury.



[Sadisuto whips Nenshou to the corner, but the younger man reverses. Moving with alacritous speed, Nenshou immediately follows with a handspring elbow... only for Sadisuto to quickly slide out of the way in baseball-like fashion, causing Nenshou to hit the buckles hard!]

GM: Hard into the turnbuckles! Lightning speed from both men!

BW: Sadisuto didn't have to move as far. Nenshou really shoulda known better. If he did any scouting, he'd know that Sadisuto is about as quick as he is; he just only uses that quickness in short bursts.

GM: His age and his spare tire do limit his ability to use the speed for long stretches, but he still has it.

BW: And after he hears you call him fat and old? Didn't you learn last time when he cut that hole in your pants in San Antonio and nobody told you until...

[During this bit of banter, Sadisuto has moved in on Nenshou. He strikes him with two karate punches in the midsection before turning him around and whacking his face up against the top turnbuckle. Mr. Sadisuto backs up at Johnny Jagger's behest, and bows repeatedly in an insincere apology for not using a clean break. Sadisuto then moves back in, rears back for another turnbuckle smash, but instead of ramming Nenshou's face into the buckles, he rams his throat into them instead!]

GM: RIGHT IN THE THROAT! Turnbuckle smashing is a borderline move legally under the best of circumstances, but that has to be illegal!

BW: The rules say you can use the turnbuckle if the padding is securely attached. Which it is.

GM: The rules also say you cannot perform any maneuver to impact the throat! Jagger asking Sadisuto, who claims he hit Nenshou's head, not his throat. But we all saw otherwise.

BW: Now you're calling him a liar. Gordo, you better watch out or he'll make you suffah in vely vely much paaaaaaain.

GM: It can't be any worse than your Sadisuto impression.

BW: Sadisuto has gone back to the nerve hold, and he's got this match in hand. A lot of people thought Nenshou was just going to roll Sadisuto here, but that was never gonna happen. You would have a hard time designing an opponent better suited to fighting Nenshou than Sadisuto. He's fast enough to evade, a better hand fighter, and way smarter.

GM: But if Nenshou gains control, how much of that high-octane offense can he take?

BW: IF he gets in control. High-octane means nothing if your tank is empty.



GM: Nenshou forcing his way to his feet! The nerve hold loses a lot of effectiveness when the victim fights up!

BW: And the victim spends a lot of energy and pain doing it!

GM: Nenshou hitting downstairs! Another shot to the ample breadbasket of Sadisuto breaks the hold. Snapmare takedown by Nenshou...

[With Sadisuto seated on the mat in front of him, Nenshou leaps into the air, snatching Sadisuto by the head in the middle of his front flip, and SNAPS him down, stretching out the neck of the veteran!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move out of Nenshou and that'll buy him some time to recover!

BW: Nenshou finally has some breathing room, but he might be too hurt to go into the battle meditation. That's the whole point of those nerve holds, Gordo.

GM: Nenshou trying to focus himself... no, he goes after Sadisuto instead! Snapping kick to the midsection.

[With Sadisuto staggered, Nenshou scoops him up, slamming him down hard to the canvas.]

GM: Big slam on Sadisuto... to the ropes... ohh! A devastating elbowdrop driven down into the sternum! That'll knock the wind right out of his sails. A furious offensive flurry by the Asian Assassin, again creating some space so he can try to get into that battle trance.

BW: He's tryin' to focus himself, but I don't think he can do it, Gordo.

GM: Sadisuto slowly getting to his feet, and Nenshou again breaking off the attempt to get into his meditative state in order to go on the attack. Shot to the back by Nenshou, and again across the chest. This time, there's no immediate answer for those open-hand strikes, and Sadisuto is backed up to the ropes.

[But a cornered Sadisuto is a dangerous one as he throws an open hand palm strike, smashing it into the sternum of Nenshou, knocking him back down to the mat.]

BW: Ha! There's the answer back, Gordo. Sadisuto leveled him!

[Pleased with himself, Sadisuto gives his ingratiating little bow... and almost lands on the top of his head as Nenshou executes a drop toehold style takedown from the mat. The young white-clad grappler applies a stepover toehold, pressing Sadisuto face down and in clear pain.]

BW: Oh, no. Sadisuto's gotta keep his focus!



GM: He had a lapse right there, and forgot that Nenshou is quite a skilled technical wrestler. As much as Sadisuto is a more dangerous striker, Bucky, Nenshou's much more dangerous when it comes to mat wrestling. If he can apply the Nenshoulock, he can get a submission... and perhaps he's setting up for just that!

BW: The Nenshoulock affects all areas, too. He doesn't have to work a specific part for it to not be effective, 'cause the only thing that move don't hurt is the arms. Sadisuto is crawling to the ropes, but this toehold is in deep. It don't sound like nothin', a toehold. But he ain't playin' "this little piggy" with him... this hold works the achilles tendon.

GM: It does indeed, and the list of tendon injuries caused by this hold, especially in the old days, would be extensive.

[But as Nenshou struggles to apply one of his signature holds, Sadisuto is able to get to the ropes to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: Sadisuto's got the ropes, Gordo. Let's see if the fan-favorite version of Nenshou gives a quick break.

GM: It does not appear so as Nenshou holds it almost to five! I would have been surprised had he broken quickly given how personal Mr. Sadisuto has made this matchup.

[Reaching up for the ropes, Sadisuto uses leverage to alleviate the pressure of the hold until Nenshou breaks. The veteran grappler pulls himself up, but is victimized by a flurry of loud low kicks to the side of the leg by Nenshou. He winces on each one, and attempts to fire back a knife-edge chop, only for Nenshou to dart out of the way and swoop back in for another low kick.]

BW: Looks like Nenshou has himself a game plan after all. He's goin' after Sadisuto's legs.

GM: That makes a great deal of sense. We've seen that Sadisuto can match and counter Nenshou's quickness in short bursts, but if his legs are hurt then that will go right out the window. And we have definitely seen Nenshou inflict knee injuries on opponents in the past, especially with that brutal leg sweep kick of his.

BW: Ah, but Sadisuto's too smart to just stand there and take it. He bailed out; veteran move.

[Boos are the response to Sadisuto's adoption of the Miyagi Defense, ducking out to the floor...]

...but Nenshou has other plans as he immediately moves to the ropes, grasps the top rope in both hands, and slingshots himself into a plancha!]

GM: OVER THE TOP!



[Sadisuto ducks... but the maneuver was a feint as Nenshou lands feet first on the apron. The Asian Assassin drives the heel of his boot straight down into the base of Sadisuto's skull as the elder gentleman is ducked down, sending him plopping to the floor.]

GM: What a feint by Nenshou! Mr. Sadisuto was fooled there, and the man does not fool easily.

BW: But he's linin' up somethin' else on the apron, Gordo. What's he gonna... OH!

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! MOONSAULT OFF THE APRON!

[An Asai Moonsault, to be exact; as Sadisuto stands, Nenshou springs up on the second rope and flips backwards with his famous moonsault, barreling into Sadisuto with solid body contact and driving him down to the floor!]

BW: If he can roll him in right now, daddy, it's all over!

GM: No doubt, but the drawback of those apron dives and flying moves to the floor, besides the insane risk, is the damage they do to the attacker. Nenshou himself has to recover as well!

BW: Uh oh... he's not just recovering.

[Seated on the floor, Nenshou has brought two fingers up in front of his face, about a foot away, and concentrates intently upon them.]

GM: It looks as if Nenshou is entering that battle meditation, Bucky!

BW: Sadisuto better hurry up and do something, or...

[The crafty veteran drags himself up, sees what is going on, and lunges for Nenshou... who rolls to his feet, makes a quick thumbslash/thumbs down motion, and spews red mist into the sky! The fans cheer!]

BW: ...too late!

GM: Sadisuto on the attack, though.

[Once again, the two men exchange martial arts strikes. Sadisuto goes for the throat, but Nenshou blocks and swiftly retaliates with his own jab to the throat. Sadisuto attempts to counter with the under-the-arm nerve strike, but Nenshou makes a quick circular motion with the arm to deflect that, and catches Sadisuto in the breadbasket with a lightning-fast jumping kick!]

BW: This is bad, Gordo. Early in the match, Mr. Sadisuto shut down Nenshou every time it went to martial arts, but now Nenshou's reacting so fast that Sadisuto can't touch him!



GM: In this meditative state, Nenshou's reaction speed and reflexes are unmatched. Throwing Sadisuto back in the ring just in time to beat the ten count, and now is in himself. Sadisuto is begging off!

BW: He's just buying time like a pro.

GM: All that tough talk and condescending behavior, and now he is begging Nenshou not to hurt him?!

[Not hesitating, Nenshou rushes in to kick the kneeling Sadisuto in the face, but the masterful martial artist was indeed trying to suck him in, and counters with a leg sweep. But Nenshou's superior reflexes again kick in as he jumps the leg sweep, and as Sadisuto completes the kick and returns to his feet, he launches one of his own... higher than Sadisuto's and connecting at a 45 degree angle to the front of the left knee! The crowd cheers as Sadisuto drops like a rock, holding his knee!]

BW: Cobra Kai Leg Sweep! That's big trouble, daddy!

GM: Indeed, that maneuver has injured many, and Sadisuto looks like he's the latest victim! He is holding his knee and is underneath the ropes! Johnny Jagger checking on him, and Sadisuto waving at him to get Nenshou back.

BW: As well he should! Sadisuto is in the ropes and Nenshou's stomping his head!

[Jagger pushes Nenshou back, and Sadisuto clutches his knee... and can be seen to be pulling something from a hidden pocket in his tights.]

GM: WHAT IS THAT?! Sadisuto just pulled something out of... is that a pocket?

BW: Oh no, Gordo, it's his kneecap! Came clean out! What a man Sadisuto is to fight on without his kneecap!

GM: Don't be ridiculous! Nenshou coming back in...

[And battle meditation or not, Nenshou cannot avoid the cloud of salt that Sadisuto throws in his face! This is blatant and hard to miss, so it's no surprise that Jagger immediately calls for the bell. The fans boo loudly as Nenshou stumbles about blind!]

GM: SALT TO THE FACE! BLATANTLY!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: After all the times Nenshou blinded somebody with the mist, daddy, this is just a case of bad karma.

GM: Sadisuto retrieving the Japanese flag... what is he doing?



[As Phil Watson makes the announcement, Sadisuto pulls the flag off of the pole... and then wields the pole as a weapon, with two hands in the middle, as if he's well trained in the use of a staff.]

PW: The winner of this contest, as the result of a disqualification...  
NENSHOU!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SADISUTO USING THE FLAGPOLE AS A STAFF! He hit Nenshou in the shoulder! He's going to injure him the way he did Ryan Martinez last year!

BW: And if he does that, and Nenshou goes on IR... no doubt what'll happen then! He'll go back to Japan like Sadisuto promised!

GM: A shot to the ribs! Come on!

[The boos are thunderous as Sadisuto bows to the fans, and then politely informs Jagger that he will be struck if he gets in the way. Nenshou is rolling on the canvas in pain, and Sadisuto stalks him with the staff... and suddenly, the place erupts in cheers!]

BW: Aw, Gordo, don't you know when you speak of the devil, he appears?!

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ! THE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION HITS THE RING AND HE HAS A CHAIR IN HAND!

BW: It was a chair that Sadisuto did him in with! You know he wants revenge!

[The World Television Champion slides into the ring, and takes a hefty swing at Sadisuto with the chair. The Japanese veteran blocks with the staff, and rolls out under the bottom rope. RyMart takes a parting swing over the top rope, but Sadisuto is already out of range.]

GM: Ryan Martinez coming to the aid of Nenshou! Mr. Sadisuto is bailing out! Martinez didn't want anyone else to suffer the kind of injury he did at Sadisuto's hands.

BW: What business is this of his?! This has nothin' to do with Ryan Martinez! He just wanted revenge, Gordo. What a dumb thing to do, considerin' that he's already in a war with the Wise Men!

[Nenshou sits up, shaking off the cobwebs as Jagger is helping him get the salt out of his eyes with a towel from ringside. As he does, Martinez asks for the house mic. Sadisuto is backpedalling down the aisle, pointing his staff threateningly at both Martinez and Nenshou.]

GM: The champion has something to say!

BW: Oh, this oughta be intelligent.



RM: Nenshou-san?

[The young lion, trained in Japan by the legendary "Black Dog" Yoshito Katsumura, bows to Nenshou.]

RM: Though you and I have never encountered each other in the past, we now have a common cause. I'm talking about the Wise Men.

Percy Childes came out and mocked you. He said that you're misguided. That you don't know how to fight the Wise Men. Well, Nensho-san, I do know how to fight the Wise Men. And this is what I know.

No one man can fight the Wise Men.

It takes an army, Nenshou-san. But not just any army. It takes an army of good men, united in common cause. It takes an army of honorable men. I may not have always respected everything you did, Nenshou-san, but I know you are a man of honor, a man with a code. And even in the shadow of that slime Percy Childes, you held to your code.

Now, I have an army, Nenshou-san. But my army needs something. Something that I thought Supreme Wright could provide. But hard times can make or break a man. And they broke that low down, yellow dog Supreme Wright.

But what have hard times done to you, but make you stronger, Nenshou-san?

Join me. Join us. Shake my hand, Nenshou-san, and together, I know we can defeat the Wise Men once and for all. Refuse Percy Childes, resist your family's demands.

Show me your honor. Show the world just how good a man you are!

[Nenshou, now in a crouched position as if ready to strike, loosens up. He looks warily at Martinez... and extends his hand. Martinez accepts the handshake as the crowd cheers!]

BW: Mist him! Mist him!

GM: That's not happening, Bucky! Nenshou wanted to fight the Wise Men, and now he's got allies that can help him do just that!

BW: You gotta be kidding me. He's gone totally soft! Don't ever call Nenshou the Asian Assassin again. You take the 'assin' off of that name and you'll have what I think, and if you take 'Asian' from that you'll have what I think of Martinez!

GM: The forces arrayed against the Wise Men just became much more formidable! Let's go to an update on the health of Robert Donovan following Guts & Glory!



[Fade to what looks to be an indoor track facility. A rather large figure, clad in a sleeveless grey t-shirt and black shorts is -- rather slowly -- walking on the track, noticeably trying to keep from putting all his weight on his left leg. That leg happens to be adorned with a sleeve and heavy brace covering the knee. As the figure draws closer, it doesn't taking long to figure out that it's Robert Donovan, clearly trying to stretch out the leg that Cain Jackson took a chair to at Guts & Glory. The big man is clearly in some amount of pain, and he pauses, leaning down to grip the brace covering his left knee for a moment before straightening up, glaring at the camera.]

RD: Between you an' me, folks, I was really hopin' to be runnin'...

[Donovan pauses, then laughs briefly.]

RD: Much as I ever run, anyhow, around this track. I was really hopin' to be able to run it in Jackson's face, let him know he tried to take me out an' failed...instead, he gets to point an' laugh at this big damned brace coverin' my leg.

[Donovan looks down at his braced leg, grimacing.]

RD: Ain't my first time at the knee injury rodeo, an' seems like it might not be my last, either. I've limped around any number of tracks, treadmills, been told by any number of doctors that I should just stop for awhile, let everythin' heal up before climbin' back into that ring. Well...that just ain't my way. I didn't "rest up" after this...

[Donovan holds up his left arm, showing a long, ugly scar along the elbow.]

RD: Or this...

[Donovan gestures towards his right knee, which carries the evidence of several knee injuries and subsequent surgeries.]

RD: Hell, gettin' an ear mangled didn't put me down for long, neither.

[Donovan, subconsciously it seems, reaches up and brushes his fingers against the aforementioned ear.]

RD: ...Hmph.

[The big man's arms abruptly drop to his sides.]

RD: Maybe, just once, I should've listened to the doc. Just once, I could've stayed home an extra month, let whatever ligament I tore or whatever cartilage I shredded actually heal most o' the way before steppin' right back into the ring, tearin' everything right back up again. Just once, I could've... hell, just rested.

[Donovan's fists clench at his sides, and his eyes narrow slightly.]



RD: There'll be time to rest soon enough, I suppose...but for now, this old man's got a finish line to limp to, an' I'll be damned if I'm gonna let you keep me from that, Jackson. Don't know if I got anything through to the boy at all when you an' I tangled...but this thing between us ain't just about whatever bullcrap you're tryin' to feed my son anymore, Jackson. One of the reasons I ain't ever taken time after an injury is I got too much stupid pride, too much desire to see whoever gave me that injury suffer as I'm sufferin'. Guess you might say I'm too stupid to know when I'm beat... me, I say us Donovans are too stubborn to know when to die.

[Donovan chuckles somewhat grimly.]

RD: Jackson... case you can't read between the lines, this is me, limpin' around this track, all the evidence you'll ever need that you hurt me right in front of ya, still standin'...an' still callin' you out. Seems I'm gonna have to teach you an' that thickheaded son o' mine the same lesson at the same time...

[Donovan rolls his neck, the crackling so loud the camera's microphone picks it up.]

RD: Us Donovans...we don't "stay down" UNLESS we get put down.

[With that, the big man continues to limp his way around the track as the shot fades.]

As we fade back up to the announce team, we can spot Allen Allen in the ring in the background.]

GM: Robert Donovan seems to be a man looking for payback after what Cain Jackson did to him at Guts & Glory but right now, we're about to see the debut of a new competitor here in the AWA as the Talent Relations department never rests on their laurels.

BW: We've been seeing videos for this guy for a month or so now - Derrick Williams is coming... and he's gonna change the game. Now it's time for him to put up or shut up.

GM: Let's go to the ring for the debut of the man calling himself the "Game Changer" - Derrick Williams.

[We crossfade up to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time, from Jacksonville, Florida, weighing 207 pounds... ALLEN ALLEN!

[Allen flicks his hair as he's known to do with his announcement, waiting for the announcement of his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...



[The opening classic 8-bit notes of the opening of The Birthday Massacre's "Video Kid" starts playing over the PA system.]

PW: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 265 pounds... here is the "GAME CHANGER"...

DERRRRRRRIIIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIIIIAMMMMS!

[And with the announcement and the kick up into the music proper, out from the curtain steps "The Game Changer" Derrick Williams. He heads down the aisle, pumping his fist and slapping hands with the crowd, adorned in all white - boots, kneepads, and short tights, along with a white warmup jacket. He slaps hands with the fans that oblige him as he walks to the ring.]

GM: We're getting our first look here at Derrick Williams, Bucky, coming in with a promise to change the face of wrestling.

BW: What does that even mean? Whatever it is, it's a bold statement and I'll be curious to see just what in the world he's capable of inside the ring.

GM: I had a chance to speak to this young man before the show and it turns out that he grew up watching places like the EMWC, the IIWF, and many others which led him to going to the Boston Wrestling School run by former World Champions Kevin Slater and Curtis Hansen.

BW: We'll see if they taught him enough to compete in the big time, fireballer.

[Davis Warren signals for the bell as an excited Williams claps his hands together, grinning at the idea of being in his first AWA match. He turns to the crowd, pointing to them with a "COME ON! LET'S DO THIS!"]

GM: Derrick Williams is certainly quite excited to be here tonight.

[Williams claps his hands over his head, building a rhythm as he tries to get the fans to clap along. A few do but many and more are not too interested in rallying behind a guy they don't know in his debut.]

GM: Williams and Allen Allen circling out here in the middle of the ring, looking for the edge...

BW: But Williams keeps playing to these idiot fans here in OKC. He'd be much better off getting to work against Allen Allen who hasn't had a ton of luck here on AWA television but he's still a pretty tough competitor.

[Almost on cue, Williams lunges into a collar and elbow tieup with the long-time hard luck competitor. The much bigger Williams takes advantage of his size, pushing Allen back against the ropes where the referee calls for a break.]

GM: We'll see if Williams gives the clean break.



[He starts to ease off but Allen makes a reversal, shoving Williams back against the ropes instead. The referee tells Allen to break... and Williams switches it again.]

GM: These two are trading the advantage up against the ropes, switching back and forth... and now Allen's got Williams' backed in the corner. Now we really need a clean break...

[But Allen simply steps back, cocks his right arm...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Ohh! He slapped the rookie across the face!

BW: Hah! That's the way to do it. Show these kids that they can't just waltz in the front door and act like they own the place. The Game Changer, huh?

GM: Give the young man time to work into it.

[A fired-up Williams off the slap grabs Allen, throwing him bodily into the corner where he starts to fire in elbow strikes to the side of the head!]

GM: And it looks like the young rookie out of New York, the home of SuperClash VI, took offense to that slap! He's letting Allen have it in the corner...

[Grabbing the arm, Williams shoots him across, charging in after him. He leaps high up into the air to drive another elbow into the side of the head!]

GM: Big leaping elbowsmash in the corner by Derrick Williams!

BW: My expert analysis so far says this kid likes to play to the fans but when things get going, he gets fired up in a hurry. If only he'd brought that intensity at the bell, this one might be over right about now.

[As Bucky speaks, Williams charges to the ropes opposite where Allen is staggering out of the corner, building up a head of steam as he rebounds off, charging back at his dazed opponent, leaping into the air... ]

GM: Williams goes high...

BW: Hah! And Allen goes low, ducking down while Williams hangs himself out to dry on the top rope!

[Williams falls back, clutching his throat that he just accidentally slammed into the top rope himself.]

GM: Williams went too early for whatever he had in mind right there and it cost him. He's having a hard time catching his breath as Allen slides in behind him...



[Allen boots Williams in the gut, doubling him up as he loops his leg over the back of Williams' head...]

GM: What in the...?!

[The eternal loser leaps into the air, using his leg to DRIVER Williams facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Allen Allen - I don't know if we've ever seen that on TV before! That's the Allen Assassin - the A2!

[An excited Allen flips Williams over onto his back, diving across the chest and tightly hooking the legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: You gotta be kidding me, Gordo! This kid got all the hype... all the pomp and circumstance... and he ends up losing to ALLEN ALLEN in his debut?!

GM: It was certainly an... erm, inauspicious debut for the man who claims that he's here to change the game.

BW: Change the game? The only thing Derrick Williams is gonna change is his name when he goes into Witness Protection after losing to Allen Allen.

GM: A tough loss for-

BW: He'll change his home address when people keep leaving flaming bags of dog poop on his front step.

GM: Regardless, Williams is-

BW: He'll need to MAKE change... for the bus to get back home after he hits up the pay window for the loser's share of the purse.

GM: Bucky, enough. Derrick Williams made a mistake - a costly one - early on in this one and paid the price for it. You have to imagine he'll need to go back to the drawing board and figure out what went wrong. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back after these brief messages!

[Allen Allen continues to celebrate his surprising victory as the referee raises his hand while Williams slowly rolls out to the floor, clearing the cobwebs and wondering what in the world just happened as he wobbles up the aisle towards the locker room.]

Fade 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 to 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."

[Just then, the picture shudders. The picture quality distorts as the last word of dialogue repeats.]

"... fault."



[And again.]

"... fault."

[Over and over again, like a hiccup.]

"... fault."

"... fault."

"... fault."

"... fault."

[Static for a moment, until that word is repeated again.]

"... fault."

[But by a completely different speaker. The picture returns, but the grinning visage of Miss Sandra Hayes has been replaced by a pale man in his mid-twenties. His pale complexion is made to look even paler by the fact that he is lit mostly by the multitude of computer monitors around him. He has black hair tied back into a ponytail, black rimmed glasses and a white lab coat. He gestures to a large monitor to his left, displaying a map with a jagged line criss-crossing down the area showcased.]

Scientist: As you can see, it's a fairly prominent fault. Or, I suppose I should say...

[He shakes his head in disbelief, eyes showing the worry he's feeling.]

S: ... it was. It has widened. It is now a full blown crack in the Earth... a chasm.

[He gestures to a monitor to his right. He clicks a mouse, and a time-relapsed video of a crack in the Earth's crust is shown. It grows in length. Finally, it widens.]

S: Usually, the kind of activity we're seeing takes many millions upon millions of years.

But this?

[He gestures again to the monitor to his left.]

S: This all happened over the course of one day.

[He pauses for a moment, letting the impact of that last bit of information truly sink in.]

S: Now as for the answers to why this happened, or how... for all the technology at our disposal we are scratching our heads. From everything we've learned about plate tectonic forces, there is nothing known to modern science that would explain this. Nothing man-made such as a drill or an



explosive. And nothing natural either. The kind of stress required for a phenomenon of this level to occur naturally is completely off the charts. Some are saying that it must be something out of this world... or something that predates all our modern knowledge. The locals have been very nervous, claiming that it's the retur--

[Just then static fills the screen once more. It goes black, before opening back up 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 cut backstage, where Mr. Sadisuto has apparently procured a camera and is ready to speak his mind. Dull grey lockers and yellow wallpaper can be seen in the background as Sadisuto speaks.]

MS: Ryan-kun! You daaaare, boy-san, to interrupt Mistah Sadisuto? You not get hurt enough last time, boy-san? I challenge you, Ryan-kun, if you want to get revenge for your shoulder, to Wold Telvision Champonchip match on next Satday Night Wrestling. I will take it all from you, Ryan-kun! Your belt, your arm, your careeeer, hahahahahaha!

And Noboru-kun! Do not think you survived! Aftah wrestling you, Mistah Sadisuto knooowwwws. Knows how to defeat you and send you back to Japan. You see, Noboru-kun, Mistah Sadisuto does not have only one way. If I do not do it with my bare hand, then I use weeeaaaapon. And Mistah Sadisuto knows perfect weapon to defeat you and destroy you, Noboru-kun. Yyyeeessss. Now that you join the children opposing Wise Men, it was easy. Mistah Sadisuto place call to vely vely good friends. Oh, yes. Brokered a deal. The Wise Men will soon have perfect weapon to destroy Noboru-kun and send him back to Japan, and then do whateeeevver else they want. I may not be Wise Man, but I am wise man, you undahstand? Hahahahaha!

Two weeks, Ryan-kun. Two weeks.



[We cut back to the announce team.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: Sounds like a challenge to me! If Ryan Martinez is half the man he says he is, he'll accept.

GM: What was he talking about with the Wise Men? Did he help them recruit someone?

BW: He could be referring to anybody in the AWA with that devious mind of his. Or outside of it. Don't overlook Mr. Sadisuto, Gordo. He says that wrestling Nenshou has given him insight on who is best able to defeat him, and that kind of analysis is what he's good at. You can bet he knows all about how to take down Ryan Martinez, since he's already done it once.

GM: Perhaps, but Martinez is far more confident and experienced now than he was then. Sadisuto may be the one making a major mistake here. I am sure that Sadisuto is using this altercation to get another shot at the TV Title he covets so much.

BW: Nothing wrong with that. He's been chasing that title for a long time. And despite what I said just now, I already know Ryan Martinez will accept. He's a dumb kid that don't realize; not everyone is gonna pull a Tony Sunn and wait for you to be one hundred percent. Martinez is a fighting champion... but when you go down fighting, the fact is you go down.

GM: Ryan Martinez has quite the title defense schedule ahead of him still. Tony Sunn... now Mr. Sadisuto... Shadoe Rage is always lurking, looking for his shot at the title... who knows who else? Now, speaking of Ryan Martinez, we've got some news about one of his allies who was with him inside that Tower Of Doom and was also by his side a few days later in a six man tag against the Dogs Of War. Of course, we're talking about Hannibal Carver. Earlier tonight, we saw the footage... and we can now announce that Hannibal Carver has been hit with a thirty day suspension because of those actions. The suspension IS retroactive to the day after his actions which means he'll be eligible to return to AWA action on August 5th... a few days after Saturday Night Wrestling in Phoenix. A stiff punishment but all things considered, he probably could've gotten a lot more.

BW: And SHOULD have gotten a lot more if you ask me. President Percy wouldn't let him off with such a slap on the wrist.

GM: Thankfully, that will never come to pass. Don't forget, later tonight, we're going to find out who will be elected the next President of the American Wrestling Alliance. Will it be "Big" Jim Watkins? Will it be "Hotshot" Stevie Scott?

BW: President Percy! President Percy!

GM: Highly unlikely if you ask me. Fans, let's go back to the ring!



[Phil Watson is standing by in the ring alongside a slightly pudgy man, with light brown skin, dressed in black tights, with the image of a white knight chess piece on the outside of each thigh, and brown boots. He also has on an open brown pleather vest.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Tijuana, Mexico and weighing in at 201 pounds, he is...

EL CABALLERO GUAPO!!!

[El Caballero Guapo runs the fingers of his right hand through his feathered shoulder-length hair, then holds his fist up, punching in the air.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

# 'Twas in the merry month of June from me home I started #  
# Left the girls in tuam nearly broken-hearted #  
# Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother #  
# Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother #  
# Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born #  
# Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins #  
# Brand new pair of brogues rattled o'er the bogs #  
# Frightened all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin #

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

# One, two, three, four, five #  
# Hunt the hare and turn her down the rocky road #  
# And all the way to Dublin, whack follol de dah! #

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops the jacket to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]



BW: A possible clash of styles here as El Caballero Guapo, a luchador, takes his speed to the unorthodox, hard-hitting offense of the fighting Irishman.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and here we go! Both men circling... There's a tie-up. Into the arm twist... And Mahoney reverses.

[With his left arm caught in a hammerlock, Caballero Guapo drops down and uses a drop toe hold to leverage the Irishman down to the mat as well. And both men spring up to their feet, Mahoney wagging a finger at his opponent.]

GM: Mahoney's showing some hesitation here, Bucky.

BW: That takedown caught him by surprise, Gordo. Maybe he's underestimating his opponent a little bit at the beginning there.

[Another collar-and-elbow leads to an arm wringer by Callum Mahoney, as he forces El Caballero Guapo down to one knee, while wrenching and hyper extending the arm. Caballero Guapo gets back to his feet, but Mahoney twists the arm some more.]

GM: Mahoney really wrenching the arm there, trying to soften up that limb for his dreaded armbar - one of the most feared submission holds in the entire industry.

[The luchador goes into a series of flips, capped off by a cartwheel to ease the tension, throwing Mahoney down to the mat with an armdrag that gets a few cheers!]

GM: Nice move by the luchador to escape the wristlock. There's that agility you alluded to, Bucky.

BW: And he's really got Mahoney questioning himself here.

[They go into another lockup but Mahoney's quick hands manage to get the luchador's arms crossed in front of his chest. The Armbar Assassin holds the grip for a moment before releasing one hand, shoving Caballero Guapo out...

...and then reeling him back in with the hand he still has a hold of, into a short-arm clothesline. He drops down into a lateral press.]

GM: Big clothesline by Mahoney puts him down but he only gets a two count off it.

[Mahoney hauls him up by the arm, looking for a second clothesline but El Caballero Guapo ducks under the clothesline...

...and blasts a turning Mahoney with a right hook to the jaw as Mahoney turns to face him!]



BW: Mahoney left an opening and El Caballero Guapo made him pay for it. He might be a luchador, but he kept both feet planted on the mat as he uncorked that right hand!

GM: Caballero Guapo pulling Mahoney out of the corner... hard whip! Here he comes! No! Mahoney caught him with his boot as Caballero Guapo came charging in.

[Mahoney rushes forward with a knee aimed at the torso but the luchador shows the skills of a matador, spinning away from it and catching Mahoney with a stiff kick to the back of the thigh... and another...]

GM: A pair of quick kicks to the leg... single leg!

[The luchador lunges for the takedown but Mahoney hooks the top rope, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: Mahoney's hanging on for dear life as the referee orders El Caballero Guapo to break his grip.

[But instead, the luchador grabs the other leg, elevating Mahoney's lower body off the mat, holding him horizontal to the mat...

...and gives a hard yank, causing the back of Mahoney's head to smash into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move by the luchador and-

[He holds on to Mahoney's left leg and goes for a step-over toe hold, but Mahoney kicks him away with his right foot, sending El Caballero Guapo into the ropes. Mahoney kips up...]

GM: Mahoney showing off some agility of his own! And catches him with a European uppercut!

[The blow staggers the luchador as Mahoney grabs a handful of hair, hurling the luchador through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Uh oh! I think Callum Mahoney might be a little bit annoyed by the fight this luchador is putting up and as he dumps him unceremoniously to the outside.

[Ignoring the referee, Mahoney follows his opponent to the floor, dragging him up and lifting him into a fireman's carry.]

GM: Mahoney's got him up - what's he planning on doing with him?

[With a wicked sneer, Mahoney shoves Caballero up and forwards, sending him over his head...

...and letting him fall facefirst on the ring apron!]



GM: Good grief! Unorthodox offense by the Irishman!

BW: Yes, except instead of staying on his opponent and rolling him back into the ring, this glory hog has rolled back in by himself and is now soaking in the cheers of his fellow bums.

