

A phoenix rising from flames, with its wings spread wide, set against a dark background.

# ***AWA Saturday Night Wrestling***

**Saturday, August 2nd, 2014**

**Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum**

**Phoenix, Arizona**

[We fade from black, but instead of the familiar strains of “You Ain’t Seen Nothin’ Yet,” we cut to a shot of Mark Stegglet stepping out of the doors of the Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum and into the parking lot, the camera bouncing up and down as the cameraman has to jog to catch up with Stegglet.]

MS: You rolling? Good. Ryan! Ryan!

[The camera zeroes in on Ryan Martinez, seen walking towards the Coliseum. Cradled in one hand is the silver and red AWA World Television Title, while the other hand is bent over his shoulder, carrying a duffel bag nestled against his back. The AWA’s White Knight is wearing a black T-shirt, the “AWA” logo stenciled in gold across his chest, and a pair of khaki pants.]

MS: Ryan... Mr. Martinez! If we could just get a word.

[As the camera zooms in on Ryan’s face, we can see that he’s looking rough. His face is covered in stubble and his eyes are bloodshot red, suggesting he hasn’t gotten much sleep.]

MS: After the last Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Martinez sets his duffel bag down.]

RM: After what happened two weeks ago, I haven’t gotten any sleep. Everywhere I turn, people come looking at me for the answer.

MS: Well, since you first took up arms against the Wise Men, you have become the man that others rally around. So it is any surprise that all eyes turn to you?

[Ryan nods his head, drawing in a deep breath and exhaling slowly.]

RM: No, it’s not a surprise. But Mark, I’m going to be honest with you. When I first stood up against the Wise Men, I knew it was going to be hard. I knew

I was in for the fight of my life. I knew that, before it was over, I'd be beaten, bloody, and that I'd lose a lot along the way.

But Mark? I didn't know it would be THIS hard. I never thought the Wise Men would have this much power. And I never thought they'd get it the way they did.

MS: Certainly, no one expected that Lori Dane-Michaelson would hand the keys to the kingdom over to the Wise Men.

[Martinez reaches up, rubbing his chin with his hand.]

RM: There's a lot of people that're angry with what Lori did. I understand why they're angry. I understand that some people feel betrayed. You're here and Jason isn't because he's having a hard time with what happened.

But I don't blame Lori Dane for what happened, Mark, and no one else should either.

MS: You don't?

RM: That's the kneejerk reaction. But if you look at it, Mark, if you really think about it, it's hard to blame Lori for what she did. What she did, she did out of love. She did it because she thought it was how she could make things right with her daughter.

Do I agree with that? No, I don't agree. I can't agree with giving Percy Childes the presidency. But I don't blame Lori Dane. You want to know who to blame? You blame the people who benefited. You blame Percy Childes, and you blame Sandra Hayes.

We've seen what Sandra Hayes is capable of. We KNOW what Percy Childes is capable of. Those are two of the most manipulative people I've ever encountered and it's not hard to imagine what happened there. They took advantage of Lori Dane's love for her daughter.

And now, we're where we're at.

[Stegglet nods before continuing.]

MS: You're heading in tonight to defend your title against Mr. Sadisuto. A man who inflicted a shoulder injury that, even a year later, isn't fully healed. Johnny Detson has challenged you for the same title. Percy Childes, Johnny Detson's manager, is the President of the AWA. Ryan, what are you going to do?

RM: Well, Mark. The first thing I'm going to do is head into the locker room and help Eric get ready to take on Supreme tonight. Because tonight, Supreme Wright is going to learn first hand what justice tastes like.

Supreme, you said two weeks ago you were a wrestler. And yeah, that's true. But Eric Preston is a better wrestler, and he'll prove that tonight. You also said that you were a champion. And you know what that proves?

That you're a liar.

Because if you were a champion, you'd have one of these.

[Ryan pats the World Television Title belt.]

RM: Dave Bryant has one. The one he took from you. Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds have one. I have one. You? You don't. So you're no champion, Supreme Wright.

And you never will be again.

As for the Wise Men? You know what I'm going to do, Mark? I'm going to take the fight to the Wise Men. I'm going to find some way to get Percy out of power.

MS: But how.

RM: Mark... I'll be honest. I don't know.

[A voice is heard from off camera.]

"You don't know, you say? Let me fill you in then."

[The voice belongs to the man who now enters the picture, fresh off his failed candidacy for the AWA Presidency - "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Except he looks different. Gone is the Hawaiian shirt, replaced by an unbuttoned grey shirt over a white t-shirt. Gone are the Bermuda shorts, replaced by a faded pair of tattered jeans. And gone is long hair, replaced by a shorter cut and left rather unkempt. just falling into place on its own - perhaps like he doesn't have time to fool with it.]

HSS: So you want to head right into the teeth of the storm, do you? You want to take on the power? Are you ready for what that's gonna take? The price you're gonna have to pay? Are you, Martinez??

[Stevie pauses, glaring hard at the second-generation superstar... then he nods.]

HSS: Yeah... yeah, I think you are. I think you understand. Because you?

[He puts his finger in Ryan's chest.]

HSS: You and I...we're cut from the same cloth. Sometimes we bite off a little more than we can chew, huh?

[Stevie grins. Not a Steviegrin. This one is kind of sadistic.]

HSS: You see, Juan...

[He chuckles, shaking his head.]

HSS: Good old Juan Vasquez. My buddy, my pal, good dude he is.

But he was wrong.

Eric Preston? He's not the future. He's not the guy who the remainder of the AWA needs to look toward.

[Again, he puts a finger in RyMart's chest.]

HSS: YOU are.

You're the guy that's got to get it done, Martinez. Preston's good, man...but he can't do what needs to be done.

YOU can be trusted. YOU have the pedigree. YOU are the one that has to lead the revolution.

[Ryan has stood still, listening thoughtfully to Stevie as he's spoken. Finally, Ryan shakes his head.]

RM: I appreciate the vote of confidence. But there is one thing you're wrong about. Juan Vasquez wasn't wrong in picking Eric Preston. He's going to prove that tonight. Tonight, Eric is going to beat Supreme Wright. And that will put us on the right path.

HSS: And what if he doesn't, huh? What then?

[He pauses, letting it sink into RyMart's head.]

HSS: That's the problem, isn't it? And deep down, you know it. Deep down, you've got your doubts just like I do.

This isn't the time for blind faith, pal. It's time for ACTION. It's time for MEN to step up and LEAD the resistance. The longer we wait, the more time it takes to get unified and get a plan, the harder it's going to be to put a stop to this stupidity.

You already took the first step, Ryan. You stood up and put yourself out there. Now you gotta follow through. Now you gotta lead.

[Ryan opens his mouth to protest.]

HSS: Don't try to argue the point, pal. You know I'm right.

[Stevie looks at his wrist.]

HSS: And you've got about two-and-a-half hours to accept it and do... what...you...need...to...do.

[A confused Martinez has to ask one question.]

RM: What about you? Why aren't you trying to take charge?

[Stevie grins again, this one could be classified as maniacal. He brushes the strands of hair away that hang over his eyes.]

HSS: My business with Percy Childes isn't about the AWA, my man. My business with him is PERSONAL.

You just think about what you're going to do. Trust me, pal...I've got my OWN plans for making his life a living hell.

[Another sadistic grin.]

HSS: Starting tonight.

[The former two time National Champion steps away. The camera cuts to Ryan Martinez, his expression still quiet, the wheels turning in his head as we slowly fade to the opening credits and 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 Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum where over 12,000 fans have jammed into the building for a fantastic night of professional wrestling action. That panning shot establishes everything we usually see in the show opening.

Ringside mats? Check. Red, white, and blue ropes? Check. Barricade surrounding the ring? Check. Red carpet leading down the aisle to the ring? Check. Elevated interview platform? Check. Rabid fans waving signs and shouting their heads off? Check.

Only those aren't nice shouts. Those are angry shouts.

Very, very angry shouts.

They are directed at the ring and more specifically, the man who is standing in the middle of it.

Your new President of the AWA, Percy Childes.

Wearing a formal white suit... jacket, pants, even leather shoes, the short bald manager with the dark thin mustache and goatee looks like he's recently raided Boss Hogg's closet. Flanking Childes are the Dogs Of War, in full dark-blue riot gear, complete with truncheons and shields. You can't take security too lightly these days! Pedro Perez "patrols" the perimeter of the ring while Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker stand behind Childes in a show of force.]

PC: Welcome to the new age.

[The crowd boos loudly.]

PC: And what better place to demonstrate the measures that the AWA will take to both survive and thrive, than here on the bones of its once-largest competitor?

[And now they REALLY boo loudly.]

PC: But I'm not here to gloat. I suspect that the ownership of the company would have originally planned this evening here to be an ego-boosting session when they put Phoenix on the docket, but I am above that sort of thing.

[It's not often you come across a sentence with the perfect mix of hypocrisy and self-aggrandization disguised as humility, with a healthy dose of disrespecting your political rivals, and the fans continue to react in an appropriate manner.]

PC: So, to business. Welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling, Phoenix. Welcome to the AWA. And I, Percy Childes, am here to give my initial address as your new President. The State Of The AWA Address, if you would forgive the conceit.

First thing's first. I refuse to be accused of a conflict of interest. A manager cannot be a President. So, here and now, I resign my managerial license with the AWA. The Unholy Alliance is no more.

[That unexpected announcement gets some cheers.]

PC: No other stable in history has gone out on their own terms. No other stable has disbanded having accomplished its goals and triumphing over all. I would like to personally thank the King Of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake, as well as the legendary Johnny Detson, for the honor of being allowed to manage them these past years.

[The name 'Detson' gets a loud mixed reaction from the Phoenix fans. And some boos because of the notable omission Percy just made. I'm sure you can spot it.]

PC: I would be remiss in neglecting to thank my niece-in-law, Radiant Raven, for her hard work in helping me, especially after my nephew Steven suffered his potentially career-ending injury at the hand of a gang of thugs who will never work here again.

[BOOOOOOOO!]

PC: Now, then. Enough about me. With the spectre of a conflict of interest behind us all, let us announce the major news of the day. Conceivably, the biggest news in the history of the company from a purely financial perspective. On behalf of the AWA, I would like to announce that in the aftermath of my victory as President, I was able to finalize a deal that had struggled along under the regime of the... let's kindly say "not-business-savvy" people who came before me.

Later this month, with just days until the Battle Of Los Angeles, the AWA will hold it's first ever prime-time special... on NETWORK TELEVISION!

[There's a big 'ooooh' reaction to that, because that IS quite stunning news considering how low-key the company has been by wrestling-promotion standards.]

PC: Our in-ring talent has always been ready for prime time. But now we have the power structure and the business model for it, too. And on Friday, August 22nd, from the legendary Cow Palace in San Francisco... we will hold a very special event that we're calling the All-Star Showdown...

...LIVE ON THE FOX NETWORK!

[A cheer for the AWA taking this step. Percy is beaming.]

PC: You're welcome!

[And boos for Childes taking credit for it.]

PC: Don't forget to thank "Hollywood" Larry Doyle, by the way. He is not called "Hollywood" for nothing, and his industry contacts were and will continue to be invaluable for this company moving forward.

Now, then. From business matters to the matters of actual wrestling. I told you all that I would act on behalf of all AWA wrestlers, not just the men who were managed by and were working with the Wise Men. And I will prove that today. My first order of wrestling business as President involves an ongoing situation which has created an unsafe, unstable, and most of all unfair environment for all of our wrestlers. There was an insanely lopsided decision made years ago that has influenced every AWA wrestler since. Competitors were living under the shadow of contracts signed before their tenure with the AWA, which is illegal by federal and state law. The AWA turned a blind eye due to sheer favoritism, but no more.

As of right now, all of those sealed envelopes signed by Jim Watkins are null and void!

[BOOOOO!]

PC: And Jim, if you want to challenge me about it in court?

[Percy snaps his fingers, and Isaiah Carpenter pulls open his flak jacket to reveal that he is carrying a huge stack of envelopes in an inside pocket.]

PC: Then you'd be validating MY huge stack of sealed envelopes in the unlikely event that someone manages to oust me. And with that in mind, you are hereby strongly encouraged never to show your face around here again.

Now, then. To deal with another longtime ongoing situation.



Jason Dane, please come down to the ring. Now.

[There's a loud "uh, oh" hush over the crowd. For the first time in the night, we hear broadcasters Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde, since we have a brief pause. Gordon sounds distraught.]

GM: No. He wouldn't!

BW: Wouldn't what, Gordo?

GM: Is he going to have those thugs brutalize Jason Dane?! Dane worked tirelessly for, well, years. To prevent.... this.

BW: Here he comes, daddy. He looks even more unreasonably sad than you do. Ha, like somebody ran over his dog.

[The AWA interview journalist has some stubble on his face and looks like he hasn't had much sleep. There's a mix of anguish and rage on his face as he stomps into the ring. Perez walks up alongside him and puts a 'comforting' hand on his shoulder in an obvious show of mockery. Dane angrily swats it off, and Perez does it again with an expression that basically screams 'do that again and you die'.]

PC: Pedro, enough.

[Dane steps up to Childes... a little too aggressively, because Walker has to cut him off. Dane stops, but is within listening distance of the mic which picks up a very clear:

"What do you want from me?! To rub it in?!"]

PC: Jason, I didn't call you here to rub it in. I called you out here to make peace. This doesn't have to be torture. I had a long talk with your sister after you basically made her cry on AWA All Access.

[The mic picks up an exchange between Dane and Isaiah Carpenter where Dane starts to shout at Percy but Carpenter cuts him off, grabbing him roughly by the shoulder.]

PC: Isaiah, please. Jason has the right to be angry about his family situation. Just because WE think it's hilarious doesn't mean it isn't tormenting him.

[It is taking every scrap of determination that Jason has to not leap for Percy's throat and get murdered by Wade Walker.]

PC: Jason, please. Peace. I'm not going to rub it in. I'm not even going to fire you, though if it were up to me that's exactly what I would do to prevent a conflict of interest. No, after talking with your sister and your niece, I've decided to give you something to benefit all parties involved.

[A suspicious Dane leans over the mic.]

JD: What's that?

[Percy smirks in response.]

PC: A promotion.

[Neither Jason nor the fans know how to react to that. Dane is squinting, as if he can't believe what he just heard.]

PC: You have done quality work in helping to advertise merchandise, like the AWA All Access app, which puts all of the content of the AWA out there for just \$8.99!

[Boo to the cheesy plug.]

PC: So I'm putting you in charge of it all. The merchandising arm of the AWA. You're the new director of merchandising. That's a large salary increase, and you won't have to travel so you'll get a lot more time to spend with your... heh... family.

PP: Hey, maybe next time a Dane girl gets knocked up, you'll know about it!

[The reaction to this is rage, and Dane takes a wild swat at Perez for that horrible comment. Walker grabs him by the neck, and seems about to drive him down to an early grave when Percy stops it.]

PC: NO. No, Wade. Jason gets a pass. This time.

[Dane snatches the mic away in a fit of rage.]

JD: You're just taking me off the road to get me out of your way!

[Walker snatches the mic back, handing it back to the AWA President.]

PC: Better for everyone involved. I don't have to be undermined by a snoop with a grudge, and you get more money and family time, and won't end up with your car around your waist. Gentlemen, Mr. Dane is finished on AWA television. Escort him to his car.

But NOT through it... this time.

[The boos are loud as Dane pulls away from Walker and storms out of the ring himself.]

PC: Oh, and there is so much more to come! I have news involving the Crockett Coliseum, involving rules revisions, and most especially involving the Number One Contendership to the World Heavyweight Championship. But I think we've covered enough for now so I'll have to reveal more as the night progresses. It is time for the wrestlers of the AWA to entertain you all, and for me to go where I now belong.

To the Oval Office, gentlemen.

[The Dogs Of War escort Percy out to the boos of the crowd as we cut to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde seated at ringside. Bucky Wilde, in his lime green sportscoat and yellow #ScumbagTravis t-shirt, is grinning wide at this turn of events. Gordon Myers on the other hand is wearing black from head to toe.]

GM: Welcome, fans, to a very distressing edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: Distressing?! This is going to be an incredible edition of our flagship show, Gordo! We've got two titles on the line! We've got Donovan vs Hammer! We've got Terry Shane's challenge! We've got the highlights from Japan in the Rising Sun Report! We've got-

GM: We've got Percy Childes and the rest of the Wise Men walking around like they own the place.

BW: Don't be silly, Gordo. They don't own the place... they just run it. For years now, I've warned you all what would happen if the Wise Men took power. Tonight, we're going to find out if I was right.

GM: There are abuses of power all over the place and we just got started. How in the world could he treat Jason Dane like that? Jason Dane has been here with us since Day One in the AWA. He's done nothing but work hard to keep the fans informed.

BW: He's a snoop, he's a stooge, and as we saw earlier this week, he's a terrible brother.

GM: Bucky! How can you say such a thing?! How do you think you'd react to finding out that the sister you worshipped your entire life, your hero... was not who you thought she was? That she'd lied to you. Can you imagine the betrayal he's feeling right now?

BW: She just got him promoted, Gordo! He oughta be down on his hands and knees thanking her and Miss Sandra Hayes for that. Percy would've shown this guy the door if he had the chance.

GM: Fans, we knew something like this was coming. If you follow Jason Dane on Twitter, you saw earlier this week when he Tweeted that "you could take his job but you couldn't take his voice."

BW: I'm sick of talkin' 'bout Jason Dane. Let's talk 'bout this huge news! We're going live on prime time on the FOX Network for All-Star Showdown!

GM: And now we know what Jason Dane was referring to earlier this week when he spoke of a major television deal that was locked in that Percy Childes was trying to take credit for.

BW: Gordo, I'd be careful. You're treading on thin ice for sure. One more comment like that, Percy might "promote" you too.

GM: Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, and Sandra Hayes are three of the most despicable people on the planet... and they can do whatever they want to my job, Bucky. I'm not worried.

BW: No? There's a whole lot of cars in the parking lot here tonight and I'm sure the Dogs Of War can find one with a windshield with your name on it, Gordo.

GM: Is that a threat? Are you threatening me on behalf of the Wise Men?! How deep in their pockets ARE you?!

BW: It's not a threat, it's not a warning. It's just a concerned friend trying to get you to act... wisely.

GM: I'm here for the fans. I'm here for the people. And I'm here to tell them the truth at all times. If that earns me a trip to the parking lot with Walker, Perez, and Carpenter... so be it, I suppose. Fans, I'm sure we'll be hearing more later tonight from the AWA President and the Wise Men but Bucky is right - this does have the potential to be an exciting show with a lot of great action.

BW: That's the spirit, Gordo. It's a party not a funeral... although you're certainly dressed for the latter.

GM: In a lot of ways, this IS a funeral, Bucky. It's a funeral for the AWA that I've been a part of since Day One... but we can only sit here and hope that somehow, someday, and SOMEONE can do something about this. Right now though, let's go up to the ring for our opening matchup!

[Up to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by with a young white wrestler that has a bushy brown 'baby' afro. He's solidly built, with a garnet-and-gold singlet that sports a white arrow motif, and white wrestling boots.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, from Tallahassee, Florida, weighing two hundred fifty four pounds... WINSTON "FAMOUS" JAMISON!

[The obnoxious Jamison animatedly points at himself repeatedly as he circles the ring. And then, the opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA. This is new theme music, so the fans do not know how to react.]

PW: And his opponent... about to make his way down the aisle... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at two-hundred nine pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The crowd cheers at the introduction of the aspiring luchador, and the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of

the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, 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. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

BW: Oh, come on. We're givin' this loser music now?

GM: Caspian Abaran was robbed two weeks ago in the Golden Opportunity match, so much so that even Percy Childe saw that he was ready to be pulled up from the preliminary ranks. Abaran now under a full AWA contract, and has that memorable win over former World Champion Gibson Hayes to his credit.

BW: Which was more due to Hayes not taking him seriously and not preparing than anything Abaran did!

[Quickly arriving at ringside, Abaran jogs down the apron and around to his left. He turns and spreads his arms out to the side, reaching them forward to acknowledge the crowd. The nimble luchador then backflips over the top rope into the ring, and proceeds to the opposite corner to greet the fans there.]

GM: We saw at Guts & Glory, and then two weeks ago, that Abaran is ready for the next level on his quest to winning back his mask. And I am quite sure of the next man he has in his sights on that quest... Matt Rogers.

BW: The man who WON the Golden Opportunity! Rogers deserves his theme music and special introduction; this guy's a pity case!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We'll find out right now, as Winston Jamison has almost fifty pounds on the luchador from Montemorelos.

[The budding young Mexican star extends a hand to Jamison, but the Floridian's response is to badmouth him, and poke a finger repeatedly in his chest to emphasize whatever trash he is talking.]

BW: And a much better attitude.

GM: You call that a BETTER attitude?!

BW: When the goal is to beat somebody up, yeah. It is.

GM: Jamison with a slap! How disrespectful!

BW: That's true. Too disrespectful. He should have sucker-punched him and broke his jaw to show respect for his opponent as a threat.

GM: Abaran shaking his head. He won't be baited. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and Jamison with the go-behind. Waistlock, lift... oh, my!

[Winston lifts Abaran with the rear waistlock in order to plant him with a waistlock takedown, but Caspian spins into it and whips into an armdrag, sending Jamison sprawling to the canvas!]

BW: What? That kid's gotta be greased like a pig to pull that off!

GM: Not at all! Abaran throws himself into a reverse knife edge, taking Jamison off balance, and... some kind of a modified monkey flip type maneuver!

[Gordon doesn't know what to call it; Abaran turns and kicks back as if for a double mule kick to the midsection. He plants his palms on the canvas and uses the feet in the midsection to flip Jamison clean over him in an inverted monkey flip.]

BW: Decent takedown, combined with a kick to the gut there. I'll give him that.

GM: And now the luchador with both legs of Winston Jamison in hand. Jamison flat on his back; what is Caspian Abaran going to do?

BW: Davis Warren is warnin' him not to hit a low blow. If Abaran has the guts for that, I might revise my opinion of him.

[Instead of that, Abaran hooks his arms around the ankles as if trying to turn his man over for a Boston Crab... drags him two big steps back towards the corner, and drops back to catapult Jamison directly into the turnbuckles! Winston hits chest-first and falls backwards, the crook of his back spiking down on the upstretched knees of Abaran!]

GM: Catapult into a painful fall there! Almost like a backbreaker.

BW: I dunno about a backbreaker, but it was a backhurter for sure. And the chest can't be feeling too good either.

GM: Abaran transitioning right into a bow-and-arrow! Excellent mat wrestling. The lucha libre style is not just high-flying, but also contains some strong submission wrestling elements.

BW: I heard lucho libre stands for "masked midgets".

GM: You know very well what it is called and why. Are you going to start with your anti-Mexican routine?

BW: Nope. Only for Cesar Hernandez. He's the guy who caused all those Mexican stereotypes to happen in the first place. Him and Jose Liriano.

GM: Please. It is Caspian Abaran in the ring now, and breaking quickly as Jamison reaches the ropes. Showing respect for the official unlike Matt Rogers two weeks ago.

BW: Intelligent people keep that on for the full four count, but there ain't much correlation between Caspian Abaran and intelligent maneuvers.

GM: Winston Jamison rolling out of the ring, clutching his back. This young man really needs to remember that he's facing a luchadore... not only is he not safe outside the ring, but he may be in more danger than ever!

[Like a bolt of lightning, Abaran zooms to the far ropes, bounds off, and launches a spectacular somersault plancha over the top rope, plastering Jamison all over the floor at ringside to the huge cheers of the crowd!]

BW: Aw, no. Jamison should have suckered him in and moved. That'd be the end of Abaran if he did that.

GM: But Caspian may be too fast for that tactic to work, Bucky. The man from Monteorelos rolling Winston Jamison back into the ring. Jamison is absolutely out of it after the big flipping dive.

[In a punchy stupor, Jamison gets to his feet and throws an unsteady haymaker with his right hand. Abaran reacts by jumping up on his right shoulder and spinning into a shoulder-scissors takedown that plants the Floridian shoulder-first to the mat with a wet THUD.]

BW: Ooh!

GM: Devastating! Abaran plopped Winston Jamison down hard on the shoulder with a shoulder version of a flying headscissors! Caspian now with the arm bar... no, what is this?

[With Winston face down, Abaran applies an armbar using his knees, and pulls back on a half-crab with his arms! The combination armbar-half crab submission bends Jamison just about in two, and puts the weight squarely on that shoulder.]

BW: Oh no! Gordo, this hold is workin' the shoulder, leg, and especially stretchin' out them ribs and that back!

GM: A full-body submission by caspian Abaran, and I'd wager that this is the hold he calls the Throne Of The Sun... and that's it! Jamison is tapping out frantically!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Not much choice there, daddy. It's just a question of what breaks first if he keeps that on, and probably the shoulder after that scissory thing he did.

[The cheers are loud for Abaran, who breaks immediately and happily celebrates a win on Saturday Night Wrestling.]

GM: What a milestone for this young man! A win on national television, and his first as a favorite rather than an underdog. Abaran has arrived... let's get the official word!

PW: The winner of this contest, by way of submission... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[More cheers, and Abaran hops on the top rope, waving his hands around at the cheering crowd. "Nomad" begins anew from the guitar section, and the young Mexican does a circuit of the ring.]

GM: It was no fluke today, Bucky Wilde.

BW: No, it wasn't, but remember this, daddy. There ain't no weight classes in the AWA. If that man wants his precious widdle mask back, he'll have to get in the ring with some big, bad, dangerous men. And I don't think he can get his hold on somebody like that.

GM: That remains to be seen, but we both know the next man he'd like to put in that hold: Matt Rogers. And I'm sure Rogers was watching.

BW: I'm even more sure he don't care. Abaran's got the Throne Of the Sun, but Rogers has that Scythe Kick, and that's a heck of a lot faster than the Throne.

GM: That'll be a hot one whenever and wherever it goes down but right now, let's go backstage where former World Champion, Colt Patterson, has been drafted into duty here tonight!

[The camera starts low, at the black and white snake skin shoes. It pans up over the shiny purple sequined leather pants, which show off a pair of thick and muscular legs, to the psychedelic tie-dye t-shirt which is stretched tightly over a powerfully muscled chest, to the pink sportscoat over that t shirt, to the pink and blue feather boa, to the single gold hoop earring to the neon green Ray-Ban shades to the golden fedora tilted to the side on his head. Ladies and gentlemen, Colt Patterson.]

CP: This is Colt Patterson here, and this ain't the Road Report, jack! Nope, this is Tough Talk with Colt Patterson. Where I come out and do what Jason Dane is too lily-livered to do. I ask the hard questions! And I promise you, I won't ever go cryin' to mommy because my big sis frowned at me. My guest today is a guy, that if you ask me, has been having too easy a time here in the AWA. A guy whose free ride comes to an end tonight.

I'm talking about Brian James.

[Into the frame steps the son of the Blackheart himself. Young Brian is wearing a loose fitting "Claw Academy" t-shirt, the shoulders and chest of it damp with sweat. He also has on a pair of black, loose fitting MMA-style



shorts. Despite Colt's harsh introduction, the tall and lanky Brian is all smiles.]

BJ: Hey Colt, long time no see. In fact, the last time I saw you, you were telling the world that Aaron and I couldn't beat The Blonde Bombers.

CP: Last time I saw you, kid, you weren't beating Violence Unlimited. But enough nostalgia. You ready for some tough talk?

[James' enthusiasm is undiminished.]

BJ: Fire away, Colt.

CP: Well first off, let's talk about those two fingers.

[Colt points to Brian's right hand. We can see that his index and middle finger are covered in black tape, with only enough space left to allow for flexibility.]

CP: It's been damn near six months since Supreme Wright broke those fingers, and you're still taping them up. When are you going to man up and stop looking for sympathy?

[Brian scowls for a moment, shaking his head.]

BJ: It hasn't been hardly that long, Colt. But since you asked. I can tell you that my fingers weren't broken. But they did sustain damage to the flexor tendons, and the knuckles were misaligned. Some of that comes from spending so much time sparring with Master Claw in the dojo. This tape is specially reinforced tape that provides stability until the tendons heal and the knuckles align properly.

CP: Reinforced? You told President Childes that you're walking into the ring with weapons, kid?

[Brian shakes his head vehemently.]

BJ: I have been medically cleared to wear the protection on my fingers. And Colt, you know better than to think I'd cheat. I don't gain anything by wearing the tape.

CP: I think I'll just get a second opinion from Percy on that. Now then, let's ask the really tough question. Kid, what happened to you? You were on a hot streak, and now, you just keep falling down. You lost to Ryan Martinez, you couldn't beat TORA... you weren't even on the show two weeks ago!

[Brian James' usual smile is completely gone now, as his expression becomes serious.]

BJ: I did lose to Ryan Martinez. And you know what? There's no shame in that. And I know that Ryan is going to hold that belt for so long that sooner or later, I'll earn another rematch. And I didn't beat TORA. But I didn't lose

to TORA either! I gave him the fight of his life, and he gave me the fight of mine. And I don't feel bad Colt. I feel good about that.

And no, I wasn't here two weeks ago. But I was watching. And honestly, what I saw made me sick. Not just that... jerk Percy Childes. Not just Mrs. Michaelson selling everyone out. But all the other things too. I couldn't believe what those Dichotomy jerks did to Travis Lynch.

And you know what something, Colt? I know just how to prove to you and everyone else that I haven't lost a step. That I'm just getting started!

[As he's gotten fired up, the enthusiasm has returned.]

CP: If you're planning on calling your daddy and asking him for tips on how to wrestle, well, I got bad news for ya, kid...

[Brian interrupts, grabbing the mic from a startled Colt Patterson.]

CP: Don't you even say it! No, I'm going to do what, honestly, Mr. Michaelson should be doing instead of moping on the beach. What he and Master Claw taught me to do. I'm going to fight! And I'm not ever going to stop until every jerk is gone!

[Colt yanks the microphone back.]

CP: Don't you ever take Colt Patterson's microphone, kid! Now, let's ask another hard question. You really going to take on the Wise Men? You really think you have a chance?

[All fired up now, Brian is bouncing up and down, moving back and forth.]

BJ: Do I think I have a chance? Do I think the Wise Men are going to lose? Well, as Rocket said in my new favorite movie –

OH... YEAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Brian lets loose his trademark howl and Colt stumbles back, rubbing his ear.]

CP: Kid, you ever yell in my ear and even if your daddy does the zombie shuffle and comes back, nothing is going to save you from getting your keister kicked! Now, you can't seriously think you're going to stop the Wise Men all by yourself.

BJ: Yeah, Colt, it's a tough fight. That's why I'm not doing it alone. You know what I learned from Ryan Martinez? It's that no man is an island. This isn't my fight, it's our fight. So you know what I did? I went and got myself a partner.

You want to know who?

[Patterson is still rubbing his ear.]

CP: If I say no, will you go away?

[Brian ignores him, as he gestures off screen.]

BJ: Here's my partner. A man I know is awesome! A guy I know can back up everything. Come on out...

[From the other side walks a shorter man, hair up in a slicked faux hawk, ice blue tips bright against the dark tone. TORA is wearing his wrestling gear, a faded vintage "Property of United Japan Pro" grey wrestling shirt over it. The gymnastically toned TORA smiles, large headphones draped around his neck. Brian extends his hand, and they shake hands.]

BJ: Now TORA, you tell them what we're going to do, and why we've joined together.

T: Nuh uh, Colt. I appreciate you, everything you've done for this business, but I know you're not going to let me say something without getting a word in edgewise, but please, sir. Just this one.

[Looking down on TORA almost as if "sure kid... sure", Colt lets him speak.]

T: Brian speaks the truth. I did not beat him in that match. What I did and what he did, was show the entire world just how bright the future of professional wrestling is. Myself, Brian, Willie Hammer, Ryan Martinez, hell as much as I think they're a bunch of bullies and no goods, even the Dogs of War. We're the young guys, the hungry guys, coming up in this business. Every single one of us with a chip on their shoulder and every single one of us with something to prove.

What we are going to prove...

[He gestures at the both of them.]

T: ...is that bullies have NO place in the AWA. If it's just us two, so be it, right, Brian?

[The James-son nods in appreciation.]

T: All the wrongs in the AWA. Team Supreme targeting up on Willie Hammer a hundred to one, Dichotomy jumping Trav', the actions go on and on and simply put, we aren't going to let that stuff happen around here anymore! Guys like us are going to STAND UP! Guys like us are going to STAND UP! WE ARE GOING TO STAND UP AND MAKE A DIFFERENCE!

[Each sentence, each more emphatic, each with a bit more umph seems to stand the pair up taller, chests puffing out in pride. TORA takes a beat, letting himself calm down.]

T: So us two, Brian James and TORA, are going to work together. The two of us are going to start standing up, because around here, considering

everything going on from Percy all the way down to Team Supreme, someone has to and it's going to start right here with... \_us\_.

[Stepping back, TORA reaches up and gives a hearty high five to his now partner.]

CP: Well there you have it. Brian James and TORA teaming up. But here's the tough question for all you to consider: Just how angry do you think Percy Childes is about this, and how long before he sends his regards? Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We fade back to Gordon and Bucky. Gordon suddenly looks a lot happier.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a team that's gonna be, Bucky!

BW: They'll be the World Tag Team Champions of being obnoxious in no time flat.

GM: They might be the ACTUAL World Tag Team Champions in no time flat, Bucky. With James' hard-hitting style and TORA's high-flying style, they'll be keeping opponents off-balance left and right.

BW: If they can manage to get to the ring in between all the baby-kissin' and hand-slappin'.

GM: Brian James and TORA could be one of the best teams in the AWA tag team division before wrestling a single match, Bucky, and I can't wait to see them together in the ring for the first time.

BW: I can. I can wait for a long time. A really long time. An eternally long time. In fact, if I never had to see them team together, it'd probably be waaaaaaaaay too soon.

GM: You're too much. Fans, let's head back to Phil Watson for some tag team action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 512 pounds... the team of JAMES REED and MICHAEL WEAVER!

[Both men raise their hands to the crowd, bouncing on their toes as they do so. Reed is a thick, burly looking brawler, with dark brown hair and forest green full length tights underneath black trunks, elbow pads and boots. Weaver wears a tan two strap singlet and black boots, and he's got short blonde hair and a mustache.]

GM: Two great young athletes looking to start gaining some momentum in the AWA, Bucky. And we all know that Michael Weaver has a great wrestling lineage.

BW: Yeah, he's our business' version of Nancy Sinatra, just not as manly.

[Back to Phil Watson.]

PW: And their opponents, from Miami, Flo-

LD: Now, now, now, wait a minute Phil Watson. You sure as hell don't get to introduce Wise Men property! Only Wise Men introduce Wise Men, man!

[The crowd erupts in torrential boos as Larry Doyle steps out from behind the curtain and onto the stage, holding his hands out wide and spinning around. Doyle almost gets twisted up in the tails of his deluxe all white tuxedo, stylishly accompanied by a red bow tie and black riding boots. He bows to the crowd and continues to speak, unable to wipe the grin off of his own face.]

LD: You know, I have read in story books, I have read it in fairy tales, I have even watched it on MSNBC, but to be an executive advisor to the one in power truly is a dream come true. Overnight, overnight, my salary was nearly doubled, I was very graciously given an AWA expense account and all of my travel, food and clothing costs have been assumed and reimbursed by the AWA! So AWA fans, I thank you, because it is YOU who bought me this ten thousand dollar tuxedo, made from the finest silks that are ONLY spun by mute monks in Indonesia.

It is YOU who allowed me to purchase for Mama Doyle and her cadre of suitors, benefactors and welfare donors a brand new house, and two new cars just in case any of the men I call Dad needs to make a run for cigarettes or lighter fluid. And it was your hard earned cashola that allowed me to fly Kolya Sudakov home first class so that he could participate in Kolya Sudakov Day, which was broadcast all over Russia and it's surrounding subsidiaries. I look forward to spending YOUR money in the future!

[Doyle holds up a thumb to the crowd and mouths "Thank you!" as the audience drowns him in boos.]

LD: But the point of me coming out here is to tell you that this match WAS scheduled to see Sudakov and Jacobs take on these two fine athletes, but then Kolya had to go receive an award and the guys we were SUPPOSED to wrestle had car trouble so they sent you two out here.

[Doyle giggles as he points at Reed and Weaver.]

LD: And so, by the power vested in me by the sage wisdom of Her Eminence, Lori Dane-Michaelson, I am CHANGING the match. James Reed, Michael Weaver, since Kolya Sudakov is not available, I am replacing him with my personal security assistant, Van Alston.

[At the mention of his name, Alston walks out behind Doyle, dressed in a black singlet, hands and wrists wrapped in black tape. The towering Alston calmly walks past Doyle and heads to the ring as Larry continues speaking.]

LD: And in this match, Van Alston will be going it alone, so that my other client, Brad Jacobs, can watch and learn what it looks like for a real man to follow orders and do what is asked of him! Get out here, Brad!

[As Alston gets to the ring, Jacobs walks out and is immediately targeted by Doyle, who begins to spew venom at him as the lumbering bodyguard enters the ring.]

GM: Reed and Weaver waste no time in attacking Van Alston, but what is Larry Doyle talking about? What point is he trying to prove?

BW: Brad Jacobs could have and should have won the tower match singlehandedly for the Wise Men! He is a one man Cruise Missile, Gordo, it never should have been that close! But he didn't follow instructions, he didn't do his part, and the Tower got too close for comfort! He has no idea what it means to be part of a team, he's not a team player at all!

GM: Not a team player?! Are you- Bucky Wilde, are you kidding me?

[Alston headbutts Weaver and then delivers a swashbuckling standing lariat to Reed, knocking the big man over in one pivot and lunge. Weaver gets back to his feet and is felled by a thunderous right hand from Alston, and then is brought up back to his feet by his hair...]

GM: Van Alston picks him up and presses him HIGH OVER HIS HEAD!

[Just as James Reed gets back to his feet and rushes at the big man from Boulder, Colorado...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: My Lord! He kicked Reed's head off while he was still holding Weaver over his head! This is a dangerous, dangerous man, Gordo! If I saw him in a back alley I'd walk across the street for sure!

[Alston throws Weaver over the ropes to the floor, where he lands with an audible "THUD!" and then grabs Reed by the head, and walks into a standing headscissors...]

GM: This man is a monster, Bucky, he's an absolute monster.

BW: Larry Doyle is a Wise, Wise Man, Gordo, he didn't pick no lemon to watch his back!

[...then easily flips him up and THROWS him to the mat with a powerbomb!]

BW: And he don't get paid by the hour either!

GM: Here's a cover, but I think this is academic from this point forward... one, two, three goes the count.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson goes for the microphone but is interrupted by Larry Doyle, who intercepts the microphone and is already in mid spew.]

LD: And that, ladies and germs, is what a team player looks like! That's what it looks like when an athlete follows MY instructions and does what I recommend! Brad Jacobs, you need to take a long look at yourself in the mirror if you want to keep our agreement. You need to ask yourself if you're REALLY doing all you can to make this team the best it can be. Because if you're not, you know the result on my end! You know the consequences of your actions, youngster, so check that attitude of yours at the door and get your head right!

[Doyle points at Jacobs on the outside of the ring, who sets his jaw and looks down, lips pursed as if he's actively trying to keep his mouth shut.]

LD: And to the rest of the wrestling world, whose eyes are LOCKED onto the AWA now that Percy Childe is helming the ship... you're looking at the guardians at the gate. You're looking at the men you'll have to go through if you would like to bend the knee and pledge fealty to the King In The South, Percy Childe.

Was I surprised at the vote? Was I surprised at the Tower? Have I been shocked at what's been going on these past few months in weeks?

Why... no. Because I was there when the plans were hatched. I was there when we decided to scramble the eggs of Eric Preston, I was there when Supreme Wright asked to jump off that sinking ship and ride into the sunset with the Wisest of Men. Even if that hadn't happened, even if Wright decided to fight the good fight and go chase his tail, the Wise Men were coming out victorious. Betting on Eric Preston in a battle of wits is like betting on a one legged man in an tail-kicking contest, he just ain't equipped to play. Might as well go challenge the handicapped kid in the wheelchair to a slam dunk contest, it just ain't fair!

[The fans can take no more and stand up almost in unison to boo, shout and give the finger to the Manager of Champions.]

LD: And now that the smoke has cleared, now that we're about to see the end of Preston, now that Ryan Martinez is busy filibustering the fifth amendment and Hannibal Carver is checked into the nuthouse... there just ain't any way else to say it.

The Wise Men rule the AWA.

And if you'd like to cast a dissenting vote, Van Alston, Brad Jacobs and \_maybe\_ Kolya Sudakov, if he's not busy, will be the towers of power you must go through... good luck.

[And with that, Doyle begins to cackle into the mic.]

LD: The Wise Men send... well, you know the rest!

[Doyle spikes the mic, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph as the crowd jeers wildly. He grabs Van Alston by the arm, holding it up and gesturing to him as Brad Jacobs continues to seethe out on the floor, glaring up at "Hollywood" Larry who is still celebrating.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting. Brad Jacobs is a human being, damn it... and he deserves to be treated that way. Larry Doyle is treating him like some kind of an animal.

BW: Hey, Brad Jacobs can do whatever he wants whenever he wants... he just knows the consequences if he does.

GM: His brother... his little brother is at the mercy of Larry Doyle's - and the Wise Men's - legal team. You know Jacobs has no choice but to do what he's been doing, Bucky. He's got no choice but to take all this abuse from Doyle... for now. But I believe that Brad Jacobs' day will come when he can throw off these shackles and when that day comes, Larry Doyle's day will come too... the day where he gets his teeth kicked in.

BW: Gordo, that's a Wise Man you're talking about. Show some respect.

GM: I don't think so. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet has a special report!

[We crossfade to Mark Stegglet, standing with mic in hand in front of a plain black and yellow AWA backdrop.]

MS: This is an AWA Special Report. In the days since the unexpected election of Percy Childes to the position of AWA President, to say things have been tense in the AWA locker room would be a vast understatement.

[His special report is abruptly cut off by an enormous crash. The camera quickly pans to reveal "Showtime" Rick Marley standing in front of the position where the craft services table had previously been. Previously because Marley seems to have upended the thing, leaving the buffet strewn all over the back stage area while AWA official and former World Champion Tommy Fierro stands looking on, holding up his hands and talking to the clearly outraged wrestler.]

RM: This is a bunch of crap! I'm here, I'm ready, and I'm willing...what the hell do you mean I'm 'not on the schedule'?!?!? I've been on the schedule since this card was booked!

TF: Rick, it wasn't anyone around here. You're right...you HAD a match. You were on the schedule...but the guys upstairs cancelled it...word came down from upstairs from-

RM: Let me guess: The Office of the President.

[Fierro doesn't look happy about the situation...but eventually nods, causing Marley to visibly grit his teeth and ball his hands up into fists.]



TF: They claim it's a...reward...

RM: The hell it is.

[Fierro nods, then shrugs.]

TF: Nothing anyone here can do. Everyone here is already booked into matches...you can stay backstage in case we have a cancellation...

[Marley closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and nods.]

RM: Yeah. Awesome. Sure. Percy...

[He opens his eyes as he begins to speak, then sees the camera and turns to fully face it.]

RM: Percy. Percy Percy Percy Percy.

Fine.

You don't like that I didn't put Craven out...just beat him?

Fine.

You don't like 'where my head's been'...or that I'm willing to talk about our private conversations?

Fine.

[Marley's demeanor implies that it's anything BUT "fine."]

RM: BUT... when I show up to compete....when I show up to wrestle? When that happens and you interfere with THAT?

Well...when that happens, Mr. President...then we're talking about a different sort of problem, chuckles. I've seen what happens when guys do things you don't like...I've seen what happens when they try to leave the fold...you've beaten Nenshou down for months. Pulled every string to make sure he tows your line...done all that you can to make sure that he's miserable....so miserable he'll come back to you and the UA.

I've seen it...and I get the message.

You want my head on straight? You want me focused on the job at hand?

Mission accomplished "boss"...I'm clear as crystal and my eye's on the prize...so let's stop playing and get back to work...because the job I've got in mind will be epic.

And you can take that to the bank.

[Marley abruptly storms out of the shot, leaving the camera to look at the wrecked table and the collection of foodstuffs scattered all over the floor. Mark Stegglet steps back into view.]

MS: Now who's gonna clean that up?

[He sighs, turning back to the camera.]

MS: Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, it'll be Tony Donovan taking on Willie Hammer 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...]

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

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

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufresne using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufresne defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends as we fade back inside the Veterans Memorial Coliseum backstage, where President Percy Childes is seated at a desk. This is a small room, with white walls and a few file cabinets... it is a temporary office in the arena to be used by whomever is renting the place out at the time, so there are no permanent fixtures. Percy has two laptops open, but facing away from the camera. He is reviewing some documents, and taking no notice of the camera. There is a knock at the door, and immediately we can hear someone stand up from a chair which is to the side of the camera. The dark blue clothing of the person who passes by to go answer the door indicates that it is one of the Dogs Of War.

Shadoc Rage enters the office, looking about him in slight bewilderment. The Canadian Wildman stares apprehensively at the camera as Percy gestures at him to take a seat and never mind the presence of the camera. Rage is dressed in his a black variant of his "WANTED DEAD: ENEMY OF THE

WORLD" T-shirt. He glares at the Dog of War who we can now see is Wade Walker. Rage hesitates at the desk.]

PC: Mr. Rage, please come in. I have a camera running on me at all times in order to keep my promise of transparency. Just be aware that the producers of the show may air anything that goes on in here for either the television show or All Access if they deem it juicy enough.

SR: (visibly uncomfortable being recorded) Percy ...

[He stares up at the camera and fidgets a little before he takes a seat.]

SR: I'm not a man that likes to come to authority with hat in hand and ask for anything. I know you don't know me. I know you don't owe me anything. We've never really had much to say to each other backstage or any other kind of interaction.

PC: Yes, to date, our paths haven't crossed.

[Rage grows a little more comfortable. He points his finger down into the desk. He leans forward.]

SR: Mr. Childes, I had to meet with you and I've got to ask you to tell me straight. I saw how you came to power. I'm not sure I'm cool with it, but I'm not against it. But I gotta know that you're not against me. I gotta know where we stand.

[Percy steeples his fingers together, staring across the desk at the wildman.]

PC: Mr. Rage, I am not against anyone. I am FOR making money. I am for helping the AWA survive and thrive. I have allies and enemies, and you have been in this business a very long time, and you know all about how that happens. So I'd say that I'm much like a wrestler in that regard.

The one difference is that I now have a charge to keep. I would be a fool and a half to alienate someone who wasn't already opposing me, given how many wrestlers have taken an illogical approach to my new position.

[Rage angrily slams his hand down on the desk.]

SR: It's because they've been protected, but I wasn't. The previous AWA administration wasn't fair to me, Mr. Childes. They weren't fair to me at all. You saw them out there on commentary talking about how I'm the most fined and suspended wrestler in the company. And that's absolutely true. Absolutely true. And I can't take it. I can't take it because it's not fair. What have I done that their little pet favorites like Bryant and Martinez haven't done? Hmmm? Nothing. I didn't even drop the elbow on Donnie White ... so why am I still paying for a crime I didn't even commit?

[Rage is agitated. He's crouched halfway out of his seat but his eyes are bright and wild.]

SR: It doesn't make sense to me.

PC: Then let me give you their point of view. I want you to remain calm as I do this, Mr. Rage. I'm providing you with the viewpoint of the owners of the past, and it may anger you. Bear in mind that the Dogs Of War won't permit any outbursts in my office.

You have made a great deal of money for yourself by being an unpredictable loose cannon who does what he pleases. You and your brother followed this path as one of history's most successful tag teams. This approach has benefitted you in many ways, but it comes at a price.

Wrestling companies are in business to make money. The glory of championships only matter to wrestlers, not to the people who run the sport. And how do they make money? By marketing their product: wrestlers. The wrestlers they can make the most money with are dependable company men who do as is requested, who can be either instructed or manipulated to do what is needed to put people in the crowd, and who are willing to pander to the fans so they can sell merchandise. While you're dependable as far as in-ring performance goes, you are not someone who can be counted on to behave in a professional manner.

[Rage bristles at this statement. He starts to respond but Percy raises a hand, cutting him off.]

PC: Again, your behavior has made YOU a lot of money over the years, but the promoters are looking for a cash cow on a different level. They want the smiling fan-friendly milquetoast hero. And so they give those wrestlers the benefit of the doubt, all the time. And that might seem hypocritical to you. The promoters wanted the wildman, Shadoc Rage, because that's exciting. But they also wanted their messiah-types, and those were the ones they'd cut the biggest piece of the pie for.

And you'd be right. It was hypocritical. It was politics. In short, the way you did things made money for you, but the way the Ryan Martinz and Tony Danza of the world do things makes money for the promoter.

[Rage nods.]

SR: So because I don't play politics I've got a glass ceiling over my head. I earned my way to the Number One Contendership for the TV title and they wouldn't give me a match. They cheated me on the count at Guts & Glory. Tell me that count was right. I dare you.

PC: The count was right.

[Rage leaps out of his seat, eyes popping in shock.]

SR: WHAT?!

PC: It was. Mr. Rage, you are the only man holding you back, and you always have been. You made an untimely error, and in response you went

after an official. By the way, that must never happen again. Due to what happened to Marty Meekly, I am instituting a new, much more severe system of punishment for wrestlers who abuse officials. It will not be retroactively applied, but please don't do that again.

But I will tell you one thing that the previous administration never would, and do something they'd never have done. I'll wipe the slate clean. Most of them, like Jim Watkins, had their preconceptions and there was nothing you could ever do to change their minds. But I believe that every day is a new day, Mr. Rage. I do not live in the past. And I have been that person who got the short shrift because a promoter wanted a hero. That nonsense is going to change.

[Rage is assuaged by those words. Carefully, he sinks back into his seat, listening intently.]

SR: Thank you, Percy Childes. Thank you. The previous administration had me in the backseat. But I've got more to offer than they think that I got. I got way more than that. And I may not be one of the young kids any more. I may not be one of the young bucks, but I'm not done. I've got a lot left in the tank. I can compete at the highest level and bring glory to that Television Title. I can bring glory to the World Title. I can be the man that will bring people to the AWA if I'm just given the same shot that everybody else is to take what I can.

