


THE DUEL ON THE DIAMOND



SUNDAY, APRIL 12TH
TURNER FIELD
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The 2015 Women's World Cup. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades as we slowly come up on a black and white shot of a game-used baseball lying on the pitcher's mound. The theme to "The Natural" begins to play as Gordon Myers' voiceover begins.]

"For over a century, the sport of baseball has been the American pastime."

[Fade to a shot of the outfield - a young man in an Atlanta Braves uniform chasing down a flyball in slow motion.]

"A unifying presence - bringing together fathers and sons, sisters and brothers, grandchildren and grandparents. It is a game meant to be enjoyed together with those closest in your heart."

[A celebratory shot, fans jumping and down in sheer joy at the happenings before them.]

"Even strangers become the best of friends when tasting the fruits of victory."

[A burst of color as we break into a gorgeous overhead shot of Turner Field.]

"But on this night, the gloves and bats have been put aside... the teams have battled towards the jubilation of triumph and the heartbreak of defeat."

[A shot of the lights being turned out on Turner Field, our shot going to black as they do so.]

"But on this night... the best is yet to come."

[The lights come back on to reveal a wrestling ring set up at second base.]

"On this night... we battle. We fight. We duel..."

[Another overhead shot, showing off the setup for the show.]

"...on the diamond."

[We bust into the sounds of John Fogerty's "Centerfield" as a CGI baseball flies towards the camera, filling the screen with white that breaks apart to reveal a roaring crowd inside of Turner Field.]

That same overhead shot reveals the ring right "up the middle", straight back from home plate and the pitcher's mound to sit somewhere near where second base would be. The ring is - of course - surrounded by a metal barricade to keep the action from spilling into the steel folding chairs that have been set up on the field to add extra seating.

Gordon's excited voice breaks through.]

GM: Wrestling fans, we are LIVE and on the air here on The X! Welcome to the dawning of a new day here in the AWA as for the very first time, the AWA is permanently on the road! We have left the friendly confines of Dallas, Texas and each and every week, you will find us all over this great country of ours and beyond!

[As he speaks, we cut to a shot of the fans at ringside, waving their signs and shouting for their favorites. Another cut gets us on a camera that is running down the entrance aisle that starts at home plate and runs all the

way down to the ring. The field-level aisle consists of a red carpet with barricades on either side of it.]

GM: It is a very special night here in Atlanta, Georgia - right here in Turner Field where many of these fans have already seen an outstanding game between the Atlanta Braves and the New York Mets! But as the sun is going down here in Atlanta, the lights are on and brighter than ever as the American Wrestling Alliance takes the field for this special Sunday night event - The Duel On The Diamond!

[A picturesque shot from the upper level of the stadium shows a gorgeous sun sinking into the sky before we fade down to Gordon and Bucky at ringside. We can see a black mat has been laid down to cover some of the infield dirt and outfield grass. The usual ringside tables have been set into position. The announcers have positioned themselves so we can see the stadium's BravesVision video board showing Gordon and Bucky. The board is 71 feet by 78 feet and is the focal point of many in the stadium who opted for the "cheap seats"]

GM: This truly is a happening here for the AWA! We've been in stadiums before, Bucky, but it's never quite felt like this. The electricity for this one is most certainly in the air!

[The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is smiling as he sports a black sportscoat and matching slacks with a white dress shirt and a red tie - very professional and very by-the-book for the senior play-by-play man in the industry. By his side, as always, is the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is about as different from his colleague as you can get, sporting a dazzling orange jacket over a dark blue shirt. He's opted for a bright white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at a new and improved "LET'S GO METS!" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat that earns him the ire of the Atlanta crowd in the form of deafening boos. Bucky laughs as he turns back to the camera.]

BW: The electricity is in the air for sure, Gordo, and so is the stench of these fans in Atlanta. I thought at first some of those Mexans had followed us out of Dallas but now I'm starting to think Atlanta's got its own stench of failure on it!

GM: Stench of failure?! The Atlanta Braves won 14 consecutive division titles in the 90s and 2000s! They won the World Series in 1995!

BW: Hanging your hat on a 20 year old championship makes you a loser in my book, daddy!

GM: I can't even imagine what some of the OTHER great Major League Baseball fans must be thinking of you right now. You might get strung up when we hit Chicago!

BW: Don't get me started on those bums, Gordo.

GM: Oh, brother! Fans, we've got a tremendous show for you here tonight on this special Sunday night show! We've got THREE title matches going down here tonight with the World Television Title, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown, and the AWA World Title all on the line tonight! Plus, the huge trios tag from our friends at SouthWest Lucha Libre... the grudge match between Hannibal Carver and Johnny Detson... the showdown with Bobby O'Connor taking on Supreme Wright and so much more! But to get things started, we're going to kick off this historic night with Colt Patterson out in the stands. Colt, take it away.

[The camera swiftly cuts to Colt Patterson standing in the front row of the left field stands, right next to the foul pole and a few feet away from the bullpen. As he speaks, his voice resonates through the stadium.]

CP: Hot-lanta, GA! Welcome to The Duel On The Diamond!

[BIG POP!]

CP: And please put your hands together for the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling! The man who talks the talk and walks the walk!

The NEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION!

"DIAMOND" ROB DRISCOOOLLLLLL!

[Patterson applauds like crazy, beaming with pride, as the breezy opening to "Millenium" by Robbie Williams blares throughout Turner Field and the bullpen doors OPEN UP for a limousine driving from underneath the stadium! The fans erupt in boos, but also a minority pop for the white stretch limo, and once it clears the bullpen the luxury vehicle stops. A closeup shot shows the sun roof of the limo open, and Driscoll pops up into the air, holding up the National Title!]

BW: There he is, Gordo! The talk of the wrestling world! That man who went through three matches in one night to claim the National Title! And holy mackerel, it's GOOD to be the champ!

[As the limo makes it's way down the left field line, it slows down and stops. A man in a chauffeur's suit climbs out of the driver's seat and hustles around to the side.]

GW: The pretentiousness of all this is unbelievable! This isn't SuperClash, what does he think this is?

BW: When you're Rob Driscoll, daddy, every day is a special occasion!

[The driver opens the door and Driscoll steps out of the limo, wearing a tan suit with blue shirt underneath, collar left open. He holds his hand out, and a moment later Miss Sandra Hayes grabs it and emerges from the limousine, dressed in an executive looking navy blue skirt suit with her now blonde hair pulled back in a bun. She carries the AWA National Title over her shoulder and as she walks on the red carpet to the ringside area, Driscoll scoots up

the steps and holds the ropes open for her. Hayes ducks in the ring, kisses the title and holds it up before Driscoll swoops around and does the same, holding the title up for all to see as Hayes claps it up.]

BW: Look at the ride they came in on, this is first class, daddy, head to toe!

GM: These are the people who fooled the wrestling world a few short weeks ago, Bucky. No one had seen or heard from Miss Sandra Hayes for months, and boy did she make an impression on her return.

BW: I cannot WAIT to hear this acceptance speech.

GM: Acceptance speech?! He won a title not an award!

[The crowd could not be more incensed as the music dies down, and Driscoll takes his sunglasses off. He asks Hayes to hold the title and then procures a microphone, a mile wide smirk etched onto his face.]

RD: What a way to start the Rob Driscoll Era! The Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling, the Man Who Sets the Standard, The Horse You Put Your Money on-

[Hayes butts in for a moment.]

MSH: And the best damn wrestler in the world today.

[She says it just like her mama.]

RD: And the best damn wrestler in the woaaaaorld todaaaaaaay. The one and only "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, kicking off Saturday Night Wrestling like ONLY I can do. Lookin' the way ONLY I can look, walking the way ONLY I can walk and laying it down like ONLY I can. And wouldn't you know it, standing right here in the middle of a diamond myself. It just doesn't get much better.

Take a good look at the new Power Couple of the AWA. The best wrestler walking on God's green Earth, joined up at last by the most influential power broker in wrestling today. Percy Childes is in suburban hell managing a Lazer Wash, Larry Doyle is doing stand-up at Rooster T. Feathers, but Sandra Hayes has returned, and lemme tell ya something fellas. All the so-called perfect tens in the world just got knocked down a notch because you don't...

[He grabs her by the hand, letting her spin around.]

RD: ...get any better than this, baby! The package is now complete. You got the brains-

[Hayes points to herself as if to say, "You mean me?"]

RD: You got the brawn.

[Bicep pose. Driscoll is feeling it.]

RD: And zoom it in, baby, because if we weren't making people wish they could be us by conquering the wrestling world, we'd be makin' people wish they could be us be taking over the movies, the TV studios or livin' on magazine covers. When you're this good, when you're this smart and when ya look like this, the world is your oyster. Tell 'em about it, Sandra.

[Hayes trades the title for the microphone and steps to the center of the ring. Driscoll is cackling like a hyena, living it up in the back, but Hayes is all business.]

MSH: I would first like to take this opportunity right now to thank the Lights Out Express.

[The crowd murmurs as Hayes continues.]

MSH: When those two competitors decided to release me from my contract, when they FIRED me, it forced me to look at myself in the mirror...

[The former Wise Woman shakes her head in disgust.]

MSH: ...what was I doing? Walking around dressed up like trailer park trash, carrying a branding iron for God's sake, trying to help a mental patient not drown in his own insanity.

I should have been RUNNING this sport, but instead I was a passenger on the Titanic of wrestling, headed right for the iceberg. Thank goodness that they did me the favor of letting me go. Because it was just the wake up call I needed. I had let someone else talk me into doing things and saying things that just weren't me.

So I went home. To cry and hide and curse myself for being that gullible. But I also went home to cleanse myself of the stink of Terry Shane that almost KILLED my career.

[Hayes puts a hand to her blonde hair.]

MSH: I didn't just change my look. I changed my life. I had to stop being that rat tailed piece of trailer park trash, and I had to remember who I really am.

One of the most powerful, connected and influential women in all of wrestling. And one heck of a talent evaluator. Because Rob Driscoll?

[Driscoll points at himself as if to say, "Who me?"]

MSH: There's a man who can bring sunshine to any rainy day. There's a man whose talent and ambition is too great to ignore. There's a man who was BORN for greatness, and all he needed was a partner in crime to rule the wrestling world with.

What could be more perfect? And once I came to my senses, the deal was done. Two people with ONE goal

[In the background, Driscoll shrugs as Sandra smiles at him.]

MSH: And Travis Lynch, you gave it your best shot, but the whole world knows that trying hard is the best you can do. Maybe you're upset that my purse managed to give your face a kiss, but let's be honest. If I didn't do that, you would have been embarrassed and humiliated by the best damn wrestler in the world today.

And just like I had a wake up call, maybe this can be YOUR wake up call, Trav. Maybe you should think about staying at home and working for your Daddy in armories and VFWs, and maybe you should stick to wrestling substitute teachers and mailmen. Because the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling is WAY above your level. And the sooner you realize that, the happier you'll be.

And like I said, don't feel bad, because judging from the women you hang around with, you of all people know the benefits to lowering your standards.

[Hayes stops to welcome the boos, and speaks into the microphone.]

MSH: You're welcome.

Voice: Whoa, whoa, whoa...

[Turner Field erupts into a chorus of cheers as the "Texas Heartthrob" Travis Lynch emerges and begins to walk his way to the ring. Travis is decked out in a super smedium black t-shirt, blue jeans and his black cherry ostrich cowboy boots.]

BW: Someone get that Stench out of here! He's ruining a perfect moment!

[Travis continues to speak as he approaches the ring.]

TL: Let me get this right. I'm wrestling above my level?

BW: Miss Sandra didn't stutter, Stench!

[Travis begins to ascend the ring steps as Sandra Hayes is nodding her head and saying, "Ya think?!".]

TL: In one night, I beat Callum Mahoney and Demetrius Lake...

[The crowd cheers.]

TL: And I took your "Diamond" to his limits. And I did all of that with one arm about ready to fall off! And Sandy baby, when I say I took your "Diamond" to his limits, I mean I had him beat. What I mean is... that AWA National Championship SHOULD be mine!

[Travis points to Sandra.]

TL: You know it...

[Travis turns his attention to Driscoll, looking him in the eyes as he continues.]

TL: And you know it too! You know that the only reason you are the AWA National Champion right now, is not 'cause you were born into greatness, not 'cause you are the best damn wrestler in the world, not 'cause you are a "diamond"...

[Travis points at Hayes.]

TL: ...but because of a purse!

[The crowd cheers as Travis nods his head. Suddenly, he steps back, shaking his head, rubbing his chin.]

TL: Hold on... hold on... I'm having some deja vu here.

[He turns towards Sandra.]

TL: Didn't I just spend a year getting screwed over by an airheaded bleached blonde with a vendetta?

[The crowd cheers as Travis nods.]

TL: I've been down this road... and I'm not about to go down it again. So, this time... this is between me...

[He points at Driscoll.]

TL: ...and him. Driscoll, I'm the uncrowned National Champion. You know it, she knows it, and everybody here at Turner Field knows it!

So Driscoll, let's give these fans what they want. Be a man for once in your life, and give me that rematch.

Travis Lynch versus Rob Driscoll for the AWA National Championship right here tonight!

[Turner Field erupts into cheers.]

RD: Coulda, shoulda, woulda, Travy boy-

[But before Driscoll can get too far, Sandra reaches for the microphone and smiles at him.]

MSH: Hold on a second. Let me handle this. Don't waste your breath on a SCUMBAG like him.

[The crowd jeers the reference as Sandra steps closer to Travis and looks up into his eyes as she begins to speak, smiling sweetly.]

MSH: I'm only going to say this once, but I'll say it slow so maybe you can understand.

[As Sandra continues to speak, she waves a finger in front of Lynch's face.]

MSH: There simply will not be a rematch. We're not in Texas anymore, special child, so your luck's run out. We're not about to make all those seventh grade girls who throw their training bras at you any more unhappy by pounding that pretty face into hamburger meat.

[Turner Field boos the hell out of that, as Hayes sarcastically makes the sadpanda face and nods slowly. She says, "Did I say it slow enough?" off mic to Travis, and hands the mic back to Driscoll as Travis leans against the ropes.]

TL: So that's it, huh? Gonna let your lady do your talking for you?

[Travis looks at Driscoll who just smiles and nods.]

TL: Let me guess. Sunshine was busy, Melissa Cannon said hell no and Temple's daughter was out of your league so you went dumpster diving and found Terry Shane's leftovers? Is that what happened?

[OHHHHHHH. The crowd loves it as Hayes turns around, infuriated, and makes a beeline for Travis...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and smacks him as hard as she can across the face. Travis recoils in surprise, stepping back a bit and twisting away. As he turns back towards Hayes, he steps forward as she runs to hide behind Driscoll...

...who is already winding up himself. But Travis blocks a right hand and returns fire with one of his own! BIG POP!]

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH! RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND!

[Hayes gets the hell out of the ring as the youngest Lynch takes no time in doing a number on Driscoll, firing off haymaker after haymaker!]

GM: Travis was ready for him! He blocked that right hand from Driscoll and is tuning up the National champ!

BW: This is not how you treat a champion! This ain't how you deal with the Power Couple!

[Driscoll staggers in a circle, turning away from Lynch who grabs his suit jacket from behind, pulling it off the champion's back and hurling it out of the ring.]

BW: That's a ten thousand dollar suit, you piece of unwashed Texas trash!

[Driscoll stumbles towards the ropes, trying to pull himself out of the ring as Lynch grabs the back of his shirt collar, shaking his head back and forth to the cheering Atlanta crowd...]

...and gives a hard yank, tearing the collar off and ripping a strip right down the middle of Driscoll's back!]

BW: Aw, come on! Somebody stop this!

[Lynch spins Driscoll around to face him...]

GM: CLAW! IRON CLAW!

BW: Get 'im off! Get him outta here! He needs to be fined and suspended for this!

[Driscoll is screaming in pain, waving his hands frantically to try to get away. But when Travis releases the Claw it's not a good thing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Driscoll goes sailing into the air from the Discus Punch, flopping back against the ropes before falling down to the mat on his belly.]

BW: NO! NO NO NO! THIS AIN'T HOW YOU TREAT THE CHAMP!

GM: DISCUS PUNCH FROM TRAVIS LYNCH! My goodness alive, he caught it all!

[The National Champion is trying to drag himself towards the ropes, desperately trying to get out of the ring as he pushes up to all fours...]

...where Lynch simply plants his foot on Driscoll's butt, shoving him through the ropes and crashing down to the floor to another big cheer! A frantic Miss Sandra Hayes quickly joins her charge, getting him back up on his feet as she essentially drags him towards the limo!]

GM: They're making a run for it!

[Driscoll throws himself forward into the back seat, Hayes diving in after him as she screams at the driver to go.]

BW: Let's go! Earn your paycheck! Step on it, junior!

GM: Rob Driscoll is fleeing the scene in disgrace! The AWA National Champion running away like a coward, after Travis Lynch did us all a favor and shut him up!

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo, I loved every second of it.

[The crowd roars as the limo drives away, and in the ring Travis Lynch eyes up a shimmering prize...]

BW: Hey, what's he doing with that?

GM: Driscoll ran out of the ring so fast he forgot the National Title, but I don't think Travis has.

[The native Texan reaches down and hoists the title up into the air, holding it for all to see and pointing at the retreating limo as the crowd erupts!]

GM: OH YEAH! There it is, Bucky, that's the man who SHOULD be wearing that National Title!

BW: Like the champ said - coulda, woulda, shoulda - the fact of the matter is, he ain't wearin' it, Gordo! And he never will be wearin' it!

GM: That remains to be seen. Fans, what a wild start to our show here tonight in Atlanta, Georgia. This one promises to be one for the ages and one of the headline matches here tonight is the long-awaited showdown between Johnny Detson and Hannibal Carver!

BW: You talk about a travesty... the AWA had NO RIGHT to force Johnny Detson into this match!

GM: The AWA President, Landon O'Neill, saw it differently and he's got that match set to go down here tonight but I understand that Mr. Detson is standing by backstage... and he's quite displeased with this turn of events.

[We crossfade from Travis Lynch holding the National Title over his head to...

...the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing next to Johnny Detson. Detson is NOT dressed to wrestle he stands there in black slacks and a fuchsia button down shirt with the top buttons undone. Eric Somers stands to his right, arms crossed, briefcase in hand. Behind them, stand four security guards. Detson has a smug smirk plastered on his face.]

LB: I'm here with Johnny Detson, who tonight goes one on one with Hannibal Carver!

[Detson's smirk gets wider as he shakes his head.]

LB: A man who you, sir, have personally tried to torment these past couple of months! A man who you have evaded time and again only to further infuriate him! A man who has promised unspeakable bodily harm to your person...

[The smirk and color from his face slowly disappear as Blackwell goes on before Detson finally puts a hand on his shoulder.]

JD: ENOUGH!

[Detson takes a second but regains his composure and looks at the interviewer.]

JD: Lou, is it? Sweet Lou? I thought you were the man with all the answers; you should be smarter than that.

LB: I was simply saying that...

[Detson holds up a finger.]

JD: Yes, yes, bodily harm. Hannibal drink. Hannibal smash. We all got the gist. But this match isn't happening.

LB: Not happening?! But the President of this Company, Landon O'Neill, two weeks ago announced this match for tonight.

JD: Yes but he obviously didn't see me extend an olive branch to end all this hostility. And what kind of inspirational figure and future World Champion would I be without giving Carver the chance to accept that good faith gesture on my part?

LB: Well, I doubt very much that Hannibal Carver would ever accept-

[Detson cuts Blackwell off again.]

JD: So I have secured President O'Neill's direct line so that we can end this confusion - right here, right now!

[Detson reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He swipes through a couple of screens before pressing a button and holding the phone up to his ear.]

JD: Yes, Landon... John- wait, you're not Landon. Receptionist?! But I thought, never mind, inform Mr. O'Neill that his most dynamic superstar is on the line and needs to speak with him immediately!

[Detson pauses for a moment as he listens, his eyebrows lowering.]

JD: No, not Ryan Martinez. No, I'm not Supreme Wright. No, not a Lynch, will you STOP GUESSING?

[Detson, his face now completely red, takes a deep breath.]

JD: Just tell Mr. O'Neill that his future World Champion and Steal the Spotlight winner, Johnny Detson demands to speak with him... no I will not be put on hold... do not put me on hold!

[Detson takes the phone and looks at it and then looks over at Eric Somers.]

JD: She put me on hold.

[Suddenly, Detson's eyes get wide and the color disappears again as he begins to realize what this means. He presses a button and slides the phone back in his pocket. He turns to Blackwell using his best used car salesman smile.]

JD: Obviously there was a bad connection in here. We will get this straitened out though.

LB: But what this means is that despite your best efforts, the match is still on?

JD: Technically but-

[Blackwell now cuts off Detson.]

LB: With that said, what are your thoughts and strategies against a man you have done nothing but torment and antagonize over the past year?

JD: That's a stretch. I'd actually say that I-

[Cutting Detson off again, Blackwell continues.]

LB: And now that Hannibal Carver has FINALLY got you alone one on one in the ring tonight, what are your thoughts about an opponent who has pretty much said he's going to maim you?

[Detson looks around the room. The color completely gone from his face. He tugs at his collar before looking at his security team, then at Blackwell. Lowering his brow in anger he finally turns to Eric Somers.]

JD: We need to find Calisto. NOW!

[With that, Detson and Somers walk off, security team trailing behind them. Blackwell chuckles.]

LB: Perhaps this night isn't going like Johnny Detson thought it would. Now let's head down to the ring for our special attraction match from our friends at SouthWest Lucha Libre!

[Crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing surrounded by luchadors jumping up and down, bouncing off the ropes to stay loose - you name it. Watson seems a little overwhelmed by it all as he raises the mic.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a TRIOS MATCH!

[Big cheer from the Atlanta crowd who loves their lucha libre!]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 595 pounds... the team of PERRA PUNKY...

[A purple-haired young man in his mid-20s mounts the midbuckle, threatening the entire Turner Field crowd. His purple mane is shaved on the sides but hangs down to his shoulderblades in the back. Both ears are pierced several times, housing some steel gauges. His entire upper body is littered with tattoos that are on display. His purple trunks and boots round out the ensemble as he continues to berate the ringside fans.]

PW: ...EL HIJO DEL DIABLO...

[A few cheers go up for the former second generation fan favorite as he steps up on the second rope in the middle of the ring, sporting a golden mask with two black horns "ripping" through the material and out of his head. A matching pair of full-length golden tights covers his lower body.]

PW: ...and SALVAJE GUERRERO!

[There is no mask on the surly Guerrero who is the largest man of the group. His chest is covered by a tattoo of a knight wielding a massive two handed greatsword that is dripping blood. He sneers at the jeering fans before dragging a thumb across his throat with great drama. His tangled black beard goes perfectly with his mess of black hair on top of his head.]

PW: And their opponents... the team of EL CALIENTE...

[The masked man leaps up into the air straight away to the top turnbuckle. His red hair hangs from a hole in the top of his red and black mask matching his full-length tights that are red on one leg and black on the other.]

PW: ...SUPER SOLAR...

[Super Solar's bright orange mask is a crowd favorite as he mounts the middle rope to show off the "burning sun" tattoo that covers his entire upper and middle back. The yellow trunks show off his well-toned physique.]

PW: ...and MIIIIIIIIIL CARAAAAAAAAS!

[The veteran luchador throws an arm into the air to a big reaction. His jet blue mask is quickly pulled off to reveal a silver one underneath. The blue one is quickly taken out to ringside to be given to a young fan in the front row as El Caliente backflips off the top rope, spinning to point at the rudo trio as Perra Punky rushes forward, throwing a dropkick into the chest of Caliente! The two teams come together in a wild scene as the referee signals for the bell and Phil Watson makes a run for it!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Punky pulls Caliente up, battering him back towards the ropes as Diablo does the same to Solar and Guerrero does the same to Mil Caras. With all three fan favorites on the ropes, a triple whip sends them across the ring, bouncing off the far side in unison. The rudos join hands, rushing forward for a ring-wide clothesline...

...that the technicians duck, rebounding off the far ropes with a triple dropkick that sends the other team scattering out to the floor! All three fan favorites back to the ropes, raising their arms to a big cheer from the fans who rise to their feet in anticipation as the trio known as Los Infernos rushes across the ring, hurling themselves through the ropes in picture perfect synchronicity with a triple tope dive!]

BW: AAAAAAY DIOS MIO, PAPI!

GM: What in the...? Fans, an incredible dive right there for Los Infernos and joining us here on commentary for this match is a man who fans of international wrestling will instantly recognize. He's an expert in the worlds of lucha libre as well as Japanese wrestling. Dale Adams, welcome to The Duel On The Diamond!

[A third voice joins Gordon and Bucky on commentary.]

DA: Thank you so much, Gordon, and I've gotta say what an honor it is to be sitting out here calling the greatest professional wrestling action in the world with you.

BW: What about me?

DA: Sure. Why not?