[Mahoney waves to the cheering fans, allowing the referee to count the downed luchador who uses the ring apron and ropes to haul himself up at the count of seven. He's struggling to get back into the ring when Mahoney rushes forward, smashing a knee into the side of his face!]

GM: Ohh! Mahoney with the cheapshot from inside the ring! He's a fighter - a street brawler - a guy who got his start on the carnival circuit in Europe beating up the fans willing to step into the ring with him. He's not above a shot like that!

[Mahoney reaches through the ropes, dragging him through...

...and then drops back out to the floor, spinning the luchador around so that his face is above the ring apron. The Fighting Irishman grabs two hands full of hair, pulling his opponent's head back...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: There's beating an opponent and then there's this... and now he has a chair, Gordo!

GM: You might be right, Bucky, Mahoney's coming very close to pushing things too far right here...

[Out on the floor, steel chair in hand, Callum Mahoney rears back, ready to strike...]

GM: Come on! Don't do this!

[Davis Warren puts his life on the line as he slides to the floor, wresting the chair out of Mahoney's grasp.]

GM: Whew. Thank goodness for the referee right there.

[Mahoney turns to argue with Davis Warren which allows El Caballero Guapo to slide out to the floor, spinning Mahoney around into a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by the luchador!

[Mahoney staggers back under the blow as the luchador presses the advantage, grabbing an arm...]



"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and sends Mahoney CRASHING spinefirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES MAHONEY! GOOD GRIEF!

[The luchador pumps a fist, drawing a few cheers as he approaches Mahoney who is clinging to the railing to stay on his feet...

...and jabs a thumb into the eye, putting a stop to any momentum the luchador might be building up.]

GM: Oh! Right to the eyes!

[Mahoney grabs a handful of hair, SMASHING the luchador's face into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! Into the steel goes Caballero Guapo now!

BW: This is turning out to be a much tougher fight than you might have expected coming into this, Gordo. That's gotta be frustrating for Mahoney as he shoves him back in.

[Rolling the luchador to his back, Mahoney drops a knee into the face, making a quick cover for a two count.]

GM: Another two count for Mahoney as he drags him off the mat.

[Mahoney goes for a whip to the corner but the luchador reverses it.]

GM: Rever- WHOA!

[As Mahoney is being whipped, he leaps up, scissoring the arm, and rolls the luchador over to his back!]

GM: Armbar locked in out of nowhere!

BW: And now it's just a matter of time until...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him! When that armbar gets locked in, it's just a matter of time until the match ends, Bucky.

BW: It sure is. That armbar is devastating and there's a long list of people who can testify to that.

[Phil Watson makes it official as The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play. Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. Marty Meekly tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Instead, he holds both his arms up, to cheers from the crowd.]



GM: Mark Stegglet is down here at ringside with us right now, trying to get some words out of Callum Mahoney who did not have the best of nights at Guts & Glory, fans.

BW: He seemed to be in a pretty bad mood tonight. I'm not too sure I'd get into that conversation with him.

GM: Nonetheless, Mark Stegglet will certainly ask him about it, I'd imagine. Mark?

[We fade to a shot of Mark Stegglet at ringside, smiling as Callum Mahoney salutes the fans before approaching the announcer. Mahoney delivers a hard slap on the back that makes Stegglet wince before he begins.]

MS: Congratulations on another impressive, hard-fought win... but I think everyone wants to know about the 4th of July. At Guts & Glory, the actions of your teammate Supreme Wright cost your team the Tower of Doom match. Do you have anything to say about what Supreme Wright did?

CM: Mark, like I said, Percy makes some very tempting offers. Clearly, the offer that the Wise Men made Wright was too good to be passed up... Too good not to lose the trust of a few more men over. I'm surprisingly not too bothered about it, to be honest; I know Wright's not looking to make friends and neither am I. I hope it's worth it, Supreme, and I hope you like the company you're keeping.

MS: By which you mean the Wise Men, of course, including Larry Doyle, Brad Jacobs and, a man you were looking to settle scores with in the match, the Russian War Machine. Are you satisfied with what you did to Kolya Sudakov in the Tower of Doom?

CM: Not one tiny bit, Mark. At Guts & Glory, I bloodied the Pro Wrestler Hunter Killer, but he still managed to walk out of the Tower on his own feet. I got to stretch Big Goofy's arm a little bit, but that was payback for what he tried to do to me, so the only score that's settled is between Jacobs and I. As for Sudakov and Doyle? All I've got to say is best stay out of my way, because I'm setting my sights on something bigger and brighter than you two pieces of trash.

MS: And that would be?

CM: Gold, of course.

MS: THE gold? Meaning the World Heavyweight Championship?

CM: Or the TV title, or maybe I go find myself a partner and try to win the tag belts. I'm not telling you it's the Year of Callum Mahoney, Mark; all I'm saying is it's about damn time.

[And with that, Mahoney claps Stegglet on the shoulder, before walking away, miming having a title belt around his waist.]



MS: A bold statement from the Armbar Assassin who is setting his sights on gold here in the AWA! But speaking of gold, at Guts & Glory, we saw Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds successfully defend their World Tag Team Titles against the Lights Out Express however the champions did NOT leave with the belts as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong STOLE the title belts. And right now, those individuals - along with their manager, Miss Sandra Hayes - requested some time to address the fans... in the ring. Phil Watson... back to you, my friend.

[Cut to Phil Watson in the ring. Beside him is a ten foot tall rectangular object blanketed by a red sheet.]

PW: Ladies and Gentlemen...

[Lights; Out! A loud whistle screeeeeeeeeeeches over the airwaves.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by the Siren...MISS SANDRA HAYES!

[Watson checks a cue card, shaking his head before speaking.]

PW: YOUR AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLE HOLDERS...

...LENNY STRONG! AARON ANDERSON!

THE LIGHTS! OUT! EXPRESS!!!

[The slow clanking of train wheels churning quickly heightens into hard grinding noises just as the hard hitting lead guitar riff kicks in for the "Kundalini Express" by Love and Rockets. The rapid banging of drums and synthesizers fire up next before the methodical and monotone voice of Daniel Ash is cued.]

GM: World Tag Team Titles Holders. What a joke.

BW: Hey, they've got the straps, daddy!

GM: Because they stole them! They literally stole them, Bucky! They should be up on charges for grand theft right now instead of coming to the ring to speak to the fans.

[Smoke spits out from the entrance portal and spills over the aisle. The silhouettes of three individuals emerge and evoke an image of them floating on clouds as they step out and are only visible from the knees up. The Siren is the first that we lay eyes on and she is decorated in gold from head on down. A gold vice at the end of her tar colored rat tail, gold studded earrings, and a matching three inch wide mesh necklace drapes around her neck. And the dress... Oh my! Scooping neckline, painted onto her body, a healthy and revealing cutout down the center fastened together by a zig-zagging string.]

BW: The Golden Girl of the AWA, Gordo!



[Out next are Hayes' executioners.. Strong and Anderson.. gold belts fastened and hanging around their necks. Strong's light brown hair spills across his shoulders and over the top of his zipped up white track suit with gold trim. He has short ring trunks on and the tip of his matching knee pads are slightly visible. Anderson matches him step for step. Head shaved tight, facial stubble five to six days old. Unlike his counterpart he wears long ring tights that vanish into the smoke. His track jacket is unzipped and the trio make quick work down the ramp and to the ring.]

GM: Aaron Anderson oughta be ashamed of himself, Bucky. The first graduate of the Combat Corner - a position that should he should hold with honor... with dignity... and instead, he's done everything possible to tarnish the reputation of the school that he came from.

BW: Yeah, like holding the World Tag Team Title.

GM: HE DIDN'T WIN IT!

[The trio enter the ring as Anderson and Strong rip off the jackets, throwing them to the floor as Miss Hayes takes a spot between them, raising her arms and gesturing to both men as they trash talk the Oklahoma City crowd while their music fades...]

MSH: Cute, Phil. I see what you did there. But as our husky little pal Percy Childes would say...

...possession is nine tenths of the law!

[Hayes gestures to Anderson and Strong who both prop the belts up with their thumbs as they continue to hang around their necks.]

MSH: But tonight isn't about whether Phil Watson or anything he says carries an ounce of relevance or has even a sprinkle of importance. Sorry, Phil... you know it's true. Tonight is about a celebration. Scratch that... tonight is a coronation.

THE CORONATION OF YOUR NEW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[The crowd bellows out with a chorus of boos! Hayes screams out something to the front row which causes several college aged fans to throw their hands up and scream back out to her.]

MSH: At Guts & Glory, the entire world was watching and you ALL saw Lenny Strong and Anderson walk out of Springfield, Missouri with the titles around their waist! You all saw the Lights Out Express destroy Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds! You saw these men, these warriors, these LEGENDS... fulfill every promise and every single word that they spoke at Guts & Glory.

They promised you an execution...

...and that is EXACTLY what they gave you!



[Anderson steps up to Hayes, leaning over her and into the mic.]

AA: WHERE ARE YOUR HEROES NOW?! WHERE ARE THEY?!

[He pounds his fist into his chest repeatedly, the crowd is in an uproar!]

MSH: Now, now. Truth is...

...nobody cares.

Skywalker Jones. Hercules Hammonds. They are yesterday's news. They are in the back section of the newspaper with the Blonde Bombers, the Bishop Boys, Kentucky's Pride, and all the other teams that have come and gone from the AWA. All the other teams that once filled headlines but now cease to exist. Champions, yes. Conquerors?

No.

Hall of Famers?

Not a chance.

And that is why it is my duty...nay... MY HONOR... to capture this historical and monumental occasion. Because I know for a fact that back at the Crock in Dallas, Texas... there is a wall. And this isn't just any wall. This is a wall of greats. This is a wall of legends. This is a wall littered with pictures. Pictures of men with black hearts and bad intentions. Pictures of men that unlike the aforementioned flash in the pan champions that I spoke of who will live on for eternity.

This is a wall of FAME!

So here, in Oklahoma City, stand up on your feet and put your hands together for —

[Pause.]

MSH: I said stand up you ungrateful Cornhuskers!

[The crowd goes into a frenzy at the notion of being mistaken for a Nebraskan.]

MSH: I've had enough of this.

[A drum roll kicks in and Hayes marches over to the ten foot high structure. She reaches up, grabs a long rope hanging from the top, and rips the red sheet off.]

MSH: BEHOLD!



[Revealing a still-frame polaroid shot of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong hoisting the titles over a bloodied and beaten down Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds at Guts & Glory.]

MSH: THE GREATEST TAG TEAM OF OUR GENERATION! THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS!

[Anderson and Strong lift the titles off from over their head and press them into the air. The pair of them relish the moment, soaking in the jawing of the heated Oklahoma City crowd. They turn slowly, allowing every fan in attendance to catch a glimpse of them holding the AWA World Tag Team Titles over their head.]

MSH: Gentlemen, gentlemen... the floor is yours.

[Strong steps up first, snatching the mic from Miss Hayes.]

LS: We toldja that we weren't scared of nobody! We toldja that we did our talkin' in the ring! Didn't we, Aaron? Didn't we tell them that?!

[Anderson nods.]

LS: Yeah we toldja ya'll, jack! But it came down too it. We finally got yer big fat faces in front of us, took off the gloves, and laid our fist upon your ugly faces. If yer ever able to physically show yer ugly mugs again I'm sure you'll cry about how you won the match. How ya had yer hand raised. How ya stood down the locomotive and took it's best shot.

Well I've got news for ya, brother...

[Strong pauses, rolls up his sleeve, and lifts his deadly elbow into the air.]

LS: My best shot laid you out. And his?

[He motions to Aaron.]

LS: His best shot left ya both for dead.

[Anderson steps up and takes the mic from Strong.]

AA: Ain't no other chapters to this story, fellas. You walked into Springfield as Champions...

...and were carted off as casualties of war.

[Strong pats Anderson on the back and mouths, "that's right."]

AA: And now.. what do you have to show for it? Busted jaws.. bloodied faces.. black eyes.. bruised ribs.. broken bones.. and a big.. fat.. bruised ego. And you know what? We all know that's what is killing you the most. Laying at our feet unconscious in front of the entire world after claiming that



you were the greatest show on earth and telling us.. TELLING US.. that we had to come out there and prove that we were even greater.

And that's EXACTLY what we did.

We took your cute mantra, shoved it down your throats, and BURIED it into the ground.

So now these..

[They both pat the titles softly.]

AA: THEY BELONG TO —

[Right before Aaron Anderson can finish that thought, he's interrupted by the sounds of "The Show Goes On" by Lupe Fiasco playing over the PA system as the crowd roars with cheers! Coming out from behind the curtains, strutting like the world's swaggiest George Jefferson, is Buford P. Higgins, with golden microphone in hand.]

BPH: Those title belts BELONG to the same breathtakin', heartpoundin', amazing AND astounding, pinned you in the middle of the ring so the best you could do was STEAL our bling-

[Strong kicks the ropes, shouting "Get on with it!" Buford stops his spiel, laughing.]

BPH: But it's already on...

[Buford points right behind Strong and Anderson.]

BPH: ...HA-HA!

[The crowd goes absolutely nuts, roaring..

...as Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds leap over the far guardrail directly behind the Lights Out Express!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Behind you, guys! Look behind you!

[Hammonds slides underneath the bottom rope while Skywalker Jones triple jumps up the steps, to the apron, and then leaps off the corner turnbuckle where he contorts his body into the air, twisting around recklessly..

..and SMASHING his extended limber frame across the back of Lenny Strong and wiping him out!]

GM: Down goes Strong!

BW: Another cowardly attack by the champ — by those cowards!



[Anderson, seeing Strong go down, pivots sharply around and is met by the bulldozing running shoulder of Hercules Hammonds who RUNS him over!]

GM: And there goes Anderson! The champs, the REAL champs, are laying waste to the pretenders!

BW: I take great offense to that.

[Miss Sandra Hayes is frantic. She yells, screams, and shouts out in a shrieking tone at Jones and Hammonds as she claws and scrapes at the ten foot high artistic masterpiece.. pulling it safely into the corner of the ring. Hayes then collects the fallen title belts one at a time..

..or tries to!]

GM: Jones has got his foot on the strap of that second championship title! There's no way he is going to let that hunk of gold out of his sight a second time!

[Hayes jerks on his foot to no avail as Jones wags his finger at her...

...just as Lenny Strong BLASTS him from behind with a stiff forearm that knocks him into the ropes!]

BW: So much for that, Gordo!

GM: It isn't over yet!

[Strong continues to jar Skywalker Jones with jaw-rattling forearm strikes as he backs him into the ropes. Across the ring, a rising Aaron Anderson thwarts Hammonds' attack with a punch to the break basket however his attempt is shrugged off as Hammonds lowers clenched fists across his back, driving him back down to one knee.]

GM: It's breaking down here in Oklahoma City, fans!

[Aaron Anderson tries to swipe Hammonds' right leg out from underneath it but the Tupelo Tower kicks it away with his left foot and then plants his right foot firmly between Anderson's eyes and knocks him to the ground.]

GM: We've got an all out war in the ring, Bucky! It's Guts & Glory Take II!

BW: These teams are far from finished with one another! Look at them battle! You can feel the intensity all the way back in Dallas!

[Jones begins to cover up against the ropes, juking from side to side and rolling his elbows across his face in a shield. Strong continues to unleash an onslaught of shots... some land but most of them are blocked. He begins launching overhand elbows and driving the point downward across the top of Jones' skull who finally fires back with repeated jabs. Strong takes a big step back and then ERUPTS forward...



...clotheslining Skywalker Jones with such force that he flips all the way backwards and lands on his chest!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SHOT!

[Hammonds gutwrenches Anderson, jerking him up from the canvas and slamming him down on his back! Anderson cringes in pain as Jones crawls to the corner on the far side of the ring. Now on the outside and up the aisle, Miss Hayes recollects herself, a title in each arm, and shouts out to her men in the ring with little effect. She backpedals away the apron, maneuvering herself towards the back..

..until she finds herself back to chest with Bufford P. Higgins which draws a loud pop from the standing crowd!]

GM: Not so fast, princess!

BW: He wouldn't dare lay a hand on that lady!

GM: She ain't no lady, Bucky! Even you have to admit that!

[Sanda turns, albeit slowly, and what she sees a wide eye and wider grinned Higgins standing in our way. She steps to his right and he mirrors her steps. To the left.. more of the same. Hayes tries to feint one way and quick-step to the other but Higgins will have none of it! Bufford reaches out, snatching the end of one of the title belts and Hayes jerks back, refusing to let it go!]

GM: We've got a good ol' fashioned tug of war happening right in front of our eyes!

BW: That's not the only thing we've got, Gordo! Lenny Strong is caving Jones' skull in with those wicked knees!

[Jones, slumped in the corner, eats shot after shot. Hammonds, finally catching wind of this, breaks away from his beatdown on Aaron Anderson and stomps towards Strong. Lenny, hearing the roar of the crowd, spins around and fires a forearm at Hammonds who shoves it away. He fires the other and Hammonds shoves it away and follows it up with a MASSIVE headbutt to the brow of Lenny Strong who is staggered. Hammonds, now grabbing Strong by both shoulders, smacks his head into that of Strong three more times garnering a louder pop with each brutal shot.]

GM: Hammonds with the body scoop... swung right into a side slam! Oh my!

[Strong scrapes at the mat as Hammonds stands over him, cracks each knuckle one at a time on his hands, and then reaches down and wraps his massive arms around the waist of Lenny Strong, DEADLIFTING him into the air...]

GM: HERE COMES THE HAMMER!!!



[Hoisting him high over his head...

...only to have Aaron Anderson LEAP up and grab Strong by the arms!]

GM: Now we've got TWO tug of wars going!

[The Tupelo Tower holds his ground, still clasping his giant hands together around the waist of Strong whose back is arched over Hammonds' shoulder while Anderson desperately tugs on Lenny's arms just as the crowd erupts and the camera snaps to the corner turnbuckle...

...where Skywalker Jones, perched on the top buckle, leaps through the air and flips around backward as his body shoots forward!]

BW: SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!!

[And crashes down across the chest of Lenny Strong!]

GM: ALL FOUR MEN ARE DOWN!

[Just as Gordon shouts, we see Bufford rip a belt free from Hayes' grip. He holds it proudly in the air..

...just as Miss Hayes winds up the other belt and CLOCKS him across the jaw with it!]

BW: FIVE! COUNT EM', GORDO!

[Jones is down. Hammonds is down. Strong is down. Anderson is down. Hayes is wobbling on a broken heel, clawing at the title still in the hands of Higgins who is laid out on the ramp but holding onto the belt with a death grip.]

GM: We've got bodies everywhere and that rat is trying to escape with the gold!

BW: Can't blame a girl for trying.

[All four men begin to stir in the ring. Hammonds pulls himself up to a knee while Strong and Anderson use one another to brace themselves. Hercules lunges with both arms extended at the Lights Out Express who duck his attack. Hammonds slams on the brakes, coming to a stop a few feet away from the huge portrait in the corner. He spins around and is met with a double dropkick to the chest that sends him reeling backwards, inches away now.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds better watch out, he's dangerously close to getting a face full of freshly painted canvas and I'm not talking about the ring!



[Anderson and Strong shoot back to their feet and Anderson grabs Strong by the arm and whips him towards Hammonds..

...who shoves the oncoming Strong into the air and DRIVES him into the mat!]

BW: SPINEBUSTER!

GM: MY GOD, ANDERSON JUST FED STRONG TO THE SLAUGHTER!

[Anderson immediately rushes forward and then slides through Hammonds' legs, bouncing up on the other side of him as Hammonds bends down trying to grab at him. Skywalker Jones, now on his feet, sprints forward, steps off his partner's back, and leaps into the air..

\*SMACK!!!!\*

..and is OBLITERATED by a jumping European Uppercut by Aaron Anderson!]

GM: OH MY! OH MY STARS!

BW: These guys are throwing bombs at each other, Gordo!

[Anderson regains his footing, looks up..

..and sees the Tupelo Tower barreling in on him!]

BW: Uh-oh.

[Bucky gasps as the Mississippi native lowers his shoulder and DRIVES it into the gut of Aaron Anderson..

...SMASHING him through the gigantic portrait in the corner!]

GM: TUPELO TORPEDO THROUGH THE PORTRAIT!!!

[The crowd explodes!]

GM: A picturesque shot by Hammonds!

BW: Not amused.

[Strong rolls out of the ring and stumbles near the corner where Anderson is laid out, wooden framework wrapped around his neck and body. He reaches under the bottom rope and grabs Anderson by the arms and yanks him out of the ring just as the top half of the portrait smashes down against the canvas.]

GM: The Lights Out Express are retreating!

BW: Regrouping, Gordo. Regrouping!



GM: Call it what you want but they are getting the heck out of Oklahoma City! Look at them boys go!

[Hayes, with one title belt over her shoulder, leads the charge back down the ramp. Strong wraps Anderson's arm around his neck and drags him down alongside it, wooden frame still pasted around his neck. As they retreat, Hammonds helps a woozy Higgins to his feet and Skywalker Jones grabs a discarded microphone off the canvas.]

SJ: That's right! That's right! Get the steppin'! Next time you wanna' celebrate like champions, you better make damn sure you ARE the champions!

[Jones turns his attention to Hammonds and Higgins, who join him in the ring.]

SJ: You okay, Buford?

[Buford weakly holds up the tag team title belt he managed to recover from Hayes as a smile forms on Jones' face.]

SJ: HA! Alright, Buford!

[Jones slaps Higgins on the shoulder, damn near knocking the diminutive ring announcer off his feet as Hammonds holds him up.]

SJ: HEY! LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS! HOLD UP!

[At the top of the ramp, the LOE stop, turning to SkyHerc in the ring.]

SJ: As you can see, WE got one belt...

[Jones points to Buford.]

SJ: ...and YOU got one belt.

[He points to Hayes, still holding the other tag team title belt over her shoulder.]

SJ: Now, as much as I'm sure the Championship Committee enjoys having the Tag Team Titles handled like a messy child custody dispute, how about we settle this inside the ring once and for all?

[BIG POP!]

SJ: That is of course, unless you're scared that you'll just your sorry butts whupped again!

[An outraged Strong shouts, "NO WAY! WE'LL BE THERE!" as Hayes tries to hold him back. Inside the ring, Jones smiles and nods.]



SJ: That's exactly what we wanted to hear. Two weeks from now, next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling...

...Lights Out Express versus Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones, one last time for ALLLLLL THE GOLD!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the challenge. Hayes can be seen and heard trying to silence her men who are nodding in acceptance, ushering them back through the curtain towards the back as Jones and Hammonds trade a high five.]

GM: The challenge is made for two weeks from tonight in Phoenix! The Lights Out Express versus SkyHerc for the World Tag Team Titles for all the gold!

BW: And he said "one last time," Gordo. One last time! Win, lose, or draw - would that be the final time those two teams would meet for the titles?!

GM: We might need to get some clarification on that one, Bucky. Fans, we're going to take a quick break while we get the ring cleaned up but we'll be right back after this!

[Fade to black.

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 [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com), Target, Wal-Mart, KMart and wherever DVDs are sold. Kids, get your parents permission!"



[We fade back to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed in a purple dress shirt with black slacks; his sunglasses rest on the bridge of his nose, smirk firmly in place.]

MS: I'm joined at this time by a rather smug looking Johnny Detson.

[Detson does a double take at that remark.]

Detson: Smug?

[Detson shrugs and nods in agreement.]

Detson: And why wouldn't I be smug, Mark? Day after day, week after week, month after month, I have been coming out here and saying the same thing over and over. Johnny Detson gets the job done!

[Pointing in the palm of his hand, Detson continues.]

Detson: Now some people don't want to hear that, it makes some people very angry when I say that. But the one thing they can't do is deny it! Here I stand, the best ring general in the business today! Who else here has lead their team to victory in BOTH a War Games and Tower of Doom match this past year? Not one person! Because Johnny Detson is someone who gets the job done!

MS: Victory in the War Games and Tower of Doom matches are impressive but...

[Detson, as usual, cuts him off.]

Detson: Oh really? Impressive? Some people like to talk about how great they are, and how they may or may not be the best wrestler on the planet and do little to back it up. They may or may not rely on past accomplishments and glories instead of doing what they are supposed to...

MS: That sounds like a backhanded comment towards fellow Unholy Alliance member Rick Marley.

[Detson shrugs.]

Detson: Is it? All I know is that Rick Marley was given a job; he wasn't supposed to beat William Craven, he was supposed to END William Craven. Rick Marley failed, which is becoming the Rick Marley way. Another Rick Marley trait seems to be having me clean up his messes and mistakes. But that's okay, not only did I lead my team to victory in the Tower of Doom, I did the job Rick Marley couldn't. I did in five minutes what Rick Marley couldn't in five YEARS, I... Johnny Detson... ended William Craven.

MS: You seem awfully proud about possibly ending a man's career!

Detson: Yes I am proud... thank you for noticing! I squashed the One Man Revolution; I took arguably one of the most powerful men ever in



professional wrestling, and I dumped him on his head! I took on a WarGames match and a Tower of Doom match all in one year, and yet here I still stand. My only failure is that I haven't been able to teach poor Hannibal to read those twelve steps he's supposed to follow.

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: But Rick Marley's the best? The fact that he can say that with a straight face is the best thing he's done in months. But don't worry Rick, we're still partners in this war, a war that I am winning, but I will still be there for you cleaning up your messes whenever you cause them!

[Detson gives a big sarcastic thumbs up and winks at the camera.]

MS: Perhaps if we move on to what your thoughts might be on Supreme Wright's actions at the end of the Tower of Doom against Eric Preston?

Detson: Whatever Supreme Wright did, he must have had his reason for doing them. Supreme likes to say he wasn't wrong, well, neither was I. I warned Preston. I warned Martinez. But did they listen?

[Shaking his head, Detson continues.]

Detson: But I'm sure after all the careers Eric Preston has ruined, we are truly shedding a tear over his battered corpse. No, Eric Preston got his war, and just like all those before him, Eric Preston lost. Ryan Martinez wants to be the white knight, but sometimes they don't go riding off into the sunset.

[Detson glares at the camera.]

Detson: And Ryan, don't think for one second I didn't hear what you said. Big fish? Small pond?

[Detson scoffs as he then breaks into a small almost unsettling laugh as he removes his shades.]

Detson: Well, Ryan Martinez, I couldn't help but notice the schedule. Two weeks. Phoenix, Arizona. Why don't you stop by?

[Detson takes a deep breath as he slowly places his shades back on.]

Detson: And you can see just how small that pond really is.

[With that, Detson smirks and then walks off.]

MS: The ever confident Johnny Detson, never short on opinions of everybody else. Guys, back to you.

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]



GM: Johnny Detson certainly is a flashpoint for controversy as of late. Of course, he led his team to victory in the Tower Of Doom - there's no denying that. But he also severely injured William Craven. He verbally berated his own Unholy Alliance partner, Rick Marley. And now he's coming after Ryan Martinez. We heard the challenge earlier from Mr. Sadisuto for Ryan Martinez and now Detson wants his shot at the AWA's White Knight as well?

BW: Maybe he'll take 'em both on. Martinez vs Detson AND Sadisuto. I'd pay to see that, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you would. But which match will we see in two weeks? Perhaps we'll find out later tonight but right now... someone else has some explaining to do.

["Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system as the crowd ERUPTS with boos. From behind the curtain, we first see the massive Cain Jackson, leading Team Supreme out. They each form two rows standing opposite from each other in the aisle, as the true object of the crowd's anger and rage emerges...former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright.]

GM: There he is, Bucky. The man who betrayed so many people. The man who betrayed this entire company and all of its fans!

BW: Sometimes a man has to do what a man has to do. Supreme Wright obviously has his reasons for why he stabbed Martinez, Preston, and the rest in the back.

GM: And that's why he's been scheduled to appear right now - to give us those reasons. Let's just hope he's able to speak the truth here tonight.]

[Wright is dressed in a Supreme is dressed in a dark blue, patterned waistcoat, a similarly patterned necktie, a white dress shirt and slim fitting trousers. As he walks past his charges, they follow their leader towards the ring, as the jeering continues to intensify. Entering the ring, Supreme is handed a microphone by Phil Watson, allowing the booing to die down just slightly, before he begins to speak.]

SW: That doesn't sound like happiness to see me.

[The crowd erupts with boos once again, as an uncharacteristically wide smile forms on Wright's face at their vitriol.]

SW: Some people would have you believe that what I did at Guts & Glory amounted to killing the AWA.

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: They're wrong.

[A sly grin forms on the former World Champion's face as he surveys the crowd.]



SW: The only thing I killed...

...was Eric Preston's career.

[A MASSIVE roar of boos. Sheer outrage from the crowd. And you swear you've never seen Supreme Wright ever smile this much in your life.]

SW: I didn't choose to join Ryan Martinez and Eric Preston's revolution. I didn't choose to join the Wise Men.

I simply chose a side.

I chose the one thing in this world that I can trust. The only thing that I truly believe in.

[He points to his chest with a smug look on his face.]

SW: Myself.

[The crowd jeers Wright once more, as he shakes his head dismissively at their reaction.]

SW: You know, Juan Vasquez always had a saying. He always said that he was "Too proud to quit and too stubborn to die." Mr. Vasquez, the greatest hero the AWA's ever known, LIVED by those words. He told me that to become a legend, to truly become something great, any man worth a damn should live by those words too.

[The smile on Wright's face disappears completely, replaced by the stoic, unfeeling look that's become so familiar to all.]

SW: And at Guts & Glory, I watched Eric Preston, bloodied beyond recognition, pathetically crawling on his stomach towards that cage door, willing his body to do something he should have been physically incapable of doing...

...and I felt disgust. I felt revulsion.

It was the saddest thing I'd ever seen because there's Eric Preston, pride of the Combat Corner and the apple of Todd Michaelson's eye; the man that Juan Vasquez handed the keys of the kingdom to, reduced to nothing more than a wounded animal that was just too proud to quit...and too stupid to die.

[The crowd boos, but Supreme doesn't even notice them anymore. He's looking, but not looking, his expression gone and all but replaced by a thousand yard stare.]

SW: And that's when I realized that THIS was what those words meant. THIS was what it meant to be a hero.



It means blind sacrifice without reward. It means unnecessary suffering for an unworthy cause. It means fighting to the bitter end for something that isn't worth fighting for.

It means to be just like Mr. Vasquez.

[Supreme shuts his eyes and sighs to himself, not looking too pleased about what he has to say next. His voice judging and damning with a hateful hiss.]

SW: It means to be a fool.

[A beat.]

SW: And mama didn't raise no fool.

[The crowd does not take kindly to Supreme's belittlement of their heroes, intensifying their boos.]

SW: There he was, Eric Preston, the wounded animal too stupid to die, scratching and crawling his way towards the cage door. And as he inched closer and closer, I felt MY World Title slipping further and further away from me with each passing second. Because if Eric Preston exited that cage, I would never get that opportunity to take back what's mine from Dave Bryant. I would have to play a hero. I would have to be a savior. I would be stuck with the rest of these "heroes" in their sorry little war.

[He smiles to himself.]

SW: And what I did to Eric Preston was the humane thing. The decent thing. The RIGHT thing. I grabbed that cage door...

...and I put that wounded animal out of his misery.

[The crowd is outraged; teeming with anger at the former World Champion, who seems to take a perverse pleasure in drawing their ire.]

SW: But your "heroes" would have you think that victory inside the Tower of Doom would have saved the AWA.

[He shakes his head slowly.]

SW: No.

[Wright's eyes grow wide and he takes a step forward, raising his voice to a shout.]

SW: SUPREME WRIGHT AS YOUR WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION IS WHAT SAVES THE AWA!

[The crowd really lets him have it, booing the hell out of the former World Champion.]



SW: Some people would call my actions a "betrayal."

I consider it justice served.

[A dangerous grin.]

SW: Because I'm not something as simple as a "hero". I REFUSE to be something that pathetic. I'm something so much greater. I'm something so MUCH more.

I'm a WRESTLER.

I'm a CHAMPION.

[A chuckle.]

SW: And If there's anyone to blame for what happened at The Tower of Doom, it's Eric Preston and Ryan Martinez. They're the ones that poisoned my mind with thoughts of rebellion. They're the ones that tried to make me forget my dream and they tried to make me lose sight of my goal. Because even if it was for just a moment, they did the unthinkable.

They made me forget about the World Title.

And that's simply unforgivable.

[The bitterness and disgust in Wright's voice is palpable.]

SW: So it shouldn't come to anyone's surprise that when Ryan Martinez tried to turn this champion into another one of his blind, obedient soldiers for his ego-stroking, unwinnable war...