You said that the Wise Men represented fairness to the locker room. I'm asking for you to be fair to me. I want my rightful shot at the Television title. I want a rematch with Tony Sunn. And I know I'm asking you to give to me. I know. But I promise you I'm not a selfish man.

[Percy strokes his chin for a bit, considering the request.]

PC: Then let me lay out for you how to do just that. All you need to do is to draw that line in the sand and not cross it. Don't go after a referee, don't go after a non-wrestler. That is not going to change with me; in fact, having been on the receiving end of some cheap shots in the past, I daresay the penalties will be much stiffer for that sort of thing. As far as what happens to other wrestlers, I don't care. If you had dropped that elbow on Donnie White? He signed for a scaffold match with Shadoe Rage, what did he expect would happen?

Mr. Rage, the next time a referee gives you a bad call, and you think they're favoring a wrestler? Take it out on that wrestler. He signed up for it. And so did you, so be aware that shoe goes on either foot. Referee gives you a slow count? Drop another elbow on the guy. Make him wish the referee called it straight. And that way, even if the referee didn't make an error and you just misheard them... you're still in the right either way. Because that's how titles are SUPPOSED to be earned, Shadoe; over broken opponents. And you've earned many in your career, so you know it very well.

So you'll get a fair assessment from me based on your record only, and not how you got it done. That is a promise.

[Rage smiles a slow, creepy smile. Something in him has been set free.]

SR: Thank you for your honesty, Mr. Childes. Be fair to me and you'll get a good soldier from me. I will give my everything for what is best for this company. I will do what needs be done.

PC: That is a wise decision. And I will discuss things with you at any time that something does need to be done.

[A look of understanding passes across Shadoe's face. Percy extends a hand. Rage looks at it for a long moment before he puts his hand out and they shake. Rage slowly inclines his head before he gets to his feet and makes his exit. Percy takes his seat, a smile on his face as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Did Shadoe Rage just become the latest man willing to sell his soul to the Wise Men?!

BW: Sounded like a pretty honest conversation about Rage's standing in the company if you ask me. Percy gave the man some good advice.

GM: Perhaps. Time will tell, I suppose, but he will NOT be getting a World Television Title shot here tonight. That honor belongs to Mr. Sadisuto who we'll hear from a little bit later. But right now, we're about to see some Combat Corner conflicts come to light as Willie Hammer takes on Tony Donovan.

BW: You mean, as Tony Donovan finally shuts Willie Hammer's big mouth.

GM: Again, that very well might happen although I wouldn't describe young Willie Hammer in that fashion.

BW: Are you kidding me? The guy has done nothing since his debut but run his mouth about his betters - including Supreme Wright. And even after Wright gave him a match, beat the tar out of him, injured him and put him on the sidelines for Memorial Day Mayhem, Hammer's STILL talking about him.

GM: He certainly is... and that's what Tony Donovan and the rest of Team Supreme apparently took offense to two weeks ago. That's what led to this match here tonight. Right now, let's go backstage to hear from both men leading into this showdown!

[One cut to the back later and we are presented with two men. One of these men is Mark Stegglet, armed with microphone, and the other is one Tony Donovan II, armed with fists wrapped in black tape. Donovan is clad in the Team Supreme colors with the hood down, revealing features full to the brim with confidence. TD2 is grinning like the cat who ate the canary, and Mark Stegglet looks ready to find out just why the younger Donovan is so pleased with himself.]



MS: Standing with me right now is a very happy Tony Donovan II...and I can't help but wonder just why you look so pleased with yourself.

[TD2 turns his grin on Stegglet for a moment, then looks back at the camera.]

TD2: Why shouldn't I be happy, Mark? Two weeks ago, I stepped right up, got into Willie Hammer's face, laid out the cheese, and like the big, tubby rat he is, he pounced on it.

MS: ...Cheese?

TD2: Bait, Mark, he took the bait. It's not that hard to goad...hm, what word do I want here...

[Tony taps his chin briefly, then snaps his fingers.]

TD2: It's not that hard to goad simple people into doing stupid things, and two weeks ago, that's exactly what I did. Unfortunately for Willie Hammer, he just can't resist that cheese, which is why he looks more...well, like you, Mark...

[Tony pokes Stegglet in the fairly-slim-for-an-announcer belly.]

TD2: And less like this.

[...and then pats his own. Stegglet looks a might bit flustered, but bravely carries on.]

MS: Er...okay. What exactly do you gain by angering a man like Willie Hammer? He's looked very good in the ring several times in his young career, and you...um.

[Tony stares at Stegglet.]

MS: ...haven't.

[The smirk returns to Donovan's face.]

TD2: Willie has looked real good, that's true...when he's beating up other punks like him, people who should've never gotten out of the Corner. Put him in the ring against a real wrestler, and what happens? He buckles like a belt! Supreme Wright didn't even break a sweat putting down Willie Hammer.

MS: That's...not even close to true but even if it were, you are not Supreme Wright.

TD2: Of course not! Nobody is, except the man himself. That said, it's been awhile since I set foot in that ring, and that time hasn't been wasted. No, Mark, I've been in the ring every moment I can spare, getting beaten up, stretched out, and all the while learning everything I can from the REAL

Heavyweight Champion of the World, learning EVERYTHING I can from Cain Jackson. Yeah, the last time I was in the ring, I got knocked around a little, I'll admit...but that was against Cain Jackson, one of the fiercest and most brutal competitors on the entire roster.

[TD2 rubs his jaw briefly, as if remembering that match, then chuckles.]

TD2: Willie Hammer just doesn't compare, Mark. He's nowhere near Cain Jackson's league. Hell, Mark, he's barely even playing the same sport! Tonight, I'm gonna show Willie Hammer just why so many of us walked out the door when Supreme Wright came calling. I'm gonna show him what the difference is between being taught how to wrestle by Supreme Wright...and being taught how to "wrestle"...

[Tony air quotes, and then sneers.]

TD2: ...by Clayton Shaw.

[Tony stops suddenly, as if remembering something.]

TD2: Oh! I never answered your question, Mark! The reason I looked so happy earlier? Well, that's easy.

[TD2 laughs.]

TD2: I'm about to go get the first win of my career...and I get to do it the Wright way!

[We crossfade to another part of the backstage area where Willie Hammer is dressed in a pair of green and white trunks, a Combat Corner t-shirt, and a smile from ear to ear as he bounces back and forth from foot to foot. Colt Patterson is by his side as he raises the mic.]

CP: I'm back here right now with a young upstart who has raised all sorts of ruckus in the past several months. I'm talkin' about Willie Hammer. Kid, your mouth has been writing checks that your body just can't cover for months now. What's gonna be different about tonight?

[All of Hammer's teeth are on display as he settles down.]

WH: Tony Donovan is a lot of things... and he's NOT a lot of things, Colt. He's NOT an active member of the AWA roster... not yet at least. He's NOT a nice guy. He's NOT his old man, Robert Donovan. And most of all, he's NOT Supreme Wright.

CP: Which means?

WH: It means that while I might not have been able to get the job done against the AWA World Heavyweight Champion and I might not have the experience to beat a Longhorn Wrestling legend like Bobby Donovan... I damn sure can put his boy down for the one-two-three.

CP: I gotta ask the question, kid - why not just walk away from this? What do you get out of antagonizing Team Supreme week after week?

WH: What do I get? I get the chance to be the guy all up in the grill of Supreme Wright, of Cain Jackson, of Tony Donovan... of my boys from the Corner like Matt and Alex... like Max and Elijah... like Carlos and Bart...

[Hammer does a fist bump in the direction of the camera.]

WH: And I get the chance to step in there and show those guys... my friends... my classmates... the guys who should be on THIS side of the locker room fighting off the Wise Men and not standing alongside them carrying their bags... and I get to say... the "Wright Way"... is the wrong way, baby.

Tony Donovan is first... but he ain't gonna be last.

[Hammer breaks into one final grin before he nods at the camera.]

CP: Willie Hammer's ready to continue his ongoing battle with Team Supreme but is the third-generation Donovan too much for Hammer to handle? Time to find out so let's go down to "Precious" Phil Watson, jack!

[Crossfade to the ring.]

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

[The sounds of "California Love" kick in over the PA system.]

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

WILLLLLLLIEEEEEEE HAAAAAAAMMMMMERRRRR!

[With the music playing, Willie Hammer strides into view. He's wearing a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt, slapping his chest a few times as he absorbs the cheers from the crowd. Underneath the shirt, we spy a green and white pair of trunks and boots as well.]

GM: The hot, young rookie from Southern California is on his way down the aisle towards the ring where he'll take on another young rookie in Tony Donovan.

BW: It's time for Hammer to put up or shut up... and hopefully shutting up is in the cards for him. He's like that little kid who keeps trying to reach up on a high shelf and get a cookie out of the cookie jar. One day, he grabs hold of it and yanks on it... and pulls it right off onto his noggin. Yet the next day, he's still back there trying to get into that jar.

[Hammer surges through the aisle, pushing out his chest as he throws his arms back to cheers. He grins, slapping the hands of all the fans before he points to the ring, nodding while he makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: Willie Hammer made his AWA debut last fall at SuperClash V as part of that gigantic Steal The Spotlight matchup and has been on a pretty good roll since then... except for the loss to Supreme Wright, the World Champion at the time.

BW: Donovan's about to put an end to that roll.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Hammer steps into the ring, pulling off his Combat Corner t-shirt. He plants a kiss on it before chucking it into the crowd, giving a fan a special souvenir. He turns back towards the entryway, repeatedly swinging his large arms back and forth across his chest as the music fades down.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There is no music but the mere knowledge of who is coming brings a round of boos from the crowd.]

PW: Hailing from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, standing six feet, six inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds, he is a proud member of Team Supreme...

[The boos get louder as Tony Donovan emerges into the aisleway, flanked by a pair of unknown members of Team Supreme... and one very well-known member in Cain Jackson.]

PW: He is...

TONY...

DONOVAN...

THE SECOND!

[Tony Donovan II is wearing the Team Supreme track jacket over his ring attire, hood over his head, along with black wrestling boots and red kneepads. He throws his head, and the hood, back as he walks that aisle, grinning at the fans as they boo the hell out of him.]

GM: The son of Robert Donovan, the former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion. The grandson of Tony Donovan, "Tough" Tony who is a legend from the world of Mid-South Wrestling. Tony Donovan II certainly has the pedigree to be a major star in the world of wrestling but it remains to be seen if that bloodline carries over into success in the real world.

BW: There's been a lot of successful second and third generation competitors here in the AWA, Gordo... but there's also been quite a few who couldn't cut the mustard. We may be about to find out which category this kid fits into.

[TD2 steps on the ring apron, then turns, facing the crowd, raising both hands in the air and drawing another chorus of boos from the audience before unzipping his track jacket, tossing it to a ring attendant and stepping between the ropes, into the ring. Donovan turns and walks to a corner, leaning against it, adjusting the straps of his singlet, a cocky grin still etched on his face...

...until Willie Hammer comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air, and CRACKING Donovan on the jaw with a flying Superman punch as referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! And this promises to be a hot one, Bucky!

[Hammer backs off, throwing stiff jabs in the corner, rocking the third-generation competitor with blows to the face before leaning into a devastating forearm shot that buckles Donovan's knees, causing him to grab onto the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Hammer off to the quick start.

BW: He attacked the guy before the bell! Only the total incompetence of Ricky Longfellow is allowing this sham to continue at this point, Gordo. President Percy is going to need to do something about these officials.

[Hammer grabs the arm of Donovan, whipping him across from corner to corner. He throws himself back into the buckles, pumping a right arm up and down in the air...

...and then charges across the ring a second time, leaping up to land a forearm smash to the jaw!]

GM: Hammer's back and forth across the ring, really laying in the high impact shots on Tony Donovan who seems a bit out of sorts at the outset to this one. Cain Jackson looking on from the floor - as are two other members of Team Supreme, perhaps the very men who Willie Hammer called out earlier in his interview - his former classmates at the Combat Corner.

[We cut to the floor, showing those men with their tracksuit hoods up, partially obscuring their faces. Inside the ring, we see Hammer take a staggered Donovan up and over with a backdrop, again pumping his fists in celebration as the Team Supreme member bounces off the canvas.]

GM: Willie Hammer is fired up here tonight in Phoenix, looking to continue his winning ways and perhaps earn himself another shot at Supreme Wright who we'll see in our Main Event later tonight.

[Hammer turns back to the rising Donovan, blasting him with a chop across the chest. A second one sends the six foot six competitor falling back into the ropes where Hammer grabs the arm again...]

GM: Another whi- no, reversed by Donovan!

[The Combat Corner graduate hits the ropes, coming back hard as he ducks under a sloppy clothesline attempt by Donovan. Hammer hits the far ropes, really building a head of steam as he also ducks a backhand chop attempt.]

GM: Hammer's like a runaway train in there!

[He hits the ropes a third time, an out-of-control blur as he speeds back towards Donovan...

...and leaves his feet, dropping Donovan with a high impact running crossbody!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But that's all as Donovan lifts a shoulder.]

GM: Two count only off that impressive crossboy and Willie Hammer is rolling here...

BW: So is Donovan. He's rolling right out of the ring to get some counsel from his Team Supreme squadmates.

[Donovan wobbles, falling against the massive chest of Cain Jackson who angrily grabs him by the shoulders, shouting right into his face as Donovan attempts to stay on his feet...

...all of which is great except for the fact that a near three hundred man straight outta compton is racing across the ring, hitting the far ropes, bouncing back off...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and LAUNCHING himself up and over the top rope with one of the damndest somersault planchas you'll ever see, completely wiping out the Team Supreme huddle at ringside!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY THE YOUNG ROOKIE OUT OF LOS ANGELES!!

BW: You just know that Willie Hammer is hoping to earn himself a slot on the Battle Of Los Angeles card so he can get the chance to compete in front of his hometown fans. A win here tonight might get him that chance.

[Hammer climbs to his feet to cheers, rolling back into the ring as the referee starts a ten count on the downed Donovan.]

GM: You can be sure of that as we're just about a month away from that big event in the Fabulous Forum in Los Angeles. I'm told that tickets are selling incredibly fast for it and that if you can't be there in person, you will be able to join us right here LIVE on WKIK on Labor Day for the big event.

[Donovan staggers up at the count of three, trying to shake the cobwebs as he wobbles towards the ring apron, using the ropes to pull himself up.]

GM: Donovan almost back in but Hammer's coming to meet him...

[Hammer rears back and throws a right hand that Donovan blocks with his left arm...

...and then BLASTS Hammer with a well-placed and high impact uppercut on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Donovan promptly drops down to the floor, yanking Hammer's legs out from under him and dragging his lower body under the bottom rope. He grabs the left leg, lifting it way up high...

...and SLAMS the back of the knee down into the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Tony Donovan II showing a mean streak here against Willie Hammer - the same kind of mean streak that, I suppose, makes him a perfect fit inside Team Supreme.

[Donovan lifts the leg, attacking the knee a second time with a slam down on the ring apron. He uses the bad leg to yank Hammer out of the ring by it, hooking a loose biel...

...and HURLS the near three hundred pounder bodily into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: I think Donovan's had enough of this, daddy!

GM: It takes a whole lot of power to hurl a near three hundred pounder around like that. Very impressive.

BW: When you look at Donovan, you wouldn't really expect that kind of power out of him, Gordo. He's six foot six but a pretty lanky 260 pounds. He's got muscles but he's not a bodybuilder by any stretch of the imagination. The kid's got some strength in that frame though for sure.

[Donovan's smirk is quick to return as he hauls Hammer off the floor by his mini-afro, dragging him back towards the ring where he chucks him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Hammer put back in... Donovan rolling in after him. Tony Donovan, all of twenty years old... he'll be turning twenty-one at the Battle Of Los Angeles.

BW: If all goes according to plan, he'll be having quite the celebratory drink that night... legally, I might add.

GM: Plan? What plan? What are you talking about now?

BW: Nothing, Gordo. Nothing at all!

GM: I can't believe you'd still associate yourselves with these Wise Men after what we've already seen here tonight and what is still likely to come.

BW: Hey, the Wise Men are where the power lies, Gordo. I've been warning you about that for a long time now. You could be on the inside looking out too but you're too in love with your own reputation and your morals and your ethics. Me on the other hand? I'm in love with my wallet and what goes inside it as long as they keep sending those gimmicks in the mail they call bills.

[Donovan stomps Hammer's mini-afro a few times as he tries to stir off the canvas, putting him back down on all fours. The six foot six rookie grabs Hammer by the ankle, lifting his left leg skyward...

...and SLAMMING his knee down into the mat!]

GM: Goodness! Tony Donovan's got a clear gameplan at this stage of the contest as he's looking to debilitate that left knee and take the wheel right out from under Willie Hammer.

[Hammer crawls away from Donovan, using the ropes to pull himself up in the corner. The smirking Donovan gestures to himself to jeers from the crowd as he moves in, burying a knee up into the midsection. A second one doubles up Hammer, leaving him gasping for air as Donovan grabs an arm, whipping Hammer across...]

GM: Hammer hits the corner hard and in comes Donovan!

[The storming Tony Donovan II jumps a little bit at the last second, adding a little extra "oomph" to his corner avalanche, his 260 pounds slamming into Hammer's bulky frame.]

GM: That'll knock the wind right out of you as Donovan hooks a side headlock, charging out...

[And DRIVES Hammer facefirst into the mat with a bulldog headlock!]



GM: BULLDOG! That might do it, fans!

[He flips Hammer over onto his back, making the cover as Longfellow drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Hammer lifts the shoulder at two. Donovan puts his hands on his hips, kneeling on the mat as he glares at the official who holds up two fingers. The third-generation competitor gives Longfellow a dismissive wave as he gets back to his feet, grabbing Hammer's left leg and tucking it under his armpit...

...and then flips Hammer over into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: Donovan perhaps taking a page out of his trainer's playbook, slapping on this submission hold in the center of the ring.

BW: And I love a moment like this, Gordo. You can bet that Wright taught this hold to Donovan... so now we get to see if the submission hold of Supreme Wright is better than Willie Hammer's ability to escape it which was no doubt taught to him by Todd Michaelson.

GM: Tony Donovan was at the Combat Corner for quite a while as well. How do you know that Todd Michaelson didn't teach him this hold?

BW: It looks too good to be Michaelson's work.

GM: There's been a lot of fantastic guest trainers over the years in the Corner as well - men like Marcus Broussard, like Juan Vasquez, like "Stars And Stripes" Clayton Shaw who is the acting Head Trainer at the moment. Any one of them could be responsible for teaching Donovan the proper application of this hold. Just because Supreme Wright STOLE the students from the Combat Corner doesn't make him solely responsible for what they know inside that ring.

[Donovan leans back, wrenching the leg and back of the Combat Corner graduate who grimaces, stretching out, looking for a way to get to the ropes and escape the hold.]

GM: Hammer's trying to get to the ropes... no, he's trying a different way out this time.

[The big man from South Central Los Angeles plants his palms on the canvas, trying to push up off the mat and escape the punishing submission hold.]

GM: Willie Hammer's got this Phoenix crowd solidly behind him as he tries to find a way out of this hold.

BW: But with every second he stays in it, more damage is done to that knee that Donovan is cranking on.

[Hammer lets loose a shout as he shoves himself up off the mat, his arms at full extension...

...and then suddenly twists his body, slipping his other leg behind Donovan's legs as he jerks his left leg free, scissoring the legs between his and dragging Donovan down in a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!

[Donovan easily kicks out as Hammer's battered leg is unable to keep the scissorhold applied.]

GM: Hammer couldn't keep that legscissors applied. His leg has taken a lot of punishment in this matchup and that hold just took more leg strength to keep on the man than he had.

[Hammer rolls to a knee, grimacing as he pushes up off the mat. He takes a few ginger steps, trying to make sure he can put weight on the leg as Donovan gets up...

...and violently kicks Hammer in the back of the knee, flipping his legs up into the air and dropping him down on his back.]

GM: Goodness. Donovan just kicked the leg right out from under Willie Hammer and as we draw close to the ten minute mark in this match, Tony Donovan has established himself in control of this one.

[Reaching down, Donovan pulls Hammer up by the back of his green and white trunks, tugging him into a side waistlock...

...and hoists the near-three hundred pounder up, dumping him in a bridging belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That might do it, fans! Donovan gets one! He gets two! No! Hammer's out at two!

[The Phoenix fans cheer as Donovan angrily gets up, shouting at the official and gesturing at the downed Hammer from his knees. Longfellow again shows two fingers as Donovan climbs to his feet, turning to point to Cain Jackson.]

"This one's for you, big man!"

[Donovan backs off, slapping his right leg.]

GM: He says this one is for Cain Jackson perhaps setting up for Jackson's running big boot!

BW: Hey, at six foot six, Donovan's probably got a heck of a big boot of his own, Gordo.

GM: He certainly might.

[Donovan leans back against the ropes, arrogantly waving a hand for Hammer to rise to his feet.]

GM: Hammer's starting to stir, climbing to a knee... then up off the mat...

[Donovan surges forward, charging at Hammer...

...who sidesteps the running big boot, sending Donovan sailing past him. As the Pittsburgh native turns, Hammer grabs him under the armpits, launching him sky high into the air, and then sits out in a thunderous Rydeen Bomb!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER!! WHAT A COUNTER BY WILLIE HAMMER!!

[A dazed and hurting Hammer throws himself across Donovan's chest as Longfellow drops to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Donovan's shoulder comes flying off the mat to the disappointment of the Phoenix fans!]

GM: Near fall right there for Willie Hammer as he tries to put away young Tony Donovan and keep his rematch dreams with Supreme Wright alive.

[Hammer rolls off to a seated position, breathing heavily as he stares down at the mat before slowly getting to his feet. Donovan is on all fours, crawling away from Hammer as the Combat Corner graduate stalks after him.]

GM: Donovan over to the ropes, pulling himself up as Hammer approaches... ohh! Big clubbing forearm across the shoulderblades! And another!

[Hammer spins Donovan around, throwing a right jab to the bridge of the nose... and another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Hammer's opening up on Donovan against the ropes!

[He backs off, doing a little jig, shifting his hindquarters from side to side to a cheer...

...and then CRACKS Donovan with an uppercut of his own, sending Donovan over the ropes where he somehow manages to land on the ring apron!]

GM: Donovan goes up and over... but he's on the apron as Hammer leans over, dragging him to his feet...

[Hammer pulls him into a front facelock, slinging an arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: He's looking for a suplex! He's gonna bring Donovan in the hard way!

[The South Central native hoists Donovan up into the air...

...when Cain Jackson reaches under the ropes, yanking Hammer's legs out from under him and causing Donovan to fall onto Hammer's chest!]

GM: Jackson sweeps the legs out!

[The big man leans down, pulling down on Hammer's right ankle, preventing the kickout as the referee, staring at the shoulders, counts one... two...]

GM: No, not like this!

[...three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhh, give me a break, fans!

[Donovan rolls off of Hammer to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph as the fans jeer.]

PW: Your winner of the match... TOOOOONYYYYY DONNNNNNOOOVAAAAN!

[Donovan stays on his knees, repeatedly thrusting his arms in the air like he's won the World Title as Hammer sits up on the mat, glaring outside the ring at a smirking Cain Jackson.]

GM: Team Supreme literally just stole this match from Willie Hammer, Bucky!

BW: What the heck are you talking about, Gordo? That thug Willie Hammer tried to kick Cain Jackson in the mush and Cain had to slap his foot away to defend himself!

GM: And hold his leg down?!

BW: He was trying to keep Hammer from kicking him!

GM: You're absolutely ridiculous. That's not what happened and you know it, Bucky.

[Climbing to his feet, Hammer leans over the ropes, shouting down at Cain Jackson.]

GM: Willie Hammer is hot under the collar at this turn of events and who could possibly blame him?! He's shouting at Cain Jackson and-

[Tony Donovan cuts off Hammer by rushing at him from the blindside, throwing himself into a shouldertackle aimed at the back of Hammer's knee, knocking him down to the mat as the Los Angeles native cries out in pain.]

GM: Ohh! He clipped him! He clipped him from behind!

BW: Pretty hard to clip him from the front, Gordo.

[Donovan starts stomping the knee as an irritated Cain Jackson gestures towards the ring, the cue for the two unknown members of Team Supreme to slide in, joining Donovan in stomping Hammer down into the mat.]

GM: We've got a three-on-one inside the ring, three men beating the heck out of Willie Hammer and...

BW: Better check your numbers.

GM: Cain Jackson's coming in there too!

[Jackson instantly shouts for the trio to hold Hammer up. Each of the unknown Team Supreme members hold an arm on Hammer as Donovan yanks his head back by the mini-afro, shouting right in the face of the rookie.]

GM: Tony Donovan is right in Hammer's face and-

[Jackson comes charging across the ring, swinging his long leg up and catching Hammer flush on the chin, dropping him to the mat in a heap!]

GM: OHH! DOWN GOES WILLIE HAMMER OFF THE BIG BOOT!

[A cackling Tony Donovan kneels down over Hammer, pulling him up by the afro and shouting at him as the two unknown Team Supreme members continue to stomp Hammer into the mat...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: DONOVAN!

BW: No room on Tony's bandwagon for ya, Gordo.

GM: Not Tony... ROB!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where the seven foot veteran brawler is lumbering - slightly limping - down the aisle. His injured knee appears to be wrapped in a heavy metal brace...

...and that ain't the only thing metal coming towards the ring as a furious-looking Donovan has a steel chair gripped in his hands!]

GM: DONOVAN'S COMING FOR CAIN JACKSON!!

[The seven footer gets up on the apron...

...and Cain Jackson waves the two unknown Team Supreme members at him. They rush without hesitation, swarming Donovan before he can fully get through the ropes. The fists are flying, forearms clubbing down across the back of Donovan The Elder.]

GM: They're trying to cut him off before he can get into the ring!

[Donovan reaches up, palming the face of one of them and throwing them aside. He chucks aside the chair he was holding so that he can shove the other one down...

...which leaves him unarmed as he gets into the ring.]

GM: Donovan's in and-

[And finds himself face to face with his son.]

GM: This is... what's going to happen here?

[Tony Donovan doesn't back down from his father... and in fact, instantly starts running his mouth at his old man.]

GM: Tony Donovan is showing his father no respect at all! He's reading him the riot act and-

[We quickly learn that Tony Donovan's role is to distract his father as Cain Jackson slides in from the blind side, blasting Robert Donovan in the ear with a forearm smash!]

GM: Jackson attacks!

[The fists are crashing off the noggin of the elder Donovan, knocking him back against the ropes...

...where Donovan blocks two shots, landing a stiff headbutt to the eyesocket before grabbing Jackson by the back of the head, refusing to let him fall as he batters the bodyguard of Supreme Wright with haymaker after haymaker!]

GM: Donovan's beating the tar out of him!

[The seven footer abruptly grabs Jackson under the armpits...

...and FLINGS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor below to a big cheer!]

GM: He threw Jackson over the top rope like he was a cruiserweight!

[The seven footer turns to his son, glaring at him and pointing a finger of warning before stepping over the ropes, kneeling down to go after Jackson who is trying to move away from the ring.]

GM: Donovan's going after him- and the fight begins again!

[Jackson wheels around, throwing haymakers of his own as the crowd roars for the slugfest heading down the aisle towards the locker room. Tony Donovan steps up on the second rope, leaning over the top and shouting after his father and his ally...

...when he suddenly he gets yanked down from the ropes and drilled in the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: HAMMER'S BACK UP AND THE FIGHT IS ON ONCE MORE!

[Hammer only gets in a couple of blows before he gets attacked by the nameless Team Supreme members once more. An angry Donovan cracks him with an uppercut, knocking Hammer back down to the mat where the trio start putting the boots to him again...]

GM: We need some help out here for Willie Hammer! This is out of control!

[As Hammer is getting viciously stomped by three men, the crowd roars once more!]

GM: BRIAN JAMES! TORA!

[TORA gets there first and dives headfirst under the ring, charging at a Team Supreme member who throws a wild clothesline that the junior heavyweight ducks, leaping up to the middle rope...

...and springs back, wiping him out with a crossbody as James slides in, throwing stiff shots to the other Team Supreme member, battering him back against the ropes...]

GM: They're trying to bail out Willie Hammer from this terrible situation- ohh! Spinning back kick sends him through the ropes to the floor!

[Tony Donovan is still working over Hammer when he turns, spotting a waiting TORA and James. He throws his arms up, begging off...

...and then dives out to the floor, just out of reach of a furious Brian James who almost gets his black-taped fingers on him before Donovan gets to the floor, wagging a finger at the duo that just saved the Combat Corner graduate.]

GM: James and TORA make the save, sending Team Supreme scrambling out to the floor. They scattered the moment TORA and Brian James showed up!

BW: You mean the moment they stuck their noses where they don't belong!

[Inside the ring, we can see Brian James and TORA standing in front of Willie Hammer, who is writhing in pain on the mat. As TORA turns, motioning for the officials to aid Hammer out of the ring, Brian James motions for a microphone.]

BJ: I guess Supreme Wright had you two jerks doing push ups or something when TORA and I said we weren't going to stand by and watch and let you goons do whatever you wanted. And since you either didn't hear or didn't listen, you're just going to have to learn the hard way. Why don't you two get in here right now and show us what you've learned?

[There's a huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Brian James is laying down a challenge! He wants the two members of Team Supreme to get in the ring, and he wants them to do it right now!

[James, still fired up, shouts out to the floor.]

BJ: Come on, tough guys! Or are you afraid of what'll happen when you get in the ring with someone who is staring straight at you?

[In the ring, TORA has turned and is motioning for the two to get in the ring, asking the crowd if they "...want to see us take on these two punks?!" to a raucous positive reaction.]

BW: I am not sure what's happening, but it looks like we might have a match here, Gordo.

[The two semi-anonymous members look a bit flustered, not quite sure what course of action to take without Cain Jackson or Supreme Wright there to bark orders at them. They huddle together, before nodding in agreement and turning their attention back to the ring. One of them, a dirty blonde with long, shaggy hair grabs a microphone, trying to sound tough, but the nervousness in his voice is quite evident. He's not ready for the spotlight.]

"Dirty Blonde": Y-you want to take US on? W-well, if you want us...

[He hesitates for a moment, before shouting as his voice cracks.]

"Dirty Blonde": ...THEN YOU GOT US!!!

[Probably thinking that action could get them further in the business, the duo quickly take off their track jackets. One of them quickly takes off the #ScumbagTravis t-shirt he's wearing underneath, tossing it into the ring at TORA's feet while trying to hype himself up with slaps to the face. The other almost gets tangled up trying to take off his Team Supreme t-shirt, speed not just born of eagerness. Fear might be pushing him on too.]

GM: I don't know any of these young men at all, but they're in for a heck of a battle against two of the brightest rising stars in all of wrestling. This new team of TORA and Brian James is going to be very exciting!

BW: You actually don't know who these two are? Matt Lance and Alex Martin! My sources tell me these two got massive potential, Gordo!



[Lance is the first to slide into the ring, raising a fist as he charges across the ring... right into a scything roundhouse to the head that puts him back just as fast as he got up!]

GM: OH MY! What a kick!

BW: Well, of course...that potential is untapped at the moment.

[The other one, Alex Martin, a tall, well built young man, puts on the brakes. He sees his teammate go down and looks to blindside the second generation James wrestler, but is turned on the spot by TORA, who unleashes a brutal series of open hand strikes to the jaw and kicks to the leg before taking off with a spinning back kick that sends him flying into the corner.]

GM: These two... uh... Matt and Alex... from Team Supreme are in deep, deep waters here.

BW: Seriously, wow can you not know the names of these two? They were Combat Corner students! Follow the product, Gordo!

GM: TORA out, Brian James tagging him right back in and they're going to work. They're showing some stunning team work already. TORA whipping James out of the corner... and he PLASTERS Martin with a straight running knee to the face! My stars!

[Martin slumps slowly to a seated position, instantly squashed as TORA comes flying in, launching into a somersault like splash right onto him. His momentum never stops though, rolling off and springing to his feet only to suffer a slamming shot to the back from Matt Lance. Blindsiding Brian James, Lance hits a desperation leaping forearm to the ear. James staggers away and to the ropes, trying to regain his balance.]

GM: A shot like that is going to wreck your equilibrium, make it hard to concentrate and stay balanced. According to Bucky, Lance is apparently a Combat Corner student, so he's learned from some of the best in the industry today when it comes to teaching the new blood. He has James, Irish whip and... reversed!

[James shakes his head in fiery resistance, ducking down and lifting up a returning Lance.]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! What a bone rattling move by Brian James!

BW: Just like his dear old daddy, rest his soul.

GM: Bucky... wait! Alex Martin is back up!

[And he charges Brian James who then lays HIM out with a spinebuster!]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[Right behind the Team Supreme member comes TORA, jumping onto the apron and pulls himself with a leap to the top rope, landing shins first and using the momentum to bounce over in a somersault, extending his legs out at the last time, coming right across the young man's neck!]

GM: Another spectacular move by TORA! I don't even know what to call it, but it worked!

[TORA is urged to the corner by the referee, but Brian James follows him right up with Martin, lifting him from a front facelock onto the top rope. He puts his legs outside. He goes to climb but Matt Lance is up himself and charging in!]

BW: The numbers are catching up!

GM: He ran right into that spinning backfist! Brian James just leveled Matt Lance!

[And then he goes up, tagging TORA and quickly saying something to send him to the other turnbuckle. James climbs... and pauses to soak in the cheers of the crowd. He hooks an arm... hooks the leg... and plants his feet.]

GM: Here it comes... SUPERPLEX!

[Alex Martin is taken wayyyyyyy over with the superplex, bouncing on impact. At that very moment TORA leaps from his own perch, spinning wildly as he does and landing straight across the Team Supreme member's chest with a twisting shooting star press!]

GM: FIRE IN THE SKY!

[James runs over and knocks down a rising Lance with a leaping knee to the temple as TORA hooks a leg deep.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! And a gigantically impressive showing here by TORA and Brian James not only as a team for the first time, but coming out here to stand for something right.

BW: Right... wrong... why is it all shades of black and white with you?

GM: Willie Hammer got helped to the back during all of that...

BW: After losing to Tony Donovan! So, the way I look at it, Team Supreme got the better of that exchange.

GM: Huh? At best, it was a split for them! They won the singles match through underhanded means, I might add... but lost the tag team match.

BW: Yeah, but the tag match featured two wet-behind-the-ears students. You've got more ring time than they do, Gordo.

GM: You're unbelievable. You really, truly are. Fans, we've got to take a quick break. Don't go away because we'll be right back!

[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...]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where I am here with William Payne, who has brought back the Samoan Hit Squad to the AWA and brought them in with gusto. However, the Samoans were not able to win the Tag Team Battle Royal last time out. That has to be disappointing, considering the prize up for grabs.

[Panning out we see the aforementioned William Payne standing off to the side, shaking his head and rubbing a golden ring adorned hand exasperatedly over his face. He is dressed for business in a grey business

suit, blue dress shirt and red tie completing the attire. His wrist drips with the diamond and gold shine of a brand new rolex.]

WP: Don't you get it yet, Mark?

[An exaggerated sigh escapes.]

WP: Manu. Scola. The Samoan Hit Squad. THE two most dangerous men not only in the tag team division. Not only in the AWA. Not only in professional wrestling. THE two most dangerous men on the planet did NOT care about winning that battle royal. Don't you get it?

[Payne seems to wait for an answer but once Stegglet goes to speak he is immediately interrupted.]

WP: The Samoan Hit Squad is not in this to win titles and glory. They aren't in this for fame and fortune. They are in this to hurt people, fight people, cause mayhem and brutality. The Samoan Hit Squad, Mark, are a primal force of destruction that I, William Payne if you didn't know who I am, unleashed once again upon the AWA.

MS: So...

WP: Shut up, Mark.

[This time it's Stegglet that sighs.]

WP: Not only did I, William Payne, bring them back to the AWA. But I, William Payne, brought them back with new focus, new purpose, new energy and new ferocity. Think what you will, you'll be wrong, but think what you will about the Samoans. They're bigger now. They're stronger now. They're more destruction, more ferocious, more hungry then EVER before, thanks to me, William Payne.

And now, the entire tag team division in the AWA is going to learn that the hard way.

MS: The Samoans seemed to have gotten into a tussle with the Northern Lights after being eliminated from the--

WP: ELIMINATED?! That would intimate that the Samoans were defeated. The Samoans don't lose because they aren't here to compete. Godzilla did NOT compete with Japan. Pompeii did NOT compete with Vesuvius. A car windshield does NOT compete with an insect. The heel of my boot does NOT compete with a bug on the sidewalk.

And that's what everyone else in this division, including the Northern Lights are...

[Payne stops, shakes his head, takes a deep breath and runs both hands over his face as, to the other side of Mark Stegglet appear the Northern Lights themselves. Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet are clad in their

white-and-blue wrestling attire. Both Lights are clean-shaven and fresh faced, drawing positive female fan reaction for their classically-handsome appearance. The black-mulleted Rousseau and the brown medium-length haired Choynet stand side by side, confronting Payne.]

RR: We couldn't help but hear your message two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling. The one where you sent your thugs to beat up Henry Porten and said that nobody challenges the Samoan Hit Squad.

CC: Well, here we are. Challenging the Samoan Hit Squad. What do you think about that?

WP: I think...

[Payne taps the corner of his phone against his temple, deep in thought.]

WP: ...that you two are absolutely insane. Listen, sir, the fact is you DO NOT challenge the Samoans. NO ONE in the right frame of mind, with any sanity whatsoever in their brain, challenges those two men.

CC: So let me ask you a question, then. If you don't want anyone to challenge you... why are you here?

WP: What is that supposed to mean?

RR: It means that we don't think you really understand what this sport is supposed to be about! If you don't want the best competition in the world knocking your door down to get a shot at you, then there's no point to being a professional wrestler. It looks to us like you want your savages to fight a bunch of easy targets so you can get some easy money.

CC: Rene and I may not be as big as your goons. We may not be as needlessly violent as your goons. We may not have such an unyielding dedication to mindless mayhem that we gave up the ability to function in normal human society, like your goons. But among the many things we DO better than the Samoan Hit Squad is wrestle! And any time you want to send Scola and Mafu out to see what happens when they're in the ring with somebody who can take what they dish out and put them face-first on the mat for their troubles... the Northern Lights will oblige you!

RR: That's right! We see that your boys are tough, dangerous, and all of that. But we don't care! They're in the big leagues now, and you're not going to terrify anybody here in the AWA. Least of all us.

WP: That's where you are wrong. That. Is. Where. You. Are. Wrong.

[From the opposite side of the Lights come the lumbering girth of two scary men. Manu and Scola come behind their manager, snarling and grunting, Payne reaching two arms back to hold the bulldozers from moving forward.]

WP: Well... you are right in ONE regards. We are not going to scare anybody. These two men (thumbs over his shoulders) are going to scare...

EVERYBODY. And... because you so strongly demanded it we'll start with the Northern Lights.

[The Samoans go to surge forward, the Northern Lights right there to stand up to them. They raise their hands defensively, ready for the fight of their lives. Payne simply reaches up one hand.]

WP ...but not tonight. After the destruction The Samoan Hit Squad has wrought in the past few weeks, as you seen a few scant moments ago, it's time for these two men to have a well deserved night off. But your destruction. The end of the Northern Lights. The challenge you want us to answer oh so stupidly. It'll happen on a big stage. Not in front of these Arizonan nobodies, but in the home of... HOLLYWOOD!

That's right, Mark.

[Mark hasn't even tried to interject is outright confused.]

WP: We just accepted the Northern Lights' challenge and will destroy them in the bright lights of... THE BATTLE OF LOS ANGELES!

[Payne smirks at the nodding fan favorites before he forces his tag team to exit out of the camera's view.]

MS: The Northern Lights versus The Samoan Hit Squad at The Battle Of Los Angeles. Now, that should be something else. Fans, let's go back out to the ring with big Jack Lynch in action!

[Cut to the ring where Jack Lynch stands in the corner, handing his black cowboy hat over to the ring attendant.]

GM: Alright, fans... during that interview with William Payne, we saw the entrances of both Allen Allen, and his opponent, Dallas' own Jack Lynch. Phil Watson is just about to make introductions.

BW: Tell you what Gordo, I'm already startin' to lose a little faith in President Percy.

GM: What? I don't believe it. Why's that?

BW: Well, two weeks in, and there's a damned Stench in the ring! What kind of leader allows that sort of atrocity?

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

BW: Them Stenches have a way of leaving everyone speechless. Mostly because you're trying not to open your mouth and breath in any of that Stench stink!

GM: Bucky, you can at least take faith that Percy has appointed Marty Meekly as the referee.

BW: All right, my faith is starting to return!

[Just before Phil Watson starts to introduce the principals, another voice intrudes over the PA.]

PC: If I may interrupt for just one moment, please.

[Oh, yes, it is the AWA President, Percy Childes. Standing at the top of the aisle, on the interview platform, Percy has a wireless mic in hand.]

PC: I made a promise to make the AWA a better place for all of its talent, and that means making rules clarifications when needed for the health and safety of all of its wrestlers.

We have already established on previous programs that the Iron Claw is a dangerous, technically-illegal hold which can inflict undue grievous harm to the brain. And though the prior regime disputed the point... that's no longer an issue, is it?

Therefore, from this time on... the IRON CLAW IS BANNED!

[BOOOOOOOOOOO! Upon hearing this, Jack Lynch goes over to the ropes, leaning forward, shouting something at Percy, threatening to put the claw on him. Immediately, Meekly gets between Jack and the ropes, demanding he back off.]

GM: I CAN NOT BELIEVE IT! HOW BIASED IS THAT?!

PC: In addition, by special request, I have allowed Demetrius Lake to come and provide expert commentary for this match, but let it be known that Mr. Lake is under strict orders not to interfere in this match or perpetrate an ambush after the match. Mr. Lynch, you may do the same for Mr. Lake's next match under the same provision.

[The crowd boos as the self-styled King Of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake, strides down the aisle with a big smile on his bearded face. The six-nine dark-skinned "Black Tiger" is wearing a dark grey business suit, black undershirt, and bluish-grey patterned silk tie. His black fedora causes his round afro to billow out a bit, and he walks with swagger. Jack Lynch is again against the ropes, demanding Lake get into the ring with him. The Black Tiger pointedly ignores the cowboy's demands.]

BW: What a treat! We get to work with the King, Gordo!

GM: [sardonically] This night just gets better and better.

[As Meekly calls for the bell, Jack Lynch comes barreling out of the corner, catching Allen Allen with a jumping knee that catches him on the point of the chin.]

GM: Jack Lynch is already fired up. No doubt his temper inflamed by the heinous actions of Percy Childes!

BW: Hey Gordo, let's not ruin these fans' time by talking about Jack Stench! Let's talk about what a great honor it is to be joined by the king of wrestling! Can I just say, hail to the king!

DL: Thank you, Bucky Wilde, it is a special honor to work alongside the five time Announcer Of The Year. The King Of Announcing, if I may say.

BW: Let me assure you, the honor is all mine, Mr. Lake!

[Meanwhile, in the ring, Jack Lynch has been taking it to Allen Allen. Whipping him into the ropes and catching him with a big back body drop, only to bounce himself off the ropes and drop and elbow into the center of Allen's chest. After each move, Jack pauses, motioning to Lake to join him in the ring, and each time, the King of Wrestling pretends not to see it.]

GM: If I could just interrupt this little mutual admiration society to remind you that there's a match happening in the ring.

BW: A Jack Stench match! No one cares!

GM: And also, that I'm here in the broadcast booth with you two adoring fans of one another!

DL: I don't concern myself to recall the name of people who do not matter. But I have made an exception for Jack Lunch, only because I have to rid the world of the bum.

[Allen Allen tries to mount a comeback, as he ducks under a clothesline attempt and hits Jack Lynch in the chest with a standing dropkick. A quick cover doesn't even get him a one count, as Lynch kicks out easily.]

GM: Let me remind you both that the man's name is Jack Lynch. Not Jack Stench, and certainly, not Jack Lunch.

DL: He is Jack Lunch, because I would eat the man alive in the ring. And I have done so on many occasions and I will do it again real soon. And for the rest of the Lunch family, I can assure you that the Lunch family tree is a cactus. Everybody on there is what you would call a pri-

GM: Hey, hey, hey! You can't say that!

DL: I wouldn't normally use that word as it is vulgar and beneath me, but there's no more appropriate way to express the Lunch family.

[Allen sends Lynch to the ropes, and hits him with a shoulderblock that sends Lynch to the mat. Again, Allen tries to capitalize on his momentary advantage, as he bounces off the ropes and leaps at a just coming to his feet Lynch. The tall, rangy cowboy, however, has the presence of mind to catch Allen and twist his body, driving Allen into the mat with a huge bodyslam. Lynch stands over the prone Allen, who writhes in agony, and points to Demetrius Lake once more.]



GM: I'd say, Mr. Lake, that bodyslam was a message to you.

DL: Look at that slam right there, drivin' the man directly on the eighth vertebrae. Look at that hard look. He wishes that was me he was slammin' in there. He wishes he COULD slam me that way. When Jack Lunch beats on some poor man that never learned how to wrestle or tie his boots correctly, he always imagines that it is the King Of Wrestling, because that's the closest he could ever come to beating me. His mind's eye is the only eye that has ever witnessed Jack Lunch beating me, and that eye has cataracts the size of a Volkswagen.

BW: Yeah, but we all know that Jack Stench doesn't have the backbone required to pick up the massive, and might I add, finely tuned, frame of the King of Wrestling!

[Now fully in control of the match, Jack Lynch shows off some of his wrestling skills, as he executes a chain wrestling sequence, going from a collar and elbow tie up, to an arm wringer, into an arm scissors takedown, and then extending his long legs over Allen's captured arm, stretching and pulling back, making Allen scream.]

GM: A perfectly executed series of moves there, and you have to admire the technique of Jack Lynch.

DL: Look, I do not deny the man his due. He is above the average. He could beat fifty, maybe sixty percent of wrestlers most every time. You'd have to say he was the favorite in those matches, and maybe he could upset every once in a while the next thirty percent up. He is at least that good, but the King Of Wrestling is the top percent. Myself, Terry Shane The Third, Johnny Detson, maybe even Pipedream Wright, up in that very top percent. A man like Jack Lunch, he have no chance to beat someone like us. He would just get beaten unmercifully like this boy here he's in the ring with.

BW: Don't forget Gordo, you're sitting near the man who sent Jack Stench scurrying out of St. Louis!

GM: I'm sitting next to the man who cheated to win a match against Jack Lynch. And might I add, that also lost his Missouri State Championship to Jack Lynch on Mr. Lynch's first night in St. Louis.

BW: I don't remember that happening, so it must not have!

[Wanting to extend Allen's suffering, Lynch releases the armbar, and sends Allen into the ropes. As Allen rebounds, Lynch launches himself into the air, driving his lanky body into Allen's.]

GM: FIERRO PRESS!! And now, Jack Lynch hammering away.

BW: With illegal fists!

[Perhaps hearing Bucky, referee Marty Meekly gets between Allen and Lynch, forcing the latter to back off.]

BW: There he is, Marty Meekly, the last honest official!

GM: I'm not even going to dignify that with a response.

[Lynch backs off, but the moment Allen is on his feet, Lynch whips him hard into the corner, and follows up with a clothesline. Apparently having forgotten about Meekly's earlier admonishment, Lynch drags Allen up and begins to repeatedly drive his fist into Allen's face, the fans gleefully counting along with the punches.]

GM: Jack Lynch with some of the hardest hands in the business.

BW: And after Ryan Martinez, the emptiest head!

DL: You can see Jack Lynch relies on the closed fist too much. That is the crutch of a man who does not know to wrestle.

GM: As opposed to the thumb?

DL: The thumb strike to the nerve point of the sternum is a legal blow that requires skill, and this fool would break his thumb tryin' it.

GM: I had no idea that the sternum extended up into the windpipe.

DL: Yours just might, Mr. TV Announcer, if you keep talkin' that way.

BW: Gordo! Stop antagonizing him!

[Finally, Meekly has had enough, and again, he forces Lynch to back off. A dazed Allen stumbles forward, right into the waiting hands of Jack Lynch. Lynch wastes no time in kneeing Allen in the stomach, which causes him to double over, allowing Lynch to lift Allen up and drive him into the mat with a gutwrench suplex.]

GM: Jack Lynch on a roll, and even you have to agree that this man is a major threat, Mr. Lake.

DL: I could agree with you, Mr. TV Announcer, but then both of us would be wrong.

[With Allen near motionless, Lynch makes his way to the ropes, leaning over them, his arm extended, his fingers flexing towards his body, nearly demanding Demetrius Lake get in the ring with him.]

BW: Ha! Stench can't focus with the King at ringside. He should be followin' up, but he came over here to speak his mind.

DL: If Jack Lynch spoke his mind, Bucky, he'd be speechless.

[Sensing he'll get no satisfaction, Lynch lifts his right arm in the air, and as the fans begin to come unglued, his fingers curl forward, as he lunges towards Allen.]

GM: The Iron Claw is coming!

BW: The ILLEGAL Iron Claw!

[At the very last minute, Meekly gets in front of Jack, and very nearly gets clawed himself, only to have Lynch pull back at the very last second.]

GM: Marty Meekly is all over Jack Lynch, reminding him that the Iron Claw is illegal, and any use of it will get him disqualified.

DL: Look at that bum. He don't have his illegal finishing move, so he has to figure something out. No doubt about it, he don't need a finishing move against this boy he's in with today. But against a real ath-e-lete, what's he going to do?

GM: It's too bad that he can't suck up to the President and get his opponent's finisher banned, too. Though he wouldn't do that because he's not afraid of anyone's finishing move.

DL: What kind of low, dirty comment is that? That's like sayin' a man shouldn't want his opponent to be disqualified for usin' a steel chair because he shouldn't be afraid of a steel chair. Mr. TV Announcer, you are ignorant, and if you don't like what's goin' on you can find the door real easy. EXIT signs glow red. Blind as you are, even you could find it.

GM: I'm very nearly at that point.

[Incensed now, Lynch charges past Meekly and takes hold of Allen. As the fans once more count, Lynch drives Allen's head repeatedly into the turnbuckle. Once again, Meekly is right there, grabbing hold of Lynch's elbow, trying to pull him away. Jack doesn't shove Meekly away so much as he shrugs him off, but Meekly stumbles back in exaggerated fashion.]