[While Gordon chuckles and Bucky seethes, the rudo trio huddles up on the floor as the fan favorites fire up the Atlanta crowd that is already rocking and rolling.]

GM: Dale, while many of our AWA fans may not be familiar with the six men inside the ring... you definitely are.

DA: Absolutely, Gordon. I've spent the majority of my career in this business following the goings-on in Mexico and Japan. While kids my age were watching the Lynches and the Blackjack Pattersons and Jim Watkins of the world, I was glued to video tapes sent from Japan where I could see Crusher Kimura and Gran Kadamono or my favorites from Mexico like Ultimo Tigre and Carlos Joaquin. The true greats of puroresu and lucha libre! And we're witnessing six of the best competitors in all of Mexico in action right now, guys.

[Davis Warren makes sure to keep order as Mil Caras stays in the ring for his team and Salvaje Guerrero gets up on the apron. The crowd cheers in anticipation of the two long-time rivals squaring off.]

GM: The fans here in Atlanta ready for this one, Dale.

DA: As they should be. These two men have had one of the most legendary rivalries in all of Mexico. Three years ago, Caras and Guerrero met in Mexico City in one of the most historic matches in all of lucha libre - Mascara Contra Mascara - Mask versus Mask. Caras scored the win that night and Guerrero has never forgotten it.

GM: Those masks mean everything to these luchadors from what I understand.

DA: They certainly do. The mask is history... it is legacy... it is the pride and joy of every luchador who slips one on. You need only look at a competitor like Caspian Abaran who came here to the States after losing his mask. A prideful man like him couldn't bear the idea of competing in Mexico without the mask he held dear.

[As the two veteran luchadors circle one another, they come together in a collar and elbow before Guerrero pulls the masked man into a side headlock.]

GM: Guerrero hooks the headlock, wrenching on the head and neck of his rival...

[Mil Caras searches for an escape for a few moments before grabbing the wrist, twisting out of the headlock into a rear hammerlock. Caras torques the arm a few times, causing Guerrero to cry out as he looks to get out...

...and gets rolled right into a schoolboy!]

GM: Caras pulls him down for one - and Guerrero is right out the back door, kicking out!

DA: I can tell you that while some of these luchadors might be looking to put on a show for this new audience, these two veterans want nothing more than a victory over their rival.

[With both veterans on their feet, Guerrero wisely drops down, taking the incoming Caras with a drop toehold, snaring the ankle between his legs. The legendary competitor is putting pressure on the ankle and knee, torquing the leg.]

DA: The drop toehold is often used as a setup move here in the States but you can see Salvaje Guerrero really using it to put pressure on the leg in a submission hold.

[The downed Mil Caras hooks the arm of Guerrero, bending it against the grain into an armbar as Guerrero is forced to release the leg, struggling to get off the canvas as Caras lets go of the armbar, backing off to stare each other down.]

GM: Hold and counterhold out of these two veteran grapplers. Both men back up... and you can tell, even in a different language, that these two men do NOT like one another.

[The two luchadors circle one another again, going around the ring a few times before coming back together in a collar and elbow that Caras quickly turns into a fireman's carry, taking Guerrero down to the mat where he instantly hooks the leg, flipping him over into a half Boston Crab.]

DA: Mil Caras showing a national television audience why he's considered one of the kings of the canvas in SouthWest Lucha Libre.

[Guerrero manages to fight off the Crab, dragging Caras down in a single leg takedown, scissoring the ankle between his legs again.]

GM: Another leglock out of Salvaje Guerrero as these two continue to trade holds down on the mat. All four of the other luchadors are eager, ready, and waiting to get back into the ring.

[Caras hooks a rear chinlock, bending Guerrero's head and neck back, pulling his way free from the leglock, rolling his rival over onto his stomach, hooking his legs in a bodyscissors from the rear.]

GM: Another counter. There are some guys in the back who could learn quite a few lessons from these two, fans.

BW: I remember Guerrero working down in the Carolinas for a few months several years back and he was wearing people out on the mat, Gordo. There weren't many who could keep up with him.

GM: That may still very well be the case, Bucky. Both of these men are very impressive down on the mat so far in this one. Is this the type of action we can expect out of all the luchadors, Dale?

DA: Well, Gordon... much like here in the States, you'll see many different styles out of the luchadors. These two tend to stick to the mat but someone like El Caliente or El Hijo Del Diablo are all about the high flying aerial tactics. The pace will pick up greatly when those two tag in.

[In the meantime, Mil Caras has hooked in a front facelock that Guerrero tries to escape by spinning out but Caras hangs on, spinning with him to stay down on all fours in the front facelock to cheers from the knowledgeable lucha fans in Atlanta. Guerrero pushes up off the mat where he ducks in, yanking out a leg in a single leg, diving into a lateral press that doesn't even earn a one count before Caras rolls him off...

...and both men get back to their feet, staring one another down to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Remember, fans, this is the kind of action you can see every weekend here on The X with LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA - the signature broadcast of SouthWest Lucha Libre - our partners in professional wrestling and the hosts for the Copa Del Trios to be held in Mexico later this summer with the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro both taking part in that tremendous action.

[The two veterans back away from one another, tagging in Super Solar and Perra Punky.]

GM: The tag is made on both sides of the ring as Super Solar and Perra Punky make their way in. Longtime AWA fans have seen Super Solar in

action on occasion before but this young man has really turned into one of the top stars in all of Mexico, Dale.

DA: Super Solar is a former SWLL Heavyweight Champion as well as holding the Trios Titles on several occasions. He is one of the top draws throughout the entire country and one of Mexico's most popular competitors - recently appearing on a nationally-broadcast telenovela!

BW: A soap opera? Gordon was on General Hospital back when it was in black and white.

GM: Would you stop?

[The two younger grapplers come in fast, circling quickly before lunging into a tieup. Perra Punky breaks out into an armwringer but Super Solar hooks his head, rolling him through into a small package-type takedown but not hooking the legs, allowing Punky to roll back to his feet.]

GM: A quick exchange, right back to a tieup...

[Punky pulls him into another armwringer that Solar immediately counters into one of his own before Punky somersaults through the pressure to all fours, lunging for a single leg attempt, taking Solar down.]

GM: Perra Punky back on his feet - an unusual look for him with the purple hair and the- oh my!

[As Punky makes a grab for the foot, trying to roll Solar back up to his feet, Solar scissors the head between his ankles, dragging Punky down to the mat with a headscissors takedown!]

GM: That one came out of nowhere!

[Back on his feet, Punky rushes at Solar, ducking down to hook a rear waistlock, dropping down to pull the legs out from under him, depositing the fan favorite down onto his chest. He spins across the back, hooking a bodylock like he'd be going for a powerbomb but Solar hooks the wrist, spinning out of it into a Fujiwara armbar, spinning out of that into an armwringer.]

GM: Whew. This one is tough to keep up with.

DA: Sometimes it's best to let the viewers' eyes do the work in a match like this, Gordon.

GM: I can see that... no pun intended.

[Punky flips through the armwringer to his feet but Solar yanks his legs back before another single leg attempt, delivering a hard kick to the arm before he dives over the kneeling Punky into a modified sunset flip. Davis Warren drops down to count but Punky rolls to the side, dragging Solar with him into a seated double leg cradle. Warren goes to count again but again the pin

attempt is broken and the two combatants separate to stare each other down.]

GM: The action is a mile a minute in this one so far, fans.

[Solar and Punky retreat back to their corners, tagging in El Caliente and El Hijo Del Diablo to big cheers.]

DA: Oho! The former tag team partners are in there together. Diablo, the son of the former EMWC competitor El Diablo, was one of the most popular competitors in Mexico for many, many years before betraying El Caliente and now stands reviled all over the nation.

[Caliente steps in and sprints in, dashing across the ring, throwing a wild dropkick that Diablo sidesteps to jeers from the crowd, quickly putting the boots to his downed rival. He yanks the masked man up by his mane of red hair, throwing him back into a neutral corner.]

GM: El Hijo Del Diablo puts El Caliente into the corner and- ohhh! Hard knife edge chop!

BW: I think that one hurts the same in every language, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[A second and third chop follow, leaving Caliente clinging to the ropes as his former tag team partner grabs an arm, whipping him across to the opposite neutral corner, storming in after him with a spinning leg lariat attempt...

...that comes up empty as Caliente drops down, sending his former partner sailing over the top rope and crashing down hard on the ringside mats!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR DIABLO!

DA: And now would be a good time to hit record on your DVR because El Caliente is about to fly!

[Caliente builds up a head of steam, hitting the ropes nearest to his downed rival, then hitting the far ropes before coming back strong...

...and HURLS himself between the top and middle rope with a tope dive, sending Diablo crashing backfirst into the ringside barricade, flipping back over it into the front row of seats to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: MY STARS!

DA: AYYYY DIOS MIO! I think that’s what you meant to say, Gordon.

GM: Perhaps it was, Dale.

[Gordon chuckles at the correction as Mil Caras and Super Solar duck through the ropes, Caras throwing a flying crossbody that Salvaje Guerrero flattens out to avoid.]

GM: Now what in the...?

DA: Lucha libre rules say that when someone goes to the floor, it's the same thing as a tag, Gordon. Just like the rules you guys followed for the Cibernetico.

GM: I see.

DA: In fact, many trios matches in Mexico are conducted under two out of three falls but this one is a one fall affair due to time constraints from what I was told earlier.

BW: You're a real wealth of information, kid.

DA: Why, thanks, Bucky.

[A thrust kick to the chest puts Guerrero down on his rear where he rolls under the ropes to the floor as Perra Punky dashes back in, shoving Solar through the ropes to leave himself in the ring with Mil Caras. He pulls the veteran up by the eyehole on the mask, earning some jeers from the crowd for doing so.]

GM: This young man seems to not have a lick of respect for the veteran, Mil Caras.

DA: Absolutely not. Punky doesn't respect anyone... even his own partners if you ask me.

[A Punky whip sends Caras into the ropes but he ducks under a wildly thrown clothesline that sends Punky into the ropes. As Punky rebounds, Caras sidesteps and sweeps the leg out from under the rudo with a kick, sending him sailing feetfirst between the top and middle ropes!]

GM: Whoa my!

[Caras grabs Punky by the arms, preventing him from slipping to the floor as he tilts him back...

...and Super Solar skies off the top rope, dropping a pair of legs down across the chest of Punky, slamming him down to the mat!]

GM: Wow! High flying move from Super Solar!

BW: Who was in illegally, Gordo!

GM: I believe you're right but this is getting hard to keep straight with all the people coming in and out of the ring. Davis Warren may be having some trouble as well.

[Solar dives across the prone Punky as a puzzled Davis Warren drops down to count. As he does, Salvaje Guerrero comes charging in to break it up as Mil Caras rushes at him, ducking a chop to leap up on the second rope, springing back to land on the shoulders of Guerrero in electric chair position.]

GM: We've got bodies all over the place in there!

DA: The wild action of lucha libre has come to Turner Field!

[As Punky kicks out of the lateral press, Caras spins around into a rana, dragging Guerrero down to the mat.]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-

[But the veteran kicks out, breaking up the pin.]

BW: Why in the world was Warren counting that?!

GM: Like I said, I think he's as confused as we are!

BW: Speak for yourself!

[The rulebreaking trio storms into action as Punky lands a low dropkick to the knee, knocking Super Solar down before stomping him out to the floor. Guerrero and Caras spill through the ropes, brawling all the while to leave El Hijo Del Diablo and El Caliente inside the ring. Punky spins back to drill Caliente from behind...]

GM: The fight is on! We've got... I have no idea who is legal. Dale?

DA: Beats me, Gordon. But it's fun, isn't it?

BW: A lot of good you're doing us.

[Diablo chokes Caliente over the top rope before lifting his legs up, holding him with his head hanging over the ropes. Punky nods, hopping up and down, drawing jeers upon jeers before he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and catapults himself over Diablo, throwing himself in a big splash down across the back of Caliente!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a devastating move that is!

[Punky throws Caliente down to the mat as Diablo dives across him. His partner takes up a protective position as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Caliente lifts the shoulder at two before getting stormed by Perra Punky who knocks him down on the mat, stomping and kicking him as Diablo gets up. Punky grabs an arm, whipping Caliente into the ropes...]

GM: Drop toehold takes Caliente down as Diablo-

[Diablo comes off the ropes, going into a full somersault before dropping his leg down the back of Caliente's head!]

GM: Goodness! And Diablo covers Caliente!

[A two count follows before Caliente kicks out again. An angry Perra Punky pulls him to a seated position, digging his fingers into the eyeholes of Caliente's mask, ripping and tearing at it...]

GM: Punky's ripping at the mask! He's trying to rip the mask right off him!

DA: The ultimate sign of disrespect in the world of lucha libre, Gordon.

[The referee steps in to reprimand Punky who pulls Caliente up, shoving him back into the rudo corner where he tags Diablo AND Guerrero.]

GM: What's he... he can't do that!

BW: He just did!

[With Caliente trapped in the corner, Super Solar trying to pull himself up off the floor and Mil Caras down on the outside, the rudos line up as Punky whips him across to the opposite corner.]

GM: Here they come!

[A charging Punky eats two boots to the mush as Caliente kicks his legs up into the air while hanging onto the top rope, sending him down to the mat. Diablo follows, leaping over his downed opponent...

...and RIGHT into a thrust kick to the chest, flipping him backwards and sending him crashing down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

DA: Guerrero brings up the rear!

[The charging veteran comes in at Caliente who deadleaps up, scissoring the head between the legs, dragging him over in a rana!]

GM: OH MY!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A diving Perra Punky breaks up the pin JUST in time!]

GM: Wow! How close was that, fans?!

DA: This is the kind of exciting action you can catch each and every week here on LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA on The X as well as all over Mexico! SouthWest Lucha Libre is en fuego in 2015!

BW: That wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that you're providing English commentary for SWLL and Tiger Paw Pro now, would it?

DA: It can't hurt, Buckthorn!

BW: Only my mama calls me Buckthorn, Adams. Watch yourself.

[Super Solar pulls himself into the ring, blasting Perra Punky with a forearm... and a second... and a third as Mil Caras slides back into the ring as well. Caliente rolls out to the floor as Solar dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Caras...

...who shoves him skyward, bailing out as Solar connects with a split-legged dropkick on a dazed Punky and Diablo, sending them scurrying out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM THAT WAS!

[Solar pops back up, throwing an arm into the air as Mil Caras grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top to land safely on the apron. Solar dashes across the ring, hitting the far ropes, racing towards Caras who ducks down as Solar clears the top rope with a somersault, wiping out both Punky and Diablo with a somersault plancha!]

DA: A somersault plancha to the floor by Super Solar takes out everyone in sight and Los Infernos may not be done here! Mil Caras, the man of a thousand faces, is on the apron still...

[Caras leaps up to the second rope, springing back with a graceful moonsault that wipes out both rudos a second time!]

GM: ANOTHER BIG DIVE CONNECTS!

[The Atlanta fans are rocking as El Caliente gets back into the fray, moving in quickly on a rising Salvaje Guerrero who picks the leg in a single leg, taking the high flyer down...

...and hooking his leg over his neck, pulling down on the shin and ankle like he's applying a torture rack to the leg!]

DA: ONE OF GUERRERO'S SIGNATURE HOLDS LOCKED IN-

[Still holding the leg, Guerrero extends one of his own legs to loop around the neck of Caliente, pulling down with it...]

GM: Oh my stars! What a hold! El Caliente is trapped in the middle of the ring in this torturous lock and-

[A diving Super Solar breaks up the submission attempt to cheers from the crowd. He pulls Guerrero up, peppering him with forearm shots that backs the veteran into the ropes as Davis Warren again attempts to restore order.]

GM: Caliente rolls out leaving Solar and Guerrero as the legal men, I think.

[Solar dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards Guerrero who flattens out, forcing Solar to hurdle over him, building up speed as he heads towards the ropes, front flipping so that his legs hit the ropes, propelling him backwards into a full backflip, landing on his feet to a big cheer.]

GM: Wow! What a show of athleticism!

[Solar continues to move, ducking a Guerrero clothesline and rebounding back into a rana takeover...

...and really wows the crowd by landing on his feet!]

GM: Incredible!

[Guerrero rolls out as Diablo comes back in, throwing a backhand chop that Solar goes under, springing back towards Diablo who has set for a backdrop. Solar goes to leapfrog over but Diablo catches his legs in mid-leap, leaving him dangling over his back...

...and yanks hard to pull him back for a slam but Solar counters, backflipping high into the air to land on his feet!]

BW: Holy-!

[Solar charges again, sidestepped by Diablo who throws him towards the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker attempt...

...that Solar turns into an armdrag, flinging Diablo halfway across the ring before the masked man scurries out to the floor!]

DA: The quebradora attempt turned into an armdrag by Super Solar and these luchadors are quickly earning the respect of every single fan here in Turner Field tonight - even those who only came to see the names they know and love.

[Solar gets back up...]

GM: OHH! Guerrero lowers the boom on him!

[The crowd jeers Salvaje Guerrero as he comes back in with a running back elbow, knocking the smaller man down to the canvas where he starts putting the boots to him. He drags the masked man up, hurling him towards the ropes where Solar bounces off towards a shoulder throw but turns it into an armdrag in mid-lift!]

GM: Another armdrag takes Guerrero down... and right back out to the floor as-

[Perra Punky SPRINTS into the ring, leaping up with a one-footed dropkick to the jaw of Solar, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohh! And Perra Punky, dripping with disrespect, just laid out Super Solar!

[Punky pulls Solar up, laying in some hard chops to the chest, backing him up against the ropes as Guerrero and Diablo slip back in. Punky whips him towards the ropes but Solar pulls up short, leaping over the top and hanging on, turning around to waggle a finger at the rudos. This only serves to make them angry as they charge him...

...and Solar pops up, springboarding off the top into a cross body!]

GM: Crossbody but it's caught!

[The three men stand tall, holding Super Solar in their arms...

...until Mil Caras and El Caliente connect with a double dropkick to their own partner's back, knocking him down onto all three men to a big cheer and a two count from the official!]

GM: He almost pinned everyone! I'm not sure I've ever seen that before as all three men are covered, kick out, and now have rolled out to the outside.

[As the rudos bail out, they bail out to three separate sides of the ring as the technicos get big cheers from the Atlanta crowd...

...and Super Solar slingshots over the top rope with a plancha onto a stunned Perra Punky!]

GM: SOLAR OVER THE TOP!

[Mil Caras builds up a head of steam, diving through the ropes with a tope to the chest of Diablo, sending him crashing back into the railing as El Caliente hits two sets of ropes, building up momentum...

...and dives between the top and middle rope in a somersault!]

DA: TOOOOPEEEEE CON HILOOOOOO!

[The most daredevil of dives takes out Salvaje Guerrero as the technicos take their spots on the apron, celebrating their big move to a big cheer from the fans. Solar hops down, rolling Punky back into the ring towards a waiting El Caliente who pulls the rudo up, marching him back to the corner where he sets him down on the top rope, charging across the ring...]

GM: El Caliente is going corner to corner!

DA: And the lucha fans in Atlanta and all over the world know what's coming!

[Caliente sprints across the ring, leaping up to the left hand second rope, springing off to the right hand top rope, and springing one more time before scissoring the head of Punky, flipping him off the top rope with a rana!]

DA: SPICY HOT RANA CONNECTS!

[With Punky laid out, Mil Caras grabs him, pushing him down onto his knees as he wraps one arm around his leg, shoving him down onto his belly as he reaches down to hook a leg in a half Boston Crab, pulling it up at a high angle...

...and quickly gets a submission!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Caras instantly releases the hold as his partners return to celebrate with him, their music kicking back in as a big party ensues.]

GM: Big win for Los Infernos here tonight on The X!

[Mil Caras trades a high five with El Caliente and Super Solar as the Atlanta crowd continues to cheer...

...until a voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Cut the frickin' music!"

[All eyes turn towards the entryway where newcomer Kerry Kendrick is standing, dressed in a black t-shirt with "AWA ORIGINAL" written across the front in block white text and golden trunks. Kendrick's got a mic in hand.]

KK: Lemme get this straight... three weeks ago, they say - "Kerry, we don't have room for you on this show because of the tournament."

No room for me? THE AWA Original himself. The man who got this whole ball rolling down the hill. The man who was there from the very beginning. The man who IS the past, present, and future of this entire company.

I should've been IN the tournament. I should be the AWA National Champion right now!

[The fans jeer the arrogant and self-centered Kendrick.]

KK: But let's say they were speaking the truth. They didn't have room for me in Dallas for the Anniversary Show.

[Kendrick climbs up on the apron, pointing at the technicos.]

KK: Turner Field. The Duel On The Diamond. The start of a whole new era! Kerry Kendrick is here... Kerry Kendrick DESERVES to be here. But what does the complete waste of space known as a front office have to say about it?

"Kid, the show's full... we've got no room for you."

NO ROOM FOR ME! AGAIN!

[Kendrick steps through the ropes.]

KK: NO ROOM FOR ME... but all the room in the world for the likes of YOU!

[The point at Mil Caras is quite clear. He turns towards Super Solar.]

KK: And YOU!

[He turns towards El Caliente.]

KK: AND YOU!

[He sticks his finger into the chest of El Caliente.]

KK: Even you losers!

[He spins to point at the rudos out on the floor.]

KK: Six flip-floppin' losers from a third rate company in a third world country gets a spot on this show but the future of this place... the man destined to carry this company on my shoulders for years to come... the man meant to SHATTER the glass ceiling and send the false idols like Vasquez, Martinez, Wright, and all the rest crashing down to Earth...

There's no room for him.

[Kendrick shakes his head.]

KK: Like any of these people give a DAMN about lucha libre!

[The jeers pour down on Kendrick now.]

KK: A bunch of rejects who couldn't cut it in the REAL WORLD of pro wrestling, covering up their hideous faces in masks so that no one has to look at them. All of you are-

[Suddenly, Kendrick is cut off as the fans begin to cheer someone tearing down the aisle, climbing up to the top rope...

...and sailing off with a crossbody on Kendrick, knocking him flat!]

GM: OH YEAH! CASPIAN ABARAN IS ON THE SCENE!

[Abaran rolls off, throwing a high five to one of his fellow luchadors as Super Solar grabs the rising Kendrick, burying a kick into the gut. He double underhooks the arms, muscling Kendrick up into a butterfly suplex as El Caliente sprints past, leaping up to the top rope, springing back with a breathtaking moonsault!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Kendrick rolls out to the floor, clutching his chest...

...and turns right into a leaping pump kick out of Punky Perra!]

GM: OH! DOWN GOES KENDRICK AGAIN!

[With Kendrick down on the floor and the crowd roaring, Mil Caras climbs to the top rope. The veteran balances himself as Kendrick starts to rise...

...and Caras comes sailing off the top rope, wiping out Kendrick with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARAS WIPES OUT KENDRICK!

[Caras rolls up, pumping a fist to big cheers as Kendrick crawls from the ringside area, making a run for it as Abaran and the rest of the fan favorites celebrate.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick tried to make a splash here in Turner Field but it's the forces of lucha libre who end up making the real splash!

BW: That little twit Abaran got this whole thing started! I can't wait for Kendrick to get his hands on him, Gordo!

GM: Fans, we've got to take a break! We'll be right back!

[We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.]

We fade up to backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Supernova. The popular AWA wrestler has his face painted and is dressed in a Supernova T-shirt and blue jeans.]

MS: Later tonight, this man joining me will be challenging Shadoe Rage for the AWA World Television Title. Supernova, you made it known after SuperClash that you had your sights set on the TV title, but as you are no doubt aware, Rage is fiercely protective of a title belt he had been chasing for nearly a year. Are you prepared for what Rage is certain to bring to the match tonight?

S: Mark, the question isn't so much whether I'm prepared for what Rage is gonna bring, but is Rage prepared for what I'm gonna bring! I haven't felt this fired up for a match in a long time! Ever since I've returned to the AWA, there have been people wondering whether I still had in me, whether I was good enough to get the job done, after falling short in Steal the Spotlight! The way I see it, this is my chance to prove to everyone I'm still one of the best in the business, and everyone will find out just how much I'll be bringing it to the champion!

MS: You would be advised, though, not to take Rage lightly. We've seen how intense he got when he faced an old rival in Donnie White. We saw the lengths he would go to in making sure he held off the challenge of your friend Sweet Daddy Williams. Are you worried that you may be looking past Rage in your quest to prove yourself?

S: Mark, you ought to know by now that I never look past anyone! I know that Rage is one of the best wrestlers out there, and how much success he's had through the years. I know he brings the intensity, I know he brings the tricks, and I know he wants to keep that title just like any champion would! But he's got somebody who likes to live on the edge as much as he does, who can bring that same intensity, and a few tricks of his own...

[A slight laugh.]