[A dramatic pause.]

SW: ...he got BURNED.

[As the crowd voices their displeasure, we can see a smirk on Cain Jackson's face. He's clearly enjoying the moment.]

SW: But what is truly unforgivable, what I will always remember, is the reaction of the crowd at Guts & Glory. It wasn't hate. It was something much more irrational than what I'm witnessing right now. What I saw...were tears streaming down the eyes of women and children. What I saw, were grown men ready to break down, acting like it was the end of the world.

[Supreme's tone is mocking and condescending. He doesn't even bother hiding his contempt.]

SW: There's no need for tears. This was NOT the end of the world. Because when I slammed that steel cage door into Eric Preston's head, that wasn't the AWA breathing its final breaths. That wasn't the dawn of a new dark age



in professional wrestling. That was something great. That was something beautiful. That was something glorious.

[He raises his head, holding it high and proud.]

SW: That was a champion...

...being reborn.

[And with that, the former World Champion unceremoniously drops the microphone on the canvas and exits the ring to deafening boos, with Team Supreme following behind him.]

BW: Well, that explains-

GM: Nothing! It explains absolutely nothing! Supreme Wright is a habitual liar - a sociopath with the inability to speak the truth!

BW: What are you going on about now?

GM: How can you believe all of that garbage he was talking about? He betrayed us all because he doesn't want to be a hero?! He slammed that door on Eric Preston's head to put him out of his misery?!

BW: You think differently?

GM: I know differently. We called it correct at Guts & Glory. The only thing more desperate than a Supreme Wright trying to keep the World Title is a Supreme Wright trying to get it back. He says he hasn't joined the Wise Men and that MAY be true... but you better believe he made a deal with the Devil himself. He sold out to Percy Childes. Percy Childes offered something... somehow to get that World Title back... and that was all it took to get Supreme Wright to betray everything that we all stand for.

BW: That's a bold statement, Gordo.

GM: I don't care. Supreme Wright is out here trying to shadow his actions in some kind of nobility. He's trying to put a rational face on it but I can see right through it! He did this for the World Title... like he says... but he did it so that the Wise Men will help him get the title back, the words he's terrified to say because it means he can't do it on his own.

BW: I'm not adding a single drop of gasoline to the fire you just started. You're on your own with this one, Gordo.

GM: We'll be right back, fans.

[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.]

"Friday, July 25th, the AWA steams into Albuquerque, New Mexico for a big show featuring the World Champion, Dave Bryant, putting the title on the line! Saturday in Santa Fe, we'll see Bobby O'Connor one-on-one with Johnny Detson! And Sunday in Pueblo, Colorado, it'll be an afternoon show with the World Tag Team Titles on the line!"

[The graphic changes.]

"On Friday, August 1st, we kick off the month in Colorado Springs with the Dogs Of War taking on Air Strike and Brian James!

And on Saturday, August 2nd, the AWA invades Phoenix, Arizona for another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!"

[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...

We fade back up to a crowded vehicle. We appear to be getting a dashboard camera shot. In the passenger seat, we see someone tinkering with a video camera. In the driver's seat sits the man we met two weeks ago - the man known as Chester Otis Wilde. He's in a pair of overalls with no shirt on underneath. There appears to be the remnants of something BBQ on his face and matting his wild beard.]

COW: We gotta be gettin' close, boys. Oklahoma City, there we go!

[The cameraman looks puzzled.]

C: Here we come?

COW: Huh?



C: Never mind.

[Chester takes a deep breath, his head hanging out the window. The car jerks abruptly to the side as the cameraman clutches at the dashboard.]

C: Can you please watch where you're going?

COW: Ah am! It's beautiful countryside out here, ain't it?

[A godawful sound comes from the backseat, causing the cameraman to jump.]

C: What in the...?

COW: Oh, that's just Buddy snorin' up a storm. HEY BUDDY!

[He throws an elbow back at the seat, jostling it.]

COW: BUDDY! WAKE UP!

[Chester shouts over his shoulder causing a grunt from the backseat. After a moment, Buddy Ulysses Loney sits up with a lurch.]

BUL(sleepily): We there yet?

COW: Almost.

C: Maybe.

COW: Ain't this beautiful country, Buddy? 'Minds me of home.

[The cameraman looks out the window, suddenly looking puzzled.]

C: How long was I asleep?

COW: The trees. The hills. The critters.

C: No. Seriously. How long?

[Chester takes another deep breath out the window.]

COW: Even kinda smells like home, Buddy. Take a whiff!

[Buddy lurches forward, leaning on the front seat and folding up the cameraman. He inhales heavily.]

BUL: Does. Really does.

C: That's... cause... it... is.

[The cameraman struggles to get the words out since Buddy is leaning on the seat, folding him in half.]



COW: Whatchu sayin', bawh?

[We cut to a shot outside the car, showing the exact same farm we saw two weeks ago. Some time has passed as we're now outside the car, the cameraman angrily storming away as Chester stands, hands on his hips shaking his head. Buddy cradles his pet pig, Mabel, in his arms.]

COW: He'll settle down.

BUL: Sure.

COW: Wouldn't think it'd be that easy ta drive in a circle, would ya?

BUL: Nope.

COW: Uncle Bucky's gonna be real sad we didn't make it.

BUL: Yup.

COW: We got two weeks ta get ta Phoenix.

BUL: Yup.

[Chester gets a big grin on his face, clapping Buddy on the shoulder.]

COW: California, there we go!

[That stereotypical "redneck" music starts up again, playing as a graphic comes up that reads "THE WILDE BUNCH IS COMING!" before slowly fading out.

And then back up to ringside where Gordon is chuckling and Bucky Wilde is red-faced furious.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch is coming, Uncle Bucky.

BW: This isn't right, Gordo. Someone in the front office is tryin' to pull a fast one on me! They're trying to embarrass me!

GM: Seems like it's working.

BW: It is! Those two are idiots! Morons! Buffoons! We can't put them on national television! We just can't!

GM: Like it or not, Uncle Bucky, they're coming and they'll be here before they know it.

BW: Not if they keep driving themselves.

GM: You might have a point there... and while Buddy and Chester are having some trouble getting out of their hometown, the AWA is giving the chance of



a lifetime for someone on this Coast To Coast Tour to be a Hometown Hero. As everyone knows, the AWA's annual Rumble is coming up in a few months - the one match which will guarantee you a date with the World Champion on the biggest night of the year, SuperClash VI. Well, the AWA Championship Committee has introduced this concept - the Hometown Hero Challenge - to give someone the chance of a lifetime.

BW: That's right, Gordo. It started the night after Guts & Glory in Des Moines, Iowa. Every city is going to get the chance to send someone from that town into action in a gauntlet series. Two men from Des Moines met... the winner got to move on to Omaha, Nebraska to face someone from there. It'll continue like that all the way to Los Angeles on Labor Day.

GM: Whoever wins that final match in Los Angeles will earn themselves a slot in the Rumble and once you're in - once you're one of thirty men with a shot at the World Title on the line - anything can happen. Right now, let's take a look at some highlights of the match in Des Moines, Iowa - the first match in this series - pitting Dan Kroll against Infernal!

[We crossfade to previously recorded footage with "DES MOINES, IOWA" appearing on the bottom of the screen. A broad-shouldered man with light brown hair in a bowl cut has his opponent pushed back into the corner. In his gold and purple singlet, he goes for an Irish whip.]

GM: Dan Kroll, straight out of the University of Iowa was looking to outmuscle the much-smaller Infernal in this one, whipping him across the ring...

[The 5'11, 220 pound lanky grappler with long black hair and a pointy mustache goes running up the turnbuckles, backflipping out through the air in his black t-shirt, landing on his feet...

...as Kroll hooks him from behind, dropping him hard on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Kroll's got a strong amateur background and likes to use various throws and suplexes to put his opponents down on the canvas. But as strong and as skilled as he is on the mat, he's still very new to the sport while his opponent, Infernal...

[We cut further into the match where Infernal is throwing kicks to the body in the corner]

GM: ...is a ten year veteran who hopes to put Kroll down for three and move on to Omaha for more action.

[With Kroll absorbing body kicks, Infernal runs across the ring, giving a shout as he leaps up on the second rope, springing back off and sprinting at top speed...

...and **THROWS** himself backwards into a devastating back elbow up under the chin!]



GM: A nice running attack there by Infernal, ducking down here to set Dan Kroll up on the top turnbuckle.

[Infernal straightens up, throwing two big right hands.]

GM: Kroll's stunned by the right hands as Infernal goes up, looking for something more.

[He slams a heavily-tattooed forearm into the side of Kroll's jaw before throwing his hands up in the international sign for heavy metal...

...and leaps into the air, scissoring the head, snapping him over to the mat! We cut ahead in the match where a slightly-weary Kroll is throwing a backhand chop that Infernal ducks. A second chop with the other hand is also ducked before Infernal lifts him up on his shoulders, walking a few steps before giving a bellow and DUMPING Kroll facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: He calls that the Highway 666 and you better believe that's all she wrote for Dan Kroll as the ten-year veteran picks up a win and moves on in the Hometown Hero gauntlet!

[The graphic shows "OMAHA, NEBRASKA" as Infernal stands against the ropes, giving them a tug while wearing a similar black t-shirt and baggy tights with red skulls on them.]

GM: Infernal moves on to Stage Two of the Hometown Hero gauntlet, taking on "Daring" Danny Kane in Omaha.

["Daring" Danny Kane sports bright red hair and pasty white skin, giving him quite the unique look as he trades hammerlock reversals with Infernal before shoving him away, racing to the ropes behind him, leaving his feet with a front dropkick that puts Infernal back into the ropes.]

BW: Now this guy had something interesting, Gordo. Danny Kane - any relation to Karl Kane, the former longtime Southern Heritage Champion?

GM: Not that I know of but he brought some flashy high flying to the ring in Omaha, Nebraska where he's really starting to get a following for his daredevil style.

[Kane follows up the dropkick with a running crossbody that takes both men over the top rope, causing them to tumble down to the floor where Infernal's back SLAMS into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Wow! A dangerous move attempted by Danny Kane and Infernal certainly took the worst of that exchange.

[With Infernal laid out on the apron, Kane climbs the ringsteps, scaling the ropes facing Infernal...



...and leaps off the top, dropping an elbow down into the chest of the downed Infernal before hitting the floor, instantly grabbing at his own hip!]

GM: Good grief! Danny Kane was certainly looking to make a big impression on some of the AWA locker room with a daredevil move like that.

BW: More likely he wanted to make a big impression on the AWA front office. These guys don't just want a spot in the Rumble, Gordo, most of 'em would be lookin' for a job to boot.

[We cut deeper into the match where a charging Danny Kane runs headlong into two raised boots to the mouth!]

BW: Speaking of boots, Kane got a mouthful right there.

[Infernal comes barreling out of the corner, swinging a leg to sweep out Kane's while using his right arm to DRIVE the back of Kane's head into the canvas!]

BW: The running STO out of the corner got a two count but when Infernal tried a page out of Kane's playbook...

[Another cut shows Infernal up top, leaping off the ropes with a flying legdrop...

...and coming up empty as Kane rolls clear. The "Daring" One gets to his feet, charging across the ring, running up the ropes and leaping back with a moonsault legdrop in one motion!]

GM: What a legdrop off the top! Kane gets one... two... and there's the three to move on. "Daring" Danny Kane wins in his hometown of Omaha, Nebraska.

[A new graphic comes up as we fade again, showing "OVERLAND PARK, KANSAS" as Danny Kane lights up a chubby veteran with kicks to the ample midsection in the corner.]

GM: "Mr. Kansas" Bobby Bentley is a veteran who enjoyed much success in his earlier days.

BW: I remember him. He used to be pretty good... and about eighty pounds lighter.

[Kane goes for a whip but Bentley goes to the eyes, blinding him. He grabs Kane by the bright red hair, slamming his face into the top turnbuckle... then the midbuckle... then the bottom buckle before striking a Burt Reynolds centerfold-esque pose on the mat.]

GM: Oh dear.

BW: Get the cameras ready ladies!



[Bentley starts to get up as we cut ahead in the match where Bentley is choking Kane over the top rope, strangling the air out of him. He tugs the top rope, snapping Kane backwards and down to the canvas before striking a double bicep pose.]

GM: Bentley sure does think highly of himself as he drags Kane back up again, scoops him up...

[He seems to be going for a bodyslam as Kane slips out over the top, leaping high to grab Bentley by the hair..

...and SLAMS his head down to the mat in a split-legged faceslam!]

GM: Kane scores the counter and a quick standing moonsault later was all she wrote. "Daring" Danny Kane scores the win in Overland Park and moves on to Wichita to continue running this Hometown Hero gauntlet. We've got three more cities to show you plus the Oklahoma City stage which will take place live here tonight. We're going to show you those matches a little later in the night but right now, let's go backstage to hear some pre-recorded comments from the World Television Champion, Ryan Martinez just moments before we see him in action!

[Cut to backstage, where Jason Dane stands with the AWA's World Television Champion, Ryan Martinez at his side with the words "EARLIER TONIGHT" underneath them both. Martinez wears his usual black hoodie, the dark color contrasted by the silver plates and red leather of the Television Title that sits on his left shoulder, his right arm crossing his body to hold it in place.]

JD: To say that your time in the AWA has been a wild ride seems like a severe understatement.

RM: Jason, you got that right.

JD: Tonight, you're scheduled to defend your World Television Championship. Since winning that title from Alphonse Greene in May, you've set yourself up for a truly ambitious schedule of title defenses. And if you succeed tonight, you still have Tony Sunn waiting in the wings.

RM: Well, Jason, this title belt right here is the first title I've ever won in my life. That means something to me. And I am not going to be content to sit on my rear end and defend it whenever I get around to it. I am the World's Television Champion, and every chance I get, I'm going to put this silver beauty on the line. No matter who it is, you want this? Come try and take it.

JD: But there are so many other controversies swelling around you, all stemming from your ongoing war with the Wise Men. There is the betrayal of Supreme Wright, the injury of Eric Preston, the incident with Hannibal Carver. With so much on your plate, you have to be feeling on edge.



RM: You know what they say, Jason. If you're not living on the edge, you're taking up too much room. But I am on the edge. And you know what? The AWA is on the edge. And Jason, do you know what we're on the edge of?

JD: Please, tell me.

RM: Victory.

[Dane's surprise is obvious.]

JD: How can you say that, when your "People's Army" has lost Supreme Wright to defection, Eric Preston to injury and there is the very real possibility that Hannibal Carver will be suspended as a disciplinary measure?

RM: All you have to do Jason, is look.

Let me ask you this. Who are the World Tag Team Champions?

JD: Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds.

RM: You think either of those two men are on the Wise Men's payroll?

JD: I would have to say no.

RM: And who is World Champion?

JD: Dave Bryant.

RM: Yes, and the last time I saw Dave Bryant, he was kicking the teeth of the Wise Men's chosen stooge right down his weaselly throat! Dave Bryant has been through too much, fought too hard, to slip back down into the darkness. And Jason, do you even need to ask if I'm in the Wise Men's back pocket?

JD: I would say not.

RM: So the Wise Men are a collection of men obsessed with holding power in the AWA. They want it all. And what they can't buy, they'll steal. They're corrupt, and they want the whole world to be as corrupt as them. But at the end of the day, what do they have to show for it?

An unwilling Brad Jacobs, an unsuccessful Kolya Sudakov, an unable Johnny Detson, and a rebellious Rick Marley. And all the gold?

That's all in the hands of men who won't bow down to the Wise Men!

JD: But the apparent addition of Supreme Wright to their ranks would suggest that they've been strengthened at just the moment when the opposition group you're spearheading has been weakened.

RM: Let me tell you something about Supreme Wright. Supreme Wright ISN'T a man at the top of his game. He ISN'T the best wrestler in the AWA.



He ISN'T the future World Champion. Supreme Wright IS ABSOLUTELY NOT the man he imagines himself to be.

Supreme Wright isn't anything but a desperate man telling lies to himself.

[Ryan steps forward, the camera zooming in close on his brown eyes.]

RM: Supreme Wright, you have NEVER defeated Dave Bryant in a fair fight. And you NEVER will. You CANNOT beat Dave Bryant in a straight up match. You never have, and you never will. Your one victory over him was an act as low and cowardly as what you did to Eric Preston. You're not the man, Supreme Wright.

You're not any kind of man at all.

You're a snake. And what do snakes do? They slither around and coil around other snakes, so that together, all those cold blooded reptiles can keep each other warm. You're a desperate man, and you sold your soul to other desperate men.

JD: You think that the Wise Men, and Supreme Wright are desperate, even now, with your back against the wall?

[Martinez turns to stare at Dane, shaking his head.]

RM: Jason, it's a cliché, but it's true – it's always darkest before the dawn. The worst part of the storm is always right before it clears. Are the waters troubled? Yes, Jason, they are. But like I said, the Wise Men are desperate. And me? I'm resolute. And do you know why?

Because I believe.

And that's what I need you to do, Jason. And what I need to all of my fans to do. Just believe a little longer. Don't lose hope. Keep the faith. Your faith has carried me this far. Your faith, and your belief has allowed me to see the mountain. And your belief will take us ALL to the mountain top.

Believe that Hannibal Carver will come to his senses. And believe that, when his head is back to being screwed on straight, no one will be safe.

Believe that Eric Preston will come back, better, and badder than ever.

Believe that I will see to it that Supreme Wright never puts the World Title around his waist again. Believe that I'll die before I let him reap the rewards from his treachery.

Believe that, someday soon, this will all be some half remembered nightmare. Believe that the day of the Wise Men is coming to an end. Don't just believe it.

[Ryan exhales slowly.]



RM: Count on it!

[We fade away from a determined Ryan Martinez to a shot of Phil Watson inside the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit, and it is for the AWA World Television Title!

[The crowd cheers for the announcement of the Television Title match.]

PW: Introducing first, the challenger...

[The crowd cheers even louder when a knockoff of "Rappin' Duke" by Shawn Brown starts playing.]

# YYYYYYYYOO

BW: NO! Gordo, I thought Casey James was giving him the Blackheart Punch over and over again in the afterlife!

GM: Will you stop? I keep telling you, Bucky, Casey James is not dead! Besides, you know as well as anyone that B.C. Da Mastah MC's been on a roll lately at live events!

[Stepping out onto the ramp is B.C. Da Mastah MC. He looks out over the crowd, and nods in approval at the reaction. The big man is sporting his usual high top fade and loud purple sunglasses. An extra large Adidas jacket adorns his rather rotund frame as he waits for his introduction.]

PW: ...from Alpharetta, Georgia, weighing in at three hundred and sixty-six pounds.. here is the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound.. B.C. DA MASTAH MC!!

[With that said, B.C. reaches into his jacket and pulls out a mic to begin his rap, much to Bucky Wilde's chagrin.]

BC: MY RHYMES ARE FRESH, MY STYLE IS DEF  
I AIN'T WHACK, LIKE THAT REF

[Cut to Marty Meekly, the official for this contest. It looks like he's rolling his eyes. The camera cuts back to B.C., who is bobbing and weaving down to the ring.]

BW: Fresh? Def? Whack? I haven't heard that vernacular since 1992!

BC: HE BETTER JUMP BACK AN' NOT RUIN TH' FLOW  
ME AN RY-MART, WE'LL STEAL THE SHOW

WE'LL GO FULL FORCE, A SMASH MOUTH STYLE  
SHOW THE WORLD THAT WE'RE VERSATILE

THE DOGS OF WAR, THEY BETTER STAY AT HOME



PW: This is Ryan...



[And now, the song is nearly completely drowned out, as the fans stomp their feet and join together to sing the chorus.]

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

PW: MARRRRRRRRRTIIIIINNNNNNNNNEZ!!!!

[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 lights reflect off the silver faceplate of the World Television Title. As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then paces deliberately to the ring.

He enters the ring, handing the title belt over to Meekly, but not until after he's given the dodgy referee a stern look. His hoodie is unzipped and thrown over the turnbuckle in a corner. Ryan wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are tapped with glossy black tape. Ryan steps to the middle of the ring, bouncing up and down, as he waits for the bell to ring. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

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

GM: Ryan Martinez, set to lock up with another fan favorite tonight. This after his recent successful defense against Brian James.

BW: And don't forget that he still owes a title shot to Tony Sunn. Makes you wonder about the so-called White Knight, doesn't it Gordo?

GM: Buck, what are you trying to imply?

BW: I'm just sayin', he keeps taking on all the guys the fans love. Maybe that dumb kid has... wisened up!

[Meekly signals for the bell. And the two men approach each other. As he does before every defense, the AWA's White Knight extends his hand to his opponent. B.C. enthusiastically extends his hand. Ryan shakes it, but then looks on in surprise as the handshake turns into something far more elaborate, complete with complicated gestures, and ending with Ryan being pulled into a chest bump. As the crowd cheers, B.C. extends his fist for a bump, and with a slight grin, Martinez indulges.]

GM: And there you see a display of sportsmanship mixed with a dose of funky fresh attitude!

BW: Gordo, don't you ever say "funky fresh" again!



[Both men lock up in a collar and elbow tie up, jockeying for the upper hand. With a supreme show of strength, B.C. finally shoves the Television Champion back. And as Martinez comes up to his feet, he's greeted by the sight of B.C. doing the cabbage patch, much to the delight of the fans.]

GM: I think B.C. Da Mastah MC needs to stop fooling around and get to work.

BW: I agree with you! I won't credit Ryan Martinez with much in the way of brains, but he's not in that ring to play patty-cake. You want that TV title, you better get in there and win it, daddy!

[The two lock up again, and this time, as B.C. pushes back against Martinez, the White Knight rolls with the momentum, bringing B.C. Da Mastah MC down to the mat with a big armdrag. Immediately, Martinez takes hold of his opponent's wrist and wrenches back, keeping B.C. Da Mastah MC down with a top wristlock/arm wringer combination.]

BW: That's what I'm talkin' about. Ryan Martinez went in there and took advantage. He may not have his daddy's height or muscles, but Ryan Martinez is one strong kid, and you do not want him yanking on your limbs.

GM: You know Bucky, I'd almost think you were beginning to like Ryan Martinez.

BW: He's still a dumb kid with a brain the size of a dehydrated BB and he's still wasting his time fighting a war he can't win. But something the esteemed Mr. Percy Childes said a few weeks ago got me to thinking.

[Meanwhile, B.C. Da Mastah MC has gotten back to his feet, and he closes the distance between he and the World Television Champion, loosening Martinez' grip with a series of hard elbows that connect with Martinez' mouth. Stunned, Martinez is easily shaken loose by a hard Irish whip that sends him to the ropes. A moment later, B.C. Da Mastah MC floors Martinez with a hard and blubbery clothesline.]

GM: Cover! One... No! Just one. Now you've got me curious. What did Percy Childes say?

BW: You heard him, Gordo. He said he wanted Ryan Martinez in the fold. And let me tell you, if a brilliant mind like Percy sees something in this White Knight, well, maybe there's something there.

[Martinez is brought off the canvas by his hair, and once again, he's sent to the ropes. B.C. ducks down, but he does so too early, as Martinez leap frogs over him.]

GM: Ryan Martinez wouldn't be World Television Champion if he didn't bring a lot to the table. But you can't honestly believe that a man who has shed as much blood as Ryan Martinez in the fight against the Wise Men would suddenly submit to them, do you?



BW: If he was smart and he knew what was good for him, you get he would.

[Martinez, behind B.C. Da Mastah MC now, waits for the large man to lift his head, and turn around. As he does, Martinez spins his own body around, driving the point of his elbow into B.C. Da Mastah MC's temple with pinpoint accuracy!]

GM: Rolling Elbow. And Martinez with his first cover of the match!

BW: Two count only!

[Martinez grabs hold of B.C. Da Mastah MC's hightop fade and begins to drive his head into B.C.'s with a series of headbutts.]

BW: Well, I guess Ryan's not using what he's got in his thick skull.

GM: I knew the compliments wouldn't last long!

BW: Listen, Gordo. Martinez' attitude makes me sick. He's so busy pandering to soccer moms, kissin' babies and pretendin' to be just one of the guys that he never does what a real winner does, and that's succeed at all costs. All I've been saying is, there's a lot of raw material there. And anyway, you just have to look at his history to realize that he SHOULD join up with the Wise Men.

GM: Bucky, you know as well as I do that all of Ryan Martinez' success has come from his doing things on his own terms.

BW: Yeah, and he's gotten as far as number two on his own! Let me ask you a question. You remember RyGunn?

GM: Of course I do.

BW: Well. In one night, RyGunn beat The Prehistoric Powers, and the Lights Out Express, back when they were called the Ring Workers. On another show, they beat The Bishop Boys. Who didn't they beat? Who was the one two those two couldn't defeat?

GM: The Blonde Bombers.

BW: Managed by?

GM: Larry Doyle.

BW: That's right. And Larry Doyle is part of?

GM: The Wise Men.

GM: You know it. And now, let me ask you this. When Ryan teamed with his buddy Eric Preston and Bobby O'Connor? Who couldn't they beat?



GM: The Dogs of War.

BW: Yep. And we all know who's backing the Dogs. Now, who was backing the team that beat Ryan's Renegades at Guts and Glory?

GM: The Wise Men.

BW: You got it! Now what does that tell you? That Ryan Martinez cannot get all the way on his own. That, at every turn, he can't beat the Wise Men. Not on his own, and not with his friends having his back.

GM: So you're saying if you can't beat them, join them?

BW: Exactamundo!

[During all of the announcer's banter, Ryan Martinez and B.C. Da Mastah MC have been battling back and forth, both men trying to gain an upper hand, but neither man able to hold it for very long. Ryan Martinez has attempted to throw B.C. Da Mastah MC, only to find that his girth prevents him from easily doing so. And B.C. Da Mastah MC finds that all of his offense is unable to overcome the White Knight's fighting spirit, as each pinning attempt keeps Ryan's shoulders down for no more than two seconds.]

GM: Bucky, you can't seriously think that Ryan Martinez would ever align himself with Larry Doyle. As Mr. Sadisuto likes to remind us, Larry Doyle tried to end his career before it ever had a chance to properly launch.

BW: Listen Gordo, steel sharpens steel. Larry Doyle was only being hard on Ryan to toughen him up. You really don't think your precious White Knight could benefit from the assistance of two top strategists like Larry Doyle and Percy Childes?

GM: I think that Ryan Martinez is a man of integrity and honor and that winning the right way is more important to him than winning at all costs.

BW: And that's why that dumb kid there will always end up wondering why he keeps coming up short. This is professional wrestling, not happy fun time smile hour!

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

[Martinez sends B.C. Da Mastah MC into the ropes, and this time, when he catches the round mound of hip hop sound, he's able to lift him up, twisting his body before he drives B.C. into the canvas.]

GM: Huge Powerslam!

BW: That was impressive. Martinez knew it would be tough to deadlift the big man so he got some momentum behind him which makes it a lot easier to get him off the mat.



[Ryan isn't done yet, as he brings B.C. Da Mastah MC up and sends him into the ropes again, measuring his opponent up and bringing his foot up.]

BW: YAKUUUUUUZZZZZAAAAAAAAA!!!

GM: That kick just leveled B.C. Da Mastah MC!

BW: Pin him!

GM: I think Ryan is sensing that there's still something left in B.C. Da Mastah MC's gas tank, he's sending him into the ropes once more, he catches him in a waist lock...

BW: How can he even get his arms around him?

[Martinez decides he needs a little momentum again, running BC's chest into the buckles, stepping back...]

GM: OH MY STARS... POWER HOIST!!

[With a supreme display of strength, Martinez sends all three hundred and sixty six pounds of B.C. Da Mastah MC sailing over his head, with no place to go but flat on his back on the mat. But that move was costly.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is clutching at his shoulder. Look at him wincing in pain. We've heard Mr. Sadisuto talk about it. That shoulder has never properly healed.

BW: And now you see why Larry Doyle is needed in his corner. He'd have told Martinez to not be so stupid.

[At last, Martinez is able to drape himself over B.C. Da Mastah MC for the cover.]

GM: Two count only! You have to figure that those few seconds where Martinez was nursing the shoulder allowed B.C. Da Mastah MC to catch his breath.

[B.C. Da Mastah MC not only kicked out, but sent Ryan Martinez sailing. As Martinez rolls over onto his back, B.C. Da Mastah MC comes to his feet stumbling, bumps up against the ropes...

...and DROPS a big leg across the throat!]

GM: Big legdrop! Cov- no, B.C.'s not making the cover. Instead, he's pulling the World Television Champion up to his feet again, shoots him into the corner...

[The round mound of hip hop sound comes charging in after him...

...and CRUSHES him in the corner with an avalanche!]



GM: OHHH! AVALANCHE!! And the big man has to be sensing the World Television Title is within his grasp while Ryan Martinez is feeling it slip out of his.

BW: We're about six minutes into this ten minute time limit so if the challenger's gonna stand a chance, he'd better bring the pain right about now, daddy!

[Showing a bit of strategy, B.C. Da Mastah MC drapes Ryan's arm over the top turnbuckle, and then, while holding it, begins to use Martinez' own arm to pull himself forward, crashing his considerable bulk over Martinez' helplessly prone and exposed shoulder.]

GM: And here is why you cannot show weakness in the ring. B.C. Da Mastah MC saw that Martinez' shoulder was hurt and he's capitalizing.

BW: He better close the deal now though, Gordo.

[A close up of B.C.'s face shows why Bucky issued that warning. The rotund B.C. Da Mastah MC is huffing and puffing, his face soaked in sweat.]

GM: But before he can do anything, referee Marty Meekly is there delivering a five count.

BW: You mean protecting the Wise Men's future investment.

GM: Bucky, will you stop! Ryan Martinez is never going to join the Wise Men.

[Forced to back off, B.C. Da Mastah MC steps back, and then looks to the crowd, looks to Martinez, then back to the crowd. And then, well, as if he can hear the words "don't just stand there fatso," he busts a move!]

BW: What the hell is that?

GM: It's The Dougie!

[That's right, B.C. Da Mastah MC is breaking it down, and the crowd is loving it.]

BW: This is a bad idea, Gordo.

GM: I have to agree, B.C. Da Mastah MC is giving Martinez valuable time to recover.

BW: And wasting valuable time in the time limit of this match!

GM: The timekeeper just gave us the heads-up that seven minutes are gone in this one. Only three minutes remaining.



[A voice over the PA informs everyone of the same thing as Martinez comes roaring out of the corner, his arm going across B.C. Da Mastah MC's throat with a huge clothesline that knocks the big man back a few steps.]

GM: The clothesline connects but he can't bring him down!

[Nor can Ryan immediately capitalize as he's forced to shake his arm, the clothesline having jarred it. But a moment later, it's his turn to send B.C. Da Mastah MC into the corner. Now Martinez looks to the fans, as he turns his body to the side.]

GM: You know what's coming next.

[The fans do too, and as Ryan's hand begins to fly, the chant begins.]

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

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

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

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

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

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Ryan pauses a moment, shaking his head. And then unleashes another flurry.]

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

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

[The momentum slows, until the fans get really loud.]

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

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

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

[Ryan steps back, as B.C. Da Mastah MC stumbles out of the corner.]

GM: Those chops have left B.C. Da Mastah MC's chest bright red. You may not think of them as devastating, but being hit by that many chops will make you feel like you've had a heart attack at best, and that your front half has been caved in at worst!

BW: I woulda expected all that blubber to protect roly poly in there, but I guess dumb and strong beats fat and rhythmless.



[Martinez gets behind B.C. then, and pulls him up, bending his body backwards. As he does, he brings down one final chop.]

GM: BURNING SWORD! COVER!

BW: Two count again.

[With the two count, the call goes out of "TWO MINUTES REMAINING!"]

GM: Two minutes left in this one!

[Both men get up, and Martinez brings his knee into the considerable gut of B.C. Da Mastah MC, doubling him over. Without thinking about it, Ryan catches him in a front facelock, and begins to lift.]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!! MARTINEZ IS GOING TO END THIS RIGHT NOW!

[But no!]

BW: Martinez collapses. His shoulder couldn't take it!

GM: B.C. Da Mastah MC is covering him. Meekly in position!

[ONE... TWO...]

BW: THREE! THAT WAS THREE! WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

[B.C. Da Mastah MC thinks so too, as he's up. But immediately, Meekly is pulling B.C.'s arm down, shaking his head.]

GM: No, that was two and three quarters. Maybe two and nine tenths.

BW: Marty Meekly is a very... wise referee.

[B.C. Da Mastah MC is frustrated, but decides to go for the finish. He pulls Ryan over to the corner, and ascends to the second turnbuckle, his back to Martinez.]