BW: Look at that, Jack Stench thinks he's his scumbag brother and the referee is Sunshine!

GM: Will you stop!?

[Jack Lynch then does something very rare, as he puts his back to the turnbuckles, and grabs hold of the top rope, pulling himself up to the second turnbuckle. Slowly, Allen begins to stand and Lynch leans forward, taking hold of Allen's hair and pulling him back. Lynch bends and extends his knee, pressing it into the center of Allen's shoulder blades. He uses his other foot to push himself off the ropes, driving Allen face first into the canvas.]

DL: Wait a minute!

BW: What was that?!

GM: I'll tell you what that was! That's called Calf Branding. Do you remember that sixty five minute Texas Death match between Blackjack Lynch and Hamilton Graham? That's what eventually put Graham away!

[Lynch rolls Allen over and covers him, looking forward and glaring at Lake the whole time.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! THIS IS OVER!

DL: Wait just a minute! That move he just did... I'm sure that was not a legal move!

GM: You look a bit nervous there, King.

DL: I have got to go do the research on that, but something in subsection E doesn't jibe with what I just saw. No question about it, that was an illegal move and we will get to the bottom of that, I can assure you!

PW: Your winner of the match...

JAAAAAAACKKKKKKKK LYYYYNNNCHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

GM: Jack Lynch proving that he's got more weapons in his arsenal than just the Iron Claw. Weapons that you should be afraid of, Mr. Lake.

DL: It don't matter how many illegal moves he does, Jack Lunch is a bum and I will run him out of Mexas!

GM: We're in Arizona!

DL: Then maybe he should look around and buy a house. Because when I finish with him, he will not show his face in the AWA again, if he even has a face at that point! He can come live with all these bum Arizonans. They never appreciated Johnny Detson properly here, so they obviously don't know class when they see it. And lookin' around, it looks like they got a bunch of cripples in this state too. He can bring Little Jimmy and they'll both fit right in.

GM: Give me a break! Sir, I believe you were the guest announcer for this match and this match alone. This match is over.

DL: You watch what you're sayin', Mr. TV Announcer. The King can take your spot on a permanent-like basis. You just say the word.

BW: Oh, that'd be fantastic!

GM: I've got a job to do and that's to keep these fans informed... just like Jason Dane.

BW: You keep talkin' like that and you might end up "promoted" too... just like Jason Dane.

GM: It may very well happen that way but if I'm going out, I'm going out telling the truth to the AWA faithful. Fans, Jack Lynch is your winner but the big story here is that the Iron Claw has once again been banned... and you have to think that this time, it may be a while before we see that particular hold if Percy Chiles has his way.

DL: That's President Percy Chiles to you.

GM: Of course. Fans, two weeks ago, a competitor by the name of JP Driver who had been missing in action for quite some time following an assault at the hands of the tag team known as Walking Dead made his return... a disturbing, bizarre return which had him send a message from an individual known as Jericho Kai who says he's coming... he's coming home. Earlier this week, we got this very intriguing message from the Walking Dead so let's take a look...

[We fade away from the ring where a seething Jack Lynch is making his exit...

...and back up inside a dark cement-walled bunker. There's a simple naked bulb hanging overhead. The bulb weakly illuminates the gloom. It casts a harsh silhouette against the pale grey wall. The unformed silhouette of a man is thrown against the uneven surface. No features are evident. All we hear is a voice. The voice is stained with bourbon-soaked drawl and what seems to be menace.]

"The world is an evil place, my friends. I want you to think about something really interesting. One man's evil is another man's good. Evil is naught but a man putting his own needs selfishly and absolutely over the needs of others. One man has to suffer for another man to prosper.

Men routinely commits acts of atrocity against one another all the time. The victor gets to claim he is good and right. The loser is called evil and wrong. It's an endless cycle of lies, man. And that is what professional wrestling has become.

Selfish men committing selfish acts one against the other all while claiming some moral high ground and some moral right. And it's all lies. All these selfish men want is their own glory. They've forgotten that wrestling is a sacred sport.

Wrestling is the sport of the Gods. And the Gods are watching over everything that happens in that ring. And let me tell you, brothers... the Gods are not happy with what they see. They're not happy at all. First they sent the Dead. Now... now they're sending me."

[The silhouette's shoulders shake with laughter.]

"Jericho Kai is coming home. And the judgment of the Gods is coming with me. We're going to shine our light on you. And you will either follow The Light ... or be left for the jackals."

[We slowly fade to black, holding there for a few moments before...

...we fade back to the ring where two men have already entered. Phil Watson is ready as well.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Austin, Texas... weighing in at 261 pounds... Benjamin Depue!

[He hops up on a midbuckle, his long black hair back in a ponytail. His fairly muscular frame is jammed into a pair of mid-thigh length black tights, black boots, and white wristbands as he shouts for the fans to cheer him. They don't.]

PW: And his opponent... from the Inner Madness Of His Mind... weighing in at 302 pounds...

THE LOOOOOOSSSSST BOOOOOOOOOOY!

[The Lost Boy, whose head was dipped down, resting on the top turnbuckle, snaps his head back at the sound of his "name" and the accompanying cheers from the crowd who are thankful for him saving Travis Lynch recently. The burly brawler's torso is bare, thick and solid, but not muscled. He's in a pair of plain black trunks and boots covered in animal fur. He grabs at his wild black hair, tied up in a topknot, pulling his head back, lolling a bright red painted tongue out of his mouth as he rolls his eyes back in his head. His face is covered in badly-smudged green paint and jet black paint circles around his eyes.]

GM: The Lost Boy will be in action here tonight after having what some might describe as a change of heart in recent weeks.

BW: You mean when he lost his nerve and became another Stench apologist?

GM: I mean when he felt enough was enough after being humiliated by Sunshine and he allied himself with Travis Lynch after Lynch helped him at Guts & Glory.

[As the bell sounds, Depue rushes forward, throwing a solid dropkick at the chest of The Lost Boy, causing him to stumble a few steps back. The athletic Depue scampers back to his feet, leaving them for a second one...]

GM: Two big dropkicks out of Benjamin Depue seems to shake The Lost Boy but not take him off his fee-

[As Depue sets for another one, the face-painted brawler grabs his topknot, rushing forward and delivering a battering ram style headbutt to the sternum of Depue, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: The unusual offensive style of The Lost Boy as he uses his skull as a battering ram right there on his opponent.

[Depue gets back up, grabbing at his chest as The Lost Boy uses his grip on his own hair to yank his head back, slamming it down in another headbutt, this time right between the eyes, a blow that knocks Depue into the corner, his arms flung over the ropes to stay standing.]

GM: Big headbutt again, this one right to the head!

[Depue pushes off the ropes, rushing at the face-painted brawler. He makes a leap, jumping up with a hopeless right hand...

...and getting snatched out of the sky in a bearhug!]

GM: Bearhug by The Lost Boy, squeezing the life out of the youngster from Austin, Texas...

[But before he can really get the hold sunk in deep, The Lost Boy rushes towards another corner, smashing him backfirst into the buckles with enough impact to shake the ring!]

GM: Whoa my! Did you see the ring shift right there?!

BW: I ain't blind like Kinsey - of course I saw it! This three hundred pound beast could break down the whole ring and I'm not sure he'd even know it. It's fitting that this idiot would be a buddy of the Stenches. He's too dumb to realize who and what they really are.

GM: I'd love to hear you tell him that in person.

BW: Without Sunshine here to translate for him, he'd have no idea what I was saying, Gordo. Speaking of which, can I just say what a horrible travesty it is to add another name to the list of men who've let Sunshine down? James Stench, the Beale Street Bullies... now this guy too? No wonder she just wants her apology so she can call it a day.

GM: Do you honestly believe that? Do you really think Sunshine plans to walk away from this war with the Lynches if Travis apologizes to her here tonight?

BW: Of course! She's a woman of her word, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[While the announcers were bantering, The Lost Boy slammed a half dozen knees into the ribs before pulling Depue into a short-arm knee to the gut, leaving him gasping for air down on the mat. Looking out at the cheering crowd, The Lost Boy grabs his topknot again...

...and drops into a falling headbutt, slamming his skull into the kidneys!]

GM: Good grief! Just a brutal, physical assault on Benjamin Depue by The Lost Boy... and what's he got in mind now?

[Backing to the corner with a loud bellow, The Lost Boy steps up on the middle rope, facing in towards Depue who rolls over onto his back...

...and with another loud bellow, this one a very clear "WAAAAAAFF!", he leaps from his perch, dropping a big knee down into the chest from the second rope!]

GM: Kneedrop off the second rope! And that oughta do it, fans!

[Keeping the knee on the chest, The Lost Boy pulls the leg close to his chest in a leghook.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Lost Boy pushes up to his knees, looking up at the referee who nods at him, moving to raise his hand...

...but the face-painted brawler rips his hand away, clasping his hands together, and slams a double axehandle down into the sternum once... twice... and three times, mimicking the referee's count as he waves to the timekeeper afterwards.]

GM: Heheh.

BW: Oh, you think that's funny? This lunatic gets put in the ring without anyone to control him, beats the heck out of a guy... and then beats him up some more AFTER the bell and you think it's funny?

GM: He's just having some fun in there, Bucky.

BW: Well, I just got word from President Percy that YOU are going to be the one to try and interview him. Let's see how much fun you have with that.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Alright, fans... excuse me while I go serve the whims of a madman.

[A "CLUNK!" is heard as Gordon drops his headset on the table, vacating his seat and climbing into the ring where The Lost Boy is still kneeling as the official rolls Depue out of the ring.]

GM: An impressive victory right there for The Lost Boy over Benjamin Depue. I'd like to get a word with...

[Gordon looks down at the kneeling Lost Boy, staring at him for a moment.]

GM: I'm not really sure what to call him. Mr. Lost Boy?



[The Lost Boy doesn't seem to hear Gordon, staring straight ahead.]

GM: Is he even... Mr. Lost Boy, can you hear me?

[The Lost Boy's head tilts, his gaze drifting over to Gordon Myers.]

TLB: Gorrerrrdon.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Yes, yes... Gordon Myers. That's me. Do you prefer to be called...?

[The Lost Boy abruptly gets to his feet, grabbing Gordon's mic arm, pulling it closer.]

TLB: GORRRRRDON!

[Gordon's eyes go wide as he tries to pull his arm back.]

GM: Easy. Easy there, fella. I just wanted to get some words from you after your victory tonight... especially as we look back to two weeks ago when you helped Travis Lynch against the team of Dichotomy. Can you explain why - after weeks of warring with Travis - you came to his aid?

[The Lost Boy runs a hand over his scarred forehead.]

TLB: Travis... help me.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: That's true. Travis Lynch came back to the ring to help you after Sunshine attack-

TLB: SUNSHINE! BAD!

[Gordon nods, his eyes wide again as The Lost Boy jerks his arm.]

TLB: SUNSHINE TRY HURT!

GM: She... yes, she tried to hurt you.

[The Lost Boy sadly nods, looking down at the mat.]

GM: But Travis helped you.

[He continues to nod.]

GM: So, you helped him in return?

[The Lost Boy gives what might be a smile.]

TLB: Travis need me? Me there. WAAAFF! WAAAFF! WAAAFF!

[The Lost Boy lifts a hand in the air, drawing cheers from the crowd. He nods before patting Gordon on the back... hard.]

GM: Well, I'm not sure we got a whole lot out of that but I'm thinking that if Travis Lynch finds himself in need of an ally, he's got one - and a dangerous one - in The Lost Boy. Right now, let's go over to the interview platform and Mark Stegglet to hear from the tag team I mentioned moments ago - the duo known as Dichotomy!

[We cut to Mark Stegglet at the interview platform, along with the tandem of Dichotomy.

The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He's wearing a black button-up work shirt with a Stark Industries logo on the chest, grey slacks, and dress shoes.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. He's wearing a dark grey T-Shirt featuring an image of a Dalek breaking through a wall, dark jeans, and white sneakers.

The crowd boos the bitter heels, as they stand next to Stegglet with a posture that indicates unhappiness.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and as you mentioned, with me at this time, two men who were victorious earlier tonight in a pre-show match, Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner, Dichotomy.

[Before Mark can ask a question, Hoefner snatches the microphone away from him.]

MH: Yeah, rub it in, jerk. A pre-show match. They put the two singles guys who couldn't win a match in fifteen minutes at Guts & Glory, and give THEM a tag match for no real reason, but leave us off the television show?

MS: We gave you this interview time!

MG: We are not fiscally compensated for interview time. And the payout for non-televised matches is only seventy percent that of televised matches. At this rate, I won't achieve my doctorate until 2024.

MH: Matt and I both have things we need to do in life, and wasting it in front of these drizzling idiots ain't one of them. We had to sit back there and listen to Gordon Myers squee like a prepubescent girl over TARO and Billy James...

MS: That's TORA and Brian James.

MG: Only Gordon Myers cares. But then, I suppose that is why the marketing arm of the company hires that sort of person.

MS: Are you... Percy Childes is running around as the President, and you're STILL thinking there's some horrible conspiracy against \_you\_?

MH: Childes has never said three words to us, because we came from the Combat Corner and he'd as soon burn the joint down as look at it. Which means we have one thing in common, anyway.

MG: However, if President Childes is serious about his claim that he wishes to create a more amenable working situation for all wrestlers, and not merely those who are under his, Doyle's, or Hayes' direct control, then reserving televised tag team matches for actual tag teams would be an excellent start. We look forward to being able to earn some money on the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

MH: And derail the hype train for losers like TOTO and Bradley James while you're at it. Just because one of them filled out his contract with the Caps Lock button on and the other apparently has some pseudo-famous dad we never heard of, we should care? Give me a break.

MS: That's all the time we have-

MG: That's all of these droning plebes we can stand. Convenient.

[The boos continue as Dichotomy exits. Hoefner starts to hand the mic back to Stegglet, but drops it just before Stegglet can touch it. And then Ginn "accidentally" kicks it away as he passes, leaving an angry interviewer fuming on the stage.]

GM: With attitudes like that, we should fire them and be done with it!

BW: Why? Because they called you out on your cheerleading? Because they're right?

GM: Right?! Bucky, you're the same man who went bananas on Rick Marley talking about a glass ceiling!

BW: Dichotomy isn't claiming a glass ceiling! They are pointing out that two singles guys are getting fast tracked over them with a suspicious level of hype based on the fact that they have not done a thing. Tell me what part of that is wrong.

GM: All of it!

BW: The squeaky wheel gets the grease. That's all they're doing. And I thought you'd be thrilled to see somebody you don't like call out Percy on something. Which I gotta talk to them about, because that was unwise.

GM: Wasting any more time or breath on those two ingrates is unwise.

BW: See? That's just proving them right, Gordo!

GM: We'll be back after this.

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 ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring, from the great state of Texas... at a total combined weight of 466 pounds... they are the team of Nick Crick and Miles Giles!

[Very mild applause as the black-haired Crick and the blond Giles bounce up and down in the center of the ring, swinging their elbows out as if stretching. They look at each other, then clasp hands in an elbows-down, hands up handshake that resembles arm wrestling. Crick then grips Giles on the shoulders from behind, encouraging his teammate. Giles beams a huge smile and raises a triumphant fist.]

PW: And their opponents...

[“Bad to the Bone,” by George Thorogood and the Destroyers, blares out over the arena.]

PW: Now making their way to the ring, they hail from Fairbanks, Alaska and weighing in at a combined 531 pounds... wrestling Hall of Fame member Gunnar “Grizzly” Gaines and his son, Justin “Kodiak” Gaines... together they are...

THE BADDEST THANGS RUNNING!

[Gunnar pops out through the curtain with his son Justin close behind. It’s been several months since we’ve seen them, and their look has changed. The formerly buzzcut Gunnar has his hair long again, tied back in a ponytail. His beard, formerly trimmed, is grown out and scraggly-looking. ]

BW: There’s the classic Gunnar look we all know and love! That’s our Grizzly!

GM: “Our” Grizzly? And what’s this “Kodiak” stuff? Justin is calling himself that now?

BW: Why shouldn’t he? Look at him! He’s a monster!

[“Bad to the Bone” continues as the duo walks to the ring. Justin looks like he’s put on considerable muscle since last we saw him - and hair. His shoulder-length, dirty-blond hair frames a face that’s fully grown-out with a dark beard.]

GM: “Monster?” “Kodiak?” The kid is 19. That beard may make him look more like his Dad, but until I’m convinced otherwise, he’s no Grizzly.

[Father and son are outfitted identically - they’re wearing black boots, black knee pads, black denim cutoff shorts with a black belt and silver buckle, an ivory-white thermal undershirt that’s cut off at the elbows, and a black leather vest that says “Baddest Thangs Running” in silver script on the back. They reach the ring.]

BW: It’s been a while since we’ve seen Gunnar and Justin in an AWA ring.

[Referee Davis Warren signals for the bell. It’s Nick Crick starting off for the team of Crick and Giles, and Gunnar starting off for the Baddest Thangs. They circle.]

BW: Father and son are fresh back from several months of competition in Japan where they’ve been taking advantage of money making opportunities over there. The Gaines name sells in the Land of the Rising Sun!

GM: Really? Do you suppose they were dressed like this? Or perhaps they were still outfitted like Power Rangers, like at Rising Sun Showdown, which wasn’t their finest moment.

BW: You’ve gotta respond to the marketplace, Gordo.

[Gunnar raises both hands, inviting Crick to engage in a test of strength. Crick looks to the audience, which strongly discourages him from accepting. Gunnar raises his hands even higher, palms forward, as if to indicate he has no nefarious intentions. The crowd boos!]

GM: I don't think Crick would be well advised here.

[Gunnar looks at Crick, shaking his head ruefully in disappointment. Not wanting to be the coward that Gunnar apparently thinks he is, Crick steps towards Gunnar uncertainly, raising his hands, tentatively ready to lock up.]

BW: That's right, Crick! Show us you've got some guts!

[Gunnar locks up with Crick - then promptly kicks him deep in the abdomen!]

GM: He's got guts all right. Guts that undoubtedly wish Nick Crick hadn't fallen for that.

[Davis Warren admonishes Gunnar, but Gunnar pretty much ignores the ref, backing Crick into a neutral corner with a stiff shove.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines with rights and lefts! And there's a stiff uppercut! Gunnar is just unloading! Oh my!

[The ref warns Gaines, who raises both palms up and backs away. He steps to his own corner, tagging in his son.]

GM: And here comes Justin Gaines!

BW: "Kodiak" Justin Gaines to you, Gordo!

[Justin charges in towards Nick Crick, who is still dazed in the corner.]

GM: Shoulder to the abdomen by Justin... Nick Crick is reeling.

[Justin drops to his knees and lifts Crick into a fireman's carry takeover, flipping him over. Pressing his knee into Crick's spine, he applies a chinlock from behind.]

GM: Justin Gaines takes him over into a chinlock as the referee checks for a submission.

[Davis Warren asks Crick if he submits. Rocking back and forth in resistance, Crick resolutely vows not to quit. Disgusted, Justin stands up with the hold still applied, then shoves his opponent in the back from behind. Crick staggers forward two steps, but doesn't fall. He turns in anger, glaring at Justin Gaines.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: A loud slap from Nick Crick to Justin Gaines! My stars!

[Justin, stunned, is taken aback as Crick charges in and rains lefts and rights on the fourth-generation superstar!]

GM: Nick Crick is knocking Justin Gaines back on his heels! Don't ever make Nick Crick angry!

[Justin stumbles back, falling and landing on his rear end. He scooches backwards into a corner with his legs, raising both hands in a defensive posture. Crick follows him in - but standing over Justin is none other than Gunnar Gaines. Gunnar raises both palms, as if to prove non-interference.]

BW: Gunnar and Justin Gaines are nothing but foursquare competitors! No cheap shots here!

[Crick balls up a fist but referee Davis Warren wedges his way between Nick and Justin to break it up. Nick is pushed slightly backwards, but quickly charges back in... and is hit by a thrusting blow, conveniently behind the ref's back!]

GM: Fingers to the throat! Justin Gaines ought to be disqualified!

[Warren, seeing nothing, can do nothing. Then Justin quickly slaps hands with his father.]

GM: But here comes Gunnar Gaines!

[Gunnar runs across the ring, clubbing Miles Giles with a forearm as he stands on the apron. Giles tumbles to the floor. Not missing a beat, Gunnar rebounds and heads straight for the staggered Crick. He takes a quick, three-step strut, drops to one knee, winds up, sees referee Davis Warren looking right at him, and delivers an uppercut to the face, not scrotum, of Nick Crick.]

GM: Not quite an Alaskan Uppercut! That would have been a disqualification, perhaps!

BW: Gunnar's one of the smartest there's ever been, in terms of ring awareness. He knew the ref was watching.

[Gunnar gets under the referee's skin with a squinting Grizzly Grin - creating an opening for the younger Gaines, still seated on the mat behind everyone.]

BW: There it is! Alaskan Uppercut from behind by Justin! All totally legal!

GM: Legal?

BW: It was within the five seconds, and the ref didn't see it! What more do you want?



[Nick Crick triples over in agonizing pain. Justin rolls under the bottom rope and resumes his place on the apron. The official turns and sees Justin standing there innocently, as if nothing happened.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines, wasting no time here. Much as I don't like it, we're seeing flawless double-teaming and manipulation of the rules from father and son here.

[Gunnar waistlocks the winded Crick around the middle, elevating him into a bear hug.]

GM: And now another possible submission!

[Crick grimaces in agony as Gunnar locks his arms around the fan favorite and squeezes hard.]

BW: Give up, Crick! You're up a Crick without a paddle!

GM: Did you make that up all by yourself?

[No submission is forthcoming, so Gunnar cinches in the hold harder. Then, lifting Crick higher up, he falls backwards, dropping his opponent neck-first over the top ring rope!]

GM: Denali Drop! Oh my!

[Crick recoils off the rope, clutching his neck, kicking his legs and writhing in pain.]

GM: And Nick Crick is in a bad, bad way! Miles Giles needs to get into this match, and badly!

BW: As opposed to goodly? Never mind - this is Miles Giles we're talking about.

[Coincidentally, Giles has only just regained the apron following Gunnar's cheap-shot blow from earlier.]

GM: Tell you what, Miles Giles will never get into this match as long as the Gaines Clan keeps cutting the ring in half.

[The senior Gaines grabs Crick by the hair, dragging him over to the awaiting Justin.]

BW: You're right about that. And here's another tag.

[Justin enters, but Gunnar stays in. They look at each other... and both nod. A Grizzly Grin creeps across Gunnar's face... and soon, Justin's as well. They reach for Nick Crick, each grasping him on the neck - Gunnar with his right hand, Justin with his left.]

BW: I think I know what's coming next!

[They left Crick off his feet - then drive him down to the mat with a no-release, double chokeslam!]

GM: Double Grizzly Slam! Oh my stars!

BW: You said it - no one's getting up from that!

[Gunnar stands facing the opposing corner with both fists raised, as Justin covers. Davis Warren slides in for the count...]

DW: One... two... three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Baddest Thangs Running get the win tonight with a triumphant return from Japan!

BW: I tell you what, Gordo. That was dominant.

GM: No argument here. And Gunnar Gaines is calling for the mic.

[Giles, who never even got into the match, pulls his fallen partner out of the ring, as a ringside official hands Gunnar the mic through the ropes. Gunnar raises the mic as he paces around a little.]

GG: We're back, everyone! We're back, and everyone's on notice!

[Justin Gaines pats his Dad on the back a few times, then reaches for the mic. Gunnar hands it over.]

JG: Do you people even know where we were the last several months? We were in Japan, and there we faced competition as good - or better - than what you see here in the AWA. And for my money, probably better. And how did we do? We destroyed 'em. We destroyed 'em all. Tell 'em, Dad!

GG: That's right. When we went over for Rising Sun Showdown, we got so many big money offers from Japanese promoters that we couldn't turn them down! Now, there's many types of wrestlers that are marketable in Japan. You got acrobats, you got extremists, you got technicians, you even got people in masks. But the single MOST marketable is the dominant, unstoppable, invincible American wrestler.

JG: And in the Baddest Thangs Running, we don't just offer one of those - we offer two.

GG: That's right, son. We offer two. But at some point, it's the things that happened to us over here - in the United States - that call us back home. Rising Sun Showdown, we lose to Dichotomy. And while that was in Japan, it was American competition. Prior to that, we lost to Ryan and Alex Martinez. That don't sit right with me.

JG: Or me.

GG: So while we were spending the last four months in Japan, we weren't just collecting a paycheck. We were collecting experience - something I have, something Justin needs, and something Justin now has. All of you...

[He points to the crowd, who respond with a shower of boos.]

GG: ...all of you people underestimate my son. Well, you won't be able to do that anymore.

JG: You people remember we lost to Dichotomy and House Martinez, but you forget I shaved Ryan Martinez bald. You forget I'm a fourth generation superstar, trained by the greatest third-generation Hall Of Famer this sport has ever known. And, at your peril, you forget about the Justifier - the single deadliest hold in all of professional wrestling. That's just for starters. Now I'm back from Japan, I'm bigger than ever, more experienced than ever...

GG: I guess what we're saying is, we're laying out an open challenge. Any team out there. You don't have a team? You put one together. Anyone that thinks they're badder than the Baddest Thangs Running, I dare you to step right up to the line and back up your big talk.

JG: Like it or don't, we're going to make our mark on the AWA. Starting now.

GG: And it just so happens if you don't like it...we're not hard to find.

[In tandem, they deliver their closing line.]

"Beat \_\_us\_\_ - if you can!"

[Gunnar throws the mic down to the mat as we cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: The AWA tag team division seems to get better each and every week, Bucky. Two weeks ago, we saw that huge Tag Team Battle Royal with the winners - our World Tag Team Champions Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds - earning the right to head to Japan later this summer to take on Violence Unlimited. We actually will be seeing some highlights of Violence Unlimited taking on the Shadow Star Legion for the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Tag Team Titles but Bucky, we've got our own Tag Team Title Match later tonight as well.

BW: Jones and Hammonds defending the titles against the Lights Out Express. That's gonna be a good one and I'm calling it right now, Gordo - we're gonna see new World Tag Team Champions right here later tonight.

GM: That remains to be seen but right now, let's hear from another two men who would love to find themselves in a match for those titles - Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, the TexMo Connection!

[Cut to backstage, where Mark Stegglet is flanked by the duo that's come to be called "TexMo" – "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor and his partner, Jack Lynch. O'Connor stands on the right, wearing a red and white flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up and a pair of blue jeans, and on the left is Jack Lynch. Freshly showered after his match, Lynch has on a short sleeved black polo shirt and a pair of black jeans. His cowboy hat is worn loosely, and we can see strands of still wet hair under it.]

MS: Bobby O'Connor, with so many things happening in the AWA right now, I wanted to get some sense of where your head is at. And in addition, any insight into the man who is conspicuous by his absence, your friend, and mentor, Hannibal Carver.

BOC: Well Mister Stegglet, it's been hard. Just when we were reeling from my grandfather stepping down from his post at the head of this company... we had what we all saw last time around. Never in my life did I ever think I'd see the day when a "man" like Percy Childes would be the head of anything other than a money laundering scheme. I know a lot of people have been cussing Misses Dane backstage, and I can understand it. But while I obviously don't like what she did... I understand it.

I understand the kind of games that slimy toad plays. I understand from firsthand experience how he delights in trying to pitting friends against each other... and in trying to destroy families for his own sick amusement. These are as dark of days as you're ever likely to see around here. I've heard the talk from some, that maybe it would be better to just ply our trade somewhere else. That none of us that aren't side by side with that weasel will never get a fair shake, and butting our heads against that wall is just going to get us nowhere... or in the hospital.

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: And that might even make sense. Heck, it may even have the ring of truth to it. But that doesn't make one bit of difference. There's right, and there's wrong. I could sit here laying everything out on both sides, but it's really as simple as that. Everything they're doing is wrong. Everything they're doing is not how a man conducts himself in the ring or in life in general. I'm an O'Connor and when we see a crime being committed we don't just shake our heads and dial 911...

[Bobby nods, fierce determination showing in his eyes.]

BOC: We put a STOP to it.

Now as far as Mister Carver...

[Bobby sighs.]

BOC: I wish I had the answers for you. I wish I had the answers to put all those great fans at ease. But I don't. What I do have, is a heart full of worry and concern. You said it right, he is my mentor and my friend. But he's more than that, he's like an older brother. And as soon as that cold metal door

made contact with Eric's head, I saw a change. Even before that fateful night when he took to the ring with that steel chair, I saw the change. It was like nothing I'd seen in Mister Carver... outside of a television screen on those videotapes and DVDs Ryan is always studying.

A tape from Canada where he flings a human being off a balcony. That look in his eyes.

A DVD from Michigan where he destroys a career with a branding iron to the head over and over... so many times that you eventually have to turn your eyes away from the horrible sight. That look in his eyes.

A clip online from Japan. Wrapping barbed wire around his knee just so he can bash in the side of someone's head and cover the ring in another man's blood. That look in his eyes.

[Bobby drops his head for a moment.]

BOC: So no, I don't know where he is. But I've heard the stories. I can guess what kind of place he's at right now mentally. And that's the reason none of us, his friends, know where he is.

Because as he's told me a million times... there's a reason everyone he was ever around back then during his darkest days... there's a reason none of them are in this sport anymore.

[Bobby shakes his head and sighs as Mark turns to Jack.]

MS: Mr. Lynch, earlier tonight, President Childes banned the Iron Claw. We saw your reaction in the ring, but now that some time has passed, I wonder if we could get some of your thoughts...

[Lynch leans forward, looking at his partner.]

JL: Cover your ears, Bobby. You're about to hear some language that Momma O'Connor would wash your mouth out for usin'.

Ya wanna know how I feel Mark? I'm good and pissed off, that's how I feel. But angry and pissed off ain't the sum total of it.

I'm also feelin' kinda ashamed.

MS: Ashamed?

[Lynch removes his hat, running his fingers through his hair.]

JL: Yeah, ashamed, because, for a long damn time, I've been lookin' at this all wrong. I've been focused on myself. On how I hate Demetrius Lake. About what I'm gonna do to him. About what he's done to me. I keep takin' all this personally. I keep thinkin' about myself, and not about what's happenin' in the bigger picture.

Well, Henrietta Ortiz Lynch is gonna be mad that I forgot all them times she told me the world don't revolve around me.

Because bannin' the Claw ain't just about doin' something to me, or even me and Trav. It's about what that triple chinned bastard Percy Childes thinks he can get away with. Because what's next? The Discus Punch? The brainbuster? Childes came for me first, but I'm seein' that I ain't gonna be the last.

And it's my own damn fault too. Because I've stood there while Hannibal was screamin' about how dangerous Percy was, and about how we all need to pull our heads outta the sands and other places and do somethin'. I was no more than a foot away from him, but too caught up in myself to hear it.

And not only that, but this guy right here...

[Lynch reaches out, slapping O'Connor on the shoulder.]

JL: Has been playin' role model. Remember what I said about Bobby? This guy shows up. This guy has been showin' me all along what I should be doin'. Standin' up for what's right. Lookin' past my own problems and doin' something about what's happenin' in the AWA as a whole.

Well, this skull is kinda thick, but message received.

From now on, someone needs me? I'm there. From now on, I'm makin' it my personal mission to see to it that Percy Childes never gets comfortable. That he spends every minute sweatin'. I'm showin' up. And Bobby, I think I already know the answer, but lemme ask anyway...

You in?

[The troubled look Bobby has been wearing ever since talking about Carver is replaced by a grin and a nod.]

BOC: You know I am, Jack. I might not agree with some of the methods he's used, but Mister Carver was right about one thing...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: ... they have to be stopped. What they're up to might be intended just for their own personal gain but at the end of the day it's going to turn into something much worse... it's going to be the demise of this sport. As long as there's been pro wrestling there's been a Lynch and an O'Connor manning the fires and making sure no one blaze turns into a raging inferno.

[Bobby and Jack nod at each other.]

BOC: And that isn't going to end with the two of us either. We aren't going to drop the ball in the zero hour and we aren't going to give up just because the going gets tough. Because everything they're doing, they do because it's

easier than hard work. Which is good news for them, because nothing is easier than what me and Jack have planned. Easy as one...

[Bobby extends his index finger.]

BOC: ... two...

[Bobby extends his middle finger next to the index... and then balls his hand into a fist, slamming it into his open hand.]

BOC: Three.

[We fade away from a determined O'Connor and Lynch...

...and back up on the ring where the bell sounds just before the lights go out all through the arena and Billie Holiday's voice cuts through the darkness singing "Blood On The Leaves."]

GM: I'm never fond of the lights going out at an AWA event, Bucky.

BW: Especially when these guys are involved.

[The lights flash back on nearly instantly and standing in the ring with a very creeped out Phil Watson is Dirt Dog Unique Allah. The wrestler stands loosely, staring into the empty space down the aisle. Outside of the ring, the shambling witch Poet is next to Unique's corner, holding her hammered golden chalice. White greasepaint masks her scarred features with the image of a skull. She recites some odd prayer as Phil Watson reluctantly makes the introductions.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... formerly from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 238 pounds...

DIRT DOG... UNIIIIIIQUE ALLLLLLLLLAAAAAAHHH!

[There are nothing but boos for the Walking Dead man who looks like he was just found in a dumpster. He's got a solid, bulky, but undefined build under his unkempt afro. He's wearing a dirty wifebeater and a badly stained pair of jorts. Poet hisses at the fans at ringside as they jeer Allah.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A rather generic hip hop beat, sounding like something out of the mid-late 1980s plays over the sound system.]

PW: From Alpharetta, Georgia... weighing in at 366 pounds... he is...

B.C. DA MASTAAAAAAA MMMMMCCCCCCCCC!

[B.C. Da Masta MC comes out to cheers from the kids in the crowd. B.C. starts to dance(if you can call it that) down the aisle as the kids reach over

and pat him on his ample shoulders and back. B.C. has a mic in his hand, and he starts to beat box and rap along to the beat playing over the sound system.]

#Yoooooooooooo...#

[The crowd echoes back, giving a "YOOOOOOOOOOO!" of their own.]

#They bring me this fella who says he's a dead man...  
But from the looks of him, what he really is is someone who needs a  
bedpan!#

[B.C. grins at the crowd reaction as he gets closer to the ring.]

#Tag teamin' is their game but tonight, he's a single...  
Standin' in the ring, ready to mingle.  
He's smelly and dirty and a quite a bit rank.  
But when he comes at B.C., he's comin' at a tank.

I'm big and I'm bad... yet the kids all love me.  
I'm the most popular rapper in the game...even more than Jay Z.  
So, tonight, I'm climbin' in the ring, ready for a fight.  
Who stands a chance to beat me?  
If we had a time machine to the Double Eye days, this clown just might.#

[Big cheer!]

#But this ain't Back To The Future. Ain't no sight of Doc Brown.  
So, I'm afraid, Unique Allah... that you're... goin'... down!#

[By this point, B.C. has reached the ringside area, handing the mic off to a  
ringside attendant...

...and gets DRILLED in the face with a pair of feet from Dirt Dog Unique  
Allah!]

GM: Baseball slide through the ropes by Allah who apparently wasn't a big  
fan of the funky fresh rhymes of B.C. Da Mastah MC.

BW: Funky fresh... give ME a break, Gordo. How you can blatantly cheer for  
this fat slob who is a double cheeseburger from a visit to a cardiologist is  
beyond me.

GM: That's besides the point as Allah slides out to the floor, grabbing B.C...  
and SLAMS his head down on the ring apron. Bucky, I've got a question for  
you. When this man was in Portland, he was known as Dirt Dog Unique  
Allah. Here in the AWA, I'm told that he'd prefer to simply be called Unique  
Allah. What's the reason for that?

BW: I don't know and I ain't about to find out

[Allah slams B.C.'s face into the mat a second time.]



GM: You seem a bit terrified of the Walking Dead, Bucky.

BW: All I know is whenever I see that scar-faced Poet and her band of freaks, I get scared. That's all I know.

GM: The Walking Dead has been making headlines not just for their to-date impressive performances inside the ring but for their bizarre actions outside of it. Their entrances... those cryptic messages... and most of all, the fact that several wrestlers have gone missing at their hands including The Hive and JP Driver. Of course, JP Driver told us that Jericho Kai is coming... and we heard from that individual earlier tonight.

BW: Heaven help us if there's more of them out there! Heaven help us all.

[Allah shoves the larger man under the ropes into the ring. He uses the ropes, dragging himself up on the apron. He wanders back and forth on the apron, slapping at the side of his head.]

GM: What is wrong with this man? Dirt Dog Unique Allah... or perhaps he's just Unique Allah now... has always been an odd individual but he's taken it to a whole other level with his actions as of late.

BW: You know what makes me uneasy, Gordo? Where's LaMarques? Why is Unique Allah out here in a singles match tonight? You just never know where this walking freakshow will turn up next... or when.

[Allah grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting high up over the ropes and dropping a knee down into the sternum.]

GM: Unique offense out of... well, Unique Allah.

BW: You meant to do that.

GM: I absolutely did not. Allah now putting the boots to B.C. Da Mastah MC and these fans don't like that one bit.

[Allah backs off, allowing B.C. to get to his knees before he moves back in, raining down overhead elbows on the skull of the rotund rapper who powers up under the blows...

...and starts firing back to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Right hand after right hand by the big man and he's got Unique Allah shaken up off those!

[With Allah dazed, B.C. grabs him around the torso, charging back to the corner where he slams him backfirst into the buckles. He lifts his arms, pressing them against the sternum to hold him in place while he prepares for his next attack...

...when Allah simply bites his forearm, gnawing away at it like a dog with a bone!]

GM: Oh, come on! He's biting the man!

BW: You don't expect a dog to gnaw at a bone? Come on, Gordo. It's self explanatory.

[B.C. abruptly breaks away, shaking his arm a couple of times before checking to see if the skin was broken. Allah uses the distraction to rush forward, sliding through the legs, popping up to his feet on the other side, and throwing a dropkick between the shoulderblades, forcing B.C. chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! He hits the corner!

[As the rotund rapper staggers back, Unique Allah attempts a schoolboy but can't generate the power to roll him back...

...so B.C. sits out, squashing Allah underneath his massive frame!]

GM: OHHH!

[Still seated, B.C. gestures for the referee who drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Allah slips out from under his much-larger opponent, just barely getting the shoulder up in time.]

GM: Whoa! It was almost over right there and as accomplished of a singles competitor as Unique Allah is, I would have had to call that a bit of an upset, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely.

GM: B.C. stands up, all of 366 pounds, and Unique Allah is going to need to find another way to do battle with this big man.

BW: He can't go toe-to-toe with a man of this size so it'll be interesting to see if he can find a way to bring the big man down to the mat because everyone's the same size down on the canvas, daddy.

[As Allah staggers up, grabbing at his chest, B.C. is waiting to scoop him up and slam him down hard to the mat. B.C. nods his head at the cheering fans as he backs into the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: B.C. following up on the slam... and a BIG elbow down into the chest!

BW: Unique is not as quick as I remember. There was a time, Gordo when that elbow would have eaten the canvas but he seems to have lost some speed over the years.

GM: He moves in these lurching bursts now. And there seems to be a lot less cunning in his actions. It's like he isn't quite at home in his own body.

BW: Looking at that lunatic out on the floor, Poet, I'm not sure I even want to speculate why that might be.

[The Round Mound Of Hip Hop Sound drags Allah up to his feet, sending him into the far corner where he sprawls back against the turnbuckles. B.C. pumps his fist a couple of times before charging in after him...]

GM: The big man with the big charge...

[But as B.C. comes in with a full head of steam, Unique Allah simply collapses down to the mat, causing B.C. to slam chestfirst into the corner a second time.]

BW: Well, that was either brilliant or just more of Unique's stumble bum drunken technique. Throughout his career, Unique Allah always seemed to be that wrestler who could pull moves out of thin air.

GM: He made his legend battling Joe Petrow in that legendary Seven Tables Of Fear matchup in Toronto. He certainly learned how to innovate against the always-unpredictable Petrow.

BW: But that match went down some seventeen years ago, Gordo. And Allah's been in and out of the wrestling business since that time to my knowledge... yet never really had the same level of success.

GM: That might change as a member of The Walking Dead.

[Down on his back, Allah swings a leg up, kicking B.C. in the small of the back before pushing up to his feet...

...and lunging forward, driving the point of the elbow between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Allah back on the attack, repeated elbows right at the base of the neck.

BW: Gordo, each one of those elbows is striking your cervical collar! That's where your neck and back join up along the spine. Unique is giving this man spasms all along his body with those elbows.

[He goes to turn B.C. around, having trouble moving the bigger man's body. As he gets him twisted backfirst to the corner, he instantly rakes the eyes!]

GM: Oh! What's the reason for that?!

[The reason becomes apparent as B.C. reaches up to rub at his eyes and Allah lowers the boom, driving a knee up into the ample midsection.]

BW: Brilliant! He went to the eyes and when BC covered up, it left all that midsection open!

[Dirt Dog continues to drive knees to the midsection.]

GM: The referee's shouting at Allah, trying to get him out of the corner.

BW: You think he even hears him, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure.

[Allah backs off, wincing as he slaps himself in the face. He staggers back towards B.C. who throws a well-placed right hand...

...and then spins out of the corner, grabbing Allah under the arm and around the neck...]

GM: Ohh! King-sized biel toss halfway across the ring by the big man!

[Allah bounces off the canvas, staggering up...

...and gets run down with a big clothesline from a very big man!]

GM: The rotund rapper takes him down! He moves so well for a man of his size and girth as he makes the cover off the clothesline for one... he gets two...

[B.C. suddenly breaks the pin attempt, sliding back on his ample rear-end, grabbing at his ear.]

GM: He just... B.C. is telling Ricky Longfellow that Allah bit him!

BW: He bit his ear, Gordo! Mike Tyson style!

GM: Mike Tyson would be proud, I guess. They're both from the same area. Same crazy attitude.

[As B.C. continues to complain to the official, Allah rolls to his hands and knees, lashing out with a side kick to the chest by lifting his leg like a dog marking his territory.]

GM: What in the world...?

[With B.C. reeling from the kick, Allah rushes forward on his hands and knees, headbutting B.C. square in the nose.]

GM: Wild offense here from one-half of the Walking Dead and B.C. has to be more than a little bewildered by what he's experiencing right now.

BW: He's wrestling a zombie dog. Of course he's bewildered, Gordo. I don't even understand what I just said.

[Still down on all fours, Unique Allah crawls through the ropes, sitting on the ring apron as Poet holds the golden chalice up to him with both hands, shouting at the sky. Allah leans over, taking the chalice from her hands and drinking out of it.]

GM: What in the...? He's drinking out of that chalice... what in the world is in that?

BW: You keep asking questions in this match that I have no desire to know the answer to, Gordo.

[Whatever is in the chalice, it seems to reenergize the Dog. He springs to his feet with more energy and alertness than he had before, bouncing from foot to foot, shadowboxing as B.C. lumbers up off the mat...

...and Allah rushes him, throwing a crossbody just as B.C. tries to catch his balance, knocking him right back down!]

GM: Running crossbody takes the big man down.

BW: Unique Allah hit that just before he was able to get his balance or I have to believe that the big man would have been able to catch him.

[Allah hammers B.C. with punches from the mount as the referee shouts at him. He abruptly breaks off the attack, climbing to his feet, leaping into the air, twisting his body, and drops a big knee down into the forehead, stunning the larger opponent!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop by Allah again! Using his entire body as a weapon in this one.

[Allah drops down into a lateral press, earning a two count before B.C. HURLS him off of him with an impressive display of strength.]

GM: Wow! What a kickout by the big man who is not done yet, Bucky!

[As B.C. struggles to get up off the mat, Unique Allah gets a few step run, throwing himself into a leg lariat that bounces off the skull of the rotund rapper, dizzying him...]

GM: B.C. is in trouble here as Allah pours on the offense...

[Allah leaps up for an enzuigiri but BLASTS B.C. between the eyes with a kick!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot that was and down goes the fan favorite!

[The Walking Dead member dives across the prone B.C. for another pin attempt, again getting a two count before the Round Mound Of Hip Hop Sound shoves him off.]

GM: Another strong kickout by B.C. He's been hit with a lot of moves by Allah but nothing that was strong enough to put him down for a three count.

BW: B.C. is looking a little winded though, Gordo. He doesn't have the best gas tank on the roster. He's not the guy who is going to a sixty minute draw, for sure. It's a lot of weight for a guy like Allah to overcome so he just has to keep on hitting and hitting and hitting until he wears the bigger man out.

[Poet is shouting instructions to Allah this time as B.C. slowly climbs up off the mat, shaking his head in a bit of a daze. Unique Allah throws himself at the ropes, violently rebounding off, sprinting towards his opponent...

...who catches him coming in, pivoting and DRIVING him into the mat with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

BW: Foot on the ropes! They were too close to the ropes and B.C. didn't realize it!

GM: It may not be the same Dirt Dog Unique Allah that we saw in Portland nearly twenty years ago but he obviously has some pieces of that man left inside his muddled brain somewhere. He was aware enough to stretch out with his leg, get a foot on the bottom rope, and break the count.

[B.C. claps his hands together in frustration as he climbs to his feet, sets...

...and DROPS a 366 pound legdrop down onto a prone Allah!]

GM: Good grief! You might need to scrape the Dirt Dog off the mat with a spatula after that!

BW: B.C. should cover him again but instead, he's dragging him over near the corner...

GM: He could be looking for that Turntable! If he hits that, you can guarantee this match is over, fans!

[With Allah down, B.C. steps out to the apron. He gives a signal with his arm, causing his entrance music to start up again as the big man begins to scale the turnbuckles...]

GM: A man this size coming off the top rope onto a man the size of Allah is an incredibly dangerous situation, Bucky.

BW: 366 pounds with nowhere to go but straight down - he might knock the undead right out of Allah!

[B.C. reaches the top, playing to the fans as he steps a foot onto the top turnbuckle...

...when suddenly, the lights go out.]

GM: What in the...?

[A loud, blood-curdling scream cuts through the darkness.]

GM: What in the world was that?! Was that BC?!

BW: You know as much as I do. For once, I'm as blind as you are. Can someone get me a flashlight?!

[The lights flicker a few times, coming back on in full to reveal B.C. lying in a heap on the mat, clawing at his eyes. Unique Allah is seated in the corner, looking at his opponent with Poet and the hulking Henri LaMarques standing by him.]

GM: LaMarques?! Where the heck did he come from?!

BW: You never want to be anywhere near the ring when the lights go out, Gordo. Bad things happen and they happen in a hurry.

GM: What did they do?! What did they do to B.C.?!

BW: Who knows, Gordo? Maybe nothing at all. But the Walking Dead are out here in full force and B.C. Da Mastah MC is down on the mat, grabbing at his eyes.

[LaMarques grabs Allah by the hair, hauling him up into flanking positions on either side of Poet who is hanging onto the rope that forms the noose around LaMarques' neck.]

GM: She's holding him back, seemingly-

[Poet raises her other hand to the sky, lifting the chalice up and releasing a horrific scream.]

GM: That! That was the sound we heard when the lights were-

[And out go the lights again.]

GM: -out. Good grief. Can we get some help out here?! Who knows what these maniacs are trying to do to B.C.?!

BW: Gordo, quit trying to grab my wallet! You can't have my Wise Men bonus!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Several more moments pass before the lights flicker again, coming back to life to reveal...

...a completely empty ring.]

GM: Oh my god. Oh my god, fans. The ring is empty! The ring is clear!

BW: He's been taken, Gordo! He's been "claimed" as JP Driver put it! Where the heck did he go?!

GM: The ring is empty... there's no sign of anyone. Not at ringside, not in the aisle. They just... it's like they vanished! Where in the world is B.C. Da Mastah MC?!

BW: Aren't you listening to me?! He's been taken, Gordo! He's been taken! If this keeps happening, we're going to have a real hard time getting people to sign a contract to face these guys. They've taken The Hive! They've taken JP Driver! And now B.C. Da Mastah MC is gone as well.

GM: What in the world are they doing with these people they're taking?!

BW: Your guess is as good as mine, Gordo. But I have a feeling that we're going to find out soon enough.

GM: I... I've got chills running down my spine. This crowd is stunned. I guess the match has been thrown out - the official result is a no contest, I'd imagine. But the real story is here the apparent abduction of B.C. Da Mastah MC. Let's... let's go to commercial, fans. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

"Wresting!"

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

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

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

"Tomorrow afternoon in Tucson, Arizona, we've got a special 3 PM bell time for big time six man tag team action with the Dogs Of War!"

[The graphic changes.]



"August 8th and 9th, the AWA is coming to Colorado. It'll be Friday night in Grand Junction with The Northern Lights taking on The Longhorn Riders and Saturday night in Denver with the World Television Title being defended as Ryan Martinez takes on Jack Lynch with the gold on the line!"

[Another change of information on the screen.]

"Sunday afternoon, August 10th, the AWA invades Salt Lake City, Utah with a big tag team matchup pitting Travis Lynch and The Lost Boy against Dichotomy!"

[The graphic changes one more time.]

"Look out, Nevada! Friday night, August 15th, the AWA comes to Reno, Nevada with World Champion Dave Bryant defending the gold! And on Saturday night, August 16th, we'll be LIVE in Las Vegas for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling - the final SNW of the summer tour!"

[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...

[As we fade back up, we see footage from the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling of Pedro Perez stepping into the light from a lone light bulb in a darkened corner of the room where the Dogs of War were filming their message. There is a jump cut to Perez holding up a sheet of paper, then another jump cut to Perez doing an audible "tsk, tsk."]

PP: You had your chance to create order.

[Jump cut to Perez grinning madly as the piece of paper burns in his hands.]

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

[The word "chaos" reverberates as the shot freezes then dissolves into black.

A voiceover is heard. The voice has some effects put on it, creating a slightly-distorted echo. The voice sounds familiar - some might even immediately identify it.]

"You claim that chaos is man's greatest fear, but to quote Franklin Roosevelt, there is nothing to fear but fear itself.

I have not forgotten what you did to me and, when I come for my vengeance, fear is coming with me.

Fear... is coming... with me."