S: And most importantly, is as hungry to win a championship as Rage is to hang onto it! It's been a long time since I've had a shot at any title... heck, I haven't had a title match since I faced Calisto Dufresne at SuperClash III! So I'm definitely not going to let this opportunity slip through my fingers!

MS: Knowing what Shadoe Rage is capable of, what exactly will be your game plan tonight, Supernova?

S: My game plan tonight is simple... I'm gonna hit Rage from all sides and make sure he knows what it's like to face somebody who can bring the intensity! He may have survived Donnie White, but he'll find it's a lot harder to survive against the likes of me! He may have stolen one from Sweet Daddy, but knowing what he did to my friend has only made me that much more fired up! And as you know from history, the last thing you want to do is get me more fired up!

[He then points to the camera.]

S: Shadoe Rage, the heat is coming for you right here in Atlanta! You better be ready to handle it, or you're definitely looking at a new TV champion!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off camera.]

MS: Fans, that match is coming up later! Let's go back to ringside!

[We crossfade back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing. Bucky is looking off-camera to his left as Gordon speaks.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. That World Television Title showdown is one of the most anticipated matches all night long but coming up right now, we have the return to the AWA of two of Japan's hottest exports. Some of you may not remember them from their first appearance, but I've watched some footage from Tiger Paw Pro, and this team has grown leaps and bounds.

[The camera pans over a bit and shows a light-skinned man with Asian features standing next to our intrepid announcers with a headset on.]

GM: And at this time, we're being joined by the translator for this team, Jason Aizawa, who has agreed to come out and help us call some of these amazing moves. Mr. Aizawa, welcome.

[Jason nods.]

JA: Thank you, Gordon. Bucky. But please, call me Jason, Mr. Aizawa is my father.

GM: Alright, Jason. Let's go up to the ring for our introductions. Phil, take it away.

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson stands, two ornery looking bald men in crimson tights and boots staring him down. He sighs and starts the introductions.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is a tag team contest, scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, from Birmingham, Alabama, Bill Riesen and Tom McLemore, The...

[Phil is interrupted by the two men, who yell at him to "Announce us correctly, twerp!" Phil sighs and shakes his head, but soldiers on.]

PW: ...I'm sorry, "The Greatest Team To Ever Grace The Disgusting City Of Atlanta With Their Presence"...

[HUGE boos.]

PW: ...The Crimson Pride!

[The boos continue to rain down as The Crimson Pride climb the turnbuckles facing the camera and badmouth the Atlanta fans, even daring some of them to get in the ring.]

BW: Hehe, I love it.

GM: You would. What disrespect.

PW: And their opponents!

[Cheers from the crowd just for the idea that another team is coming to shut The Crimson Pride up.]

PW: At a combined weight of 458 pounds, from Tokyo and Osaka, Japan respectively, Shigehiro Ishikawa and Jun Komachi, they are Team SAMURAI!

[The lights dim as the light Japanese-style acoustic guitars of Trivium's "Kirisute Gomen" play over the PA. As a gong hits and the rolling drums and electric guitars kick in, the fans erupt as Jun Komachi comes tearing out from behind the curtain with pumped fists, yelling "Come on!". He is followed closely by Shigehiro Ishikawa, who looks around at the crowd and nods in approval.

Ishikawa has a mostly shaved head. He has about as short a haircut as you can possibly get without being totally bald. Despite being above young lion status now, Ishikawa still prefers to wear black trunks and black boots. His trunks have lightning bolts all over them, and "Firecracker King" written in Kanji on the seat. He also has black kneepads and taped-up wrists. He wears a resplendent black silk robe to the ring, with Japanese-style dragons in gold all over it.

Komachi has blonde hair, with his dark roots showing through. He also has a slight mustache and a goatee. He wears long elbowpads, black with orange on the underside. He wears black leather shorts with a black and orange belt. On the left side of his shorts are the words "Team SAMURAI" in gold. On the right side is his last name, also in gold. Below his shorts are black kneepads and black boots, with some blue showing just below his toes that

continue to the soles of his boots. He also wears black kickpads, outlined in orange.

“HE WHO WALKS THE FIRE BREATHES!”

As Matt Heafy shouts out these first words, Komachi makes his way down the aisle, head bobbing to the song. He slaps as many hands as he can, a huge smile plastered on his face. Ishikawa follows, making his way to the ring, eyes focused on the opponents in the ring. He lets the fans pat him on the back as he passes by. As Komachi gets to the ring, he leaps up onto the apron, taking a knee and pointing an imaginary gun at his opponents with a big grin. He grabs the ropes and slingshots himself into the ring, quickly climbing the nearest turnbuckle. He puts his hand up to his ears, as if he can't quite hear the crowd. As they grow louder, he switches to the other ear. He keeps checking as he's not sure they're loud enough. When he's satisfied, he nods and smiles, jumping back down to the canvas.

As he gets to the ring, Ishikawa ditches his black silk robe and checks his taped-up wrists. He then climbs into the ring and bows to all four sides. Ishikawa then retreats to his corner, waiting for the bell to be rung. Komachi bounces around from foot to foot, looking at the opponents, waiting for the bell to ring. As they get ready, they exchange a high five, making their decision on who will start the match.]

GM: And it looks like Ishikawa will start the match for Team SAMURAI. And... I can't tell which Crimson Pride member is which. Bucky?

BW: Bill Riesen, Gordo. If you look closely, they have their last names on the seat of their tights.

GM: Ah, okay. Jason, any idea why Ishikawa has elected to start this match?

JA: The Crimson Pride are a good-sized team. Shigehiro may not be the largest man around, but he's very strong.

BW: So what you're telling me is Koma... Kuma... Karma...

JA: Komachi.

BW: Whatever. What you're telling me is he's too small to be taking on this team of grade A American beef.

JA: Not at all, Bucky. Jun can handle himself. You'll see when he gets the opportunity to enter the match.

[The bell rings and Riesen steps to the middle of the ring, waving Ishikawa on. Ishikawa does so, eyebrow raised. Riesen yells in the face of an unflinching Ishikawa, telling him he's nothing, and that this will be the shortest match in AWA history. He emphasizes his point by poking Ishikawa in the chest repeatedly. Ishikawa looks down at Riesen's finger, then rears back.]

"WHAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Did you hear that?!

BW: Hear it?! I felt it! Good lord. What a chop!

[Jason chuckles.]

JA: Ishikawa is called "Firecracker King" for a reason, gentlemen.

[Riesen recoils in shock, looking down at his chest. Already seeing a red mark, he gets angry and charges.]

GM: Drop toehold sends Riesen to the mat.

[Ishikawa gets in position and deadlifts Riesen, hitting a German Suplex, dumping him on the back of his head and neck near the Crimson Pride corner.]

GM: Wow, what strength!

JA: Ishikawa may only be 6'0", but he is 253 pounds, and a former amateur wrestling star.

[Ishikawa looks over at McLemore, who's shouting at Ishikawa about how he'd handle him better. Ishikawa smiles slightly as he gestures for McLemore to make the tag, waving him on. McLemore does so with pleasure. McLemore smacks his chest and yells "Come get you some, boy!"]

GM: Not exactly the most respectful men, I see.

BW: Respect? Who the heck cares about respect? It's all about dominating your opponent.

GM: Well, maybe he should try doing that instead of running his mouth.

[McLemore comes to the center of the ring, and challenges Ishikawa to a test of strength. Ishikawa accepts.]

GM: Ishikawa slowly raising his hands to meet McLemore and... HEY!

[McLemore takes the opportunity to stick a stiff-fingered blow into the windpipe of Ishikawa to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Now that was uncalled for!

JA: I would agree with you, Mr. Myers.

BW: Haha! That was great.

[Komachi is beyond angry, and yells to the ref in Japanese. The ref just looks at him and shrugs, not understanding what he's saying.]

GM: It looks like we're having a little bit of a communication problem between your team and the official, Jason.

JA: They're working on their English but...

[Ishikawa stands back up, and eyes McLemore with rage.]

BW: Uh oh.

[He grabs McLemore, throwing him back against the ropes to open fire.]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Man oh man, daddy! McLemore's chest looks like raw meat!

GM: The Firecracker King showing just why he's called that!

[Komachi puts his hand out for a tag. Ishikawa looks at the crowd for approval, Komachi egging them on.]

BW: Really, the little guy wants in? He knows we don't have a midget division, right?

GM: BUCKY!

JA: It's okay, Gordon. We're used to dealing with disbelievers like Mr. Wilde back home. I think you're about to see that state of disbelief change... quickly.

[Ishikawa sharply nods and tags Komachi in. Komachi leaps over the ropes and charges, throwing himself into the air to drill a staggered McLemore with a leaping knee!]

JA: Leaping knee strike!

GM: He may be small, but he's got tons of energy. That much is obvious.

JA: Indeed. His original mentor, Super Mamushi, taught him well.

BW: What the heck's a Super Shamu-ski?

JA: Mamushi, Bucky. It's the deadliest snake in Japan. And also the most common.

[As McLemore stumbles, Komachi hits a series of palm strikes, then runs to the opposite ropes.]

JA: Corkscrew Enzuigiri! One of Jun's favorite moves.

[McLemore falls, face up. Komachi points to the outside of the ring and hops over the top.]

GM: What is this?

[Komachi runs down the ring apron, leaping onto the top rope, springboarding off into a diving headbutt!]

JA: He calls that Apron Kara Komachi!

GM: Wow, what agility!

[McLemore rolls from the ring. Komachi holds up a hand, as if saying "Excuse me for a second.", and reaches into his tights.]

BW: Hey, this is a family show!

[Komachi produces...]

GM: It's a baseball jersey, Bucky! How appropriate for this venue!

[Komachi throws the jersey on and claps, getting the fans into it.]

JA: This is the jersey of the Hanshin Tigers, Jun's home team. He used to play baseball before turning to the wrestling ring.

[As McLemore stumbles back to his feet, Jun hits the far ropes.]

JA: Off the ropes, and he slides! A baseball slide dropkick to the face of McLemore!

[Komachi quickly gets back to his feet as McLemore falls. He throws out his arms and yells.]

JK: SAFE!

[The Turner Field faithful roar with applause as Gordon audibly laughs. Komachi quickly takes the jersey off and throws it to Ishikawa, who properly places it in the corner.]

GM: These fans have quickly taken to young Komachi. What an exciting talent he is.

BW: This guy wants the fans to like him so much, he should just pay them off.

JA: Like you do?

BW: HEY!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky, the kid's just having fun.

BW: Hmph. We'll see what happens when they get real AWA competition. He isn't gonna be clowning around like this then.

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky.

[McLemore slowly slides back into the ring, looking to tag out, but Komachi is on him with a running dropkick as he's still on his knees. He pops back up and points to Ishikawa.]

GM: The youngster looking for a tag here.

[The crowd approves and Komachi tags Ishikawa back in.]

BW: What the heck is this? Why did Komachi just kneel down? Throw him out of the ring, ref!

[Ishikawa picks McLemore up.]

JA: A flapjack from Shigehiro onto Jun's outstretched knee!

GM: Wow!

BW: Gordo, if this was Crimson Pride, you'd be crying about how they're taking too long to double-team their opponents.

[The referee does indeed lay in the count, and Komachi bows deeply to him before leaving the ring. The crowd laughs and applauds.]

GM: I can see that this team is quickly making fans out of this great Atlanta crowd. I have a feeling they're charming all of our fans watching at home too.

BW: I can't stand that little guy.

JA: And Shigehiro?

BW: Eh, he's alright, I guess.

[Just as Bucky says that, Ishikawa looks to the ropes.]

JA: Shigehiro bounces off the ropes, and hits a running senton.

[He quickly gets back to his feet and hits the ropes again, but Riesen buries a knee into his back to loud boos.]

BW: Thank you! I'm tired of these two showoffs.

[Ishikawa turns and stares daggers at Riesen, not seeing McLemore slowly recovering. Riesen reaches in and grabs Ishikawa's arm, sparking a protest from the referee. McLemore comes up from behind and hits an axehandle to Ishikawa's back.]

GM: Oh, cheap shot from the blind side by the Crimson Pride!

[McLemore lays in a few hard forearms to the back before tagging Riesen back in. Each man grabs an arm, whipping Ishikawa across the ring where an eagle-eyed fan can see Komachi sneak in a tag.]

GM: Crimson Pride hooking their arms for a double clothesline... there may have been a tag made there by Team SAMURAI.

JA: There sure was.

[Ishikawa ducks the clothesline attempt, turning around as the off-balance rulebreakers slowly turn...

...and get dropped with a big double clothesline of his own!]

GM: Ishikawa takes 'em down!

[McLemore rolls from the ring, leaving Riesen by himself.]

GM: Riesen slow to get to his feet- ohh! What a thrust kick up into the chest by Komachi!

[The blow spins him around into Ishikawa who scoops, pivots, and DRIVES him down with a thunderous fast-moving powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! Great teamwork shown here by Team SAMURAI.

[Ishikawa looks disgusted and gives a gesture to Komachi.]

BW: What the heck was that?

JA: I believe this match is about to come to an end.

[Komachi leaps to the top rope as Ishikawa lifts Riesen in a fireman's carry. Komachi flies through the air, driving his feet down into the back of Riesen, bouncing off as Ishikawa leaps up, DRIVING Riesen headfirst into the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

JA: Flying double footstomp from Jun activates a Death Valley Driver by Shigehiro! That's the Mamushi Strike! Nobody has kicked out of this!

[Komachi makes the cover as Ishikawa makes sure McLemore isn't coming back in.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING DING!"

GM: And a huge roar from this crowd, as Team SAMURAI picks up the victory in their return to the AWA!

["Kirisute Gomen" plays over the PA again, as Team SAMURAI celebrates in the ring. Both men bow to all four sides of the ring and Komachi returns the applause the fans are giving them.]

GM: Well, Jason, thank you very much for joining us on commentary. Do you think we could get a few words with Team SAMURAI?

JA: Absolutely.

[Jason gestures to the ring, and Team SAMURAI leave to join the commentators. Their theme song cuts out as they arrive.]

GM: Now, as I understand, Team SAMURAI does not speak much English. Will they be able to understand our questions?

[Both men nod. Jason chuckles.]

JA: I believe you have your answer, Gordon.

[Gordon smiles.]

GM: Ah, good. If you don't mind my asking, how come Team SAMURAI didn't appear as originally scheduled two shows ago?

[Jason and Team SAMURAI wince.]

JA: Unfortunately, we ran into visa problems. As a dual citizen, I was in attendance, but Team SAMURAI could not appear. As you can tell, all has been taken care of.

GM: Well, I have to ask, how did it feel to make your return to the AWA in Atlanta?

[Ishikawa speaks, Jason translating.]

JA: It was wonderful to come here and be welcomed with open arms by the AWA faithful. I admit, we were a bit nervous as to how we would be received. I can hear that we did not have to worry at all, that the great fans were charmed by us.

[To back that up, the fans respond with loud cheers. Ishikawa nods with a smile.]

GM: That they most certainly were. I have to ask, how do you feel about the tag team division here in the AWA?

[This time, Komachi responds.]

JA: We have watched on TV, and we are very impressed. From Air Strike to The Wilde Bunch, all are very skilled. We look forward to taking them all on.

BW: Alright, now just hold on a second. Besides the fact that you called The Wilde Bunch skilled, I have to take you to task. Why didn't you mention The Lights Out Express? Y'know, our CHAMPIONS?! They should be on everybody's lips!

[Komachi responds again.]

JA: We do not agree with their methods.

[Jun winces.]

JA: That said, you are right. The Lights Out Express are very talented. It is a shame they have to resort to such tactics in order to become champions.

GM: You're telling me. Ultimately, what are your goals here in the AWA?

[Ishikawa speaks this time.]

JA: Like any team, we seek to become the AWA World Tag Team Champions. We also hope to finally win the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown championships. Not to mention The Stampede Cup. In short, it is our goal to be mentioned among the greats in AWA history.

GM: Well, gentlemen, it would seem you're off to a great start. We look forward to watching more of you in the months and years to come.

BW: Speak for yourself.

[Komachi rolls his eyes, and speaks.]

JA: Thank you very much. We will do our best to bring the spirit of puroresu to the fans, and we hope they will continue to support us. In the end, we WILL rise to the occasion, and we WILL become champions. We do not expect the road to be easy. But, in the end, our road will be paved in gold.

[Ishikawa nods in agreement.]

GM: Thank you for your time. Team SAMURAI, ladies and gentlemen!

[Both men wave to the crowd and bow. Komachi shows off his Hanshin Tigers jersey and holds up a finger to indicate that they are number one. He then points to the Braves logo and holds up the finger for them too. Expectedly, that gets a nice pop. Team SAMURAI and Jason walk back to the locker room area.]

BW: Are they gone?

GM: Yes.

BW: Good! What a bunch of brown-nosers. "We respect everybody!" "You're all number one!" Blah blah blah, I can't wait to see them face a serious team around here. They'll be sent packing just as fast as they arrived.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, ladies and gentlemen. Truly one of a kind. Thankfully. The AWA tag team division is perhaps hotter than ever and keeps getting better. Team SAMURAI certainly impressed in their return to action and right now, we're going to go backstage to meet another newcomer here to the AWA!

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where in front of an AWA banner where Melissa Cannon is standing next to an equal sized woman, wearing a black blouse buttoned up, with jet black hair with red streaking highlights, and a visible nose piercing. She stands, arms crossed, while Melissa starts off the interview]

MC: Thanks guys, I'm standing next to the newest manager in the AWA, Charisma Knight, who asked for this interview time here today. Now Charisma, are you looking for a charge here in AWA, or do you already have someone in mind?

[Charisma looks slightly annoyed at Melissa, before beginning]

CK: Sadly, I'm here as a manager. I'd love to change that, but, baby steps. I'm sure you could sympathize, Melissa. But then again, you might just be happy to stand around with a microphone.

[Cannon grimaces at that blatant verbal jab.]

CK: I however, am not. But since I wasn't born a man, I have to work with what I'm given. It's a shame the greatest student of the game the sport has ever seen can't compete on the sport's biggest stage in the AWA, but I can do the next best thing for now, and that is, take a charge to the pinnacle. And that's what I'm here to do.

Gender dictates that I can't be the best wrestler in the AWA, but I can be the greatest manager in the AWA, and take the greatest team the AWA will ever see to the top. Because that's what I'm going to do, starting in two weeks at the next Saturday Night Wrestling. I will be debuting my charges, plural. I will be bringing out my tag team that I took from nothing, and brought them to the top league in the world. I will be debuting the Terrors of the

Territories on Saturday Night, I will be taking them to Japan for the G-Crown Tournament, and I will be taking them to the AWA World Tag Team Championships.

[She smiles, leaning closer into the camera]

CK: So this is officially me putting the entire AWA Tag Team Division on notice, EVERY team. Be it Air Strike, Lights Out Express, Next Gen, Strictly Business, Dichotomy, the Dogs of War, or Violence Unlimited...

[She smirks]

CK: ...It doesn't matter. You will all fall, you will all suffer, you will all feel pain you haven't felt, you will all feel fear you haven't felt. My Hounds will run you down, rip you apart, and go hunting for more. This is your warning AWA. Get ready, because in two weeks' time, in Montgomery, Alabama...

I WILL UNLEASH HELL.

[She looks over at Melissa, giving a smirk and a chuckle]

CK: Good talk.

[And she walks off the set as Melissa looks, well, shocked.]

MC: Well, you heard it here, next Saturday Night Wrestling, we add another team to the growing Tag Team Division, and their manager means business. Back to you, guys.

[As we cut back to Gordon and Bucky, the latter is laughing his head off.]

BW: AHAHAHAHA!

GM: What's so funny, Bucky Wilde?

BW: Melissa Cannon got CALLED OUT right there and didn't do a darn thing about it. I love it! She acts so tough and plays the part of being the woman's wrestler who is forced into being a mic jockey because we don't have a women's division but when someone calls her out to her face, she just sits there and smiles.

GM: It's called being a professional... something you would know absolutely nothing about, Bucky.

BW: Oh, give ME a break, Gordo. It's called wearing a yellow stripe down your back.

GM: Fans, coming up next-

[The sounds of pigs squealing alongside some banjos being plucked before the PA system comes to life with "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" by Billy Currington to cheers from the crowd. Bucky cringes as Gordon grins.]

GM: Haha! How about that, Bucky? Your nephews have come to Hotlanta!

BW: Just when I thought this place couldn't possibly smell any worse.

[The curtain parts as the pot-bellied pig known as Mable wobbles into view to the laughter of the crowd. A moment passes before Chester Otis Wilde bursts through the curtain, throwing an arm up in the air. He's a hoss of a man - standing about 6'7 and weighing just shy of three hundred pounds crammed into a pair of stained blue overalls with no shirt underneath, revealing his forest of chest hair. His face is covered in a mess of a beard, tangled and matted.]

Buddy Ulysses Loney wobbles in after him wearing a stained yellow button up shirt underneath his overalls. He's wearing no shoes, revealed mud-covered bare feet that we can see up to mid-calf. Loney's about six feet tall even but is carrying over four hundred pounds on his frame. His hand grips the other end of Mable's leash as he waves to the cheering fans. The duo makes their way towards the home plate area where Mark Stegglet awaits them.]

MS: Fans, the Wilde Bunch are in the house!

[The fans in Turner Field cheer as Chester pumps a fist happily.]

COW: You know, Mark... we've been in a lot of houses over the years. Hen houses, greenhouses, brickhouses, even ol' stinky outhouses. But we ain't never seen a house we like more than this one!

[Another big cheer!]

MS: Guys, these fans here in Atlanta sure do like you as do AWA fans all over the nation.

[Buddy nods.]

BUL: And love 'em all right back. We seen so many cards and letters and them there... what do they call 'em, Mark? Letters on the Interwebs?

MS: E-mail?

[Buddy claps his hands together, pointing at Mark.]

BUL: He's a smart one, cousin.

[Chester nods with glee.]

COW: So much support from these great fans for a couple of do-nothin' bumps on a log who just got lucky to land here in the greatest rasslin' company on the planet. We just gotta thank 'em all... just like we gotta thank all them boys in the locker room who made us feel right at home. They made us feel like right family, you know, Mark.

[Stegglet nods.]

COW: And speakin' of family, I gotta thank our Uncle Bucky for bein' there for us every muddy step of the way!

[The fans boo the name of Bucky Wilde. Chester looks puzzled.]

COW: I don't reckon I understand the booin' for Uncle Bucky. He's the nicest, kindest man you'd ever lay eyes on. He got us this big tag match tonight even!

[Buddy nods.]

MS: Chester, I... well, I'm not sure how to put this. But do you guys ever watch back your matches? Do you hear the kinds of things that your Uncle says about the two of you?

[Buddy pulls the mic towards him.]

BUL: Three of us, Mark.

[He gestures down to Mable who snorts as Stegglet nods.]

MS: Of course. But...

[Chester waves him off.]

COW: None of that matters, Mr. Stegglet. We know that Uncle Bucky says some right rude things about us but that's just cause he's an...

[He snaps his fingers a few times, the gears spinning his head.]

COW: An "unbiased announcer."

[The crowd reacts negatively to that.]

MS: He's a what?!

BUL: That's what he told us! He told us he's gotta say mean things about us so people don't think he's showin' us any favor!

[Chester slaps on the chest.]

COW: Quiet you! He told us to keep that between us!

[Buddy cringes, nodding his head as he kneels down to stroke his pig. Stop it. All of you. Now.]

COW: But that's all besides the point, Mr. Stegglet. The point is that tonight, the Wilde Bunch is walkin' down that aisle to square off with two cheatin', low down buckets of pig slop in Dichotomy.

MS: What do you guys think of Dichotomy?

COW: My mama always said if you ain't got nothin' nice to say out loud... mumble it under your breath.

[The crowd laughs as Chester turns, mumbling all the while as the mic picks up all of it but understands none of it. He turns back.]

COW: And that's what I think of them two. They's two boys in need of a whuppin' and in a few seconds, that's exactly what they gonna get! Come on, Buddy... come on, Mable!

[The music picks back up as the trio makes their way down the aisle. The Wilde Bunch gets halfway down the ramp, pausing for a little square dancing do-si-do to a big cheer.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, what kind of garbage did you fill your nephews heads with?!

BW: Hey! They don't want the truth. Their heads are stuffed with rainbows and cotton candy. It'd be downright mean to tell them the truth of how pathetic they are. And if there's one thing Bucky Wilde ain't, it's mean to family. Knuckleheads that they are.

GM: I can't believe you!

[The ring announcer makes the announcement of the team while Gordon and Bucky are bantering. The Wilde Bunch reaches ringside as Chester slips around the ringpost.]

GM: My favorite part of the show is coming up here.

BW: Let go of me, Myers! I gotta get out of-

[Bucky is cut off as Chester physically yanks "Uncle Bucky" out of his seat into a big sloppy hug. Bucky instantly tries to wiggle free but Chester is paying him no mind, shaking him back and forth and loudly exclaiming how good it is to see him. A grinning Chester sets Bucky back down, giving him a back slap hard enough to throw Bucky over the announce table, wincing in pain. Chester pauses to shake Gordon's hand - a gesture that leaves Gordon also wincing in pain.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch is getting ready to take on Dichotomy in what should be the first major test for your nephews to date, Bucky.