BW: If he hits this splash, its all over Gordo! But wait a minute, what's he doing?

GM: I... I think that's the Humpty Dance!

[Yes, that's right, B.C. Da Mastah MC is on the second rope, celebrating prematurely by attempting to do the Humpty Dance.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is up on his knees. He's shaking the cobwebs out. He slowly getting to his feet.

[Martinez comes up under B.C. Da Mastah MC, his head positioned between B.C.'s legs. He reaches out, crossing B.C. Da Mastah MC's arms over his stomach. With herculean effort, Ryan throws his entire body back.]



GM: KNIGHT'S END! THIS IS HOW HE BEAT BRIAN JAMES!

BW: No way that he'd have gotten that big behemoth up on his shoulders by himself. But B.C. made it easy by going up.

GM: Martinez keeps the bridge. Meekly in position. ONE... TWO... THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... and STILL WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

RYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAN MAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[As Martinez is handed the title belt, he reaches out to clutch his shoulder. Breathing heavily, he makes his way over to B.C. Da Mastah MC and the two shake hands.]

GM: B.C. Da Mastah MC came very close, but in the end, the AWA's White Knight has once more successfully defended his belt.

BW: Yeah, you might even say that taking advantage of a prone butterball on the second rope was a... wise move.

GM: Bucky! Will you stop? Fans, that was a thrilling World Television Title defense for Ryan Martinez who continues his winning ways-

BW: Except when he's facing the Wise Men.

GM: Except for that, yes. Let's go over to Jason Dane at the interview platform with some special guests. Jason?

[We crossfade over to the interview area, where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Fans, my next guests should be no strangers to you all, and I have some very pertinent questions for them tonight. Please welcome... STRICTLY BUSINESS!

[The opening riffs of "When Worlds Collide" by Powerman 5000 creep through the Oklahoma City evening as the fans waste no time in laying down heavy boos towards the entryway. From it stroll the Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian, better known as Strictly Business.

Tucker is clad in a pair of indigo colored jeans, a crisp white t-shirt and an olive green military flight jacket. His Oakley sunglasses cover his eyes as he saunters towards Dane.

Sebastian sports a pair of pleated khaki shorts and a plain white tee with the cover of the Descendents' "Milo Goes To College" album emblazoned across



its front. A pair of silver aviator shades remain clipped atop the neck. Dane waits for almost ten seconds as the boos die down before beginning.]

JD: Gentlemen, these fans want to know what kind of stunt you were pulling at Guts & Glory...

[Tucker cuts Dane off.]

AT: I've got somethin' that I want to know first, Dane. I've been sitting here all night tryin' to figure out why in the world the Sonics would leave Seattle for this dump.

[Hometown defense jeering!]

MS: Seriously. It's a crying shame Durant and Westbrook aren't hanging in the Emerald City cutting up Subway and Skittles with Wilson and Lynch. Instead they're rotting away in this hellhole they call Tornado Alley, the best years of their careers being thrown away on laydowns in the conference finals.

[A more groaning heel pop!]

AT: As for Guts & Glory, I'm not really sure what you mean. The "stunt" we pulled was goin' out there, workin' our tails off and comin' out with our hands raised in the air. Not sure where the confusion is comin' from. We do this kinda thing all the time.

JD: I think we all know that's a huge stretch. You two continue to duck Air Strike. Has that stance changed since they attacked you at Guts & Glory?

MS: There is only one thing 'Drew and I have EVER ducked, Dane. And that was the awning of the Viper Room on Sunset on the way into our celebration party the night we put down the Down Boys at No Imitations Accepted and became two-time EMWC tag team champs.

[Sebastian smirks as Tucker offers a nonchalant shrug of the shoulders.]

MS: And the only stance we've taken is the same one we walked into this business with. The one that has us going center-cut on the domes of any clowns who dare say they're superior to Strictly Business.

There hasn't been a team in our ballpark for going on two decades now. Who has done what we've done? Who has had our staying power? You've just got to understand, Dane. There's a reason those Air Strike pups of yours wore our tee shirts for as long as they did.

[Strictly Business is cut off by "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis and the ovation from the crowd that follows as Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz comes walking out from the backstage area. Cody is wearing a Combat Corner tee shirt with track pants while Michael Aarons is wearing an Air Strike Fan Club tee shirt and a pair of jeans. All business they walk right up to Tucker and Sebastian.]



AT: Well, hello there, boys. Come out to bask in the huge shadow cast by Strictly Business again I see.

[Aarons smirks at his partner before looking at Tucker.]

MA: No, that shadow stretches all the way back to the catering table once you take into account the size of your name-dropping egos.

[Aarons laughs as the smile on Tucker's face shows he's not amused.]

MA: No, you see Jay over here asked a question and my main man Cod and I thought we'd expand on that a little.

CM: You see Tucker – Sebastian — if Guts & Glory taught the two of you any thing... it's two things.

MA: One, the two of you look pretty hilarious running for the hills with your tails tucked between your legs!

[The crowd hoots and cheers as Tucker and Sebastian shake their heads in disagreement.]

CM: And two, Strictly Business should now know there isn't a place the AWA goes that Air Strike won't follow them. There's not an appearance, a show, a special event that Air Strike won't make that challenge. A challenge that is the same now as it was before. One match. Strictly Business versus—

MA: --the high-flying, death-defying, always challenging Strictly Business and never tiring, Teenage Dream Team, Air Strike.

[The duo exchange a fist bump as a sort of exclamation point on their challenge as the crowd cheers and Tucker and Sebastian trade a look with one another.]

MS: Oh please. Your fruit roll-ups are waiting for you backstage.

It's like this, boys. We've been on this trail of bed crumbs path for far too many weeks now and the backs of our hands have grown tired of the act. We've told you time and again - you're nothing more than a fly in our mashed potatoes. You two specks aren't even on our radar. You never have been. And we don't waste our team on irrelevant teams. We did enough of that with Too Damn Nasty.

You want us in the ring so bad? Well here's your shot, buckos.

You can put the Surfer Dudes down for the count all day every day but it won't turn our heads off the business section. This will. If by some miracle you've got another one of those flukes up your sleeves, now would be the time to reach for it. If you two are able to defeat an actual formidable tag team, a team Andrew and I choose as your opponents, then maybe, just maybe...



[An exhausting, frustrated sigh follows.]

MS: ...we will reconsider stepping in the ring with you.

[Face pop! Tucker pauses, allowing the excitement to dissipate a bit.]

AT: We respect your persistence, fellas. You guys are those kids selling Girl Scout cookies door to door and just won't stop until we buy a box of each. I get that hangin' Strictly Business' hide on your mantle would be a feather in the cap of an otherwise un-noteworthy career. But Strictly Business doesn't waste sweat on rookies that ain't worth it.

Normally we'd make you carry our bags around for a few months first or call your Congressman about our exclusion from the Hall of Fame. But in this case, Mike is right. In two weeks' time, we'll come out and announce your opponents. If – and it's a huge if – you can manage to beat the team we put in front of you...

[A pause.]

AT: ...we'll consider givin' you a shot at us.

[Big pop from the Oklahoma City faithful at the thought.]

MA: Well, I think this crowd knows it already, but you can consider yourself on!

CM: If you want to lay down special challenges and tasks with the thought that Air Strike won't be up for it? Well, then you'll be sorely disappointed. If the end is you getting in the ring against us, then consider yourself on.

MA: But don't get yourself too worked up, gents, because we've all seen (motions to the crowd with a swirling motion) how that ends!

[With that, Air Strike slowly back away smiling at Strictly Business but not turning their backs to them as Strictly Business begin whispering back and forth with each other.]

GM: A challenge is issued by Tucker and Sebastian. If Air Strike can beat a team of their choosing in two weeks' time, then Strictly Business will consider giving Air Strike a shot at them.

BW: Tucker and Sebastian probably have a pretty big Rolodex, Gordo. There's no telling who they'll bring in for that.

GM: I can't wait to see that one but right now, let's head down to the ring for our non-title showdown between the powerhouse, Tony Sunn, and the World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant!

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



PW: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

["We Hold On" by Rush starts playing over the loudspeakers.]

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

TONYYYYYYY SUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The powerhouse emerges through the curtain, standing at the top of the aisle with his near shoulder-length wavy dirty blonde hair. He is clean shaven, running a hand over his bare chin as he smiles at the crowd's reaction. He's dressed in a black, silver, and white singlet with matching wristbands and black boots.]

GM: Tony Sunn, the New York powerhouse, never dreamed he'd be in this position here tonight. Sunn's been next in line for a World Television Title shot for several weeks now but tonight, he gets his shot at the World Heavyweight Champion. Not the title... but the Champion.

BW: It may be a non-title match but if Sunn can beat Bryant, you know he's going to be in position for a shot at THAT title too.

GM: He certainly would.

[Sunn makes his way down the aisle to the ring, slapping the hands of the ringside fans. He climbs the ringsteps, moving through the ropes to the center of the ring, striking a pose to cheers from the crowd as he points down the aisle, waving towards the back.]

GM: Tony Sunn is focused, Bucky. That's a man who realizes exactly what's at stake here tonight. Remember, Sunn debuted in the AWA back at SuperClash in the biggest Steal The Spotlight match of all time... the same night that Dave Bryant became the AWA World Heavyweight Champion for the very first time.

[Sunn swings his arms back and forth as his music fades and is replaced by the opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" as the fans begin to roar in response.]

PW: And his opponent... he is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion... weighing in at 228 pounds...

He is the Doctor Of Love...

He is... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAANNNNNNT!

[The World Champion strides through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, staring out at the cheering Oklahoma City crowd. He unties the belt on the robe, revealing the gleaming and glittering World Title belt strapped around his waist.]



GM: There it is - the biggest prize in the professional wrestling world today, the AWA World Heavyweight Title. It's a title so important that a man like Supreme Wright was willing to sacrifice every single principle he has to ally himself with the Wise Men to try and get it back.

[Bryant makes his way down the aisle, staring down at Tony Sunn who is tugging at the top rope, trying to stay loose as Bryant approaches.]

GM: The World Champion has got a lot on his mind as of late no doubt. Of course, he retained the title against Terry Shane III at Guts & Glory but he had to see Supreme Wright turn on his teammates in the Tower Of Doom, presumably in hopes of getting another shot at Bryant and the gold. But the list of top challengers doesn't stop there, Bucky.

BW: It doesn't... but Bryant shouldn't be looking past Tony Sunn either. Like we said, even though the title's not on the line, a win by Tony Sunn would practically guarantee a future World Title shot for him.

[Bryant steps up on the apron, shrugging out of his robe and handing the title over to AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger. Jagger takes the title belt, lifting it over his head as Bryant enters the ring, handing the belt out to the timekeeper.]

GM: The World Champion steps in as Johnny Jagger goes over last minute instructions with both of these men. This should be a very interesting encounter.

[The bell sounds as the two men stride out of their respective corners, moving towards one another and coming together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring.]

GM: Lockup in the middle and...

[With a roar, Sunn pushes hard, throwing Bryant down to the canvas. The World Champion flips over, flopping to his stomach as many fans cheer the show of power. Bryant pushes up to a knee, looking at Sunn who swings his powerful arms back and forth in front of him.]

GM: Wow! Quite the show of power by Tony Sunn right there.

[Sunn waves for Bryant to get back to his feet. The World Champion quickly obliges, moving slowly back towards Sunn.]

GM: The champion certainly can't match power with a man with the size and strength of Tony Sunn.

[Bryant lunges into another tieup, jostling for position against the larger competitor...

...and gets shoved down a second time by Sunn, falling back into the corner, leaning against the turnbuckles.]



GM: Another big shove by Sunn sends Bryant down to the mat!

[The World Champion uses the ropes, pulling himself back to his feet where he angrily kicks the bottom rope, staring out to the middle of the ring where Tony Sunn is standing.]

GM: Dave Bryant showing a little bit of frustration as he gets back to his feet.

BW: Hey, it's his own fault. Why would you tieup for a struggle like that with someone who has muscles like Tony Sunn?

[Bryant moves back out, easing from the corner as Sunn wiggles his hands, preparing for another tieup. They come together but Bryant ducks under, rushing across the ring to hit the far ropes.]

GM: The champ off the far side... ducks under the clothesline... off the ropes again...

[But the World Champion runs full speed into a standing shoulder block out of Tony Sunn, a blow that sends Bryant back down to the mat, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

BW: That's a heckuva way to pop out your shoulder, Gordo.

GM: Sunn is six foot eight and nearly three hundred pounds of solid muscle. That had to feel like running into a brick wall.

BW: Bryant hasn't gotten on track with the right gameplan yet. A bit unusual for someone who is such a student of the game.

GM: I'm not sure we've seen Bryant in a match with an opponent like this since coming to the AWA. He's been in matches with guys like Glenn Hudson, Juan Vasquez, Dave Cooper, Calisto Dufresne, and Supreme Wright but no overwhelming powerhouse like Tony Sunn.

[Bryant takes this moment to roll to the floor, grabbing his shoulder as he walks around the ring for a little bit, Sunn waving him back in the whole time.]

GM: Dave Bryant is going to take some time to try and regroup as Tony Sunn wants him back in as soon as possible.

BW: If Sunn wasn't such a goody-two-shoes, he'd jump out there and take the fight to Bryant, really do a number on him on the floor.

GM: That's not the kind of competitor that Tony Sunn is though, Bucky. He's honorable, he obeys the rules, and he- hey! Wait a second!

[The crowd begins to buzz, turning towards the top of the aisle where an insistent Shadoc Rage is trying to get down to the ring.]



GM: Rage said this will not stand and here he is, trying to get himself involved in this one.

[Sunn turns his attention towards Rage, shouting down the aisle at the wildman as Rage gestures at the ring...

...only to get cut off by a wall of AWA officials, warning Rage with further fines and suspensions if he gets involved.]

GM: The most suspended man in AWA history is trying to get to the ring but these officials are trying to keep him back. They're warning him what happens if he goes out there.

BW: That hardly seems fair, Gordo. The man's not doing anything wrong.

GM: I suppose that depends on your point of view because he's certainly distracted Tony Sunn. He's stopped the referee's count, giving Dave Bryant more time to regroup and recover on the floor as well.

[Rage glares down at Sunn who waves him forward. The Canadian makes one more attempt to get to the ring before throwing up his arms in frustration, stalking back through the curtain to the locker room area as the World Champion steps in. An angry Sunn spins, coming towards him.]

GM: It looks like Tony Sunn is going to take out some of that aggression towards Shadoc Rage on the World Champion!

[But the veteran Bryant uses that fire against him, hooking a drop toehold on the overzealous Sunn, taking him facefirst down to the mat. Bryant promptly rolls up the back, hooking an arm and straddling the waist, pinning Sunn chestfirst to the mat as he yanks back on the arm.]

GM: The World Champion expertly applies that straddle armbar, using his own weight on the torso of Tony Sunn to keep him down on the canvas as Bryant tries to work on that arm.

BW: And you knew that once Bryant was able to get a hold of a limb, he was going for it. Sunn's got all that power but if he can't lift an arm, it's going to do him absolutely no good.

[Sunn uses his other arm to push his body up off the mat, lifting up even with Bryant on his back. A shocked Bryant plants his feet on the canvas, leaping up and dropping his weight down on the lower back of Sunn, forcing him back down to the mat.]

GM: Nice move by Bryant to re-establish the armbar, again cranking on that limb to try and take it out of the picture.

[Sunn grimaces, reaching to grab his shoulder as the referee kneels down, checking for a submission. The New Yorker shakes his head back and forth as he plants his free hand on the mat again.]



GM: Sunn's going to try it again...

[But as soon as Sunn gets his chest clear off the mat, his arm at full extension, Bryant switches his stance, straddling the arm with the back of his legs facing Sunn...

...and front rolls into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Oh my! Another beautiful move by the World Champion, yanking back on that arm, trying to force a submission out of Tony Sunn.

[Sunn cries out in pain as Bryant yanks back, gritting his teeth and shouting "ASK HIM!" to the referee who obliges. But Sunn refuses to quit, shouting "NO!" in response.]

GM: Bryant's got the armbar applied in a very effective fashion.

BW: He's no Mahoney but Bryant's got plenty of skills in this department as well, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does and Tony Sunn's going to need to find a way out of this and fast if he hopes to survive this hold and continue on in this contest.

[Sunn rolls to his side, suddenly pushing Bryant's shoulders down to the mat as Jagger drops down.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Bryant pops his hips, forcing Sunn back down to the canvas inside the cross armbreaker!]

GM: Bryant re-applies the cross armbreaker as Sunn grabs at his trapped arm, trying to find a way out.

BW: He was almost out of it right there, Gordo, but Bryant got him right back in.

[Sunn clenches his teeth, rolling to the side again, pushing him down on his shoulders...

...and then grips his trapped wrist with his good hand.]

GM: What's he...? OH MY!

[The crowd ROARS as Sunn deadlifts Bryant straight up off the canvas...

...and keeps on going, raising him all the way up into the air, holding him over his trapped shoulder!]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!! LOOK AT THE POWER OF TONY SUNN!!



[And Sunn FALLS BACK, driving Bryant down into the mat with a makeshift suplex!]

GM: What a counter by the powerhouse from New York!

BW: There are few things in this business like competing in a big match in your hometown so you know that Sunn's gotta be looking ahead to SuperClash in Madison Square Garden. He's gotta be wondering what he can do to get himself a shot at the TV Title that night or maybe even the World Title.

GM: Well, we know what he has to do to get himself a shot at the World Heavyweight Title, Bucky. He's gotta win the annual thirty man Rumble which will be coming up in the next couple of months.

[Sunn pushes himself up off the mat, shaking out the arm that just spent way too long in a pair of armbars. He winces as he does it, looking down at Bryant who pushes up to all fours...]

GM: Sunn moving in on Bryant... ohh! Big clubbing forearm with the right arm down across the lower back!

BW: Sunn was smart there, Gordo. He made sure not to use the arm that Bryant's been attacking so far.

GM: A second forearm puts Bryant down on the mat and-

[Sunn lifts his six foot eight frame into the air, crashing down with an elbowdrop into the lower back of the World Champion.]

GM: Big leaping elbow connects...

[Sunn muscles Bryant over onto his back, attempting a lateral press but only earning a one count.]

GM: Just a one count off the elbowdrop. The World Champion showing the kind of toughness we saw back at Memorial Day Mayhem in that sixty minute plus matchup with Supreme Wright.

BW: Only one of four men to ever go sixty minutes in a one-on-one match in the AWA. Dave Bryant, Supreme Wright, Adam Rogers, and Marcus Broussard. That's quite the club, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Two former World Champions, a former National Champion, and of course, the current two-time World Heavyweight Champion.

[Sunn pulls Bryant up by the arm, using his good arm to whip Bryant across the ring into the ropes.]

GM: One-armed whip...



[Sunn ducks down, setting for a backdrop...]

...but Bryant pulls up short, sliding down to his knees to CRACK Sunn on the jaw with an uppercut! The blow echoes throughout the arena as Sunn staggers in a circle...]

GM: What a shot by Bryant and-

[Bryant snags Sunn, dragging him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: Schoolboy! He gets one! He gets two! But Tony Sunn with a powerful kickout sends Bryant sailing halfway across the ring!

BW: He certainly sent a message with that kickout, Gordo.

GM: Bryant looks surprised by that but he's right back up, grabbing a front facelock on Sunn as he gets up off the mat. Bryant trying to keep Sunn down and take some of that power away from him.

[The World Champion cranks back on the hold, stretching out the neck of the powerhouse who wraps his arms around the torso in response...]

...and lifts Bryant up over his shoulder.]

BW: So much for that gameplan.

[Sunn walks across the ring with Bryant slung over his shoulder, approaching the corner...]

...and throws him into the buckles with a spine-rattling jolt!]

GM: Ohh!

[The Ithaca native doubles up, grabbing the middle rope and driving his right shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times before Johnny Jagger steps in, calling for a break and Sunn obliges, lifting his hands.]

GM: Tony Sunn with such a great respect for referees.

BW: His father was a referee and... well, to be honest, referees can take as much punishment as wrestlers do at times. They live a very similar life yet don't get the glory. There's no World Title for a referee yet we've heard stories of horrific injuries suffered by officials inside the ring, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Sunn moves back in, grabbing Bryant by the arm, using another one-armed whip to send Bryant across where his back slams into the opposite buckles!]

GM: Into the corner hard again!



[The powerhouse leans in the buckles, pumping his right arm a few times before barreling across the ring...

...and running right into a raised boot out of Bryant!]

GM: The World Champion caught him coming in!

[Bryant hops up on the midbuckle, giving a shout that the crowd echoes before leaping off...]

GM: SWINGING DDT!

[...but as Bryant rotates, looking to drive the head down into the mat, Sunn stops him cold, wrapping his arms around the torso again.]

GM: Sunn blocks it and-

[The crowd cheers as Sunn turns up the pressure, using his powerful arms like a vise around the body of his opponent.]

GM: BEARHUG LOCKED IN!!

[Sunn ragdolls Bryant back and forth, squeezing the ribcage of the World Heavyweight Champion!]

GM: Sunn's got him hooked in this bearhug dead center in the middle of the ring and this could very well be it, Bucky!

BW: I can't remember the last time I saw a match end with a bearhug but Sunn's definitely got the power to get that job done.

[Bryant screams his refusal to give up as Johnny Jagger gets in position to check for a submission. Jagger informs Sunn who ragdolls Bryant back and forth again, turning up the pressure on the hold.]

GM: Bryant's having a hard time breathing in this hold. That's another way the bearhug can beat you, Bucky.

BW: It is. If it's applied correctly, you're chest-to-chest with your opponent and every time your victim takes a breath, you tighten up. Soon, there's no room to breathe and it gets real tough to keep your wits about you.

GM: Bryant trying to create some space here.

[The champion plants his palm against Sunn's chin, pushing his head back at an awkward angle...

...and BLASTING him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Bryant trying to fight his way out!

[A second right hand lands... then a third... then a fourth...



...before Bryant just claps his arms together on the ears of the powerhouse, breaking the hold!]

GM: Bryant breaks it!

[Sunn recoils, grabbing at his ear as Bryant moves towards him, clutching his ribs...

...and Sunn is waiting, grabbing Bryant under the armpits with both hands, shoving him skyward...]

GM: WHOOOOOOOOOA!

[...and sitting out in a massive spinebuster/powerbomb combo!]

GM: WHAT A SLAM BY TONY SUNN!!

[Sunn rolls across, hooking a leg on the World Champion.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Bryant's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin in time.]

GM: Oh my! Bryant just barely got out of that in time!

[Sunn recoils from the kickout, grabbing at his left arm again.]

GM: Sunn used that bad arm for the powerbomb... it was instinct, sheer instinct.

BW: He shouldn't have done it though and he's realizing that right now.

[As Sunn kneels on the canvas clutching his shoulder...

...we cut back to the top of the aisle where Shadoe Rage has emerged again, a trail of officials following him.]

GM: Oh, come on! We're having a highly competitive match out here and this lunatic is trying to break it up again!

BW: It's incredibly hard to keep a nutjob like Rage in check as these officials are finding out right now.

GM: But he's risking another fine... perhaps another suspension for coming out here.

BW: You think he cares?

[Rage is screaming down the aisle, pointing at Sunn as the powerhouse slowly climbs to his feet. Sunn gets to his feet, glaring back down at Rage who is shouting like a maniac.]



GM: We've got these officials out here again, trying to keep Rage back. They don't want to let him out here. Can they keep him back? Can they keep him in check?

[With Sunn staring down the aisle, Dave Bryant is able to get back to his feet, grabbing at his lower back...

...and rushes forward as Sunn turns, going downstairs with a dropkick to the knee that causes Sunn to fall to a knee. Bryant pops back up, running to the ropes behind Sunn...]

GM: Bryant's going for the leg... ohh! He clipped him! He clipped the knee out from under him!

[Sunn collapses to the mat, clutching his knee as Bryant gets to his feet. The World Champion turns to look down the aisle, shouting "GET HIM OUT OF HERE!" as Rage backs down the aisle, screaming threats at Bryant as well.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is out of control... just completely unstable.

BW: But they've gotten him backstage again.

GM: For now. In the meantime, Dave Bryant is moving back in on Tony Sunn who is trying to get up off the mat.

[Sunn is hanging onto the ropes, trying to drag himself up as the World Champion approaches from the blind side...

...and kicks the back of the knee, sweeping the legs out and putting Sunn back down on the mat again.]

GM: Bryant takes out the leg... now where is he going?

[The World Champion steps out on the apron, dropping down to the floor. He reaches under the ropes, pulling Sunn's legs out under the bottom.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Bryant lifts the leg he's been attacking, holding it straight up...

...and SLAMS the back of Sunn's knee down on the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Bryant may get cheered by these fans but he's still got a mean streak a mile long in him, Gordo.

[Bryant lifts the leg a second time, turning to point to the cheering fans before SLAMMING the knee down a second time!]



GM: Twice! Twice, the back of Tony Sunn's knee got slammed into that apron!

[Bryant rolls back into the ring, stalking Tony Sunn who is crawling to get away from the World Champion. The Doctor of Love grabs the legs, flipping him over to his back...]

GM: He's going for the Iron Crab! He's going for the Iron Crab!

[The World Champion tries to get his trademark submission hold applied, Sunn starts flailing back and forth, kicking his legs...

...and uses his powerful legs to send Bryant sailing back into the ropes where he rebounds back towards the rising Sunn...]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! Sunn caught him coming in and DROVE him down to the mat!

[Sunn dives across, hooking the back leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Bryant's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Ohh! Near fall right there! Tony Sunn almost pinned the World Champion with the powerslam!

[Sunn pushes up to his knees, clapping his massive hands together in frustration. He nods at the official holding up two fingers, climbing back up to his feet. He leans down, hauling the World Champion back up to his feet, pulling him into a cobra clutch!]

GM: Cobra clutch locked in by Sunn!

BW: And with arms as big as is, this could be it, daddy! Every move he does, even the most basic hold that a first year wrestling school student would know, is so effective with all that power and strength.

[Bryant struggles against the hold, trying to find an escape...

...until Tony Sunn provides his own escape, powering Bryant up into the air...]

GM: What the-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Good grief! What a backbreaker by Tony Sunn!

[Sunn applies another lateral press, hooking a leg.]



GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Bryant just BARELY got the shoulder up there! The World Champion was a half count away from losing this non-title showdown to the powerhouse from New York!

[Sunn again claps his hands as he gets to his feet, frustrated at his inability to put away the World Champion. He leans down, dragging Bryant off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for that cradle suplex!

[Sunn is in the middle of reaching for the back leg when Bryant plucks him into a small package!]

GM: CRADLE FOR ONE!! FOR TWO!! FOR THR-

[This time, it's Sunn who narrowly avoids defeat, kicking out with great power to free himself in the nick of time.]

GM: And a near fall back the other way!

[Both men scramble up, trying to get to their feet before their opponent does. Sunn is there first, greeting a rising Bryant with a powerful knife-edge chop across the chest, sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Big chop by Sunn!

[Sunn approaches the champion, grabbing an arm to send him across but Bryant reverses it.]

GM: Reversal off the whip...

[Sunn comes back fast...

...but Bryant sidesteps, slamming a knee up into the gut of Sunn, causing him to flip over the knee and down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes down to the gut!

[Sunn pushes up to his knees but Bryant is waiting, extending Sunn's arm, and JAMS him down to the mat with a single-arm DDT, causing distress to the shoulder!]

GM: Bryant back to the arm!

[Bryant grabs the wrist, extending the arm. He drops a quick leg across the outstretched arm... and a second... and a third...]



GM: Bryant with a flurry of offense on that arm...

[He switches his stance, planting his knee into the shoulder joint and DRIVES the arm down into the mat again. Still kneeling on the arm, he grabs the wrist with both hands, yanking back hard!]

GM: Bryant's trying to take out the arm! He's trying to finish it right now!

[Sunn cries out in pain as Bryant wrenches back on the trapped limb, putting unbelievable pressure on the shoulder joint.]

GM: The World Champion might have him here, fans!

[Bryant pulls back, clenching his teeth as he shouts, "ASK HIM, REF!" Johnny Jagger flattens out, checking to see if Sunn wants to quit but Sunn refuses.]

GM: Tony Sunn will not give up, fans!

BW: He better think about it before Bryant takes that arm home with him.

[An angry Bryant gets up, holding the wrist as he repeatedly stomps the shoulder into the canvas.]

GM: And now it's Tony Sunn in serious trouble with that arm being all banged up. Bryant's gone to work on the arm and the leg.

BW: If Sunn has one useless arm and one useless leg, does it make him half a man?

GM: You feel like asking him that?

[Bryant drags Sunn off the mat by the long blonde hair, driving a knee up into the midsection...

...and pulls him into a front facelock!]

GM: Bryant's looking for the DDT!

[But Sunn charges hard, DRIVING Bryant back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take the wind out of the sails of the World Champion!

[Sunn grabs an arm, flinging Bryant across...

...and runs him down with a right-handed lariat!]

GM: Oh! That might do it!

[Sunn dives into a cover, earning another two count before Bryant lifts the shoulder. This time, Sunn slams a fist down into the canvas, glaring at the downed World Champion.]



GM: Sunn couldn't get the three and we're seeing obvious signs of frustration out of the New Yorker as he climbs back to his feet...

[Breathing hard, Sunn leans down to grab Bryant by the arm, pulling him off the mat and hurling him into the buckles!]

GM: Another hard whip to the corner and-

BW: RAGE! RAGE!

[A wild-eyed Rage comes sprinting into view this time, tearing past the AWA officials and security guards, racing towards the ring at top speed.]

GM: Rage is coming out here again!

[Tony Sunn spots him, turning to get ready as Rage leaps up on the ring apron, ready to interfere...]

...but a pair of AWA security guards grab him by the leg, keeping him from getting into the ring. Sunn stays focused on him, ready to strike if Rage gets into the ring.]

GM: Sunn's ready to fight off Shadoe Rage! He's ready for a fight if it comes!

[An angry Sunn shouts for Rage to get in the ring but the security guards are managing to keep Rage on the apron. A few reinforcements arrive - like ten - and are successful in dragging Rage back down to the floor. He struggles against their grip, shouting at Sunn who turns back to Bryant with a shake of his head, pulling him from the corner...]

GM: Sunn's going for High Noon!

[He lifts Bryant up off the mat, pressing him straight up over his head, his face covered in anger at Shadoe Rage...]

...but his arm gives way, allowing Bryant to drop down behind him!]

GM: The arm couldn't hold him and-

[And as Sunn turns around, Bryant UNCORKS a superkick up under the chin, knocking Sunn flat!]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!

[Bryant drops down, rolling up the legs into a cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"



GM: Bryant knocks off the powerhouse!

BW: Thanks to Shadoe Rage!

GM: Well, in a way, I suppose that's true. Rage made Sunn so angry with that last attempt at interference that Sunn made a major mistake in trying for High Noon with that injured arm. A big win for the World Champion though as he continues to prove that he deserves that title around his waist no matter how it got there, Bucky.

BW: We'll see about that when he has to defend it against the former champion, Supreme Wright.

GM: A match that I'm sure is not too far on the horizon. Wright does have a guaranteed rematch in his pocket that he can use and after Wright's actions at Guts & Glory, I'm certain that Bryant is looking forward to that rematch.

BW: He's a fool if he is, Gordo. The night that Bryant steps into the ring for that rematch is the last night he wears the World Title if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: Bryant helps Sunn back to his feet, exchanging a handshake in a nice show of sportsmanship by both competitors.

[Sunn rubs his chin, pointing off in the distance where Rage is being dragged out of view. Bryant looks that direction, slowly nodding in agreement...

...when suddenly, three individuals are hurdling the barricade, coming into the ring!]

GM: DOGS OF WAR! DOGS OF WAR!!

[Sunn sees them before Bryant does, shoving the Doctor of Love aside as Wade Walker comes barreling across...

...and SPEARS the weary Sunn, flattening him!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Bryant turns in time to throw a right hand at an incoming Isaiah Carpenter, battling him back.]

GM: What in the hell is THIS all about?!

BW: They said they were bringing chaos and what's more chaotic than a random assault on the World Heavyweight Champion, daddy?!

[With Bryant battering Carpenter, Pedro Perez slips a knee up into his back, dropping Bryant down to his knees. Perez grabs Bryant's arms, holding them back as Carpenter steps back up, smashing short forearms into the side of the head.]

GM: They whip him in...



[A rebounding Bryant gets lifted up in tandem, held up in the air as Walker charges the ropes behind them, hitting the ropes in front of Bryant...