[The voice fades, leaving just a black screen for a few moments before we fade back up to former World Champion and another former Phoenix superstar in Gibson Hayes. He's by himself, wearing a red pull over hoodie with his afro preventing him from putting the hood over his head. Hayes has his head tilted to the side.]

GH: Where was I this last Saturday Night? I was taking stock. I won, and I won mean, but something still isn't right. You know that feeling you get, right before you intentionally ruin someone or take away their livelihood?

[A purse of the lips.]

GH: Well... most don't - bad example. Anyhow, as I sat there, staring at the schedule, I realized I shouldn't take that next step anywhere but Phoenix. The place I made my kingdom. The City Gibson Hayes Built. Something tugged and gnawed until I held up... and boy, was that the right decision.

[Hayes nods.]

GH: Man, can you believe it? The third Wise Man didn't bring muir or frankensense but she brought world shattering change. The wrestling world is still buzzing about the grand reveal, and for some petulant children, the grand betrayal. We all saw it, we all KNEW it, we will all feel the ramifications. What better place than Phoenix? This is, almost utterly literally, a rebirth for the AWA and for Gibson Hayes. Talk about a metaphor and a bit of prophecy.

[Hayes bounces a bit, tipping off nervous energy.]

GH: The AWA enters the full iron grip of the Wise Men, whilst Gibson Hayes is set to take on Sweet Daddy Williams. Everyone will be talking about this for years. Hell, they already were talking about it before but now? Yeah, spotlight...

[Hayes seems to be grinding his teeth.]

GH: Eyes won't be on me, at least, not most eyes. And that, fair folks, is fine. It's fine by me... really.

[Hayes turns to the right, and mutters.]

GH: ...no, really.

[Who's he trying to convince?]

GH: No.

Really.

[A huff and Hayes turns back towards the camera.]

GH: The less eyes seeing what I have to do to Williams, the less likely others will be prepared for what's coming. Sweet Daddy - you won, fair and square. That is not going to happen again. I am going to extract my pound of flesh and, let's face it, you could stand to lose a few pounds.

But do you know what really galls me about losing to you? I lost to everything that is wrong with how we're portrayed on television. You're nothing but a damned minstrel show, Williams. You sing and dance and entertain all the folks out there. Do you even realize just how much of a joke you are, over there, in that ring you hold so dear? They say you helped build this company. Well, then, the foundation is obviously in need of an overhaul - as does my reputation. I already set down a foundation, it's time to bury a body in there in place of rebar.

I figure I can do it and make it two good deeds for the price of one.

[The camera holds on Hayes for a bit before fading out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with two wrestlers. One is a very muscular young man with short brown hair, and a long face. He wears red trunks, black boots, red kneepads, and red spandex forearm bands. This man is sneering dismissively at the crowd. The other is a pdgy man with unwashed black hair, perpetual stubbled face, and an overall oily appearance. He wears an old faded red Phillies T-Shirt, beat-up ripped jeans, and old black boots. The man chomps down on an unlit cigar while berating the fans.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Topeka, Kansas and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of five hundred fifteen pounds... LEE HARRIGAN and THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[Harrigan and the Phighter both step to an adjacent middle turnbuckle. Harrigan lifts his arms in the air while the Phighter makes a series of derogatory remarks. Then "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgares Machins plays over the PA, and the fans roar!]

BW: Get video of this, fans. It might be the last time the Northern Lights wrestle. Or are seen alive.

[Jogging down the aisle comes the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet. Both men wear white satin ring jackets with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" stitched on the back in blue, and the Quebec and Maine flags intercrossed on a patch on the right chest. Both wear white trunks, kneepads, and boots (the same flag logo is on the boots). They wear blue wristbands, and Choynet wears full forearm supports in blue. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choynet sports dark brown hair in a ponytail. Both have the classic clean-faced good looks popular with the ladies, and the cheers are definitely high in pitch. Rousseau and Choynet are on either side of the aisle, slapping hands as they run down.]

PW: And their opponents, now coming down the aisle... from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty-eight pounds... RENE ROUSSEAU and CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The duo proceed in opposite directions upon reaching ringside, slapping hands all the way around the ring. They do a high five as they cross opposite the aisle, and go past one another to complete the circuit.]

GM: Earlier tonight, these two men had the nerve to challenge the Samoan Hit Squad, and that match has indeed been confirmed for the Battle Of Los Angeles.

BW: "Match"? That's not a match, that's televised murder!

GM: Highly unlikely. As the Lights pointed out, the Samoans have fed off of lesser competition thus far. The Northern Lights are NOT lesser competition.

[Rousseau slingshots himself over the top rope, and hops from foot to foot working up the fans, while Choisnet rolls under the bottom rope, and jumps on the turnbuckles to point out to the cheering audience.]

BW: I'm not saying they are, but Manu and Scola are killers, daddy! You know why they had a short stay the last time in the AWA? You know, right?!

GM: They seriously injured several wrestlers and were released.

BW: They got swept under the rug because the AWA was scared of running out of warm bodies! You think Percy Childe cares about that?!

GM: No. No, I do not.

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

GM: It looks like Rene Rousseau will start off with Lee Harrigan. Harrigan is a huge powerful man in his own right, so perhaps a warmup for the Samoans?

BW: You're kidding, right?

GM: Collar-and-elbow lockup, and immediately Rousseau with an armdrag takedown into an armbar. Controlling his man.

BW: Look, Lee's extremely strong. In the weight room, he's one of the strongest guys on the roster. He can lift more weight than the Samoans, for sure. But there's a difference between strength and POWER. Power is how much damage you can do to another human being. This is not in any way preparation for how much damage the Samoans can do.

GM: A good point. Harrigan to his knees, and Rousseau scissoring the arm, flipping the Topekan over towards his corner. There is the tag to Chris Choisnet, who enters over the top rope! Precision kneedrop to the left

shoulder of Lee Harrigan, with the momentum of coming over the top! And Samoan or not, if you take out a shoulder, your power diminishes greatly.

BW: Yeah, it does. Again, I ain't sayin' that the Northern Lights can't do anything to the Samoans. I'm sayin' that it won't matter. The Samoans are crazy human wrecking machines that would rip off their own arm and beat you with it.

GM: I'm not sure that's an advantage. Choisnet with a fireman's carry... and another. Look at this!

[The University Of Maine grappler has the left arm of Lee Harrigan, and hits a fireman's carry... angling that shoulder to hit the mat first. He does not release the arm, but gathers up Harrigan and does it again. And again. And again!]

BW: Rolling fireman's carries? I ain't seen that before, Gordo, and especially not out of Shwaney.

GM: Choisnet.

BW: Gesundeit.

GM: Chris Choisnet with five fireman's carries onto the shoulder of Lee Harrigan, and into a chicken wing combination with a front facelock. Very impressive chain wrestling... and the Samoans would do what about this?

BW: Remove his kidneys with their teeth.

[Choisnet backs up to the corner, allowing Rene Rousseau to slap him across the back. The French-Canadian does as his partner did, and catapults himself over the top rope, driving a knee to the chicken-winged arm of Harrigan. That drives Lee to his knee, and Rousseau quickly hooks his head as Choisnet exits.]

GM: Another exchange, and now Rousseau with the chicken wing front facelock... and a vertical suplex onto the arm! Devastating!

BW: If Harrigan takes too many of those on his left arm, the only good thing you'll be able to say about him is that he's alright.

GM: \*groan\*

[As Bucky makes terrible, terrible puns, Rousseau applies a spinning wristlock on the prone Harrigan, which is essentially a spinning toehold on the arm. After absorbing this for a bit, Harrigan reaches up with his right arm, grabs Rousseau by the trunks, and pulls him down. He then drags himself, with the hold still applied, to his corner to tag.]

BW: Now see? If that was a Samoan, Rousseau would be stretchered out of here.

GM: For getting pulled to the mat by the trunks?

BW: When a Samoan pulls you to the mat, they don't use the trunks. They use your uvula.

GM: The South Philly Phighter in, and he is throwing kicks at Rousseau. Rights and lefts as Rousseau gets up.

BW: Scola or Manu would have just given him two concussions and a fractured left clavicle.

GM: Standing clothesline by Harrigan with the right arm, as he has not left the ring since the tag!

BW: And from a Samoan?! That one would have ruptured his uterus.

GM: WILL YOU STOP?!

[The Phighter pulls up Rousseau, sends him into the ropes, and tries to catch him coming back with a clothesline... only to eat a leaping hooking clothesline by the Quebecer as he barrels in much faster than the Phighter can react to!]

BW: Aw, come on! That would never happen to one of the Hit Squad!

GM: Rousseau driving the Phighter down with that leaping clothesline, and pulling him back up... dropkick sends the man from Philadelphia spiraling towards the Northern Lights corner!

BW: And if he dropkicked a Samoan that way, the Samoan wouldn't have budged, but Rousseau would have ended up in the eleventh row next to the hot dog guy.

GM: Tag made, and Rousseau sends the Phighter off the ropes. Baaack body drop! And Choisnet with the front elbow drop followup immediately!

BW: Harrigan in to stop all this... aw, come on!

GM: Double dropkick by the Northern Lights! Lee Harrigan knocked out of the ring!

BW: If that was...

GM: It's not a Samoan, and if it was he would have landed flat on his back on the floor just like Harrigan did! Choisnet picking up the Phighter... off the ropes, and a crushing belly-to-belly suplex! Choisnet exploded into the suplex, and he could have pinned the Phighter with that one, I believe.

BW: But...

GM: And yes, if he did that to a Samoan, they'd be in a world of trouble.

BW: Biggest. If. Ever.

GM: Choynet picking up the Phighter, and placing him on the top rope... tag again to Rousseau! It looks like Choynet is setting up the fisherman superplex!

BW: Then why'd he tag in... oh.

[Indeed, the fisherman superplex is being set up by Choynet, but Rousseau steps in under him, and Choynet ends up seated on Rousseau's shoulders! The fans stand and cheer loudly as Rousseau falls back, causing the South Philly Phighter to get hit with a "stacked" fisherman superplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: ...okay, the Samoans would feel that one.

GM: Rousseau covers, and the three count is academic... as it would be against anyone, including the Samoans!

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

BW: Let's not go crazy, now. If you hit Scola or Manu with a Buick, I'm not sure I'd lay down five bucks on them being pinned by it.

GM: Let's get the official word!

[The Northern Lights celebrate, "Compter Les Corps" begins again, and the capacity crowd cheers.]

PW: Here are your winners... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

BW: The official word is they have until September One, daddy. I know they're Quebec Tag Team Champions. I know Rousseau is a champion in Minneapolis right now. But the real deal is here in the AWA, and if they want my respect, let's see them survive the Samoans. Forget BEATING them, because that's crazy talk. Let's see them survive.

GM: And that's why you do not understand men like this, Bucky. They're not out to survive, they're out to win, and maybe the Samoan Hit Squad are the ones who should be concerned.

BW: The sound you just heard was William Payne backstage bustin' a gut.

GM: Let's go backstage where we've got tonight's challenger for the World Television Title, Mr. Sadisuto, standing by!

[We cut to the backstage interview area, where Mark Stegglet stands by with the diabolical Mr. Sadisuto.

Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He's sporting a

long cloth ring robe in a faded dark blue with white lining and trim. Under this, 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. Sadisuto has a huge smile on his face as Steggle begins.]

MS: Mr. Sadisuto, tonight you finally have Ryan Martinez for the World Television Title. We all saw late last summer how you brutally injured this man's shoulder, in a way that has not 100% healed to this day. On behalf, I might add, of Larry Doyle.

Mr.S: Haha, yes, boy-san. Ryan-kun want to be big hero. Hahahaha, he did not read the old tales, boy-san. Heroes suffah! Always, heroes suffah. Always, heroes fall. That is why fairy tales were written. People want to deny. People want to feel safe. Hahahahaha, do you feel safe, boy-san? Do you feel safe with new president, Childes-sama?

MS: No.

Mr.S: Because you know. You knoooooww, boy-san. You know that heroes suffah! Heroes fail! Heroes DIE.

Vely vely soon, Ryan-kun, you will suffah. You will suffah as you have neeeevah suffah before! Mistah Sadisuto make you suffah long long time, hahahahaha. And Mistah Sadisuto make you REMEMBAH! Remembah all the words you say. That take long long time, tooooooo. Hahaha! You will remembah, and you will know that you wanted to be hero, and that is why you suffah!

All children watching...

[Sadisuto bows to the camera, and gives a very disingenuous 'friendly' wave.]

Mr.S: Hello, children! Do you want be hero when you grow up? Do you want be hero, like in movie or comic book?

All you children, watch Ryan-kun suffah! Hear him SCREEEEAAAAM, hahahaha! Because in real world, that what happen to heroes. They suffah! They fail! They DIE.

Ryan-kun, aftah all you suffah, vely vely much suffahring, Mistah Sadisuto will take Wold Television Chamopnchip belt. You will fail, in middle of ring, for all those children and all those fans. They will see what happen to hero. And aftah you suffah, aftah you fail. Mistah Sadisuto make promise long long time ago, never take another man's life. I promise you will live through tonight.

And I promise more... you will wish you did not! Hahahahahahaha!

MS: That's disgusting! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!



[We crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky, the former of which is shaking his head.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Mr. Sadisuto sounds more concerned with hurting - with punishing - Ryan Martinez than he does with winning the World Television Title, Bucky.

BW: Hey, can't he do both?

GM: I suppose he can. Whether or not he will remains to be seen. But that match is later tonight. Right now, we've got-

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Right now, we have more important things to address than whatever you planned to throw it to, Gordon Myers."

[The boos pour down as a spotlight falls on AWA President Percy Childes standing on the elevated interview platform, mic in hand.]

PC: There are serious pieces of AWA business that need to be addressed here tonight and no matter how much you people boo me...

[The boos pick up, even louder this time as Childes smirks in response.]

PC: ...I will keep coming out here until I've taken care of everything that needs covered here tonight. Now, next up... next up is something that should have been done by AWA management a long time ago. You see, this company has always had a bit of an obsession with the past and if you need evidence of that, you should look no further than that building where we spend half the year - the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas.

[The crowd boos Dallas a bit, on principle.]

PC: Yes, I know. That name. Crockett. And it's on the corner of Temple Lane and Hardin Drive, with Thunder Road on the other side. And it has a large wall with plaques of the members of the Hall Of Fame. One big heaping monument to the past. I'd boo it, too.

[The fans are now booing Percy's deliberate misinterpretation of why they booed.]

PC: I've said this a hundred times: living in the past ruins the present and the future. From the way people talk, you'd think that the legends of yesteryear are some invincible deities, and today's wrestlers are afterthoughts who exist only to remind us of the greatness of people who we'll never see again. Why would anyone even watch wrestling if that were so?

And they wonder why so many promotions fail.

The truth is, wrestlers today are better than ever. The legends of the past were probably the only ones from that day who could hold their own if they were in their prime today, and even then they certainly would not dominate the way they did before. It is destructive and stupid to live in the past... so the AWA is done with it.

The plaques are coming down.

[BOOOOOOOO!]

PC: Let the Hall Of Fame build their own building if they want plaques. Every one of those wrestlers presided over the failure of one or more promotions. If they were that great, Chris Blue would still be in business.

[The crowd boos, unaware of the fourth-wall meta humor there.]

PC: They will be replaced by plaques of our current stars. The ones who succeed. The ones you paid to see tonight! And there's more. Those three streets are essentially driveways used by the facility to lead to the parking areas, which is why the facility has naming rights to them. The City of Dallas allows that, so long as the names aren't vulgar or defamatory. Well, to me, it is vulgar and defamatory to obsess over what is gone at the expense of what we have. Therefore, we are changing the names...

...to Lake Avenue, Wright Road, and Sudakov Lane!

[BOOOOOOO!]

PC: And for the grandest announcement of all, we will go LIVE, via satellite, to Radiant Raven. Raven is at the Coliseum, where work crews are making renovations to prepare for AWA Homecoming on September 13! Raven?

[We cut to the Crockett Coliseum. The tall dark-haired beauty, Radiant Raven, is standing in front of the Wall Of Fame. And the plaques have already been replaced. We can see Demetrius Lake, Johnny Detson, the Dogs Of War, Supreme Wright, Kolya Sudakov, Terry Shane III, the Lights Out Express, Mr. Sadisuto, Shadoe Rage, Cain Jackson, the Samoan Hit Squad, and Strictly Business.

Raven is wearing an elegant black sparkling dress with ruffled shoulders, long white silk gloves, a tiny veil attached to the bun in her dark hair, and lots of pearl-white makeup. She speaks in the same cold emotionless voice as usual.]

RR: Thank you, President Childes. It fills me with honor to be able to make this report, but first, some personal news. I will be leaving the AWA for a time, effective today, due to maternity leave. I am four months in at this point, so it is time to be home with my husband. Because unlike SOME people I could mention, I waited until marriage, and don't run and hide when the stork comes to town.

[We hear the Phoenix crowd boo that catty statement loudly.]

RR: As you can see, work on the Coliseum is going on. The plaques are changed, we have new seats, the lighting is upgraded, and we're trying to get the cheapskates in the head office to let us put in a screen. If we had a screen, you lovely people in Phoenix could see what the TV viewers are seeing instead of just hearing it. But they're cheap sons of guns.

But the biggest change of all? The Crockett Coliseum is no more. Nobody even remembers who it was named for. Good riddance. When we come back to Homecoming, the AWA will be coming home... to the Detson Center!

[A big banner that was covering the Crockett Coliseum sign falls away, to reveal a bright shiny huge DETSON CENTER sign.]

GM: WHAT?! NO! NO! THEY CAN'T DO THAT!

[We cut back to Phoenix, where the crowd is reacting loudly. Johnny Detson still has a big Phoenix fanbase, so they are not all boos.]

PC: When I looked at the roster to find who had the best blend of historical achievements and current relevance, the choice was clear. Johnny Detson has been a World Champion here in Phoenix, and a long storied career all over the world. No one else comes close.

GM: Isn't he forgetting someone else that he manages? Again!

BW: He don't manage anybody anymore, remember?

PC: And I wanted to say thank you to Mr. Detson... and to apologize. When I signed him, I made some promises that I wasn't able to keep. I have been distracted with Wise Men business, and derailed his personal plans. I hope that this and the generous bonus check will serve as an appropriate apology.

Because, unlike SOME people I could mention, I own up to my mistakes.

BW: Ha! Nope, he didn't forget Rick Marley at all!

PC: And now for the ribbon-cutting. Raven?

[By now, the cameraman and Raven have made their way outside. Raven is still approaching the work site where the Detson Center sign has been erected. A ribbon is there, and Raven turns to address the camera. Behind her, there is some commotion in the street with construction workers who are apparently about to change the street signs.]

RR: Thank you again, President Childes. It is my pleasure to...

[Raven is startled by the sound of a street sign falling to the ground, she turns to see that the cause of the commotion.]

GM: CARVER!

BW: He can't! He's been suspended!

[Carver walks towards Raven, away from a fallen construction worker at his feet. He gestures at her midsection.]

HC: Congratulations, mama.

[His demeanor changes for the worst as he bares his teeth like a rabid dog]

HC: RUN.

[Being no dummy and not liking the wild look in his eyes, Raven does indeed run for the hills. The remaining construction workers help their fallen coworker to his feet, who points towards Carver before slinking off. They all angrily shout amongst themselves before heading towards Carver with fists raised.]

GM: This is getting very dangerous... those are just local construction workers, not experienced athletes.

BW: Exactly, someone get a phone and call the cops!

[One of the workers breaks away from the rest, charging at the Boston Brawler... who easily catches him with a clothesline as the poor sap hits the ground HARD. Carver grins as he looks up at the other workers.]

HC: Come on man, slice and dice... I gotta make my quota.

BW: This is insane! First he attacks wrestlers and fans alike with a steel chair... now he's beating up innocent construction workers?

GM: Thankfully those men appear to be deciding that discretion is the better part of valor.

[Indeed, as the other men back away... and eventually run off to catch up with their coworker that had already slinked away after being floored by Carver. He looks at the Wall of Fame with all the new plaques up with disgust... before an insane smile comes across his face. The man at his feet begins to stir, cursing at Carver as he grabs at the leg of Hannibal's pant in struggling to get his feet.]

HC: Heh, looks like yeh need another dip.

[Carver grabs the man by the head, looking to his left at a large setpiece that says "DETSON" to the left of the wall.]

HC: Let's dance.

[Carver then sends the worker flying headfirst into the "DETSON" as it topples over with the man on top of it. He groans as Carver grabs a setpiece to the right of the wall that reads "CENTER" as he tosses it on top of the

man's prone body... and begins letting loose with bonecrunching stomps, breaking the setpiece apart as the worker is by now knocked out cold.]

HC: Now that all the insects are done buzzing in my ear...

[Carver gets a good look at the plaques on the wall. He he begins kicking it, shaking many of the plaques until they come crashing to the ground. He nods, stomping on them until they are a destroyed mess.]

HC: Yeah, that's much better.

[He looks at the ones that remain. He grabs the plaque of Demtrius Lake.]

HC: He tried burning the Texas flag and made to look like a goof by Jack and Bobby, so... nah.

[He throws it on the floor, stomping the hell out of it along with the others. He then grabs the plaque for the Dogs of War.]

HC: I spanked these pups with a chair and they ran off with their tails between their legs. Wall of fame worthy? Hmm...

[Carver drops it to the ground, smashing it with his boot.]

HC: Oops.

[Carver cackles.]

HC: Oh and what do we have here... yer friend and mine...

[Carver grins as he takes Johnny Detson's plaque off the wall to a strong but mixed reaction from the Phoenix crowd.]

HC: Don't worry Detson, I've still been hearing all of yer potshots. All the talk about the monster I was and how I've lost a step. The thing is? Yer right.

[A surprised and confused hush comes over the Phoenix crowd.]

HC: Turns out the biggest mistake I ever made was "getting my head straight" to borrow a phrase from young mister Martinez. Time was I listened to nobody and made no friends... and never had to sit by and watch even half of the crap I've seen yeh and yer ilk pull.

So Ryan? Me getting my head on straight? Ain't happening. But yeh were right about one thing.

[Carver slams the plaque to the ground, stomping on it with greater force

than he used on any of the others.]

HC: NO ONE IS SAFE.

[Carver looks up and leaps grabbing hold of the "DETSON CENTER" banner and tearing it down, laughing maniacally all the while. He holds it up to the camera.]

HC: Good news is, I got more than enough toilet paper for anybody who needs it.

Bad news is...

[Carver rubs his temple, gritting his teeth before shipping his head up to glare at the camera with a psychotic stare.]

HC: Percy? Yer gonna want to fight with yer worm and yer witch over who gets the parachute.

[Carver throws the banner to the ground, stomping and wiping his feet on it before raising his arms up in a crucifix-like pose and rearing his head back to scream at the heavens.]

HC: THERE'S A BOMB ON THIS PLANE!

[With that we cut back to Phoenix and to Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: That was terrible, Myers! That man is out of his flippin' gourd! He should be suspended again! Hell, he should be FIRED for that!

GM: He very well might be. Hannibal Carver did... well, I'd like to say he did the right thing down there in Texas by tearing down all that new decor but he assaulted civilians in the process! I don't know what that's going to mean for Carver's future here in the AWA, Bucky. He might be done... that might be it. We may not ever see Hannibal Carver in the AWA again after that.

BW: That would be quite the gift from President Percy. That's exactly what should happen, Gordo. Exactly what should happen.

GM: It might. It very well might. I'm greatly concerned for Hannibal Carver's future in this company right about now. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, the World Tag Team Titles are on the line so don't you dare go away!

[We fade from a concerned 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 Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: SuperClash VI is coming to Madison Square Garden in the City That Never Sleeps! It's going to be a historic night for the American Wrestling Alliance. Tickets are on sale now for the biggest event of the year and we've been told that they are going fast! If you want to be a part of SuperClash VI, you NEED to buy your tickets now. There's going to be so much-

[The sounds of "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin cuts off Gordon in mid-sentence as does a loud and overwhelming mixed reaction.]

GM: Oh, what in the world does HE want?!

BW: I'd be careful there, Gordo, his name is on the building where we work.

GM: I refuse to recognize that or any of the other shenanigans that have been going on here tonight – it's just – it's not right!

[Johnny Detson saunters out from the back, garnering an even bigger reaction, and just stands there as the curtain closes behind him. A smirk is firmly plastered on his face as he just soaks in the reactions, both positive and negative.]

BW: Gordo, I don't think it's wise to go against the new regime. It's better to just fall in line.

[Detson is dressed to the hilt in a designer three piece charcoal suit with a light blue shirt and white tie. He lowers his shades down to the tip of his nose and slowly raises a fist in the air, getting a bigger reaction from the pro-Detson sections of the crowd.]

BW: You see? The people are here to see Johnny Detson!

GM: I'll admit Detson seems to have his fans here and I can't speak for these people, they bought their tickets. But from what I understand, Detson's actions were a lot less devious and underhanded during his time here in the Phoenix territory's heyday.

BW: Devious? Underhanded? Wait until President Percy hears this slander!

[Detson slowly strolls to the ring, climbing up the ringsteps before entering through the ropes. He reaches into his inside jacket pocket, producing a wireless microphone.]

Detson: People of Phoenix...

[Detson smirks as he lets the hometown pop die down.]

Detson: ...I have returned!

[Detson raises a fist again as he looks around at the decisively mixed reaction.]

Detson: Returned here in Phoenix for you here tonight! Overcoming the odds, fighting the good fight, and never forgetting about Phoenix!

[Another hometown pop.]

Detson: So I come out here tonight for you. Because I'll tell you what, the front office? They didn't want Johnny Detson to come out here tonight. Why, if it wasn't for President Childes...



[The fans boo the name heavily, Detson throws up his arms and then motions for the crowd to calm down.]

Detson: People please... please give it a chance.

[Detson again motions for the crowd to calm down.]

Detson: Like I was saying, President Childes knew how important this was for me here tonight. He knew that I needed to be out here tonight in front of all of you. (points to the crowd) But they wouldn't even give me a match tonight...

[Large mixed reaction again as Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: Ryan Martinez (huge cheers) wanted to call me out, wanted to call Phoenix out, but then went running when the challenge was answered.

[Shaking his head, Detson continues.]

Detson: Well, I'm here to say... Ryan Martinez, you may have lucked out and you may not have the same fate as your old man did here in Phoenix. But sooner or later, you're going to have to answer to me, and trust me when I say that you're not going to like it one bit. Because if you want to come out and call Phoenix a small pond then I've got something to tell you!

[Big pop as Detson nods his head before it slowly morphs into a smug, self-satisfied smirk as he looks at the crowd.]

Detson: And that's... you are absolutely right because Phoenix is a DUMP!

[That big Phoenix fan base? Not so much right now.]

Detson: What? You're surprised? This place is a dump! Your city is a dump! And your wrestling especially was a dump!

[Detson laughs as the hatred pours down.]

Detson: People of Phoenix, the only people dumb enough to live in a desert besides Las Vegas but at least in Vegas you have sex, drugs, and alcohol... you know the Hannibal Carver special!

[Detson taps his ear as if to say he can't hear the crowd although it would be impossible not to right now.]

Detson: No, I had to come out here tonight to look each one of you dopes in the eyes and let you in on a little secret... Phoenix did not make Johnny Detson! JOHNNY DETSON MADE PHOENIX!

[Nodding in agreement with himself, Detson continues.]

Detson: Before Johnny Detson, you were just some Mom and Pop stand with a bunch of nobodies and never-weres. Johnny Detson made you

legitimate, Johnny Detson made everybody a star! Want proof? Rick Marley left Phoenix -- never recovered and is now engulfed in some eternal downward spiral; looking to me to come and rescue him. I left Phoenix, and had an ARENA named after me!

[Detson walks over to the ropes and leans over pointing at members of the crowd.]

Detson: Do you have an arena named after you? No? Do you? How about you, tubby? Yeah, I didn't think so.

[More boos as Detson just shakes his head and laughs.]

Detson: The small pond Ryan Martinez refers to is Rick Marley's Phoenix. The Johnny Detson Phoenix crumbled under the weight of my greatness! Rick Marley accomplished one thing of relevance in the past four years and seems to have the need to call himself great. I'm not calling myself great because EACH and EVERY one of you knows it!

[Again, Detson shakes his head agreeing only with himself.]

Detson: For a year now I've had everyone calling me former World Champion, former title holder. You know what? Johnny Detson isn't a FORMER World Title holder, he's a FUTURE World Title holder. And while Rick Marley is grabbing his blankie, throwing a tantrum and saying look at me; I'm out here! Getting. The. Job. Done! Because Rick, you see there's glass ceilings... and then there's physical limitations, and it's about time you learned the difference between the two.

[Detson turns to face the other side of the ring as he continues.]

Detson: And speaking of hacks... when I was here there was this supposed legend "Fabulous" Fred Hoyle.

[Detson rolls his eyes as the name gets a pop.]

Detson: Shut up! Fred Hoyle, Phoenix and everything else in this place is all the same... not worth MY acknowledgement or recognition. That's why as of this moment the Hoyle Driver is officially abolished! And shall be rechristened to something more befitting to my greatness... for someone who truly deserves... for someone who actually has a job...

[Detson smirks again as that last one brings forth a new wave of hatred. Detson then suddenly spins and points at the announce team.]

Detson: Ladies and gentlemen... that man is Mr. Bucky Wilde!

[Detson give a faux golf clap as the crowd boos.]

GM: What?! Give me a break!

BW: This is so unexpected! I'm honored – what an honor!

Detson: Go ahead... take a bow, Bucky... ladies and gentlemen the true face of broadcasting!

[The camera catches Bucky stand up and take a bow which doesn't win any support from the crowd.]

GM: Bucky, will you sit down?!

BW: Just living the dream, Gordo, just living the dream.

Detson: And if you think the Hoyle Driver was devastating, wait until you see the destruction the Wilde Driv-

[Detson is cut off by the sounds of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue hitting the PA system, announcing the arrival of "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired grappler (wearing that horrific light festooned biker jacket) strides down to ringside under a mixed reaction from the Phoenix crowd, his eyes locked on Johnny Detson.]

GM: Sounds like Rick Marley isn't interested in letting what Johnny Detson said go unanswered, Bucky...

BW: Truth hurts, Gordo. Johnny Detson has been saying what all of us have been thinking about Ricky Marley for years now.

GM: Physical limitations? He's one of the more gifted athletes in the business and you know it, Bucky. I haven't agreed with a lot of what he's said or done, but you can't take anything away from him in the ring...

[Marley steps into the ring, pulls a wireless mic out of his pocket and pauses to look around at the audience, then back at Detson.]

RM: I was sitting back there right now NOT having a match tonight, listening to you run your mouth and it hit me like a bolt of lightning.

[Marley pauses as the crowd waits for the punchline.]

RM: You really are a delusional piece of garbage, aren't you?

[There's a big cheer for that! Detson angrily kicks at the bottom rope, shouting at the fans for reacting.]

RM: Johnny Detson made Phoenix? Phoenix was here before you were...it was being DOMINATED by a group called Widowmakers Inc... or were you too far down on the card to know about us? With the curtain flapping around your ears, it might have been hard to hear...but that's okay. Everybody's got to start somewhere...

[Marley walks around the ring as Detson fumes.]

RM: And it was really nice of Percy to arrange to have a building named after you... it'll help to erase the memory of how you acted every time William Craven was in the ring with you. It was a sight to see...now, Johnny, I'm not sure that everyone knows what a big history buff you are...

[Marley nods.]

RM: He is! Huge fan.

For instance, he told me a while back that the British Naval Captains used to wear red coats so that if they were wounded in battle, the men wouldn't panic at the sight of blood on their commander...which probably explains why Johnny here had those brown trunks made special, just in case he ever needed to go one on one with Craven.

[The fans cheer that one as well. Detson raises the microphone angrily to respond, only to have Marley roll right on.]

RM: I think I've heard enough of what you have to say... so now it's MY turn... and since I've been on a roll with being so honest, let me add some 'being blunt' to the mix. A minute ago you said that you made Phoenix...or that \*I\* made Phoenix... truth is, and they may not be entirely happy about it: Phoenix made Rick Marley.

[There's a mixed reaction at that.]

RM: Let's be honest about it: I was a monster when I was here. Just this side of a sociopath...you should probably take notes on this, Johnny...it may come up later. But I was EXACTLY what Phoenix needed me to be...and that was THE BEST. Period. End of story.

You can claim anything you want. You can pretend your lips weren't firmly affixed to Freddy Hoyle's posterior just like they are to Bucky Wilde's...

BW: HEY!

RM: But when you strip away all of the nonsense...when you remove all of the idiocy from the dialogue, NO ONE can claim that they were the straw that stirred the drink in this place the way that I can. Not you...not Craven...not-

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"For the sake of all of us... will you two shut up?"

[All eyes turn towards the entryway where another former Phoenix star, Gibson Hayes, has made his way into the aisleway. He's dressed to wrestle and is greeted with a largely negative reaction from the fans... and just as negative from Detson and Marley who turn to glare at the interruption.]

GH: So, quick recap. Johnny Blunder, the man who lost to a boot, was actually committed to a sanitarium, and garners so little faith as a champion

that the investors elect to dump stock - causing the company to fold. All this after it hit record highs whilst I was champion. Hell, all these fans should be kissing your kiester for doing what the AWA couldn't - you killed Phoenix. Bravo!

[Golf clap from Hayes as the fans react mostly with jeers - it IS an AWA crowd after all but there are some vocal former Phoenix fans who react strongly for Hayes' words.]

GH: So you're not only a liar, a malignant growth, a delusional dum-dum, but also company poison. What's that, 3 or 4 places that would rather sell everything and close up shop than be associated with you, Detson? We all know the answer. So, let the truth fester in that lil' heart of yours, Johnny D. You beat me, but you ultimately lost everything in the process, Johnny... and that's a pyrrhic victory I'll savor, you bet your bottom dollar.

[Hayes rubs his head, obviously frustrated.]

GH: And, Rick, you and I have not been all lovey dovey since I said no to your Widowmakers invitation... which was probably the best career choice I made. It's always about you. People hate you, they're keeping you down, you're the greatest. You're the miracle fulcrum that won awards, had everyone buzzing, beat out some greats to be considered the top of our sport at what he does year in, and year out.

[Hayes sighs.]

GH: Nope, that isn't you. Look, guys, Phoenix, for all that it gave us, is dead. It ended and, myth be damned, isn't coming back no matter how hard both of you wish upon a star. I did terrible, horrible things in this town... and I'll probably keep that streak up here tonight. But what I haven't done is tried to score points with people by denouncing my heritage (points at Detson) or talking about how I'm owed due to my history (points at Marley).

Now, seeing as I am the only one of us that has a match tonight... will you two stop digging up corpses?

Let the dead rest and get the hell out of my ring so I can punch a fatty in the face and get back what's mine, dig?

[...it seems Gibson has one last thing to say.]

GH: Oh... and the GHK-1? It's now the Hoyle Hop. You're welcome, Fred.

[As a referee has also entered the ring, a frustrated Rick Marley makes his exit soon followed by Johnny Detson.]

GM: Everyone wondered what would happen when the AWA came to Phoenix... I think we now have the answer to that.

BW: Gibson Hayes would earn himself another detractor?

GM: Not so fond of the name change?

BW: Hey, if he wants to name his finish after a guy who hasn't seen the positive side of the ledger in his bank account for over a year, more power to him.

GM: We saw another exchange of words between-

BW: If he wants to hitch his wagon to a failed star, he should have called it the "Soundbite Slam" - at least that guy was worth two figs and a flying-

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm just saying, Gordo.

GM: So am I... now I'm saying that the time for fond remembrances of an out-of-business company is over and it's time to get down to action. AWA fans, you'll remember several weeks ago when Gibson Hayes took on Sweet Daddy Williams in one-on-one action and the popular AWA superstar from Hotlanta scored what was considered a major upset. Tonight, we get the rematch so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Cut to Phil Watson who is now in the ring as well.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the corner to my right... from Tuscaloosa, Alabama... weighing in at 233 pounds...

GIBSONNNNNN HAAAAAAAAAAAAAYES!

[The crowd (mostly) jeers the introduction of Hayes who seems to not even notice.]

PW: And his opponent...

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAANIIIIIGHT?!#

[The sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" by the man himself starts playing over the PA system.]

PW: From Hotlanta, G-A... weighing in at 302 pounds...

SWEEEEEEEEEEEEET

DADDY

WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIIAAAAAMS!

[The rotund fan favorite comes bouncing through the curtain to big cheers from the crowd. He grins at the reaction, giving it a thumbs up while standing in his red windbreaker, white trunks, and matching boots. The veteran makes his way down the aisle, slapping every hand he can reach as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams will be looking to make it two in a row against Gibson Hayes here tonight and knocking off a former World Champion TWICE is cause for celebration and may be a way to send the man from Hotlanta, G-A sailing up the Top Ten rankings, Bucky.

BW: I'm thinking of stripping World Title status from this territory, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure you have the power to do that, Bucky... but may I ask why?

BW: Well, any place that produced underachieving, whining former World Champions like Ricky Marley... AND people with bad taste in announcers like Gibson Hayes seems like it deserves to be busted down. Maybe we can start calling them the former Arizona State Champions. That seems more fitting.

GM: I see. How does Johnny Detson figure into that?

BW: Hrm. Well, the sun even shines on a dog's-

GM: That's enough of that.

[Williams steps in as the official holds up a hand, preventing him from just charging his arrogant opponent. He has words with both men as the music dies out and then signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Hayes strides out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...

...and then sticks out his hand for a handshake.]

GM: Just what is Hayes up to here? Is he still trying to rile up Sweet Daddy?

BW: This is almost literally his home turf, Gordo. Listen to those fans...

[They're booing but Bucky pays no mind]

BW: ...he's giving them the Gibson Hayes they expect.

[Williams looks at Hayes as if he were patient zero in a new plague...

...and then slaps Hayes's right hand away!]

GM: Williams wants no part of this handsha- ohh!

[The crowd roars with boos as Hayes responds by slapping the taste out of the fan favorite's mouth with his left hand!]

GM: He paintbrushes him across the face and-

[Williams hauls off and shoves Hayes back several feet, sending him falling down to the canvas. The fan favorite stalks across, fists balled up, ready for a fight...

...yet fails to notice the way he is standing over a prone Hayes who rears back a leg, kicking Williams DIRECTLY on the left knee cap, forcing his leg to buckle under him!

GM: Hayes just went straight for the knee cap! He isn't even bothering to hide his contempt for anyone's physical safety! Williams hobbles, trying to regain his full sense of balance.

BW: All's fair in that ring, Gordo. When you sign on the dotted line, you're putting everything on the line. The big ball of blubber knew this and he shouldn't be doing any crying!

GM: There are things you just don't do, regardless of the circumstances. This sport is about winning a match, not severely injuring your opponent.

BW: Sometimes it's the same thing and Gibson Hayes - despite his lack of taste when it comes to quality broadcasting - knows that.

[Scrambling up off the mat, Hayes opts not to let up, delivering a dropkick to the back of the same knee, causing Williams to collapse to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Sweet Daddy off the dropkick and - would you look at this?! That savage Gibson Hayes is going right after the leg, stomping and kicking the knee... and screaming at Williams all the while! What a jerk this guy is! These fans in Phoenix saw it firsthand when he competed here and they're letting him have it right now!

[Hayes continues the assault on the knee as Williams tries to slide his arms down to protect it.]

GM: Gibson Hayes isn't even pretending to try and wrestle! He's trying to end Williams.

BW: Who says Christmas only comes once a year?

[Hayes turns to shout at the jeering fans before going for another stomp, missing as Williams rolls away, pushing up to a knee.]

GM: The man from Hotlanta trying to get off the mat... ohh! He goes downstairs on Hayes!

[As Hayes went for a double axehandle, Williams caught him in the gut with a right hand. He connects with a second one before wrapping his arms around the torso, DRIVING him back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! The three hundred pounder has got Hayes trapped in the corner!



[Williams rears back, throwing a second shoulder into the gut as Hayes flails at his back with elbows. A third shoulder gets him knees to the gut in response but Williams stays in position, rearing back for a fourth...

...which gets a well-placed knee DRIVEN up into the side of his face!]

GM: Ohh! Good counter by Gibson Hayes to avoid that shouldertackle into the corner... and one thing is for sure, neither man is holding back! Look at the stomach of Hayes! You can see a deep red welt there courtesy of Sweet Daddy!

BW: Maybe Gibson is allergic to fat? How do you know he isn't valiantly taking on a life threatening illness in trying to rid the world of Sweet Daddy? Riddle me that, Gordo.

[Hayes climbs up to the second turnbuckle, a very out of character move for the usual stick and move taunting striker.]

GM: Hayes up on the midbuckle... measuring the fan favorite...

[Williams slowly straightens up...

...and gets kicked right in the face by Hayes!]

GM: Ohh! Unusual offense there out of the former-

BW: Arizona State Champion?

GM: If you insist.

[A smirking Hayes drops down off the ropes...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Big right hand by Williams... and another... and a third... he's opening up on the Alabama native!

[Williams wraps his arms around the torso, driving Hayes back into the buckles again.]

BW: This may be the end!

GM: It very well...

BW: Sweet Daddy's body odor is lethal! Hold your breath, Gibby! That tip is on the house!

[But before the Hotlanta native can land a belly-to-belly out of the corner, Hayes snaps off a series of stiff headbutts to the bridge of the nose, breaking the grip...

...but Williams again fires back, cracking Hayes with an uppercut!]

GM: Good grief! What a physical encounter between these two!

[Williams hooks the bodylock, popping his hips, and DRIVING Hayes down with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY OUT OF THE CORNER!!

BW: Hayes is dead, Gordo. No one can survive 8 tons smushing them. His career began in Phoenix and ended in Phoenix. RIP.

[Williams climbs to his feet, falling back to the corner where he checks his nostrils for blood.]

GM: Williams isn't able to take advantage of the ring-rocking suplex thanks to those close-quarter headbutts out of Hayes moments ago... and despite what my esteemed partner claims, Gibson Hayes does not appear to be dead... in fact, the former-

BW: Arizona State Champion.

GM: -is climbing to a knee, clutching his ribs... but he IS moving.

[Williams pushes off the buckles, staggering towards Gibson Hayes...

...who throws a straight right hand to the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Illegal strike to the throat! Hayes ignoring the rules yet again and... the referee's warning him for the illegal blow but Hayes is blowing him off.

[Throwing a dismissive gesture at the official, Hayes unwraps the tape he has around his right wrist...]

GM: Hayes grips the tape, looping it around the throat... get in there, referee! Do your job!

BW: I think he's doing a fine job. Don't let the critics bring you down, ref!

[Sweet Daddy Williams' face rapidly turns red as Hayes pulls back hard on the tape, waiting for the official to start counting. As the count reaches four, Hayes releases...

...and then moves to a more-traditional choke, forcing Williams down with his hands around his throat!]

GM: He's choking him again! Come on, referee! If you can't control the man, disqualify him!

BW: Hey, he's got until the count of five, Gordo!

GM: Not if he's repeatedly breaking the rules. That's at a referee's discretion! For months, we saw nothing but jokes and frivolity from Hayes but now... now he's just incensed.

BM: I like the new Hayes - he's got moxy!

[The official finally steps in, shoving Hayes back away from Williams who is coughing violently as Hayes gets pushed back to the ropes.]

GM: Finally, the official does his job in there.

BW: He went BEYOND his job, Gordo. It's not his job to lay his hands on an official! That can have serious consequences - especially in the President Percy era!

[Hayes, upset at being manhandled by the official, takes umbrage and starts jaw jacking with the referee. The big man pushes up off the mat as Hayes and the referee trade words.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is moving back in and-

[Hayes sees him coming, dipping a hand into his trunks as he uses his off-arm to toss the official past him...

...and HURLS a handful of something into the eyes of Williams!]

GM: Ohh! What was that?! What in the world was that?!

BW: It was salt! And judging by Sweet Daddy Williams' blood pressure, I'm sure he's familiar with it!

GM: The salt to the eyes is a well known tactic out of Gibson Hayes... and the way he moved the referee out of the way so that he wouldn't see it was expertly done. Although I'm not sure how the official can't say something about the cloud of... yes, there he goes!

[The referee sticks a finger in the face of Hayes, backing him down as he points to the cloud of salt still in the air as well as the grains on the mat.]

BW: He didn't see a thing though! He can't do anything about it!

GM: There's salt on the mat and the man's opponent is blinded by salt! How can you NOT do anything about it?!

[Williams slumps to a knee, vigorously rubbing at his eyes as Hayes surges forward, again nudging the official aside...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHH! THAT DEVASTATING ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE SKULL!

BW: GHK-1!

GM: I thought he's calling it-

BW: GHK-1!

[Williams goes down in a heap as Hayes struts forward, poking at the prone Williams with his foot.]

GM: This makes me sick to my stomach. That illegal choke... the salt to the eyes... manhandling the official...

BW: A win is a win, daddy. They all look the same on the stat sheet!

[The official drops to count...

...and Hayes slips his feet onto the middle rope for unneeded leverage.]

GM: His feet on the ropes... why?! He doesn't need extra help in pinning an unconscious man!

BW: Force of habit?

[The referee slaps the mat three times as Hayes drops his feet down to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Even with all those tricks, Gibson Hayes resorts to cheating yet again to get the pinfall.

BW: And winning yet again. Isn't it obvious, Gordo - cheat to live, live to cheat. Life lessons.

GM: Despicable. Gibson Hayes with the victory here tonight in front of the fans that he scored many victories in front of over the years when he was the-

BW: Arizona State Champion.

GM: Indeed. So, Hayes has avenged the two losses he suffered in recent months against Caspian Abaran and Sweet Daddy Williams... but what's next for him remains to be seen. What's next for us though is quite clear as it's just about time to see the World Tag Team Titles defended! Right now, let's go backstage to hear from both the challengers and the champions!

[We fade backstage where standing against an AWA logo'ed backdrop is Mark Stegklet. His collar looks a bit looser than when we first saw him earlier in the show, having been quite busy due to the relocation of his colleague Jason Dane. His figure encompasses the entire screen for the moment.]

MS: Joining me at this time...

[The camera slowly pulls back revealing three individuals surrounding Mark Stegglet. The Siren, Miss Sandra Hayes wears a snow white hourglass flaunting corset that spills out into a light lace fabric over an undergarment and touches just above her knees. Lenny Strong has a green and gold lined track jacket zipped up and matching ring trunks. Anderson, as per the norm, wears his jacket unzipped and sports matching long tights that tuck into his black boots.]

MS: One third of the Wise Men... Miss Sandra Hayes... and with her are tonight's challengers for the World Tag Team Titles, the Lights Out Express.

MSH: Challengers?

[Hayes rolls her eyes as she holds up one of the AWA World Tag Team Titles.]

MSH: Does this look like we are [miming quotes] challengers, Mark?

MS: Well, technically speaking —

MSH [cutting him off]: That's a rhetorical question, you nitwit! My boys are above that word. That... that degrading word is for the bottom feeders of the wrestling world, Mark. Scumbags like Travis Lynch... he is a challenger. Delusional nut jobs like Shadoe Rage... he is a challenger. Poster-boys like Bobby O'Connor... he is now and forever will be a challenger. Lenny and Aaron?

They are successors.

They are the heirs to the World Tag Team Titles and this right here [patting the title against the gold plate] proves just that.

MS: Proves what? That you can rob the real champions Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds of their titles?

[Anderson hunches over Stegglet who cowers down.]

MSH: Rob them? Hardly. A real champion would never let someone steal what they believe to be theirs. Hercules Hammonds likes to huff and puff his chest out but in the center of all of those colossal peaks is nothing but hot air and a marshmallow filling. My boys have taken it to them not once but twice now.

MS: And have yet [backing away from Aaron Anderson] to actually beat them.

MSH: You think you're so clever with your word trickery, don-

LS: Hey, hey. We got this, Sandra. Stegglet... you're just like the rest of em', brother. Ya ain't a believer yet, are ya? Ya haven't bought your ticket and hopped on board the Lights Out Express and some'em tells me ya ain't ever gonna neither. Ya want to back the Skywalker and the Tupelo Tower?

Go right ahead. Back them ponies. That don't matter much to us. Ain't none of ya believed in us since the day we arrived. When we were helpin' Shane beat the brains out of Hannibal Carver ya called us thugs. When we were swattin' the goofy grin off of the Rave's face ya called us hooligans.

Even when we ran the gauntlet for the SECOND time and marched into Japan and tore the roof off the place... gutted the War Pigs... destroyed Tiger Paw Pro's prize pearls of the Orient... and traded punch for punch with SkyHerc and were cheated out of victory... NOBODY gave us a puncher's chance of stormin' the gates in Springfield, Missouri and walking out of Guts & Glory with the titles around our waist.

Not only did we leave with the titles, but we left SkyHerc for dead, jack! Technicality or not... they were scraped off the mat, hauled out of the ring, and wheeled out on gurneys. You want to call them REAL champions, Stegglet?

AA: Ain't NOTHING real about them.

LS: Damn right. We're purebreds, brother. We're the real deal and tonight we mean real, real business, ain't that right, Aaron?

[Anderson steps forward as Stegglet clears a path.]

AA: We're tired of these clowns, Mark. Tired of their trash talking. Tired of Buford's high-pitched prepubescent voice and his long-winded and dimwitted announcements. Tired of seeing their name in bright lights and tired of seeing two punks randomly strewn together PRETEND to pass themselves off as deserving tag team champions. They've survived by the skin of their teeth for too long. Hiding themselves in a battle with the Blonde Bombers for over six months. It was like watching the Special Olympics in slo-mo over and over again because Old Man O'Connor had gone over board on Nyquil and wine coolers. Problem for you two...

...the Championship Committee has wizened up and now we've got real power calling the shots. Now when we beat you there won't be any washed up hack to come out and save you and throw the match out... there won't be anyone in the back with the perfect combination of guts and stupidity to save you when we lay the beating of a thousand lifetimes on you.

[Anderson nods his head very matter-of-factly.]