BW: My nephews couldn't pass a test if it were True/False and you gave 'em two chances to answer.

[As the Wilde Bunch steps into the ring, their music fades and Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[The techno-rock open of "Vengeance" by The Protomen opens up over the PA as the fans boo. After a short time, the curtain parts to reveal two figures. The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He sports black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip, running from waist to legline, and black-and-white boots, elbowpads, and kneepads. The boots, pads, and triangular parts of the trunks feature the three-circle biohazard symbol.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. His attire is a mirror to his partner, though with red in place of the white. He's wearing a black t-shirt with white writing that reads "SITH HAPPENS" across the front. The two men stop at the top of the aisle and survey the scene, conversing a bit before proceeding down the aisle.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Cambridge, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Pennsylvania respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred eighty-seven pounds...

...MATT GINN... MARK HOFNER... they are DICHOTOMY!

[The duo take their time proceeding to the ring. Ginn gives several of the fans disgusted looks and dismissive gestures while Hoefner shouts insults and makes threats. They stop a couple times on the way to do this, taking their sweet time.]

GM: Dichotomy sure doesn't seem to be in any great hurry to get inside that ring with Chester and Buddy.

BW: Hey, for all the grief that I give my nephews, they're big and they're strong. They may be dumber than a sinking stone but they're certainly tough enough to beat any team on the planet on any given night.

GM: Wow. That might be the nicest thing you've ever said about them.

BW: Oh, well... anyone can land a lucky punch... or in Chester's case, he might raise his right arm and floor the front row with a stench the likes of which we haven't seen since Taco Tuesday at Henrietta's kitchen.

GM: Too good to last, I suppose.

[When they arrive at ringside, Dichotomy heads for the ringsteps. They cautiously ascend the steps, keeping a wary eye out for their opponents. Both men enter the ring from opposite sides of the cornerpost, and proceed to center ring. Ginn immediately starts accosting the referee while Hoefner hops to the second turnbuckle to yell at the booing fans some more. In the opposite corner, Chester and Buddy are huddled up.]

GM: A Wilde Bunch strategy session underway.

BW: Or they're trying to remember where they parked the car.

GM: Bucky!

[Mark Hoefner suddenly breaks into a sprint, leaping into the air for a flying haymaker...

...but the Wilde Bunch parts the seas, causing Hoefner to crash into the buckles as Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running as Chester spins Hoefner around in the corner and-

[Buddy suddenly turns around, throwing his massive backside into the gut of Hoefner. He steps out as Ginn charges in, arms over his head for a double axehandle...

...and Buddy sidesteps, throwing Ginn into Hoefner. Ginn staggers out, falling down to his back.]

GM: Down goes Ginn and... bombs away!

[The crowd ROARS as Hoefner topples over, his forehead slamming into Ginn's groin!]

BW: OHHHH! DQ! RING THE BELL!

GM: They did it to themselves, Bucky!

BW: And that's what really hurts!

[Hoefner rolls out of the ring as Ginn lays on the canvas, clutching his groin. A grinning Chester steps out, leaving Buddy to pull Ginn up off the mat, whipping him into the ropes...

...and just holds his ground, forcing Ginn to run into a steady Cousin Buddy, the four hundred plus pounds sending Ginn crashing back down to the mat!]

GM: Matt Ginn is six foot seven and 258 pounds and he didn't even BUDGE Buddy Loney right there!

[Buddy is all smiles as he watches Ginn pull himself off the mat, grabbing at his groin with one hand and the back of his head with the other. Ginn barks at the official who waves it off.]

GM: Ginn charges!

[A running forearm smash catches Buddy by surprise as Ginn hammers and hammers away at him, forcing him to stumble back against the ropes. Ginn opens fire, throwing haymakers to the temple before grabbing Buddy by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... and I don't think so, fans!

[Ginn struggles, trying to whip him again but Buddy holds his ground.]

GM: He can't budge the big man!

[Buddy suddenly pulls back on his arm, yanking Ginn towards him, ducking down to backdrop Ginn over the ropes and down to the ringside grass!]

GM: OH MY!

[Cousin Buddy spins around, slamming his bulky arms down on the top rope and shouting "come on!" at the downed Ginn who now has Hoefner by his side.]

GM: Dichotomy trying to figure out a way to regroup out on the floor...

[Buddy and the referee discuss the situation as Longfellow looks to start a ten count but Cousin Buddy steps forward, refusing to let him...

...which allows Ginn and Hoefner to lunge forward, hooking the ankles of Buddy, tripping him up and dropping him backfirst down on the mat!]

GM: DICHOTOMY PULLS HIM DOWN... AND PULLS HIM OUT!

[Ginn and Hoefner take turns throwing right hands at the big man, staggering him out on the floor...

...before he suddenly reaches up, grabbing each by the back of the head, and clashing their skulls together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Ginn and Hoefner stagger away, falling down on the mats covering the outfield grass again as Cousin Buddy gives a thumbs up to the cheering fans. He grabs Ginn from behind, whirling him around to throw him under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron, stepping in himself...]

GM: Cousin Buddy's back in...

[Ginn is quick to his feet, throwing a knee to the ample midsection of Cousin Buddy. A pair of double axehandles follow, knocking Buddy down to a knee. He sprints to the ropes, rebounding back to lay in a big running boot to the kneeling hillbilly, knocking him all the way down on his back.]

BW: Yeah! You got him now, Matt!

[Ginn lays into the downed Buddy with a series of stomps as the crowd jeers.]

GM: All of Cousin Buddy's size does him no good on the mat so this is exactly where Dichotomy wants him.

BW: You know what's odd about this, Gordo?

GM: What's that?

BW: Ginn is six foot seven and on his back, Cousin Buddy's still taller than him with that fat gut of his!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Ginn's barrage of stomps comes to a halt as he marches to the corner, tagging in his partner.]

GM: Mark Hoefner tags in, to the ropes they go...

[A running double elbowdrop keeps Buddy on the mat as Ginn rolls out to the floor, leaving Hoefner in the ring to continue stomping the bigger man into the mat. He backs to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Hoefner measuring him from the second rope... leaps off!

[A fistdrop gets buried between the eyes of Cousin Buddy as Chester shouts encouragement and Hoefner attempts a cover.]

GM: One! Two!

[Buddy powers out, throwing the 229 pounder off of him with ease.]

GM: Big knockout by a big, big man!

[Hoefner angrily scrambles to his feet, laying in kicks to the chest of Cousin Buddy as he tries to get off the mat. The crowd is cheering Buddy on as he continues to rise, absorbing the offensive attack of Hoefner who switches up, throwing vicious Mongolian Chops down into the neck and shoulders of Buddy!]

GM: Hoefner's trying to keep him down but the big man keeps on rising up!

[Hoefner looks around at the cheering crowd in a panic, switching to just straight up right hands to the bridge of the nose, trying to batter him back down. He winds up the right hand, holding a handful of hair to measure Buddy...]

GM: Big right- blocked!

[Buddy gets up, fire in his eyes as he grabs Hoefner by the hair and SMASHES him with a headbutt that sends him flying backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Big headbutt! Buddy's looking for a tag!

[But Hoefner is thinking otherwise, dashing across, leaping into the air for a crossbody...]

GM: Crossbody- CAUGHT!

[The crowd cheers as Buddy holds Hoefner across his chest for a moment...

...and then DROPS down in a front powerslam!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Gaaah!

GM: We might need a spatula to scrape up Hoefner after that!

[Buddy pushes up off the mat, crawling over the downed Hoefner...

...and tags in Cousin Chester!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES CHESTER!

[Chester comes lumbering in, catching an incoming Ginn with a forearm smash that sends him falling back through the ropes to the floor. He spins around, waving his arms to rile up the crowd as Hoefner tries to get back to his feet...]

GM: Hoefner's trying to get up but when he does, Cousin Chester will be waiting for him!

[Hoefner staggers up, clutching his ribs as Chester comes barreling across, swinging his hands together into a double axehandle, leaping slightly off the mat...

...and BLASTS Hoefner right in the sternum with the hammer blow!]

GM: OHHH! That might be enough right there!

[Chester dives onto Hoefner, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Chester gets yanked under the ropes to the floor by Ginn who promptly slams Chester's head into the ring apron before using a side Russian Leg Sweep to SNAP the back of his head down onto the padded infield dirt!]

GM: OHHH!

[The referee gets up, shouting at Ginn who blatantly is putting the boots to the downed Cousin Chester without regard of the official who is threatening to disqualify him!]

GM: Ring the bell, ref! This one should be over if you ask me!

BW: Your officiating days are long over, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps but I still know the rulebook and this is in blatant violation of the rules!

[Ginn pulls Chester up off the mat by the hair, shoving him under the ropes before climbing back up on the apron where the referee lets him have it again.]

GM: Longfellow with a judgment call to let the match continue right here.

[A dazed Chester is trying to crawl across the ring towards a waiting Cousin Buddy who is sucking wind already while Mark Hoefner crawls in the opposite direction, making a lunging tag to Matt Ginn!]

GM: The tag is made for Dichotomy!

[Ginn comes in fast, leaping up to bury a stomp down between the shoulderblades of Chester, cutting off any tag attempt. He grabs a leg, dragging him back to the middle of the ring to the jeers of the fans.]

BW: Matt Ginn quickly showing right there his ability to cut the ring in half. He's an intelligent man and really puts those brains to work inside the squared circle, Gordo.

GM: We all know the story of Matt Ginn, former MIT student who ended up being booted out of that prestigious university for a serious lack of ethics.

BW: Good thing he doesn't need ethics inside the ring.

[Ginn drags Chester to his feet, hooking a side waistlock...]

GM: Ginn hoists the three hundred pounder up... and drops him down in a back suplex!

[The ring shakes on impact as Ginn rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Cousin Chester kicks out.]

GM: Two count only for Ginn who showed some surprising power right there.

BW: Matt Ginn's not a small guy, Gordo. You may not think of him in the same league as Brad Jacobs or Hercules Hammonds but if he's strong enough to suplex Chester, he's got some muscle underneath that lanky frame.

[A pair of driving elbows down into the throat leads into another cover as he grinds his forearm bone into the cheek of the downed Chester.]

GM: One! Two! Again, Chester slips out the back door in time.

[Ginn suddenly breaks the pin attempt and simply tries a two handed choke on the downed hillbilly, swinging him back and forth as he throttles him until the count of four when he lifts his hands up, showing the break. Ginn throws a glance to the corner to check his partner's condition before climbing to his feet, stomping the midsection of Chester a few times.]

GM: Ginn perhaps trying to take the wind out of the sails of the larger man.

BW: Another smart move. Ginn has a history of knowledge in anatomy and biology. If anyone knows the right spots to hit on a guy, it's going to be Matt Ginn.

[The Massachusetts native drags Chester off the mat...

...and eats a haymaker that catches him off-guard, sending him down to a knee!]

GM: Whoa! Cousin Chester fighting back!

[Chester spins towards the corner, looking to tag out but Ginn hooks a handful of overalls, pulling him back into a forearm shank to the kidneys before lifting him under the arm into a pendulum backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Right down across the knee!

[Holding Chester in place, Ginn pushes down on his chin with his right hand while applying pressure to the legs with his left, bending him across the knee.]

GM: And a unique submission hold applied here, working the back of Cousin Chester!

[Ginn holds it for a bit longer, getting the referee to check for a submission. When Chester refuses, Ginn shoves him off the knee and down to the mat before climbing back to his feet. Chester rolls to all fours, again attempting to crawl across the ring for a tag as Ginn stands behind him, grinning arrogantly.]

GM: Look at Matt Ginn taunting Cousin Chester...

[Ginn kneels down next to him, stretching out his hand towards Buddy, shouting "HELP ME, COUSIN! HELP!" before he gets up and buries a boot into the ribs of Chester...

...and then swivels to SPIT in the face of Cousin Buddy!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[An irate Cousin Buddy wipes the spit off his face before coming through the ropes angrily. The referee steps in to cut him off as Ginn yanks Chester up, putting his shoulder into the gut as he charges back across the ring to the Dichotomy corner, slamming him back to the buckles as Hoefner steps in. The duo takes turns kicking Chester in the torso as the referee tries to get a protesting Buddy out of the ring!]

BW: Look at that idiot causing his cousin to get the tar kicked out of him!

[Ginn slaps his hands together, stepping out as Hoefner snapmares Chester out of the corner, charging to the far ropes, and landing a low dropkick to the mush just as the referee turns around. The referee pauses to question whether a tag occurred as Hoefner attempts a cover.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! But Chester kicks out in time!

[Hoefner gets up, reaching out to tag Ginn who slips back into the ring. The duo pulls Chester off the mat, whipping him into the Dichotomy corner where he slams backfirst, staggering out towards Ginn who lifts him up into a loose bearhug as Hoefner leaps up on the middle rope, springing off with a clothesline that drags him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Devastating doubleteam by Dichotomy! Hoefner rolls out, Ginn with a cover!

[Another two count follows before Chester kicks out. Ginn angrily protests the count as he gets back to his feet, stomping Chester between the eyes a few times before getting backed off by the referee. Hoefner grabs the ankles of Chester, dragging him out to the floor.]

GM: Hoefner pulls Chester out...

[With two handfuls of hair, Hoefner looks to drive Chester's head into the ringpost...

...but Chester brings his arms up, blocking the blow. A back elbow to the gut breaks off the effort before Chester grabs Hoefner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHESTER PUTS HIM INTO THE POST!

[Hoefner slumps down to the mat as a fired-up Chester climbs up on the apron where Ginn rushes in...

...and EATS a straight right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot out of Cousin Chester!

[Chester steps in behind Ginn, grabbing him around the waist, lifting him up for a back suplex...

...and takes three big steps towards the corner before he DROPS him down in an atomic drop, sending Ginn flying towards the corner where Cousin Buddy is waiting to slam his beefy arms together on the ears!]

GM: OH! HE RUNG HIS BELL GOOD RIGHT THERE!

[Ginn staggers back out towards Cousin Chester who lifts Ginn up, slinging him over his shoulder as he tags in Cousin Buddy.]

GM: The tag is made!

[Chester backs into the corner, giving a bellow that the Atlanta fans attempt to mimic as he charges out...

...and DRIVES him down with a running powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!

[With Ginn down, Buddy races to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and DROPS his four hundred plus pound frame down onto the sternum!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THAT’S IT!

[The referee drops down and with Hoefner down and unable to assist, he slaps the mat once... twice... and three times.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: NO, NO! You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners...

THE WIIIIIIIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNNNCH!

[Buddy and Chester fall into an embrace, celebrating their big win as their music kicks in to big cheers.]

GM: A big victory for the Wilde Bunch in what I’d think you’d have to consider an upset of sorts.

BW: OF SORTS?! This is the biggest upset since David used a foreign object to beat Goliath, daddy!

GM: I don’t know if I’d go-

BW: This is terrible! This is tragic! And I blame you, Myers!

GM: ME?!

BW: You're the one who instigated them into asking for that match! This match never would have happened if you weren't trying to play the rabble rouser!

[Gordon can be heard chuckling as Bucky has a fit.]

GM: It may indeed be the biggest upset in the history of the world as my partner seems to think as the Wilde Bunch knocks off Dichotomy - the NUMBER TWO contenders to the World Tag Team Titles - here tonight at Turner Field! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Jericho Kai taking on Manny Imbrogno! Don't go away!

[The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to

hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black...

...and as we return from the commercial, the camera focuses on a solitary figure standing in the ring, microphone in hand. Which man? The World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. Turner Field is filled with fans cheering for the AWA's White Knight. Martinez' expression is stern and intense, but there are slight nods of his head, as he acknowledges the cheers of the men and women who've carried him so far in his career. Martinez is shirtless, and wearing his ring gear. Around his waist is the World Heavyweight Title belt, the overhead lights gleaming off its golden faceplate.]

GM: Fans, during our commercial break, well, you can surmise what happened.

BW: That dumb kid has hijacked our show!

GM: That's the World Champion you're talking about, Bucky! But you are, in a sense, right. We were scheduled to see Kenneth Doll square off against Cesar Hernandez...

BW: Stay in the ring, Ryan!

GM: Bucky, will you stop?!

BW: Hey, if he's keeping me from having to see Hernandez, then I am in full support of our champion, daddy!

GM: Well, it looks like young Ryan is about to speak. So let's hear what the World Champion has to say!

[After a slow exhale, Ryan reaches one hand behind his waist, slowly unhooking the title belt, which he then holds in the crook of his arm, cradled against his chest.]

RM: Later tonight, you're going to see me defend this title against the man who most deserves a shot, Dave Bryant.

[A chorus of cheers from the crowd, and Martinez nods again, acknowledging the fans' adulation of Bryant, and his own respect for the two time World Champion.]

RM: And if Supreme Wright manages to survive the hell that Bobby's going to put him through tonight and that Jack's going to put him through whenever he comes back, then I'll be happy to beat him again!

[That elicits a massive pop from the crowd.]

RM: And someday, very soon, I'm going to meet Hannibal Carver in the ring, and he and I are going to settle our differences. And when I'm done with him, he'll think twice about trying to drag my name through the dirt.

[As Martinez' eyes scan the crowd, a familiar chorus of chants overcomes Turner Field.]

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BAL!"

[Over and over.]

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HANN-I-BAL!"

[Ryan's expression grows fierce as he listens to the divided crowd. As much as the crowd anticipates that showdown, it's clear that Martinez wants it even more.]

RM: And when all that's done, then Johnny Detson can name his time and place, and I'll be happy to pay him back for what he did to me last year.

[Boos for Detson, followed by cheers at the thought of Ryan's retribution.]

RM: But right now, I'm not here to talk about all of the people who want to fight me. Right now, I'm here to DEMAND that I get the fight I want. And I'm not leaving until I get it.

So someone better come out here with a time and a place for when I'm fighting Caleb Temple!

[The roar from Turner Field is enough to split the heavens.]

BW: Can you believe it! Ryan Martinez got a stay of execution two weeks ago, and now he's out here demanding a match!

GM: You know as well as I do, Bucky, that Ryan Martinez has never backed down from a challenge and never will.

BW: When Temple is done with him, there won't be enough left of him to do anything!

RM: I'm tired of the games. I'm tired of jumping through the hoops. You bring me something that says when I'm getting my hands on Temple. No tricks, no loopholes. Black and white. Date and time.

I'm waiting.

[There's a buzz in the crowd, as someone is making his way down the ring.]

GM: Kenneth Doll! Doll is out and he's demanding that Martinez exit the ring!

BW: I have to wonder about the wisdom of this, Gordo.

GM: I agree with you, Bucky. But Kenneth Doll is either showing a level of bravery we've never seen from him before, or he's so caught up in the moment that he's being terribly reckless!

[Doll steps in the ring, and begins gesturing to the floor, his lips moving as he demands that Martinez exit the ring. Defiantly, Martinez lifts his chin, refusing to go. Doll keeps moving closer and closer, repeating his demands that Martinez clear the way. For now, Martinez remains silent, staring straight ahead at Doll.]

GM: Neither man refusing to budge. Wait, no, it looks like Doll is turning away. That's probably for the best, though I can't say I agree with Martinez disrupting the show like-

[But just as quickly as he turned his back, Doll spins around, his hand extended, as he connects with the face of the World Champion.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He caught Martinez right in the kisser!

GM: Martinez is reeling back. The heavyweight title has fallen to the canvas. Martinez staggers back, hits the ropes, Doll is rushing in...

[Stunned, but not more than that, the fire suddenly comes into Ryan's brown eyes, as he lunges forward, driving his elbow right into the face of Kenneth Doll.]

GM: The World Champion is incensed. He's got Doll by the hair, forcing him to his feet. Martinez' hand goes back.

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Good Grief! Ryan Martinez just slapped the taste out of Kenneth Doll's mouth and then some!

BW: Not the face! That's the man's money maker!

[Furious now, Ryan whips Doll hard into the turnbuckle and rushes forward, foot extended as he connects with Doll's face once more.]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZAAAAAA!

[Doll slumps down into the corner, until he's forced up, arms draped over the top ropes. Martinez looks to the crowd, who begin to roar as he squares up.]

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez looks out over Turner Field, soaking in the cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"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!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: Kenneth Doll learning a lesson about getting in the face of an angry Ryan Martinez!

[Martinez pulls Doll out of the corner, and then, looking up at the crowd, sends Doll over the top rope, and out to the ground.]

GM: The World Champion has dismissed Kenneth Doll!

BW: I guess that's one way to put it.

GM: But he's not done, Bucky!

[Jumping down, Martinez takes Doll by the hair once more, dragging him back down the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: He's taking Doll out of here!

[Reaching the end of the aisle, Martinez HURLS him into the visitors' dugout before turning back towards the ring...

...and walking back down the aisle towards it.]

GM: Uh oh. I think Ryan Martinez isn't done out here. He's heading back up the aisle...

[Martinez stalks back to the ring, pausing to grab hold of a chair, which he brings with him into the ring. Setting the chair down in the middle of the ring, Martinez looks towards the aisle once more, holding the microphone again.]

RM: I'm still waiting. And I'm still not leaving until I get this settled!

[Martinez sets the mic down, turning to look at an AWA official who is ordering him out of the ring.]

GM: Fans, I... well, we had a match scheduled but with this going on, maybe we can... yes, let's go to another quick break and hopefully we can go back to the ring for more action when we come back.

[Martinez is having a heated conversation with the same official as we fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and back up on live action where Ryan Martinez is defiantly still sitting in the ring.]

GM: We are back here at The Duel On The Diamond and Ryan Martinez, the World Heavyweight Champion, is refusing to leave this ring until someone announces exactly when and where he'll be able to get Caleb Temple into the ring.

BW: He's holding up the show, Gordo! Kenneth Doll just had his money maker abused by this self-centered lunatic and he's STILL holding up the show. Someone really needs to do something about this kid!

GM: I don't like the way you phrased it, but I have to agree with the sentiment. But by the same token, can you really blame him, Bucky? Caleb Temple has waged a campaign of psychological guerrilla warfare on him. Sooner or later, it was bound to come to this.

[As an eerily calm Ryan Martinez sits in the middle of the ring, the trumpet fanfare of "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" plays over the loudspeakers. Turner Field erupts in cheers as Cesar Hernandez makes his way to the ring. Martinez looks up, watching him vigilantly as the journeyman wrestler enters

the ring. Hernandez has his own microphone, and he stops to stand in front of Martinez, their relative positions causing the elder to look down at the World Champion.]

CH: Ryancito. I've known you since you were a little boy. And always, I knew you were tough, and always I knew you had the ganas, the fire, the urge to win. I'm proud of you, for all you've done. You do your family proud.

But this is not the way you should do it, mi compa. You need to go to the back. This display? Estás actuando como un niño pequeño, Ryan. You're acting like a little boy. Don't do this.

[The crowd goes silent, as Martinez stands up, meeting Hernandez eye to eye.]

RM: I already said that I'm not leaving this ring until I get my match with Temple. Now, you were supposed to have a match, but its obvious Kenneth Doll is in no shape to wrestle tonight.

[Martinez nods, knowing the implication of his statement.]

RM: So if you really want me to leave... well, you tell the referee to call for the bell.

And we'll see if you can make me leave!

[The two stare at each other for a moment, before finally, Hernandez nods his head and then looks over his shoulder at the referee, who, improbably, calls for the bell.]

GM: Looks like we've got a match!

BW: I don't support this at all! I don't want to see these two fight!

GM: Because they're such good friends and because this might signal the end of many years of mutual respect?

BW: No because the only thing worse than seeing those two in the ring is seeing those two in the ring at the same time!

[Hernandez and Martinez go nose to nose and forehead to forehead, each pushing at each other like two rams refusing to budge. Hernandez is the first to break, as he takes a half step back and then slaps Martinez in the chest with an open palm. These open hand slaps to the chest are repeated, over and over.]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

“WHAAAAAAP!”
“WHAAAAAAP!”

[Stunned, Martinez grabs at his chest, and as he does so, Hernandez takes him by the wrist, sending him into the ropes. With accuracy and timing that comes from experience, Hernandez waits until precisely the right moment, and then leaps in the air.]

GM: Dropkick! Right on the button!

[Hernandez goes for a quick cover, but Ryan has discarded him before the ref can even get into position. Still stunned, Ryan is sent to the ropes again, as Hernandez catches him in a series of lucha libre style Mexican armdrags.]

GM: Thus far, the veteran’s experience and caginess is keeping our World Champion off balance!

BW: I don’t like this, Gordo, but I have to say that maybe Hernandez is doing the right thing here. Obviously Martinez’ mind was never on him. This might be an opening for him!