...and leaps up, throwing a haymaker to the jaw as Carpenter and Perez rocket him down to the mat in a double spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd suddenly EXPLODES!]

GM: MARTINEZ! O'CONNOR!

[The AWA's White Knight hits the ring throwing bombs at everyone in sight...

...and the Dogs Of War choose to bail from the ring, backing off as O'Connor slides in, gripping a steel chair in his hands!]

GM: The Dogs Of War - and the Wise Men - are quickly learning that no matter who you jump on in the AWA locker room, these men have got their backs, Bucky!

BW: They're crazy, Gordo. Why would you want to make enemies out of the Wise Men?

GM: I'm pretty sure that day is long passed, Bucky. They've been enemies of the Wise Men for a while now and this is just another chapter in this ongoing war between the two sides.

[The crowd is cheering as Martinez helps the World Champion off the mat as Bobby O'Connor does the same with Tony Sunn who is holding on to his ribs.]

GM: But those are four men inside that ring that I wouldn't want to be on the bad side of either, Bucky. Right now, let's go to some pre-recorded comments with the Black Tiger himself, Demetrius Lake.

[We cut to a pre-recorded interview. Backstage, in front of a mica-block white wall, is the "Black Tiger" himself, Demetrius Lake.

Even in this close-up, the tall and powerful frame of the self-professed King Of Wrestling is obvious. Lake is garbed in a nice dark maroon blazer, matching tie, white dress shirt, and black fedora. His round afro is smushed down by the hat, and his mustache and conical beard ring a seriously sour and mean expression. He speaks in his distinctive Midwest accent.]

DL: First of all, I would like to personally apologize to all the fans in Oklahoma City. I am the King Of Wrestling and I strive to make my sport better. But I not yet got rid of that egg-suckin' dog Jack Lunch, due to his bein' so lucky and to havin' Bobby No Honor to hide behind, but the fact that you Oklahoma fans have to look at that Mexan bum in there pretendin' to be bad.



I always have had respect for the state of Oklahoma, for havin' the good sense to hate Mexas. Now, they might be a little low to stoop to callin' them rivals. When your rival is a bum, you can't be of any kind of quality. That is why, whenever some fool calls Jack Lunch my rival, I slap his face and call him a fool and a liar. Jack Lunch is no more my rival than a rat is the rival of the exterminator. And Oklahoma, to be a rival of Mexas, that's as low as can be. But at least they seem to have the grace to understand that. They are in their rightful place on the map... under Missourah.

So I do tip my hat to the fans in Oklahoma because as my subjects they know their place. And I apologize. Not only because Jack Lunch is still walkin' around impersonatin' a useful member of society, but because I will not be present in Oklahoma City tonight.

[Lake nods solemnly.]

DL: That's why I was not on the bill as bein' here on the show tonight, as I made a previous personal commitment and put that in to the AWA office well in advance. Unlike Jack Lunch and Bobby No Honor, I am a professional and give plenty of notice if I know I can't appear on the card, because if the AWA advertised me to be there and I was unable to come, they'd have to give every fan a refund. In fact, they'd have to pay the fans just to come if they had to watch Jack Lunch wrestle without bein' rewarded by an appearance from the King Of Wrestling. So I know they're losin' money hand over fist tonight. As for Jack Lunch and Bobby No Honor, they don't ever give no notice when they don't show up. In fact, I've seen so many matches where they didn't show up that it's a wonder how nobody's killed them boys yet.

Jack Lunch thinks he has silenced me, just because his boy got a cheap pin on Hamilton Graham as the illegal man with a fast count. I can assure you that is not the case. Nobody thinks Jack Lunch got one over on the King, and as a matter of fact, nobody outside Mexas thinks much of Jack Lunch period. Everywhere we go, Old Yeller ships in five carloads of Mexans to buy out the building so he don't get embarrassed at everyone booin' his boy. But he should have known it would happen. Jack Lunch is such a bum that even Old Yeller didn't want him around. As a child, Jack Lunch asked for a bath toy, and his old man gave him a toaster and a hair dryer. But that didn't work because neither one could figure out how to plug them in. So we're stuck with this bum until I can do the job right.

So next time, Jack Lunch, leave your carpetbagger buddy, that Missouran expatriate No Honor home. That boy is as useless as a screen door on a submarine. If you think you're a brave man, you fight me alone. I heard you're in that tag team Battle Royal. Look at you. You're not a tag team. The two of you together barely comprise half a man. If I was in town, I would enter the Battle Royal by myself and win it. I wouldn't even disturb Hamilton Graham with something that trivial. I would throw you over the top rope again, and bury you under all them tag teams just the same way that Old Yeller should have buried you in the back forty the day after you were born. I heard that he was pro-life 'til he saw you come out. The only



reason you have brothers is because he figured it couldn't get no worse, and he ain't swift enough to learn his mistakes when he's proven wrong.

So to all the Oklahoma fans, again I apologize for not bein' there to show you what a real man looks like. But you'll get to see some of the other real men in the AWA. Johnny Detson. The Dogs Of War. Terry Shane The Third. These are real ath-e-letes. And you can at least have the consolation of knowing that you can watch them... and that you'll never be Mexas.

[We fade away from the self-professed King of Wrestling 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.]

"Friday, July 25th, the AWA steams into Albuquerque, New Mexico for a big show featuring the World Champion, Dave Bryant, putting the title on the line! Saturday in Santa Fe, we'll see Bobby O'Connor one-on-one with Johnny Detson! And Sunday in Pueblo, Colorado, it'll be an afternoon show with the World Tag Team Titles on the line!"

[The graphic changes.]

"On Friday, August 1st, we kick off the month in Colorado Springs with the Dogs Of War taking on Air Strike and Brian James!

And on Saturday, August 2nd, the AWA invades Phoenix, Arizona for another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!"

[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 back up to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]



GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. It's been an exciting night here in Oklahoma City but right now, we want to take you to footage recorded in the days following Guts & Glory with our own Jason Dane who was on a mission - a mission to find out the medical condition of Eric Preston who took several brutal shots to the head inside the Tower Of Doom including one final shot with the cage door being swung onto his skull by his former friend Supreme Wright. Let's go to this footage right now.

[Open to an interior shot of a nondescript waiting room at a hospital. The floor is covered with shiny linoleum tiling, and sitting in one cheap oak framed waiting room chair with a blue carpet backing is Jason Dane. Across from him is Eric Preston, in jeans and a white button down with a blue and grey plaid design, untucked naturally. Preston is unshaven and has bags under his eyes, and looks off camera, blinking his eyes as Dane begins.]

JD: Hello fans, Jason Dane here in Missouri. Today is July 7th, three days after Guts & Glory, and I'm with Eric Preston, who has stayed here close to the site of Guts & Glory, recovering from his injuries. Before we talk about that, there has been a great outreach from the AWA fans who want to know how you're doing. So, Eric... how are you?

EP: Well, Jason, I was admitted to the hospital with a severe concussion, which is probably my third or fourth over the years. I was kept overnight for observations, they ran a battery of tests on me. Just this morning I took an impact test and passed it, so I'm happy to say that I'll be released in about forty five minutes.

JD: How is this going to effect your career?

[Preston leans back and shrugs.]

EP: Truth be told, I was advised to retire. There was minimal swelling on the brain and I was told that if I call it a career now, and be careful, I'd be just fine. But that's not an option, right here, right now. In order to be admitted back to work, back into the AWA, I had to sign a waiver and a stack of legal documents waiving the AWA of any responsibility should any harm befall me. Y'know, a lot of jargon. Not the first time a wrestler signed a waiver like that, certainly won't be the last time.

[Dane pauses and waits, expecting Preston to continue. Eric does not.]

JD: The whole world saw the heinous betrayal of Supreme Wright. He stabbed you and your team in the back and caused your team to lose in the Tower. And by doing that you are now still in the hospital, three days after that match.

EP: You know, I don't even remember the match. That last week of my life is lost for me. But I woke up here in this hospital, my dad was sitting next to me on a chair and I didn't know why I was here, where I was or what day it was.



So when they told me what day it was and that we were in Missouri, that Guts & Glory was three days ago.

[Preston swallows hard.]

EP: I asked if we won. Because I didn't know.

But they didn't tell me, I don't think they had the heart to. So they put the match in.

And so I was able to sit here and WATCH myself get the cage door to the head. They were able to point out when they think I got concussed.

I was able to sit here and WATCH our hearts get ripped out, right in front of our eyes.

JD: This may be a silly question, but how did it feel watching that for the first time? Not knowing if you had won or lost, not knowing what had happened?

EP: Wrestling is a macho sport, filled with tough guys. And if you go back into that locker room, I can guarantee not a lot of people are gonna be willing to talk about how I felt, but I will.

Y'see, I look at those fans as family, as people who've seen me grow up. And I'm honest towards my family.

I watched Supreme Wright do what he did, and my heart broke. I was heart broken after that match, and I am right this second. Not for me, but for my team. For the people who were counting on us, for the people... for the people we let down.

[Preston hangs his head and grimaces. But he raises it up after a second and looks at Dane in the eye.]

EP: I almost couldn't believe it. To have to sit and watch yourself go through unheard of physical torture for the first time, to see it and to feel it all at once, it was an out of body experience for real.

So I had to watch it again. I had to put the tape in again, just to make sure what I saw was true.

So I watched and I studied, I listened. I listened to Bucky Wilde on commentary, I watched the facial expressions of Percy Chiles, I watched my so-called friend in the cage, I watched those Dogs of War do what they've been trained to do. And on second viewing, the plan is clear. Isolate Preston, target that head, knock him for a loop. Was it a good plan? Hell yeah it was a good plan.

And many people in this hospital have asked me a question. A simple question I don't have an answer for.



[Preston leans in close to Dane, as if to whisper.]

EP: "What did he say?"

"Before Wright rammed the cage into your head, what did he say?"

[Preston leans back and shakes his head.]

EP: And I gotta tell them... I don't know. That whole week is lost to me, every minute of every second is gone. So I have no idea what my old friend Supreme said right before he stabbed the knife into my back, into our back.

But I've got something to say to him.

[With that, Preston gets up and grabs the microphone from Dane's hand and looks directly into the camera.]

EP: Supreme Wright, ol' buddy, ol' pal. With friends like you, I don't need enemies. But when you're watching this tonight, when you're huddling with your new comrades, I've got a message for 'em. For you.

For Percy Childes, for Larry Doyle, even for Buckthorne out there on commentary.

You had a great plan, a hell of a plan, worthy of Machiavelli himself... but it failed.

Y'see you had me down, you had me out, you had me covered in a pool of my own blood for the whole world to see, but ya left. Ya left the cage, ya left the scene, ya left me unconscious in front of the world. But you didn't. Finish. The job!

[With every syllable, Preston punctuates it with an index finger stab.]

EP: Not only did you leave the scene, but you left too much air in me, you left too much blood in my veins, you left too much LIFE in my body. Because I maybe got dragged out that cage, but I'm about to walk out the door, baby, I'm about to leave this hospital and go to work. And Bucky Wilde, I heard you say on commentary that maybe I deserve this, that maybe this is my fate, that maybe I still haven't gotten my receipt for puttin' James Monosso in traction for the rest of his life. Maybe my dirty deeds are comin' back to haunt me.

Karma is real, daddy, what you plant in the beginning will grow in the end. I have done bad things in my life, I have done awful things in my life, and I have repented. I have gotten down on my hands and knees and begged God Almighty for forgiveness, I have prayed for the soul of James Monosso and apologized to him and his family.

But a man is who he is, we are who we are. I may have squared with the people and squared with the Lord, but I can't erase the pain I caused, I can't erase the harm I did. Bucky Wilde is right.



[Preston grimaces, closing his eyes hard to focus and then exhaling heavily as he continues.]

EP: In all your glory and all your splendor, Wise Men, you made one mistake and that was lettin' me get back up. If you wanted me out of your hair, you woulda made sure that this hospital was the last place I'd ever see, but three Dogs of War and one Supreme Wright weren't enough to take care of one Eric Preston. You punks may THINK you've got what it takes to put someone on the shelf for good, but there's only one Career Killer around these parts, there's only ONE man who slayed the Monster Monosso, there's only ONE son of a bitch who ever locked in the piledriver and drove someone straight to hell.

And it's the son of a bitch that you didn't finish the job on.

[Preston walks to the camera and gets close up.]

EP: Because I'm still breathin', baby, I'm still livin', I'm still kickin'. I've got air in my lungs, I've got blood in my veins and I've got hatred in my heart. Supreme Wright! You didn't just stab me in the back, you stabbed us all in the back. You put us all at risk because you're weak, because you can't stand up and fight for what you want, because you're not enough of a man to suffer and sacrifice and pay the price.

Well I have PAID my price, I have suffered and sacrificed enough for two life times. I have mastered the pain, the blues and the agony. Only the good die young, Supreme Wright, only the innocent go without a fight. I may have made amends, I might have righted the ship, but these black marks up and down this soul of mine will NEVER let me go easy into the night, it will NEVER let me go without a fight. Bucky Wilde knows, Percy Childes knows, but now YOU'RE about to find out!

[Preston gets quiet, breathing heavy.]

EP: The truth is, I don't know how much time I have left in the ring. I don't know how many more bullets I have left in the chamber before this beautiful mind of mine cracks. But I swear to you, with my mother watching down from above, that whatever time I have left will be spent repairing the damage that started with me offering you my hand in friendship. I will hunt the Dogs of War, I will hunt Supreme Wright, I will follow you to the ends of the Earth if I have to. Because I started this! The problem started with MY hand! But now this problem will end by my hand.

And if that means dragging you to hell with me as I go, then so be it. Because you couldn't put me out of my misery, you couldn't finish the job. I'm still breathin', I'm still livin', I'm still fightin'.

[Preston drops the mic, face covered in sweat. He takes a breath and brings the mic back up.]

EP: And now I'm comin'.



[And with that, Preston hands the microphone back to Dane and picks up the papers next to him, and walks off screen, brushing Dane brusquely as he leaves.]

JD: Fans, as Eric Preston walks back out into the world, I have to inform you that I came here tonight with two goals. The first was to interview Eric Preston as you just saw. The second? I was asked to inform him that the AWA has received his signed waiver... and is reluctantly willing to allow him to return to the ring.

I was also instructed to inform him that the AWA has also reluctantly agreed to his request to sign the match the world has demanded since the events of three days ago. On the next Saturday Night Wrestling emanating from Phoenix, Arizona... regardless of the outcome of the presidential election... Eric Preston will return to the ring and take on Supreme Wright in what will likely be one of the most emotional matches we have ever seen. That will take place two weeks from when you are viewing this... and it is a match that you simply should not miss.

For the AWA, I'm Jason Dane on special assignment.

[The footage of Jason Dane slowly fades away to the announce team.]

GM: Fans, that footage was disturbing on many levels. I don't like the idea of Eric Preston signing any kind of waiver for his medical condition.

BW: Hey, it's his life and his career. You know he's been injured before. He's had multiple concussions over the past few years and this is just another one. He wants to get back in the ring... it's his life, Gordo.

GM: I'm aware of that... but not only is he taking a major chance with his health, it's even worse because he's signed to face Supreme Wright right here in two weeks' time - the very man who did this to him in the Tower.

BW: Like he says, he doesn't know how much time he has left in this sport so if he's going to get his payback, he may need to do it quickly, Gordo.

GM: I don't like it. I completely disagree with whoever decided to accept that waiver from him and even moreso with whoever booked that match in two weeks' time.

[We fade from an upset Gordon Myers to a black screen. In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."]

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on



Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI  
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN  
NEW YORK CITY  
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[We slowly fade from the graphic back to the State Fair Arena which is going crazy at the video they just saw.]

GM: SuperClash VI is coming to Madison Square Garden - the Mecca of sports - and tickets will be going on sale one week from today, July 26th, at [ticketmaster.com](http://ticketmaster.com) and at the MSG box office. Make your plans now to join us in the Big Apple for the biggest event of the year - SuperClash VI! That was a huge announcement we made at Guts & Glory, Bucky... but that wasn't the only announcement that we made. Let's go, for the first time, to the Control Center for our Tiger Paw Pro update!



[We crossfade to the bank of monitors that is typically reserved for our major event Control Centers but judging by the big flag that is half the rising sun of Japan and half the Tiger Paw Pro logo hanging over a section of monitors, we can see it's been taken over. The graphic reading "RISING SUN REPORT" shows on the screen as we fade to Jason Dane.]

JD: Hello, fans, and it is my great honor to be here for the very first edition of the Rising Sun Report - our check-in with our friends at Tiger Paw Pro to see what's going on in Japan.

Just as the AWA is working their way down the road as part of this Coast To Coast tour, Tiger Paw Pro has been on a major tour of their own, leading to next Saturday, July 26th, at the Budokan Hall in Tokyo for an event they're calling GLORY BATTLE 3.

[The graphic for that show appears next to Jason.]

JD: It's a huge event for our friends at Tiger Paw Pro with all their top titles on the line. On that night, former AWA competitor and current Junior SkyStar Champion, November, will defend his title against his former ally, LION Tetsuo! Can the veteran manage to pull off one more title win in his historic career and can he fight off the forces of ACHILLES to do it?

[A shot of Yoshinari Taguchi holding the Global Crown Championship is seen.]

JD: In the Main Event, we will see Yoshinari Taguchi defend his title against the top contender for it... the charismatic Noboru Fujimoto! Back at Rising Sun Showdown, we saw those two team together to great success but at GLORY BATTLE 3, they will be face-to-face, head-to-head, and battling it out for the biggest prize in all of Japan.

[Dane grins.]

JD: And I can now reveal that right here, in two weeks' time, live from Phoenix... we will be airing highlights from the entire GLORY BATTLE 3 event so that you can see firsthand what went down.

[The graphic changes to show Violence Unlimited, the Stampede Cup behind them.]

JD: In addition to what we've already mentioned, Violence Unlimited will be stepping into the ring at GLORY BATTLE to challenge for the Global Tag Crown Championships against the Shadow Star Legion. Can Haynes and Morton add to an already incredible 2014 by winning the titles from their home promotion? Remember, we're about to see a Tag Team Battle Royal here in Oklahoma City with the winner moving on to face VU in Japan sometime this summer. We're now being told that if VU can win the titles at GLORY BATTLE 3, the team heading to Japan will face them for the gold which gives this Battle Royal even greater stakes!

[The VU graphic fades.]



JD: Haynes and Morton have been essentially unbeatable since winning the Stampede Cup earlier this year and earlier this week, took on former AWA competitors, the Anton Brothers in a tag team showdown to help them prepare for their epic title encounter! Let's take a look at some highlights from that one right now!

[We crossfade to footage marked "OSAKA, JAPAN" that opens with both teams already in the ring as the bell is rung to start the match. Morton exits the ring for his team, while Nick does the same for the Antons. Jason Dane's is piped in as a voiceover.]

JD: It's been quite some time since we've seen Nick and Alex Anton on Saturday Night Wrestling and they certainly had their work cut out for them in Osaka as they took on the 2014 Stampede Cup champions.

[Alex and Haynes circle each other, Haynes wildly hitting the ropes at one point, before they lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Alex forces Haynes against the ropes, forcing the official to call for a break, which they do.]

JD: Haynes is a big, tough man in there with Alex Anton.

[Both men circle each other once again, before, again, locking up in a collar-and-elbow. Alex gains the upper hand with an arm twist, wrenching Haynes' arm downward before twisting it once more.]

JD: A smart strategy to go after the arm, maybe take a little of the power game out from The Hammer who-

[Jackson Haynes reverses the arm twist, and with the aid of a handful of hair, drops Alex Anton onto his back.]

JD: And there's where Jackson Haynes has a major edge, his totally willingness to break the rules at any given moment. It has made them one of the most hated - and most successful - teams in the world.

[Haynes still has hold of Alex's arm, but Anton spins his body around on his back to relieve the pressure before powering back to a vertical base. He twists Haynes' arm again and pulls Haynes into a fireman's carry takedown.]

JD: A nice counter by Alex Anton, showing off some of that amateur background. The Antons have enjoyed some success in Japan since taking up permanent residence there. They're one of the more popular gaijin - or American - teams in Tiger Paw Pro which made this a big time showdown. They missed out on the Stampede Cup this year due to an injury to Nick Anton but you better bet they're hoping to take part in next year's tournament.

[Alex still has Haynes' arm locked and extended, but the pressure does not prevent Haynes from powering himself up onto one knee, then onto his feet, as Haynes forces Anton against the ropes, using the momentum to whip Alex into the opposite side of the ring, freeing his arm. Jackson Haynes tries to



catch a rebounding Alex Anton with a back elbow to the face, but Anton ducks. Both men hit the ropes and bounce off, but it is Alex who knocks Haynes down with his shoulder.]

JD: A rare sight there as the big bull, Jackson Haynes, gets knocked down by a rampaging Alex Anton who hits the ropes again... and knocks Haynes down again.

[Haynes is quick to his feet again, but a rebounding Anton catches him, by underhooking both arms, just as he is about to regain his vertical base. Before Alex can do anything, however, Danny Morton is in the ring and lands a clubbing forearm across Alex's back. Morton's interruption draws Nick into the ring and, all of a sudden, all four men are in the ring.]

JD: Uh oh! And this is the kind of match that Violence Unlimited likes - an out of control brawl!

[Alex whips Haynes into the ropes and Nick does the same to Morton. Consecutive back body drops follow, first by Alex Anton on a rebounding Jackson Haynes, then by Nick Anton on Danny Morton. Both members of Violence Unlimited roll out of the ring, as Nick starts running circles around his brother, who is standing in the center of the ring. Morton and Haynes regroup outside the ring, as the official emphatically tells Nick Anton to return to his corner.]

JD: A fast start by the Antons who had the fans in Osaka solidly behind him but as we move a little deeper into the match, we'll be looking to see if the brother duo can keep up the offense.

[Cut to a few minutes later in the match, as Nick Anton is hammering Danny Morton into the corner with a series of punches to the forehead, when, suddenly, Morton sends Anton backpedalling with a flurry of palm thrusts to the chest. With Nick backed into the opposite corner, Morton throws an arm under Nick's, hooking it and lifting him up and over with an arm drag that comes close to being an Exploder suplex.]

JD: Quite the throw by Danny Morton who is - without a doubt - one of the strongest men in the entire industry, dropping down into that three-point stance right here... and bowls over Nick Anton with a big tackle!

[Morton throws up his hand, calling for another as he drops into a second three-point stance.]

JD: He's gonna do it again! Charging in and-

[The Osaka crowd ROARS as Nick Anton catches him with an explosive lunging clothesline! Nick lets out an animalistic yell, closing in on a recovering Morton, who decides discretion is the better part of valor, as he drops to the canvas and rolls under the bottom rope to the outside. Agitated, he picks the ringside barricade slightly off the ground and slams it back down, as Haynes drops to the floor to try to calm his partner. Alex steps into the ring to do the same to his brother.]



JD: Danny Morton certainly didn't see that clothesline coming and he's boiling mad at this stage of the match. Several minutes in and the Antons are working very well against the 2014 Stampede Cup winners and the team who will challenge the Shadow Star Legion for the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Championships in one week's time.

[Cut to moments later, as Alex Anton is wrenching down on Danny Morton's arm over and over again.]

JD: We're closing in on the ten minute mark in this one and the Antons are still in control until-

[Morton suddenly pulls Anton towards him, yanking him through the ropes and out to the floor. The Oklahoma powerhouse steps out on the apron, dropping off with a double axehandle to the top of the rising Alex's head.]

JD: Alex Anton would try to battle back, throwing some blows to the body here... then to the head... but he got too close to the wrong part of town and Haynes...

[The Hammer drops off the apron, clubbing a forearm down between the eyes.]

JD: ...lowers the boom on Alex before the referee orders him away and Morton puts him back in.

[Morton crawls back in, kicking Alex viciously in the ribcage before stomping down between the shoulderblades.]

JD: Down on the mat is not where you want to be against Violence Unlimited who will club you into the canvas like they're driving a nail.

[A barrage of stomps follow before he tags in Jackson Haynes, bringing Anton to his feet for a double Irish whip...]

JD: Showing that doubleteaming background... and they run Anton right over with a double shoulder tackle!

[Morton exits as Haynes earns a two count off the doubleteam.]

JD: They only get the two count so Haynes lets him have it, stomping him over and over again before pulling him up and sending him facefirst into the neutral corner.

[The crowd jeers as Haynes unleashes in the corner, clubbing down with forearms to the back of the head to put Alex Anton down and then viciously stomping him into the canvas before the official forces him back.]

JD: Haynes backs off as Alex Anton drags himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes... but moves right back in, taking him up into the air for a vertical suplex...



[And keeping him there. One second... two seconds... three seconds he allows Anton to dangle before dropping him down to the canvas with a spine-rattling suplex. Haynes rolls into another cover, this time getting a two and a half before Anton narrowly escapes.]

JD: Haynes fails to get the three count again and just seems mad when someone dares to kick out against him, pulling him up by the hair. Of course, many fans stateside might remember Jackson Haynes before his AWA days was a competitor in Blackjack Lynch's PCW territory. He had some definite wars down in Texas.

[Pulling Anton towards the corner, he slams him into Morton's knee as the American Murder Machine lifts his leg through the ropes. A grinning Morton tags in, watching as Alex Anton tries to crawl across the ring and make the tag...

...but Morton cuts him off with a running leaping elbowdrop to the upper back!]

JD: Danny Morton showing why Violence Unlimited are arguably the greatest tag team on the planet with that elbowdrop, cutting the ring in half, keeping Alex Anton on their half of the ring.

[Morton gets up, stomping Anton a few times while taunting Nick Anton who paces on the apron, looking to get back in. A smirking Morton drags Alex to his feet with the aid of a couple handfuls of hair.]

JD: Morton's telling Nick Anton that it's almost over for his brother, shooting him off the ropes...

[But Morton ducks his head too soon, allowing Alex to show off some agility, flipping over into a sunset flip!]

JD: Sunset flip by Alex Anton! But Morton won't go down!

[Nick Anton has other ideas though, rushing in and blasting Morton between the eyes with a right hand, allowing Alex to drag him down in a sunset flip!]

JD: Alex takes him down for one and two and- Morton breaks it up!

[Alex scrambles to all fours, looking to make a tag but Morton is a step ahead, rolling him away from his corner, dropping a pair of elbows to the lower back before flipping him into a lateral press for a two count.]

JD: Another two count for Morton... and another tag there.

[Each man grabs an arm, whipping Alex Anton backfirst into the corner of Violence Unlimited. Haynes follows him in, dragging him out of the corner and dropping him with a massive bodyslam.]

JD: Big slam puts him down.



[Haynes stalks to the neutral corner, slamming his own head into the top turnbuckle a couple of times, giving off a roar to fire himself up as he storms towards the rising Alex, blasting him off his feet with a stiff clothesline!]

JD: Haynes drops him again - a quick cover by the Hammer gets one... gets two...

[But Anton lifts the shoulder, causing him to get pummeled into the canvas by a fired-up Jackson Haynes. Haynes pulls Anton up before tagging Danny Morton back in.]

JD: Professor Pain, Danny Morton, back in off the exchange... big right hand to the jaw!

[Anton staggers back but stays on his feet as Morton storms him, landing a left hook to the side of the head...

...and then takes Anton's legs out from under him with a brutal knife edge chop across the chest!]

JD: Big chop takes him down... and Morton's looking for the half Boston Crab, turning him over onto his stomach... and he's got it locked in!

[Alex Anton screams out in pain, wincing as Morton leans back in the hold, bending the leg and back of his opponent.]

JD: Alex Anton's being asked if he wants to submit but I'd imagine there's little chance of that, fans. Anton trying to drag himself on his elbows towards his corner, pulling himself closer and closer as Morton leans back further...

[Anton gets very close to the corner by crawling, stretching out a hand towards his waiting brother, Nick...

...which brings Jackson Haynes into the ring, forcing the official to go stop him from intervening.]

JD: The referee's trying to get Haynes out of there and- there's the tag by the Antons!

[But the referee misses the tag so even as Nick Anton breaks up the half crab with a series of clubbing forearms to the back of Danny Morton, the referee is already moving in, forcing him back to his corner.]

JD: The referee didn't see the tag so he's not going to allow it!

[With the official tangled up with Nick, Morton drags Alex towards the Violence Unlimited corner as Haynes comes in and both men pull Anton to his feet and whip him back-first into the neutral corner.]



JD: Into the corner again and- look at this! Illegal exchange by the 2014 Stampede Cup winners!

[Morton exits the ring, clapping his hands loudly so the official does not question the lack of the tag when he turns his attention back to find Haynes and Alex in the ring.]

JD: Violence Unlimited showing why they're considered the best tag team in the world by many as Haynes whips Alex to the corner, charging in...

[Haynes leaps in the air, looking to land an elbowstrike...

...but Alex ducks, rolling out of the way and causing Haynes to slam into the buckles!]

JD: Alex Anton with the counter! Anton with the duck and roll and now he's got a window to get out of there and make the tag!

[Alex Anton is trying to crawl the few feet left towards his corner as Haynes rushes in, grabbing his foot.]

JD: Haynes is trying to cut him off! Hanging on to that foot for dear life!

[Anton rolls to his back, pulling his legs back and SHOVEDS Haynes off, rolling back to all fours and making a diving tag! Danny Morton comes in as Nick Anton does.]

JD: There's the tag to Nick Anton! Nick's in like the proverbial house of fire! Right hand to Morton... there's one to Haynes!

[A second one to Morton sends the Oklahoman falling back into the buckles as Nick fires Haynes into the ropes...

...and PLANTS him with a powerslam!]

JD: POWERSLAM PUTS HAYNES DOWN!!

[Anton goes for the cover but has to bail out at two as Danny Morton is coming for him...

...and he allows Morton to drop an elbow on Haynes as he vacates the premises!]

JD: Haha! Morton hits his own partner there as Nick Anton grabs him... and hurls him out through the ropes to the floor!

[A wise viewer would notice that Morton landed safely on his feet but Nick Anton fails to notice it as he slaps his brother's hand, giving two thumbs up.]

JD: Nick Anton's calling for Air Anton, pulling Haynes up as Alex ducks down, lifting the big man up in the electric chair. Nick steps out, heading to the top rope...



[But as Nick mounts the turnbuckles, Danny Morton climbs up on the apron, charges down...

...and SHOVES Nick off the top, sending him sailing down to the floor below. A shocked Alex Anton drops Haynes off his shoulders, charging Morton from the blind side!]

JD: Big clothesline sends Morton off the apron to the floor and-

[As Alex Anton spins around, all fired up...

...Haynes lashes out with the violent thumbstrike to the side of the throat, causing Alex to crumple into a heap!]

JD: WHISKEY LULLABY! WHISKEY LULLABY!!

[Haynes dives atop Alex Anton, cradling the leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

[The bell sounds, signifying victory for the 2014 Stampede Cup winners as Haynes rolls to a seated position, his arms up in the air in triumph to celebrate the win. The shot holds for a few more seconds before we fade back to Jason Dane in the Control Center.]

JD: A big win for Haynes and Morton heading into next weekend's tag team title clash with the Shadow Star Legion, picking up some much needed momentum. It's GLORY BATTLE 3. It's next Saturday and if you can't be with Tiger Paw Pro on iPPV, then be sure to be right back here in two weeks' time so you can check out all the highlights here on the Rising Sun Report! Now, we're just moments away from our big Tag Team Battle Royal that will determine who will head over to Japan to face Violence Unlimited... possibly for the Global Tag Crown Titles... so as we head on out of here, let's hear from some of the teams who will be competing in that big Main Event matchup!

[We fade away from the Control Center to a grainy shot that comes up in the bowels of the arena. We're in the trash room it seems. There is refuse bags and bins galore. The shot flickers and the Walking Dead are superimposed over the image, materializing out of the air. The shot flickers again and Poet Wright is in between them, her chalice clutched between her hands. The nightmarish scarring on her face and the permanent Joker's grin disfiguring her face are nothing compared to the dark craze in her eyes. She presents the chalice to the camera as the Dead continue to stand behind her, eyes lolling, bodies swaying as if the effort to stand is too much and their muscles are failing them.]

P: Di time it does approach ... 'e is comin' 'ome. Di Saviour is comin' 'ome. And tonight we prepare di way. Tonight we tek on di whole of di AWA tag teams and we lef dem fi dead. We 'ave built our strength troo di sacrifices of di lost souls of AWA. We comin' fi more. Ya 'ear? We comin' fi all yuh



souls. Di Beez dem was di first. And we send yuh a messengah. 'eed our warnin'. It is our time to tek back what is we own and all yuh will join we army. Send us yuh best.