AA: The charade is over. The wild goose chase.. the cat and mouse game... we're done playing with you, boys. We are done losing ourselves in your twisted little world of shenanigans and child's play. Tonight when you strut out to the ring we are going to be armed and ready. We've been waiting our whole lives for this moment. For THIS match. Tonight we are going to leave EVERYTHING in that ring. Every speckle of blood, every drop of sweat, every ounce of fiber in our body will be tested and tried between those ropes. Tonight is the real testament of what the hell are you made of and what makes you two tick. Every iota of your existence is gonna be on the line when that bell is rung. Guts & Glory may be over but on this night... in

that ring... we promise you that two men's fate will be left behind on that canvas and I can guarantee you this...

...it is NOT going to be our brains and our blood they are mopping up off that floor, fellas.

[Anderson pauses.]

AA: We ain't coming to finish a fight, gentlemen. We are coming to put an end to this war and to destroy the legacy and very existence of SkyHerc as the world knows it. The best part about it? We get to be the ones to do it. It will be by the knuckles of my two fists and his..

[Lenny holds up his right arm, taps his elbow, and sets to SMACK it into his other hand...]

MSH: Wait, wait, wait. Save that thought, Lenny. Tonight...

...we've got something even better in store for them.

[Grins stretch from ear to ear on both Anderson and Strong. Stegglet's eyes dart back and forth and then to Sandra.]

MS: Well?

MSH: Oh, Mark. Now what kind of fun would that be? You seem like a man who likes surprises.

[And with that Hayes and Lights Out Express walk off the set as we fade to...

The words "Recorded Earlier Today" crawl along the bottom of the screen as we fade into a shot backstage, where we see the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds standing by along with their personal ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins. The champions are both dressed in pinstripe suits and Higgins stands behind them, holding the one AWA Tag Team title belt they were able to recover on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. Uncharacteristically, the trio have serious, somber looks on their faces.]

SJ: We found out who the third Wise Man was and it wasn't a man at all.

It was Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Jones shakes his head.]

SJ: Don't think anyone saw that coming.

[In the background, Buford mutters, "We had no idea..."]

SJ: Wish I could laugh at how ridiculous that sounds, but it's the damn truth. Wish I could cry, but it's just too damn sad to even form tears.

And now, this World Tag Team Title match just got a WHOLE lot bigger.

[Hammonds speaks, his deep bass booming even if he's speaking in what amounts to a whisper.]

HH: This was s'pose to be bout gettin' back the title belt they stole from us. 'Bout two teams both wantin' to prove that they're the best.

Now?

Now the situation's escalated. Now it's a battle bigger than anyone could've imagine.

[Hammonds glares into the camera with fire in his eyes.]

HH: Now...it's 'bout firin' a shot, strikin' a critical blow to the heart o' the beast, steppin' into this war and leadin' the charge to TAKING back an entire COMPANY that was stolen from ALL of us.

SJ: Some people might say that the odds are stacked 'gainst us now, but we sure as hell don't think so, do we, Herc?

[Herc smirks and gives a small chuckle.]

HH: Hayes wouldn't be the first Wise Man we've taken care of, Jones.

[A deadly serious expression forms on his face.]

HH: And she ain't gonna' be the last.

SJ: People say we're cocky. Arrogant. Immature. And they'd be right. But one thing NO one can say about us, is that we don't know how to win when it matters most.

[He points to the title belt in Higgins' hands.]

SJ: People said we couldn't beat The Bombers and Larry Doyle.

HH: We did.

SJ: People said we couldn't take down Royalty.

HH: We did.

SJ: And if ya' think for just one second that just 'cause you got the backin' of The Wise Men...if ya' think that for one second THAT gives us pause. THAT gives us hesitation. if you think for one damn second that Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds even came CLOSE to lettin' doubt creep into our minds, then you're dumber than we thought!

HH: We've held the tag team titles as long as we have 'cause there ain't been anyone able to stop us.



Not Dichotomy, not The Blonde Bombers, not you two...

...not even Violence Unlimited.

SJ: Tonight, we're not just fightin' for ourselves. There's a whole lotta' people out there countin' on Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds to come through in the clutch one more time.

HH: Ain't gonna' be the first shot fired in this war. Ain't gonna' be the last. But we guarantee you...

[Hammonds mocks Lenny Strong's signature taunt, smacking his elbow.]

"SMAAAACCKKK!"

HH: ...it sure as hell gonna' be the LOUDEST.

[And with that, the trio give the camera one last glare, before turning and walking off as we fade back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: These two teams have been entwined in one fashion or another since back at the Stampede Cup in Japan earlier this year where it appeared as though Anderson and Strong had stolen a victory away from the champions... but it was overturned by then-AWA President Karl O'Connor. Since then, these two teams have traded wins and losses, attacks and responses... until tonight. This is it. This is the final encounter between these two teams for those World Tag Team Titles. We've heard from both champions and challengers... we know that Bucky is predicting new champions here tonight.

BW: The time is right. The moment is here! It's comin', Gordo. New champions are just moments away. I can feel it!

GM: We're about to find out. Let's go down to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Tag Team Titles!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER from the Phoenix fans!]

PW: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[The arena goes black. A loud whistle screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeches over the airwaves.]

V/O: This is the final boarding announcement for Amtrak train 73, the westbound Cardinal, departing on track 18 for Phoenix, Arizona...

...ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL ABOOOOOOOOOOOOARRRRRRDDD!!!

[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.]

PW: First, the manager... MISS... SANDRAAAA HAAAAAYES!

[Smoke spits out from the entrance portal and spills out of the entrance portal. 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. Her black rat tail hangs over her right shoulder, fastened by a gold hair clip, and over her other is her signature florescent pink-taped branding iron with one half of the World Tag Team titles clipped around it.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 505 pounds...

"THE AXEMAN" AARON ANDERSON...

"LIGHTS OUT" LENNY STRONG...

THE LIGHTS... OUT... EXXXXXXPRESSSSSSSSSSSS!

[Out next are Hayes' gang... Strong and Anderson... 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 and Lenny Strong came up short in winning the titles at Guts & Glory about one month ago but that did not stop them from literally STEALING the title belts. Two weeks ago, Buford P. Higgins helped get one of those belts back but the other is still in the hands of Miss Sandra Hayes.

BW: Hey, should we be calling her Sandra Dane? Maybe Sandra Michaelson?

GM: Ugh. I can't even bear the thought of that. I understand that Miss Hayes will be addressing the fans - and the events of two weeks ago - later tonight but right now, she's got serious business to tend to and that's this World Tag Team Title showdown.

[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 jaw at the Phoenix fans in the front row.]

PW: And their opponents...

["The Show goes On" by Lupe Fiasco begins to play as Buford steps onto the red carpet. The crowd then roars even louder as he's then followed by the monstrous Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones, appearing from behind the curtains.

Jones is dressed in his usual full-length fur coat, worn over full-length, metallic silver tights and Hammonds is dressed in similarly colored trunks. Following behind Buford, who holds their half of the tag team title belts high into the air, the duo forego their usual antics and posturing, making their way down to the ring, looking all business.

The championship trio draws near to the ring, shouting in at the waiting challengers who are firing words back at them as Jones removes his fur coat. Miss Sandra Hayes has made her way out to the floor and walks around the ringpost, getting right up in the face of Buford P. Higgins.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds, the powerhouse of the World Tag Team Champions, pulls himself up on the apron. Look out there, Buford!

[Hayes and Higgins are trading words when she suddenly threatens him with the branding iron. Skywalker Jones, spotting his announcer in some danger, spins away to shout at Hayes.]

GM: We've got some trouble out on the floor.

BW: Look at that bully out there! He's pulling his best Travis Stench impression out there - #ScumbagSkywalker.

GM: Would you knock it off with- ohh!

[The crowd groans as Anderson and Strong attack Hammonds in the corner, going after the Tupelo Tower.]

GM: The challengers jump Hammonds before the bell... come to think of it, where the heck is the referee?!

[Jones, hearing his partner under attack, turns back towards the ring, grabbing the ropes to climb up on the apron...

...when Sandra Hayes takes a big overhead swing, cracking Jones in the back of the head with the branding iron to a HUGE explosion of jeers!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Jones collapses in a heap on the floor, his hand instantly shooting up to the back of his head.]

GM: Sandra Hayes just CLUBBED Skywalker Jones with that steel branding iron! Good grief!

BW: Jones is out! He's out cold!

GM: I'm not sure about that but she definitely did some damage there and-

[The crowd ROARS as a furious Buford P. Higgins approaches Hayes, backing her down.]

BW: #ScumbagBuford! #ScumbagBuford!

GM: Higgins hasn't laid a hand on her although I'm not sure how he can resist after seeing what she just did to Skywalker Jones! And in the meantime, that leaves Hercules Hammonds all alone in the ring getting hammered into the corner by Strong and Anderson! And we STILL don't have a referee!

BW: Oh yes we do! Look again, Gordo!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of Marty Meekly jogging down the aisle towards the ring...

...flanked by Van Alston and a disgusted-looking Brad Jacobs!]

GM: Now what in the HELL is this all about?!

BW: Marty Meekly needs personal security! You saw what happened to him at-

[The crowd ERUPTS as someone hurdles the barricade, diving at Brad Jacobs and knocking the big man down to the floor.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Who the hell is that?!

[The camera zooms in, showing a man wearing a hooded sweatshirt battering Jacobs down on the floor.]

GM: That's Stevie Scott! The Hotshot just jumped Brad Jacobs in the aisle!

[Fists are flying, raining down on the former World Tag Team Champion as Van Alston throws a quick look at Jacobs and Scott before finishing his job, escorting Marty Meekly to the ring.]

GM: Marty Meekly is apparently the official for this match as Van Alston accompanies him down the aisle... and now Alston's protecting Sandra Hayes!

BW: Of course he is! The Wise Men stick together, Gordo! It's just like that kind soul "Hollywood" Larry Doyle to send his muscle out here to make sure Sandra's okay!

[As Meekly gets into the ring, he signals for the bell.]

GM: Now, wait a damn second! Skywalker Jones has been laid out on the floor! Why the hell is Meekly ringing the bell?!

BW: The match is underway! Hammonds is getting his tail kicked in the corner but the match is underway, Gordo!

GM: This isn't right at all!

[Inside the ring, Hercules Hammonds absorbs forearms, elbows, and kicks in the corner as he tries to stay on his feet.]

GM: Get one of them out of the ring, Meekly!

BW: Marty's telling them to get out of there. He's telling them that they-

GM: Now where is he going?!

BW: Uh oh. I think he just realized that Jones is hurt!

[Meekly exits the ring, stepping out on the apron to look down at Jones who is still grabbing at the back of his head, barely moving out on the floor. Buford P. Higgins has moved back to his friend's side, kneeling down next to him and shouting up at Meekly who waves for Jones to get on the apron.]

GM: What the... he's telling Jones to get on the apron but he can barely move, Bucky!

[We cut back inside the ring where the crowd is roaring at a rally from Hercules Hammonds, dishing out haymakers to both of the challengers. He sends Strong sprawling with a forearm shot to the jaw before grabbing Anderson by the hair, leaping up, and delivering a headbutt that causes Anderson to stagger across the ring.]

GM: Hammonds is fighting back! The big man is fighting back!

[Strong gets up... but gets dropped with a right hand as Hammonds throws a glance to his corner where Higgins waves him off, telling him to keep going while he tends to Jones.]

GM: Hammonds is all alone! He's looking to his corner for assistance but he's finding none! This is all him at this point! This is what he has to do - all on his own! Come on, kid!

[With a shake of his head, Hammonds wheels around to catch a rising Anderson with a forearm shot to the jaw, sending him falling back against the ropes.]

GM: It's still a two-on-one inside that ring and that fool Marty Meekly is out here on the apron telling Jones to get back in... now he's down on the floor!

BW: How can you talk about a licensed AWA official like that?!

GM: He shouldn't be licensed at all! He's as crooked and corrupt as they come... or he's just as incompetent as possible!

[As Strong staggers up again, Hammonds pushes him back against the ropes, grabbing at an arm as he shoots Strong into the ropes...]

...and DROPS him with a running clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[With Strong down, Hammonds turns his focus on the rising Aaron Anderson, lifting him up...

...and PRESSING HIM UP!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!! HAMMONDS SHOVES AARON ANDERSON UP INTO THE LIGHTS AND...

[The crowd ROARS as Hammonds throws Anderson over the ropes, sending him crashing down on a surprised Van Alston, knocking him down!]

GM: DOWN GOES ANDERSON AND ALSTON!!

[We cut back to the aisleway where Brad Jacobs is recovering, being surrounded by the Dogs Of War. Jacobs points off into the crowd, shaking his head as the trio goes over the railing, apparently in pursuit of the former AWA National Champion.]

GM: It was a hit-and-run up the aisle by Stevie Scott! He attacked Brad Jacobs, got in a few shots, and then got the heck out of there before the Dogs Of War arrived!

BW: Boy, he'd better pray those Dogs don't know how to track or he'll be wishing he'd stayed home in St. Louis, Gordo. This ain't none of his concern.

GM: Apparently, he feels differently about that.

[A cut back to the ring shows Hammonds pulling Strong off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...

...where he hoists him straight up, holding him still and high!]

GM: Look at the power! Look at the strength of the big man!

[Suddenly, he shifts his weight, DRIVING Strong into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: OHHH! Shades of Hall of Famer Joe Reed's Kentucky Backsmasher!

[Hammonds hooks a leg, going for a pin...

...but Marty Meekly is still outside the ring, shouting at Skywalker Jones to get off the floor. A furious Buford P. Higgins gets to his feet, shoving Meekly in the chest...]

GM: Oh!

BW: Fine him! Suspend him!

[Meekly shouts at Higgins who is pointing at the ring, pointing at the pin attempt as Skywalker Jones slowly gets to a knee, still cradling the back of his head as Miss Sandra Hayes circles around, whispering in the ear of the first graduate of the Combat Corner, Aaron Anderson...]

GM: Jones is getting up! Somehow, this kid is fighting back to his feet!

[Meekly turns back to the ring, sliding in as Hammonds gets back to his feet. The Tupelo Tower stalks across, shouting at Meekly, pointing to the prone Strong. Meekly nods, telling him to cover again...

...while Aaron Anderson slides along the ring apron, steel branding iron in hand...]

GM: NO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And BLASTS Skywalker Jones across the back of the head with the branding iron, swinging it like a baseball bat!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Jones crumples motionlessly to the mat. Buford P. Higgins turns his rage towards Aaron Anderson, screaming at the Axeman...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who BLASTS Higgins between the eyes with it as well!]

GM: Oh, come on! He hit the... he hits Higgins with the branding iron too! This is shameful, Bucky. This is a damn disgrace!

BW: This is a World Tag Team Title match and Hercules Hammonds better come to grips with the fact that it just turned into a Handicap Match!

[Hammonds glares at Meekly as he grabs Strong by the hair, pulling him up as Anderson slides in. He boots Anderson in the gut, grabbing him by the back of the head as well...

...and SMASHES their heads together!]

GM: OHH! DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER BY HERCULES HAMMONDS!!

[The crowd is roaring for Hammonds' efforts to fight off the challengers on his own as Marty Meekly turns back towards the corner...]

GM: Where is he... Meekly's leaving again!



BW: He's trying to check on Jones, you heartless savage! He's concerned about the man's physical condition!

GM: The hell he is! This man is only concerned about his next payoff from the Wise Men if you ask me! I was giving him the benefit of the doubt before but not any longer... not one more minute longer!

[With Meekly back out on the floor, a disgusted Hammonds throws Anderson into the corner with a ring-shaking Irish whip.]

BW: Besides, Hammonds is doing pretty well on his own, Gordo. I don't know what you're complaining about.

GM: You don't know what...?! Give me a break, Bucky! I've sat by your side for six years and heard you be as biased as can be but even you have to admit this is a sham we're watching right now! This is a Wise Men-concocted plot to put the World Tag Team Titles around the waists of the Lights Out Express! Hayes, Doyle, and Childes came up with this together! Admit it!

BW: I admit nothin', Gordo.

[Hammonds grabs Strong by the back of the trunks, wheeling him around 360 degrees...

...and HURLS him shoulderfirst into the gut of Aaron Anderson!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE CORNER!!

[Strong staggers back, falling down to the canvas as Hammonds throws himself into a somersaulting koppo kick, his heel bouncing off the cheekbone of a doubled-up Anderson, sending him sprawling through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Hammonds sends Anderson out to the floor again!

[Anderson hits the ringside mats very close to the out-cold Jones who has a deep red bloodstain on the back of his head from the second shot with the branding iron. Miss Sandra Hayes can be heard shouting at Lenny Strong as she rushes to Anderson's side, trying to get him back into the ring to continue the fight. Meekly slides back into the ring, looking on as Hammonds pulls Strong off the mat...

...and buries a big boot in the gut!]

GM: He's going for the Hammer! He's gonna finish this right now!

BW: I can't believe this! Sandra, do something!

[As Hammonds wraps his powerful arms around the torso of Lenny Strong in a gutwrench, he hoists him up onto his shoulder...

...as Marty Meekly turns away, stepping back out on the apron to check on Anderson and Jones!]

GM: Meekly's leaving again just as-

[Hammonds SWINGS Strong down, bouncing him facefirst off the canvas to a huge reaction!]

GM: HAMMONDS HAMMER... CONNECTS!

[Hammer flips Strong over, applying a cover.]

GM: He's got him beat, Bucky!

BW: But Meekly's out on the floor! Marty Meekly is checking on Skywalker Jones again, waving to the back for some medical help for him. The man is bleeding after all, Gordo.

GM: This is absolutely ridiculous! Hammonds has him pinned! One... two... three... four! We could count to twenty and he'd still have Strong beat with the Hammonds Hammer! Marty Meekly is ruining this World Tag Team Title match!

[An angry Hammonds slaps the canvas three times, making his own count as the crowd roars at Meekly to get in and make the count.]

GM: There's a three! There's a three! This should be over!

BW: Hammonds can't count his own pin, Gordo. Even as emotional as you are right now, you know that much!

[A furious Hammonds gets to his feet, stalking across the ring towards his corner...

...and leans through the ropes, grabbing Meekly by the hair, hauling him back up the ringsteps to a huge reaction!]

BW: He can't put his hands on a referee like that!

GM: He just did it! What more could Meekly do to him after what we've seen here tonight?!

[Hammonds drags Meekly up onto the apron, shouting at him while still holding a handful of hair...

...as Aaron Anderson comes charging from the blindside, smashing a double axehandle across the back of the head, knocking Hammonds back into the corner.]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Anderson grabs Hammonds by the back of the head, delivering European uppercut after uppercut in the corner, rocking the World Tag Team Champion as a dazed Lenny Strong gets off the canvas, slapping his elbow a few times...]

GM: Anderson with the whip...

[Hammonds runs headlong right into Strong's Rolling Elbow, snapping his head back, sending him staggering back towards Anderson who twists, spins, and PLANTS a big boot into the side of Hammonds' head, sending him staggering back the other way!]

BW: ASSAULT AND BATTERY BY THE CHALLENGERS! They smell a title change!

GM: Come on, Hercules! Fight out of this!

[The dazed Hammonds staggers into a fireman's carry lift by Strong who walks him out to the middle of the ring as Anderson crouches, waving his hands, calling for the next attack...

...and Strong shoves him up and over in a flip, right into Anderson's waiting arms as he sits out in a powerbomb!]

BW: DEMOLITION DRIVER! THAT'S IT!

[Meekly drops down to all fours, slapping the mat quickly... very quickly.]

GM: No, not like this!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: We've got new Tag Team Champions! We've got new champions!

[The fans are absolutely livid - almost rabid - as they pour down boos on a celebrating Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Miss Sandra Hayes... and just as many boos on Marty Meekly who bails from the ring and quickly makes his way back up the aisle, accompanied by Van Alston as debris starts being flung in his direction and in the direction of the ring.]

GM: I can't believe what the hell we just witnessed, fans. The Wise Men have stolen the World Tag Team Titles away from Skywalker Jones - who is STILL out cold at ringside - and Hercules Hammonds! This was a setup... a plot from the get-go. They had the referee they wanted. They got the sneak attack in. It was a mob-style whacking and the World Tag Team Champions were the victims!

BW: The FORMER World Tag Team Champions. Make it official, Philly Phil!

[Phil Watson's voice rings out over the PA system.]

PW: Your winners of the match...

...and NEWWWWW WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, THE LIGHTS OUT  
EXXXXPRESSSSSSSSSS!

[The boos get louder, the debris being flung at the ring gets more and more intense as Anderson and Strong hoist the title belts over their heads, celebrating their triumph as Miss Sandra Hayes jumps up and down, thrusting her arms into the air in joy!]

GM: We've got new tag team champions in what amounts to no less than a felony case of robbery if you ask me.

BW: Nobody asked you, Gordo! What a night this has been and it's nowhere near over yet! What a party! What a celebration!

GM: This... this right here is what people feared from the Wise Men. This is what people feared from the mere thought of President Percy Childes. And this is what he couldn't even wait a single night to deliver to the masses. Disgusting. Let's go to a commercial... right now please.

[As the celebration continues inside the ring - and the fans outside the ring are throwing garbage at those doing the celebrating - we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

"It's the AWA's fault"

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

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

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

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

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

MSH: Can you feel the heat?

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

A burst of static appears on the screen. A second. A third before the horizontal hold rolls the screen over and over. One more burst of static ends with a shaky cell phone shot of what appears to be a lecture hall. In the front of the hall, there is a long table with three men seated behind it. Several feet away, a woman stands behind a podium. She is in the middle of speaking.]

"-oke for you. A priest, an academic, and a scientist walk into a lecture hall and none of them can agree about this phenomena going on in-"

[Another burst of static, coming back up on the same scene.]

"-very minimum, you have to admit this is a situation that is... almost otherworldly."

[One of the men at the table snorts derisively.]

"Otherworldly? I thought this was a university - a place of higher learning - not the supermarket tabloid stand. If you want to talk about things of an otherworldly nature, I'd suggest a quick Google search. There's more than enough paranoid-"

[Another burst of static, this time a man who appears to be a priest is speaking.]

"No one is saying for certain what this is. No one seems to know. What I can tell you is what I have seen with my own eyes. Dark things in the nearby villages. Evil things. Crimes where there were none before. Darkness where there was none before. Evil where there was none before."

[The man next to him speaks up.]

"Examples, Father... or I'm not buying it."

[The priest clears his throat.]

"This, I have not seen with my own eyes thankfully but we have heard tale of... human sacrific-"

[He's cut off by a burst of static that ends with the third man speaking.]

"When you see a fissure like that in the crust of the Earth, you look for explanations. The size. The speed in which it appeared and grew. The volatility of the area surrounding it. Otherworldly. Spiritual. I don't much

care what the answer is as long as there is one that we can find... and prove."

[Another burst of static, the screen cutting to black as we hear some of the words spoken again - this time with an accompanying echo.]

"Size. Otherworldly. Spiritual. Volatility. Evil. Darkness. Evil. Evil. Evil."

[The word "evil" continues to echo as a dark, deep laugh comes in.]

"When forces beyond explanation appear, the masses always turn inwards to find the answers. Religion. Science. Academia.

Some forces cannot be explained.

Some forces exist beyond measure... beyond understanding.

Volatile? Evil? Dark?"

[The man chuckles again.]

"Oni."

[Three letters fill the screen - "ONI" - stark, bright, filling the screen and your eyes...

And slowly fade to black.

We cut to a shot that immediately gives off the sense of panic. It's sloppy - not the usual professional level footage you see on Saturday Night Wrestling. It's all over the place, the lens swinging back and forth. We catch a glimpse of a monitor showing the same thing we're seeing infinitely.]

"You still with me?"

[The cameraman utters a "yes."

"Alright, straighten it out."

[From off-camera, we hear a shout of "HEY! YOU CAN'T BE IN HERE!" As the lens comes to a focus, it's a dark shot - a few squares of light here and there. We can see a few people coming out of their chairs, looking concerned as a voice speaks in front of the lens.]

"1775 to 1783. The Revolutionary War took place."

[The shot gets brighter, enough to reveal "Hotshot" Stevie Scott standing. The hood on his sweatshirt has been pulled back to reveal his face - a bit more... unbalanced... than we saw him at the start of the show. His hair is mussed, his skin is sweaty - he seems a little out of breath. It's pretty obvious he's been running from the Dogs Of War for a while now.]

HSS: Should've been an unwinnable war for the colonists. Outnumbered, inferior weaponry, inferior navy. But they won. Because one reason.

They didn't play by the rules of war.

[He pushes strands of hair out of his face, throwing a glance over the cameraman's shoulder as some shouting is heard off-camera. The camera lens starts to drift but Stevie pulls it back on him, sticking a finger in the lens for emphasis.]

HSS: The original guerrilla warriors. Doing what they had to do in order to survive, in order to win.

I think there's a lesson to be learned there, don't you, Mr. President?

[He grins sadistically.]

HSS: Yep, two old pals getting together again, me and Percy Childes. Believe me when I say you haven't seen the last of me, and either you've been run out of the wrestling business...or I'm dead. The only two options that exist.

Gotta give you credit, though. Your mastery of manipulation caught even me off guard. So from one candidate to another, let me offer my official congratulations. I'll be sure to find you somewhere tonight and give you those, uh, "congratulations" in person.

And now that brings me to the person who made all this possible.

[And an immediate look of disgust.]

HSS: Martinez said he doesn't blame you, Lori Dane-Michaelson.

[The disdain with which he says those last three words certainly implies disagreement. Another noise is heard off-camera but Stevie doesn't seem to notice. He's focused on the matter at hand.]

HSS: He says no one should blame you, that you did what any good mother would do.

Rest assured, Mrs. Michaelson, that the kid does not speak for me.

[He laughs a nasally laugh. A slight shift of the camera shows a bank of television monitors to Stevie's right. A few production people are huddled up, pointing at Stevie nervously. By this point, we have enough evidence to be fairly sure that the Hotshot has hijacked the production truck for a place to cut this promo.]

HSS: I'm no White Knight, Lori. I have no reason to take the moral high road and let you off the hook because you felt a brick truckload of guilt on your shoulders when Sandra Hayes revealed your dirty little secret, and you

thought that by giving her what you wanted, you'd make up for years and years of not being her mother.

News flash, toots. You're still not her mother.

You're her bitch.

[A gasp is heard inside the production truck. Someone in a suit shouts out, "HEY! YOU CAN'T SAY-" but is cut off as Stevie spins, fixing the man with a stare. He pauses, letting those words sink in for a moment before turning back to the camera.]

HSS: What's wrong, Lori? You don't like that? Maybe your useless husband heard it, too. Maybe it'll make him get his ass off the couch and make him start being a MAN again, maybe do his freakin' JOB here for once.

This is WAR, lady, and in this war, I don't recognize Switzerland. I don't believe in neutrality, and there ain't no time for bleeding hearts. Just bleeding faces. Your personal life, your family problems mean nothing to me. You think you had problems BEFORE, just wait until I start bringing my personal brand of justice to you.

And I will. Oh, Lori Dane-Michaelson, I will.

[Again, he pushes his hair away from his eyes.]

HSS: It can't stay like this. And it won't. Ryan Martinez asked me earlier why I wasn't leading the troops into this war for the future of the AWA.

It's because revolutionaries don't care about the future.

They care about justice, they care about righting the wrongs that have taken place.

[A grin.]

HSS: You say you want a revolution? Well, you know...

Stevie Scott's gonna change the world.

[Stevie grins, happy at his final line...

...until a loud crash is heard from off-camera. His eyes dart in the direction as the cameraman wheels around, spotting Isaiah Carpenter leading the Dogs Of War through the door.]

IC: We've got you now, Hotshot. Come peacefully and we'll make it hurt less...

[Pedro Perez grins.]

PP: Maybe.



[A desperate Stevie reaches out to the side, YANKING a television monitor free from its connecting cable...

...and HURLS it at Carpenter and Perez who manage to avoid it, sending it crashing into the wall behind them where Wade Walker appears a moment later. Carpenter shouts a muted expletive as Perez shoves past him, charging Scott who ducks out the other door, running off into the night as we fade back to ringside.]

GM: This night is getting crazier and crazier as it goes on. The Dogs Of War are hunting "Hotshot" Stevie Scott who... well, it looked like he might have escaped from them right there but I can't be sure. We'll try to keep the fans abreast of that situation as the night goes on.

BW: He threw a TV monitor at them! That's assault with a deadly weapon!

GM: What would you call it when the Dogs Of War put Stevie Scott through a windshield last year?

BW: Fall cleaning.

GM: Incredible. Stevie Scott with some strong words for Lori Dane-Michaelson there as well.

BW: Speaking of which, you haven't said how you feel.

GM: About what?

BW: About Lori Dane-Michaelson... and what she did two weeks ago. You're the voice of the company, right? So, speak on it, Gordo... tell the world how you feel about it.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: I feel for her, Bucky. My wife and I were never lucky enough to have children of our own but... I can understand the pain she must have been going through. The guilt. The burden that secret had to carry on her for years. The pain at hurting her husband... her brother... her friends... even her fans. Do I think she made the right decision in giving the AWA Presidency to Percy Childes? Of course not. I don't think anyone would ever say that. But do I understand what she was hoping to accomplish? Yes.

BW: This all sounds very wishy washy and touchy feely, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps it is, Bucky... but I'm not about to stand out here and call her names and swear vengeance and all that. Ryan Martinez is right. If you want to blame someone for the actions of Lori Dane two weeks ago, blame Percy Childes... blame Sandra Hayes... blame Larry Doyle. They manipulated the situation. They pulled the strings. They made all this happen. But that's enough of that... let's go to some pre-recorded words from a man who made his debut two weeks ago, Joshua Barnes!

[Fade in the backstage area of the Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum - there's a few vending machines against the walls. Mark Stegglet is walking backstage, carrying a cordless microphone.]

MS: After last week's incredible bombshell involving the Wise Men and Lori Dane, Percy Childes is now the AWA President. We're trying to get comments from the AWA locker room and front office. Many wrestlers and officials are being tightlipped, perhaps out of fear of wanting to cross the new boss. We...

[Stegglet stops by a table, where a large wrestler is pouring thick black coffee into a Styrofoam cup. He turns around and it's AWA newcomer Joshua Barnes.]

MS: Mister Barnes - Joshua - can we get your opinion on Percy Childes being the AWA President?

[Barnes gives Stegglet a scowl... then shakes his head, speaking quietly.]

JB: You know... when I was a rookie, after my matches I'd head back here, I'd get something to drink and expect to talk about the matches with the other guys. "Well, I should have tried this move" or "Did you see that suplex?" You know what I heard instead? Politics. "My guy just got promoted, so I'm getting a title match." "Too bad Charlie got fired. You'll never get out of the opening match." It didn't matter how well you did in the ring - all that mattered was who you know. The only difference is...

[Barnes gestures to the camera]

JB: ...everyone's blabbing about to the world. Well, I don't care about Percy Childes. Or the Wise Men. Or the family drama of the Danes. You know what I care about?

MS: OK, I guess we'll...

JB: YOU KNOW WHAT I CARE ABOUT?

[The sudden shouting shocks Stegglet, and Barnes continues, back to speaking quietly]

JB: It's the last week of summer vacation before my kids go back to school, and I'm stuck here in this hellhole in Arizona instead of being with them. And because I don't even have a MATCH, I'm not getting paid. Which makes this entire day a complete waste. So whoever the Grand Poo-bah of this joint is this week, find me an opponent, tell him to meet me in that ring, and let me beat the hell out of him so I can earn a paycheck.

[Barnes starts to drink his coffee, then throws it into the garbage can.]

JB: You'd think that at least this swill would've gotten better by now.

[Barnes storms off, leaving Stegglet alone backstage as we fade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Joshua Barnes has one of the worst attitudes towards this business that I've ever encountered - and that includes former World Champion James Monosso!

BW: Hey, the man likes to get paid. Everyone likes to get paid, Gordo.

GM: Without a doubt but this guy doesn't seem to enjoy anything BUT getting paid unlike competitors like Air Strike who come out here time and again for the thrill of the competition. Tonight, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons were scheduled to take on a team of Strictly Business' choice. If Mertz and Aarons defeated that team, they'd get their long-awaited match with Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian at the Battle Of Los Angeles. But earlier today, we were informed that Mr. Tucker and Mr. Sebastian would NOT be appearing here tonight. Bucky, do you have any news as to why?

BW: I do, Gordo. I got the scoop on this one personally. It's the dry heat.

GM: Huh?

BW: You know how when you complain to people about Phoenix being about the same temperature as the surface of the sun, they tell you it's a "dry heat?"

GM: Yes.

BW: Well, Tucker and Sebastian consulted with their hair stylists who said that climate could do terrible things to their hair... and as I sit out here at ringside tonight, I can vouch for that.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: On a night like this, it seems only fitting that we'd have someone no-show the event due to a bad hair day. Nonetheless, Tucker and Sebastian have guaranteed the AWA that they WILL be in Las Vegas in two weeks' time to settle this issue with Air Strike. They WILL be in Sin City to give Mertz and Aarons the chance to win one more match with Strictly Business in Los Angeles. So, we'll have to wait two weeks for that... but one thing we do NOT have to wait two weeks for is what's coming up right now as Sunshine plans to walk down that aisle and DEMAND an apology from Travis Lynch.

BW: She's giving him the chance of a lifetime, Gordo. I talked to Sunshine earlier tonight. She's literally terrified at the idea of unleashing Plan B. She says she can't control what happens once she does it... and she's going to give Travis the chance to avoid it. All he has to do is admit what a scumbag he is and they'll go their separate ways.

GM: I'll believe THAT when I see it.

BW: Well, you may be about to see it if that Stench boy has a lick of sense in his good-for-nothin' noggin.

[The sounds of Fiona Apple's "Criminal" signals the impending arrival of Sunshine as do the accompanying jeers and catcalls from the Phoenix crowd. After a few moments, a very confident-looking Sunshine slips through the curtain into view to even more boos and catcalls. She's in a pair of black boots that go up mid-thigh, a denim mini-skirt that starts a bit beyond that, and of course, her #ScumbagTravis t-shirt (still available at all AWA live events and at [#ScumbagTravisShop.com](#)) as she strides towards the ring. She glides up the steel steps, taking an offered mic from a ringside attendant before stepping over the middle rope, taking her sweet time as she bennnnnnnds over, easing her way through the ropes. She smiles, batting her eyelashes as she straightens up, waiting for the music to die out before speaking.]

S: Well, well, well... a lot can change in two weeks. A new AWA President... a Wise Woman.

[She tucks the mic under her arm, clapping with a large smile.]

S: I want to congratulate Miss Sandra Hayes on her new role... and the larger role she played in changing the course of wrestling history. It's good to have friends in high places so any time you want to talk shop, girlfriend, give me a call.

But on to serious business. Travis Lynch...

[Big cheer! The women in Phoenix squeal for the Texas Heartthrob while Sunshine looks on the verge of being physically ill.]

S: You'll have to scream louder than that ladies. Travis probably has his head between the...

[She trails off, smiling.]

S: I wouldn't want President Percy to have to meet with the WKIK suits on his first night. I'll restrain myself. But I will NOT do is back down from my demand from two weeks ago. There are two ways that this issue between us ends, Travis. You have the opportunity to walk down this aisle, step into this ring, and apologize for everything that you've done to me - INCLUDING admitting to striking me twice now...

And if you don't...

[Sunshine shudders.]

S: I'd prefer not to think about that. Plan B is ready. Plan B is waiting. And trust me when I say, you will not like Plan B, Travis. You will not like it at all.

[Sunshine lowers the mic, waiting for Travis to arrive. Sunshine does not have to wait long as throughout the Arizona Veterans Memorial Coliseum Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer" blares.]

GM: We all know whose music this is...

BW: The scumbag of the year, Travis Ste...

[As Bucky tries to finish his sentence, the screams from the female fans in attendance become deafening and drown him out, as Travis Lynch begins walking down the aisleway. The Texas Heartthrob is attired in a pair of blue jeans, his black cherry ostrich boots and a black AWA Travis T-shirt.]

GM: He is not a scumbag, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is, Gordo. If he wasn't, do you think he would be coming out here to apologize?

[Two lovely young women wearing I LOVE TRAVIS T-shirts jump the guardrail and rush towards him. They cling to him, screaming "I LOVE YOU" before security is able to pry them off of him. He smiles and winks at them, which causes them to scream a bit louder.]

BW: Those two women are lucky security stepped in, you could see the desire to smack them around in his eyes.

GM: Bucky!

[Travis takes a microphone from the timekeeper, ascending the steps and moving into the ring - all the while Sunshine just glares at him.]

GM: If looks could kill.

BW: We would be the luckiest people in the world!

[Travis looks at Sunshine for a moment as the music fades. Sunshine raises her mic to speak again but Travis cuts her off to cheers.]

TL: These great fans in Phoenix have heard enough of you, Sunshine, and so have I. For two weeks now, you've been flapping your lips and for once, talking is all they have been used for.

[The crowd roars at the implication as Sunshine screams "HOW DARE YOU?!"]

GM: Kissing is what he's referring to, I'm sure.

BW: Oh, of course. Maybe the WKIK suits should drag Stench into a room and beat some civility into him!

[Travis continues, a smile on his face.]

TL: You've been telling the world that Plan B is comin', that Plan B will finally be the end of Travis Lynch. But tell me, Sunshine, how will Plan B be different? The Lost Boy failed, your hired guns the Longhorn Riders and Dichotomy failed and before all of them, your Bullies failed!

[Sunshine does not look very pleased at the direction her apology is going.]

TL: What's the matter, hon? Is this not what you wanted?

[Travis paces for a few moments as Sunshine glares daggers at him.]

TL: Were you honestly expecting me to come out here and tell you that I was sorry for gutter glitter induced visions you had?

[More cheers. Sunshine is absolutely livid by this point.]

BW: How is this an apology, Gordo?! This scumbag, Travis Stench, needs to finally be a man and admit the truth!

GM: Sunshine wanted an apology. Travis never said he was going to give her one. Right now, she's getting exactly what she has coming to her if you ask me.

BW: To be bullied? To be humiliated? This guy goes home with a different woman every night of the week and he's going to have the audacity to treat Sunshine like dirt under his feet because of her... her...

GM: Activities?

[Sunshine steps up and looks about ready to slap the taste of Travis' mouth but he raises his hand.]

TL: Now hold on... just hold on. Over the last two weeks, I spent some time down at the Ranch talking to Jimmy...

[There's a big cheer at the mention of the middle Lynch brother.]

TL: And he made a helluva point... Jack and I treated you like trash immediately after SuperClash last year.

[Sunshine angrily agrees off-mic. Travis seems to ignore her as he continues to speak.]

TL: We told you where to go and we didn't care how you got there. We called you every name in the book...

[Travis lifts a finger.]

TL: Tramp.

[The crowd cheers as Sunshine fumes. Travis counts each word off on a finger.]

TL: Jezebel.

[Another cheer. Sunshine is enraged, her cheeks flushed with anger.]

TL: Two bit whore.

[The biggest cheer of them all. Sunshine looks about one more word from clawing his eyes out in the middle of the ring.]

TL: I mean, I guess I could go on but I think you get the picture. Now, each one of those was true mind you... BUT... BUT if there's one thing that Henrietta Ortiz Lynch taught all of her boys, it was to always be gentlemen.

[Sunshine again shouts off-mic at Travis who ignores her once again.]

TL: So Sunshine, I do you owe you at least one apology. Jack and I were very, very hot about what happened to Jimmy and we just let it all out. So for the comments after SuperClash, I'm sorry.

[The apology seems to calm her down a little bit as she smugly nods as the fans boo. Travis raises a hand.]

TL: BUT since SuperClash you've been a thorn in my side.

[Travis pauses as he looks into the eyes of Sunshine.]

TL: The begging for forgiveness? Even your attempts to get me to take you in? I could probably have handled all that... but it only took one night... one Saturday Night Wrestling for all that to change.

The night that you decided to make me suffer for you falling down in the ring.

[Sunshine points an accusatory well-manicured finger, shouting at Travis off-mic again as Bucky joins in.]

BW: STOP LYING! YOU HIT HER!

GM: You be quiet.

[Travis continues.]

TL: You fell down and when I tried to help you up, you slapped me across the face. And from that night on, I haven't been able to see you as anything but what you really are, Sunshine...

[He looks around at the cheering crowd.]

TL: A VINDICTIVE BITCH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Sunshine just explodes, screaming and shouting at Travis from across the ring.]

BW: I can't believe he said that! A gentlemen, huh?! A likely story! That disgusting cow of a mother back in Texas should be embarrassed at what she's raised!

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: So, Sunshine... the answer is "no." I will NOT apologize to you! Every word I've uttered since that night has been completely true and if you really be honest with yourself, you can't deny it, Sunshine.

[A fuming Sunshine is pacing around the ring now.]

S: Honest? HONEST?! You haven't been honest with anyone EVER, Travis. You haven't been honest with yourself... with your brothers... with your parents... with these pathetic little girls who make up ninety percent of your fan club... and you certainly haven't been honest with ME!

Because if you were, you'd realize that #ScumbagTravis is more than a clever catchphrase and a best selling t-shirt... it's a movement! It's a movement of the people who realize that you are exactly what I've said you are all along.

[Sunshine pauses, waving a hand towards the back.]

S: I came here tonight with the best of intentions, Travis. I truly did. I was hoping you'd be man enough to apologize for all that you'd done and we could agree to let bygones be bygones. Who knows, Travis... with enough time gone by, maybe we could even be... friends... again.

[She bats her eyelashes at "friends" which draws jeers from those "pathetic little girls" she mentioned.]

S: I was so hopeful that this was over... I even got you a gift to let us part ways on the best possible terms.

[The crowd begins to buzz as a large white gift-wrapped box with a red ribbon tied around it is being wheeled down the aisle by a pair of backstage workers.]

GM: Some kind of a gift being wheeled down the aisle - and you can hear these fans reacting to it. They don't like the looks of this at all and I can't say that I blame them.

BW: What? Sunshine's showing him what he missed out on! Can you imagine the kind of gift that she would've given Travis if he'd just done the right thing?



GM: I'd imagine it's the same kind of gift she would give him if he did the wrong thing.

[Travis glares down the aisle at the box that is now being wheeled to ringside. He turns to Sunshine, shouting "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!" Sunshine simply smiles, pointing to the box.]

GM: She's telling him to open it! Don't do it, Travis!

[But Lynch's curiosity gets the better of him as he steps out of the ring, edging towards the set up box.]

GM: Travis Lynch is out here in the aisle, moving towards the gift box that Sunshine had delivered out him for him. I can't imagine this is a very good idea, Bucky.

BW: It's a great idea! Who knows what's in there for him? Hey, maybe Sunshine will have second thoughts and give him the gift anyways.

GM: That's what I'm afraid of, Bucky.

[Travis walks closer, reaching out towards the box. He pokes at the box a few times, nudging it to see if it moves...

...when suddenly, the box tears open, a dark-skinned arm flying into view, sticking well-taped fingers into the windpipe of Travis Lynch!]

GM: OHH!

[The rest of the box tears apart, leaving the Nightmare King, Ebola Zaire, standing in the aisle over a gasping Travis Lynch, clubbing him with a forearm to the back of the head, knocking him to his knees.]

GM: It's Ebola Zaire!

BW: We haven't seen him in... what? Two years?!

GM: It's been close to that if not... and he's all over Travis Lynch! The highest paid assassin in the world of professional wrestling!

[Zaire gleefully grabs Lynch by the hair, yanking him to his feet, dragging him towards the ring...

...and DRIVES Lynch's skull into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHH! Headfirst into the steel!

BW: Ebola Zaire's wasting no time in showing Travis Lynch what happens when you mess with Sunshine, Gordo!

GM: And from the look on her face, this MUST be Plan B. It absolutely has to be.

BW: Well, it certainly fits the description. This is a guy that NO ONE can control. Percy Childes... Ben Waterson... they tried but at the end of the day, the Nightmare King does whatever the heck he wants when he wants to do it!

GM: When you talk about the amount of money it takes to hire a man of Zaire's brutality, you once again have to wonder where in the world Sunshine has come into this financial windfall.

BW: Like she said, #ScumbagTravis is a movement of the people, Gordo! Imagine all the t-shirts she's selling!

[Zaire throws Lynch under the ropes, climbing the ringsteps in pursuit. Sunshine backs to the corner as Travis tries to crawl towards her.]

BW: Look out, Sunshine! Scumbag strikes again!

GM: He's trying to get up off the mat before Zaire gets in there to come after him.

[Zaire plods across the ring, ready to strike...

...but Travis wheels around, cracking him with a right hand to the midsection.]

GM: Travis goes downstairs!

[He throws a second one to the gut... and a third...

...but gets caught with a cross-armed thrust into the throat, sending him falling to the mat on his knees, coughing violently.]

GM: Again to the throat, leaving Travis Lynch gasping for air... oh no... oh my stars, no!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Zaire reaches into his long white pants, pulling something into view.]

GM: A fork! He's got a fork!

BW: This is one of Zaire's favorite weapons, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is and-

[He yanks Travis' head back by the hair, exposing his face...

...and he DRIVES the fork down into the forehead!]

GM: OHH!

[Still holding the hair, he drives it down again... and again... and again, soon opening up a wound on the forehead of the Texas Heartthrob!]

GM: Zaire's busted him open with that damned fork! Get that thing away from him!

[The crowd howls with rage as Zaire plants his feet, pressing the tines of the fork into the forehead, lustfully licking his lips as he drags the fork back and forth, ripping into the flesh of Lynch as Sunshine screams, "BLEED THE SON OF A BITCH DRY!" from the corner.]

GM: Listen to her! She truly is... well, exactly what Travis called her! I'm not about to repeat it but she's as vindictive as they come! There's no reason for this! None at all!

BW: Hey, Stench could've avoided it! He could've done the right thing and avoided all this! Now, the creatures from the deepest and darkest part of Hell has come for him!

[Zaire is still digging into the forehead when a flood of officials and security come pouring down the aisleway!]

GM: Thank heavens! Let's get these people down here and stop this madness!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch appears in the aisle, tearing down the aisle towards the ring as Sunshine tries waving her arms, trying to get the Nightmare King to retreat...

...but Ebola Zaire does not follow orders, standing his ground and continuing his assault as Jack Lynch slides in, battering Zaire with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Jack Lynch is trying to free his younger brother, hammering away!

[But Zaire absorbs them all and stays "in the zone" bloodying the good-looking youngster...

...when suddenly, Jack Lynch hooks the Iron Claw on the badly-scarred forehead of Ebola Zaire to a huge reaction!]

BW: ILLEGAL! ILLEGAL! THAT HOLD IS BANNED!

GM: This isn't a match, Bucky! He can use the hold outside of a match!

BW: That's up to President Percy!

[The clawhold does cause Zaire to break the hold, flailing at Jack's wrist as he falls back against the ropes...

...and Jack shoves him out to the floor, shouting some muted expletives at the bloodthirsty savage and Sunshine as he goes to check on Travis.]

GM: Thank heavens for Jack Lynch coming out here to his brother's aid but... oh my, look at Travis Lynch! He's absolutely covered in blood. The crimson mask is in full effect.

[The eldest Lynch brother is kneeling on the mat, checking on Travis as the AWA officials wave for medical aid. A smirking Sunshine backpedals down the aisle, somewhat accompanied by Ebola Zaire who looks like he'd just as soon climb back into the ring to fight some more.]

GM: We've got to get some help down here for Travis Lynch. He's bleeding profusely and needs medical attention desperately, fans. We'll be... yes, we'll be right back!

[Closeup on Travis' bloodied face as the crowd wails in anger. We cut to a female fan, tears in her eyes at what she just saw 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 a quite adorable pig rummaging around a floor covered in... slop. Now it's not quite literally slop... it's more like enough human garbage to fill several trash bags that has been distributed all over the floor. We can see lots of fast food bags, the contents of which are spilling out. There's half-eaten bags of potato chips, empty bottles of soda, and a whole lot of beef jerky.

The camera slowly comes up on Chester O. Wilde, lying on a crummy motel bed with his dirt-covered feet the first sight we see of him.]

COW: Well, hello there.

[Chester clears his throat.]

COW: Buddy, say hello.

[The camera pans to the next bed to reveal Buddy U. Loney.]

BUL: Hello.

COW: Don't mind Buddy too much. He's tired of the road life already...

[Chester whispers the next line.]

COW: Ah think he's home sick.

BUL: Am not.

[Chester nods knowingly at the camera.]

COW: Uncle Bucky's done gonna be disappointed again this week. Truth is, it's takin' us a darn sight near longer than ah 'spected it would to get to where the AWA is.

BUL: Just missed 'em in OKC.

[The cameraman grumbles.]

C: By three days.

[Buddy shrugs.]

COW: Ah reckon we'll get there 'ventually.

BUL: We better. Runnin' out of money. Camera guy's gotta pay for this here room tonight.

C: What?!

[Buddy shrugs again.]

COW: We hear the show's in Phoenix tonight.

[Chester whistles.]

COW: Always wanted to see California.

BUL: You idjit, Phoenix ain't in no California.

[It's Chester's turn to shrug.]

COW: Sooner o' later, we'll catch up with y'all... and when we do...

BUL: We're gonna need an advance on our paycheck.

[Chester nods proudly.]

COW: Yup! So, it don't matter if it's the Reles Boyz... the Longhorn Riders... the Lights Out Express, the Wilde Bunch is comin' and we're...

BUL: Comin' to make money so we can eat.

COW: You betta believe it!

[The two hillbillies nod happily as the camera shakes back and forth.]

C: I hate this job.

[Fade to black on a graphic reading - "THE WILDE BUNCH... COMIN' SOON!"]

We fade back up in the backstage area where a large AWA banner is hanging on a wall. The camera pulls back, revealing someone staring intently at the banner. That someone happens to be the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, wearing his ring robe and presumably his ring attire beneath it. Bryant turns to face the camera, revealing the title belt draped over a shoulder, held there by one hand mostly covered in tape. His free hand is similarly adorned, and the look in Bryant's eyes is the look of a man who just might like to hurt somebody.]

DB: Doesn't feel right, doing this without Jason Dane standing...oh, about there.

[Bryant gestures to the side with his free hand.]

DB: I suppose I need to add his name to the list of people I owe an apology to... along with most of the roster, the front office, and every one of you sitting out there in the stands tonight.

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: It shouldn't have taken Percy sending his Dogs after me for me to figure out how bad things were or how much worse they could get, but

apparently, despite all the effort I've put into being the better man, I'm still a lousy, selfish bastard when it comes to it. I had my eyes set on this...