[Hernandez lifts Martinez up and drops him to the mat with a high impact bodyslam. And then, after signaling to the crowd, Hernandez ascends to the top turnbuckle, waiting for Martinez to get to his feet.]

GM: He’s going for El Misil De Jalisco! If he hits this, it’s all over! Hernandez in the in the air!

[But Martinez drops down, causing Hernandez to whiff on his signature move...]

BW: Martinez ducks! He avoided that at the last second, Gordo!

[...but Hernandez deftly rolls through, right up to his feet with little damage to show for it!]

GM: Wow! What a move by the veteran!

[Hernandez is slightly off-balance from the counter, giving the World Champion an opening to rush forward, throwing all of his body weight and strength behind the next move.]

GM: European Uppercut! Did you hear the sound of that impact, Bucky?

BW: He just about took Hernandez out of his huaraches, Gordo!

GM: And just as Martinez wasn’t expecting a match with the veteran Hernandez here tonight, Hernandez was not expecting a showdown with the World Heavyweight Champion - a tough battle even when you’ve prepared for it.

[Hernandez drops to a knee off the uppercut, forcing his way back up as Martinez rushes in, going into a spin to BURY his elbow right into the temple of the veteran, sending him spinning away and down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my! What a shot by Martinez! That spinning elbow nearly knocked Hernandez into the middle of next week and as tough of a competitor as he is, he may not be able to get up after that, Bucky.

BW: It looks like Martinez is going to MAKE him get up.

[Martinez angrily drags Hernandez off the mat, shoving him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: That is an angry man, and he's unleashing all of his pent up bad feelings over Caleb Temple right now on Cesar Hernandez!

[Ryan stands in front of Hernandez, switching off elbows in a thunderous fury, as he drives his right and then his left and then his right and then his left elbow into the face of Hernandez, over and over, a flurry of hard strikes that cause fans to "oooh" and "ahhh" over the sound of each concussive blow hitting.]

GM: Get the man out of the corner, ref!

[As the referee steps in, Martinez drives his head forward, his hard skull cracking against Hernandez' vulnerable nose. The move sends Hernandez to the mat and leaves Martinez momentarily dazed.]

GM: The headbutt drops Hernandez but Martinez didn't fare much better from it.

BW: A lot of times on headbutts, guys will try to find a way to do as much damage as possible while minimizing the effects on themselves but Martinez didn't give two licks of care right there as he just slammed his head right in there, Gordo.

[Martinez grabs at his forehead as Hernandez uses the ropes, dragging himself back to his feet.]

GM: Hernandez back up - fans, remember that this is a non-title match. The World Title is not on the line in this one as Martinez rushes back in!

[The champion throws a wild clothesline, lacking any sort of methodical aim as it swings recklessly over a ducking Hernandez who loops around into a rear waistlock...]

BW: GERMAN!

[But the World Champion is thinking otherwise, hooking his leg behind Hernandez', trying to block the lift.]

GM: Hernandez is trying to take him over with that suplex but the champion is countering!

[Hernandez struggles, trying to break free from the counter and drop Martinez with the suplex but the World Champion shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs enough to throw a back elbow into the temple of Hernandez!]

GM: The elbow connects... and now Martinez with the standing switch, moving in behind Hernandez...

[The AWA's White Knight grabs Hernandez' right wrist with his left hand, shoving him out and using the wrist clutch to spin him around, pulling him back in...

...and stepping through into a devastating short-arm clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a shot! That clothesline may have turned out the lights for Hernandez!

[Martinez drops into a cover, hooking a leg as the referee drops to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[At the last possible moment, Hernandez' shoulder comes flying up off the canvas.]

GM: Kickout! Kickout! My stars!

BW: Hernandez is hanging on. He's in there with the World Champion but he's hanging on with all he's got, Gordo!

[The World Champion exhales heavily as he gets back to his feet, staring down at Hernandez as he stands over him, shouting at the veteran to get back up.]

GM: Hernandez is down but Martinez wants him up! He wants to end this!

BW: And wisely so. He's still got a World Title defense later tonight against Dave Bryant!

[Martinez leans down, shouting at Hernandez again as the veteran pushes up to all fours.]

GM: Hernandez is getting up! Can you believe that?! How tough is Cesar Hernandez?!

[Martinez grabs him, pulling him into a front facelock, yanking him up off the mat as the crowd begins to buzz in anticipation.]

BW: You know what's coming next!

GM: Martinez has him hooked and-

[The crowd ROARS as Hernandez drags Martinez down to the mat, rolling him into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS, WE WERE ON THE VERGE OF A MAJOR UPSET RIGHT THERE!

[Hernandez scrambles up, fists at the ready as Martinez climbs to his feet. He throws a left... then a right... then a left... then a right...]

GM: Cesar Hernandez is showing the World Champion that if he wants a fight, he'll give him one!

[Hernandez winds up his right arm, swinging it around and round before DROPPING the World Champion with a haymaker!]

GM: Oh my! Down goes Martinez and he may have bitten off more than he'd planned here tonight!

[Seizing the chance to beat the champ, Hernandez grabs the leg on the downed Martinez, spinning it around his own...]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!

[...and Martinez hooks Hernandez' head, rolling it into a small package of his own!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Hernandez kicks out just after the three count. He sits up, looking at the official who shows him three fingers as Martinez sits up a few feet away, breathing heavily.]

GM: Wow. An unexpected matchup there between the World Heavyweight Champion and Cesar Hernandez... and what a battle it was, Bucky.

BW: It was hard-fought match for both of them. I don't like either of them but you gotta respect the battle. Hernandez almost caught him on a couple of occasions - he almost punched his ticket to the big time - to the Main Event... but in the end, Martinez scores the win with a small package.

[Martinez looks over at Hernandez who gives him a slight nod of respect, dropping to his back to roll out of the ring, leaving the World Champion all alone.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez said his piece... he took his shot at the champ but came up empty... and now he's walking out of here like a man. No post-match antics or fights or attacks. He lost like a man and he walks out like a man.

[The fans cheer for Hernandez as Martinez climbs to his feet, walking back to the corner where he retrieves his discarded chair and mic from earlier. He unfolds the chair, planting it in the middle of the ring.]

GM: And it looks like this little sit-in isn't over quite yet, Bucky.

BW: He hasn't learned his lesson yet?

GM: Apparently no-

[Sitting back down in the chair, Martinez takes a few deep breaths audible on the mic.]

RM: You can send anyone you want out here to face me but I'm not going anywhere until this is settled. I'm still here in this ring. I'm still sitting in this chair. And I'm still wait-

[But he's interrupted by a roar from the crowd. Martinez immediately stands up straight, watching as another man makes his way out of the dugout, walking with purpose down the aisle.]

GM: TODD MICHAELSON IS HERE!

BW: After all this, they're going to send out the guy with the gimpy back?!

[One of the AWA's co-owners quickly makes his way down the aisle, dressed in a olive green suit. He climbs the ringsteps before stepping through the ropes. Martinez stares straight ahead, waiting for Todd to enter the ring. Michaelson stands toe to toe with Martinez, and gestures for the mic. The World Champion obliges the request with a nod of his head.]

GM: This should be very interesting. One of the owners of this company. One of the men who helped trained Ryan Martinez for his showdown with Supreme Wright at SuperClash. These two men are friends, Bucky.

BW: This ain't about friendship. This is about business and right now, Martinez is messing with Michaelson's business.

[Michaelson shakes his head with the slightest of grins.]

TM: "Oh no, Todd. You don't need to go on the road with us. We've got everything under control. You stay and make sure the kids in the Corner get trained right."

[Another shake of the head.]

TM: They told me I didn't need to be here... but here I am... just to make sure the show went off without a hitch.

And here you are... stopping my show cold in its tracks. Can't have that, kid.

[Ryan doesn't move an inch. Michaelson smirks in response.]

TM: And I thought dealing with your old man was tough. You might be even more hard headed than he was.

[Ryan doesn't react to the comparison that Michaelson obviously hoped would break the ice.]

TM: Well, champ... like I said, here I am...

You've beaten up Doll... sent Cesar packing...

[Michaelson spreads his arms wide.]

TM: You gonna kick my ass too?

[Martinez shakes his head no, but then, without the benefit of the microphone, speaks loud enough to be heard, as he says "just give me the match, Todd, and I'll go." Michaelson nods.]

TM: I get it, Ryan. I really do. I understand what it's like, wanting to get your hands on someone, wanting to break them into a million pieces. Hell, the world knows I've got my own history with Temple... a personal history. The man threatened my wife. He assaulted me... hit me with that same fireball he used on you.

So, I can assure you that I'd be the person cheering the loudest when you chopped that psychopath to hell and back.

[Michaelson grimaces, rubbing his chin.]

TM: But that's not my call anymore. When we hired Landon O'Neill to be the new AWA President... Jon, Bobby, and I... even Blue... we all promised to stay out of his way. We told him that he called the shots and we were here to support those choices.

I just got off the phone with him...

[The World Champion shakes his head, knowing what's coming.]

TM: And he says that there is no way in hell that the AWA would EVER sanction a match between you and Caleb Temple after what he's done to you - to O'Connor - since SuperClash.

[That causes Martinez to take a step forward, and puts Michaelson back a step, hands raised defensively.]

TM: Hold on! Let me finish!

[Martinez pauses, nodding.]

TM: Look... you don't want to hear this but... he's got a point. I've got eyes... we've all got eyes and we've been watching this go down since SuperClash. The fireball... the throw off the ramp... what he did to O'Connor three weeks ago.

He's on a suicide mission, Ryan. Time has caught up to him. His body is a wreck. His mind is in pieces. He's got enough left for one more shot... one more try to finish the job he started back in Los Angeles so many years ago.

One more chance to destroy your family.

[He shakes his head.]

TM: No matter what the doctor says, you're not a hundred percent. That shoulder is wrecked. Your eye, your back, hell, I'm guessing that arm of yours is still hurting from November.

[Michaelson points to the World Title.]

TM: You've got bigger responsibilities now. You can't let the whims of a madman drag you down to hell. You're the World Heavyweight Champion... think about everything you've sacrificed to get there and what you're going to need to do to stay there.

And the truth is, Landon O'Neill isn't going to take even the slightest chance of the World Title falling into the clutches of that madman.

That's not my call... but I agree with it one hundred percent.

[Ryan again starts to step forward but stops as Michaelson lifts a hand.]

TM: That was my official sales pitch... the one I told them I'd give. The one you needed to hear. That's me trying to be the logical one... the one to talk you down off this cliff you're on, looking down into the fire trying to figure out when to jump.

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: But to hell with that.

[The crowd cheers!]

TM: Everything I just told you is true. You should not look for a match with Caleb Temple... but you and I both know that's not going to happen. If we

don't put the two of you in a ring, you're going to finish this in a parking lot... in an alley... wherever you can get your hands on him and wherever he can get his hands on you.

The AWA will NOT sanction a match between Ryan Martinez and Caleb Temple.

[Martinez' eyes flare with anger.]

TM: Listen to me, kid. The AWA will not... SANCTION... a match between Ryan Martinez and Caleb Temple.

[Mollified for the first time, Martinez nods his head, letting Todd continue.]

TM: But there's not a single soul in this locker room, in the office, in O'Neill's office, nowhere... that is going to stand in your way if you want to fight that piece of trash!

[BIG CHEER FROM THE TURNER FIELD CROWD! Martinez slowly nods, grabbing Todd's wrist to pull the mic in front of him.]

RM: So, you're telling me that if I challenge Caleb Temple to a fight in this ring, no one is going to get in the way of it happening?

[Michaelson nods, pulling the mic back.]

TM: That's exactly what I'm saying.

You can't wrestle him. You can't put the gold on the line. But you can fight him. You can make him bleed! You can make him scream! You can beat him senseless for all the pain and heartache that he put people through over the years! You can do it for your father! You can do it for Jeff Matthews and Adam Rogers! Hell, kid... you can do it for me!

[The crowd is roaring now as a smile comes across the face of the champion.]

RM: Good. Then that's what I'm doing.

Caleb Temple. I am challenging you to a fight. Not a match, a fight.

[The crowd ROARS!]

RM: Unsanctioned...

No Disqualification...

No Holds Barred...

Anything Goes...

Lights Out!!!

I'll go to the back. I'll go get ready for Bryant. I'll defend the title tonight like I promised and like Dave Bryant DESERVES!

[The crowd cheers that as Martinez slings the title belt over his shoulder, staring into the camera.]

RM: But you are going to fight me Caleb Temple. I don't know when... I don't know where... but I do know it'll happen.

And you are going to be sent back into the darkness.

Count on it.

[Martinez drops the microphone, and then moves past Todd, satisfied that he'll get the fight he's been wanting as the fans roar in response!]

GM: Oh my stars! Ryan Martinez has issued the most dangerous challenge of his career! He wants Caleb Temple in an Unsanctioned Match!

BW: The AWA front office just got put on mandatory overtime.

GM: Why is that?

BW: Because they're about to hold another tournament to crown a new World Champion after Temple cripples this dumb kid.

GM: You're making light of it, Bucky... but that very well could happen. That very well could be the case. Ryan Martinez will not put the title on the line against Caleb Temple but he IS in fact putting the title on the line because if he gets injured at the hands of the King of the Death Match, that title WILL be stripped! The title he worked so hard for WILL be taken away from him!

BW: And that would be the ultimate victory for Caleb Temple, Gordo.

GM: It certainly would. Fans, this situation just got very, very dangerous for the World Heavyweight Champion... who still has to defend his title later tonight against a two-time former World Champion in Dave Bryant!

BW: This may be Bryant's night, Gordo. Martinez is distracted. He's thinking about Temple. He's not thinking about the World Title or defending it! Maybe Bryant sneaks in the back door, knocks him flat with a superkick, and walks out of here as the first-ever THREE time AWA World Heavyweight Champion, daddy!

GM: It could happen... but that's later tonight... right now, let's take a look at this pre-recorded feature and hear from one of the participants in our next match!

[We fade away from the ring to black. The shot opens in a dark room. The concrete walls are sweating as orange light flickers over them. The source of the meagre light comes from torches set around an altar. The altar is

devoted to the God of Chaos and Violence, Sutekh. A mask of the Sutekh animal, the composite of an aardvark and jackal. The horrible avatar looks down over the shirtless and bowed form of Jericho Kai.

He is surrounded by his jackals, the Walking Dead. His muscular back is raw and striped with marks of the lash. At the altar's right stands the Priestess Poet, a lash in her hand. Unique Allah and Henri LeMarques hold Kai's arms out and keep his head pressed down. The camera turns to an angle where Jericho's pained face is visible.]

JK: Sutekh, Lord of the Storm, I bow before you in penance. I have failed you. I have failed to conquer Herakles. I bow before you in submission and beg of you the strength to conquer my enemies and set Your Wrath upon them. Give me your penance!

[With an enraged shriek, Poet steps forward and delivers a lash to his back. Jericho's body jumps and convulses. His head shakes, the nest of his dreadlocks spasming in rhythm with his body.]

JK: Sutekh, Lord of Chaos, I bow before you in penance. I have failed you. But I shall not fail you again. I bow before you in submission and beg of you the strength to punish the unbeliever, Manny Imbrogno. Give me your strength!

[With an enraged shriek, Poet steps forward and delivers another lash to his back. Jericho cringes in pain. He grits his teeth.]

JK: Sutekh, Lord of the Desert, I bow before you in penance. I have failed you. But I shall not fail you again. I bow before you in submission and beg of you the power to destroy your enemies and mine and spread Your word. Give me your power!

[Poet steps forward again, raining lashes down on Kai freely. LeMarques and Allah grip him tightly, holding him under the storm of punishment until Kai's cringing and pain transforms into a terrible laughter. Kai wrenches free of their grip and stands with a horrible light gleaming in his crazed green eyes.]

JK: Thank you, Sutekh. Thank you.

[He begins to laugh maniacally again.]

JK: Manny Imbrogno, you have no idea what you face. When I make the crossing to Atlanta in Turner Field you will recognize that I am not the man you so casually dismissed. You think you understand all the mysteries of this world and the universe because you can type words into a computer?

[More laughter.]

JK: Man, there's so much more to this world than the limits of human understanding. I have chosen to make an example of you, Imbrogno. The world may think they saw me fail against Herakles, but I will let them know that my message is still as powerful as it has ever been. You bow to your

true Gods or you get taken by the jackals. Manny, you will be taken by the jackals.

[The camera holds on the focused eyes of Kai as we slowly fade away to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 238 pounds... he is the World's Smartest Man... Mr. Mensa...

MANNNNNNNYYYY IMBROOOOGNOOOOO!

[Manny Imbrogno stands next to the ring announcer. He's wearing a tweed blazer with elbow patches and a mensa emblem on the crest. A pair of bright blue trunks peeks out underneath as do the matching kneepads. His bright white boots bear his initials in black script as he cradles his Kindle in his arm.]

PW: And now... a poem from Mr. Imbrogno...

[Imbrogno takes the mic to cheers.]

"They call me Mr. Mensa...
I'm the World's Smartest Man.
But all the intelligence in all the world
Can't save a broken man.

My failings are innumerable.
So high for most to count.
And when I try to climb above it
It's a hill I cannot mount.

My best friend's mind twisted and bent.
Damaged beyond repair.
As I stride down the lane of memories,
I am filled with great despair.

Can he be helped?
Can I find a way to save?
The questions build and build.
Jericho Kai stands to rave.

He talks of long dead people.
He worships forgotten gods.
He builds an army of the hopeless.
To set us against great odds.

But I come one more time to face him.
To do battle, to wage war.
Without his soldiers, he stands vulnerable.
My hopes have started to soar.

I stand alone this night.
I stand alone to fight.
I stand alone to face a monster.
Who turns to man in light.

The battle will wage long.
Between myself and the one called Kai.
The sacrifice may be great.
But for my friend, no sacrifice is too high.

[Imbrogno bows his head, lowering the Kindle and handing the mic off to the ring announcer as he backs to his corner, preparing for battle.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A cloud of smoke envelops the aisle, pouring from the dugouts as a haunting voice rings out over the PA system.]

#This little light of mine
I'm going to let it shine
Oh, this little light of mine
I'm going to let it shine

Hallelujah

This little light of mine
I'm going to let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine#

[The smoke turns a deep red - a blood red - as a figure emerges from the shadow. He is all alone on this night.]

PW: Weighing in at 235 pounds... from the darkness...

JERICHOOOOOOO KAAAAAAAAAAAAAI!

[After a few more moments, Jericho Kai emerges. He looks out over the crowd, a beautiful but twisted smile on his face. He is garbed in Egyptian robes, a pharaoh's crown on his head. He slowly begins to walk towards the ring as the smoke covers much of his body.]

GM: Remember, fans... Jericho Kai is barred from having any of his minions out here with him for this one. That means none of the Walking Dead... nor his usual accompaniment in Poet. If he's going to beat a very determined Manny Imbrogno tonight, he's going to have to do it by himself, fans.

[Kai reaches the ring, slithering up the steps to stand on the apron. He is a handsome, bronze-skinned man, leanly muscular with light green eyes. He wears a neatly groomed goatee without the moustache. His hair is shoulder-length, tightly-coiled, thin and neat dreadlocks with the tips dyed blonde.

His left shoulder is tattooed with the heads of the Egyptian deities: Amun-Ra, Thoth, Ma'at, Seth, Sekhmet and Anubis in a circle. His ring gear is made up of royal blue trunks with kilted panels over the front and back. A gold ankh decorates the front piece while Kai written in gold print decorates the back. He wraps his hands and wrists in black tape like casts. He wears knee-high thong-wrapped gladiator sandals and shinguards like greaves over them.]

GM: The man truly creates an eerie scene stepping into that ring, Bucky.

BW: He's just an unsettling individual. Think about what we just saw him doing in that pre-taped segment. He was being BEATEN by his own allies as some kind of... penance, I guess... for failing to win the National Title. What kind of person does that?

GM: The truly devoted, I suppose. A borderline zealot perhaps.

[Kai prepares for battle, staring across at Imbrogno who - quite frankly - suddenly doesn't look as confident as he did moments early. He is bouncing on the balls of his feet, trying to stay loose for battle as Johnny Jagger steps between the two men... and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Imbrogno storms across the ring, throwing himself into a forearm smash that bullrushes Kai back into the corner. Mr. Mensa takes aim, tearing into the muscular chest of Kai with chop after chop before grabbing the arm, whipping him across.]

GM: Imbrogno starts out hot, sending him from corner to corner...

[The World's Smartest Man rushes across the ring, leaping up to plant his feet on the thighs of Kai...

...and tosses him halfway across the ring, dumping him down to the mat with a monkey flip!]

GM: Monkey flip out of the corner by Imbrogno!

[Imbrogno scrambles up to his feet, waving a hand for Kai to rise. As he does, Imbrogno races across the ring, leaping up to snare Kai's head between his legs in an old school flying headscissors. There's a pause as Imbrogno gives a fistpump to the cheering fans...

...and then takes him down with the headscissors to even more cheers!]

GM: A little bit of old school offense out of the World's Smartest Man!

BW: Kai's totally been taken out of his game here... bailing out to the floor to try and find a way to regroup after that flurry of offense from Imbrogno.

GM: But Manny's coming after him!

[Mr. Mensa grabs the top rope, giving it a yank to propel himself over the top towards Kai...

...who steps out of the way, causing Imbrogno to slam down hard on the barely padded dirt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Hah! So much for being the World's Smartest Man! That was a DUMB move right there and he paid for it!

[Kai leans on the ring apron, shaking the cobwebs as he looks down at the prone Imbrogno. He pushes off the apron, blasting him with a vicious kick to the ear, rolling Mr. Mensa over onto his back.]

GM: Jericho Kai sees an opening right here and he's looking to take advantage of it, dragging Imbrogno up off the ringside mats...

[He drapes an arm casually over Imbrogno's shoulders, patting him lightly on the chest.]

GM: This guy is just plain strange. Is he trying to make nice with Manny now? After what he did to BC Da Mastah MC?

[Mr. Mensa fires back, burying a hard elbow into the face of Kai who staggers back...

...and then uses a handful of trunks to pull Imbrogno into a stiff forearm shot to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Kai goes downstairs to the lower back... look out!

[The crowd groans as Kai lifts Imbrogno up into the air...

...and then drops out, dropping him spinefirst lengthwise on the ring apron as Kai drops down to his rear on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's gonna send Imbrogno straight to the chiropractor, daddy!

GM: Good grief! I'll be surprised if he can even WALK after that!

[Kai sits on the floor, a smirk crossing his face which draws even more jeers from the crowd who can see the smile on the big screen. The rulebreaker slithers back to his feet, burying a forearm into the gut of the stretched out Imbrogno. A second and third follow before he shoves him under the ropes, climbing up on the ring apron.]

GM: Imbrogno gets rolled back in and Kai's coming after him.

[Kai steps through the ropes, launching into a vicious stomp to the kidneys... and again... and again. The barrage of stomps forces Imbrogno to roll away from him, trying to get a breather as Kai circles in on him.]

GM: Mr. Mensa's using the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet...

[The leader of the Walking Dead leans forward, lighting touching his forehead to Manny Imbrogno's for a moment...

...and then SMASHES his skull into the World's Smartest Man's!]

GM: Headbutt! And another!

[With Imbrogno dazed, Kai grabs the wrist, whipping him out...

...and then pulling him back into an elbowstrike to the heart!]

GM: Ohh!

[Imbrogno drops to a knee as Kai stands over him, spreading his arms wide to the jeers of the Turner Field crowd. He leans over, embracing Imbrogno tightly, dragging him to his feet...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: BELLY TO BELLY!

[Kai DRIVES Mr. Mensa into the canvas, settling into a lateral press.]

GM: Count of one! There's two! And that's all!

[Kai pushes up to his knees, running a hand over his forehead as he looks up at the official. He climbs to his feet, dropping back down to his knees with a palm strike to the heart!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: A really unique offensive blow there. It's similar to a fistdrop but instead of the closed fist, he gets an open palm to the heart.

[The Walking Dead leader slams the hand into the heart again... and again... and again with Imbrogno shuddering from each and every blow. He drags Imbrogno up by a handful of hair, dragging him towards the corner where he flings him into it.]

GM: Kai with a back elbow to the ear!

[Kai leans in, driving his elbow in a half dozen times before grabbing the back of the head, throwing Imbrogno down to the canvas.]

GM: Jericho Kai tosses him down like he's nothing. Like he's garbage.

BW: To Kai, he is. To Kai, Imbrogno is absolutely nothing and worthless. He's trash under his feet. He's dirt.

GM: We get the point.

BW: You sure? I can tell you how pathetic Imbrogno is for days.

[Kai drops down to his knees, staring at the downed Imbrogno. Mr. Mensa pulls himself to all fours as Kai lunges forward, hooking a front facelock, slamming his knee up into the top of the skull...]

GM: Kneestrikes to the head...

[Holding the front facelock, Kai rolls Imbrogno to his back, rolling into a mount position, battering Imbrogno with backhands to the side of the face and head.]