[The camera tightens on the slack faces of Allah and LaMarques. The lack of any human emotion is disturbing.]

P: Don't send us anyone yuh wan' back.

[She chuckles evilly.]

P: We've come 'ome!

[And with that the screen cuts to black...

Cut to the interview stage where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand.]

MS: Our Main Event tonight is a tag team battle royal. Joining me right now are two of the participants in that battle royal. Two men who have only just recently begun teaming together, but made their debut as a tag team with a victory over Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake. They're calling them the TexMo Connection. Ladies and gentlemen – Jack Lynch and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor.

[As the fans cheer, out step the newly christened TexMo Connection. On the right is Jack Lynch. The tall and lanky Lynch is dressed head to toe in black, as he always is. Today wearing a short sleeve, button up black shirt and a pair of black jeans. His father's cowboy hat is worn loosely, slung low over his eyes. On the left is Bobby O'Connor. Bobby is wearing a dark grey t-shirt with a graphic of three hooded druid-like figures with "FIRE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN" beneath them and a simple "B O C" above the graphic. He wears a pair of faded blue jeans and black and white cowboy boots. A bandage is taped to his forehead, a memento of the war he just participated in with his tag team partner. The pair make their way to the podium, and Jack leans forward, a slight grin visible under the shadow of his hat's brim.]

JL: I gotta say, I wasn't sure how this Texas boy was gonna be welcomed in Oklahoma. But I guess anyone can get cheered, bustin' the head of Hamilton Graham open and putting your fist in Demetrius Lake's big fat mouth.

[Another cheer rises from the crowd.]

MS: Though you two enjoyed a hard fought victory over Graham and Lake, overall, the... ahem, Kooky Quartet did not enjoy a good night. William Craven was taken to the hospital with a severe knee injury. And Hannibal Carver fell victim to the treachery of Supreme Wright. And we've all seen the footage of Mr. Carver's subsequent rampage. First off, Mr. Lynch, what can you tell us about the status of William Craven?

[Jack reaches his hand up, rubbing his chin before answering.]



JL: Well Mark, I ain't gonna lie. Billy is out, and he's gonna be out a long time. His knee was messed up somethin' fierce. You know the Dragon don't feel pain. But right now, he's lyin' in a hospital bed, and endurin' surgery after surgery, tryin' to get fixed up enough that he can put all his weight on his legs. I hate to say this, but I'm afraid that the Dragon was slain.

And don't think for a moment that that's somethin' that won't go unanswered. Don't think that Bobby, Hannibal and myself haven't spent a good long time considerin' just what the proper payback for that is. William Craven came to be like a brother to me in a short time. And everyone knows just how serious I take attacks against my family.

MS: And Mr. O'Connor, what can you tell us about the whereabouts, and frankly, the mental state of your mentor, Hannibal Carver?

BOC: Well, Mister Stegglet... it's hard to say. The last words between me and Mister Carver were before the match that all the fans at home saw a piece of earlier. Even then, before the disturbing scene we all saw, I wouldn't say his mood was a happy and calm one. What happened in that Tower definitely has caused some serious damage to Mister Carver. Not physically as much as emotionally. I never agreed with it, but time and again he came out here on AWA television and said he understood what Mister Wright did to Mister Bryant. He said many times even to me privately that he didn't blame him at all, that his hands were forced by the actions of the Wise Men. But now?

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: He isn't quite as accepting of what happened. This is another place where he and I walked down different paths, but he had a big grudge against Eric for a long time. It all went back to Mister Monosso and how his career ended here. But over time, Eric proved what kind of person he was to Mister Carver... and I think in a way, became the new James Monosso in many ways in Mister Carver's eyes. Now we don't know what will happen to Eric in the future, but I think it was like seeing someone you have all the respect for in the world have their career ended all over again. I had hoped taking the fight to the Dogs of War it would help him work out all the anger he feels. Not just over what happened in the Tower, but the obsession he's had with the Wise Men.

[Bobby sighs.]

BOC: But the opposite happened. This company means the world to my mentor, and everything that's happened... every underhanded tactic by all these so-called men has had quite a toll on him. I'm afraid the Hannibal Carver the great fans in the AWA have grown to love is gone. I can only hope he isn't gone for good.

MS: Let's talk about Guts & Glory for a moment. Mr. O'Connor, can you please tell us what it felt like to follow in your father's footsteps, and pin the shoulders of Hamilton Graham to the mat?



BOC: Well Mister Stegglet, it meant the world. Having my dad at ringside to see it unfold only made it all the sweeter. Now I know I went a little far that night. I know it's not exactly the scientific wrestling a lot of the fans laid their hard earned money to see, and I can only imagine their were parents out there that were upset at seeing all that bloodshed...

[The crowd cheers at the mention of Bobby busting Hamilton Graham open. Bobby looks around with a confused look on his face, laughing nervously before continuing on.]

BOC: ... and having their kids see me lose my temper. That isn't who I am, I try to come out here every week and set a good example for the kids watching out there in TV land the same way my dad and grandfather did for me back when I was in short pants. But sometimes... sometimes a man is pushed too far. Everything Lake has done is the textbook definition of that. And I think if you look it up in a dictionary... you will literally see Hamilton Graham's picture right there. That man has been a thorn in my family's side for longer than I can even remember. Then he had to come out and help his student try and make a fool of my friend here Jack and Jack's whole family. Well, that was just enough.

[Bobby cracks his knuckles, an intense look replacing his usual calm and friendly demeanor.]

BOC: If they're smart, they will take what just happened as a lesson and take a big step back. But if not, I would be DELIGHTED to teach them a lesson in manners and decency that their own parents clearly never bothered to teach.

MS: And Mr. Lynch, it had to feel so very satisfying to gain a victory over Demetrius Lake.

JL: Mark, you know it did. Like any man, I appreciate the finer things in life. I like the way a cold beer tastes on a hot day. And I like it when a pretty lady walks by me and gives me a smile. But when it comes to things I enjoy, there ain't nothin' better in this world than poundin' on DeeDee Lake and forcin' him to eat all them big words he likes to deliver at a hundred miles an hour.

Thing is, Mark. I know that Guts and Glory wasn't the end of our war. I know that somewhere down the road, there's a one on one match in our future. I know that can't nothin' settle the bad blood between us, can't nothin' make up for all that's been done by Demetrius, except me slappin' the claw on his big fat head and watchin' the light go out of his eyes while the referee's hand slaps the mat three times. That fight is comin'.

But not tonight. Tonight, TexMo has got some business to attend to.

MS: You're speaking of course, of the Tag Team Battle Royal.

JL: You're damn right.



MS: Many of the tag teams entered into the Battle Royal have years of experience working together. We've heard before that teammates who have had the proper chance to bond will always have the upper hand over newer tandems, especially those made up of men who wrestle primarily in singles' competition. Mr. O'Connor, what would you say to those who think that your relative lack of experience teaming with Mr. Lynch puts you at a disadvantage?

BOC: I can see why they'd think that. I don't have a laundry list of championship belts in my resume. I've never even competed in the Cup before. But the honest truth?

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: I'm not at a disadvantage. This isn't untreaded water for me. When I first got signed to work here in the AWA, it was part of a tag team. And I'll be the first to admit that we didn't set the world on fire. But a great tag team is like mixing a drink or making a great meal.

[Bobby nods and grins at Jack.]

BOC: You need all the right ingredients. You can have ingredients that might be great on their own... but if they don't compliment each other perfectly then it's not going to do any good. What you see here...

[Bobby points to Jack and then to himself.]

BOC: ... IS a great team. We've proven it already. We took on a team that has trained together extensively and beat them. More than just trained together, but a teacher and a student. And despite all that, we got our hands raised. More than that, I took that teacher and knocked him out cold in the middle of that ring while Jack had the student reeling.

More than that, I just entered into a Bunkhouse Battle Royal in Tulsa last night. I was in there with some of the toughest men in this sport today. Demetrius Lake, the Dogs of War... I may not think much of them as men, but they are as rough as they come. But by the time the final bell sounded?

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: I was the last man left standing in that ring. So as far as a Battle Royal, I've got my head on straight with my eyes on the prize. I'm in the zone you need to be in. And as far as that zone... my partner here has already been a National Tag Team Champion. He's already fought the war that is the Stampede Cup... and won.

JL: You wanna talk about experience, Mark? Let's talk about this experience.

For weeks, I've had to experience Morton and Haynes brayin' about how they're the best tag team in the world. Let me assure you, that there's no easier way to lose your appetite than watchin' the spit fly outta those two ugly mugs as their light right through their teeth.



I know those two ain't the best tag team in the world. Because the last two times I was in the ring with them... it wasn't VU gettin' their names announced as the winners. Now, I don't have Jimmy in my corner. But I look at Bobby right here? And I see all the same qualities in him that I saw in my brother. I see heart and determination and guts. And the talent to back all that up. Best tag team in the world? I don't think so.

And since we're talkin' about experiences. Let's talk about my experience with one Jackson Haynes...

[Lynch leans forward, pulling off his cowboy hat. His fingers go into his hair, and he parts his dark locks in the center. The camera zooms in, zeroing in on a faded, but still ugly and jagged scar in the center of his head.]

JL: This my memento from my very first professional match. I was eighteen years old, and I took on Jackson Haynes.

Haynes, you drove my head into the steel ringpost until it split open like an overripe watermelon dropped off the fifth floor. They stopped that match due to excessive blood loss on my part. They stopped the match, but they couldn't stop you. I wish I could say I remember what happened after you put the boots to me. I wish I could say I remember the rest of that week. But I can't.

I carry this scar around with me everywhere I go. As a reminder of what kind of man you are, and what kind of man I need to be to beat people like you. Every time I brush my hair, I get to experience all of the pain you put me through my first night in.

Best tag team ever?

When Bobby and I get to Japan, the only thing you and Morton will be is the best tag team TexMo ever beat.

Tell 'em Bobby.

BOC: O'Connor and Lynch, those names make up a lot of history in this great sport... but they will also make up the future. We are on one heck of a hot streak right now, and we have no intention of stopping now. All these teams tonight have made a name for themselves, but every team has that moment where they first proved that they were a top shelf team. That moment is now, and that team is the TexMo Connection. Don't ask if we're ready for the challenge of taking on all these teams.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: Ask them if they're ready for US.

[The fans cheer as O'Connor and Lynch share a high five and Stegglet goes to wrap it up.]



MS: Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor are a tag team to be wary off for all the other teams in that big Battle Royal coming up in just a short while, fans. Can they outlast the others and head to Japan to face the 2014 Stampede Cup winners? We'll find out later tonight but right now, we're going to take a quick break. When we come back, we'll see the conclusion of our Hometown Hero recap including the Hero from right here in Oklahoma City in action!

[Big cheer from the hometown fans.]

MS: Don't you dare miss that!

[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 fade back up to the backstage interview area manned bravely by Jason Dane... who stands with mic in hand and in a confrontational posture across



from AWA newcomers and self-professed haters of trash: The Rowdy Reles Boyz. Jim and Eddie Reles are already in their ring gear and staring into the camera as Dane looks at them, clear disapproval evident on his face.]

JD: Welcome back, wrestling fans. With me now are newcomers to the AWA, Jim and Eddie Reles, the Rowdy Reles Boyz...who will be competing in just a little while in the Tag Team Battle Royal for the right to head over to Japan to face the 2014 Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited.

What makes the two of you...

[Dane looks them up and down, shaking his head in disgust.]

JD: ...think that if you should win you'd stand a chance against a team with the pedigree of Violence Unlimited?

[Eddie slaps Jim's chest and laughs while Jim grins down at the interviewer.]

ER: Ya here that, Jim? The moron on the mic is worried about our safety! Ain't that just touching?

JR: I think HE might be a bit touched.

ER: Or will be soon .if he don't start listening to us...

[Eddie makes a fist, holding it in Jason Dane's unimpressed face.]

ER ...and not in a nice way...

JD: Threatening me won't work. Everyone from Royalty and Percy Childes has tried it, and I'm still here asking the tough questions...like this one: how do you justify tossing already defeated opponents out of the ring to the hard concrete, where they could be injured? Are you two LOOKING to end careers? Are you TRYING to-

[Eddie reaches out and snatches the microphone away from Dane, stepping into the interviewer and bellowing right into his face.]

ED: WE AIN'T ROYALTY OR PERCY CHILDES, LITTLE MAN!

[Dane flinches and retreats several steps from the Reles Boyz.]

JR: That's right... and don't forget it fer a second. We don't take lip from microphone jockies.

ER: And we ain't interested in what you've gotta say...we came out here to say OUR piece, not answer nagging questions about why we did what to who...

JR: Questions we already answered...



ER: (nodding) Right, Jim. If you ain't able to remember our deal about takin' out the trash, then you obviously belong in a dumpster with the rest of 'em...just like the other guys in that Battle Royal tonight.

JR: 'Cause there's gonna be a LOT of trash in that ring tonight...but they're no different from Violence Unlimited.

ER: Yeah...if they're so great, why are they always in Japan? Ain't nothing good come outta Japan since Godzilla.

JR: And he mostly went THROUGH Japan.

ER: Exactly! So...even though we ain't answerin' your questions, Dane? There's your answer. Me an' Jim here are gonna tear through these clowns in the ring, then we're gonna hit Japan all Godzilla style...and leave 'em wiped out.

JR: Only thing left to do is take out the trash.

[Eddie fakes a punch at Dane, who flinches once again, before smiling, then dropping the mic as the two stalk off...at which point Dane picks up the mic.]

JD: I think we need security back here with me for the next interview with those two...they're unhinged. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We crossfade to a grinning Bucky Wilde.]

BW: "Everyone from Royalty to Percy Childes has tried it."

[Bucky's mocking tone is apparent.]

BW: Dane sure did change his tune when he thought the Reles Boyz were gonna turn his lights out, daddy.

GM: Those two are real pieces of work, Bucky. But I'd wager they stand an excellence shot inside that Battle Royal later tonight since a fight like that is right up their alley. That Main Event is moments away but right now, let's take a look at the rest of the Hometown Hero series so far. When we left off, we had "Daring" Danny Kane who was on a hot streak heading into Wichita a week ago tonight to take on Willis Wallace, a young 18 year old in the midst of his first year in the business.

[The red-hair, bright white-skinned Danny Kane is charging the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope where he blindly twists as he leaps off, looking for a crossbody...

...and leaps RIGHT into a leaping three-quarter nelson bulldog!]

GM: The Wallace Crusher in the first minute of the match scored a shocking upset victory for young Willis Wallace who upsets Danny Kane.



BW: That move was devastating and I hear he's been known to hit it from practically any position at any time.

GM: Last Sunday in Topeka was next... and a similar result where big man "Kansas" Jay Hawk got caught offguard by Wallace.

[We see Hawk, still in his entrance gear, attack Wallace from behind, battering him into the corner. A quick one-two-three-four to the ribs has Wallace sucking wind as Hawk drags him out to the ropes, whipping him towards them...]

GM: He went for the big ol' lariat but Wallace ducked it.

[Wallace keeps on running, throwing himself into a front handspring into the ropes, rebounding off back to a standing position where he leaps up, hooks the three-quarter nelson...

...and DRIVES Hawk skullfirst into the mat!]

GM: That's all she wrote with the one-two-three.

BW: The kid got lucky two nights in a row.

GM: But could he make it three in a row last night in Tulsa when he had to take on high flying masked man, Mascara del Pantera.

[The highlights are fast-paced and wild in this one. The first set shows Wallace running at the luchador who throws a chop that Wallace ducks under, hitting the far ropes. He attempts a running crossbody by the masked man ducks it, causing Wallace to hit the mat hard, rolling out to the floor as the luchador rises, pumping a fist to the cheering crowd, builds a head of steam off the ropes...

...and HURLS himself over the top in a somersault plancha onto a stunned Wallace!]

GM: The high-flying abilities of Mascara del Pantera were on display in Tulsa with that dive over the top rope but Willis Wallace would not be denied his chance to impress as well.

[A bit later in the match, the luchador attempts to escape an armtwist by going to the top rope...

...but Wallace sweeps the back leg, causing him to crotch himself up on the top turnbuckle, facing out.]

GM: Wallace would scale the buckles behind him... look at this coming up here...

[Wallace leaps up, twisting over into a sunset flip position...

...and DRIVES the masked man down to the mat for a powerbomb!]



GM: These two would continue to battle, showing incredible skill and technique...

[A moonsault attempt by Mascara del Pantera ends with him landing on his feet as Wallace pops up, looking for the Cutter...]

...but the masked man rushes forward, throwing him into the ropes where he ends up tied to the Tree of Woe, dangling upside down as the masked man throws rapid-fire kicks to the torso!]

GM: They battled the full distance of the time limit, the fifteen minute mark being reached while Wallace was battling to resist giving up to Mascara del Pantera's finishing hold, the Pantera Clutch.

[We see Wallace screaming in pain, his arms trapped as one of the masked man's legs push down on the back of his neck just as the bell sounds.]

GM: Both men went to the referee... both men plead for five more minutes and were granted their request. But the end would come mere moments later as the luchador attempted a springboard move...

[A springboard hurracanrana to be more precise, taking Willis Wallace over in a double leg cradle...]

...that Wallace somehow reverses at the two count, holding the luchador down for three!]

GM: Willis Wallace with another victory, moving one more stage into the Hometown Hero challenge which brings us here tonight as this 18 year old man hopes to continue his path towards a spot in the 2014 Rumble match. But to do it, he's gotta beat this man - an old friend to AWA fans... let's take a look...

[We crossfade backstage to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Joining me now...

[The camera widens to show a smiling young, clean-cut looking man with sandy mussed up hair wearing a green & white striped T-shirt and red wrestling tights. He's of average height but of a compact, muscular build. The man nods at the camera as he steps beside Stegglet.]

MS: ...is a man who hasn't been seen on AWA television for quite some time. Welcome back, Cooper Oats, to Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Cooper Oats eagerly shakes Stegglet's hand, almost a little too much as he shakes his whole arm.]

CO: Yes, sir! Happy to be here! Thankun the Good Lord to be here! Been some time!



MS: Now normally, you're wrestling alongside your brother, Kaden, as the Oklahoma Brothers -

[Cooper, bemused, nods again with a wide smile, almost as if Stegglet just revealed something new.]

MS: But you're here to wrestle alone tonight.

CO: Yehbut it ain't cause I'm cuttin' my blood loose. I'm here to represent him. Shoot, I'm here to represent everyone, right here in the big city! Everyone watchin' at home, from the great state of Oklahoma!

[Cooper lets out a "YEEEEOW!" in his zeal of being here.]

CO: I'm here to take on thatun Hometown challenge - me! The boy from Zeb's makin' good to represent the lot of Okies! I got the call, straight from them men makin' the calls for AWA! Okay, okay, sure, my brother got the call too, but they only wanted one. But I beat him in a choosies, so here I am!

MS: Choosies?

CO: Yeh - always odds, Mister Stegglet. Always odds!

[Cooper again looks into the camera, smiles, and nods... and lingers his smiling stare a bit awkwardly.]

MS: Well, that being decided, what are your thoughts as you-

[Stegglet taps Cooper on the shoulder to break his gaze with the camera.]

CO: Oh, sorry...

MS: What are your thoughts going into this Hometown Hero gauntlet series?

CO: Thoughts?

[Unsure of what to say, Oats scratches the back of his head.]

CO: Well, it's a tough road, I'll tell you thatun much! Shoot, I don't know who's out there now or down thatun road. But I -

[Cooper seems to have found his thoughts as he smiles again.]

CO: But, heck, if me and my brother could beat them old Russians couple years on back - one half of them new Russians you got now, right? Well, if we could beat them? Why can't I do this and get myself - and my brother, cause we're blood -

[Cooper claps his hands together.]

CO: Shoot, why can't I surprise the world again all over, right?



[Cooper Oats smiles broadly and looks right into the camera again -even waving to it. Before he could let out a "Hi Mom", Stegglet steps in.]

MS: Cooper Oats from the... uhh... familiar Oklahoma Brothers... will be representing Oklahoma City as he heads down to the ring to face the hottest talent in the Hometown Hero gauntlet to date - Willis Wallace. Jason Dane is standing by with Oats' opponent so let's go over to him now. Jason?

[We crossfade to Jason Dane who is looking around with a bit of confusion as a young, thing African-American man is hopping up and down around him, hopping in circles around Dane.]

JD: Thanks, uhh... thanks, Mark. As you can see... sort of... this young man is a bundle of energy. Willis Wallace, did you ever imagine you'd be competing here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling?

[Wallace stops bouncing, facing the wrong way for a moment before Dane taps his shoulder, pointing at the camera. He wheels around, a big grin on his face under his pencil-thin mustache.]

WW: Time is of the essence, Jason Dane. When each man is born, a clock is set on their very existence. It's not a set amount of time... it can be added to... it can be taken away from... all based on the choices that we make. My time is ticking. I can hear it in my head all the time... can you hear it, Jason?

[Dane shakes his head.]

WW: Shh.. Listen closer.

[Dane pauses, squinting his eyes as he listens.]

WW: Tick... tick... tick... tick. Got it?

[Dane shrugs, nodding.]

WW: Every time we wake up in the morning and every time we go to bed at night, that ticking gets a little louder in our ears. It's that sound that drives you forward. It makes you get out of bed... it makes you go to the gym... to work... to hug your kids... whatever. It's the never-ending reminder that sooner or later, your ticks run out and your time is done.

JD: That's a... dark way of looking at the world.

WW: On the contrary, I think it's full of light, Jason. It's the ticking that makes me get in the ring each night and say that even though I'm eighteen, I can't get caught up in a game of "Well, I'm still young" or "I'll get 'im next time." I need to win... every...time...out.

JD: I don't think you've answered the question.



WW: Of course I thought I'd be here on SNW. I dream of it every night. I dream of it every morning. Every time I hit the gym to run the ropes, to do crunches, to do squats. Every time I tell the boys that I can't go to the club with them. Every time I pass up a date to watch old matches on YouTube. It's all because as the ticking ticks away, I hear a pattern... "Wallace wins gold."

JD: Wallace wins gold?

WW: You hear it too?

[Dane looks confused.]

WW: Listen with me, Jason. Wallace... wins... gold. Wallace...wins... gold. Wallace... wins... gold.

[Dane's nodding his head with the rhythm now.]

WW: And when it comes down to it, the easiest way to win gold is to get a guaranteed shot at the title. And the easiest way to do that is to win the Rumble. And the only way an eighteen year old punk kid with less than a year of training is getting in the Rumble is to win the Hometown Hero gauntlet.

[Wallace holds up his index finger.]

WW: And the only way to win that Hometown Hero gauntlet is to beat Cooper Oats... right here... tonight... in his hometown. And that, Jason Dane... is exactly... what I'm gonna do.

Wallace... wins... gold.

Wallace... wins... gold.

Wallace...

Wins...

Gold.

[He winks at the camera with a big grin as he strides out of view.]

JD: Cooper Oats vs Willis Wallace in the Hometown Hero gauntlet is right now! Now, let's head down to the ring to see who will move on to the next stage of this challenge!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is the latest stage in the Hometown Hero gauntlet! Introducing first... from Wichita, Kansas... weighing in at 197 pounds...



WILLIS... WALLLLLLLAAAAACE!

[There's no music for the 18 year old competitor as he jogs through the curtain in a pair of silver trunks and tights, slapping as many hands as he can manage on his way down the aisle.]

PW: And his opponent... from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma...

[Big cheer!]

PW: Weighing 216 pounds...

COOOOOOOOPER OOOOOOOOOOOOOOATS!

[The crowd cheers loudly for one-half of the Oklahoma Brothers as Cooper Oats jogs into view to the sounds of "Snake Hunt Holler" by Bloody Ol' Mule.]

GM: It's been a long time since we've seen Cooper Oats in action inside an AWA ring, fans but he looks to be in tremendous shape.

[Oats has short dirty-blond hair and a perpetual smile on his face as he takes his time walking the aisle, slapping all the outstretched hands as he walks in his red tights and black boots towards the ring.]

GM: I spoke briefly to Cooper before the show and he wanted to make sure I give a... shout out? Is that what they call it?

[Bucky sighs.]

GM: To his brother Kaden as well as his mama and the rest of his family and friends. I'm sure they're all looking on with high hopes here tonight that Cooper Oats can knock off young Willis Wallace and move on in the Hometown Hero gauntlet. At 26 years of age, Oats is still fairly young but winning something like this could go a long way to earning him a permanent spot on the AWA roster, fans.

[Oats falls back against the railing, accepting the embraces of his hometown fans, a goofy grin on his face.]

GM: This young man is treasuring every bit of this moment. While Cooper Oats and his brother, Kaden, have been very popular in the smaller Oklahoma territories, they just haven't gotten their shot at the big time since leaving the AWA. But tonight, he fights for all the people of Oklahoma City.

[Oats climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes to a big reaction as Willis Wallace is a ball of energy, bouncing off the ropes, jumping up and down, yanking on the top rope to keep loose as Oats enters.]

GM: This should be an excellent contest between two young competitors looking for a big break here tonight in OKC.



[Referee Ricky Longfellow checks in with both men before waving for the bell to start the match.]

GM: Here we go! Fifteen minute time limit with the winner moving on to the next stage...

[The two men circle one another cautiously, neither wanting to make an early mistake before lunging into a collar and elbow tieup that Cooper Oats quickly turns into an armtwist. Wallace checks his arm a few times before dropping into a front roll to escape the pressure, kipping up off the mat, and using the downward momentum to hurl Oats down with an armdrag!]

GM: Nice counter by Wallace.

[Wallace promptly rushes the ropes, rebounding back where he hurdles Oats who is in mid-dropdown. Oats pops back up as Wallace comes towards him, ducking for a backdrop.]

GM: The 18 year old rookie goes up and over, to the ropes again...

[A high speed running front dropkick sends Oats flying backwards, hitting the mat, and backrolling to his feet where he hits the ropes himself, leaping up and connecting with a flying shoulderblock that knocks Wallace flat!]

GM: These two young men are going at it fast and with great impact so far in this one as Wallace rolls out to the apron but Oats cuts him off, dragging him up to his feet...

[A quick pair of forearms to the jaw stuns Oats as Wallace grabs the top rope, swinging his leg up to kick Oats in the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick right there!

[Oats staggers back as Willis Wallace grabs the top rope, catapulting over in a somersault, catching Oats' head between the legs...

...and then drags both men over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: These two are really going at it hard in there. They know what's at stake, Gordo.

GM: They certainly do. Willis Wallace, all of 18 years of age, has pulled himself back up on the apron...

[He waits there, throwing a back kick to the chin of the rising Cooper Oats, stunning him...



...and then leaps up, springing back off the second rope with a moonsault, knocking Oats down to the mat! He pumps a fist to the cheering crowd before rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Big dive to the floor by Willis Wallace and could that be enough to earn the countout victory for the young rookie.

[Wallace is up, waiting in the corner as the official counts but Cooper Oats drags himself off the floor at the count of six, climbing up on the apron. The rookie moves in to block his path, catching a forearm on the ear for his efforts!]

GM: Oh!

[Oats drops down, swinging through the ropes to slam his shoulder into the midsection of Wallace, pulling his upper body through the ropes by a handful of hair. He keeps the grip on the hair, swinging his knee up into the upper body!]

GM: Knee after knee from Oats out on the apron...

[With Wallace dangling over the ropes, Oats steps up on the second rope, springing up into the air...

...and DROPS a leg down across the back of the head and neck, causing Wallace to slide through the ropes, falling down to the floor as Oats sits on the apron.]

GM: These two competitors continue to go back and forth in this one, each one having the advantage for seemingly no time at all before the other takes the edge.

BW: That was a heckuva move by Oats though. That might put him in control for a while.

[Oats grins, flashing a thumbs up at the camera before shoving Wallace back into the ring. He grabs the top rope, slingshotting over into a legdrop down across the chest!]

GM: Another legdrop! This time, Oats gets one! He's got two! He's got- no.

[Oats gets up, pulling a rising Wallace up as well. A pair of chops follow, knocking the rookie back against the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Oats...

[Wallace ducks a clothesline, hitting the ropes to build up more speed...

...and runs right into a devastating spinebuster slam!]

GM: OHH! SPINEBUSTER BY OATS!



[Oats slides into a lateral press, hooking a leg for another two count.]

GM: Two count only for the hometown favorite, Cooper Oats, as he continues to try to put this young rookie away.

[The Oklahoma City native climbs to his feet, tugging Wallace into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh... this could be a powerbomb coming up!

[He hoists Wallace up into the air but puts a little too much behind the lift, allowing Wallace to flip over the top, taking Oats down with a sunset flip that gets a two count.]

GM: Two count only for Wallace this time and-

[Wallace backrolls to his feet, coming up swinging with a kick to the ribs of the rising Oats. A second one lands on the other side, sending Oats falling back into the corner.]

GM: Wallace unloading with a series of kicks to the ribs in the buckles!

[Grabbing the arm, Wallace shoots Oats across, charging in after him...

...and connecting with a spinning leg lariat that carries Wallace over the ropes and out onto the apron.]

GM: Nice move by Wallace, shoves him out of the corner...

[With Oats staggering away, Wallace deadleaps to the top rope, springing off and throwing a devastating spinning leg lariat to the back of Oats' head!]

GM: OHHH! Nice one-shot knock out attempt right there as Oats and Wallace continue to battle in this one.

[Wallace flips Oats over, diving across.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd cheers as Oats lifts the shoulder, solidly behind their hometown hero.]

GM: Near fall there as Willis Wallace was a half count away from scoring another upset and moving on in the Hometown Hero gauntlet.

[Wallace rolls to all fours, pounding the canvas with his fist a few times before lifting up into a crouch, positioning himself behind where Oats is seated on the mat.]

GM: Uh oh! He's looking for that Wallace Cutter!



[And as Oats gets up, slowly turning, Wallace uncoils, leaping up into the air to snare the three-quarter nelson...

...but Oats is having none of it as he grabs a side waistlock, setting Wallace down on his feet, and then rockets him right back over into an impactful back suplex, complete with the bridge!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh, and just like that, the Cinderella story of Willis Wallace comes to a crashing end.

BW: You called it, Gordo. He was looking for that Wallace Cutter but Oats found a counter, took him over with that suplex, and got the three count to move on.

GM: A nice victory for Cooper Oats who will now look ahead to next weekend when he'll have to compete in Albuquerque, New Mexico to try to keep the string going. And remember, whoever is the last man standing at the end of that gauntlet will earn themselves a spot in the 30 man Rumble and once you're in, anything can happen! Fans, we're just moments away now from our Main Event here tonight - this big Tag Team Battle Royal but right now, let's hear from some more of the participants in this thing.

[And we cut back to the interview backdrop that was set up for this purpose: a very dark blue cloth backdrop with a gold AWA logo on it.

First team up is the Surfer Dudes. Trampus Kennedy is your prototypical 80's southern California surfer guy, with blue eyes and blonde hair that's just shy of being long enough for a ponytail and blue eyes. He's wearing a yellow-and-orange "HANG TEN PRO BEACH SHOP, KALUHA HAWAII" T-Shirt that is skin tight, showing off his tremendous physique. Vance Ricks has short, spiked, bleached blonde hair. Ricks is wearing a yellow, blue, and green T-Shirt that reads "SAN CLEMENTE" in wave-like script. Both of them wear tie-dyed baseball caps backwards, and have blue-tinted sunglasses with thick frames.]

TK: Tonight, the big Tag Team Battle Royal is gonna catch a wave, dudes. Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks are gonna ride that wave all the way through Oklahoma City and bring the beach right here to the heartland. And we'll ride that wave all the way to Japan and get another crack at Violence Unlimited.

VR: AWA fans may not know, but Trampus and I are on Tiger Pro's roster, too. We've fought Violence Unlimited before, and we've proven that we belong in the ring with them. We know them, and they know us. But we haven't quite gotten that pinfall win that we've been looking for, and we want another shot.



TK: But first thing's first. Longhorn Riders, we know you're gonna be out there, too, and we darn sure want to take a swing at you cowpokes as well. You cost us our spot in the Stampede Cup after we had already earned it, and tonight, we're gonna take a little somethin' away from you boys. Just a little piece of what you got comin', brah.

VR: The Surfer Dudes always ride out the overhead, but you two hodads, along with everyone else are gonna get swept away.

TK: SHAKA!

[The Dudes both make the 'shaka' hand sign, and we cut to the next promo. The Longhorn Riders are up, and they're garbed in white dusters over black Harley-Davidson T-Shirts. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete Colt is the bulkier of the two; his hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim Colt is taller but much leaner. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Pete has a gruff bellowy voice, while Jim's voice is quiet and menacing.]