[Bryant glances over at the belt on his shoulder, then back at the camera.]

DB: ...and never bothered to look up and see how close we were to the edge of oblivion...so it was sure as hell a surprise when we got shoved over the edge.

[Bryant looks down at the ground.]

DB: Now we're all falling, and while it seems like the landing's likely to kill us all and all we hold dear...

[Bryant turns and looks at the AWA banner again, then back to the camera.]

DB: I say to hell with that. I should've stepped up, I should have STOOD up a long damn time ago, the first time Percy and his lousy Wise Men garbage started rearing it's ugly head. I should've known it was that porker's fault the first time someone got put through a windshield. But I was too focused on...too focused on me, focused on my redemption, my own story, and now it might all come to a crashing end because of four people...although, for three of you, I'm using the term "people" about as loosely as I can.

[Bryant turns to face the camera fully now, AWA banner looming behind him.]

DB: Now, I'm done standing on the sidelines, Wise Men. You've always had connections, always had some way to get what you wanted before you had President Percy. I suppose the biggest difference is the deals you had to negotiate in dingy back rooms and poorly lit alleys, you can conduct from the comfort of an AWA office, and the favor you've always wanted to show the very worst of us will be front and center. There's no doubt at all in my mind that the Dogs of War are on your leash, Percy, your bought and paid for lackeys who don't do anything on their own without your say so -- your orders. I know you set them on me two weeks ago, and I wouldn't be surprised if it was at the behest of that lousy sellout Wright.

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Luckily, the AWA has a real "White Knight", and he's got friends watching his back.

[Pause.]

DB: He has two more now. Tony Sunn's not going to sit back and take it, not going to let what you did -- and what you'll do -- go by without stepping up and fighting it tooth and nail. He's a man of conviction, a man with a real sense of honor, and he proved that last week when he got in my face because I did something I shouldn't have...although I really, realllly enjoyed it...and he proved it again when he gave himself up to Walker's spear,

shoving me out of the way in the process. This is a man who I just kicked in the face, a man who had every reason in the world to let me get sawed in half by that spear, and he took it for me instead. For all your savvy, as smart as you are, Percy, your Dogs did something really, really stupid when they made an enemy out of Tony Sunn...

[Bryant's eyes narrow.]

DB: ...and something even more stupid when they tucked tail and ran before they could finish the job. Like Supreme Wright before them, they made the mistake of leaving me breathing, and now I'm going to make them regret it. Ryan Martinez...men like you, like Jack Lynch, like Bobby O'Connor and Tony Sunn...you've all got an extra set of eyes watching your backs now. I said it earlier and I'll repeat it, I should've gotten my sleepy behind off the sidelines and into this fight a long time ago...but if you want the folks who are willing to line up against the Wise Men, against Percy Childes, to raise our hands and be counted...

[Bryant smirks, raises his free hand, then curls it into a fist as he lowers it back to his side.]

DB: You get the idea. However, I'm not sure the Dogs will...depends on if Percy can convey it to them in short enough words, I guess. If he can't, well, Dogs, I've got an offer for you...one I don't think you can refuse. On the 16th of August, Saturday Night Wrestling is coming to Las Vegas, Nevada...the place where I was born and raised. On that night, I'm going to walk out to that ring, and I'm going to lay this down right in the center of it.

[Bryant pats the World Heavyweight championship title belt.]

DB: If one of you Dogs...\_any\_ one of you Dogs...is feeling brave that night, come right out...and take your shot at the World Heavyweight champ.

[Bryant pauses for a moment.]

DB: You know what? If you three want a piece of me that badly...maybe I'll just walk out there tonight, stand in the middle of the ring, and wait.

[Bryant nods slowly.]

DB: In fact, that sounds like a hell of a good idea. Anybody can just tell the world that they're willing to fight...I'm gonna drag my rear end out there to that ring and \_prove\_ it. I'm going to show the Dogs of War that the rest of the AWA isn't just gonna lie down and die because Percy tells us to...we're going to FIGHT.

[Bryant turns and points at the AWA banner again.]

DB: We'll fight for this, and whether it's against the Dogs, against Supreme Wright, or the whole damned Unholy Alliance...we'll find a way to win...we HAVE to find a way, and I mean to start finding that way tonight.



[With that, the champion marches off shot and we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Strong words from the World Heavyweight Champion who has just laid down an open challenge for any member of the Dogs Of War to challenge him for the World Heavyweight Title two weeks from tonight in his hometown of Las Vegas! Fans, two weeks ago, we debuted our Hometown Hero series for you - the ongoing gauntlet series of competitors representing their hometowns, all in hopes of winning a spot in this year's Rumble to be held in the Crockett Coliseum at Homecoming next month. When we last left off, it was Cooper Oats who had won in Oklahoma City to move on. Oats had some experience here in the AWA so many were predicting that he just might run the table the rest of the way through to Dallas... but there was a young man who had a drastically different idea, Bucky.

BW: There were four shows between OKC and tonight - Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Pueblo, Colorado, and Colorado Springs. Oats made it through Albuquerque alright with a win over "The Law" Randall White.

[We crossfade to a still photo of Oats coming over the top rope, taking a big, muscular man down with a sunset flip for a three count.]

GM: A victory over White had Oats on Cloud 9 and many were talking about signing him to a new AWA contract... but in Santa Fe, he ran into a competitor by the name of "Desert Fox" Blaine Howe. Howe defeated Cooper Oats in Santa Fe... he defeated Chester Powers in Pueblo... and just last night, he knocked off "Romeo" Rocky Royce in Colorado Springs - a three match winning streak to put himself up there as possibly the strongest entrant we've seen so far in the Hometown Hero campaign.

BW: I heard rumblings a few months ago that the front office was lookin' into the guy, and now I know why. He's one mean hombre.

GM: We've been told that tonight's opponent is a special entrant, arranged by Percy Childes, though. Which is ominous.

BW: A spot in the Rumble's on the line, Gordo. You gotta beat whoever is put out in front of ya, no matter who it is.

GM: And I'm just suuure that Percy Childes wouldn't make a deal with somebody to get them into that Rumble and help whomever the Wise Men handpick to win it.

BW: I detect sarcasm. And slander.

GM: Well, earlier tonight, we caught up with Blaine Howe. Let's see what the Desert Fox had to say.

[A cut to some prerecorded footage. Mark Stegglet is standing backstage with a slightly reddish-skinned man with curly dirty-blond hair. He has strips of olive-green, brown, and other earth-toned cloth wrapped around his upper body and face, so that we can only really see his wild blue eyes. He

has an excellent physique, and full-length khaki-and-olive thick wrestling pants.]

MS: With me at this time, the incumbent in the Hometown Hero challenge. "Desert Fox" Blaine Howe, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Howe's voice is forceful and confident.]

BH: "City Squirrel" Mark Stegglet, welcome to the war.

MS: Uh, war?

BH: War. WAR! I am the Desert Fox, yes, and I have been waging a war all over the world. From Santa Fe to San Salvador! From Brussels to Bolivia! From Okinawa to Chengdu! War is at hand. War is universal. War is omniversal. And I am at war with everything and everyone. There are no civilians, there are only statistics. And it... is... GLOOOOORIOUS!

MS: Be that as it may be, you scored an impressive win in Santa Fe, and since then have retained your position with two victories in Colorado. But President Percy Childes is claiming that he has a special surprise tonight for the Hometown Hero competition.

BH: Undoubtedly! After all, I am at war with President Percy Childes. I am at war with all presidents of everything. So this comes as no surprise. I cannot be surprised. For covert operations are effective tactics, City Squirrel. Be aware that the Desert Fox is also a master of covert operations, yes. I welcome this man, whomever he may be. Perhaps I already know, City Squirrel? I am a master of stealth, you know. Espionage is well within my many capabilities, strategist that I am. I could have wiretapped his phone, I could have snuck into his office, I could have poisoned his lunch... there is no limit to the tactics of a Desert Fox.

MS: Well, thank you very much, Blaine Howe...

BH: FURTHERMORE. I have but one thing more to say to the AWA, just one thing:

Honor lies only in victory, and justice is made by the hands of the victorious. Remember that.

[With that cryptic phrase, the Desert Fox heads out. Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Blaine Howe, ladies and gentlemen. He'll be a very dangerous test for whomever his opponent is tonight. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions.

[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!

[The sounds of "Short Change Hero" by The Heavy plays over the PA, and the crowd gives a respectful but as-yet-tentative reaction.]

PW: About to make his way down the aisle, from Santa Fe, New Mexico... weighing two-hundred fifty-four pounds... "DESERT FOX" BLAINE HOWE!

[It is not long before Howe makes his way through the curtain. As seen before, he's got short curled dirty-blond hair and a skin tone that suggests Native American ancestry in the past. Cloth strips are tied all over him, as if for protection against the desert sun, wind, and sand. Much of his face is obscured by these strips, which are all various earth-tones in color. His attire consists of full-length khaki-and-olive wrestling pants; like tights, but made of thicker materials. Tall tan boots and ragged cut-tip gloves complete the attire. Howe has a build that suggests that he spends quality time in the gym, but he looks dusty and dirty as if he just came in from the desert.]

GM: Blaine Howe is not all there, Bucky.

BW: No, he ain't. But that don't matter. He can be not all there, so long as he's all in. He's got some international experience and thinks he's ready for the big time. We'll see.

[Blaine spends his trip down the aisle berating fans, and he proceeds to tear up a fan's "WELCOME TO THE VALLEY" sign. Now that the audience is a bit more clear on where Howe stands, they start to boo. The Desert Fox walks up the steps, enters the ring, and runs to the corner. He stands up on the second turnbuckle and disparages the fans as his music dies down.

There is a buzz, and Phil Watson looks around in confusion because he doesn't have a card to introduce the opponent. He asks referee Marty Meekly who it is, and Meekly can only shake his head and shrug.]

GM: And, as if we haven't seen Percy enough tonight, he's coming out again!

BW: It's his first night as President, and he has to establish the new status quo. Give him a break, Gordo.

[The white-clad Childs has a wireless mic, so he can get on with it while heading down the aisle. The boos are resounding.]

PC: One of the things I know I need to do as President is to build trust. Too many of you believe that I want to screw over the AWA or the fans. That is not the case at all. And I'm going to do something to prove it, right now.

You all know how much I hate nostalgia and the ghosts of the past. Which is why we now have a Detson Center...

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

PC: And why the Wall Of Fame is now appropriate to the modern day. Or at least it will be once we repair the damage Carver did. I hope he enjoys prison food, by the way.

[BOOOO!]

PC: But I'm going to compromise with you. Phoenix, you have your heroes. And your legends. So I made some calls this week, and arranged for one of your own to compete as the Hometown Hero this week. I figure, if one of them is at least willing to step in the ring and compete in the modern day, then I could show him a bit of respect and you'd get your nostalgia trip.

So please welcome... a Hall Of Famer... and Arizona's own... DOC HOLLIDAY!

BW: WHAT?!

[The boos turn to a huge explosion of cheers as the eerie harmonica opening to Enrico Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" from "Once Upon A Time In The West" strains from the PA, and the lights dim.]

GM: IS HE... HE IS!

[As the foreboding music echoes in the background and the fans cheer wildly, Doc Holliday emerges from the back. He is wearing wearing a tailor-made old-style suit of a cut and style popular in the late 1800's; a black jacket with white silk ruffled undershirt, a gold undervest, and long black pants. He also wears a black hat, from which his long wavy light-brown hair dips to just below shoulder level. A gold chain can be seen dangling from his suit jacket. Doc moves with a mild limp, and uses a mahogany hand-carved walking stick to assist him on the way down the aisle. He seems to be carrying a grim expression on his angular, clean-shaven face.]

GM: DOC HOLLIDAY?! IN THE HOMETOWN HERO?!

BW: That ain't fair! This is supposed to be for guys who ain't had a break yet! Holliday's a former World Champion.

GM: I'm not sure about that, but what in the world is Percy Childes playing at here? There's no way he can control Holliday!

BW: But... Gordo! If he did?

GM: ...that's terrifying.

[Upon reaching Childes, Holliday extends his arm to ask for the mic. Percy gives it to him, the music fades, and the crowd lets their reaction be known.]

"WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK!"

[Holliday answers in that famous baritone drawl.]

DH: Phoenix! I ain't never left! This is mah home!

[Wild cheers.]

DH: And unlike that no-good snake Johnny Detson, who's gonna be missin' half his face the nex' time I see 'im, Doc Holliday is here to rep-ersent Phoenix, Arizona!

[More cheers.]

DH: And to that man in the ring. Blaine.

[Holliday points to Howe, who is now standing in the middle of the ring with a crazed look in his eye.]

DH: We trained you three years ago down in Tucson, me an' Brent Maverick. You done us proud. Ah couldn't ask fer better than to fight you tonight. But boy, you an' I both know how this ends. This town is callin' fer yer blood an' they'll get it. Doc Holliday always gives them whut they come ta see, and ya cain't be surprised that I showed up today. Because...

[The fans play 'sing along with the catchphrase'.]

DH: ...EVERY DAY is a HOLLIDAY!

Watson, ya don't need a cue card... do it from mem'ry.

PW: His opponent... from Tombstone, Arizona... weighing two-hundred thirty-two pounds... DOC HOLLIDAY!

[The cheers are bombastic as Holliday walks up the steps, divesting himself of his to-ring attire as he goes.]

GM: Well, the Hometown Hero just took a sharp left turn. Doc Holliday is a Hall Of Famer as one-half of the Outlaws with Brent Maverick, but his singles career was just as prolific. He was a World Champion some thirteen years ago, and the list of men that he has beaten would also fill a Hall Of Fame.

BW: Maybe, but the more I think about it, the more I wonder. Does he got anything left? Holliday's one of those guys who made a lot of money and got out of the sport relatively healthy. He don't need this, not financially. It's that enormous ego of his. If ego was explosive, there'd be nothin' left of the southwestern US the first time somebody used a Zippo in his presence.

GM: I see... you think perhaps he has ring rust, and doesn't realize it.

BW: He'd never realize it. He's incapable of thinkin' that way.

[Holliday completes the disrobing process as he backs into his corner. This reveals his full-length black-and-gold trunks: black with gold outlines of various symbols of the gambler's trade on it (dice, cards, roulette wheels, etc). He wears black-and-gold wrestling boots, and standard white wrist-

tape as well. Howe is irate that this is taking so long, but Holliday waves him off dismissively.]

GM: A bit of gamesmanship by the wily veteran, letting the younger man grow impatient. As Holliday mentioned, Blaine Howe was trained at the Tucson branch of the Keening School of the Grappling Arts, so he should be very familiar with Holliday's tactics and mindset. Though Brent Maverick is the head trainer there, Holliday comes in to teach those young athletes some of the advanced lessons.

BW: Learnin' in a school is nothin' like feelin' it in a ring, though. Whether it is the Combat Corner or any other school, it all is the same: you have to experience it to understand it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Indeed. Holliday now ready, and we have a collar-and-elbow tieup. Howe the much stronger man, backing Doc to the ropes. But Holliday with a handful of hair reverses at the last moment.

BW: Don't for a moment think Doc won't cheat just because he's gettin' cheered. And in Phoenix, they'll cheer him cheatin'. Because they're hypocrites.

GM: I don't know about that, but the fans here value loyalty to the area perhaps a bit more than strict adherence to the rules. Clean break by Holliday, which is borderline shocking if you've followed his career. Perhaps showing some respect for one of his own former students.

BW: If he respected what the Desert Fox can do, he'd have kicked him in the unmentionables and dropped him on his head. You show respect by takin' a man seriously, Gordo, not by kid gloves. Haven't we had this conversation already?

GM: Another lockup, and Howe ducking in with a fireman's carry takeov... ow.

BW: Holliday grabbed his ear! That was all he had to do. Howe flipped Doc and ended up bringin' himself down by the ear because of it. That's a veteran move.

GM: Legal, if a bit harsh. Side headlock by Holliday, controlling the man on the canvas. And peppering him with a few short right hands, which is NOT legal. Marty Meekly giving him a warning, but Holliday using the headlock to back Howe into the corner... and now unloading!

BW: Yep. Doc ain't a technical wrestler.

GM: Rights and lefts! The crafty veteran using ring positioning to his advantage, and Howe cannot evade. All he can do is swing back... and Doc Holliday is much too fast for that. Holliday ducking and weaving every counterpunch by Howe, and clobbering him with the counter to the counter.

BW: Oh, there ya go, kid!

GM: And Howe bullrushes out of the corner with a hard tackle! He was getting beaten badly with the fisticuffs, so switching to a takedown... but Holliday with a bodyscissors. And wrapping an armbar when Howe tries to punch him.

BW: The sheer experience edge is way too much. Every time the Desert Fox tries somethin', Doc knows exactly what to do.

GM: He would be very, VERY dangerous if he made it to the Rumble, and doubly so if he won the Rumble. Doc Holliday claims that he is here to represent Phoenix, and while that might be true, if you dangle an opportunity to be a World Champion again in front of this man, his ego will not allow him to walk away from it.

BW: And he'd do anything to get it, make no mistake. Holliday's heartless when it comes to the ring. He'd piledrive a little kid if it would help him win a match. Percy must be... I dunno, I can only think he MUST have something going with Holliday to bring him in like this. But there's no way Percy can keep him in line, so I can't think of what it could be.

[As the announcers speculate, Howe gets to the ropes. Holliday rolls under the bottom rope, releasing the armbar-body scissors immediately. He pulls Blaine's hair to drag his head out to the apron, lifts it up, and slams his sternum right down on the edge of the apron!]

GM: Brutal! That has to knock all of the wind out of Blaine Howe. And again!

BW: Watch out for this now!

GM: Holliday climbing on the apron... and a legdrop to the back of the head! A devastating blow, crushing Howe's sternum and chest into the ring apron, which is easily the most unyielding part of the ring!

BW: Now this is more along the lines of showing a man respect.

GM: And back to why Percy Childes would bring in Holliday... perhaps he's just offering the carrot of a title shot and trusting that Holliday will eliminate some competition?

BW: Doc ain't stupid. If you put him in a situation, the first thing he'll do is figure out how to be in control of it. Percy can't possibly not know that.

GM: Maybe Childes is the one whose ego is blinding him.

[Meanwhile, Holliday rolls back in the ring, pulls up Howe, and whips him off the ropes. Howe leapfrogs him on the way back, but eats a flying forearm as he rebounds.]

BW: Or maybe Doc's... nah, the timeline don't fit. Doc wouldn't have been in the right place at the right time for that. Maybe. I guess I couldn't rule it out.

GM: Sandra Hayes?

BW: You gotta know that everyone's gonna speculate on who her dad is. It's theoretically possible!

GM: Again, that would be terrifying. Holliday on the second turnbuckle on the inside... HOWE DUCKED! Holliday went for a flying back elbow, but the Desert Fox evaded and the man from Tombstone crashed to the canvas.

BW: He ain't from Tombstone. Tombstone is a ghost town and a movie that Doc ain't ever seen. He actually refuses to watch it now, because he thinks that's funny. He lives in Phoenix now, but let's see if the Desert Fox can embarrass him in front of his home crowd.

GM: Howe wasting no time, driving a fistdrop to the breadbasket. That will take the wind out of a man, especially if he's not in ring shape. Blaine Howe pulling up Holliday, and a beautiful swinging neckbreaker!

BW: You gotta be impressed with that, and there's a cover!

GM: Two count only. Blaine Howe knows that if he wants to beat Doc Holliday, he has to pressure him and take advantage of the ring rust and lack of ring conditioning. Holliday in tremendous shape, but gym shape and ring shape are different things that cover different areas. And I've let this one go long enough in this match without taking issue with it - Marty Meekly is the referee!

BW: So? He's a licensed AWA official!

GM: He ROBBED the World Tag Team Champions earlier tonight!

BW: FORMER World Tag Team Champions, Gordo... and apparently President Percy didn't see any problem with it. He let him come out here to referee this... hrm.

GM: The plot thickens.

[As the announcers continued to speculate, Howe was putting the boots to the midsection of Holliday.]

BW: Stamina's the thing you lose first when you don't wrestle in a long time. That, and that extra pain tolerance from bein' in fights night after night. This'll test both.

GM: It will, and Blaine Howe will not relent. Pulling Doc Holliday to his feet, and sending him off the ropes...



[As Doc rushes back, Howe drops down in front. Holliday hurdles him to avoid tripping, comes back off the far ropes... and is leveled as Blaine throws his whole body into a side elbow. Almost a cross between an elbow and a body check, he hits Holliday in the midsection with great force and drives him to the canvas!]

BW: Ho-HO! Didja get the number of that truck?!

GM: Violent impact! And a cover again... only a two, but this is a very well-conceived strategy by the Desert Fox. For someone who didn't know who his opponent was, he seems to know what to do.

BW: He did tell Stegglet that he was a strategist. You gotta be, to be at war with everyone. And he knows Holliday.

GM: Double stomp to the abdomen, oh no! Shades of Anton Layton right there, and the Desert Fox could be on his way to the upset of his life!

BW: And this is what happens when ring rust meets a guy who has wrestled probably 200 days out of the last 300. I'm a fan of Holliday, don't get me wrong, but he is totally the kind of guy who would try to wrestle without enough time to prepare properly first, just because he thinks he's unbeatable.

GM: That might be true.

BW: What, do I lie?

GM: \*ahem\* Gutbuster by the Desert Fox! And another! And now hammering away!

[The fans boo as Blaine has driven Holliday over his knee with a gutbuster... as Holliday is laid out over his knee, he reaches to grab his hair, and slugs him repeatedly in the back of the head.]

BW: Never hurts to ring a guy's bell. Well, never hurts the guy doin' the ringin' anyway.

GM: Blaine Howe is on a roll, and Holliday is in trouble! He pulls up the Hall Of Famer, and backs him into the corner with a big reverse knife edge chop!

BW: And a couple kicks to the gut for good measure. Driving the wind out of him. And believe me, Doc Holliday is full of wind.

GM: Irish-whip to the opposite corner, and Doc hits hard. And here comes Howe...

[The Desert Fox runs across the ring for what looks like a double axehandle, but Holliday moves. However, it seems that Howe was expecting that, because he jumps to the second rope, turning in mid jump with a big grin on his face!]

BW: Ha! That looked like a stupid charge into the corner, but Howe was setting him up!

GM: The Desert Fox is as sly as his namesake... flying axehand...

[\*WHAP!\*

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd explodes as Holliday saw the second rope shake when Howe jumped on it, and knew what he was doing. As Blaine leaps, Holliday sidesteps into him and pops him in the jaw with his famous lightning-fast left jab, hitting with a sickening crack! Howe's legs flop to the side as he hits the canvas, and he faceplants to the loud approval of the audience!]

BW: Those ain't your stars, daddy! Those are Blaine Howe's stars, spinnin' around his head!

GM: Doc Holliday with the left jab that he is famous for, and he is feeling it now! A little bit of a dance right there...

BW: Which was stupid, because he was short of wind. See, adrenaline and ego cause problems when mixed together.

GM: Indeed, Doc doubling over to catch his breath after the adrenaline surge wears off. Holliday feeling Blaine Howe's offense, and is thus slow to follow up.

BW: Howe's up, but he's wobbly!

GM: Blaine Howe screaming to high heaven, holding his jaw. Which may be broken.

BW: No surprise. When Doc hits you, you stay hit. That left is lethal.

GM: Howe rushing in before Doc can recover! Big haymaker by Howe... no!

[As Blaine throws the punch, Holliday intercepts, grabbing the arm and twisting into an armwringer. He uses the armwringer to pull Howe past him, wraps Howe's arm around Howe's own neck, and jumps into a cravate neckbreaker to drive the New Mexico native to the canvas! The cheers are loud for one of Holliday's signature moves.]

BW: CANYON RUNNER! Howe's in trouble now!

GM: The end could indeed be near for Blaine after that stunning counter. Holliday is going for the kill! Scooping him up in the slam position, and I believe I know how this is going to play out unless the Desert Fox can do something!

[Doc backs up to a corner, and runs out into the middle of the ring, driving the young man from Aqua Fria into the canvas between his legs, shoulders-first! That move gets a massive reaction from the Phoenix faithful.]

GM: ARIZONA SODBUSTER! And he could pin him after that for sure!

BW: He could, but he's gonna give the fans what they want, daddy. The Ace in The Hole.

GM: Doc Holliday walking the ring, asking the fans if they want to see it. The answer is obvious.

BW: Pandering. Doc loves playing to the crowd too much. Some day, it'll bite him.

GM: Holliday with Howe... Meekly is checking on him. Marty Meekly is waving Doc off... Bucky, Blaine Howe may be badly injured! That Arizona Sodbuster is devastating... did he come down on his head and neck?!

[The cheers quiet down a bit as Meekly makes a crossed-arm signal to the back. Holliday looks concerned suddenly, and goes down to a knee to check on his pupil.]

BW: Uh, oh. I think we're about to get a stoppage, because that's the sign to bring out the EMTs.

GM: That would be a terrible way to... HEY!

[Suddenly, Blaine Howe pops up and catches Holliday in a small package!]

BW: HE WAS FAKING!

GM: Holliday close enough to get his foot on the...

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

GM: ...WHAT?!

BW: MEEKLY DIDN'T SEE THE FOOT ON THE ROPE! MAJOR UPSET!

GM: HE DID TOO! IT WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!

[The crowd is in silent shock for a moment... and then they boo viciously as Meekly raises the hand of Blaine Howe! "Short Change Hero" starts playing on the chorus, ironically. Howe is standing proudly pumping his fists to the sky and yelling to proclaim his victory. Holliday is on his knees, staring at Meekly with a cold expression on his face.]

GM: MARTY MEEKLY HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

BW: What are you talking about?! It was an honest mistake!

GM: Honest?! Meekly took the initiative to check on Howe and call for a stretcher! How in the name of Hamilton Graham does a wrestler fake being hurt so badly that a referee calls for a stretcher that fast?!

BW: And why would he do that?!

GM: Because Percy Childes hates the past! I should have known all along... he brought Holliday out here to embarrass him and embarrass Phoenix! We had it all backwards!

[The crowd is near-riotous as Phil Watson makes the official call.]

PW: Here is your winner, advancing in the Hometown Hero gauntlet...  
"DESERT FOX" BLAINE HOWE!

[As Howe walks around the ring, thumbing himself in the chest and boasting, Holliday slowly gets up to his feet. He's staring right through Meekly with an ice cold expression. The boos start to get mixed with cheers, because the fans have seen this before.]

BW: RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, MARTY! That look... Holliday gets that look when he's about to END somebody. And he does not care if you're a wrestler or not!

GM: Percy Childes is at ringside warning him, but Holliday paying him no mind... HOLLIDAY HAS MEEKLY! THIS PROBLEM IS ABOUT TO BE SOLVED!

BW: You can't condone this, Myers! Holliday's a stone cold killer!

GM: And he's not a member of the AWA, so no fines or suspensions for him! PUMPHANDLE!

[Doc forces Meekly into the pumphandle position, and the poor ref is terrified as the crowd is going crazy. Blaine Howe rolls out of the ring, because he wants no part of this.]

BW: He's gonna Ace In The Hole him! He'll break his neck!

GM: PEREZ!

[And that suddenly, Pedro Perez comes flying down the aisle (not literally; he'd need wings for that), slides into the ring, and hammers Holliday across the back. Isaiah Carpenter is not far behind, and he slides in to tackle Holliday down so Perez can get his shots in. And behind him is Wade Walker, who comes in through the ropes. Meekly flees as the fans are going ballistic!]

GM: THE DOGS OF WAR!

BW: Thank goodness! We can't allow refs to get attacked, Gordo, not even by retirees.

GM: Isaiah Carpenter has a stranglehold on Holliday and Perez is beating him into the mat! And now the big man, Wade Walker... crushing blow after blow onto the trapped Holliday! You want to talk about a deliberate attempt to maim somebody, you're seeing one!

[Garbage is being thrown in the ring as the Dogs pull Holliday off the mat. Walker pulls Holliday up into a powerbomb position, Carpenter grabs his neck in a neckbreaker position, and Perez comes off the second rope with a shot to the ribs as the other two Dogs devastate Holliday with the powerbomb-neckbreaker!]

BW: Yes, and why did it happen? Because somebody put their hands on a referee, which you always cry about. I bet Tony Sunn is backstage shedding tears of joy.

[As the Dogs keep beating Holliday into the mat, Percy Chiles grabs the microphone. Because we're not close enough to a riot.]

PC: Earlier this evening, I had a chat with Shadoc Rage where I explained to him that there would be much, much stiffer penalties for attacking an AWA official.

[There's a loud "THUUUD!" as Carpenter and Perez hoist Holliday up to a waiting Walker who is sitting on the second turnbuckle, leaping off into a middle rope powerslam on the Phoenix native!]

PC: Doesn't get much stiffer than that, does it, folks?

[BOOOOOOOOOO!]

PC: This is the new penalty for abusing officials here in the AWA. Gentlemen... escort Mr. Holliday to his car.

[At this, Walker puts Doc's unmoving body up on his shoulders. Perez and Carpenter each grab an arm, and yank back as Walker jumps forward into a fallaway slam, causing Holliday to do a 270-degree flip onto his face!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Man, the Dogs Of War are obviously fired up by what went down with Stevie Scott earlier tonight and they're taking it out on Doc Holliday. These fans are going nuts, Gordo!

GM: It's a... it's a dangerous environment here in Phoenix right about now. These fans have seen enough of Percy Chiles' and the Wise Men's shenanigans and... god no, they're going to take Holliday out of the ring! They're going to take him out to the parking lot!

[They're dragging a limp Holliday off the mat as Percy speaks.]

PC: See? Referee abuse has been a problem for too long. Now, it is solved. And... oh, yes. My condolences, Phoenix. Looks like, just like every other

alleged legend in the Hall Of Fame, your hero just isn't good enough to cut it in the new age.

[Percy exits the ring...

...and immediately bails backwards as a fan comes over the railing, throwing a right hand at him. The Collector of Oddities defends himself, jabbing his crystal-topped cane into the chest of the attacker just before AWA security tackles the man and we cut back to the ring abruptly.]

GM: We've got a fan trying to get at Percy Childes. We certainly don't endorse that. Let the professionals handle this, fans... let the-

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: THE WORLD CHAMPION! THE WORLD CHAMPION IS COMING TO THE RING!

BW: And he ain't comin' alone, Gordo!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Dave Bryant, Nenshou, Ryan Martinez, and Bobby O'Connor marching down the aisle towards the ring where Wade Walker HURLS Holliday's limp form over the ropes, turning to wave the oncoming assault on...]

GM: The Dogs Of War aren't backing down! They're ready for this fight!

[Bryant dives under the ropes, getting tackled back into the corner by Wade Walker as Isaiah Carpenter hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and taking flight, throwing himself into a springboard plancha on both Martinez and O'Connor to a huge reaction!]

GM: OHHHH MY!!

[Pedro Perez stalks around the ring, diving through the ropes into a baseball slide on Nenshou. He grabs him by the hair, wheeling around to SLAM the Asian Assassin's head into the ring apron!]

GM: We've got a fight in the ring! We've got a fight on the floor! Chaos is breaking loose here in Phoenix!

[In the background, we catch a glimpse of Childes taking a swing at a second fan... this one obviously too drunk to even stand up straight after clearing the railing...]

GM: We need more security out here! We need some help out-

[Pedro Perez backs away from a dazed Nensou, pushing up against the railing...

...where a man in the front row in a hooded sweatshirt stands up, yanking Perez over the barricade and into the seats!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: The fans are attacking the Dogs Of War! They're-

GM: THAT'S STEVIE SCOTT!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the Hotshot battering Pedro Perez into the concrete floor! The vast majority of the fans are on their feet at this point, cheering wildly for the chaotic scene!]

GM: We need to get some more help out here! We need to- we have to go to a commercial! This night is out of control... it's out of hand! I'm THIS close to walking out on this whole damn show. I need a break. Cut it! Cut it now!

[We abruptly cut to black as Percy Childes is putting the boots to a third fan who came over the railing.

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

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

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

"Wresting!"

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

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

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

"Tomorrow afternoon in Tucson, Arizona, we've got a special 3 PM bell time for big time six man tag team action with the Dogs Of War!"

[The graphic changes.]

"August 8th and 9th, the AWA is coming to Colorado. It'll be Friday night in Grand Junction with The Northern Lights taking on The Longhorn Riders and Saturday night in Denver with the World Television Title being defended as Ryan Martinez takes on Jack Lynch with the gold on the line!"

[Another change of information on the screen.]

"Sunday afternoon, August 10th, the AWA invades Salt Lake City, Utah with a big tag team matchup pitting Travis Lynch and The Lost Boy against Dichotomy!"

[The graphic changes one more time.]

"Look out, Nevada! Friday night, August 15th, the AWA comes to Reno, Nevada with World Champion Dave Bryant defending the gold! And on Saturday night, August 16th, we'll be LIVE in Las Vegas for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling - the final SNW of the summer tour!"

[The graphic fades, leaving the AWA logo.]

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

[The AWA logo fades to black...

...and as we come back to live action, Percy Childes is in the center of the ring, hate being fired at him from all directions. There's an occasional piece of garbage flung in his direction - some of which he avoids, some he bats away with his crystal-topped cane, others which actually make contact. A half-empty water bottle splatters the AWA President to a big cheer. Childes' irritation is evident as he removes his glasses, wiping the water spots away before replacing them and glaring at the near-riotous crowd.]

PC: You people disgust me.

[More boos!]

PC: Throwing trash... assaulting the performers you paid to see like myself...

[He shakes his head with disgust.]

PC: I have half a mind to close this show down right now for the safety of the performers who, as AWA President, are my responsibility to protect.

[Even more boos at the idea of the show ending early.]

PC: But I will not do that. I will not deprive my competitors of the chance to compete in front of... people who amount to little more than the very garbage they are throwing.

[The boos are almost deafening now.]

PC: Ryan Martinez...

[Talk about turning on a dime. A HUUUUGE cheer for the World Television Champion.]

PC: Seeing as though you're so eager to be out here in front of these fans that you felt the need to stick your nose in business that you do not belong



in, I would say it is time to give you your wish. Mr. Watson, make the announcement...

[Phil Watson slinks into the ring, nodding to the AWA President.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

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

[The distinctive strings of the koto are heard over the PA. The Japanese stringed instrument plays the traditional folk melody "Sakura Sakura" unaccompanied as the fans boo.]

PW: From Tokyo, Japan... weighing in at 251 pounds...

MISTERRRRRR SAAAAADIIIIISUUUUUTOOOOOO!

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

PW: And his opponent...

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

PW: Coming to the ring now, hailing from Los Angeles, California... weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds..

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

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

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

PW: He is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

RYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNN MAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIINNNNNNEZZZZZZ!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the aisle, looking much as we saw him moments ago when he came out to help save Doc Holliday from a windshielding. Martinez is all business, the title belt slung over his shoulder as he wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are taped with glossy black tape.]

GM: Ryan Martinez has gotta be boiling over with rage here tonight. From the outset, he was the one who stood tallest against the Wise Men... he was the one who tried to rally the forces of good to his side... only to see it become... this travesty that Percy Childes, Larry Doyle, and Sandra Hayes have orchestrated here tonight. He came out here moments ago to save a Hall of Famer from being several injured... or worse... and you have to wonder just what Percy Childes has in store for him here.

BW: Hey, he's got Mr. Sadisuto waiting for him. What more does Percy need?

GM: Perhaps nothing... but I'm wagering that won't prevent him from having more in store for him. Twenty-three year old Ryan Martinez, just a few weeks from turning twenty-four, won the World Television Title from Alphonse Green earlier this year and has defended it proudly since then. Can he hang on to the title here tonight?

[Martinez climbs up on the apron, glaring at Percy Childes as he holds the title belt up in the air to a big reaction.]

GM: Now that's a message to the AWA President if I've ever seen one.

[Martinez steps through the ropes...

...and the challenger strikes, promptly kicking the middle rope up into the groin of the Television Champion!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!!

[Sadisuto grabs Martinez by the hair, flinging him down to the mat and diving into a lateral press.]

GM: What's he-?!

BW: Count him! Count him!

GM: The referee hasn't rang the bell yet! The match isn't even started!

BW: Looks started to me!

[Johnny Jagger is getting shouted at by Percy Chides who is ordering him to count. Jagger begs off, saying the match hasn't started.]

GM: What... Percy Chides just told him to ring the bell or he'll find someone who will! He can't do that!

BW: Looks like he just did.

[A frustrated Johnny Jagger signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Now count him! Count him now!

[Jagger is resisting, moving slowly, trying to not have to count Martinez down because of the pre-match low blow...

...until a furious Chides **THROWS** him down to the mat, shouting "COUNT!" at him!]

GM: Does that look like a man with this company's best interests at heart?!

[Jagger looks up at Chides in disbelief. The AWA President insists again, pointing at Martinez. Jagger shakes his head, slowly turning over and slapping the mat once...]

GM: That's one!

[He hits it again, slowly and deliberately.]

GM: That's two!

[Jagger glares at Chides as he lifts his hand again, pausing at the top of the count...

...and Martinez **KICKS OUT** before three!]

GM: **KICKOUT! KICKOUT!**

[The crowd is **ROARING** as Chides angrily kicks the ropes, shouting at Jagger as he steps out of the ring, climbing down the ringsteps where a crew of AWA security - including the Dogs Of War - encircle him to prevent any more fans from getting close.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto is irate! He's shouting in Japanese at Johnny Jagger as he drags Martinez off the mat... ohh, big knee to the gut, throwing him back into the corner!

[Chides shouts something in Japanese at Sadisuto who nods, giving a short bow to Chides before slamming an overhead chop down into Martinez' shoulder.]

GM: The challenger going after the shoulder...

BW: The shoulder that he injured last year! The shoulder that has never completely recovered!

GM: The shoulder that Percy Childes MUST HAVE just told him to go after! He shouted something in Japanese to Sadisuto and then the veteran went right after the arm.

[Grabbing the wrist, Sadisuto twists the arm around, and then slams the point of his elbow down into the shoulder, forcing Martinez down to a knee.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto has challenged for the World Television Title before but never has he had an opportunity like this with the AWA President in his back pocket at ringside.

BW: That's slander, Gordo. You've got no proof of that.

GM: Are you out of your mind?! Percy Childes is supplying proof each and every time he comes out here tonight. Childes, Doyle, and Hayes are dead set on tearing this company to the ground and rebuilding it in their image! We've already seen new World Tag Team Champions crowned here tonight in Hayes' Lights Out Express. Who knows what else is going to happen before this night is over?

[With the arm still trapped, Sadisuto slams his elbow down into the shoulder again...

...and then swings his arm up into a forearm uppercut on the trapped arm, causing Martinez to wince in pain.]

GM: A continued assault on the shoulder by Sadisuto, trying to work over the arm and make it useless to the World Television Champion Ryan Martinez.

[Still holding the arm, Sadisuto uses it to whip Martinez into the corner, sending a jolt through him. The challenger cackles, slowly moving in on the champion...

...who leans back in the corner, kicking his leg up and driving a boot into the chest of Sadisuto to cheers!]

GM: Martinez is fighting back!

[Martinez hops up to the second rope, ready to strike but Sadisuto surges forward, grabbing the champion by the injured arm...

...and armdrags him OFF the second rope and down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY! What a counter by the challenger!

BW: We've talked before about how when you look at Sadisuto, you wouldn't expect any speed out of him but he can move fast in bursts - in surges just like that.

[Martinez cradles the arm against his chest, crawling away as the challenger gets to his feet, bowing to the jeering crowd.]

BW: Look at that show of respect by Mr. Sadisuto towards these fans who aren't showing him any respect at all!

[The Japanese challenger hauls Martinez up by the back of the tights, turning towards the corner...

...and ROCKETS him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Martinez is done for, Gordo! Sadisuto is putting him into a world of hurt and we're going to have a new champion in just a few moments.

GM: You could be right, Bucky... but Sadisuto doesn't appear to be in any rush to go for a pin or... what's he doing now?

[Sadisuto steps out on the ring apron, looking at Martinez who is pressed up against the steel post...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Childes smiles with glee on the floor as Sadisuto bows to the dazed Martinez, slowly backing down the length of the apron until his back presses up against the adjacent ringpost...]

GM: He's going for a Concussionizer?!

BW: The trademark move of James Monosso, the first AWA World Champion, is going to put the World Television Title on Mr. Sadisuto!

[Sadisuto bows again and with a "KIIIIIIYAAAAAAA!", he comes charging down the length of the apron, swinging his leg up for the head kick...

...and Martinez bails out, shoving himself out of the corner as Sadisuto's bare foot SLAMS into the steel. He lets out a howl of pain, falling off the apron to the floor where he clutches his foot and ankle as Martinez kneels on the mat against the ropes.]

GM: Sadisuto with a costly mistake right there and that could be serious trouble for him, Bucky.

[The World Television Champion drops down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he stands, clutching his shoulder, glaring at the nearby AWA President.]

GM: Martinez is out on the floor and we said it once tonight already. If looks could kill, Percy Childes would be six feet under right about now.

[The AWA's White Knight hauls Sadisuto off the floor by the hair, winding him back and SLAMMING his face into the ring apron. He winces as he does it, grabbing his shoulder again.]

GM: Martinez is in a lot of pain out there as Mr. Sadisuto bounces off the canvas.

[The champion shoves Sadisuto under the ropes back into the ring, climbing up on the apron after him.]

GM: The champion back in, dragging Sadisuto off the canvas, and shoving him back against the ropes.

[He winces as he shakes out his right arm...

...and then switches his stance, taking aim with his left arm.]

"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 steps back, watching as Sadisuto staggers, falling back into the corner. The champion pursues, winding up again... 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!]"

[Martinez steps back, clutching his shoulder as Sadisuto clings to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: We're approaching the five minute mark of this one as Martinez tries to find a way to recover from that pre-match low blow and successfully defend his title.

[The World Television Champion drags Sadisuto from the corner, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster! He's going to finish it!

[But as he attempts to lift the challenger up, Martinez' arm gives way and he staggers away, clutching his shoulder...]

...and Sadisuto digs his fingers into the trapezius, forcing the champion down to his knees!]

GM: He's got that nervehold applied, digging his fingers into the shoulder! The right shoulder of Martinez has always been a weak spot for him and Sadisuto helped make that area even more troublesome last year.

[Martinez cries out in pain as the referee checks in on him, seeing if he wants to submit... but before he can even answer, Sadisuto breaks the hold, smashing his elbow down into the shoulder again... and again... and again...]

GM: A continued assault on the injured shoulder but you have to wonder what's going on here. Sadisuto had that nerve hold applied and very possibly could have gotten a submission win but he decided not to. I'm not sure I like the looks of this.

BW: What are you saying, Gordo? That Sadisuto is choosing to hurt Martinez rather than to beat him.

GM: That's exactly what I'm saying.

BW: But why would he do that when the World Television Title is on the line?

GM: I don't have an answer to that.

[Sadisuto grabs the arm, twisting it...]

...and then dropping the champion with a hooking kick to the jaw, knocking him back down to his back!]

GM: Sadisuto takes him down again... and he's pointing to the corner! He's going for the Kotei no Ken, that falling headbutt from the middle rope!

[The Japanese challenger steps up to the middle rope, slapping his forehead twice as he throws his arms out to either side...]

...and swandives off the ropes!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[But Martinez rolls aside, causing him to crash into the mat!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!!

[Martinez climbs to his feet, grabbing at his shoulder as he falls back into the ropes, waving for the challenger to get back up...

...and as Sadisuto does, he wobbles towards the waiting champion who bursts away from the ropes, spinning...]

GM: OHH! BACKFIST!!

[Sadisuto spins away from the impact as Martinez slams a knee up into the lower back, yanking Sadistuo's head back, bending him backwards...

...and SLAMS his right arm down in a vicious overhead chop to the chest!]

GM: BURNING SWORD! BURNING SWORD!!

[Martinez collapses on top of Sadisuto, pulling the leg into a hook.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The Japanese challenger kicks out, narrowly breaking up the pin in time...

...to which Martinez responds by grabbing the hooked leg with both arms, flipping him to his stomach while tying up the leg!]

GM: STF! MARTINEZ HOOKS ON THE STF!

[He cranks back on the facelock, bending the neck of the challenger back while torquing the knee as well...

...and the challenger quickly taps out!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Martinez gets the win with the STF! He retains the title!

[Percy Childes glares at Martinez from his spot on the floor as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner by submission and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

RYYYYYYAAAAAAAAN MAAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEZ!

[The crowd erupts for the Wise Men's apparent plot being thwarted as Johnny Jagger hands the title belt to a kneeling Martinez who hugs it to his chest.]



GM: A good victory for Ryan Martinez and Percy Chiles does NOT look happy about what just happened here in Phoenix.

BW: This wasn't what he had in mind, Gordo.

GM: I don't suppose it was. I think Chiles was hoping to- what's going on now?

[Percy Chiles, flanked by security, has made his way over to the ring announcer, snatching the mic away from him.]

PC: Congratulations, Mr. Martinez. You fought well.

[Martinez glares at Chiles, a puzzled expression on his face.]

PC: So well in fact... that I believe the fans here in Phoenix would like to see you fight... again.

[The crowd begins to buzz at that statement.]

PC: I believe there is an individual back in that locker room who you swore to defend your title against when you were healthy. And... judging by the fact that you just retained your title, I'd say you're as healthy as you're going to be.

[Chiles grins as he lays the trap.]

PC: On that note... Mr. Watson, please read these notecards.

[Phil Watson looks confused as he takes the mic.]

PW: The... the following contest is set for one fall...

[He looks at Percy who implores him to continue.]

PW: ...and it is for the AWA World Television Title!

[The crowd JEERS loudly!]

GM: What?! He just defended the title! Percy Chiles is going to make him defend it again?!

BW: It sure sounds that way. Man, Martinez is regretting the day he decided to stand up against the Wise Men, Gordo.

[Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

RYYYYYYYYYAN MAAAAR-

[Childes snatches the mic.]

PC: I'm sure these brilliant minds in Phoenix already know who the champion is. Continue.

[Watson glares at Percy as he takes the mic back.]

PW: And his opponent...

["We Hold On" by Rush kicks in to a surprised reaction.]

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

TOOOOOOOOONYYYYYY SUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The New York powerhouse strides into view in his black, silver, and white ringlet. He stops at the top of the aisle, shaking his head with disgust before making his way to the ring.]

GM: Tony Sunn does NOT look happy to be out here. This is NOT what he had in mind about his title challenge either, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he can get in there and lay down for Martinez if it makes him feel better about himself.

GM: Tony Sunn will NOT do that. He is above that. But you can be he's not happy about having to act as Percy Childes' muscle in this one.

[Sunn reaches the ringside area, turning to shout at Childes who waves him into the ring. The powerhouse shakes his head, climbing through the ropes to find Ryan Martinez handing the title back to the official who holds it over his head.]

GM: Johnny Jagger hands the title belt off and I guess we're going to see a second World TV Title match here tonight.

[Jagger signals for the bell as Martinez stands in the corner, gritting his teeth as he stares across at Tony Sunn who is in the middle of the ring. Sunn turns to speak to Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Sunn isn't happy about this at all, talking to Johnny Jagger, pointing at Martinez.

BW: Sunn doesn't think Martinez is in any condition to face him.

GM: Well, is he?!

BW: He seems to think he is. Martinez is on his feet, shouting at Jagger from afar.

GM: I think Martinez is upset at Childes playing games with the World Television Title and he's taking it out on Jagger and Sunn.

[Martinez marches out to the middle of the ring where Sunn lifts both hands, begging off.]

GM: I think Sunn is offering to walk away and let Martinez win by countout.

BW: The so-called White Knight oughta jump on that offer, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt-

[An enraged Martinez takes a swing, cracking Sunn in the jaw and knocking him down to the mat to a shocked reaction. The champion balls up his fists, waving for Sunn to get off the mat...

...and the new challenger does so, throwing himself into a tackle that drives Martinez back into the corner!]

GM: Sunn's on the attack on the champion... big shoulders being driven into the ribcage of the champion over and over again...

[Grabbing the off arm, Sunn whips Martinez across the ring where he crashes into the buckles with a jolt...

...and as Martinez staggers out, Sunn lifts him, elevating him sky high with a gorilla press!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Sunn walks around the ring, his arms at full extension as he continues to press Martinez up towards the rafters...

...and HURLS him down to the canvas with a "THUD!"]

GM: BIIIIIG PRESS SLAM BY THE CHALLENGER!!

[Martinez grabs his shoulder, promptly rolling from the ring to take a knee on the floor.]

GM: The champion bails out after that press slam which probably did even more damage to the injured shoulder...

[Sunn walks around the ring, pumping his arms up and down and getting his fans rallied as some start to jeer him for assaulting the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Tony Sunn's getting a bit of a mixed reaction after that press slam.

BW: Hey, the man's doing what anyone else in his position would do. He's got a chance to become the World Television Champion and he's gonna take it.

GM: Sunn's not happy about the boos though. He's pointing to the fans and yelling at Percy Chiles.

BW: He better watch his mouth when it comes to President Percy.

[Sunn is burning mad as he leans through the ropes, looking to pull the champion back into the ring...

...when Ryan DRILLS him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[Martinez reaches up, grabbing the ropes and scrambling up onto the ring apron. He holds Sunn in position by the hair, draped over the middle rope, and SMASHES his knee up into the face!]

GM: King-sized kneelift out of Martinez, perhaps taking a page out of his best friend, Eric Preston's, playbook!

[Sunn staggers away from the ropes, falling to a knee as Martinez steps back in, winding up...

...and CLUBBING him with a left forearm across the back of the head!]

GM: Martinez knocks him flat with that one!

[The champion drags him up, using one arm to whip him into the corner, charging in after him with a left-handed clothesline!]

GM: Big running clothesline by the champion!

[He grabs the arm again, this time with both hands to deliver another whip, wincing in the process.]

GM: Another whip sends the challenger across...

[Martinez leans back in the corner, giving a big shout as he barrels across the ring, swinging his right leg up for a Yakuza Kick...]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZ-

[But Sunn ducks down, catching the leg over his shoulder, standing tall, hoisting Martinez off the mat...

...and DRIVES him down with a jackknife powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! THAT MIGHT BE IT!!