GM: Oh! Repeated backhands to the face! He's absolutely brutalizing Imbrogno here...

[Kai gets up, staring down at Imbrogno, shouting at him to get up.]

GM: Kai's screaming at him, ordering him to get off the mat...

[Ultimately, Kai decides to bring Imbrogno up, dragging him up by the hair, pulling him into a head and arm hold, leaning them backwards...

...and spits right in his face!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Kai muscles him up into the air, throwing him down violently in a legsweep uranage!]

GM: OHHHHH! THE WRATH OF SUTEKH!

[Kai slips around to the other side of Imbrogno, gripping the heart of Mr. Mensa...]

GM: One. Two. Three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The leader of the Walking Dead slowly rises to his feet, allowing his hand to be raised by the referee as he stares down at the motionless Imbrogno.]

GM: Wow, fans... I have to say that I'm more than a little surprised by the show of dominance put on here by Jericho Kai. Manny Imbrogno managed a flurry of offense at the start of the match but when Kai took control, it was all him leading him to the end of it.

BW: Total domination! And Jericho Kai just sent a message to the entire AWA locker room - watch out because the jackals may come for you next!

[With a nod, Kai steps through the ropes to the outside of the ring, heading back up the aisle as we slowly fade to black.]

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade to black.

And then back up to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back to the Duel On The Diamond, fans, where we've still got some big matches to come including Supreme Wright taking on Bobby O'Connor, our World Television Title showdown, Hannibal Carver getting his hands on Johnny Detson, and of course, the World Title defense pitting Ryan Martinez against the two-time World Champion Dave Bryant! But before we get to all that, it was a few weeks back that a new tag team called Next Gen made its debut. As you will recall, fans, Next Gen was interrupted during their interview by The Longhorn Riders, who sounded pretty upset that they hadn't had a match in some time.

BW: You can't blame 'em, Gordo. The tag team scene has picked up here and the Riders clearly want to get themselves in contention for the titles, but there hasn't been a team willing to face them.

GM: I seriously doubt the Riders' claims that other teams are scared of them, especially after Next Gen made it clear they would take them on any time.

BW: And that match hasn't happened yet, Gordo. Big talk to go in and say you'll take somebody on, and then you don't bother to get that match signed.

GM: And if you'll remember, Bucky, the Riders declined that opportunity when Next Gen suggested it, but the Riders wanted to have a match first. They got that recently at a house show in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where the AWA made a stop prior to arriving here in Atlanta.

BW: Yeah, and Next Gen was there as well, taking a match against a new team receiving a tryout, The Texas Highwaymen. Their manager is a good friend of mine, by the way.

GM: I'm sure you'll have more to say about those men in the near future, assuming they come to terms with the AWA. But right now, we're going to take you to those highlights from Chattanooga, and as you can see, tensions between the Riders and Next Gen have only escalated.

[We go to the footage, with the chyron at the bottom of the screen reading "Chattanooga, Tennessee," of the final minutes of a match between The

Longhorn Riders and the team of Nick Crick and Miles Giles. The Riders are having their way with their opposition, as Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson call the action.]

MS: Pete and Jim Colt with another double clothesline on Miles Giles! He's not even moving... I think the Riders have proven their point already.

CP: Hey, when you haven't had a match in months, you got to have a little bit of time to work out the ring rust.

MS: Pete Colt now picking up Giles... now with a flapjack toss right down to the canvas. And look at this... now he's dragging Nick Crick back into the ring! Why?

[Pete flips Crick over the ropes, ignoring the referee's protests, then presses him overhead, and slams him right on top of Giles.]

CP: Look at that move, Stegglet! Pete effortlessly slams Crick, and his partner Giles suffered from it as well! That's impressive!

MS: Crick never even tried to enter the ring, and Pete had no reason to bring him in. And now he just throws Crick through the ropes to the outside.

CP: And now Pete's gonna bring Jim back into the ring. And I'm betting they're gonna finish this.

[Pete tags in his brother Jim, then hoists Giles up in a bear hug as Jim scales the ropes. Jim then comes off the top, connecting with a vicious clothesline to send Giles to the canvas.]

MS: And Jim Colt with a top-rope clothesline... that has got to do it, fans.

CP: Not yet... Jim's shaking his head, saying he's not done.

MS: What more can he possibly do? Why does he even need to do more?

[Jim drags Crick to his feet, whipping him into the ropes, then connects with a vicious Yakuza kick.]

CP: Boot Hill, Stegglet! And now he's finished with him... there's the cover, there's the three count! What a dominating performance!

MS: The Longhorn Riders could have finished this a lot sooner.

CP: Hey, it's called sending a message to the rest of the tag teams, Stegglet.

[The Riders are announced as the winners and start jawing with ringside fans. We then cut to the footage of the final minutes of another match, this one featuring Next Gen against The Texas Highwaymen. Corporal Jake Garrison and Corporal Hank Lee are double teaming Daniel Harper in the corner, with the Highwaymen's manager, Sheriff Bob Boble, egging them

on, as the referee is tied up with Howie Somers, and Next Gen's manager, Julie Somers, also protesting.]

MS: The Highwaymen with a vicious assault on Harper in the corner! And the referee hasn't seen any of it!

CP: Hey, the referee's doing his job by making sure Howie Somers gets out of the ring when he's not the legal man.

MS: And all the while, both Highwaymen are in the ring illegally!

[Howie finally ducks between the ropes, just as Garrison does the same before the referee can catch him and Lee in the act. Lee now drags Harper into the ropes, then sends him into the ropes for a spinebuster.]

MS: Spinebuster by Lee... now he's pulling Harper up again.

CP: Got him cornered... and you can hear Bobley telling Lee to finish him off!

MS: Lee with an Irish whip to the opposite corner... and he follows in...

[Lee goes up for a dropkick, but Harper has the presence of mind to move out of the way, and Lee's feet catch the turnbuckles instead.]

MS: Dropkick missed! Lee staggering to his feet... Harper up from behind!

[Lee's back is turned to Harper, allowing the Next Gen member to grab him in a waistlock from behind, then throw him overhead with a German suplex. However, Harper is too winded to keep the waistlock in place and he and Lee are both down.]

CP: Whoa, did Harper ever get elevation on that German suplex! If he could have kept him hooked, it might have been over!

MS: Daniel Harper needs to get to his corner and make the tag! He's rolling toward his corner... can he get there in time?

CP: He might not... Lee is up to his knees... he could get to Garrison first!

MS: Garrison reaching over the ropes... Lee tags him in!

[As Garrison ducks between the ropes and moves forward, Harper then suddenly leaps across the ring where his partner Howie Somers is waiting.]

MS: HARPER MAKES THE TAG! Howie Somers going right after Garrison!

CP: And look at the force behind those right hands! If I were the referee, I'd be checking to see if those are closed fists!

MS: Somers running into the ropes... LEAPING SHOULDER TACKLE! And in comes Lee... LEAPING SHOULDER TACKLE AGAIN! Both Highwaymen are down!

[Not for long, as Howie pulls up Garrison, then reaches over to drag up Lee, taking them each by the head, then ramming their skulls together.]

CP: Bob Bobley better get his men to regroup, because Howie is having his way with both of them!

MS: Howie Somers sending Lee through the ropes... now has Garrison... he's hoisting him over his head... RYDEEN BOMB!

[Just then, a camera shot catches Jim Colt running to ringside, where he drags an exhausted Daniel Harper down from the apron, hitting him with several forearms, as Julie Somers backpedals, protesting. And then Pete Colt enters the scene, lumbering down the aisle and sliding underneath the ropes just as the referee is about to deliver the three count.]

MS: Wait a minute... THE LONGHORN RIDERS ARE HERE! Pete Colt kicking Howie Somers in the back of the head... and there's the bell!

CP: Next Gen wanted The Longhorn Riders in the ring... now they're going to ever regret asking for that to happen!

MS: There's no reason for the Riders to be here! Pete Colt stomping away on Howie Somers... Jim Colt just whipped Daniel Harper into the barricade... now he's getting into the ring!

[Julie goes to check on Daniel as the Riders now double up on Howie, each putting the boots to him, before they drag him off the canvas. Bobley and the Highwaymen, meanwhile, have beat a hasty retreat.]

MS: A double whip by the Riders... double clothesline takes Howie down! And now they go back to stomping away on him!

CP: The Riders already sent one message to the rest of the tag teams earlier tonight! Now they're sending one personally to Next Gen! Maybe next time these young punks will think twice before opening their mouths!

[Pete shouts instructions to his brother, as Jim now drags Howie up to his feet and holds him in place. Pete slaps Howie across the face, then prepares to run into the ropes...

...but then Pete goes tumbling over the top rope, as Daniel Harper just got onto the apron and pulled the rope down.]

MS: Daniel Harper is up! Pete Colt to the outside as Daniel returns to the ring... and Jim Colt is bailing out!

[Jim shoves Howie aside and quickly rolls out of the ring as Daniel comes after him. Julie Somes now slides in under the ropes, going to check on

Howie as Daniel shouts at Jim, getting into a defensive stance and daring Jim Colt to come into the ring.]

CP: And look at Daniel Harper wanting to get the Riders in the ring. Didn't he see what the Riders did to Nick Crick and Miles Giles earlier tonight? He and his partner won't stand a chance!

[Pete Colt joins his brother and is ready to get back into the ring, but Jim holds him back. Jim then shouts at Daniel, "Don't worry, you'll get that match!" and then motions to his brother to head up the aisle, although Pete hesitates at first, clearly wanting to get back in the ring. Howie has sat up now, and Daniel turns to help his partner to his feet, but casting his glance back at the Riders, an angry look on his face.]

We now cut to backstage where we have Sweet Lou Blackwell standing alongside the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is to Lou's left, dressed in an AWA T-shirt and blue jeans. To Lou's right is Julie Somers, dressed in a red T-shirt with "Next Gen" in white lettering and white shorts, and next to Julie is Daniel Harper, dressed in khakis and a black polo shirt.]

LB: Joining me at this time are the members of Next Gen... Julie Somers, I'll get right to it, next Saturday Night Wrestling, your men will face The Longhorn Riders, and it certainly looks like there's a lot to be settled.

JS: That's right, Lou... ever since we came to AWA, Pete and Jim Colt have been in our faces. Well, now it's time for the Riders to find out what happens when you do that for too long! The Riders are going to be the first team to find out that Howie and Daniel may still be a new team, but that doesn't make them intimidated, and it certainly doesn't make them easy to take down!

[Daniel Harper now leans in toward Sweet Lou. Daniel's brown eyes show a hint of anger.]

DH: Longhorn Riders, all I've heard from you is how everyone is scared to death to take you on! Well, we were right here, accepting your challenge any time you wanted it! Next thing we know, Jim is telling Pete to wait it out, and then instead of coming at us face to face with a time and date, you attack us from behind, when we've got our attention focused on another team! But now, you have to come face to face with us, when our attention isn't focused on somebody else, but when it's full and undivided right on the two of you! And you'll find out soon enough why you don't want to have it that way!

LB: [turning to Howie] Howie Somers, it certainly sounds like your partner wants the Riders in the worst way.

[The look in Howie's brown eyes is calmer, but the tone of his voice makes it clear he isn't happy.]

HS: You'll have to excuse Daniel, sir, because he's a bit hot under the collar, although it's hard for me to blame him. Longhorn Riders, you got your

tuneup match, and then you turn around and jump us during our match. That's a big mistake, because like Daniel said, you have our full and undivided attention! We're not looking at this as just another match on our way to the top, or just another chance to prove to the AWA we belong among the best. This has become personal, Riders, and after we get through with you, you'll certainly think twice before you jump us again. Believe me, sir, in two weeks' time, people will know you don't want to get on the bad side of Next Gen!

LB: All right, fans, we'll see that match in two weeks at Montgomery, Alabama! Gordon, let's get back to you!

[We crossfade back to ringside where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks, Lou. I can't wait for that one as the AWA tag team division seems to get hotter and hotter every week, Bucky.

BW: Everyone lining up to take their shot at the new World Tag Team Champions and RIGHTFUL Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions, the Lights Out Express!

GM: The L-O-E may very well be the World Tag Team Champions for the second time after their underhanded victory over Air Strike three weeks ago at the Anniversary Spectacular but Tiger Paw Pro has made it quite clear that they do not recognize Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong as THEIR champions. If Anderson and Strong want those titles, they'll have to face Air Strike again!

BW: Air Strike is so embarrassed about their utter failure as champions, I heard they're not even here tonight.

GM: Again, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz are fulfilling their obligations as the Tiger Paw Pro champions, on tour in Japan. But I'm told in two weeks, they'll be with us in Montgomery to address the situation with the Lights Out Express!

BW: Who are here tonight!

GM: They certainly are... and we'll hear from them later about their title win and about their recent live event title defense against the War Pigs. You won't want to miss that. But right now, fans-

[Suddenly, Gordon is interrupted by the sounds of "A New Game" by Tom Hedden of NFL Films as it starts over the stadium's PA system. The crowd erupts in jeers.]

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: I know! It's a real treat to have an athlete of the caliber of Frankie Farelli here tonight, Gordo! It's unbelievable!

GM: That's not exactly... well, at all really... what I meant.

[The jeers get louder at the sight of "First String" Frankie Farelli and Cheerleader Chastity Chamberlain as they approach the home plate area and start walking down the aisle.]

Frankie Farelli is a thickly-built man with short blonde hair and a gleaming smile. He's wearing a red Ohio State Buckeyes Starter jacket, red trunks with cream trim (with a small cream-white number 73 in the upper right corner), cream boots with the Ohio State logo on the side, red knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. As always, his hands are adorned by his precious 2004 Super Bowl ring, and his 2002 NCAA National Championship ring. The fans loudly boo the despised former NFL star.

Chamberlain is a tall, leggy, busty blonde who looks like she belongs on a centerfold. She wears a cheerleader outfit in Ohio State Buckeyes colors (red, cream, white). She carries around her pom-poms, and also has a large white bullhorn over her back, slung over her shoulder by a strap. As they reach the ring, Farelli waits for Chastity to hold the ropes open for him before stepping in, going into a full spin as the fans let him have it. He looks out at the Turner Field crowd with disdain as he gestures for the house mic.]

FF: Figures. Typical bone-headed Atlanta fans.

[Now they're REALLY letting 'im have it.]

FF: Now, you listen to me-

[Chastity stops him, leaning over to whisper into his ear. He looks puzzled at first and then a smile breaks out.]

FF: Of course, Chastity... of course. That makes perfect sense. You see, what my Head Cheerleader just reminded me of is that some of you might not recognize me. Which makes sense when you think about it. You may not recognize me because I'M a winner!

You're not used to seeing a winner like me when your local sports coverage highlights the pathetic Hawks who may be going to win the East but I think we all know they'll be bounced in the first round...

[Boos pour down on Farelli.]

FF: The absolutely miserable Falcons who haven't even SNIFFED a Super Bowl in fifteen years...

[Yeah, they really hate this guy.]

FF: And then there's the Braves... who are already the biggest losers in this ballpark tonight!

[MAJOR jeers for that cheap shot.]

FF: They lost to the Mets. The METS! There are Little League teams that can beat the friggin' Mets and your boys rolled over and got owned earlier tonight.

The Braves are maybe the most pathetic of all as everyone clings to one great run they had in the 90s... but those days are over.

The days of Hank Aaron... of Dale Murphy... even of some guy named Chipper...

[Big cheer for the Braves' trio of heroes!]

FF: Those days are gone! And in its place, you've got... what? Freddie Freeman?

[Farelli chuckles off the mic.]

FF: Let's face it, people. You can tomahawk chop until your arms fall off and it's not going to help these Bad News Braves get back to the World Series and become champions - like me - again!

[Farelli is loving life as these fans are on the verge of storming the ring and ripping his head off his shoulders. Suddenly, he snaps his finger, slapping his own forehead.]

FF: Wait, wait... I'm sorry.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

FF: I made a mistake. I said that the Braves were the biggest losers in this stadium... but I was wrong. The bigger loser in this stadium...

[He chuckles.]

FF: ...are all of you idiots who keep paying their money to see them!

[He breaks into laughter as trash starts to sail towards the ring. Farelli sidesteps a water bottle.]

FF: Nice throw, chump. With an arm like that, you could be the ace of the Braves' staff!

[More debris goes flying towards Farelli... and a bottle bounces off the back of his head, soaking him with water and drawing cheers from the fans. He spins around, totally irate.]

FF: Oh, I see! Someone has to jump me from behind to get at me! Someone has to jump me like that hyped up moron Gladiator did back at SuperClash! Hey, tough guy... why don't you come in here and fight me face to face like a man?

[Farelli continues to instigate the crowd, sitting on the second rope, waving at them to get into the ring.]

FF: No? No one's coming? Figures. You're as big of a coward as that Gladiator is too! Jump me from behind and then never bother to give me a rematch where I'm ready! You all are pathetic! The Braves are pathetic! The Gladiator is pathet-

[And that's when the ram's horn sounds.]

GM: We have company on the way!

BW: Yeah, the kind you don't want to answer the door for!

[Farelli suddenly drops down from the second rope as The Gladiator comes out from the entranceway. Gladiator, dressed in his wrestling attire but not the usual gladiator helmet, comes sprinting down the ramp and into the ring, just as Farelli quickly slides to the outside, dropping the house mic in the process. Chastity is quick to duck between the ropes as Gladiator advances in the direction of Farelli, who is already signaling time out.]

GM: It certainly doesn't look like Farelli wants a piece of The Gladiator.

BW: Of course not, Gordo! Not when there hasn't been a signed match! Farelli's too smart to fall for The Gladiator's trap again!

GM: It was hardly a trap at SuperClash... it was Farelli opening his mouth, laying out the challenge, and Gladiator making him regret it!

[Gladiator now picks up the house mic that Farelli just dropped and raises it up.]

G: SOUND THE BATTLE CRY, MY GLADIATORS!

[The crowd cheers in response. Gladiator now points a finger in Farelli's direction.]

G: YOU, FRANKIE FARELLI, SPEAK AS THOUGH YOU WERE JUMPED FROM BEHIND BY A COWARD AT SUPERCLASH, WHEN YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO IS GUILTY OF SUCH MACHINATIONS! WHILE YOU ISSUED YOUR OPEN CHALLENGE AT SUPERCLASH, AND I RESPONDED AS JUPITER AND JUNO COMMANDED ME, THERE WAS NEVER AN OPEN CHALLENGE ISSUED WHEN YOU ELECTED TO PURSUE A BRASS RING AND JUMPED THE RESPECTED CESAR HERNANDEZ WHEN HE EXPECTED ANOTHER TO FACE HIM!

[Farelli shouts a denial off-mic, angrily responding to Gladiator's charges.]

G: BUT TRY AS YOU WOULD TO SCHEME YOUR WAY TO A CHAMPIONSHIP, YOU WERE THWARTED BY THOSE WHO HAD RIGHTLY CLAIMED THEIR STAKE IN THE MATTER! AND NOW, YOU ARE REDUCED TO CALLING OUT MY GLADIATORS WHO, AS MUCH AS THEY WOULD LOVE NOTHING MORE THAN TO BRING YOU DOWN, PUT THEIR TRUST IN ME TO BLAZE A PATH

THROUGH THESE LANDS ON THE WAY TO TOTAL TRIUMPH, AND BRING DOWN SCOUNDRELS SUCH AS YOURSELF ONTO THEIR KNEES, GROVELING LIKE A CANINE!

[The crowd cheers, even though they may not understand everything.]

G: SO STEP FORWARD AND CLAIM THIS REMATCH YOU ARE DEMANDING! NO BETTER TIME THAN THE PRESENT TO SETTLE THIS MATTER, AND ALLOW ME TO PROVE, ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT I SHALL CONTINUE TO ADVANCE TOWARD WHATEVER MAY BE MY DESTINY, AND YOU SHALL ONLY WALLOW IN THE MUCK WHERE YOU BELONG!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snarl SNORT!

[...that happens, as Gladiator now tosses the mic to the mat, in the direction of Farelli. Farelli looks around at the roaring Turner Field crowd, urging him to accept the challenge...

...and grabs the mic.]

FF: You'd like that, wouldn't you?!

[Gladiator nods, now sitting on the middle rope and waving Farelli back into the ring.]

FF: You'd ALL like that, wouldn't you?!

[Big crowd reaction!]

FF: You'd like me to lose my temper, jump in there ill-prepared... without doing the proper strategy sessions... without watching game films... without the pre-match stretching routine...

No, no, no... I will not have it!

[The boos start to come down.]

FF: Gladiator, you might've gotten one over on me at SuperClash when you jumped me from behind and forced me into that match... but that won't happen here tonight.

But two weeks from tonight... I'll be ready for you.

[There's a mixed reaction to the match being made - jeers from those who thought they were about to see it.]

FF: But since you're all hyped up and about to have a seizure, I'll make you a deal, chief. How about I walk back to that locker room... and I FIND you an opponent for tonight!

[The crowd cheers as the Gladiator nods his head.]

FF: Good, that settles it. Hey, you losers at home with the remote in your hand. Don't you dare flip that channel - besides, football season is over so there's nothing better to change to - because when we come back, this pumped-up moron is going to have to try to put on a headlock without tripping over his own feet!

[More boos! Farelli laughs as he drops the mic, heading back down the aisle as the Gladiator paces around the ring...]

GM: Well, you heard it, fans! We're going to see Frankie Farelli taking on The Gladiator in a SuperClash rematch two weeks from tonight right here on The X but right now, he's going to go find an opponent for The Gladiator! I don't like the sound of that. We'll be right back!

[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 Dufrense 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 Dufrense 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!

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[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends.]

We fade back from commercial to find Gladiator still in the ring. Bruce "Wild and Crazy" Guy is in the ring with him, the bell has already sounded, and Gladiator is going right to work on Guy, hammering him with forearm smashes.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. During the break, Farelli got Bruce Guy to come out to the ring to take his place.

BW: Take his place for what? Farelli never agreed to a match... it was Gladiator who insisted on a match tonight! Farelli did him a favor by getting Guy to the ring, Gordo!

GM: I can only imagine what Farelli did to convince Guy to take this match.

BW: And what are you implying, Gordo? Just because a celebrity like Farelli autographs a football for somebody, it doesn't mean he expects something in return!

GM: I'm just going to let the fans draw their own conclusions on Bucky's point.

[Meanwhile, Gladiator has picked up Guy for a bodyslam, then he bounces off the ropes and drops an elbow. He then gets to his feet, reaching up skyward.]

GM: And Gladiator in control of this match early.

BW: Gordo, anyone who goes mumbling about whatever gods are watching from above isn't in control of anything!

[Gladiator turns back to his opponent, dragging Guy off the canvas again.]

GM: Gladiator now backing Guy into the corner... a pair of forearms doubles him over. An Irish whip to the opposite corner... OH MY!

[Gladiator runs right into Guy in the corner with a hard clothesline, and Guy slumps over.]

GM: Nowhere for Guy to go after that hard clothesline!

BW: Well, don't think it's gonna be that easy when the day comes that Farelli gets his rematch with this maniac!

GM: I'm sure Gladiator will look forward to that day... he's pulling Guy up again... lifts him up and gets the inverted atomic drop!

[All of a sudden, Gladiator runs into the ropes, then leaps forward at his opponent.]

GM: OH MY! A vicious spear tackle! Shades of SuperClash, Bucky!

BW: How dare you bring that up! Stop disrespecting a great athlete like Farelli by reminding everyone about one of the biggest travesties to ever happen!

[Gladiator has been reaching skyward again, and now drags Guy up off his feet once more.]

GM: Gladiator has Bruce Guy... now he presses him overhead! Look at that strength!

BW: All that strength and no brains to go with it, Gordo!

GM: Gladiator still pressing Guy overhead... OH MY!

[Gladiator has just dropped Guy down over his shoulder, then delivers a vicious powerslam.]

GM: That has got to be it, fans!

[Gladiator covers his opponent, then nods his head with each slap of the canvas the referee makes for the three count.]

GM: And there's the three count! Gladiator with another win... nobody has been able to find a way to beat this man so far, Bucky!

BW: Well, the day will soon come when Farelli gets Gladiator in the ring, and has a chance to be ready for him, and I'll bet anything that Farelli will find a way to get it done!

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky. But the first thing Farelli needs to do is get into the ring for that match.

[Gladiator has his arm raised in victory, and he briefly soaks in the cheers from the crowd, before ducking between the ropes and heading back up the aisle.]

GM: Let's go backstage to our own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell!

[Fade to backstage at Turner Field where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is at his position, doing his duty.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is the AWA World Television champion and whether you love him or hate him you've got to tune in for his latest title defense against the challenger, Supernova. Has Shadoe Rage finally bitten off more than he can chew? Well, let's ask him. My guest, Shadoe Rage.