PC: BATTLE ROYAL?! The Longhorn Riders ain't got nothin' to prove! We already went over and fought Violence Unlimited once! We beat them up, they beat us up, and it was what we call a real good time!

JC: Wouldn't mind doin' it again. This time, lady luck might not smile in their direction quite so much.

PC: And speakin' of lucky, them punks the Surfer Dudes called us out again! DID YOU BOYS GET DROPPED ON YOUR HEADS WHEN YOU WAS BORN?! We broke Vance Ricks' spindly little leg once, and all summer we've been layin' those pretty-boy sissies to waste all over the country! The only reason they're still talkin' is how lucky they been that we ain't finished the job yet!

JC: A man that defines himself by balancin' on a plank in the water can't have too awful high aspirations in life, Pete. Maybe them boys jus' don't got nothin' to live for.

PC: I reckon they do! A death wish for sure, and we'll grant it on our way to winnin' this Battle Royal! And if anybody else got a death wish, me an' Jim, we're just like genies... rub us the wrong way and you'll get what yer askin' for!

[And if Pete isn't belligerent enough for you, the next team that shows up can outdo even him in the high volume department. The Brixton Bruisers are the next duo in line. Ripper Brooks and Chaingun Harrow each wear a loose red shirt with various silver/dark green/dark yellow/black/navy designs spraypainted and airbrushed in (skulls, motorcycles, flames, words, etc) under open black leather longcoats with "BRIXTON BRUISERS" stenciled on it with red spray paint, and visor-like sunglasses which are tinted red.

They both have bulky, unathletic builds, with Harrow being a bit larger. Brooks sports an improbably blue feathery mohawk, jagged blue eyebrows



and a chrome tooth. Harrow is no normal-looking fellow himself with a dark orange spiked hairstyle, thick dark orange eyebrows, and a missing front tooth. Their facial expressions are crazed and their mouths are turned into smirks. Their Londoner accents are quite obvious. The hyperactive Brooks is shouting, and the more measured Harrow is just a sliver below shouting.]

RB: THE BRIXTON BRUISERS ARE BACK ON SATURDAY NIGHT, AND SATURDAY NIGHT IS ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTIN'! THEY WANT A GANG RUMBLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING, AND THEY'LL GET ONE!

CH: Beatin' up twenty-plus experienced fighters? That's a night on the town for Ripper and me! The only shame is we couldn't bring our best girls and make it a double-date, but they'd probably murder some of these wankers! We got a bit more respect for human life.

RB: WHICH AIN'T MUCH, I'LL TELL YOU THAT! WE WANT THE LONGHORN RIDERS! WE WANT THE SAMOANS! WE WANT THE WALKING DEAD! AND WE ESPECIALLY WANT VIOLENCE UNLIMITED! YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT UNLIMITED VIOLENCE, THE BRIXTON BRUISERS AIN'T HERE TO FANNY AROUND! WE'LL BRING YOU SO MUCH VIOLENCE THAT YOU'LL PUKE UP A RIOT THE NEXT DAY!

CH: We are fair men! You tag teams listen well... if you step in with the Brixton Bruisers, you are agreeing to the fight of your life! If you're going to get shirty about getting your teeth punched directly into your gut, stay in the back! We give fair warning, and the rest of it is on you, because after that there's naught but to get beaten left, right, and centre!

RB: AND THEN WE'RE COMING FOR YOU, MORTON AND HAYNES!

[The last team to be featured here is the Northern Lights. Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet are each in street clothes, which is reasonably nice business casual attire for both of them. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choynet sports dark brown hair in a ponytail. Both have the classic clean-faced good looks they're noted amongst female fans for.]

RR: You know, we've heard an awful lot of posturing from Violence Unlimited lately. They claim that the AWA tag teams are afraid of them because nobody is flying over to wrestle them, Chris.

CC: Yeah, that's what they say. They might even believe it. Because I don't think it's ever occurred to them that the sport of wrestling doesn't revolve around their egos! The tag teams of the AWA are focused on the only goal that matters... winning the AWA World Tag Team Titles!

RR: And if you wanted that competition so badly, Hayens and Morton, you would come here and get it! We know you won the Stampede Cup, and are one of the best teams in the world. Everyone knows it. The only people who act like they don't know that... are the two of you!

CC: How flippin' insecure ARE you two?! You make these challenges for nothing more than your own validation! And of COURSE the only people that



answered it are goons that only care about brawling. The rest of the tag team world has its eyes on the prize. Obviously YOU don't, since you're not even the Tiger Paw Pro tag champs. You wasted all your time making challenges to a league you left, and could just as easily come back to. What kind of priorities are those?

RR: But we've got some good news and some bad news, Violence Unlimited. The good news is that the AWA finally made it worth everyone's while. This Battle Royal tonight gives not only the match with you, but a boost in the rankings here in the AWA. And now, with a sanctioned match, whoever faces you will be in AWA title contention by beating you. Congratulations, you're gonna get your match. Good news, right?

CC: The bad news? You're about to find out the terrible truth; NOBODY in the AWA is afraid of you, and the Northern Lights would love to be the ones to come over there and show you exactly why.

[With that, the series of mini-promos end, and we go back to the booth.]

BW: Wow. Frenchy and Shawney really popped off at the mouth right there. That's biiiiiig talk considering VU is over in Japan. I wonder if they'd say any of that to their face.

GM: They would, and you know they would. Frankly, they have an excellent point. I do admit that Violence Unlimited is one of the few tag teams who can make a legitimate claim to being the best tag team in the world. But they were defeated by the current AWA World Tag Team champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, on their last night in the AWA. And to make these public antagonistic statements, instead of focusing on their own tag team championships... which are highly prestigious in their own right... what DOES that say about Violence Unlimited?

BW: That they can do whatever they want, whenever they want, however they want.

GM: That they're narcissists.

BW: If I could do whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted, however I wanted, I'd love myself too, Gordo! And ya know what? I can, I can, I can, and I do. It ain't somethin' that a pretty boy team like the Lights or a boy scout like them and you both would understand.

GM: We also heard that the issue between the Surfer Dudes and the Longhorn Riders is far from settled. They have wrestled in a number of cities across the tour, and both teams have claimed victories in some exciting matches.

BW: Two things we know when the Riders fight the Dudes: it's always a good match and the Dudes always need to get helped to the back. When are they gonna learn that you don't mess with the Colt boys? The Riders are the only team I know that already answered Violence Unlimited's challenge, and VU got the kind of fight they say they wanted. I'm sure they wouldn't mind



seeing the Colts or the Bruisers win here, but they probably want one of the top-ranked teams even more so they can prove their point.

GM: We've got one more team to hear from before we head back to the rapidly-filling ring for this Battle Royal so take it away, Mark Stegglet!

[We go over to the interview area, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Dichotomy. We saw Dichotomy earlier in the pre-recorded piece with Travis Lynch and the Lost Boy. The only difference is that a different day brings different shirts: Ginn is wearing a black polo shirt with a red HYDRA logo on the upper right chest, while Hoefner is garbed in a brown T-Shirt with a "BROWNCOATS SERENITY VALLEY" logo across the front. the fans boo them readily.]

MS: We saw the footage earlier tonight of what you attempted to pull in Topeka on the 13th! Matt Ginn, Mark Hoefner, what do you have to say for yourselves?!

MG: If at first you do not succeed, try, try again.

[The crowd boos that statement of intent.]

MS: Not about failing to injure Travis Lynch, but about trying in the first place!

MH: What an idiot! Have you not been paying ANY attention to us at all?! No, don't answer that. You work in the front office, so of course you haven't.

MS: What's THAT supposed to mean?!

MG: You are an opinion-maker. You form your questions based on what you want the infantile rubes in the fanbase to believe. And it is eminently clear after Guts & Glory that this company has a vested interest in seeing Dichotomy marginalized. I do not normally subscribe to conspiracy theorems; that is the purview of my partner, who lines his caps with tinfoil for when we travel through airports.

MH: ALUMINUM foil! The transmitters used by the NSA are mounted in airport security checkp...

MG: No, we're done listening to that, thank you. You can see that Mr. Hoefner is rather excessively paranoid, and is trying to determine a way to sneak an actual shotgun into the ring this evening because he believes that the alleged Walking Dead are really zombies!

MH: Thankfully, they're voodoo zombies, not infection-based biochemical zombies. So we don't have to get the military to order a napalm strike on Oklahoma City. Though, judging from the kind of people that live here, we probably should have done that years ago.

[BOOOO!]



MG: Agreed on one point, at least. This hellhole of ignorance notwithstanding, Mr. Hoefner's claims of conspiracy should be regarded with as much credence as those of Chicken Little. I, however, am a man of science and reason. I do not believe anything until it is properly researched and peer-reviewed, and I have done said research and review on the AWA's intentions regarding Dichotomy. The fact that the world was treated to such pandering sycophants such as TORA and Brian James, whose only noteworthy attribute is their willingness to pucker up to the nether regions of the lowbrow audience to which the AWA caters, is a strong indicator that the company doesn't want actual talent appearing on their program.

MH: You saw it, Stegglet. They went fifteen minutes and what? Nothing. They had fifteen minutes to win a match, and couldn't do it. You know what we can do in fifteen minutes? It took us fifteen to have Travis Lynch sent off to the first aid room. Our last four wins were a combined fifteen minutes. You could have had TWO real matches in the time it took those two to completely fail at doing what you're supposed to do in a wrestling match: beat somebody. And I could kill two hundred zombies in fifteen minutes. TWO HUNDRED. And I have the ammo here tonight to do it. Just sayin'.

MG: No, Mark, I am NOT telling you where I put your shotgun.

MH: ...gah! But the point is, how the heck can you go fifteen minutes and not be able to beat one guy?! TORA and Brian James had our spot on the card as far as I'm concerned. And the AWA paid good money to put a blockade in the back, specifically so that we couldn't get in the building!

MG: Indeed, the AWA seems to expended an undue amount of resources to ensure that we could not compete at Guts & Glory. And so, what alternative did we have than to accept Miss Sunshine's generous offer of compensation for the trifling matter of ridding the AWA of a waste of human muscle tissue such as Travis Lynch?

MS: Generous offer? So there is a bounty!

MH: Well, her first offer wasn't money. And then it was some money and some... other offer.

MG: But only money matters. We will have plenty of opportunity to pursue female companionship once Mark and I have finally gained the resources to return to our earlier lives.

MH: Heh. I got paid anyway, ifyaknowwhatImean.

[Ginn and Stegglet both raise an eyebrow in Hoefner's direction. He's nodding his head and smiling obliviously.]

MG: ...I sincerely hope you had enough aluminum foil left over to make a... another cap. Something along the lines of the helmets they had in ancient Troy.



MH: What does a Trojan helmet have to do w... OH! Oh, yeah, DUH.  
Triple...

MS: NO. No, we're not discussing Sunshine's "compensation".

MG: In any event! That is why we attempted to do in Travis Lynch, and will do so again at the earliest convenience. But not this evening. This evening, there is a battle royal with a unique opportunity attached to it.

MH: Violence Unlimited set this all up? Fine, we'll fight anybody if the cash is green enough. ANYONE. And winners get paid a lot more than losers, so we'll see all those loser tag teams tonight and start making up that pay the AWA stiffed us out of at SuperClash. Then we'll go beat them too, because that's a big money match. They think they have something to prove, or maybe they just want to fight. In either case, they don't need this like we do. We'll find a way to take them down, by ANY means necessary.

MG: Our tactics are superior and our drive is absolute.

MH: Any... means... necessary.

[Dichotomy walks off, as Stegglet wraps up.]

MS: Dichotomy seems to think the AWA has it out for them, and they're certainly focused on their bank accounts. The Battle Royal has a significant cash prize, so they'll be dangerous there. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

GM: How many people in the AWA are going to cry wolf about these absurd conspiracy theories?!

BW: You know what? It's all emblematic of a diseased system. A system that the Wise Men have been tryin' to cure.

GM: That sounds like something Percy Childe would say. Or instruct you to say.

BW: So, \*ahem\* Dichotomy! They almost popped Travis Lynch's skull like a zit, if it hadn't been for the Lost Boy losin' what's left of his mind. I'd be real careful against them if I were anybody between them and a payday in the future. Especially in the Battle Royal!

GM: Speaking of which, take a look up inside that ring...

[The camera shot cuts to a wide shot of the ring.]

GM: Look at all the talent inside there - the Reles Boyz, the Samoans, The Walking Dead, the Surfer Dudes, the Brixton Bruisers, the Longhorn Riders, the Northern Lights, Dichotomy is on their way down there right now.

[As Dichotomy hits the ring, we see Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor walk through the curtain to big cheers.]



GM: The newly-christened TexMo Connection on their way down the aisle! Jack Lynch has held AWA championship gold before and you can be sure he'd love to do it again. A win here tonight might put them in the title picture, Bucky.

BW: No way, Gordo. Stench and his runnin' buddy got REAL lucky at Guts & Glory and that just ain't happenin' here tonight in Oklahoma City.

[The sudden sounds of Rule Britannia kicks in over the PA system to little reaction.]

GM: And here comes the latest addition to the AWA tag team division - the Union Jacks! Gregor King and Prince Clayworth come to us out of the United Kingdom and what a duo these two are!

BW: Look at the size of King.

GM: Not a tall man but a powerful one.

[Standing just under six feet, King is well-built from many years of weightlifting. He's barrel-chested with thick things. He raises a powerful arm to little reaction as he stands at the top of the aisle in his long wrestling tights - the left leg with the image of the Union Jack on it and the right with the words "Union Jacks." His powerful forearms are covered in sleeves from wrist to elbow with the Union Jack on them as well.]

GM: And his explosive partner, Prince Clayworth by his side.

BW: This kid is just dynamite inside the ring, Gordo.

[Shorter and smaller than his partner, Clayworth is in a singlet with full leg coverage. The thighs have the Union Jack in an oval shape as do his kneepads as he strides confidently down the aisle, a smile on his face.]

GM: If any of the stories we've heard about this duo are to be believed, the AWA has scored a big coup bringing these two men aboard.

[The duo enters the ring as a pair, eyeing the other competitors inside the squared circle...

...and when the sounds of "The Show Goes On" by Lupe Fiasco hits the PA, the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Oh my! This was an Open Invitational Battle Royal and it looks like the World Tag Team Champions have accepted the invitation!

BW: You see, Gordo?! Those idiot Northern Lights are talking about the AWA tag team division being focused on the World Tag Team Titles and not on beating Violence Unlimited but Jones and Hammonds just proved 'em wrong. They realize that even with the gold, they're not the best tag team in the world until they beat the team that won the 2014 Stampede Cup!



GM: You might also recall that Jones and Hammonds beat VU before VU returned to Japan... and maybe they're looking for the chance to do it again. But as the final team heads down the aisle, I do have to notice the lack of a few teams being entered here. We're being told that Air Strike had entered but withdrew so that they can focus on Strictly Business who, predictably, said the whole thing is below them.

BW: No sign of the champs either.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Of course, you're referring to the Lights Out Express who may have possession of the titles but they are most certainly not the World Tag Team Champions... and I'd have to imagine they're not in this Battle Royal because they want no part of being in the same ring with Jones and Hammonds again.

[The World Tag Team Champions have entered the ring. All eleven teams stand inside the squared circle, eyeing one another warily.]

GM: Eleven teams in there. Remember, the rules state that if one member of a team goes over the top rope and has both feet touch the floor, the entire team is eliminated. The last team standing will be heading to Japan at some point this summer to battle Violence Unlimited at a Tiger Paw Pro event.

BW: Who will likely be the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions by that point.

GM: That is indeed a possibility. We learned earlier tonight that Violence Unlimited will be meeting the Shadow Star Legion next Saturday for those titles and if Haynes and Morton win them, they'll defend those titles against the winners of this match.

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger stands on the apron, shouting to the ring full of competitors...

...and then signals for the bell. The crowd cheers as the twenty-two men come together in a mass of brawling - punches, forearms, and elbows being thrown by everyone.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here in Oklahoma City!

[The camera cuts to different parts of the ring, showing closeups of the action as Trampus Kennedy trades knife-edge chops with Prince Clayworth... Skywalker Jones gets cornered by "Big" Jim Reles... and Jack Lynch tangles up with Matt Ginn.]

GM: Jack Lynch in a struggle with Matt Ginn and I suppose that was to be expected after Dichotomy went after Jack's younger brother, Travis.



[Mark Hoefner is nearby, trying to get to his partner but Bobby O'Connor has him bulled back against the ropes as Rene Rousseau peppers him with chops to the chest.]

GM: There's a lengthy history between Dichotomy and the Northern Lights and I'm sure Rousseau and Choynet would love to be responsible for eliminating Dichotomy from this match tonight, Bucky.

BW: If I was either one of them, I'd jump over the top right now.

GM: Why?

BW: You think they want to tussle with Haynes and Morton after what they just said about 'em?

GM: Yes, I truly think they do.

BW: In that case, they're dumber than they look and in the case of Schwanaay, I didn't think that was possible.

[Speaking of Chris Choynet, another camera cut shows him backing Dirt Dog Unique Allah in the corner, throwing knees up into the midsection.]

GM: What's the strategy in a Battle Royal like this?

BW: Stay in the ring.

GM: No, seriously.

BW: Try to stay away from the ropes... try to keep your partner in sight at all times because if he goes, you go... also, in the early part of a match like this, you just need to survive. If you can toss a couple people, fine... but don't risk it. You can't win a Battle Royal in the opening minutes but you can definitely lose one.

[With a wild howl, Ripper Brooks opens fire on Pete Colt, fists flailing about from both men in the center of the ring as the fans cheer.]

GM: The Battle Royal has always been a crowd favorite, fans. Throughout the years, the Battle Royal has often been the Main Event on many a show - even without stakes as high as these. You think back to the days of the Los Angeles territory that "Iron" Brett Bryant, the uncle of our current World Champion, used to run that would feature a major Battle Royal every January that would draw major superstars from all over the world to compete in it.

[Brooks' haymakers keep finding the mark, battering Pete Colt back near the ropes...

...but Jim Colt slips in, throwing a double axehandle across the back of Brooks, knocking him down to a knee.]



GM: The Britxton Bruisers - this is their kind of match, Bucky... they might enjoy a lot of luck in this one.

BW: It's like a Friday night at the local pub for them... but the Longhorn Riders enjoy this style of fight as well. You hit anything that moves? That's right up their alley.

[On the far side of the ring, Manu and Scola have Hercules Hammonds trapped in the corner, working him over relentlessly with chops and kicks until Eddie Reles rushes in, blasting Manu in the ear with a right hand and freeing up Hammonds to take on Scola one-on-one.]

GM: A match like this makes for some strange bedfellows as you see Eddie Reles help Hercules Hammonds right there.

BW: Not sure I get that one. The first goal I have in this match if I'm one of these teams is to toss Jones and Hammonds. Because if you don't win the match, being the team to eliminate the champs is the next best thing.

GM: We're closing in on a few minutes into this one and not a single soul has been eliminated yet.

BW: Right now, it's a big ol' stalemate of haymakers and big bombs like the one that Henri LaMarques just threw right there, right between the eyes of Jack Lynch! Boy, I'd love to see the Walking Dead "claim" Jack Lynch.

GM: Of course, you're referring to that odd situation with JP Driver earlier tonight and the revelation that an individual named Jericho Kai is coming to the AWA.

[Chris Choynet rallies out from under Mark Hoefner, battering him back with forearms and chops...

...and then lunges forward with a clothesline, taking Hoefner over the top and down onto the ring apron!]

GM: Hoefner goes over but he's hanging on!

[Choynet looks to pull Hoefner over the ropes, hoping to drag him back into the ring...

...but Hoefner simply slides under the ropes into the ring, causing Choynet to leap up, driving a knee down into the sternum as Hoefner slides in.]

GM: Choynet cuts him off... and he's waving Rousseau over to help...

[But before that can happen, Matt Ginn grabs Rousseau by the hair, hauling him away towards the ropes...

...only to be greeted by a stiff headbutt from Prince Clayworth, staggering Ginn. Rousseau goes to help, connecting with a double headbutt that sends Ginn staggering backwards.]



GM: Ginn's dazed and-

[He staggers, turning slowly...

...and walks right into the Samoans who connect with a double headbutt of their own, dumping Ginn down to the canvas in a heap. Scola and Mafu surge forward, tangling up with Rousseau and Clayworth!]

GM: We've got fighting going on all over the ring in this one!

[Skywalker Jones comes rushing across the ring, leaping up to crack Jim Colt with a leaping haymaker, knocking him back into the ropes. Jones pursues, hoping to eliminate Colt...

...who ducks down, elevating Jones over the ropes!]

BW: THE CHAMPS ARE GONE!

GM: NO, NO! JONES HANGS ON!!

[The daredevil leaps onto the top rope, twisting to face away from the ring, springboarding off...

...and landing on a pile of superstars with a moonsault that draws a huge reaction from the OKC crowd!]

GM: JONES WITH THE DAREDEVIL DIVE!!

[He climbs back up, leaving both Brixton Bruisers, Jim Colt, and Rene Rousseau on the mat as Hercules Hammonds grabs Trampus Kennedy, holding him across his chest...

...when Pete Colt comes rushing in behind him, trying to upend them both over the ropes!]

GM: Both men go over but both men land on the apron!

[Hammonds and Kennedy rise to their feet as Pete Colt goes back and forth between them, nailing the two men with right hands, trying to knock them to the floor and eliminate their teams from the Battle Royal.]

GM: Pete Colt's trying to get both of these men down to the floor.

[Pete nails Hammonds with a right, stalking back towards Kennedy who uses the ropes to slingshot himself forward, catching Pete with a forearm smash. He grabs the top rope as Pete staggers back, ready to strike...

...when Jim suddenly rushes into view, leaping off one foot and swinging the other up into a big boot to the chest!]

GM: OHHH! TRAMPUS KENNEDY IS GONE!!



BW: And that means that the Surfer Dudes are eliminated!

GM: It certainly does. The Longhorn Riders eliminate Ricks and Kennedy and those two teams have been going at it all summer long.

BW: I'm sure it ain't over after this either.

GM: Absolutely not. That leaves ten teams in the ring - twenty competitors trying to win this thing for their unit and move on to face Violence Unlimited in Japan.

BW: Who would you like to see face Haynes and Morton, Gordo?

GM: Wow, I think seeing a team like the Reles Boyz or the Samoans taking them on would be a heckuva matchup. The TexMo Connection could give 'em a run for their money as well... and don't forget about the World Tag Team Champions. How about you, Bucky?

BW: The Reles Boyz and the Samoans, no doubt. I think Dichotomy might be able to outsmart Haynes and Morton too and score a major upset.

[With Eddie Reles trapped in the corner, Chaingun Harrow slams fist after fist after fist into his head as "Big" Jim Reles is being worked over in a corner by Henri LaMarques.]

GM: The Reles Boyz have been isolated from one another and that's a dangerous situation to be in in a match like this.

["Big" Jim and LaMarques are soon trading big haymakers, bouncing fists off each other's skulls as Unique Allah comes in, burying a boot into the gut of Jim Reles.]

GM: The Walking Dead trying to work in tandem...

[Across the ring, the Colts are battering Chris Choisnet down to the canvas with alternating forearm smashes...

...but Bobby O'Connor bails out the Maine native with an overhead elbow smash down between the eyes of Jim Colt... then Pete Colt... then Jim Colt... then Pete Colt. The crowd is roaring for O'Connor as Gregor King grabs Pete Colt from behind...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and uses his power to HURL Colt over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES PETE COLT! THE RIDERS ARE GONE!

[But Jim Colt's not satisfied with that idea, rushing forward and DRILLING King with a running big boot to the jaw!]



GM: BOOT HILL!

[King is down on the mat as Prince Clayworth rushes Jim Colt, lighting him up with impactful knife-edge chops...

...and an explosive running clothesline takes Jim out, dumping him on the floor next to his partner!]

GM: And just like that, we're down to nine teams in the ring as-

[A rushing Ripper Brooks gets sidestepped, crashing into the ropes as he rebounds off towards Clayworth who boots him in the gut, grabbing two handfuls of hair before leaping up, smashing a headbutt down between the eyes that sends Brooks staggering towards the ropes...

...where Mark Hoefner flips him over the ropes, eliminating the Brixton Bruisers!]

GM: The Bruisers are gone as well! Just like that, we're down to eight teams!

[Hoefner wheels around, taunting the fans by pointing to his brain...

...and turns around, coming face to face with Henri LaMarques!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Hoefner backpedals away, raising his arms, backing off.]

GM: Hoefner thinks they're real zombies! He's terrified!

[Hoefner backs up, bumping into someone else as he spins around...

...and finds Unique Allah waiting for him. His eyes go wide as he drops to his knees...]

GM: Hoefner's bailing out! He rolled out to the floor and-

BW: Totally legal for him to do!

GM: It certainly doesn't violate the letter of the law for this match however it does violate the spirit of the law in my book.

[With Hoefner out on the floor, shouting back into the ring...

...he gets a mouthful of boots thanks to a Skywalker Jones baseball slide, sending Hoefner crashing back into the ringside railing!]

GM: Ohh!



[Matt Ginn viciously stomps Jones as he gets back up, slamming his knee repeatedly into the midsection. Ginn pulls Jones up straight by the hair, shoving him back into the ropes...

...and burying a right hand into the midsection as Jones staggers out!]

GM: Ginn goes downstairs on-

[A shouting Eddie Reles rushing into view, connecting with a running kneelift on Jones, snapping him back and putting him down on the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Jones again!

[With a wave to his partner, Eddie and Jim start viciously stomping Jones into the mat...

...when suddenly Hercules Hammonds throws Rene Rousseau aside, rushing over to aid his partner with a pair of big forearms... but the Reles Boyz go downstairs with a pair of knees to the gut, doubling up Hammonds. They take turns with forearms, smashing Hammonds across the back repeatedly, forcing him down to the canvas.]

GM: The Reles Boyz are beating one-half of the World Tag Team Champions down into the mat!

[Grabbing Jones off the mat by the hair, Scola throws him bodily into the corner, stepping aside as Unique Allah runs across, throwing himself into a back elbow in the buckles!]

GM: Big move by Allah! Jones is on Dream Street after that and Allah's going for it again!

[Allah races to the ropes, ready to rebound again...

...when Mark Hoefner reaches up from out on the floor, yanking down the top rope and causing Allah to topple over the ropes!]

GM: ALLAH'S GONE! THE WALKING DEAD ARE ELIMINATED!

[Hoefner is all grins after the cheapshot... and then bails out as Henri LaMarques slides out, coming after him.]

BW: The zombies are comin'! The zombies are comin'!

[Hoefner backpedals, trying to get away from the stalking LaMarques...

...which allows Matt Ginn to slide out, picking up a steel chair!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Big shot with the chair across the back!



[The blow knocks LaMarques down to his knees...

...but he slowly rises to his feet, turning to stare at Ginn.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Do it again, Ginn! Crack him over the noggin!

[Ginn throws the chair aside, diving under the ropes into the ring as Hoefner does the same, earning jeers from the crowd as the ringside officials move to get the Walking Dead out of the ringside area.]

GM: Seven teams remaining as the Samoans are stomping the heck out of Hoefner on the mat.

[Matt Ginn gets up, at the mercy of Bobby O'Connor who tackles him back into the corner, driving shoulders into the midsection.]

GM: O'Connor gets Ginn in the corner and look at this! Chris Choynet is trying to help Mark Hoefner!

BW: Like you said, strange bedfellows, Gordo.

[Choynet is dishing out blows to both Samoans before grabbing each by the head...

...and SLAMS their skulls together!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The eyes of Scola and Mafu go wide on impact, staring at a surprised Choynet...

...and then DESTROY him with a double headbutt of their own!]

GM: Good grief!

[Scola lifts Choynet off the mat, lifting him up into a gorilla press with ease, slowly walking towards the ropes...

...and the opportunist, Mark Hoefner, upends Scola, sending Scola AND Choynet over the ropes to the floor!]

BW: Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!

GM: He was trying to help Hoefner, Bucky! Mark Hoefner just eliminated the guy who was trying to help!

BW: It's every man for himself and Schwanee should have realized that!

[Mafu and Rene Rousseau exit the ring, checking on their respective partners...



...when suddenly Mafu shoves Rousseau. Rousseau shoves him back and a brawl ensues!]

GM: We've got a fight out on the floor! The Northern Lights and the Samoans are fighting out on the floor! We're down to five teams though - the Reles Boyz, Dichotomy, The TexMo Connection, the Union Jacks, and the World Tag Team Champions! One of those five teams will be heading to Japan to face Violence Unlimited before the end of summer and-

[As Hoefner gets back up, again gesturing to his brain...

...he gets gorilla pressed straight up into the air by Gregor King!]

GM: Oh my stars! Look at the power!

[King walks around for a moment and then throws Hoefner down to the mat, turning to look for his partner who is charging towards him...

...and gets lifted in an identical gorilla press, shoved high in the sky before being THROWN down onto Hoefner with a flying headbutt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a doubleteam by the Union Jacks!

[Prince Clayworth pops up to his feet, clutching his skull in pain as Gregor King comes tearing across, flattening Matt Ginn with a running clothesline!]

GM: We've got bodies dropping all over the ring!

[In another part of the ring, the Reles Boyz have Hercules Hammonds isolated again, working him over as Jack Lynch intervenes, throwing gloved haymakers to both Reles Boyz. Skywalker Jones is in a corner, sucking wind as Bobby O'Connor drives knee up into the gut.]

GM: Ten men left in there... only one of these teams can win this thing.

[Eddie Reles goes to the eyes of Jack Lynch, causing him to blindly stagger back. Reles hits the ropes, coming off fast as he leaves his feet, throwing himself backwards into a back elbow that takes the Texas off his feet.]

BW: There are some very new teams here to the AWA still in this thing. You've gotta be impressed with the performances of the Reles Boyz and the Union Jacks.

GM: What about the TexMo Connection?

BW: The only time I'm impressed with the Stenches is when they find their way to the building.



[O'Connor hauls Jones out of the corner, pushing him back into the ropes where he tries to upend him over the ropes.]

GM: O'Connor's trying to toss Skywalker Jones, trying to eliminate the World Tag Team Champions. Man, I'd love to see O'Connor and Lynch take on Violence Unlimited.

BW: Me too. I love watching Lynches get pummeled within an inch of their lives.

GM: That very well might happen but Jack Lynch has beaten Haynes and Morton in tag team action before, Bucky.

[Eddie Reles, fresh off flooring Jack Lynch, moves to help Lynch's partner try to eliminate Skywalker Jones.]

GM: Jones is in trouble! He's in serious trouble!

[Suddenly, a disturbance causes the crowd to buzz.]

GM: There's something going on behind us here. The fans are reacting but we can't see who... wait a second!

[The camera cuts to reveal Demetrius Lake coming through the crowd.]

GM: What is HE doing here?! He said he wasn't here tonight! He did a pre-taped interview saying he wasn't in the building tonight!

BW: Surprise!

GM: Well, it certainly will be a surprise for Jack Lynch as-

[Lake hurdles over the railing, shouting up into the ring where Jack Lynch is recovering in the corner. Lynch blinks his eyes, pointing a finger at Lake who waves his hands, begging Lynch to come out after him.]

GM: Lynch and Lake are trading words and-

[Hoefner drills Lynch from behind with a clubbing double axehandle!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Hoefner puts the boots to the downed Lynch as Lake climbs up on the apron, shouting instructions to Hoefner...]

GM: Wait a second! Mark Hoefner and Demetrius Lake are conspiring here to...

[Hoefner drags Lynch up, grabbing him by the arm as Lake drops down, pulling the top rope with him.]

GM: Irish whi- REVERSED!



[And Hoefner gets airmailed over the top rope, crashing down to the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HOEFNER'S ELIMINATED! DICHOTOMY'S GONE!!

BW: We're down to four and-

[Jack Lynch approaches the ropes, shouting at Lake who is throwing a tantrum at ringside...

...and Jim Reles slides up behind Lynch, tossing him over the ropes as well!]

GM: OHHH! THE TEXMO CONNECTION IS ELIMINATED!

BW: We're down to three! The Reles Boyz, the Union Jacks, and the World Tag Team Champions are all that remains!

[Out on the floor, Lake pulls Lynch up, drilling him with a right hand. Lynch returns fire as the crowd begins to roar for the fight on the floor!]

GM: Lake and Lynch aren't done with each other yet, fans! They're going at it out here on the floor!

[With the brawl ensuing on the floor, Eddie and Jim Reles have Skywalker Jones in trouble, dropping him with a double clothesline...

...and then turning into a double clothesline from Hercules Hammonds who "picks up the spare!"]