[Sunn grabs the leg, flipping over in a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[At the last moment, Martinez powers out of the pin attempt, slipping the shoulder free!]

GM: Ohh! He kicks out in the nick of time!

BW: We're not even three minutes into this one and Sunn almost got him, Gordo. That match with Sadisuto took a lot out of Martinez and now he's got a fresh opponent in there. It's hard to imagine that we're not going to see a new champion.

[A quick camera cut goes away from the shot of the ring we were just looking at to reveal Shadoe Rage standing in the locker room, nervously chewing at his nails as he watches the match on a backstage monitor.]

GM: Shadoe Rage backstage looking on at this one. We know he wants his shot against the winner of this one in a TV Title match so perhaps he's doing a little scouting here.

[We cut back to the ring as Sunn stands, waiting for Martinez to rise...

...and as he does, he applies a rear waistlock from the blind side!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The New York powerhouse hoists Martinez off the mat, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex!]

GM: OHHH!

[Sunn sits up on the mat as Martinez flops to his stomach, trying to avoid a pin as the challenger looks out at Percy Childes who nods approvingly at what he's seeing.]

GM: Well, the AWA President seems pleased... so far at least.

[Sunn crawls over to Martinez, flipping him over onto his back and applying a lateral press.]

GM: This might be it! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Up goes the shoulder just before the three count as the crowd roars in response!]

GM: No! He couldn't hold him down for the three!

[Sunn looks up at Johnny Jagger who holds up two fingers, showing the distance between his hand and the mat on the three count. The challenger nods as he slowly climbs to his feet, spotting Martinez who has rolled out to the floor again, trying to recover.]

GM: Martinez, the World Television Champion, has rolled out to the floor, trying to regroup... trying to recover...

[Sunn stands in the ring, hands on his hips. He starts to go out after Martinez but as he looks at Childes, he thinks better of it, waving at the official.]

BW: What's going on here?

GM: I think Sunn is willing to take the countout here.

BW: Why? Why would he do that when he knows he can't win the TV Title that way? This goody-two-shoes is willing to sacrifice his shot at becoming the champion to make these idiot fans cheer him again?!

GM: I think he wanted to win this title on his own terms. On a good, clean, one-on-one matchup with the champion. He doesn't want to win it like this, Bucky.

BW: A win is a win... especially when a championship is involved.

[As the referee's count reaches five, Martinez pushes up off the floor.]

GM: Sunn might be willing to win that way but Martinez doesn't seem about to give up. What a champion, what a fighter this guy is! Where many champions would've stayed on the floor, taken the countout, and kept their title, Ryan Martinez does the opposite. He gets back to his feet - hurting or not - and tries to get back into the ring.

[Martinez yanks himself under the ropes at the count of seven, rolling back in to cheers from the crowd. Sunn looks down at him, shaking his head with his hands on his hips. He gestures to Martinez as Johnny Jagger kneels down, checking to make sure the champion wants to continue.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is pushing up to a knee, waving for Tony Sunn to continue this match! He doesn't want to keep the title like that!

[Sunn shakes his head again as he approaches, winding up for a big kick to the chest, knocking Martinez down to the mat. He comes in immediately after, grabbing the legs...]

GM: Sunn's looking for a Boston Crab right here!

BW: Why? The man's shoulder is hurt! Go after that! An armbar, a chickenwing, a full nelson! Something other than a Boston Crab! This won't hurt the arm at all!

GM: You think Tony Sunn doesn't know that? He's quite aware, I promise you that.

[Sunn muscles Martinez over onto his stomach, leaning back in the Boston Crab.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in this one as Tony Sunn attempts to win the World Television Title...

BW: By using a Boston Crab on a guy with an injured shoulder! What a moron! What a goof!

GM: Sunn doesn't WANT to injure the shoulder any further. Have you considered that?

BW: I considered it but I dismissed it because no one's that stupid. Who cares if you injure your opponent if you win the title out of it?!

GM: Tony Sunn does! That's who!

[Sunn holds the Boston Crab as Jagger checks for a submission.]

GM: Martinez is refusing to quit, refusing to give up his hold on the World Television Title he worked so hard to win and defend! Percy Childes wants that title belt off of Martinez but he may have to kill him to do it!

BW: Don't give him any ideas, Gordo.

[After several seconds in the Boston Crab, Martinez reaches the ropes, forcing a break. Sunn walks away from it, staring out at Percy Childes who strokes his chin thoughtfully. The powerhouse points at Martinez, shouting at the Collector of Oddities...]

GM: Sunn again trading words with Percy Childes.

[Sunn turns back towards Martinez who is using the ropes, dragging himself to his feet. The New Yorker pumps an arm, charging at Martinez...

...who ducks down, elevating Sunn over the ropes!]

GM: OVER THE TOP!

[But Sunn manages to land on his feet on the apron, tugging the ropes to give himself extra momentum into a forearm to the jaw of Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! Sunn caught him!

[Sunn ducks down, swinging between the ropes to smash his shoulder into the gut of Martinez...

...and slingshots up and over, taking him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Martinez SMASHES his heels together on the ears of Sunn, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Martinez breaks up the pin!

[The World Television Champion is still down as Sunn gets up, hammering down with a pair of double axehandles across the upper back - the third catching Martinez on the shoulder where he collapses to the canvas, clutching his arm...]

GM: Oh!

[Sunn recoils, grimacing. He kicks the bottom rope in annoyance.]

GM: Sunn accidentally - I think - caught him in the shoulder. He didn't mean to do that.

BW: Of course he did! Own it and finish him!

[Sunn leans down, checking on Martinez...

...and gets plucked into a small package!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Sunn powers out just in time! The crowd roars in response to the kickout - some cheers and some boos!]

GM: Martinez almost caught him!

[The challenger is hot under the collar as he gets back up, grabbing the injured arm and using it to whip Martinez into the ropes...

...and sidesteps him on the rebound, securing a full nelson!]

GM: FULL NELSON! FULL NELSON IS ON!!

[The powerhouse lifts Martinez off the mat, swinging him bodily from side to side as the World Television Champion tries to resist giving up to the hold.]

GM: Sunn's got the full nelson applied and I'm not sure if Martinez can survive this! The TV Champion is trying to hang on but-

[As Sunn turns him, Martinez leaps up, pushing off the ropes with his feet, knocking Sunn down to the mat with Martinez flipping over the top of him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Sunn releases just in time, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Another nearfall there for Martinez and Sunn!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Three minutes to go in the time limit.



[Percy Childes slams his cane down on the apron, shouting up at Sunn who glares at Childes as he gets back to his feet. He pulls Martinez up, flinging him into the ropes...]

...and scoops him up on the rebound, driving him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Martinez' shoulder flies off the mat again to the roar of the crowd! Sunn looks stunned, staring at Johnny Jagger who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Sunn can't believe it! He can't believe that Martinez is hanging on.

BW: By a very thin thread! Go after the shoulder! Finish him!

[Sunn slowly gets up to his feet, approaching Martinez who is trying to crawl away but can't get enough strength in his arm to do it. The powerhouse from New York hauls him up by the trunks, turning him around...]

GM: Sunn might be going for the Rising Sunn!

[He grabs the arms under his own armpits, delivering a few short headbutts to stun Martinez...]

...and HURLS the champion up and over in an overhead belly-to-belly, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: That wasn't the Rising Sunn but it might be enough!

[Sunn covers again, hooking a leg...]

...and the crowd begins to buzz loudly.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But the referee's count is broken up by Shadoe Rage diving on top of Tony Sunn, smashing a double axehandle across the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Shadoe Rage out of nowhere!

[A wild-eyed Rage is pummeling Sunn down on the canvas with fist after fist after fist as the crowd jeers his arrival!]

GM: The bell just rang! This match is over!

[Rage gets up, flinging Sunn through the ropes and out to the floor. The wildman quickly shoves Johnny Jagger aside, scaling the ropes in record-breaking time...]

...and comes sailing off the top, dropping a double axehandle across the skull of Sunn!]

GM: OHHH! DEATH FROM ABOVE ON TONY SUNN!!

[Rage looks out at the jeering crowd, striking a double bicep pose at the ringside fans who hurls insults at Rage. The Canadian shouts at them, threatening a backhand in their direction as he pulls Sunn off the floor...

...and HURLS him headfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! SUNN GOES INTO THE STEEL!!

[Rage is nodding wildly as Sunn lies flat on his face on the mat. He pulls himself up on the apron, looking out on the crowd with a twirl of his finger...

...and then throws a glance at the ring where Martinez is motionless and down on the canvas.]

GM: What in the world...?!

BW: He's gonna finish off Martinez too!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Rage climbs the turnbuckles, raising both arms over his head as he stands on the top rope, poised to strike...

...and then leaps off, sailing through the air and DRIVING the point of his elbow down into the chest of Martinez, bouncing off the canvas to his feet after impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Rage with the elbow off the top! He's flattened Ryan Martinez underneath it! Ryan Martinez is going to retain the title via disqualification but he just got smashed by Shadoc Rage in a big, big way!

[Rage steps on the second rope, taunting the jeering fans. He sticks his tongue out, gesturing to the downed Martinez...

...and then steps out to the apron, walking down it towards the turnbuckles again.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yeah! Do it again! Put the so-called White Knight THROUGH the ring!

[Rage climbs to the top, standing with his arms raised, watching as Martinez stays motionless on the canvas...

...and then throws himself from his perch again, rocketing downwards and DRIVING his elbow down into the sternum of the World Television Champion!]

GM: Shadoe Rage with a second elbow off the top! A second elbow driven into the heart of the AWA's White Knight!

BW: That was a message, Gordo! That was Shadoe Rage telling Tony Sunn AND Ryan Martinez that they're NOT going to forget about him. That they're NOT going to fight for the World Television Title without recognizing that he's waiting in the wings for the winner.

[Rage spits on the prone Martinez, stepping out to the apron, glaring at the jeering fans. He throws a dismissive gesture their way before dropping down to the floor, stalking back up the aisle as Phil Watson's voice is heard.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Ryan Martinez has been DISQUALIFIED for outside interference. Your winner of the match is Tony Sunn... however, seeing as though the title can only change hands by pinfall or submission... still the-

[Percy Childes snatches the mic away again.]

PC: Seeing as though the title can only change hands by pinfall or submission... and since we saw neither... I think perhaps we need to see... one... more... match.

[The fans jeer loudly as Childes smirks.]

PC: Sit down, Watson. I can handle this. People of Phoenix... I present to you a gift from the office of the AWA President. One more World Television Title match.

And since the people of Phoenix seem not to like me too much right now, I give them a very... very special gift.

[The crowd is buzzing with concern.]

PC: The great fans of Phoenix deserve to see more. They deserve to a champion they can be proud of.

So I brought them one that they were proud of before... and will be proud of again!

[Percy lowers the mic, smiling as...]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

BW: YES!

["Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play over the PA system to absolutely deafening jeers this time. There is no mixed reaction as Johnny Detson walks into view, dressed in his ring gear - gold tights with black boots. And believe me, he is hustling down the aisle.]

GM: Detson's charging down the aisle! He doesn't want to give the Television Champion a chance to recover!

[Detson dives under the bottom rope as Percy orders the timekeeper to ring the bell!]

GM: Here we go again! This is terrible, fans! This is a Wise Men plot to punish Ryan Martinez for all he's done to stand against them and to snatch that title belt he worked so hard for right off his waist!

BW: And look at this, Gordo! They're forming a wall! The Wise Men have ordered a wall!

GM: If you needed any further proof that this was a plot all along, we've got bodies lining the aisleway, keeping anyone from interfering in this. Jacobs, Alston, the Lights Out Express, Demetrius Lake... this is terrible! This is a dastardly plot unfolding and it makes me sick to see it happen!

[With the bell having rung, Detson is stomping and kicking the downed Martinez before diving on him in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Martinez' shoulder comes flying off the mat!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! MY GOD, HE KICKED OUT!!

[Detson looks stunned as Childs shouts at him to turn it up. He grabs a handful of hair, hammering Martinez with right hands to the skull before climbing back to his feet, hauling a barely-moving Martinez with him...]

GM: European uppercut! Another one! A third one has Martinez back in the corner...

[Detson grabs an arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Irish whip to the corner! Martinez SLAMS into the buckles! He's hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...

[Detson backs to the buckles, making the "belt gesture" before barreling across the ring...

...and SLAMMING chestfirst into the buckles as Martinez bails out!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Martinez collapses, dragging him down in a schooboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Detson kicks out, breaking up the pin!]

GM: So close! Ryan Martinez is out on his feet - in his third title defense of the last twenty minutes and yet he continues to fight! He continues to try and keep that title around his waist! Incredible!

[Detson grabs him by the hair, laying in a half dozen knees to the skull of the World Television Champion, backing him into the ropes...

...and SPIKES him on his skull with a DDT!]

GM: DDT BY DETSON! HE PLANTS HIM!

BW: And where the heck are Martinez' buddies now?!

GM: He wouldn't want them out here! Martinez is a man of honor, Bucky... a man with tremendous fighting spirit. He wants to defend his title on his own. He wants to stand on his own in a one-on-one matchup. He would be furious at his allies coming out here unless someone from the Wise Men interferes... then all hell might break loose!

[Detson rolls him over, going for an arrogant cover, counting along on his fingers with the referee...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez slips an exhausted leg over the bottom rope.]

GM: FOOT ON THE ROPES! HE GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES!!

[An irate Detson climbs up to his feet, shouting at Johnny Jagger, backing him all the way across the ring with a finger in his face as Martinez rolls out on the apron, trying to drag himself to his feet as Detson turns back towards him...

...and DROPS him off the apron with a baseball sliding kick to the ribs!]

GM: OHH! Down to the floor goes Martinez!

[Detson steps out on the apron, dropping down to the floor as the ringside fans scream verbal assault at him. He ignores them, pulling Martinez off the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and WHIPS him into the steel barricade!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL!!

[Detson moves in on the railing, ready to attack again...

...when "Hotshot" Stevie Scott stands up in the front row, throwing his hood back, hurdling over the railing...]

GM: SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT STRIKES AGI-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WADE WALKER! WADE WALKER!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Wade Walker rushing Stevie Scott, connecting with a spear tackle that disconnects the railing from the other pieces, knocking it over and sending both men down in a heap in the front row of the fans!]

GM: MY GOD IN HEAVEN!!

[A shocked Detson yanks Martinez up, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. He rolls in after him, pulling Martinez up...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE HOYLE DRIVER!

BW: NO! IT'S THE WILDE DRIVER!

[...but Martinez has other ideas, straightening up and backdropping Detson down to the mat to a huge reaction!]

GM: Stevie Scott's getting the hell beat out of him at ringside by the Dogs Of War and-

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as the locker room seems to empty out to some degree - Bobby O'Connor leading a charge of Jack Lynch, Dave Bryant, Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and others who crash into the wall of Wise Men associates at the top of the aisle, breaking down into a huge fight!]

GM: We've got a brawl in the aisle! We've got a brawl at ringside! This whole night is out of control, fans! This whole night has been on the verge of all hell breaking loose at any given moment and- look at this! Martinez is going for the Brainbuster! He's going for-

[Percy Childes climbs up on the apron, shouting at Martinez. Johnny Jagger spins away, ordering him to get down...]

...which is Detson's cue to drop down to his knees, swinging his arm up into the groin of the AWA's White Knight!]

GM: LOW BLOW ON MARTINEZ!!

[Detson hooks the arms, leaping up, and DRIVING Martinez facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson flips Martinez over, diving across as Childes orders Jagger to count.]

GM: NO! NO!

BW: ONE!! TWO!!

GM: NOOOOOOOOO!

[And the crowd ERUPTS in a deafening amount of jeers as the official slaps the canvas a third time!]

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

GM: Agggh... this is terrible. Absolutely horrible. This whole night is... this is despicable, it's dishonorable, it's... it's everything that's wrong with the world of professional wrestling.

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo... quit your whining and crying. We've finally got two champions we can be proud of! What a night it's been here in Phoenix!

GM: Percy's over here near us, ordering Phil Watson to- HEY! HEY, I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELF, YOU SON OF A-

BW: GORDON! SIT DOWN!

GM: YOU MAKE ME SICK, CHILDES! YOU'RE A PIECE OF TRASH JUST LIKE THE REST OF THESE-

BW: GORDON! SHUT UP NOW!

[A quick camera cut to ringside shows Bucky physically restraining Gordon Myers from going after Percy Childes who is trading words with the play-by-play man at ringside as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and NEW AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

JOHNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNN!

[Detson snatches the title belt from Johnny Jagger, jumping up and down in celebration with the championship belt held aloft!]

GM: Yeah, enjoy this moment. Enjoy it, Detson.

BW: Gordon, you need to sit down and calm down before you say something you'll regret.

GM: What's he going to do? Fire me?!

BW: That's a best case scenario if you get him mad!

[Childes is glaring at Gordon Myers who returns the stare.]

GM: I don't know how much more I can take of this, Bucky.

BW: There's only one match left. Just... just sit down, Gordon. Please.

GM: Detson... Johnny Detson is the new Television Champion through some of the most dastardly actions I've ever seen on this show... hell, in all my years in this business. Let's... I can't take this right now. Let's go to break please.

[As Detson celebrates his title victory amidst a sea of chaos, we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Wresting!"

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

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

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

"Tomorrow afternoon in Tucson, Arizona, we've got a special 3 PM bell time for big time six man tag team action with the Dogs Of War!"

[The graphic changes.]

"August 8th and 9th, the AWA is coming to Colorado. It'll be Friday night in Grand Junction with The Northern Lights taking on The Longhorn Riders and Saturday night in Denver with the World Television Title being defended as Ryan Martinez takes on Jack Lynch with the gold on the line!"

[Another change of information on the screen.]

"Sunday afternoon, August 10th, the AWA invades Salt Lake City, Utah with a big tag team matchup pitting Travis Lynch and The Lost Boy against Dichotomy!"

[The graphic changes one more time.]

"Look out, Nevada! Friday night, August 15th, the AWA comes to Reno, Nevada with World Champion Dave Bryant defending the gold! And on



Saturday night, August 16th, we'll be LIVE in Las Vegas for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling - the final SNW of the summer tour!"

[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...

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 a live shot of the arena where things have settled down but the crowd is still buzzing over what they just witnessed.]

GM: Fans, we are back... I...

[Gordon shakes his head, looking down.]

GM: I want to apologize to all of you, the fans of the AWA, for my actions moments ago. As a broadcaster, I should make every effort to maintain impartiality and after what I just saw, I had... well, I had trouble doing that. Although what we just saw disgusts me as a fan of fair play and sportsmanship, I have a responsibility to you, the viewer, to make my best efforts to inform you and that's all.

BW: Well said.

GM: And I want to thank you, Bucky, for trying to calm me down in the heat of the moment.

[Bucky nods.]

GM: Now... as Bucky said, we have one match left so hopefully, we can get through that without any further incidents like we just saw but right now, let's go to the ring where Mark Stegglet has some time to speak to a man who was directly impacted by what we saw two weeks ago... but has yet to publicly comment on it. I am speaking of course of Terry Shane III - the leader of the Shane Gang and someone who, we believed to be, quite close to Sandra Hayes. However, in the days that have followed, we have seen nothing to make us believe that Terry Shane and Sandra Hayes were on the same page at all regarding this Wise Men situation. Perhaps now we can get to the bottom of the situation. Mark?

[We crossfade to the ring where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and Gentlemen... it is my duty at this time to introduce a man who was last seen on television challenging for the World Title and who undoubtedly wants another crack at it. Two weeks ago, we saw taped footage of him being on a tear since Guts & Glory as he piled up victories over the likes of Allen Allen, Cesar Hernandez, Alexander Awe and most recently on our Coast To Coast tour, he has defeated Vance Ricks, Rshan Hill, and Scotty Richardson.

At this time, please welcome to the ring... TERRY SHANE III!

[Static.]

"Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev kicks in to a negative reaction from the Phoenix crowd. Terry Shane wastes no time in appearing, dressed in his ring gear and walking with purpose down the aisle. He climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes and stalking towards Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Terry, you, like everyone else in the world, saw what transpired two weeks ago in Oklahoma City. We saw Lori Dane come out... and essentially she ultimately pledged her allegiance to Percy Childe but more importantly, to her daughter... your manager, Sandra Hayes, who revealed herself as the third and final member of the Wise Men. Let me ask you some-

TS: No, Mark. Allow me to explain something to you.

[Stegglet gestures for Shane to go on.]

TS: Sandra Hayes... she is an intelligent, crafty, and resourceful woman. If I did not think so I would have not allowed her to champion my vision as if it were her own. I came to the AWA for one purpose and one purpose only.

Gold.

For two years, I have handcrafted and orchestrated a brilliant strategy that resulted in this purpose becoming a reality. I hand-selected my enforcers and my weapons and with their assistance I carved a road to this opportunity at Guts & Glory that was impeccably flawless. All I asked was that my team fall in line and respect my orders.

MS: You're referring of course to the Lights Out Express interfering at Guts & Glory?

[Shane nods coldly, not even bothering to verbalize it.]

MS: And what of Sandra? What of Miss Hayes and her alliance with the Wise Men?

[Shane's eyes narrow.]

TS: Sandra's role is the same as it has always been. Whether she is the daughter of Lori Dane or not is irrelevant. She serves a purpose, the same purpose she has always served, contributing to my success and mine alone.

MS: Does she know that?

[Shane turns his gaze on Stegglet, silencing him for a moment.]

MS: Assuming all is well in the Shane Gang. Assuming that the new World Tag Team Champions have forgiven you for essentially assaulting them at the conclusion of Guts & Glory for not following your orders... and assuming that you're right and Sandra Hayes is satisfied in following your orders as a member of the Wise Men... what now? Where do you go from here?

TS: Like I told Jason Dane two weeks ago... like I told the world. Tonight, I send a message. Tonight, I call out a man who will inevitably become the symbol of my resurrection and rise back to the World Title.

Tonight I call out...

[Static.

Shane's eyes flash with surprise before he settles into a stoic gaze... a gaze fixed on the elevated interview platform where Miss Sandra Hayes is standing wearing the same attire we saw earlier. She, of course, has a mic in her own hand.]

GM: This just got interesting.

[Hayes raises the mic to speak.]

MSH: Really, Terry? I expected more out of you. Much, much more.

[Shane's eyes narrow, staring coldly at his manager.]

MSH: Do you really expect these people to believe that YOU were the one who masterminded every move we've made since you debuted with this company? That it was you who picked out Anderson and Strong and White to be your muscle? That it was you who had the master plan to put that World Title around your waist?

Now, I know these people are dumb...

[Boos pour down on Sandra, a big smile on her face.]

MSH: ...but they're not THAT dumb.

[Shane maneuvers towards the ropes, glaring across the sea of fans between the ring and the elevated platform where Hayes is standing.]

MSH: The fact of the matter is that I joined you... check that, I FOUND you floundering in some regional territory trying to get out from under your father's shadow... and I brought YOU to the big time, Terry. I brought you here because I saw you as a way in... a way to get my foot in the door.

For two years, I've put up with your crap... your egomaniacal delusions... even your little power trips like when you kicked Harry Hyatt out of the Gang. I put up with it... I tolerated it... because I saw something in you. I saw the same thing that your drunk old man saw - when he was sober enough to see straight...

[She grins at Shane's growing bad mood at the mention of his father.]

MSH: I saw that behind all the garbage that you push to the forefront, there is a talented athlete in there - a top flight professional wrestler who needed a little polish... a little grooming... a little help to reach the next level and be

a superstar. And who better to manicure your success than a woman like myself?

[Hayes smiles as the crowd jeers her every word.]

MSH: I stood back and I let you flourish. I allowed you to take the lead and be the Ring Leader that you were convinced you were born to be. And quite frankly, you surprised me... you truly did.

You survived that blood feud with Hannibal Carver. You walked into Memorial Day a year ago and won the Rumble. We seemed on the verge of everything we'd ever dreamed of. The money, the glory, and the gold.

[Hayes shakes her head.]

MSH: But then... it all changed.

[Shane tilts his head, looking puzzled at that.]

MSH: You had a guaranteed World Title shot in your back pocket - a one way ticket to the top of the card, to having your name on posters and marquees, to being the one thing that would finally... FINALLY... get the ghost of your old man off your shoulders.

The World... Heavyweight... Champion.

All you had to do was say when.

[She shakes her head again.]

MSH: But that wasn't what happened, was it? That wasn't in the cards. Instead, you got tangled up in a battle of ego with Steve Spector.

Steve Spector.

God, Terry... I'm as much a student of the game as anyone. I'm as big of a fan of the EMWC as anyone... hell, you might say it's... in my blood.

[Hayes points an accusatory finger.]

MSH: But even I knew that beating Spector would get you nothing. NOTHING. Yes, you won. Yes, you're the man who retired Steve Spector. It's a hell of a line to have on your resume.

But you're also the guy who sat on the sidelines for a year with a title shot in your pocket. You could've challenged Dufresne. You didn't. You could've challenged Wright. You didn't. And you could've challenged Bryant... and you didn't.

Not on your own at least. You had to be BULLIED into using your own title shot by an old man on a power trip. An old man who embarrassed you like he did your father so many times before.

[Hayes grins at Shane's facial expression changing on that.]

MSH: But you finally got there. You finally got your shot... and when you did... when we had the gameplan in place... when we were ready to win the World Title, you let the words of Steve Spector and the man you hate most in the world - your father - get in your head and you tell us... US... to stay out of your match.

[She shakes her head with disgust.]

MSH: Did I disobey your orders? Hell yes, I did. Because when I looked back at the last two years with you, it became clear that you were looking at the one and only shot you'll ever get at that title.

And with it... the one and only shot that I'D ever get at that title by your side.

So, yes, Terry... I took my shot.

[Shane grimaces.]

MSH: I sent the Express out there. I giftwrapped the World Heavyweight Title for you... but it still didn't happen.

You were too stupid... too stubborn... and too damn proud to take my help.

[Hayes shakes her head with a sigh.]

MSH: Shame on you, Terry Shane. Shame on you. You could have been the crown jewel for the Wise Men...

...and no, Mark... he had no idea. Neither did Aaron or Lenny for that matter but they were quick to see the benefit as you saw earlier tonight.

[She winks at the camera.]

MSH: Actually, Terry... perhaps I should say, shame on me... shame on me for believing in you... shame on me for thinking you could deliver the World Title to the Wise Men... and most of all, shame on me for wasting two years of my life saddled to a man who will NEVER be better than his father was.

[Sandra pauses when suddenly the crowd erupts into commotion as the portly and well-dressed Percy Childes saunters out into the aisle, crystal-tipped cane and all... again.]

GM: Oh, give me a break. Again?! How many times can we see someone on camera in one night?

[Childes raises his own mic as he approaches the interview area.]

PC: Bravo, Sandra. Bravo. All starting to become clear, Terrence?

[Shane shouts off-mic towards the pair.]

PC: If not, allow me to elaborate. Since you failed in your effort at Guts & Glory to win the World Title just as we imagined you would, the office of the AWA President...

[Miss Hayes hooks a thumb towards Percy Childes and they both grin.]

PC: ...has no choice but to anoint a new Number One Contender to the World Title!

[The crowd goes restless, a few voices shouting out over the mixed commotion.]

PC: And it gives me great pleasure to announce that LIVE at 8 PM on the FOX Network at All-Star Showdown on Friday, August 22nd... just days before the Battle Of Los Angeles... we WILL see a World Title matchup.

[The crowd buzzes at the announcement.]

PC: Tonight has seen a new World Tag Team Champion crowned. Tonight has seen a new World Television Champion crowned.

And in a few weeks' time, we may very well see a new World Heavyweight Champion crowned...

As Dave Bryant - if he survives his challenge for Las Vegas - puts his title on the line against...

[Dramatic pause.]

PC: The FORMER World Heavyweight Champion... SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Shane snaps. He punts the bottom rope which shakes manically. Stegglet backs away from the Ring Leader sensing the implosion. Shane snatches the mic from Stegglet, pointing up at Childes and Hayes.]

TS: You can not do this! That is MY shot!

[Percy smirks.]

PC: Oh really? Let me double check.

[He turns to Sandra and they mockingly have a fake conversation.]

PC: Sorry, Terry. I just did!

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: Wait... listen for a second...

[Percy and Sandra begin to turn away.]

TS: I came to this ring tonight ready to lay down a challenge. I came ready not just for a fight but to go to war. You want to play God, Percy? Then let me play Devil's advocate.

Two weeks... Las Vegas, Nevada...

[He holds up two fingers as Percy and Sandra continue towards the entrance portal.]

TS: In two weeks, I will walk back into this ring and I will relinquish my fate to YOUR hands.

[This stops them. Curiously, Percy and Sandra both turn an eye and an ear over their shoulder.]

PC: Go on.

TS: The truth is... Dave Bryant, Supreme Wright, Pedro Perez, Carpenter, Walker... it does not matter to me. Las Vegas, San Francisco, or Los Angeles... I will not go quietly and I will not go without a fight. Each week, every city, I will wage a war on you unlike no other if you do this to me.

But you can end this. You can end it in Las Vegas. You can name ANY challenger you want and I will face them...

...and I will conquer them.

[Shane glares down the aisle at Childes and Hayes. Both are obviously amused.]

PC: Facing an opponent of our choice is a bold statement, Mr. Shane. May I assume there are terms to this offer?

[Shane nods.]

TS3: When I win? You give me the World Champion after All-Star Showdown and you put that World Title on the line.

[Childes stares down at Shane, reading his opposition at the moment.]

PC: And if you lose?

[Shane scoffs like the thought never crossed his mind.]

TS: If I lose, Percy? If I lose, I'll-

[Hayes interrupts.]

MSH: Wait, just wait. I'm still your legal manager of record, aren't I?



[Shane nods.]

TS3: For now.

[Hayes smirks at the reply.]

MSH: I tire of these games, Terry. We will agree to put you in a match in Las Vegas. And in that match, if you win, you will earn yourself another shot at the World Title. I will sign that contract as will President Childes.

[Sandra looks at Percy who nods.]

PC: Agreed.

[Shane pumps a fist in celebration.]

MSH: However... in order to ensure that the AWA has a World Champion that we are proud of, there are certain... concessions... that must be made.

[Shane's celebration stops cold.]

MSH: If you expect the Wise Men to support you in your endeavor to become the World Champion, potentially against someone... friendly... to our cause in Supreme Wright... then there are concessions that must be made.

Starting now... right now... there will be no more pouting. No more whining. No more complaining.

[Hayes points a well-manicured finger down the aisle.]

MSH: You WILL fall in line. You WILL become another soldier in the Wise Men's army. You WILL join our march... fight our battles... and most of all, you will become just another member in MY gang...

The Hayes Gang.

[The crowd boos loudly as Shane seethes at the requirements.]

MSH: You will do what we say when we say it. Agreed?

[Shane paces back and forth, unsure of his next move.]

MSH: I see you're having trouble making this decision. Allow me to make it easier for you. You still have potential, Terry. You could still be a future World Champion. But you need controlled. You need to not be the master of your own destiny.

You need to fall under MY control.

[Hayes smirks.]

MSH: And if that doesn't work for you - now or at any point in the future?

Then you will NEVER get a World Title shot again.

[The crowd actually boos this one as Hayes flaunting her power is a bit disgusting.]

MSH: And believe me, I have friends in high places who can make that happen.

[She throws a smile at Childes who is nodding gleefully.]

MSH: The choice is yours, Terry. In two weeks, I will meet you in that ring... I will let you make your decision... and since we're in Las Vegas, then we will truly let the chips fall where they may.

See you in Sin City.

[She nods to Shane as she and Childes walks back up the rest of the aisle.]

GM: Wow! A tense exchange right there between Terry Shane and the Wise Men... and it's now apparent that Miss Sandra Hayes shared NO information with her charges about her status in the Wise Men. Terry Shane did NOT know going into Guts & Glory... nor did he know before we all discovered it two weeks ago.

BW: It was one of the best kept secrets in the history of our sport, Gordo.

GM: That it was... and now Terry Shane finds himself with an impossible decision. Either he must fall in line... fall in and be just another soldier with the Wise Men... or he'll never get another shot at the World Heavyweight Title. He has to swallow his pride and become a member of the... the Hayes Gang, she called it?

BW: The Hayes Gang! I love it!

GM: Terry Shane has an important decision to make in two weeks' time in Las Vegas... and if he makes the right one in the eyes of the Wise Men, he just might find himself in position to win another shot at the World Title! Fans, it's been... well, let's just say it's been an exciting night. I may not agree with a lot of what's gone down tonight... I may not like a lot of what's gone down tonight... but one thing I can admit that I've been looking forward to all night is our next segment - the Rising Sun Report featuring highlights from that huge event last weekend in Japan, GLORY BATTLE 3. This is a pre-taped segment so... well, Jason Dane is your host for it in perhaps the final time we'll see him on camera. Let's go to the Rising Sun Report!

[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 welcome back to another edition of the Rising Sun Report, our check-in with our friends at Tiger Paw Pro to see what's going on in Japan. In just about one month's time, the AWA will be having a big event in the Fabulous Forum - the Battle Of Los Angeles. But over in Japan, Tiger Paw Pro just had their big event of the summer at the Budokan Hall in Tokyo - GLORY BATTLE 3.

[The graphic for the show appears.]

JD: It was a big, big show... a huge show even... with three major title matches. The first of those title matches saw former AWA competitor and the Tiger Paw Pro Junior SkyStar Champion, November, taking on his former ally in ACHILLES, LION Tetsuo!

[A graphic appears that is a split-screen of the two aforementioned competitors.]

JD: It was earlier this year - shortly after Rising Sun Showdown - when LION Tetsuo and November failed to defeat the Shadow Star Legion with the Global Tag Crown titles on the line... and ACHILLES blamed the legendary Tetsuo for it, booting him from the group. Tetsuo swore revenge, leading up to this epic showdown for the SkyStar championship. Could LION Tetsuo manage one more title win in historic career - remember, he has sworn to retire by the end of 2014 - over the ACHILLES leader or would the always-bitter November manage to topple the legend and assert himself as the best Light Heavyweight in the wrestling world? Let's take a look at some highlights from their instant classic showdown at GLORY BATTLE 3!

[We crossfade to footage marked with all the details Jason just gave us as the legendary LION Tetsuo is tangling up with November in a collar-and-elbow. Tetsuo's mask is epic - gold with a lengthy "lion's mane" hanging from the back. November promptly uses this mane to pull Tetsuo into a side headlock.]

JD: LION Tetsuo is one of the biggest stars in all of Japan - a man who has appeared in national advertising for major companies, a man who has appeared on countless television shows, a man who has his own cartoon based on him! He is a hero to the children of Japan and the fans of Tiger Paw Pro are overjoyed to be able to cheer him on as he works his way towards retirement in 2014.

[Tetsuo fires November off to the ropes, dropping down to allow November to hurdle over him. November slams on the brakes, slapping the taste out of Tetsuo's mouth as he rises. He quickly hits the ropes behind him, charging out with a front dropkick that sends Tetsuo falling back into the ropes.]

JD: Two of the best high flyers in the world right here. November, of course, is a former EMWC Junior Heavyweight Champion and was really having a career resurgence in the AWA before losing that Loser Leaves Town battle to

Skywalker Jones. After that, he went back to Japan and became an even bigger star in Japan than he was before he left.

[November charges Tetsuo who drops his shoulder, tossing November over the top where he lands on the apron...

...and Tetsuo swings around with an open-handed slap that causes November to fall off the apron to the floor to a big reaction from the Tokyo crowd. Tetsuo jumps up and down, pointing to the far side as he races to the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...]

JD: AAAABUUUUNAAAAAI!

[Tetsuo leaps up, landing on the middle rope, springing into a front somersault over the top onto a stunned November to an even bigger reaction!]

JD: A wild, athletic dive by the legendary LION Tetsuo had him in charge early on in this one...

[We cut to later in the match where Tetsuo is on the apron, ready to catapult in...]

JD: But the wily November had other ideas...

[As Tetsuo leaps to spring off the ropes, November CRACKS him with a leaping palm strike!]

JD: METEOR PUNCH! That one stuns Tetsuo, putting him in a bad way as November steps out on the apron to join him.

[November walks up next to Tetsuo, throwing a pair of back elbows that knocks him off the apron. The ACHILLES leader delivers a back kick that sends Tetsuo falling back into the barricade...

...as November leaps up on the middle rope, springing back...]

JD: MOONSAULLLLLLLT!

[...and wipes out Tetsuo with the high flying dive!]

JD: The high flying talents of both men were on display in the Budokan as the battle continued to see who would walk out as the Tiger Paw Pro SkyStar Champion. The SkyStar Tournament is one of the biggest events of the year in the world of wrestling as sixteen of the best high flyers on the planet converge on Japan to see who will be the best. The title will actually be stripped of the winner of this match at the end of the month - assuming they still have it - and will go to the winner of that tournament which will begin in the month of September.

[We cut deeper into the match where November has Tetsuo trapped in the corner, hammering him with short elbows to the masked skull of the fan

favorite. The referee backs November out who gestures to his groin at the official who reprimands him.]

JD: ACHILLES has been making some noise about appearing stateside at some point in 2014 although many have wondered if they will be willing to do so without their leader, November, who is barred from competing in the American Wrestling Alliance due to that Loser Leaves Town loss.

[LION Tetsuo comes rushing from the corner, hitting a low dropkick on the knee of November, causing him to flip over and crash down to the canvas. Tetsuo quickly grabs the leg, twisting it around, pulling November's head off the mat, tucking him into a double underhook.]

JD: The famous LION's Paw Clutch applied right there, Tetsuo looking to gain a submission victory over the champion! But November was ultimately able to escape the hold...

[We cut deeper into the match.]

JD: ...and lock on a submission hold of his own, this hanging Dragon Clutch over the ropes!

[The referee is counting November as he dangles backwards over the ropes, tied up with Tetsuo while applying an inverted facelock. As the count hits four, November releases, dropping down to his feet on the floor...

...and opens fire on the still-trapped Tetsuo, blasting him with chops across the bare chest!]

JD: November's working over the fan favorite with the chops here, eventually dragging him down to the floor... and look at this, a big body slam on the floor at ringside!

[November pulls himself up on the apron, backing down...

...and then charges down it, flipping off to land a Shooting Star Press off the apron on a prone Tetsuo to the excitement of the crowd!]

JD: The Reign Dance off the apron connects!

[We cut again, this time with November dropping Tetsuo with a front slam, planting him on the canvas before heading to the top rope.]

JD: Tetsuo would come back time and time again, kicking out of some very close pinning predicaments...

[November sails off the top, flipping through the air...]

JD: ...but he would NOT kick out of this Shooting Star off the top, crushing him under November... and getting the one... two... and three.

[November pops up after the pin, throwing his arms up in the air in victory.]

JD: November scored the win, retaining the SkyStar championship and perhaps denying LION Tetsuo of his final chance to win one more title before his retirement at the end of 2014.

[We crossfade back from the pre-taped action to Jason.]

JD: It was an exciting match and a very different match than our second title match of the night... the Global Crown Tag Team Titles being defended as the Shadow Star Legion took on the 2014 Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited. Remember, if VU wins this one, when Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds visit Japan later this summer, they'll take on VU in a Global Crown Tag Title match... a match that I'm told we will be airing right here on the Rising Sun Report when it happens. Let's go now to highlights of Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton taking on GEMINI Hashimoto and Kenji Nakamura!

[A crossfade to more action from Budokan Hall shows Haynes and Morton storming down the aisle towards the ring. Haynes takes a sidetrip through the crowd, swinging a Texas bullrope over his head, sending Japanese fans scurrying like cockroaches when the lights is turned on...

...and we fade a little further in where the ring announcer is finishing the introductions.]

JD: Violence Unlimited in Japan is quite a bit different than the VU we saw here in the States - the team that won the Cup here... the team that won the National Tag Team Titles here. They are the most dominant - and dangerous - tag team in the world for a reason and you're about to see that reason.

[As the ring announcer vacates and the bell sounds, Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes sprint across the ring, assaulting their opponents. Hashimoto is ready for the fight, trading heavy shots with the Oklahoma native while The Hammer lives up to his name, driving Nakamura from the ring with several devastating blows.]

JD: Divide and conquer in full effect as Haynes drives Nakamura to the floor... and look out here!

[Haynes hits the ropes, building a head of steam as he comes back and BLASTS Hashimoto in the back of the head with an enzuiariato!]

JD: OHH! Some have said it's like being clubbed with a Louisville slugger to the noggin!

[The blow sends Hashimoto staggering forward into the powerful arms of Danny Morton who hoists him into the air.]

JD: Danny Morton is arguably the strongest man in all of wrestling, lifting Hashimoto up with great effort, well over three hundred pounds up into the

air as Morton staggers forward... and DRIVES him down with the Oklahoma Stampede, the big powerslam!

[Morton pops back up, giving off a roar as he gives a high ten to his partner. The official is trying to get one of them out of the ring as Haynes rears back his right hand... calling for the Whiskey Lullaby as Morton pulls Hashimoto up, hooking a side waistlock...]

JD: Haynes gets a running start... and DRIVES the thumb into the throat!

[The blow sends Hashimoto's weight backwards which allows Morton to hoists him up...

...and DRIVE him down on the back of his head and neck!]

JD: BACKDROP DRIIIIVAAAAAAH!

[Hashimoto is motionless on the mat as Morton plants two hands on his chest, sticking his tongue out as the referee counts to three as we fade back to Jason.]

JD: And just like that... in shocking fashion for the fans in Budokan, Violence Unlimited were the brand new Global Tag Crown Champions. Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds now find themselves in line for a shot at those titles later this summer. When and where has yet to be determined but should be announced in the days and weeks to come. So, two titles matches... one title retained, one new champion crowned... all that remained was the Global Crown Championship showdown pitting Yoshinari Taguchi against the charismatic Noboru Fujimoto.

[A graphic showing both champion and challenger appears on the screen.]

JD: Taguchi has been the champion for many months now but Fujimoto has arguably been the hottest star in all of Japan. Would that momentum be enough to turn Fujimoto from challenger to champion? Let's find out!

[We crossfade to action in progress where Taguchi has Fujimoto in the corner, eating up leg kicks to the side of the knee.]

JD: In the early going, Yoshinari Taguchi was trying to slow down the youthful Fujimoto with these leg kicks to the side of the knee, trying to hobble the technician, Taguchi.

[Taguchi grabs the leg, hauling Fujimoto out of the corner by the leg, tucking the leg under his armpit...

...tossing Fujimoto up, over his head, and down to the mat!]

JD: Expert execution on the suplex by Taguchi. He used a spine-rattling array of suplexes in the early part of the mat, stunning Fujimoto and looking to be well on his way to a successful title defense...

[We cut deeper into the match where Taguchi is chopping the hell out of Fujimoto against the ropes before grabbing an arm, sending him into the ropes. On the rebound, Taguchi ducks down for a backdrop...

...but gets hit in the back of the head with an overhead elbow as Fujimoto pulls up short, causing Taguchi to snap back up, and get flattened with an STO!]

JD: High impact counter by Fujimoto right there... and he went right from the STO into a pair of rolling sentons - flashy but effective. In fact, many would choose to describe Fujimoto in the same way - flashy but effective. It's that flashy side that has gained him so many fans in Tiger Paw Pro despite his brash attitude.

[We see the aforementioned sentons, crashing down on the chest of Taguchi. Fujimoto climbs to his feet, striking a pose to a mixed reaction before leaping up, twisting around, and dropping a leg across the chest of the prone champion!]

JD: Another nice move there by Fujimoto who had certainly turned things around to his favor at this point in the matchup but it was still early.

[Cutting deeper in, Taguchi is unloading with a series of short forearms and big rounding elbows to the temple in the center of the ring as Fujimoto responds in kind.]

JD: A big slugfest in the center of the ring ends when Taguchi scores a leaping headkick!

[We see the leaping headkick that causes Fujimoto to stagger before falling facefirst to the canvas. Taguchi attempts a lateral press, earning a two count before the kickout. The reigning champion takes advantage of the situation by hooking the arms in a grounded double chickenwing...]

JD: Taguchi applied the bridging double chickenwing, trying to force a submission out of Fujimoto... but the challenger was able to hang on, forcing an escape.

[Another cut further into the match shows Fujimoto placing Taguchi up on the top turnbuckle, setting the champion up for a superplex. The champion starts fighting it, burying palm strikes into the ribcage of Fujimoto.]

JD: Taguchi fighting off the superplex... shoving Fujimoto down to the mat...

[A leaping dropkick attempt is turned into a ring-shaking sitout powerbomb by Fujimoto, gaining a two count...

...but Fujimoto grabs the legs, rolling over into a high angled Boston Crab!]

JD: The challenger went for a submission of his own with this unique Boston Crab, really applying pressure to the back and neck... but when Taguchi refused to quit, Fujimoto turned up the heat...



[Fujimoto turns to the side, stomping the back of Taguchi's head over and over and over...]

JD: The stomps were raining down on Taguchi, forcing him to crawl to the ropes to break the hold... but then an upkick of his own caught Fujimoto flush on the chin!

[Taguchi kips up off the mat, rushing forward at Fujimoto who ducks the incoming clothesline. The technician hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and runs RIGHT into a spinning leg lariat!]

JD: Fujimoto again with the high impact offense, pulling Taguchi up...

[Using a handful of trunks, Fujimoto HURLS Taguchi under the bottom rope, sliding him headfirst out to the floor. With the crowd clapping over and over in rhythm, Fujimoto bounces off the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and THROWS himself through the ropes, using a tope dive that sends Taguchi flying back into the barricade as we cut deeper into the match.]

JD: As the action wore on, Fujimoto's threshold of pain was put on display as he was trapped inside a Texas Cloverleaf for an entire minute and a half.

[We get to see about fifteen seconds of that Cloverleaf, Fujimoto screaming in pain...

...and then cut deeper into the match where Fujimoto is pasting Taguchi in the corner with chop after chop before switching to brutal forearm in the buckles. He whips him across, running after him to land a leaping forearm smash!]

JD: Big forearm in the corner...

[Fujimoto steps up to the middle rope, snaring an inverted facelock...

...and somersaulting off the buckles, JAMMING Taguchi's jaw into his shoulder!]

JD: THE STARLIGHT EXPRESS!

[Fujimoto dives across Taguchi, hooking the leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NO! Fujimoto almost caught him with the Starlight Express right there late in the match but Taguchi still had a little bit of fight left in him.

[Cut a little further in where Taguchi is throwing vicious rounding side kicks into the ribcage, forcing Fujimoto to sit on the middle rope as Taguchi backs off, gives a shout, charges back in, and throws a front dropkick into the

chest to a big reaction! With Fujimoto stunned, Taguchi hooks a double underhook, snapping him over into a bridging suplex!]

JD: This time, it was Taguchi who almost got the three count with the suplex!

[Taguchi rolls through after the kickout, pulling Fujimoto up with him, setting for the suplex again, lifting him up for it...

...and then sits out in a piledriver!]

JD: OHHHHH!! AAAABUUUUNAAAAI! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd groans as the shoulder comes up off the mat!]

JD: An incredible kickout there as Fujimoto shows incredible fighting spirit to kick out in time off that devastating move. Taguchi was stunned as you can see by the look on his face. He dragged him back up, hooking for it again...

[But Fujimoto spins out, grabbing the wrist...

...and YANKS Taguchi into a devastating short-arm clothesline!]

JD: OHHH!

[Fujimoto hangs on, dragging him back up into a second short-arm clothesline!]

JD: Another one! Taguchi's stunned!

[Fujimoto pulls him up again, yanking him close. The challenger hooks him around the head and neck from the front, leaning him down...

...and then SNAPS him over, driving him facefirst into the mat!]

JD: FALLING LASER LASSO!

[Taguchi's face SLAMS into the canvas at high velocity as Fujimoto flips him to his back, diving across and hooking both legs!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

[The bell sounds as the crowd erupts!]

JD: A huge victory and a momentous night for Tiger Paw Pro at GLORY BATTLE 3 as Noboru Fujimoto becomes the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion!

[The celebration goes on, Fujimoto getting showered with applause as he poses with the title belt...

...and we fade back to Jason Dane in the studio.]

JD: What a match, what a win, and what a night for our friends at Tiger Paw Pro. It was a great event for them - two new champions crowned and with the annual SkyStar tournament right around the corner, this Rising Sun Report promises to get better and better every time out. For the Rising Sun Report, I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you next time!

[We fade away from the Control Center...

...and up to footage recorded earlier in the night - a shot of former AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright, seated backstage, surrounded by the members of Team Supreme. The members of Team Supreme stand at ease, arms behind their back and staring straight ahead, while Wright glares directly at the camera. He slowly raises his right hand, holding up five fingers to the camera.]

SW: I could count the number of people I truly consider friends in this world on one hand.

[Supreme lowers a pinky, leaving four fingers hanging in the air.]

SW: And Eric Preston used to be one of them.

[He lowers his arm and smiles to himself.]

SW: But how many times have you stood against me, Eric? How many times have you spoken out against me? How many times have you belittled me out of petty jealousy? How many times have you cost me an opportunity at the World Heavyweight title?

[Supreme's eyes narrow.]

SW: Too damn many.

[He leans back in his seat, arms crossed over his chest.]

SW: It's been a long, long time since I've considered you anything close to a friend, Eric. It took me a long time to figure it all out, but I finally see you for what you are.

What you are to me, is a hinderance. What you are, is a burden.

What you are...is a liar. Lying to yourself and everyone around you. You've convinced yourself that you're a hero. A savior. A righteous man fighting for a righteous cause, wronged by a man that he thought he could trust.

[Supreme laughs.]

SW: But you never really trusted me, did you, Eric? You could barely tolerate me. Because I'm everything you wanted to be and everything you CAN'T be. Because when Mr. Michaelson lost his damn mind and made Aaron Anderson the first graduate of the Combat Corner, I was brave enough to call him out

on his crap and you weren't brave enough to leave. Because when we both say that the World Title is the most important thing in the world to us, I'm the only one that actually means it. Because I've always been willing to suffer and sacrifice for what I believe in and you can only PRETEND that you do.

[Sitting up, Supreme motions for the camera to zoom in, leaning in close and resting his elbows on his knees.]

SW: You've spent an entire career trying to convince the world that you're a better man than me.

[He place a hand over his mouth and whispers, as if he's about to reveal a secret.]

SW: You're not.