[Blackwell looks off camera, stage left as Shadoe Rage slides into the shot, dressed in his ring gear. He wears a red white and black leather robe and clutches the fuchsia and silver AWA World Television title over his left shoulder. In his right hand he carries an old clamshell cellphone. Behind him, the silent Marissa Monet takes her place wearing an oversized Shadoe Rage T-shirt.]

SR: Bitten off more than I can chew, Sweet Lou?

[Rage opens his mouth as wide as it can go to show an impressive bite radius.]

SR: I got strong jaws and sharp teeth. Here.

[He tosses the clamshell phone to Sweet Lou who struggles awkwardly to catch it.]

SLB: What's this?

SR: That's a phone, Sweet Lou. For Supernova to use to call the last person to figure out how to handle me.

[Blackwell puts the phone up to his ear.]

SLB: Hello? Hello? There's nobody on the other end.

SR: Of course there's nobody on the other end of the phone. Because there's nobody that knows what to do with me.

[Rage faces towards the camera.]

SR: Supernova, you definitely can't handle me in front of a sold out Turner Field. I am the AWA World Television champion. I am today. And after our match I will continue to be the AWA World Champion. You can't take this belt from me.

SLB: Supernova laid down the challenge on our last show at Crockett Coliseum. He had some issues with the way you treated his mentor, Sweet Daddy Williams in your last televised title defense. And now he's staking his claim for that championship that you hold so dearly. I'd say that makes for a serious threat to your belt!

[Rage presses his finger to Blackwell's lips, silencing him.]

SR: That's because you don't understand what you're talking about, Sweet Lou. That's because you've been fooled by the man in the black and yellow face paint. But I haven't been fooled. (shaking his head) No, I have not. Look at how I came to be champion, Blackwell. I became top contender to this belt by throwing a man off a scaffold and putting him out of wrestling for months on end. I became AWA World Television champion by putting my knee through a man's temple and putting him out of wrestling for good. I'm a man that analyses and attacks my opponents' weaknesses, who

understands their limits and how far they will go. And I understand Supernova.

SLB: Really, I can't wait to hear this.

SR: Supernova is a talented wrestler. He's a big strong athlete. And if the stakes weren't so high, I'd be reluctant to match up with him. But the stakes are high. The stakes are too high for him. I've looked into his soul and seen that he will never go as far as I will to take this belt from me.

SLB: What are you talking about?

SR: He's a coward. That's why he hides behind the face paint. Supernova suffers from stagefright!

SLB: Stagefright? What are you talking about?

SR: I'm talking about the truth, Blackwell! I'm talking about nothing but the pure unadulterated truth.

[Rage directs all his intensity and attention through the lens.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country, Supernova is frightened of the big stage. He's frightened of the big moment! That makeup? It's meant to hide who he is. It's meant to take the pressure off him. Nobody really knows what he looks like under that paint, right? See, that means he can hide in plain sight. And that makes him feel a little better because he can't stand the spotlight. Funny that a guy named Supernova can't take the heat, but he can't. He never could. Sweet Lou Blackwell, the man is just terrified to succeed.

SLB: This is absolutely outrageous!

SR: Outrageous? He has to hide behind Sweet Daddy Williams to justify claiming the title for himself. He can't just say that he wants it. I can. I can tell everybody that this World Title is mine. I can admit that it means everything to me. Supernova can't. He can't reveal his heart's desire. He can't reveal his face because he's too scared too. No, he's got to hide behind the paint. He's got to hide behind causes. Why do you think he fell short at SuperClash III? He had the National Title in his grasp but he failed because he was too scared to grab the gold. Dufresne wasn't. And so the champion prevailed. And Supernova pretty much disappeared too scared to challenge for a title again. Fast forward to this past SuperClash. Everybody knew it was a bad idea to take on Callum Mahoney as a partner.

SLB: Supernova is a good man.

SR: He's a fool! He knew what was going to happen! But he was too scared to say no. In fact, he wanted it to happen. He wanted Mahoney to betray him. You know why? It took the spotlight off him. He sabotaged himself so he didn't have to worry about stealing the spotlight and having all that attention on him. He crumbled once again. And now he thinks he can hang for ten minutes with the AWA's greatest world champion?

[He snorts derisively.]

SR: Supernova, let me explain to you what a World Television Title match is. It's ten minutes of pure Hell. All the pressure is on the challenger. You've got to attack and attack and attack. You've got to come at me in ten minutes and break me down to the point that I give up. You don't have thirty minutes. You don't have an hour. Fatigue isn't a factor. There's no time to change strategy if something goes wrong and all the while that clock is ticking in your head. And that pressure just presses on you. It gets more and more intense and you start to wonder what will it take. If you're a man like me it takes one knee to the temple. But a man like you. A man who can't take the pressure? Well, it takes one knee to the temple too. It takes one shot to put you down like a dog. It takes one shot to put you out of your misery because this is all too much for you. And I'm going to prove it out there.

You couldn't hang thirty minutes with the old National champion. And you won't be able to hang ten minutes with me. But you know that don't you. And that's why you want me. I know why. You want to be put of your misery, you dying star. Have no fear. I'll take all your fear and make it go away. One hit and it'll all fade to black and then you can run away and hide again, lying to these people that you gave it your best shot. But you and I will know the real truth. And now, Sweet Lou, you and everybody else know the truth too. Marissa, down that aisle. It's time for Supernova to die ... in darkness!

[Rage sweeps off stage with Marissa in tow, leaving a shocked Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Sometimes I can't believe the things that come out of that man's mouth! Ladies and gentlemen, I think Supernova is going to prove him a liar! Gordon, let's go back to you.

[We fade back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and while that World Television Title match is coming up a little later tonight, right now we've got company inside that ring.

[We cut inside the ring where the spunky cruiserweight known as TORA is pacing back and forth, mic in hand.]

T: I've had enough of this!

[TORA throws a hand at the ring in an empty gesture.]

T: I've been sitting back there for hours now, wondering if my old tag team partner and the man that I used to be PROUD to call my friend was going to show the guts to get inside this ring here with me tonight. For three weeks, I've been wondering. I've called the office. I've left messages for Brian. I've done everything but show up at his house with an engraved invitation.

For the past five months, I've done nothing but try to figure out how to salvage our friendship, Brian.

But for the past three weeks, I've done nothing but try to figure out how to make you pay for the man that you've become!

[Big cheer!]

T: So, why don't you get your sorry self out here and pay the price that you owe all of these people... and ME... for what you did to all of us.

[As TORA paces back and forth in the ring, the opening guitar riff of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blasts over the loudspeakers.]

BW: Here we go!

GM: At last, TORA is going to get his chance to pay Brian James back for his heinous actions at SuperClash!

[As the fans' boos fill Turner Field, out steps... not Brian James.]

GM: What the!

BW: Settle down Gordo, you're in the presence of a Hall of Famer!

[It's not Brian James, but rather, his manager, Brian Lau that is taking confident strides towards the ring. Tonight, Lau is wearing a pair of white pants, white shoes, and a white suit coat, over a black shirt with a similarly black tie. Over his eyes is a pair of Oliver Peoples Victory sunglasses, the lenses a cognac color. Lau takes his time getting to the ring, and though we can't hear him, his lips are already moving, as he points to TORA, making shoo-ing motions with his hands, demanding TORA retreat to the far corner.]

GM: TORA is deeply upset by this turn of events, and who can blame him?

BW: I can! TORA should be out there jumping for joy that Brian Lau is taking time out of his busy schedule to deal with him!

[Lau ascends the ring steps, only for TORA to rush forward. Immediately, Lau retreats down the steps, moving towards the announcer's booth. Lau motions for the house microphone to be brought to him and lifts it up to his mouth, and then stops as the crowd continues to boo. Hand over the mic, he can be heard admonishing the fans to be silent. At last, as they calm some, Lau approaches the ring again, only for TORA to again charge at the corner, which puts Lau back on the ground.]

BL: Whatever thoughts are in that head of yours, you get rid of them right now. If you touch me, I promise you, there is zero chance you will ever get what you want. So listen closely, TORA. You have one chance to back off. Or I leave right now, and you'll have to live your life a Braves fan – longing for the days when you could get what you wanted and when people thought you were any good!

[Boos for Lau, who stands firm, once more motioning for TORA to get back into the corner. Frustrated, but aware that Lau will happily turn and leave, TORA finally steps back until he's in the corner. Satisfied, Lau enters the ring, all smug smiles as he regards TORA.]

BL: I know that, as a member of the Dumbest Generation, you've got an incredibly short attention span, so I'll try to hit the most important point first.

Brian James is not here tonight. You will not be facing him.

[Boos from the fans.]

BL: Of course you're disappointed! I'd boo too, knowing that instead of watching the brutal poetry of Brian James dismantling his opponent you're instead going to be subjected to the lumbering, leaden, clubfooted spectacle that will be Old Man Bryant doddering his way through a match tonight!

Feel free to boo, I would too, if I'd paid money for that!

[As the boos grow louder, Lau continues to act with false sympathy, saying "I know, I know" and "Bryant isn't that terrible - okay he is" to the booing fans. Finally, Lau turns back to TORA.]

BL: Now you need to understand, this isn't because Brian James doesn't want to come down here and Blackheart Punch you until the lights go out behind your eyes. This isn't because Brian James can't wait to lock you into his Thai Clinch and knee fury you until your face, arms and ribs are broken into fine powder.

And this damn sure isn't because Brian James is afraid of you.

Brian James isn't here because of what you said three weeks ago! That's right, TORA. This is all your fault!

[The fans begin to boo again, and Lau nods with them, pointing to TORA, shaking his head, "agreeing" with them that this is TORA's fault.]

BL: You see, between Brian James and I, there is a strict division of labor. Everything that happens between these ropes is the domain of Brian James. I might stand back and offer some advice, but this ring is Brian James' domain. Here, he is lord and master, and all I do is stand in the corner and watch as he makes short work of everyone foolish or unlucky enough to get in his way.

But outside the ring? That's my domain, TORA. Not because I'm in charge. Oh no. I'm not in charge of anything where Brian James is concerned. All I do is... facilitate Brian James' career. Not because he needs me to, because the most important thing for Brian James is to take care of things between the opening and the closing bell. My job is do everything else, so that Brian James can do what he does best.

So, two weeks ago, I was listening as you spoke. And that's when I decided that I, as a man of good conscience, cannot allow Brian James to sully his sterling reputation by taking you on.

Two weeks ago, you came out here and you detailed for all the world your "brilliant" plan. You spoke, so touchingly about all your hopes and dreams. You told the whole world what you wanted. And I was listening, and do you know what I heard, TORA?

Your grand plan was to spend your career riding Brian James' coattails!

You wanted to form a legendary tag team with Brian James, and allow him to carry you all the way to greatness. I can't say I blame you. After all, Michael Aarons did the same thing last year and Brian James managed to drag the more useless member of Air Strike all the way to the finals! And then, after Brian James had finished the Herculean task of making you half of something excellent, your plan was to then wrestle him one on one. And because Brian James would be on the other side of the ring, you were guaranteed to have a match that would live on in history.

As plans go, it's a good one. But it's one that I would never allow to happen.

You don't get to live off of the reflected glory of Brian James. I know that "parasite" is about as high as you're going to be able to reach. But I, as the man who sees to it that Brian James is always put in the best position. I, as Brian James' manager, and more importantly, as his only true friend, know that Brian James is destined to be more than the person who allows you to continue having a job. Because that's what I do TORA, I look out for Brian James. I put his needs ahead of mine.

You should have tried doing that back when you were lucky enough to stand at his side.

[Lau smirks at TORA, who is barely containing his anger now.]

BL: Brian James is so far above you, TORA, that you two are only nominally competing in the same sport. And Brian James isn't going to wrestle you tonight because he's earned so much more. Brian James should have been in the Brass Ring tournament two weeks ago. Brian James should be National Champion right now.

He's not, and righting that wrong is far more important than his laying you out, for a THIRD time, I might add.

But...

[Lau smirks.]

BL: I do have an opportunity for you, TORA. You see, about a month ago, I was approached by someone backstage. Someone you've heard of. Someone with a legendary father. Someone who is looking to make a big

splash in the AWA. And this young man, this son of a legend, approached me and he said "Mr. Lau, I know you're the ONLY manager to ever earn a spot in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame. And I know that you've taken two men to the top of the mountain. And I know that it's only a matter of time before you guide Brian James, the most genetically gifted and complete athlete in the history of the AWA to the top. And I know that managing Brian James is your full time occupation, and that it consumes every waking minute of every day. But, if you get a chance. Could you please spare a few minutes to give me some tips on what I could do better."

And because, TORA, I am a generous man, and because the person we're speaking of is the son of a legend, I said yes, if the opportunity presented itself, I'd watch him in the ring, and I'd be happy to share with him a few ideas for how he might improve himself.

And what do we have tonight but an opportunity?

You do have a chance to prove to the world, but more importantly, to me, that you've got something to offer. And maybe. Just maybe, if you manage not to fall flat on your face tonight, I'll think about considering the possibility of suggesting to Brian James that he might entertain the notion of giving you a match.

So what do you say TORA, are you ready to take on the son of a legend?

[Without hesitation, TORA nods an enthusiastic "yes."]

BL: Well then, I give to you your opponent tonight. He is the son of one of the hardest hitting, one of the toughest, one of the hard nosed SOB's that has ever laced up a pair of boots. He is the one of the original bad boys of wrestling.

[Lau smirks in reaction to a slightly bewildered crowd.]

BL: I give to you...

WESSSSSSSS TAAAAAAAAYLORRRRR!!!

[The crowd reacts with surprise... and then with anger as the son of the Outlaw walks into view with the sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" grinds to life over the PA system.]

GM: Wes Taylor has returned from Japan and he's LIVE here on The X at Turner Field!

BW: And he ain't alone, daddy!

[Taylor pauses at the top of the aisle. His well-toned and tanned physique is covered with a black leather duster that reads "OUTLAW. PERIOD." across the back in glittering silver. His black trunks and boots round out the ensemble as he rolls his neck back and forth, flinging water droplets off his

shoulder-length dirty blond hair. He turns to the side, pointing to the dugout where his tag team partner, Tony Donovan arrives.]

BW: Oh yeah! If you've been following the world of Tiger Paw Pro, you know that this is the hottest American team to arrive in the Land of the Rising Sun since Violence Unlimited!

GM: They did enjoy great success in Japan while trying to gel as a tag team which was actually a very intelligent move for them. They were in Japan for the better part of the last five months since SuperClash, trying to come together into an elite fighting squad and that's exactly what they've done, Bucky.

[Donovan and Taylor trade a double fist pump at the top of the aisle, spinning in tandem to point "pistol" fingers down the aisle, pulling the trigger as they walk towards the ring. Donovan's in a black t-shirt, blue jeans, and leather steel-toed boots as he joins his partner in their path down the aisle.]

GM: Apparently, it's going to be Wes Taylor taking on TORA here and this should be a very interesting matchup. Wes Taylor has shown great improvement in the past few months from what I understand but he's facing an international superstar in TORA. He could be completely outgunned here.

BW: The Son of the Outlaw? Outgunned? I'm afraid you're dreaming again, Gordo.

[Taylor pauses at ringside, giving a slight bow as he shakes Brian Lau's hand. His partner done the same, taking his spot in the corner as Taylor pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes with a flourish before going into a full spin as he gets inside the ring...

...and gets run down by TORA who leaps up, riding the young Taylor down to the canvas with a double knee!]

GM: OH MY!

[Referee Davis Warren signals for the bell as Taylor scrambles off the mat, trying to free himself from his vest as TORA shoves him back into the corner, lighting him up with snapping side kicks into the ribs!]

GM: Kick after kick to the body in the corner and-

[TORA springs out, leaping up and snapping his foot back into the jaw of Taylor as Donovan shouts encouragement from the corner!]

GM: Big shot by TORA puts Taylor down in the corner!

[The high flyer scampers across the ring, waving his arms over his head, getting the fans riled up as he puts his back into the far buckle, charging across at top speed, leaping into the air, hanging as he rockets down...

...and DRIVES both feet into the mush of Wes Taylor!]

GM: OHHH! DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!!

[Taylor drops to his back, rolling out to the floor as he clutches his jaw. Brian Lau steps in, dropping an arm over his shoulders, whispering in his ear as TORA approaches the ropes, shouting at the trio out on the floor. Donovan springs up on the apron...

...and gets dropped with a spinning back kick to the ear, sending him back down to big cheers!]

GM: TORA's trying to fight both of these guys off himself!

[The man from Minnesota breaks towards the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and WIPES OUT Taylor with a somersault plancha!]

GM: OH MY!!

BW: Wes Taylor needs to find a way to regroup, Gordo! He got jumped before the bell and he's paying for it right now!

[TORA drags Taylor off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes. On the far side of the ring, Brian Lau gets up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention...

...as Tony Donovan LEVELS TORA with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee!

BW: Brilliant move by Donovan! The referee was arguing with Brian Lau and Tony Donovan took advantage of it!

[Donovan grabs TORA off the mats, pulling him up by the hair...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the apron before shoving him back inside the squared circle where a dazed Wes Taylor is back on his feet, launching into a series of stomps to the ribs and back of TORA.]

GM: Taylor dragging TORA up by the arm...

[A shove back into the ropes has TORA hanging on for dear life as Taylor steps in, drilling him with a right hand to the side of the jaw. He backs off, shaking out his hand with a wince on his face as the referee steps in, shouting at him for the clenched fist. He nods at Davis Warren before grabbing TORA by the arm...]

GM: Whips him across... in comes Taylor!

[The rushing second-generation competitor drives his knee up into the gut of TORA, flipping him over before he hits the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Taylor lowers the boom downstairs on him!

[Tony Donovan shouts encouragement as Brian Lau nods with a smile. The crowd jeers Taylor as he stomps TORA across the ring, putting him under the ropes out on the apron where he plants his boot on the throat, hooking the middle rope and yanking on it for leverage...]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[The referee's count hits four before Taylor backs off, being reprimanded by Davis Warren...]

...which allows Tony Donovan to hook the throat, dropping down to his knees, to choke him some more!]

GM: Behind you, ref! Turn around!

[But as he does, Donovan has already walked away, leaving a gasping TORA down on the canvas. Taylor moves back in, pulling TORA back into the ring, shoving him throatfirst down on the middle rope, planting his shin on the back of the neck as he chokes the smaller man again...]

GM: This is ridiculous!

[Taylor hangs on until a three count before grabbing the top rope, slingshotting all the way over the top to the floor in a great show of athleticism...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and BLASTS him with an uppercut that sends him falling back inside the ring. Taylor grins as he lifts the clenched fist, blowing on his knuckles as Tony shouts "You got him, brother! Finish him off!" Wes Taylor nods as he climbs back up on the apron, stepping into the ring.]

GM: That was a heck of a move out of Taylor - and Brian Lau seems impressed, Bucky.

BW: You think this is a little showcase for Taylor and Donovan? Trying to earn the favor of the only manager in the Hall of Fame?

[Back in the ring, Taylor pursues a fleeing TORA into the corner, throwing a back elbow into the jaw... and another... and another. As the referee calls for the break, Taylor grabs the arm to fling TORA from buckle to buckle, sending him crashing into the far side...]

GM: Taylor takes aim!

[The 243 pounder charges across, turning to throw himself back into an elbow...]

...but TORA front rolls out of the way, popping back to his feet as Taylor SLAMS violently into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHHH! Taylor misses and he slams hard into the corner!

[TORA comes barreling in from halfway across the ring, leaping up to DRIVE his knee up into the jaw!]

GM: OHH!

[TORA springs back, charging across the ring, turning to sprint back towards Taylor...

...and THROWS himself into a big dropkick in the buckles!]

GM: First the knee... now the dropkick!

BW: He's not done either!

[TORA charges across a third time, leaving his feet several feet out from the corner, throwing his body horizontal to the mat...

...and SLAMS his shoulder into the midsection of Taylor!]

GM: SUPERMAN SPEAR IN THE BUCKLES!!

[The high flyer pops back, landing on a knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CREAMS Taylor with a rising palm strike uppercut!]

GM: Good grief!

[Taylor falls back against the buckles as the 170 pound TORA leans over, muscling him into a seated position on the second rope. TORA backs off, throwing a trio of right hands before he starts to climb the corner...

...and Taylor hooks a handful of hair, smashing home a sloppy headbutt to the ear of the fan favorite!]

GM: Headbutt! Taylor's trying to fight back!

[A second headbutt knocks TORA back to a standing position on the mat where Taylor yanks him into a front facelock...]

BW: Here it comes, Gordo! He's been using this Tornado DDT in Japan!

[Taylor kicks off the ropes, rotating around...

...but TORA sets him down on the mat on his feet, popping out of the front facelock, promptly leaping up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: ENZUIGIRI CONNECTS!

[The lights go out in Taylor’s eyes as he falls down to his knees where TORA hooks a front facelock of his own...

...and SPIKES the kneeling Taylor headfirst into the mat!]

GM: DDT! DDT!

[TORA dives into a cover, hooking a leg as Davis Warren drops to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[But the foot of Wes Taylor ends up on the ropes courtesy of Tony Donovan who smirks as the referee waves off the pin.]

GM: Tony Donovan getting involved again!

[An angry TORA climbs to his feet, pointing at Donovan who challenges him to come outside if he doesn’t like what happened. TORA waves him off, spinning to go after Taylor who is crawling away from him.]

GM: TORA choosing the wise decision there, not getting baited into some brawl on the floor by Tony Donovan and keeping his focus on his opponent...

[TORA pulls Taylor up by the arm, whipping him towards the ropes.]

GM: Whip sends Taylor in...

[As Taylor comes stampeding back, he nails TORA with a shoulder tackle that puts TORA down...

...but as soon as he hits the mat, he no hand kips right back up to a big cheer!]

GM: Wow!

[TORA grins at Taylor who throws himself back into the ropes a second time, charging back in...

...and THROWS HIMSELF into a devastating leaping back elbow that flips TORA inside out before dumping him to the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[An angry Taylor flips TORA to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! NO! TORA's out at two!

[Taylor grabs a handful of hair, battering TORA with clenched fists until the four count breaks off the attack. He drags TORA up to his feet by the same handful of hair, scooping him up into an impactful bodyslam!]

GM: Hard slam by the son of the Outlaw... and right into a leaping kneedrop!

[He applies another cover, getting another two count. He glares at Davis Warren, slapping his hands together three times.]

GM: Taylor thinks it was a slow count.

BW: Wouldn't surprise me.

[Climbing to his feet, Taylor points to the corner, slowly walking to it, turning his back as he pushes himself up to the second rope.]

GM: Wes Taylor on the second rope, looking out at the fans here in Atlanta...

BW: Sure is taking his time though.

[The rookie mistake comes back to haunt him as TORA scrambles up, rushing the corner, leaping up to spring off the middle rope, snaring Taylor's head between his legs...

...and SNAPPING him over to the mat with a rana!]

GM: HEADSCISSORS TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[With Taylor stunned from the counter, TORA gets a running start towards him, leaping up while flipping backwards...

...and SLAMS down with a running Shooting Star Press, tightly hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[TORA pops up to his knees, throwing his arms into the air as Tony Donovan slides into the ring behind him. The light heavyweight gets up to celebrate his win...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets FLATTENED with a leaping superkick!]

GM: GOOD GOD, WHAT A SHOT!

[With TORA laid out on the canvas, Tony Donovan stands over him for a few moments with a cold stare. Taylor is soon to his feet, looking embarrassed at the flash pin as he launches into an attack, stomping and kicking the downed TORA as Donovan joins in.]

GM: Oh, come on! Taylor lost fair and square! This is just sour grapes!

[After a few moments of stomping, Donovan drags TORA off the mat, lifting him up over his shoulder...]

GM: What is this all about?

[Taylor walks into position, snaring a front facelock on the trapped TORA...

...and together, they drop down to a seated position, DRIVING TORA's head into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[TORA is laid out on the canvas as Taylor and Donovan climb to their feet, raising their hands as the fans let them have it.]

GM: TORA may have won this match but at what cost?! He just got laid out in violent fashion by Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan!

[The booing fans seem to incite Taylor and Donovan who start stomping the downed TORA again...]

GM: Oh, come on! You've proved your damn point! You've-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: OH YEAH! SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS! WILLIE HAMMER!

[The protege and his mentor come tearing down the aisle, hitting the ring hard. Hammer tears instantly into Taylor, throwing big soupbone haymakers to the jaw as Williams lights up a surprised Donovan with snapping jabs to the jaw!]

GM: The backup has come to aid TORA!

[A charging Willie Hammer throws a big clothesline, sending Taylor tumbling over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: OUT GOES TAYLOR!!

[Going to the aid of his mentor, a double clothesline sends Donovan out to join his partner!]

GM: AND DONOVAN IS OUT AS WELL! OH MY!

[Hammer and the hometown hero Williams take up defensive positions as Taylor and Donovan scramble to recover out on the floor. Brian Lau steps in front of them, shaking his head and trying to persuade them to not get back into the ring. The rotund fan favorite paces around the ring, grabbing an offered house mic.]