GM: HAMMONDS DROPS 'EM BOTH!!

[King grabs Clayworth by the arm, whipping him towards Hammonds. The smaller Union Jack leaves his feet with much momentum for a cross body...

...but Hammonds snatches him out of the sky!]

GM: HE CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT HIM!

[Gregor King goes to intervene but gets cut off by the Reles Boyz as Hammonds fallaway slams Clayworth over the ropes and down to the floor for an impressive elimination!]

GM: We're down to two! We're down to the Reles Boyz and the World Tag Team Champions! One of these two teams will be moving on to Japan to face Violence Unlimited! Will it be the newcomers from Relesville, New York? Or will the champions face VU in a battle to see who really is the best tag team in the world today?



[Jim Reles rushes in, throwing a knee to the gut of Hammonds as he turns around. The 6'7, 355 pound beast hammers Hammonds with relentless forearms, smashing him down to the mat as Eddie Reles comes to his feet, shouting to finish it!]

GM: Jim's got him by the arm, fires him in...

[As Hammonds rebounds, Jim Reles lifts him up off the mat, gives a shout, and DRIVES him down with a standing spinebuster as Eddie Reles steps through the ropes, climbing to the top.]

GM: What are they going for here?

[Jim grabs the legs, pulling them apart as Eddie leaps off the top...

...and DRIVES his skull down into the groin of Hercules Hammonds!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Hahaha! I love it!

GM: Totally legal in a match like this. Ordinarily, that would earn a disqualification for the low blow but in a Battle Royal, there are no disqualifications.

[Eddie Reles pops up to his feet, giving his big "brother" a hard shove in the chest.]

"TIME... TO TAKE OUT... THE TRASH!"

[Jim nods as he leans down, dragging Hammonds up off the mat...

...but Skywalker Jones ain't done yet, rushing into view!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER! THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANQUISHER!

[The blow flattens Jim Reles as a shocked Eddie throws a haymaker that Jones ducks under, allowing Eddie to sail past him...]

GM: PELÉ KICK!

[The boot to the top of the skull causes Eddie to see spots, swinging wildly at the air. Jones grabs a handful of hair, rushing towards the ropes...

...and HURLS Eddie over the top and down to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"



GM: THE CHAMPS WIN! THE CHAMPIONS WIN! HAMMONDS AND JONES HAVE WON IT!

[Jones falls to his knees, raising his arms in triumph as the crowd roars for the big win.]

PW: Your winners of this Tag Team Battle Royal...

HERCULES HAMMONDS AND SKYYYYWALKER JOOOOOONES!

[The crowd noise gets louder as Hammonds staggers to his feet, falling into an embrace with Skywalker Jones.]

GM: The World Tag Team Champions are standing taller than ever! They beat the Lights Out Express at Guts & Glory... they win the Battle Royal here tonight... and now, sometime this summer, they will be going to Japan to face Violence Unlimited in what very well could be a Title vs Title matchup! How about that?

[Jones and Hammonds stand mid-ring, arms raised in triumph as we cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: What a Main Event but we're not done here yet, fans. We've still got one more thing to do... and it's one of the most important moments in the history of this company. It's the election of a brand new AWA President! Will it be "Big" Jim Watkins or will it be "Hotshot" Stevie Scott?

BW: Or President Percy!

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Fans, you do NOT want to miss that so don't you dare go away during this brief commercial break!

[We cut back to the celebrating World Tag Team Champions 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: Broussard. Rogers. Martinez (the elder). Spector. Langseth. ]

VOICEOVER: And the home of the best in the world today.]



[More: Shane. Martinez (the younger). Lake. Carver. 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.]

We fade back up from black to find Jason Dane standing in the middle of the ring that has been covered with a black rug to make it classy.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen... at long last, it is the moment we've been waiting for since Karl O'Connor was forced to step down from his position due to medical issues - the election of a new AWA President!

[Big cheer!]

JD: Now, the rules for this are quite simple. In a few moments, the three remaining owners of the American Wrestling Alliance will come to the ring and cast their vote for one of the three candidates for the office of AWA President.

First, let's bring out the candidates...

["Ain't No Grave" by Johnny Cash plays over the PA to a big reaction as "Big" Jim Watkins steps into view.]

JD: He is a former Chairman of the AWA Championship Committee... "Big" Jim Watkins!

[Watkins is in a black sportscoat over a navy blue polo. Quite conservative for him - well, other than the blue jeans and cowboy boots that go with it.]

GM: "Big" Jim Watkins certainly has the most executive experience of anyone in this race. Not only from here in the AWA but in other territories to boot. If you're looking for experience, "Big" Jim is your guy.



BW: Isn't that just another way of calling him old? Didn't we just see what happens when an old man tries to do that job?

[He grins at the reaction of the crowd, pausing to slap all the hands he can reach as he heads towards the ring. He climbs in up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, and immediately shaking Jason Dane's hand as the music starts to fade.]

JD: The second candidate, he is a former AWA National Champion... "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

["Everything About You" by Ugly Kid Joe hits the PA, followed by a huge cheer from the crowd. Stevie walks out into the aisle, grinning a famous Steviegrin~!, stopping momentarily to soak in the cheers. He wears knee-length tan shorts, Sperrys sans socks of course, and a t-shirt that reads "VOTE STEVIE" on the front in big block letters.]

GM: And there he is, the former two-time National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, who surprised everyone with his appearance on July 4 and his announcement of his candidacy, if you will, for the job of AWA President. Stevie doesn't have the experience of Jim Watkins but many feel he'd bring a fresh perspective to the mix and certainly is not lacking in the popularity department.

BW: You know what happened the one time someone asked Stevie Scott to lead something? The Southern Syndicate collapsed in a fiery wreck with all of the members hating each other. Is that REALLY what you want to put the AWA through?

[Stevie approaches the cameraman in the aisle, pointing at the front of his shirt before turning to show the back...which reads " HE'S NOT FAT, OLD, UGLY OR ALL OF THE ABOVE." He turns back, confidently striding down the aisle and slapping a few outstretched hands before climbing into the ring and waving at Watkins in an overly-animated fashion.]

JD: And the third candidate, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes.

[No music accompanies the entrance of Percy Childes. He walks out alone, dressed in a sharp dark-brownish-grey business suit, white undershirt, and scarlet power tie. Ambling quickly along with the use of his crystal-topped cane, the short bald manager is still a bit overweight and is physically unassuming. However, though he is not accompanied by fanfare or by force, he is accompanied by the loud, vehement boos of the entire capacity crowd. A serious, solemn expression is on his face.]

BW: There he is, Gordo! The next AWA President if these morons in ownership have any sense at all!

GM: I just don't understand how you can say that. There are so many strikes against him - perhaps the most notable is that he's still an active member of the AWA roster. He's still the manager of the Unholy Alliance and he's still a member of this gang of thugs known as the Wise Men!



BW: The Wise Men are a conglomerate out for the common good of the AWA!

GM: So he claims. You think anyone's buying that? You think the moment the Wise Men get a foothold of power, they wouldn't abuse the heck out of it for their own benefit?

[Childes marches up the steps, and takes his place in the ring.]

JD: Alright, gentlemen. The AWA has granted the three of you a short period of time to each make your final pitch to the owners of this company who are watching backstage on a monitor. By virtue of a coin toss, Mr. Scott, you're to go first...

HSS: You know what they say, Dane. Tails never fails.

[Stevie grins.]

HSS: So let's just cut to the chase. Guys...gentlemen...peeps...your choice is not a difficult one.

[He points at Watkins.]

HSS: Now old Jim over there...God bless you, Jim, I love you and all, but c'mon...he already failed once. Giving him the reins again would be like putting Bush in the White House again. Or Obama for a third team, if that fits your political ideology. Me personally, I thought they both sucked, but I digress.

The sport, the business, it's passed him by. He's stuck in the 80's and can't get up. Putting him in charge is taking major steps backward to an era that's long been dead. And good lord, I do NOT want to hear "let's hook 'em up" every time the AWA President speaks.

[Stevie shrugs toward Watkins.]

HSS: Sorry, Jimbo.

Now as for Childes, I think his track record speaks for itself. Dude's been pretty successful, I'll give him that...but as you all can surely see clearly, he's done it through manipulation, bribery, trickery and multiple trips to the catering table. The one question all of you have to ask yourself is...

Can you truly trust him?

[He cuts sideways glance at Childes.]

HSS: That question is, by the way, rhetorical.

But me...there's no one here that loves the AWA more than Stevie Scott. It's the place that made Stevie Scott a household name. It's a place that I



gave my own blood, sweat and tears for from day one, back when we were going at it in a local TV studio, high school gyms and National Guard armories. I've seen this place get built from the ground up into one of the best wrestling organizations not just today...but of all time.

You all have seen what I can do when I put my mind to something. And believe me, gentlemen, my mind would be put to making the AWA not just ONE of the best of all time...not just IN the conversation with the EMWCs, the IIWFs, the UWFs, the RCWs... but as the place that STARTS the conversation.

Thank you for your consideration.

[Stevie gets big cheers as he hands the mic back to Jason who nods in thanks.]

JD: And now, your time, Percy Childes.

[Dane hands the mic to the Collector of Oddities.]

PC: Thank you.

Everything I have ever done was with the goal of profitability for this company and for the wrestlers inside of it. For too long, wrestling promotions have catered to the whims of the fan favorite wrestlers, giving them favorable deals and top billing, while the wrestlers who get booed because they don't pander and simper like the rest have gotten short shrift. All to sate the thirst of the merchandising arm of the company.

But wrestling history is littered with the corpses of the companies who failed because of this. Los Angeles. Toronto. New York. Portland. Biloxi. St. Louis. Phoenix. All great promotions with talent rosters the equal of what we have here; the best in the world. All made the same mistakes. All are dead.

The AWA has avoided some of the same pitfalls thus far. We have paced ourselves properly. We have handled television and pay-per-view and marketing with appropriate guile. But the fact is that we have not yet leapt the last hurdle. We still cling to the outdated belief that the worth of a wrestler is determined by whether the fans like them. The Wise Men has done everything with the goal of protecting this company from this pitfall; a pitfall which was a factor in felling the Goliaths of yesteryear. Jim Watkins in particular has been blatantly biased in this regard and should not be considered for this position.

Put me in charge, and everything will be transparent. We will take care of all of the wrestlers. No more horror stories about glass ceilings or conspiracies. True or false, those allegations come from the inequities in the system. The Wise Men were never meant to be a public entity. We wanted to fix the system from behind the scenes so that it would not interfere with the things that matter to the wrestlers and fans: championship chases and



exciting shows. Put me in charge and we can finally put this matter to rest, fix the system, and move on. Thank you.

[Childes hands the mic back as he gets blasted with boos from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

GM: I told you, Bucky. No one's buying what Percy Childes is selling. He's crooked, he's corrupt... and everyone knows it. He wants to be AWA President so he can stack the deck in the favor of his own guys - Johnny Detson, Demetrius Lake - and his fellow Wise Men allies - Larry Doyle's men, Supreme Wright...

BW: You've got no proof of any of that!

GM: No? How long has Percy Childes been in the AWA now? You've seen that everything he does is in his own self-interests. You ask me, this is absolutely no different at all, Bucky.

[Dane hands the mic over to Jim Watkins.]

JD: Mr. Watkins, your time is now.

[Watkins grins.]

JW: Heck, Jason... to hear these two tell it, my time is long over. But that's okay. The younger people in any arena of live always think it's the responsibility of their elders to step aside and to "pass the torch." I've never believed in that. Not in the ring and not in the office. If you're the best man for the job, you're the best man for the job no matter your age.

[Watkins points to Stevie Scott.]

JW: Would the Hotshot make for a good AWA President? I honestly couldn't tell you because we've never seen him run a Burger King let alone an international company that is the leader in its industry. Stevie Scott talks about making the AWA the start of the conversation about the best promotions of all time... about putting it on a level with the EMWC, the IIWF, and all the rest. Hell, I think the AWA is ALREADY the start of that conversation and not to toot my own horn but I helped put it there.

As did he in all fairness. But he did it in the ring... I did it in the office. I took the AWA to Los Angeles the first time. I was here when Langseth walked out with the title and the dirt sheets were calling it the end of the AWA. I put together the biggest World Title tournament of all time... and the most successful. I have the experience and the resume to do this job and to do it right.

[Watkins turns to Percy Childes.]

JW: And then there's this guy. Frankly, it makes me a little sick to even have to address the possibility of Percy Childes as the AWA President. What



more can be said about him that hasn't already? He's greedy. He's power-hungry. He's self-centered. He's corrupt. He's...

[Watkins waves a dismissive hand.]

JW: He's not even worth the breath I'm spending on him.

So, the question to Todd, Jon, and Bobby comes down to... who do you trust to lead your company? Someone who has never done it before...

[He points to Stevie.]

JW: Someone who is only out for himself...

[He points to Childes.]

JW: Or someone who has done the job... CAN do the job... and knows exactly how to take this company to the next level.

[Watkins nods, jerking a thumb at himself.]

JW: Thank you for your time.

[He bows his head as he hands the mic back to Jason Dane.]

JD: Thank you, gentlemen. Well, we've all heard from the candidates one more time... now it's time to vote.

[Big cheer!]

JD: My partner-in-crime, Mark Stegglet is standing over at the interview platform. He will be officially receiving the votes from each member of the ownership group. Mark?

[We crossfade to Mark Stegglet who is standing on the elevated interview platform, waving a hand to Jason Dane back in the ring.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. And before we get started, I want to say what an honor it is to be a part of this major moment in AWA history. As Jason mentioned, my job here tonight is simple. One by one, I will be calling the owners of the AWA out here to the platform where they will address the crowd and cast their ballot.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: It's just that simple. So, let's get started. Ladies and gentlemen, the first member of ownership who will be casting their vote. He is one of the toughest son of a guns to ever lace a pair of wrestling boots. His battles with JW Hardin, Casey James, and Grant Stone among others is the stuff of legend.

He is the one true Outlaw of Professional Wrestling... BOBBY TAYLOR!



[There is no music or fanfare for Bobby Taylor as he strides through the curtain in a black sportscoat over a white dress shirt. He's rocking cowboy boots and a black Stetson hat as he approaches the platform, shaking Mark Stegglet's offered hand.]

MS: Mr. Taylor, it's an important night for AWA fans... and for the AWA itself. You have a very important decision to make.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: You know, a lot of people have wondered why we even need an AWA President when there are three... or two... owners bouncing around backstage at any given time but you've gotta remember that Jon and I... and Todd when he's around, all have responsibilities to deal with. Running a major company is a big job and it takes a whole lot of people to make it happen. For instance, recently, I was in New York hammering out the deals to take SuperClash to Madison Square Garden...

[Big cheer! Taylor grins.]

BT: Yeah, we're pretty excited about that too. But while I was doing that, Jon had to be here running the show by himself - on top of his usual assortment of roles as an owner. The time since Karl has been gone has just reaffirmed to us that we need someone here to run the wrestling side of things while Jon and I take care of the business side. We need that extra voice to help guide us in our decisions, to give input and feedback. And from time to time, they serve as a de facto owner even.

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT: So, yeah, Mark... it's a big decision to make. But when you look at it from that perspective, it's also an easy decision to make. This isn't something I want to do again in a few months and that means that two of the guys in there wanting my vote are too risky of a choice to make. Stevie, my friend, someday you might make a heck of an executive... but that day isn't today. I just can't trust my company in the hands of someone with no experience running one.

[Stevie reluctantly nods, settling back into the corner.]

BT: And Percy Childes...

[Taylor chuckles.]

BT: Well, you never really stood a chance, right? No one's buying this act you're laying on them. Not the boys in the locker room, not the fans, and definitely not me. You're up to something and I don't intend to see you in the job to find out what it is.

[Percy is fuming, glaring across the crowd at the AWA owner.]



BT: "Big" Jim... my vote belongs to you.

[There's a good-sized cheer for "Big" Jim Watkins who nods his head, giving a salute to Bobby Taylor.]

MS: Okay, that's one vote for "Big" Jim Watkins. With three members of ownership, it only takes two votes to win the office of the Presidency.

[Percy Childes stalks across the ring, snatching the mic from Jason Dane's hand.]

PC: That is incorrect, Mark Stegglet!

[The crowd jeers Childes who continues without caring.]

PC: The AWA by-laws say very clearly that each vote of ownership does NOT count as equal. They count as percentages based on how much of the company they own.

[Dane snatches the mic back to a cheer.]

JD: Surprisingly, he's right, Mark. I did a little research on this voting situation and he's correct. It's based on the percent of the company owned. So, if we look back at history... remember, the company was formed with six owners, each owning a partial share. Chris Blue's share was bought out collectively and re-absorbed early on, leaving each member of ownership with twenty percent ownership.

PC: Get to the point, Dane.

JD: Bill Masterson sold his shares to Todd Michaelson and Lori Dane when he left the company, leaving only four owners... but Todd and Lori each owned thirty percent rather than twenty percent as Mr. Taylor and Mr. Stegglet do.

PC: And when your sister bowed out of the AWA?

JD: She gave Todd her proxy, weighting his vote at sixty percent of the company's ownership. He now acts as the majority owner of the American Wrestling Alliance although during his recent absence, he's given full authority to Jon Stegglet and Bobby Taylor to act on the company's behalf.

[Childes nods.]

PC: For once, Jason Dane, you speak the truth. Proceed.

[Dane sighs, shaking his head.]

JD: Mark, the floor is yours...again.

[Stegglet nods.]



MS: Alright. Jim Watkins now has twenty percent of the vote, leaving me to introduce the next member of our ownership group. He is an EMWC Original, having been there from Day One on. He was one of the driving forces behind the creation of the AWA alongside Mr. Taylor. He was, is, and forever will be the Voice of the Empire. Ladies and gentlemen... my uncle... Jon Stegglet!

[The executive quickly makes his way to the platform, throwing a nod to Bobby Taylor who stands off to the side. Stegglet has a pretty big grin on his face as he approaches his nephew.]

MS: Uncl... err, Mr. Stegglet... you've heard what's been going on out here.

JS: I've heard it, yeah.

MS: Any comments before you make your vote?

JS: Bobby said it all pretty well, I think... and I think WKIK is getting a little bit anxious about how long we've gone past our time slot tonight so let's just get down to it, Mark.

[Mark nods.]

MS: The question is - who will you be adding your twenty percent into the mix for?

[Stegglet pauses, rubbing his chin.]

JS: This is a tough one for me. Stevie and "Big" Jim both made good cases.

[Mark interrupts.]

MS: What about Mr. Childes?

[Jon laughs.]

JS: Are you serious?

[The crowd roars as an enraged Percy Childes kicks the bottom rope, shouting off-mic at Mark Stegglet.]

MS: I guess that says it all.

JS: I wouldn't trust Percy Childes to babysit my pet bulldog, Davey. There's no chance in hell that he gets to help run my company.

[Another big cheer!]

JS: But the man that I do trust to run my company is... "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

[Stevie pumps a fist as the crowd roars.]



MS: Okay... so we've got twenty percent of the vote for Mr. Scott... and twenty percent for Mr. Watkins. I guess that leaves the deciding vote down to Todd Michaelson, voting with sixty percent of the total ownership of the company.

[Jon nods.]

JS: That's right, it does. As you all know, following the events of SuperClash last year, Todd was in a pretty bad place... and to be quite honest, neither Bobby nor myself have heard much from him in the time since then.

[The crowd jeers.]

JS: How do you think I feel? The man's been my best friend for almost twenty years and I can barely get a text message or an e-mail replied to these days. Jason Dane can attest to it... Todd's about as far off the grid these days as you can get. The last time I checked, he's in Mexico enjoying life with his wife which I don't think any of us can blame him for.

Since Guts & Glory, Bobby, myself... even Jason... we've been trying to reach him, trying to get him here tonight but we've been unable to do it.

[More boos.]

JS: I'm disappointed too. But, as they say in showbiz, the show must go on... and...

[Stegglet reaches into his jacket pocket, producing a folded piece of paper.]

JS: ...before he left, Todd gave us written legal authority to make any decisions on his behalf until such time as he decides to return. Bobby and I have discussed this quite a bit, trying to decide which of those two men - Stevie Scott and Jim Watkins - that you see in the ring would be the best fit for this job. As you just heard, we have differing opinions on the matter. He believes in the experience of Jim Watkins. I like the fresh perspective of someone new to the office like Stevie Scott. But we can only make one more vote and it's the deciding one.

[Percy Childe can be heard ranting and raving in the ring, shouting "WHAT ABOUT ME?!" to anyone who will listen.]

JS: That said, Bobby and I have come to a mutual decision that we believe is best for all of us.

Ladies and gentlemen... the next... and NEW President of the American Wrestling Alliance is-

[But before Stegglet can drop the name, the sounds of Ennio Morricone's "Ecstasy Of Gold" begins to play over the PA system. Stegglet's face twists in surprise as he turns towards the entrance.]



GM: That's the music for Todd Michaelson! Is he here? Has he come to cast his own vote?

[A few moments pass, the crowd buzzing in anticipation until...

...someone quite different than expected walks into view.]

GM: It's Lori Dane! Lori Dane-Michaelson! Whatever you want to call her, she's here in Oklahoma City!

BW: Why?! What business does she have out here?

GM: Hey, she owns part of the company as well! She's given her proxy to Todd Michaelson in the past since she left the business but she's here now! This might just change everything! She's got thirty percent of her own that she can vote if she chooses.

[Lori Dane-Michaelson is dressed very formal for her, a black power suit with a dark charcoal grey top underneath. She has a stoic expression on her face as she makes her way towards the interview platform, stepping up onto it. Embraces with Jon Stegglet and Bobby Taylor follow. Jon can be heard asking "What are you doing here?" off-mic as the music fades.]

MS: Wow! Lori Dane! We certainly didn't expect this tonight. What on Earth are you doing here?

[Lori raises her head, arching an eyebrow.]

LD: There was a call for ownership to show up here tonight and last time I checked, I'm STILL an owner of this company.

[Big cheer!]

MS: Fair enough. Presumably you're here to cast your vote.

LD: I'm here to do more than that...

[She reaches into her jacket pocket, producing a sheet of paper of her own.]

LD: This document - signed and dated two days ago and notarized in Mexico - states that I am now the proxy holder for my husband, Todd Michaelson.

[The crowd reacts in surprise as Jon Stegglet looks down at the document in his hands which is now apparently worthless.]

LD: Which means that I've come here tonight to cast sixty percent of the vote... and to choose the new President of the AWA.

[Another shocked reaction as Lori Dane looks at Bobby Taylor and Jon Stegglet.]

JS: Lori, I don't-



LD: Jon, we've known each other a long time. Please don't make this harder than it is.

JS: Wait a second... what are you-?

[Lori turns towards the ring.]

LD: I can't believe I'm about to say this but... I feel like I have no choice.

JS: Lori, please...

[Dane throws a look at him to silence him.]

LD: Ladies and gentlemen... with our sixty percent of the vote, I hereby announce to the world that the NEW President of the American Wrestling Alliance is...

[Dramatic pause.]

LD: ...Percy Childes.

[Childes throws his arms up in triumph as the crowd EXPLODES in boos. Jim Watkins and Stevie Scott are both staring at Childes in shock as Lori Dane dips her head, looking down at the floor, shaking her head back in forth in disbelief at what she's just done.]

GM: I... I can't have heard that right. Can we check again? Can we please ask her to repeat that again?!

BW: Oh, you heard it right, Gordo! You all heard it right!

GM: It can't be... it can't be right. What in the hell has she done?

[A puzzled Mark Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: I don't... Mrs. Dane, can you explain-

[Percy rips the mic away from Jason Dane, shouting to interrupt Mark Stegglet.]

PC: Oh, she doesn't have to! I'm more than happy to explain for her. Because when a decision like this is reached... it is not an easy one. It takes a lot of thought. A lot of reflection. A lot of...

...wisdom.

[Childes smirks as the crowd continues to roar a deafening amount of jeers. Stegglet and Taylor glare at Lori, who folds her arms and stands her ground.]

GM: What...?



BW: I TOLD YOU, DADDY!

GM: WHAT?!

[Percy shakes his head at the presumptive crowd, a big ol' crap-eating grin on his face.]

PC: No, gentlemen... she's not one of us. Ms. Dane simply made the right decision based on the facts at hand. And let me be the first to assure you... I will prove everything I have said as far as making this company more profitable than ever.

GM: This can't be happening. This cannot be happening.

[The Collector of Oddities and first of the Wise Men to reveal themselves publicly continues to speak.]

PC: Finally, the juvenile little war is over. We can all get on with our lives, and with the business of making the AWA the greatest wrestling company in history. Specifically, the one that will survive. The one that won't have to be carried on in memory by others, like some sad dead relative. Mr. Stegglet, Mr. Taylor... I know you do not trust me now. But you will. You will.

[Childes grins at the reaction of the fans as a handful of empty (mostly) water bottles clatter at his feet.]

GM: What in the world possessed Lori Dane to do this?!

BW: Maybe Michaelson sent her because he's a quitter! Maybe he finally realized that he was wrong and just didn't have the guts to face the world. If so, good decisions all around!

GM: There is something else at play here. There has to be, there just has to! This is unthinkable! This is quite frankly unimaginable!

[Percy raises his crystal-topped cane as he speaks again, gesturing to the floor.]

PC: Mr. Watkins, Mr. Scott... if you would please get out of MY ring, there is one more thing that needs to be addressed here tonight.

[A reluctant Jim Watkins heads towards the ropes, stepping in front of Stevie Scott who seems about to kick Childes' grin off his face. "Big" Jim shakes his head at Stevie, placing a placating hand on his chest as he gestures to the floor.]

PC: A wise move, Mr. Watkins. If yourself or Mr. Scott want to EVER be present at another AWA event, you will exit without further incident.



[The crowd is howling mad as Watkins and Scott step out to the floor, walking back up the aisle as Childes grins, waving his cane around.]

GM: Jim Watkins and Stevie Scott are walking back over... they're heading over to where Jon Stegglet and Bobby Taylor are. They're as puzzled as everyone else.

BW: This might be the greatest moment in AWA history, Gordo!

GM: How can you... how can you even THINK that... let alone say it out loud?! This is... this is beyond words. This might be the most horrific moment in-

[Happy that his competitors for the job are far enough way, the apparent new AWA President begins to speak again.]

PC: And for my first act as your brand new AWA President, I will issue the transparency I promised you all.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my distinguished honor to introduce to you the third... and final... piece of the Wise Men puzzle.

[You can audibly hear the collective gasp at this news.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Oh yeah! President Percy's gonna drop the bombshell as his first act as the boss!

[A grinning Childes continues.]

PC: Alongside Larry Doyle and myself, this individual is set to revolutionize the wrestling world and bring the AWA to the forefront as THE... GREATEST... PROMOTION... OF ALL TIME!

[Childes is sweating, getting all worked up now with glee and excitement.]

PC: The third member of the Wise Men... and the one who made all of this possible...

[The Collector of Oddities drops down to a knee, swinging the crystal-topped cane towards the entrance dramatically, waiting and watching along with the rest of the wrestling world...]

GM: Wow! We did not expect this news to be dropped on us here tonight! This is major! This is huge!

BW: Who's it gonna be?!

[Percy waits... the crowd waits... the announcers wait... and yes... even you wait.]



BW: The suspense is killing me, Gordo!

[And then...

...Static.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: What?! Is it true?!

[The crowd's buzzing grows louder, the anticipation whipped to a fevered pitch now as all eyes are on the entrance, straining to see who emerges from beyond the curtain.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me. It can't be. It simply can't-

BW: IT IS!

[The Oklahoma fans ERUPT in jeers as Miss Sandra Hayes sashays through the curtain, the biggest crap-eating grin that you can ever imagine possible plastered on her face. She hasn't changed her clothes since we saw her earlier in the night but she is carrying herself with a whole new sense of importance... a new sense of power.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes is... she's the third Wise Man?!

BW: I guess the appropriate term is Wise Woman, Gordo!

GM: But I don't understand. Percy Childes said that she... that she's the one who made all of this possible! He said that she's the reason that he's now the President of this company! I don't get it.

[Hayes walks down the aisle, a power walk if there ever has been one. She reaches the ring quickly, flanked by Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. She ducks through the ropes, striding across to shake hands with a beaming Percy Childes who hands the mic to her with a flourish.]

BW: I think we might be about to get some answers, Gordo.

[Hayes smirks at the jeering crowd as she lightly taps the mic against her open palm.]

MSH: I'm sure you have a lot of questions... questions that tonight is not the right time to answer. But on a night like this where my good friend, Percy Childes, has been named the new President of the American Wrestling Alliance...

[HUUUUUUGE JEERS!]

MSH: On a night like this where yours truly has been unveiled as one-third of the most powerful unit of individuals to ever exist in the world of professional wrestling...



[More jeers pour down on Miss Hayes.]

MSH: On this night, I have someone that I need to thank. The REAL person who made all of this possible.

[Hayes turns her eyes towards the interview area, beaming widely.]

MSH: To Lori Dane... our benefactor on this night, there's only one thing left to be said...

[Hayes waits, baiting the hook as everyone quiets down to hear.]

MSH: Thanks...

[The most dramatic of pauses is left, Hayes' grin somehow becoming even wider.]

MSH: ...Mom.

[Yep. That sound you just heard was the roof blowing off the State Fair Arena as every single body in the building collectively gasped.]

GM: Wha... what did she say?!

BW: That... is that true, Gordo?

GM: I have no-

[The very smart technical director cuts to a closeup of Lori Dane who looks at the ring, eyes slightly starting to tear up in the corners. She gives the slightest, the most subtle, of nods before we cut back to the smiling Sandra Hayes.]

GM: My god... I think it's true, Bucky.

BW: Look at her face! Look at Lori Dane's face! It HAS to be true!

GM: Sandra Hayes is... she's Lori Dane's DAUGHTER?!

[Hayes turns back to Percy who is loving every second of shocking the world like this.]

MSH: Now... I think it's time for a REAL celebration. Gentlemen, if you please...

[With a loud "POP!". confetti and streamers come pouring down from the ceiling as Big Band music starts to blast over the PA system. The curtain parts as Larry Doyle comes charging into view, waving his arm behind him as a flood of wrestlers follow.]



BW: They're bringing everyone out here! This is the biggest party ever! Demetrius Lake, Johnny Detson, Jacobs, Sudakov, the Dogs Of War... everyone's coming out to the ring!

[The camera cuts to the interview platform where Jon Stegglet is angrily confronting Lori Dane off-mic, gesturing wildly at the ring as the tears start to fall down the cheeks of Mrs. Michaelson.]

GM: Everyone in here is in shock. I can't believe what just happened. These fans can't believe what just happened.

BW: Believe it or not, it happened! After years of wondering, we now know the identities of all THREE Wise Men... AND we've got one of 'em, Percy Childes, as the new President of this company! What a night, Gordo!

GM: One of the biggest nights in this history of this company without a doubt. I'm... like I said, I'm in shock. I don't even know what to say, fans.

[The streamers continue to fall as fireworks start to burst in the sky over the ring as Sandra Hayes shakes hands with the incoming Larry Doyle who rushes to Childes' side, giving him a big handshake as well. Smiles are aplenty in the camp of the Wise Men on this night, backslaps and high fives being exchanged all over the squared circle as Jason Dane looks stunned, standing out on the floor.]

GM: Jason Dane has uncovered more scoops than anyone in the history of our sport and even he is stunned by this news.

BW: His own sister kept this from him?! Who else doesn't know, Gordo? Does Michaelson know?!

GM: I have no idea. Sandra Hayes is the daughter of Lori Dane. I repeat, you heard me correctly - Sandra Hayes is apparently the daughter of Lori Dane, a former Woman's Champion, a former longtime announcer, and one of the owners of this company. This is... this is nuts, Bucky.

BW: It's the start of a whole new era here tonight in the American Wrestling Alliance and with Hayes, Doyle, and Percy Childes leading the way, the future's so bright, I gotta wear shades, daddy!

GM: This is... this is a terrible way to end this show. This is an awful way to end this night. I can't believe any of this. It's like a bad dream come to life in front of my very eyes. The Wise Men are united... and in total power of this company. Fans, this is... this is... I don't have the words. Let's get out of here. I can't watch any more of this.

[With the celebration ongoing in the ring, a beaming Percy Childes gestures at the exploding pyro with his crystal-topped cane before Larry Doyle steps between he and Sandra Hayes, lifting both of their arms in the air so that the trio stands united in the center of the ring, their charges saluting them from all around...]



...and a quick cut to the top of the aisle shows Supreme Wright looking down the aisle, backed by all the members of Team Supreme as he slowly nods his head in apparent approval.

Fade to black.]