[He grins.]

SW: You've wasted your life believing that becoming the world's champion is your destiny.

[That grin gives way to restrained laughter before Supreme looks back up, speaking in a more forceful, angry tone.]

SW: It's not.

[He leans in closer.]

SW: You walk around with this delusional belief that you're the future of this sport and its savior because Mr. Vasquez punched you in the mouth and told you so.

[Supreme shakes his head sadly.]

SW: He lied.

[He rises out of his chair, walking right up to the camera, grabbing it with both hands and staring straight into it.]

SW: When I slammed that cage door on your head, that wasn't betrayal.

That was a reality check.

You're no hero. You're no savior.

[Supreme lets go of the camera and takes a step back.]

SW: Hell, right now, you're barely a living, breathing person...much less a wrestler.

It's painfully obvious what you are.

A failure.

Just like your brothers.

Just like your father.

[A shrug.]

SW: I guess it runs in the family.

[A smirk. He knows he's pushing buttons that shouldn't be pushed and he just doesn't give a damn.]

SW: You see, Eric, you can paint your world in all the bright and vivid colors you want, mask it in as many grandiose lies that you can imagine, but underneath it all, it's still the same dreary, soiled mess it's always been. You're a wreck of a human being with a shattered mind put back together with chewing gum and shoestring; and the fact that you're still here at all, is because you're just too stupid to know that you're already dead.

[He closes his eyes and takes a breath.]

SW: A living corpse haunting me. Hunting me. HATING me.

[Pause.]

SW: Good.

[He's smiling, but that's not the look of a happy man. It is unsettling. It is deranged.]

SW: Haunt me. Hunt me. HATE me.

[A chuckle.]

SW: It wouldn't have been nearly as satisfying to drive that dagger in your back if you didn't fight back.

[His expression turns cold.]

SW: You won't quit...that much I already know.

You're not smart enough to do it.

[He taps his finger to his temple.]

SW: I gave you an opportunity to walk away, Eric. I gave you a chance at a clean start, but you threw it away. You threw it all away for revenge and the chance to lead a revolution that's already failed.

And now?

Walking away isn't even going to be an option.

[When Supreme says it, it's said like not a threat. It's not a passionate promise. It is simply a statement of fact.]

SW: All you have left is your commitment to this worthless cause. You've failed as wrestler. You'll never be a champion. You're nobody's hero.

But maybe, just MAYBE, you'll finally amount to something, when I make you...

...a martyr.

[Fade to black...

...and back up to a closeup of Mark Stegglet in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is the man who faces off against his long time friend turned rival-

EP: -turned bitter enemy, Mark, you can say it.

MS: Turned better enemy, that being Supreme Wright. My guest is this man, Eric Preston.

[The camera focuses on Preston, dressed to wrestle in teal and black trunks, with his standard blue and silver pattern on the waistband. The fans erupt as Preston walks into the shot, holding a steel folding chair, and he leans over to speak into the microphone.]

EP: Here Mark, do me a favor and hold this.

[The men trade chair for microphone, and Preston begins to speak.]

EP: Mark, I'd like to take this time right now to speak to the hundreds and thousands of people who sent me letters, who sent me mail, who reached out in one way or another when I was down these past few weeks. Your love and your support means the world to me, and the energy you have given me, the determination you have given me is what's keepin' me going right now. I'm standing here today, I'm wrestling today, I'm fighting TODAY because of ALLLLL of you around the country and even around the world who reached out to me, you're keepin' me up.

I'm ridin' on YOUR back, I'm tuggin' on YOUR coattails. I thank you and I love you, like I told ya before, and when we come out the other side of this disaster, all of you are gonna be the reason we make it. It's gonna be because we ALL banded together and made things right.

[Preston pauses as the fans cheer.]

EP: The question on everyone's mind has been real simple, buddy, everyone wants to know.

Why are you here, why are you still going? Eric Preston, why are you STILL in the middle of this fight when you can lose so much?

[Stegglet pulls the microphone back, jumping into the conversation.]

MS: That's EXACTLY what we want to know, why did you sign those waivers so quickly? Your body, your mind, YOU could use a break from the action right now.

EP: What my mind and my body need are two vastly different things. My body may need rest, but my mind needs peace. My heart needs peace. I can't stand to come to work every day and see Percy damn Childes making decisions that sink the AWA. I can't stand seeing my best friend in a damn near depressive funk, I can't stand seeing Hannibal Carver get suspended because he lost his friggin' mind. I can't STAND seeing these fans who pay their hard earned money get robbed every time they step into an AWA show because of the people in charge!

My body is weary, my body is wounded, but my heart and my soul need justice, my mind needs vengeance, these PEOPLE need vengeance! So I signed the waivers! I put my body on the line!

Because THIS is a cause worth fighting for! YOU are a cause worth fighting for, THEY are a cause worth fighting for, WE ALL are worth the fight!

[Preston whips his hand around as the fans erupt again.]

EP: And with President Percy in office, before I get to the elephant in the room, lemme just say that you and I have been at odds for going on five years. Since the moment we came in contact, you've been throwing obstacles in my way, you've been trying to cut my legs out from under me, you have tried to RUIN my career. I don't know how much career I even have left anymore, but by God, I will spend the rest of it making sure your fat ass is NEVER seen around the AWA again when this is over.

I will WIN this war between us, I will find a way, I will make sure your presidency comes crashing down around your ankles.

But now...

[Preston cracks his knuckles and looks dead at the camera.]

EP: Supreme Wright.

[The mere mentioned of the traitorous Wright is enough to make the crowd come unglued in jeers.]

EP: I had every intention of walking into the ring tonight, with THIS steel chair-

[Preston grabs it from Mark.]

EP: And beatin' you to death with it. Believe me, Wright, I wasn't gonna make the same mistake you did. Oh, I'd lose the match, but the last room you'd see would be the clinic for paraplegics they'd throw you into, after I broke every part of this chair over your bastard head.

[Abruptly, Preston throws it down.]

EP: But that'd be too easy. That would make me too much like YOU.

A coward.

Afraid to fight like a man.

A pathetic mess of insecurity, too scared to fight my own battles without a gang of thugs waiting to jump someone, just in case I missed the mark. Sucking the fattest teat of 'em all just to satiate your fragile, egg shell mind. So I walk into this ring tonight alone. No weapon.

Because I heard you on the last SNW, I heard you whine like you're five months pregnant about what you deserve and what you think you are, I heard your voice go three octaves higher when you almost began to cry because you're not the champion. You should be handed this, you are entitled to that. You are ENTITLED to a life in traction, but I'm going to take you to a place far worse.

[Preston nods.]

EP: Because when I walk into that ring tonight and beat you one, two, three, with no steel chair, with no outside weapon, when I break out the Cobra Clutch Crossface and cinch it on your miserable ass in the middle of the ring, when you have to come to grips with the fact that Eric Preston beat you as clean as can be in the middle of the ring, whatever grip on reality you had ENDS.

Crippling you isn't the answer, bleeding you dry isn't the answer. You don't care about your body, you won't care if I rearrange your face. The only way to hurt Supreme Wright is to beat him in the middle of the ring, is to dent his fragile psyche, is to PROVE to him that he is NOT special. He's not above us. He's not above me, he's not above you, he's just a face in the crowd in a Colonel Sanders suit.

[Preston points a finger at the camera.]

EP: The dominoes have already started to fall. He got scared that he wasn't the best, so he ran to the Wise Men for protection. And now, after tonight, when I hook the leg and get the three count, when I find a way to get the job DONE, you'll have no one to blame, Supreme Wright. No one to throw under the bus, no one to pin it on.



You'll have to look at YOURSELF, in the mirror, and ADMIT that you just weren't good enough, you just didn't have the guts, you just didn't have what it took to get the job done. And THAT will be when this house of cards falls, THAT will be when the Wise Men crumbles into a heap, when Supreme Wright runs away like he's done before... that's when my job is done.

[He turns back to Stegglet.]

EP: And THAT'S why I signed the waiver. THAT'S why I'm here. Because there's work to be done, and I've got just enough left to see it through.

[Preston nods, walking out of view.]

MS: Eric Preston willing to take a risk to get - as he said - some work done here tonight against his long-time rival. Let's head down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky!

[We crossfade back to the ringside announce team.]

GM: It's been a long night... a long, hard night. It's been a night that has left me physically, mentally, and emotionally fatigued and I believe these fans here in Phoenix feel the same way. If ever there was a time for a feel good moment, this is it, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, you need to be prepared for the worst. You need to be prepared for Supreme Wright caving in Preston's skull and ending his career but it very possibly could happen here tonight.

GM: It could. I'm aware of that. There's a reason the front office made Eric Preston sign a waiver to wrestle here tonight. I'm just hoping that waiver is not needed. Fans, it's Main Event time here in Phoenix so let's head up to the ring for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening. Introducing first...

[The sounds of some electric guitar burst through over the PA and then...]

#THIS!  
#IS!  
#SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

#THIS!  
#IS!  
#DO OR DIIIEEEE!

["Survival" by Eminem screams over the loudspeakers as Eric Preston walks into view.]

PW: From Greenville, South Carolina... weighing in at 240 pounds...

ERRRRRRRRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSSSSSSSTON!

[Preston is dressed in what we saw on him moments ago. He pauses at the top of the aisle, raising both arms to cheers before starting his way down towards the ring.]

GM: Eric Preston was the second man to graduate from the Combat Corner and arguably the most successful one.

BW: How can you say that? Supreme Wright is a former World Champion. Aaron Anderson is one-half of the new World Tag Team Champions. Eric Preston is a guy whose career has been the ultimate up and down roller coaster ride... and that coaster car is about to de-rail, daddy.

[Preston climbs up on the apron, pointing to the roaring fans before ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

BW: Preston has put himself between the Wise Men and their goal time and time again. Tonight, Supreme Wright will have two goals - one, he wants to win and build momentum for his World Title match coming up on August 22nd LIVE on FOX... and two, he wants to remove Preston from the playing field once and for all.

GM: It's that second one that worries me. Preston is coming off a concussion and he's got a history of concussions. Wright helped - and perhaps is directly responsible - give him this one he's coming back from. You think Wright will hesitate to give him another one and REALLY end his career this time?

BW: Not one bit. If Supreme Wright thinks Eric Preston is an obstacle on his path to regaining the World Title he thinks he never should have lost, he'll squash Preston like a bug... and not care if he ends his career in the process.

[Phil Watson continues as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights in the arena suddenly go out, drawing a surprised roar from the crowd. The beating of drums and the voice of Will Smith can be heard through the PA system...]

"THE CHAMP IS HERE!"

"THE CHAMP IS HERE!"

"THE CHAMP IS HERE!"

[...]

"THE CHAMP IS HERE."

[An epileptic flash of white lights accompany each repetition of the phrase, until the arena goes silent once more and the crowd roars with boos as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play. The lights then slowly return as the crowd ERUPTS with jeers at the sight of Cain Jackson and Team Supreme emerging from the behind the curtain. They form two rows opposite of each other in the aisle as the boos reach a peak when they see the former AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright.

He is dressed in a black velour fighter's robe as he walks past his charges. Team Supreme falls in behind their leader as he leads them down the aisle and towards the ring. Despite the roar of the crowd, Wright's eyes are focused on the ring and ONLY the ring.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana...weighing in at 225 pounds...

SUUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIGHTTTT!

[Wright pauses before climbing up on the apron, shrugging out of his robe that one of his students quickly snatches up. The former World Champion grabs the ropes, pulling himself up...

...and Eric Preston rushes in, grabbing the top rope and giving it a tug, sending Wright flipping over the ropes and crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: PRESTON BRINGS HIM IN THE HARD WAY!

[Referee Davis Warren signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: And here we go!

[Preston pulls Wright up, drilling him with right hands to the side of the head, forcing Wright to back across the ring, caught off-guard by Preston's flurry of offense at the outset.]

BW: Preston's working fast. He might need to end this thing early to avoid exposing himself to further injury, Gordo.

GM: It's a smart idea for sure.

[With Wright on the run, Preston grabs an arm, looking for a whip but Wright reverses it, shooting his former friend into the ropes. A rebounding Preston ducks under a back elbow, hitting the far ropes...

...and leaves his feet, taking down Wright with a crossbody!]

GM: Big crossbody but no cover as Preston springs back up...

[And breaks into a three-step dash, throwing himself into a dropkick between the middle and bottom ropes, driving his feet right into the face of

Tony Donovan, sending the young man crashing back into the railing! The crowd roars as Preston ends up on the apron, pointing to the corner...]

GM: Preston's going up top! This match is less than a minute old and the former Combat Corner student is going for the top rope!

BW: This could be a mistake!

[Preston pauses, waiting for Wright to come closer...

...and leaps off his perch, catching Wright across the chest with a flying crossbody, knocking him down as he hooks a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright rolls Preston off of him, trying to scramble up off the mat as his former partner does the same.]

GM: Both men moving fast in the early moments of this one. Eric Preston does NOT want to get caught in a mat wrestling showdown with Wright... he wants to push the pace, go for the high impact offense, and look for some of those knockout blows that he has in his arsenal - things like the Dream Machine or the Godsend.

BW: And it's clear from the get-go that Eric Preston is not in this match to hurt Supreme Wright. He's not looking to pummel him to a bloody pulp or to injure him... he knows that the thing that hurts Wright the most is the actual loss!

[Both men come up swinging, Preston landing a right hand before Wright can hit a forearm shot. Two more haymakers connect, again battering the former World Champion back into the corner where Preston throws a pair of boots into the midsection before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by Preston, charging in after him...

[But Wright runs right up the buckles, backflipping off them to land on his feet behind Preston who keeps on going, slamming chestfirst into the corner. He staggers back...

...into the waiting arms of Supreme Wright!]

GM: NO!

[Wright aggressively hoists Preston up, DUMPING him violently on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: RIGHT! ON! HIS! HEAD!

GM: Absolutely devastating, Bucky! This match might be over right here and now.

BW: Preston's CAREER might be over right here and now. He might be concussed again!

[Wright rolls to a knee, looking down at the motionless Preston on the canvas who has quickly brought up his arms to protect his head. Cain Jackson nods in appreciation on the floor as Tony Donovan shouts, "FINISH HIM!" manically.]

GM: Team Supreme showing their support for their leader as Wright climbs to his feet, slowly moving in on Preston...

[Wright toekicks him in the ribs a few times, trying to make sure that Preston's not playing possum before he uses a handful of hair to drag his former classmate up, yanking him into a three-quarter nelson.]

GM: Into the cravate goes Wright... a whole lot of places he can go from here...

[The former World Champion swings his leg up, driving his knee up into the forehead once... twice... three times... and then uses the cravate to snapmare Preston down into a seated position on the mat.]

GM: Wright takes him over after some knees to the head... to the ropes...

[Wright rebounds, ready to cave in Preston's skull with a running knee but Preston drops back, hooking the leg as he does...

...and rolls right through into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: ROLLING CRAB LOCKED IN!!

[Preston pushes up to a standing position, letting loose a roar as he cranks back on the submission hold, trying to wrench the knee of the Team Supreme leader.]

GM: Preston will take a submission as much as he'd take a one-two-three in this one, Bucky.

BW: Preston should take whatever he can get. If he can get Wright to slip on a pool of sweat, he should take it. If he can get Wright to get distracted by Cain Jackson's deep voice, he should take it. If he can get-

GM: I think we get the idea.

[Preston's half Crab attempt is short-lived as Wright crawls to the ropes, grabbing the bottom one to force an escape.]

GM: Davis Warren calls for the break and Preston obliges at the count of three.

[The South Carolina native hauls Wright up by the arm, blasting him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Preston takes a page out of Wright's playbook with that uppercut!

[A second one causes Wright to fall back against the ropes where Preston pursues, balling up his fists.]

GM: Big right hand to the skull... and another... and now he goes downstairs on the former World Champion.

BW: We've never seen Supreme Wright throw a punch in a match - not even the Tower Of Doom - but Preston has no such qualms, Gordo.

GM: He certainly doesn't.

[Grabbing the arm, Preston shoots Wright across... but this time, it's Wright who ducks under a clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes as he comes back.]

GM: Preston ducks for the backdrop...

[But Wright snaps a boot up into the forehead of Preston, causing him to straighten up and stagger back. Wright slaps his elbow, coming on fast...

...and gets backdropped down to the mat!]

GM: Preston saw the elbow coming and got the counter!

[Preston claps his hands together as he pulls Wright up off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down. He promptly gives a shout, leaping up to bury a knee down into the chest of Wright and attempting a lateral press.]

GM: Cover gets him one... gets him- almost two before Wright slips out the back door.

BW: It's gonna take more than-

GM: Preston takes the mount!

[With the roaring crowd cheering him on, Preston rains down closed fists to the skull of the downed former World Champion, drawing a count from the official. At four, he breaks it off, climbing back to his feet as Tony Donovan shouts threats at him from the floor.]

GM: Preston's got the crowd behind him, he's got a ton of guys back in that locker room behind him including his best friend, Ryan Martinez, and Hannibal Carver wherever he is. But can he channel that positive energy into a victory here tonight? And if he does, what does that do to Supreme Wright and his chance to regain the World Title at All-Star Showdown later this month?

[Preston backs off, measuring Wright as he gets back up off the canvas...

...and then rushes forward, aiming a clothesline at the former World Champion who ducks down as Wright pulls down the top rope, sending Preston falling over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! PRESTON GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR!!

[Wright comes up, grabbing the ropes as he looks down at Preston struggling to get off the mat...

...and Wright swings his leg up through the ropes, booting Preston between the eyes!]

GM: Another shot to the head! There is no doubt what the gameplan of Supreme Wright is here tonight, Bucky.

BW: He's a headhunter, daddy. He wants to hit that head until Preston can't get back up... and then he wants to hit it again.

[Wright leans through the ropes...

...and EATS an uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Preston rolls back in, pulling Wright back and trapping his arms behind the top rope, exposing Wright's chest as Preston steps back out on the apron...

...and DRILLS Wright with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Big chop across the chest... and another! Eric Preston going to work on Wright... and another one!

BW: Wright's arms are trapped and Preston's not letting up, not giving the referee time to get the arms free. Cain Jackson's not pleased about that, shouting in at Davis Warren.

[Preston steps back in, pushing the official aside as he plants a boot in the lower back of Wright, yanking back on a chinlock that bends Wright over the ropes.]

GM: This hold isn't legal but you'd better bet that it's effective.

[The South Carolina native backs off at the count of four, allowing the official to free Wright from the ropes. Preston charges the far ropes while that's happening, rebounding back...

...and CONNECTING with a running clothesline that takes both Preston and Wright over the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the floor at ringside!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! BOTH MEN OUT TO THE FLOOR!

BW: That could've been a big mistake, Gordo. Preston was cruising right along, doing some damage, controlling the pace of the match... but that move right there changes everything for them both. It was a big risk, taking a big chance.

GM: Both men are slow to recover from that out on the floor. Tony Donovan's just a few feet away, cheering on Supreme Wright, encouraging the former World Champion to get back to his feet first.

[But it's Eric Preston who gets up as the referee's count reaches six, rolling back under the ropes into the ring...

...but Wright hooks an ankle, preventing him from getting in!]

GM: Wright's still on the floor and-

[Using the grip on the foot, Wright swings Preston a full 180, ending with his head outside the ring...

...and Wright starts raining down overhead elbows, bouncing them off the forehead!]

GM: Repeated shots to the forehead out of Wright, smashing the skull of Preston over and over!

BW: And every time one of those blows lands, you have to wonder if Preston's on the verge of a career-ending concussion, daddy!

[Wright rolls back into the ring, breaking the count before rolling back out, sitting on the apron, staring down at Preston who isn't moving very fast at all.]

GM: Supreme Wright is up to his feet... and STOMPS the forehead of Preston! Another stomp! A third stomp! Supreme Wright is turning up the pressure, showing signs of brutality that we're not used to seeing out of him on regular basis.

BW: Wright likes to tie people up into knots, force a submission out of them but that's not what we're seeing tonight. We're seeing the former World Champion just beating the heck out of Preston.

[Wright uses the legs of Preston, dragging him back into the ring to the jeers of the crowd. He again stomps the forehead of his former ally, glaring out at the booing fans.]

GM: The former World Champion is brutalizing Preston at this point of the contest... stomping him again... and again!

BW: And each one of those stomps are aimed RIGHT in the middle of the forehead of Preston.



[Preston rolls to all fours, trying to crawl away from Wright to get a breather but Wright grabs a handful of trunks, dragging him up to his feet. He keeps his grip on the trunks, yanking Preston towards him...

...and SLAMMING a brutal elbowstrike into the back of the head, knocking Preston facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

[Davis Warren has seen enough, holding up his arms to force Wright to step back as he kneels down to check on Preston.]

GM: The referee is checking on Preston. That might be it, Bucky. He might have to stop the match.

BW: If Preston can't defend himself, that's the rule, right?

GM: Wright wants to take another shot at him but the referee is holding him at bay while he checks Preston's physical condition.

[Preston pushes up on his elbows, shaking his head at the referee.]

GM: Preston's refusing to give up and-

[As the referee informs Wright of Preston's decision, Wright storms past, pulling Preston off the mat by the hair...

...and BLASTS him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard forearm uppercut by Wright!

[A few more blows follow before Wright shoves Preston back into the turnbuckles where the Combat Corner graduate hooks his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet...]

GM: Preston can barely stand right now.

BW: The referee should've stopped it, Gordo.

GM: It's not too late. He can stop this thing at any time.

[Wright grabs the arm, winging Preston across to the opposite corner, charging in after him...

...and DRILLS him with the running European uppercut!]

GM: OHHHH! Big running uppercut connects!

BW: He's gonna do it again, Gordo!

[Wright fires him across the ring a second time, sending him smashing into the buckles, his head and neck snapping back on impact. The former champ charges in after him...

...and runs headlong right into two raised boots out of Preston!]

GM: PRESTON CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[Preston hops up on the midbuckle, raising his arms to clasp his hands together, leaping off...]

GM: Axehand- OHHH!

[The crowd reacts as Wright EXPLODES upwards with an uppercut on the way down for Preston, knocking him for a loop. Preston collapses down to the mat again, arms quickly coming up to cover his head.]

GM: It was a beautiful counter - using that forearm uppercut to stun Eric Preston!

[The referee takes a moment to invite Wright to cover a prone Preston but Wright's having none of it, shaking his head.]

GM: No pinfall for Wright here tonight. He wants the knockout. He wants to render Preston unable to defend himself... unable to even stand if at all possible.

[Wright pulls Preston up, tugging him into a front facelock. He slowly turns Preston over, standing back to back as if he's attempting a neckbreaker...

...that Preston quickly slips out of it, hooking the arms and shoulders to drag everyone down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE! BACKSLIDE! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! He almost got him there, fans. He was a half count away from winning and Eric can't believe it! He thought he had him right there with the backslide! We're closing in on the ten minute mark.

[Both men try to get to their feet before the other. Wright gets there first, cutting off Preston with a knee to the midsection that doubles him up. The former World Champion hits the ropes, coming back with a running front kick to the temple, spinning Preston away and putting him down on all fours.]

GM: Another high impact blow to the head! And again, it looks like referee Davis Warren is going to step in here and see if Preston's had enough. Warren's got a tough job here tonight as Eric Preston's health and wellbeing are on the line. You stop the match too soon and this place might explode, Bucky.

BW: This joint is like a powderkeg right now. You can feel the tension in the air. These fans desperately want Preston to pull off a victory.

GM: But if you wait and stop the match too late, you're talking about potentially being responsible for the end of a young man's career.

[The referee rises up, waving for the match to continue. Wright nods, moving to the front side to hook a front facelock, using it to drag Preston off the mat...

...and SLAMS his knee up into the head repeatedly. A half dozen brutal kneestrikes connect, leaving Preston staggered as Wright uses the position to take Preston up and over with a guillotine suplex!]

GM: Nice suplex as Wright rolls through into the mount.

BW: He usually hangs onto that choke and tried for a mounted choke but not today. Today, he wants to knock Preston out... not choke him out.

[With Preston at his mercy, Wright snaps off a brutal palm strike to the temple. He throws it again, raining down blows as Preston lifts his arms, trying to protect his head...

...and Wright DESTROYS the block with a powerful elbowstrike from the mount, knocking the arms away before landing a second elbow that has nothing that comes close to blocking it. Preston is sprawled out on the canvas as the referee forces Wright off of his opponent.]

GM: That might be it. That first elbow was bad enough but the second... the second did some real damage, Bucky.

[The referee again kneels down next to Eric Preston, trying to judge whether or not the Combat Corner graduate can continue the match, trying to decide if letting the match go puts his career - and future health - in jeopardy. Davis Warren seems very concerned as he tries to get some kind of verbal confirmation out of Preston that he wants to continue...

...and then Wright steps in, grabbing the arms of Preston.]

GM: What's he-?!

[Holding the arms, Wright pulls Preston's torso off the mat, violently stomping his head back down. He stomps and kicks the head repeatedly...]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky!

BW: Juan Vasquez uses this from time to time! Now it looks like the student has become the master yet again!

[The referee grabs Wright around the waist, pulling him back, ordering him to stay in the corner while he checks on Preston.]

GM: The official is livid! He's telling Wright that if he does that again while he's checking Preston's condition, he'll disqualify the former World Champion and I don't blame him for that decision at all!

BW: There's a buzz in the air after that. These fans here in Phoenix are booing Wright with everything they've got. In this instant, Supreme Wright is perhaps more hated than at any time before.

GM: And rightfully so. He's trying to permanently end the career of a man who has been up and down with these fans for the past five years. Eric Preston came into the AWA as a darling of the people but he took some dark turns along the way to get here. But they've found their way back to one another and these fans support Preston now as much as they've supported anyone in the history of this company. The kid is a future World Champion if he can stay healthy and that's exactly why the Wise Men have sent Wright out here with this plan tonight... this goal to end Preston's career right here in the middle of the ring in Phoenix, Arizona.

[As the official talks to Preston, the Combat Corner graduate crawls to the ropes, using them to drag himself off the mat, collapsing back against the turnbuckles...

...where he defiantly waves for Wright to "bring it on!" to a DEAFENING roar!]

GM: Preston's not done yet! He wants Wright to come and get some!

[There's a flash of a smirk on the face of the former World Champion as he stalks in towards the corner...

...and Preston shoves himself out of the corner with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Prest- ohh! Wright returns fire with a forearm uppercut... and another... and another!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Preston from pillar to post into the far corner. He settles back into the corner, nodding his head confidently as he barrels across the ring, looking to pop Preston with the running European uppercut...

...but Preston steps out, hooking his arms around the torso of the former World Champion...]

GM: What the-?!

[And HURLS Wright up and over, throwing him into the turnbuckles with an overhead belly to belly suplex!]

GM: INTO THE BUCKLES!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Preston collapses to a knee, grabbing at the back of his head before reaching out to grab Wright's boot, dragging him away from the corner and into a lateral press.]

GM: Preston covers! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Wright's shoulder shoots up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt to the disappointment of the fans!]

GM: Two count only there for Eric Preston as we rapidly approach the halfway point in the time limit for this match, it may be time for Eric Preston to take some chances, Bucky.

BW: He took a chance getting in the ring tonight! He's going to take chances getting into the ring for the rest of his career - especially against a guy like Supreme Wright!

[Preston angrily takes the mount on Wright, hammering his clenched fist down into the face of his former ally, the fans roaring for every blow landed to the skull...]

...and then switches his approach, grabbing the throat with both hands and strangling the air out of Wright!]

GM: That's a choke! A blatant choke out of a frustrated Eric Preston who is pouring all the anger and rage he's got towards Wright because of the Tower Of Doom out onto him right now!

[As Davis Warren counts the choke, Preston pulls Wright's head off the mat, SLAMMING the back of the skull back into the canvas. He does it a second time before getting back to his feet, letting out a scream to the fans who cheer for him.]

GM: Preston's getting fired up. He's trying to find a way to come back after all the abuse he's been taking in this match so far, dragging Wright up to his feet...

[He hooks a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over the back of his neck.]

GM: Suplex coming up!

[But as he lifts him up, Preston surges forward and DROPS Wright gutfirst on the top rope, hanging him out to dry there!]

GM: OHHHH! That'll knock the wind right out of your sails!

[With Wright sucking wind, Preston measures him, leaping up with a standing dropkick to the head that sends Wright sailing off the apron, crashing down onto the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Down on the mat after the dropkick, Preston slams his balled-up fists down into the canvas before rolling under the ropes to the floor. He glares at a couple of nearby Team Supreme members who scatter as he pulls Wright off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and FIRES him into the steel barricade with an Irish whip!]

GM: HE SHOOTS 'IM INTO THE STEEL!

[Wright is hanging onto the railing with both arms, trying to stay on his feet as a tired and angry Preston approaches, burying a boot into the midsection. Preston grabs Wright, dragging him away from the railing...

...and tugs him into a front facelock!]

BW: Oh no!

GM: What's he...?

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Preston muscles Wright up into a suplex a second time...

...and DROPS him gutfirst over the steel barricade to a huge reaction from the Phoenix fans!]

GM: Good grief! That could've done some major damage internally to the former World Champion! Gutfirst across a solid steel railing could break a rib or worse.

[Preston glares at a Team Supreme member, backing him down as he marches over to the timekeeper's table, snatching up an empty chair.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I thought he wasn't going to use a chair!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Preston opens up the chair, setting it down near the railing before stepping up onto it...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Eric Preston's got some bad intentions aimed at his former friend right now, Gordo.

GM: That he does as he hooks the front facelock... you gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd roars as Preston muscles Wright up into a suplex...

...and DROPS him on the barely-padded floor with a spine-rattling vertical suplex off the chair!]

GM: MODIFIED SUPERPLEX ON THE FLOOR HERE IN THE VETERANS MEMORIAL COLISEUM!

[Preston stays down on the floor as well as referee Davis Warren opts to start a double count on both men.]

GM: The referee was giving these two lots of leeway to get their fight back inside the ring to continue it but since they're not doing it, he's got no choice but to start a ten count.

BW: He's got a choice - this is choice he's making, Gordo.

[The referee is very deliberate in his count, trying to give the two warriors every opportunity to get back inside the squared circle to continue their battle.]

GM: The count is up to three. Cain Jackson and the other members of Team Supreme are nearby, trying to root Supreme Wright back up to his feet after that devastating move by Eric Preston.

BW: Man, what a fight this is, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Davis Warren counts to five, Eric Preston slowly sits up on the floor, breathing heavily as one hand comes up to cradle the back of his head and neck.]

GM: Oh my, I hope he didn't hit the back of his head on the floor.

[Preston struggles up at seven, pulling a rising Wright up and shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He uses the ropes to drag himself up on the apron also, leaning against them as he waves for Wright to get up off the mat...]

GM: Preston's setting up for something here...

[As Wright pulls himself up, Preston slingshots himself over the top, snaring a front facelock on the way down...

...and SPIKES Wright skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Will it be enough to finish off Supreme Wright? We'll never know as Tony Donovan sticks his nose into the match, putting Wright's foot on the bottom rope.]

BW: Foot on the ropes! Foot on the ropes!

GM: Not on his own! Wright didn't do that on his own - Tony Donovan did it!

BW: Prove it.

GM: Roll the replay and I'll show you.

BW: I don't think we've got a replay of that.

[Preston angrily slaps his hands together, rolling under the ropes to the floor...

...where he DROPS Tony Donovan with a right hand to the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: Preston drops Donovan and-

[Two more Team Supreme members make their move towards Preston but Cain Jackson throws his arms out, holding them back as he shakes his head.]

GM: Cain Jackson's not about to let the rest of Team Supreme come after Preston. He knows how badly Wright wants to get this monkey off his back and put Preston down.

[Preston points a warning finger at Cain Jackson before pulling himself back up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[...but as Preston swings over the top, Wright EXPLODES upwards with a European uppercut that knocks him out of the sky!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Wright falls back against the ropes, glaring down at Preston...

...and then moves in, wrapping Preston's legs around Wright's own leg...]

GM: What is he...?

[Wright pulls back on the arms, hoisting Preston's torso off the mat, lifting his free leg to plant his foot against the back of Preston's head...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



BW: CURBSTOMP!

[Preston is motionless on the canvas as Wright throws his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture, rolling the Combat Corner graduate onto his back and attempting a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Preston lifts a shoulder!]

GM: He kicked out! He kicked out at the very last second - the very last moment!

[Wright pushes up to his knees, staring at Davis Warren who shows him how close he was to victory. The former World Champion shakes his head, climbing up to his feet...

...and drops down to his knees, hooking a front facelock on the prone Preston, swiftly bringing up a knee into the top of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Kneestrike to the head of a grounded Preston... and another... and another!

[The referee is immediately down on his stomach, checking to see if Preston wants to submit to the kneestrikes.]

GM: He's turning up the heat, driving those knees repeatedly into the top of the skull of his former friend! And if any move in this entire match was designed to try and put Eric Preston back in the hospital, you have to believe that it's this one!

[Another knee lands as Warren shouts to Preston.]

GM: Come on, Eric! It's time to give this up! Your career isn't worth this one match!

BW: It may be too late for that, Gordo.

[Another knee connects to the top of the skull!]

GM: Wright's trying to knee Eric Preston into submission... or unconsciousness!

BW: Whichever comes first.

[As Wright raises Preston up to all fours to get a better grip on the front facelock, Preston reaches under, grabbing the wrist with both hands...

...and rolls out of the front facelock, ending up sitting on the mat as he makes a lunge to secure the Cobra Clutch Crossface!]

GM: PRESTONS GOING FOR THE CROSSFACE!

BW: If he locks it in, it's over, Gordo! Only two men in this business are the master of this hold and you're lookin' at 'em right now! If Preston can hook this in, Supreme Wright WILL tap out or pass out, daddy!

[But Wright's got an arm in between Eric Preston's arm and his ability to hook in the deadly submission hold!]

GM: Wright's fighting it, trying to prevent the hold from being applied!

BW: If you're gonna be the master of a hold, you gotta know how to block it as well. Wright's fighting him off, trying to keep out of that thing at any and all costs. He knows what happens if Preston sinks it in.

GM: He's got that arm right in between Preston's, fighting it off...

[Preston abruptly gives up the ghost, rolling to his side, scrambling up to his feet as Wright tries to get up just as quickly...

...and rushes forward, DRIVING his own knee up into Wright's face!]

GM: DREAM MACHINE! DREAM MACHINE!

[The surging kneelift snaps Wright's head back, sending him flying backwards through the ropes and out onto the ring apron to a huge reaction!]

GM: But Wright goes out to the apron through the ropes so Preston can't take advantage of it and go for a three count!

BW: I don't think that was an intentional move by Wright but I wouldn't be surprised to find out that it was. It was a lucky fall to the apron to save himself from a pin attempt.

[Preston angrily claps his hands together in frustration, covering his head with both arms and shouting to the heavens at his bad luck.]

GM: Preston needs to stay focused. He needs to find a way to suck down those emotions he's feeling and stay calm as he tries to find a way to put Supreme Wright down for a three count in the next ten minutes plus of action.

BW: We're just about to the twenty minute mark as Preston... look at this, Gordo!

[The crowd buzzes as Preston reaches over the ropes, dragging Wright up off the apron with his back up against the ropes...

...and then slowly drags him over the top rope so that the back of his legs rest on the rope, the back of Wright's neck pressed up against Preston's shoulder!]

GM: He learned this from Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner! Preston's setting up for...

[He DROPS down to the canvas, sending a jolt down Wright's spine.]

GM: ...GODSEND!!

"TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Preston grabs at the back of his head, wincing as he rolls over, applying a press but not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Without the leg hooked, Wright is able to kick out, lifting his shoulder off the mat and breaking the pin!]

GM: He couldn't get him!

BW: Preston was too tired... too hurt to hook a leg and make a proper lateral press right there! He might've had him, Gordo.

GM: I'm almost positive that he DID have him, Bucky. He just couldn't make a cover that could hold him down. He couldn't get his weight on him fully. He couldn't get the leg hooked. Preston's dazed, he's hurt, he's tired and he's in the ring with a man who - quite possibly - is the best in-ring competitor in the world today... a man who - win, lose, or draw tonight - will challenge for the World Heavyweight Title at All-Star Showdown LIVE on the FOX Network!

[A frustrated Preston seems to be talking to himself angrily as he pushes up off the mat, shaking his head in disbelief as he climbs to his feet, dragging Wright up by the back of the trunks.]

GM: Preston's dragging Wright up off the mat...

[With a wild look in his eyes, Preston spins him around...

...and ROCKETS him between the ropes, slamming him shoulder-first into the steel ringpost!]

GM: PRESTON PUTS HIM INTO THE POST!

BW: And you know why he did that! We all know why he did it!

[With the crowd roaring, Eric Preston steps out on the ring apron, backing down the length of the aisle to rest his back against the ringpost, staring down at Wright whose head is pressed up against the adjacent corner post...]

GM: My god, Preston with some evil intentions here! How many times was he in the exact same position as Supreme Wright is right now? How many times did James Monosso set this up on Preston?

BW: How many times did Monosso kick Preston's skull into oblivion?! It's the former World Champion who CAUSED Preston's concussion issues to begin with.

GM: Preston's set... he's measuring him...

[The Combat Corner graduate comes tearing down the length of the apron, swinging his leg up...]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZ-

[But Wright pulls himself free, straightening up as Preston gets to him...

...and Wright SLAMS his elbow into the ear of Eric Preston, sending his former friend pitching off the apron and down to the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: WRIGHT KNOCKS HIM TO THE FLOOR!!

[And this time, it's a pissed-off Wright who drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor after Preston.]

GM: Supreme Wright, the former World Champion, is on the floor and have a terrible sinking feeling in my stomach right about now, Bucky. Wright looks like... he looks like a man possessed! He's going to try and finish off Preston on the floor!

BW: Preston went for the Concussionizer! He has all this coming to him! He tried to finish off Wright first, Gordo!

GM: Wright's pulling him up by the trunks...

[Wright does a full spin, gaining momentum...

...and HURLS Preston skullfirst into the side of the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: It looked just like the Dogs Of War inside the Tower when Preston got the concussion to begin with!

GM: But instead of that steel mesh in the cage - with the slightest of give to it - he just went skullfirst into a solid steel railing that has NO give... absolutely none at all... and Eric Preston is not moving at all, fans. He is not moving one bit.

BW: But you know who IS moving? Supreme Wright who is going to finish this man off right here and now, Gordo.

[The fans at ringside are shouting encouragement to Preston as Wright pulls his lifeless form off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Wright rolls back in also. He doesn't want to win this by countout... not at all. He wants Preston to lose right there in the center of the ring with the entire world watching.

BW: There's so much at stake in this for Preston but I think... I think his time is just about up, Gordo.

GM: You certainly could be right and the referee should be checking on Eric Preston right now to make sure he is physically able to continue in this match.

[Wright rises to his feet, looking down at Preston. He reaches down with both hands, grabbing Preston by the hair and hauling him up into a kneeling position.]

GM: He pulls Preston to his knees...

[Wright steps back, glaring into the eyes of Preston - the empty, glassy eyes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! A roundhouse kick RIGHT to the skull of Eric Preston!

[Preston slumps facefirst to the mat as Wright stands over him, soaking up the jeers of the Phoenix crowd. He gestures dismissively at Preston as the official tells him to cover.]

GM: Davis Warren wants him to cover Preston and... he won't do it! He's walking away from him!

BW: He just told Warren to count him down. Wright wants the knockout!

[Shaking his head, a reluctant Davis Warren starts the ten count that would result in a knockout victory for the former World Champion.]

GM: Fans, I hate to say this but I think Eric Preston should stay down right here. I think he's taken enough punishment... I think he's taken enough shots to the head... and I think he should stay down, get counted out, and - hopefully - live to fight another day.

BW: In other words, you want him to take the coward's way out?

GM: How can that POSSIBLY be considered the coward's way out?! He's trying to save his career... or even just the ability to have a normal life

outside of the wrestling business. Eric Preston himself has expressed concern that he's got a limited shelf life in this industry and Supreme Wright is trying to end that time here tonight, Bucky. Deny that!

[Eric Preston slips his arms underneath him, trying to push up off the canvas.]

BW: I can't deny it. I can't deny that Supreme Wright wants to end Eric Preston's career. I can't deny that the Wise Men want to end Eric Preston's career. It's all true... completely true.

GM: And it's disgusting! That's not what this company is all about. That's not what this BUSINESS is all about! And Supreme Wright is no champion of mine if he insists in being this kind of a professional wrestler, Bucky. These fans are all over Wright for his actions on behalf of himself and the Wise Men and they feel the exact same way that I do.

[At the count of eight, Eric Preston slowly pushes up off the mat, falling back to the corner to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Preston's up! Eric Preston is up and... my god, he's telling Wright to bring it on! He wants more!

BW: This guy's crazier than I thought, Gordo.

[Wright storms the corner, rushing in with a European uppercut that snaps Preston's head back. The former World Champion grabs a handful of hair, slamming his elbow into the temple over and over and over. Preston's arms are down on his side, making no attempt to block the brutal shots!]

GM: Preston can't defend himself! Get in there, referee!

[Wright steps out, flinging Preston away by the hair...

...and BLASTS him with an elbow to the back of the head, causing Preston to collapse to the mat again!]

GM: Down goes Preston again... and the referee is right there, checking on him.

[Wright shouts at the official, ordering him to start the ten count. Davis Warren obliges, not wanting to get the former World Champion any more worked up than he already seems to be.]

GM: Preston's down... and hopefully, in my opinion, he stays there this time, Bucky. I know he wants to fight... I know he wants to stand up against the Wise Men on this of all nights but...

BW: But you want him to lie down and die?

GM: Not at all! I don't want to see him back in the hospital tonight!

BW: I think it's too late for that, Gordo.

GM: It's not too late. Will somebody stop the damn match?!

[The count reaches four as Preston reaches an arm out, dragging himself across the ring to the cheers of the crowd as Wright backs to the corner, waiting and watching as his opponent tries to get back up.]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Don't do it, Eric. Think about your friends... your family... think about your fans. None of them want to see you hurt permanently. None of them want to see you back in the hospital. Just... please... stay down, kid.

BW: Gordo, you're so emotional tonight.

GM: How can I not be, Bucky? I've poured every single ounce of my blood, sweat, and tears into this company for over six years, loving every minute of it as this company went from the little engine that could to THE powerhouse in the world of professional wrestling... and in one night... in ONE night... Percy Chiles, Larry Doyle, and Sandra Hayes have SPAT all over it with their egomaniacal power-trips! Supreme Wright has SPAT all over it with his attempt to end the career of Eric Preston! Johnny Detson, the Lights Out Express, you name it - these sons of-

BW: GORDON!

[At the count of seven, Preston reaches the opposite corner, grabbing hold of the ropes, dragging himself to a knee. At nine, he pulls the rest of the way up, falling to the corner again...

...and spins around, using his toe to draw "the line in the sand" to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: PRESTON'S NOT DONE! THE KID LIVES TO KEEP FIGHTING!

[Wright barrels across, looking for another running European uppercut...

...but Preston sidesteps, throwing Wright chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! He missed!

[Preston grabs the waistlock from behind, ready for a German suplex, spinning around so that the suplex would go into the buckles...

...but Wright SLAMS the point of his elbow back into the temple once, twice, and a third time sends Preston staggering away, clutching his head where Wright goes into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Preston between the eyes with a rolling elbow, knocking him back into the buckles again. He staggers out, out on his feet...]

GM: CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Wright tries to take Preston off his feet, trying to take him down to the mat with the Cobra Clutch Crossface...]

GM: Hang on, Eric!

BW: We said it before when Preston was going for it, Gordo... if Wright hooks this in, it's over!

[With Preston fighting it, Wright uses his grip on the wrist to throw Preston out away from him, yanking back in a short-arm...]

...but Preston ducks under the elbow attempt, lashing out with a boot to the gut, and ROCKS Wright with a second Dream Machine!]

GM: DREAM MACHINE! THAT MIGHT DO IT! THAT MIGHT DO IT!!

[Wright is sprawled out on the canvas as Preston goes to push himself into a lateral press. He stumbles, grabbing at the back of his head...]

GM: What the...?

[...and then collapses down to the mat, landing facefirst on the canvas. The announcers fall silent, the crowd doing the same soon after as Davis Warren flattens out, rolling Preston to his back, checking on him. The official leans close, shouting to Preston who is unresponsive.

The announcers aren't saying a word as Davis Warren signals to the back, calling for medical assistance as the crowd begins to buzz with tremendous concern. Warren waves his arms again before leaning down to check on Preston again. This time, Preston is blinking, his first movement since hitting the mat.]

BW: Gordo... I think he's... he's awake at least.

[Bucky gets no reply from Gordon. The camera cuts to the announce team where Gordon Myers is standing, looking very concerned at the downed Preston inside the squared circle. Warren lifts Preston's arm, asking the young lion "do you feel that?" A nodding Preston actually slips his arms under him, forcing himself back to a seated position.]

GM: Whew. Perhaps it wasn't as bad as we thought as Preston gets back to-

[Wright surges across the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



[...and SUPERKICKS the seated Preston, snapping his head back as he falls to the canvas!]

GM: THAT SON OF A BITCH!

BW: GORDON!

GM: I don't give a damn anymore, Bucky! Childes and his trash friends can fine me... they can suspend me... they can fire me! Hell, send their little lapdogs down here and put me through a windshield but I refuse to sit here at ringside and pretend this kind of CRAP is okay! Eric Preston just collapsed in the ring... he COLLAPSED, Bucky... and this maniac Wright STILL kicked him in the head again!

[Wright turns his head slightly, perhaps having heard Gordon's (loud) diatribe. The referee steps in, physically shoving Wright back and waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match is over... thank god.

BW: Wright's the winner. Preston can't continue.

GM: Yeah, he's a real winner alright. Can we get him the hell out of the ring now so that Eric can get some medical help?

[Wright turns, glaring at Gordon Myers...

...and then a buzz starts to ripple through the crowd as Ryan Martinez comes rushing down the aisle. Spotting the AWA's White Knight, Wright rushes over to the downed Preston, shoving the official aside.]

GM: What the...?!

[Wright yanks a limp Preston off the mat, slinging the arm over his neck. Martinez runs faster...

...but runs headlong into a wall of Team Supreme members, holding Martinez back as Wright turns, staring right into the eyes of Martinez.]

GM: No, no, no!

[Wright lifts Preston up into the air, holding him there as the blood drains down into the head. Martinez screams out for his friend, being restrained by a half dozen men...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd goes silent again as Preston's skull is DRIVEN into the canvas with a brainbuster - a message to Ryan Martinez, who is down on his knees

staring up into the ring, if there ever was one. Wright signals to Team Supreme to release Martinez who crawls to the ring, rolling in to kneel next to his best friend.

Wright is standing over them both, gesturing at his waist with the belt gesture. He's glaring at the downed Preston, pointing and saying something...

...until Ryan Martinez SPEARS him off his feet, promptly pummeling him to the ROAR of the crowd!]

GM: MARTINEZ AND WRIGHT! MARTINEZ AND WRIGHT!

[The attack is enough to bring Team Supreme flooding into the ring, assaulting Ryan Martinez...

...which is the cue for Bobby O'Connor, Dave Bryant, and Jack Lynch to come charging down the aisle. The Wise Men's army is right behind them as are the rest of Martinez' allies.

Soon, the ring is full of bodies, hammering and swinging at anything in sight as the fans are roaring with rage at the actions of Supreme Wright - evil, destructive actions that have capped off a horrific night led by the Wise Men's whims.]

GM: WE'VE GOT BODIES EVERYWHERE! WE'VE GOT FIGHTING IN THE RING! WE'VE GOT FIGHTING AT RINGSIDE! WE'VE GOT FIGHTING IN THE CROWD! IT'S BROKEN LOOSE - ALL HELL HAS BROKEN LOOSE IN THE CITY OF PHOENIX!!

[The enraged fans join into the mix, hurling trash into the ring. It's a recycler's dream as paper, plastic, and in some cases, even glass comes sailing through the air into the ring.

Broken away from the grip of Martinez, Wright has Preston down and continues to stomp the skull...

...before locking in the Cobra Clutch Crossface, rearing back with it as the crowd howls bloody murder, baying for the blood of the former World Champion!]

GM: THE FANS ARE OUT OF CONTROL! WE NEED SECURITY! WE NEED THE POLICE! WE NEED-

[A quick cut to Gordon shows a look of panic on his face. Bucky is by his side, his eyes wide with concern as a handful of fans come pouring over the railing, sliding into the ring, trying to get at Wright. Team Supreme members are ready to defend their leader, stomping the fans...

...which only drives more fans to come over the railing, surging forward. A loud "CLAAAANG!" is heard as the barricade gets knocked over, sending fans flooding towards the ring!]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: Gordon, we gotta get the hell out of here.

GM: Fans, we're being advised to head... we're gone! We're out of here!

[The announcers both drop their headsets, quickly encircled by nightstick-wielding security guards as they push their way through the masses, trying to get them back up the aisle.

The camera cuts to wild-eyed Bobby O'Connor, swinging a chair at anything that gets close to him.

Then to Jack Lynch who has the Iron Claw locked on the head of Johnny Detson.

Then to Nenshou who spews mist in the direction of Pedro Perez who ducks it, causing the Asian Assassin to spray a security guard.

Then to Isaiah Carpenter flinging himself off the top rope, somersaulting onto a pile of wrestlers and security guards, not caring who he wipes out in the process.

Then to Stevie Scott trying to fight off three security guards preventing him from taking a tire iron to the skull of Wade Walker who is busy shoving away an enraged fan who is coming at him with a broken beer bottle.

Then to Dave Bryant tackling Demetrius Lake into the ringpost, slamming his spine into the steel.

Then to Ryan Martinez who is digging at the eyes of Cain Jackson down on the mat. Nearby, a security guard is pinning a fan to the mat while Tony Donovan stomps the drunken member of the AWA faithful.

Then back to Supreme Wright, leaning back with the hold applied as a water bottle bounces off his skull.

It's a full-blown riot in the city of Phoenix as more and more wrestlers, fans, officials, guards, and finally, the police, get involved in trying to restore order.

Chaos is in the air. Carnage is all around. Careers are in jeopardy and the future of one and all is at risk.

The Wise Men send their regards.

Abrupt cut to black.]