SDW: Of all the people in all the world, Sweet Daddy KNOWS that the great people of HOTLANTA, GA are spoiling for a fight, baby!

[Big cheer from his hometown fans!]

SDW: And if you two punks want one...

[He gestures to himself and Hammer.]

SDW: ...we got more than enough for the two of ya!

[Another big cheer at the idea of a tag match featuring one of their favorites.]

SDW: There ain't nothin' between us but air and that scrawny little runt holdin' the two of you back out there!

[The crowd cheers at the verbal harpoon now sticking in Brian Lau who turns to glare at Williams.]

SDW: I'm serious, boys! Get your tails in here and let's do this!

[Williams tosses the mic aside, fists at the ready as they wait to see what will happen...

...and the crowd jeers as Lau slowly walks Taylor and Donovan, both men fuming mad, back to the aisle, heading back towards the locker room. Williams makes a disgusted dismissive gesture in their direction as Willie Hammer leans down to check on the still-downed TORA.]

GM: The challenge was issued but apparently Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan got themselves a little bit of yellow running down their backs, Bucky!

BW: What?! There's a time and a place for everything and this wasn't the time nor the place for that particular showdown, Gordo. This was a smart move. A calculated move. Not a cowardly one.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, the World Television Title is on the line!

[Fade to black.]

A white screen fills with a rising red sun. The sounds of "Bad Intentions" by Zomboy kicks in as a shot of Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion in a flowing red and white robe and matching sunglasses

fills the screen. He points towards the camera, looking down over his tinted lenses as we break into a series of action shots.

Kenta Kitzukawa laying out a poor soul with a lariat that flips his opponent end over end before dumping them down to the canvas.

The face-painted War Pigs deliver their WMD finish, crushing their victim with the top rope clothesline into an inverted bulldog.

Yoshinari Taguchi lifting an opponent for a suplex, swinging them down so their legs hit the top rope, slingshotting them back up, and then dropping them down in an impactful Brainbuster.

The duo known as the Devil Dogs take to the sky with a doubleteam move - Koji Kawada sailing off the top with a frog splash as his partner, Sho Kanemoto comes right down after him with a Shooting Star Press.

Faces familiar to AWA fans - Violence Unlimited - fills the screen as Danny Morton holds up the Stampede Cup while Jackson Haynes shouts unheard threats at the camera.

We cut to a shot of VU in action as Haynes lifts an opponent for a powerbomb while Morton grabs the hair, swinging the victim down for even more impact before cutting to a shot of the Tiger Paw Pro logo. A voiceover sounds.]

“WRESSSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYYY!”

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro:

The Devil Dogs vs The Monkey Bar Heroes
Yoshinari Taguchi vs Jeff Jagger
Tony Donovan vs Kenta Kitzukawa

...before we fade to black.

And then back up on the backstage area where Melissa Cannon is standing amongst a fired-up Sweet Daddy Williams, a more laid back Willie Hammer, and a banged-up TORA who is leaning against the wall, his head buried in his arms.]

MC: Welcome back to the Duel On The Diamond, fans, where we just saw TORA take an absolute-

[TORA angrily spins around, pointing at the camera.]

T: Enough is enough! Brian James, Brian Lau, Tony Donovan, Wes Taylor... I'm sick of the whole lot of you! I'm done with this. We're going to settle this and we're going to settle it on my terms! Two weeks from tonight, I want any of you - heck, I want ALL of you - inside that ring!

[Cannon pulls the mic back.]

MC: TORA, I've gotta say with as bad of a beating you just took out there, it could've been a whole lot worse if it hadn't had been for these two guys right here by your side.

[A grinning Sweet Daddy Williams snatches the mic.]

SDW: Lemme tell you somethin' 'bout somethin', Miss Melissa. I seen 'em come in the A-Dubba-A and I seen 'em go but it ain't too often when you see a kid like this. From Day One when he got here, TORA said to me, "Mr. Williams, sir... I want to be the World Heavyweight Champion." And I said to him, "Keep your head down. Work hard. Believe in yourself. Love and appreciate every opportunity you get and every fan who yells your name. And you'll get there." And I still believe that. It's the same thing I tell Willie here every single day.

But in this business, there are people that won't believe that. There are people who'll believe that you gotta cheat... you gotta steal... you gotta hurt people... you gotta take every single shortcut that you can to get to the top.

[The veteran shakes his head.]

SDW: You talk about Brian James. That kid was as good as they come. He looked the part... he acted the part... he had future champion written all over him. He was doin' it the right way too...

...until suddenly he wasn't. Suddenly, he was hangin' around with a piece of scum like Brian Lau. Suddenly, he was sendin' kids like Taylor and Donovan out to do his dirty work.

And that dirty work was tryin' to take this kid out!

[Williams shakes his head again.]

SDW: But me and Willie, we were watchin'. We had TORA's back. And we knew that if somethin' went down, we were gonna be ready for it. Ain't that right, Willie?

[Hammer intervenes.]

WH: In this world... in this business, you don't get anywhere without having friends... without having family to rely on. Since Day One, I've had my uncle... ol' Soup Bone Samson himself to rely on. I've had this man, my mentor, Sweet Daddy Williams to rely on.

And I've had the guys from the Combat Corner with me every step of the way. And last year, when I got into that thing with Supreme Wright, Brian James was there for me. And I was there for him.

[Hammer chuckles.]

WH: Things change. People change. And BJ, he's definitely changed. He's not the man who stood by me. He's turned into the thing he never wanted to be - his father.

But actions have reactions. And the actions of Lau and James have had the reaction of the Hammer and Sweet Daddy comin' to the party!

So, TORA... if you need someone watching YOUR back against those three... if you need someone standing by YOUR side... then look no further, my friend, 'cause Sweet Daddy and Willie Hammer are in the house!

[TORA shakes hands with both men as Melissa Cannon wraps it up.]

MC: That sounds like a six man tag team challenge to me, fans! Will it be accepted? We'll have to wait and see but right now, let's go over to Sweet Lou who has a special guest!

[We crossfade out to the interview circle that has been set up near the on deck circle where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing.]

LB: My guest at this time is one of the most popular men in the AWA, and is looking to stay on a roll after a great showing in the Brass Ring Tournament! Would you please welcome the Big Dog... Brad Jacobs!

#THERE ARE SEVEN KNOWN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

#YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS THE EIGHTH!

[The driving beat of "It Takes A Nation" by Ice Cube thumps inside Turner Field, and the crowd roars as one of their favorites walks to the interview area. Jacobs is dressed in street clothes; blue jeans held up by a black leather belt, and a vintage 1996 Fred McGriff Atlanta Braves jersey left open to reveal a flat black shirt underneath. He wears a thick industrial chain around his neck, and as he steps up onto the entrance he raises his hands to let the crowd see the jersey, nodding along with the beat as the crowd gets louder. Jacobs turns his attention to the interviewer as the music dies down.]

LB: Brad Jacobs, welcome to the Duel On The Diamond!

BJ: Sweet Lou... ain't it great to be here tonight at the center of the wrestling world? Right here in Hotlanta, GA!

[The stadium resonates in cheers for the hometown mention.]

BJ: And what an honor it is to be here in front of all you, in front of one of the biggest wrestling crowds that we ever seen, and they're seeing one hell of a wrestling night. Now Sweet Lou, my brother, you know the Big Dog got nothin' but love for ya, but as soon as we done speakin' I'm about to go back in the locker room, get me a chair an' be a fan for the rest of tonight, just like all my dogs in Turner Field.

Because y'see this ain't no ordinary night, this here a special night. An' I tried an' I begged an' I pleaded to get me a match, but the big man said, "Sorry Big Dog, but we seen all the blood you lost, we seent ya fight like a wild animal, you need to take a week off an' get yourself right."

So just like all o' y'all, I'ma get me a seat an' watch some fireworks go off. An' before we go any further, I gotta say that I got all the respect in the world for Ryan Martinez. He a man of his word, he told Dave Bryant that he'd get a title shot an' he came through. That's a man of respect, that's a man of integrity, and that's a man we ALL got to be proud to call our World Champion. I wish both of them the best o' luck, an' I hope they tear it up like only two AWA champions can do. Dave Bryant, you know what I think of ya, dog, I always got ya back. An' young Martinez, it's on tonight, an' I know you 'bout to throw down. You went up a few notches in my book, an' if you ever gotta make a hot tag in a bad situation, just know that I ain't scared of the dark, I ain't 'fraid o' no ghosts, an' it won't be the first time I knock a senior citizen teeth out. I got your back, jack, if ya ever need it.

[The crowd cheers as Jacobs nods his head and Blackwell continues.]

LB: Now Brad, let's back up for a moment. The last time we saw you was in the Brass Ring Tournament where you came up on the short end of the stick in a brutal, brutal match with the man who eventually claimed the National title.

[Jacobs nods for a moment, digesting the assertion.]

BJ: I wish I could tell you that I had a bad day, or I had food poisoning, or I was late 'cause I was helpin' an old lady cross the street. But the truth is 'at I came up short. Driscoll took advantage of that cut, he stopped the flow o' blood, an' as they say in my world, Mother Nature is undefeated. When the lights go out, the lights go out, an' I ain't ashamed to say it. Driscoll did what he had to do an' now he holdin' that National Title. Personally, I mighta done the same.

But one thing you need to know about the Big Dog is that it ain't a thing to knock me down, but there ain't a man alive who can keep me down. I'ma keep comin', I'ma bit at them heels, an' if my man Travis doesn't knock your lights out an' take that title, I'll be waitin' to take my shot. But seein' as how Trav sent them two rats runnin' earlier tonight, I'm let him handle that business.

[The crowd cheers at the happenings that started the show.]

BJ: But the real reason I came out tonight is to tell you that gettin' so close to the National Title just made me hungry. It ain't too long ago that I held gold, an' there ain't a feeling like it. An' in a few minutes, we about to see a match that I'ma watch closely.

Because the winner of the TV Title match already has his next challenger lined up, an' his name is Brad Jacobs!

LB: Whoa!

[The crowd reacts the same way as Blackwell does, cheering in surprise!]

BJ: Holding that title means that it's your duty to defend it, every week, on television, in front of the world for all the good people to see. It means you punch your time clock, you get ta work, an' you get down to business every time that red light is on. Jus' like my people, that TV champ gotta work for a livin', he gotta earn his keep. It ain't once a month, it ain't twice a year, it's every week, it's every broadcast. You gotta give these people they money's worth, an' that's somethin' I sworn to do.

That title is the title of the workin' man, it's the title of the people. An' your lookin' at the man of the people, so that's a piece of gold I need to be wearin'!

Shadoe Rage, it would be a pleasure to knock you back into reality. An' Supernova, it would be a pleasure just to be in the ring with you. I'll say it again, I wish you guys all the luck in the world, an' I hope the best man wins. Because the best man in the TV Title match is about to have a Big Dog starin' right down his grill, an' just like my main man Fred McGriff, the Crime Dog, when it comes my way, I'ma knock it out the park. This Big Dog is hungry, an' he's got gold on his mind! Whatch think about that Sweet Lou?

LB: It sounds to me like we have another major player to throw his name into the TV Title ring, and it sounds like that title just keeps getting hotter and hotter! Brad Jacobs, Turner Field thanks you, and I thank you, and the Duel On The Diamond continues right up there in that ring right now so take it away, Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

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

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. As the song starts up, the Judas Priest video for the song begins to play on the stadium jumbotron, and it's interspersed with highlights of the matches for the man who is about to make his way out from the back. The loud crowd response only gets louder as the face-painted wrestler known as Supernova emerges from the entryway.]

PW: From Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS... IS... SUPERNOOOOOOOOOOOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. Tonight, Supernova also wears a black jacket with long sleeves and yellow epaulettes on the shoulders, and a small, fiery sun on the front, just about the spot where Supernova's heart would be. He briefly turns to show the back of the jacket, which has a large, fiery sun and "SUPERNOVA" over it in big, yellow lettering.]

As he heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before removing his jacket and taking his place in the corner.]

GM: Supernova on the verge of his first title opportunity in a few years now and you know he'd love to kick off this new era for the AWA by claiming his first piece of AWA championship gold!

BW: I'm afraid that anyone - not just Supernova - is in for a hell of a fight if they're going to take that title. I'm starting to think you might have to pry that title out of Rage's cold, dead hands, Gordo.

GM: A morbid thought.

[As Supernova settles back into the corner, his music fades only to be replaced as "Fame" hits and the crowd at Turner Field begins to boo.]

PW: And his opponent... weighing in at 248 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... being led to the ring by Marissa Monet...

He is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

He is... SENSAAAAATIONAAAAAL... SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Shadoe Rage pushes into view with Marissa Monet in tow. She is shrouded in one of Rage's t-shirts. The flamboyant Shadoe Rage preens and pirouettes in front of the crowd, holding up the pink and silver TV title with his right hand. In his left is the ever present microphone as he riles up the Atlanta crowd on his way to the ring.]

SR: My name is Shadoe Rage. I am the King of Rage Country. I am the AWA World Television Champion. And I am a born Canadian.

[He looks around at the fans in Turner Field.]

SR: And the Canadian Blue Jays won two World Series against the Atlanta Braves because they weren't afraid of the big moment.

[The crowd lets him have it for that.]

SR: Seems like Atlanta sports teams are afraid to seize the moment, doesn't it? That face-painted fraud is exactly like the so-called Atlanta Braves... he

never shows up during the big moments! And tonight is his biggest moment ever! So Citizens of Rage Country, let me show you what a real world class wrestler looks like as I put Sweet Daddy Williams' putrid protégé all the way down!

[Rage reaches the ring, pulling the title belt off. He stares into the silver faceplate, planting a kiss on it before handing it to Marissa Monet who obligingly walks it over to the glass case on the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Shadoe Rage hands off the title as he climbs up on the apron.

[The champion immediately shouts at Supernova, pointing and threatening bodily harm as he hurdles over the middle rope into the ring, going into a full twirl before taking off his robe and glasses, handing them off to Monet as well.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow will be the man in the middle of this one. Remember, fans, ten minute time limit with the World TV Title hanging in the balance.

[As the bell sounds, Supernova immediately comes across the ring towards Rage who is leaning against the buckles, tugging on the top rope...

...and then ducks his head under the ropes and out of the ring, forcing the official to step in to block Supernova's path. The crowd jeers as the face-painted fan favorite is forced to take a step back.]

GM: This is a blatant stalling tactic by Rage, trying to run down that clock a little bit.

BW: Hey, as long as you leave with the title, who cares how you do it? A draw is as good as a pin or submission if you ask me.

[Rage slips back into the ring, eyeing Supernova warily as the fan favorite advances on him again...

...and Rage ducks back out through the ropes, waving the referee to force Supernova back.]

GM: Supernova being forced to step back again and-

[The crowd roars to life as Supernova rushes across the ring towards Rage, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[...and using his flying corner splash to knock Rage through the ropes, sending the World Television Champion crashing down to the thin pads at ringside!]

GM: Rage falls out to the floor... uh oh! Supernova's going out after him!

[The challenger ducks through the ropes, stepping out on the apron before dropping to the floor, chasing after Rage who is on his feet and wobbling away from Supernova.]

GM: The challenger's in hot pursuit out there on the floor, trying to get something going against Rage.

[As they near the announce table, Rage pulls up short, lashing out with a finger to the eye of Supernova, sending him staggering backwards, rubbing at his eye as Rage hops up on the apron, spinning an extended arm around in the air as he steps in front of the announce table.]

GM: Shadoo Rage right here by us now and I can't say I like that too much. He's too erratic and too unpredictable. You just never know what'll come next from him.

[Rage takes a three step run, leaping off for a double axehandle on the blinded Supernova...

...who snatches him out of the sky over his shoulder!]

GM: CAUGHT! Supernova caught him like a small child and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Supernova DRIVES the small of Rage's back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: That'll jolt the spine from head to toe!

[As Rage hobbles away from the ring, Supernova scoops him up, pressing him high overhead, and tosses him through the ropes back inside the ring!]

GM: Supernova tosses him back in, really showing off that power game in the early moments of this one...

[Back on the apron, Supernova heads to the corner, scaling the turnbuckles. With one foot on the top, Supernova throws his head back, howling to the Turner Field fans who respond in kind...

...and then LAUNCHES himself into a cross body on a stunned Shadoo Rage!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! How close was that, fans?! We were a half a count away - maybe less - from having a brand new World Television Champion!

[Rage desperately starts rolling, going right out under the ropes to the "safety" of the floor as Supernova climbs to his feet, looking to pursue.]

GM: Rage is out and Supernova's going after him again!

BW: Supernova seems like a man who understands that ten minutes can fly by you in a heartbeat. He wants that title and he wants to win it right here tonight in Atlanta so he's going to do everything he can to make that happen, Gordo.

GM: Supernova's chasing him around the ring, Rage trying to use his speed to stay away...

[Rage rolls into the ring as Supernova pursues, scrambling to his feet as the fan favorite slides in...

...and DROPS to his knees, slamming the point of his elbow down into the back of Supernova's head!]

GM: Ohh! Rage lowers the boom on him!

BW: And that's the perfect example of a cagey veteran using his ring smarts to outthink a younger competitor.

[Rage grabs Supernova by the hair, pulling his upper body off the canvas...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: Rage drives his face into the mat... and he does it again!

[The champion flips Supernova to his back, applying a quick lateral press, hooking a leg as the referee drops down to deliver a two count.]

GM: Two count only and-

[Rage grabs a handful of hair, balling up his fist and slamming it down between the eyes of Supernova. A second and third blow follow before the referee forces Rage to back off, climbing back to his feet, dragging Supernova up with him into a big bodyslam.]

GM: Rage shakes the ring with a slam and... HIGH LEAPING KNEEDROP!

[Rage scrambles back to his feet, leaping way up into the air a second time, driving the knee down into the chest...

...and then slips his shin across the throat, kneeling on the windpipe as he raises his hands, begging off as the official accuses him of choking the downed Supernova!]

GM: That's a choke, referee! Count the man!

[Longfellow quickly begins a count, forcing Rage to break the hold. Rage bounces back to his feet, pleading innocence as the referee backs him up into the ropes, shouting at him.]

GM: Supernova's pulling himself up off the mat, coughing and trying to catch his breath...

[Rage rushes in from behind, throwing himself into a high knee driven into the gap between the shoulderblades, sending the challenger crashing chestfirst into the far turnbuckles...

...that Rage uses to drag him down into a schoolboy, keeping a handful of tights!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Supernova manages to kick out despite the tights pull.]

GM: Rage tried to cheat his way to victory but it didn't work for him... not there at least!

[Rage grabs the rising Supernova, flinging him back into the corner where he throws a right jab to the jaw... and another...

...but Supernova fires back, throwing a forearm... and a second... and a third, backing Rage out to the middle of the ring with the crowd roaring in support of the challenger!]

GM: The challenger's fighting back and-

[With Rage stunned, Supernova rears back with a right hand, throwing a hooking haymaker that the champion ducks, causing Supernova to spin around...

...and Rage LUNGES forward, driving his shoulder into the back of the knee!]

GM: OHH! HE CLIPS THE KNEE ON SUPERNOVA!!

[The challenger collapses down to the canvas where Rage dives atop him, going for another quick cover but a two count is all that follows.]

GM: Another two count on the challenger!

[Rage scrambles into a mount position, grabbing a handful of hair as he drives his clenched fist repeatedly into the skull, drawing the ire of Ricky Longfellow yet again!]

GM: Those are illegal clenched fists!

BW: You didn't seem to mind when Supernova tried to take Rage's head off with that right hook!

[The four count causes Rage to climb back to his feet, shaking his head as he looks out at the jeering crowd. He turns back to Supernova who is trying to push up off the canvas on all fours...

...and DRIVES a falling double axehandle down to the back of the head, flattening the challenger!]

GM: Shadoe Rage is showing exactly why he's still the World Television Champion right now. As manic as he may be, he's all a calculating cold individual who knows what to do to keep that title around his waist.

[Dragging Supernova up off the mat by a handful of hair, Rage rushes towards the ropes, leaping over the top and SNAPPING Supernova's throat down on the ropes! The challenger bounces back as Rage lands out on the floor, sliding quickly back into the ring, grabbing the legs, and flipping into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Supernova kicks out before the three count can come down as Rage buries his head in his arms, stomping around the ring angrily.]

GM: Rage might've thought he had him right there but the challenger isn't going down without giving it every bit of fight that he's got left in the tank, fans!

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Halfway through the time limit in this one as Rage grabs Supernova by the leg, taking aim at the knee he delivered that chopblock to...

[Rage drops down, driving his elbow down into the knee.]

GM: Oh! Shadoe Rage is going after that knee, trying to perhaps take the wheel out from under Supernova.

BW: Smart move by the champion. You take out the knee, you take out the power moves... you take out the Heat Wave... I'm not even sure he could get the Solar Flare on with a bum wheel, Gordo.

GM: An excellent point as he drops another elbow down on the knee... and another...

[The crowd is jeering as Rage continues to drop elbow after elbow down on the knee, delivering more punishment to the leg even while continuing to chew precious time off the clock.]

BW: Six elbow drops... seven!

GM: What in the world...?

[The jeers get louder as he drops an eighth and ninth.]

GM: Nine elbows... Rage back up...

[A smirk cracks across his confident face as he twirls his extended right finger in the air...]

...and DROPS a tenth elbow down on the knee before scrambling into another cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Supernova's shoulder comes off the mat in time.]

GM: Supernova slips out the back door in time!

BW: But you notice that there was a complete lack of any leg strength helping on that kickout, Gordo. His leg may be completely shot right about now.

GM: That's certainly a possibility with all those elbowdrops.

[Shadoe Rage climbs up off the mat, pulling Supernova up to his knees where he buries an overhead elbow down between the eyes... and another... and a third...]

GM: Rage to the ropes!

[The champion builds momentum for a running elbow but Supernova pops up, hooking him around the waist...]

GM: INVERTED ATOMIC DROP!

[...but he instinctually did it on the bad knee, forcing him to cry out, dropping down to his back on the mat as Rage hobbles away, falling against the ropes.]

BW: What a moron! He used his bad wheel to deliver that move!

GM: It was instinct, Bucky! Sheer instinct! Even you understand that in a match like this, sometimes instinct takes over and forces you to do something that you shouldn't have done!

[Rage turns back against the ropes, rushing in at Supernova, leaping up to drag the rising Supernova down to the mat with a bulldog lariat!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping clothesline drags him down!

[The World Television Champion again rolls over into a cover, earning a two count before Supernova kicks out.]

GM: Again! Again, Supernova slips out in time to break the pin!

BW: Yeah but kicking out ain't enough, Gordo. Like sands through the hourglass, time is running out on Supernova's chance to become the World Television Champion!

[Rage is spitting mad as he climbs back up, dragging Supernova up and pasting him with a stiff right hand between the eyes, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Rage grabs the arm... big whip!

[But Supernova reverses, sending Rage smashing hard into the turnbuckles where he staggers out...

...and gets hoisted skyward in a gorilla press!]

GM: 'NOVA'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM WAAAAAY UP THERE!

[The desperate World Television Champion reaches down, raking the eyes of the off-balance Supernova, causing him to lose his grip...

...which Rage counters into a sunset flip out of the slam position!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Supernova clashes his heels together on the ears of Rage to break the pin attempt!]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Three minutes to go in the time limit as Rage drags Supernova up off the mat again.

[A short whip to the closest buckles sends Supernova in where he bounces out into a hard back elbow up under the chin, knocking him down as Rage dives into another cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- again, Supernova kicks out! Look at the resiliency of the challenger, Bucky!

BW: That's great but with under three minutes away, Supernova needs to find a way to get himself back on offense, Gordo!

GM: Rage is back up, dragging Supernova to his feet... another whip... reversed!

[Supernova sends Rage into the ropes, dropping his head for a backdrop...

...but Rage pulls up, delivering a boot to the mush of Supernova, sending him staggering back against the ropes!]

GM: Rage caught him as he went for the backdrop and-

[The World Television Champion charges in, looking for the kill...

...and gets LAUNCHED over the top rope, sailing through the night sky, and CRASHING down on the thin mats on the infield dirt!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A SPECTACULAR FALL TO THE FLOOR BY SHADOE RAGE!!

[Supernova clings to the top rope, lifting his sore leg off the mat to spare putting any weight on it. He turns, looking outside the ring where Marissa Monet has slowly moved to her man’s side, trying to speak to him.]

GM: Monet is out there trying to help Shadoe Rage back to his feet...

[But as Rage gets up, he shouts at Monet to get away, glaring at her as he grabs at the back of his head, staring inside the ring at the hobbled Supernova...

...and then suddenly waves the challenger off, walking over towards the timekeeper’s table to retrieve the title belt.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: I think Shadoe Rage is ready to call it a night, Gordo.

GM: He can’t do that!

BW: Watch him!

[The fans are jeering as Rage opens up the glass case containing the World Television Title, snatching the belt back up into his hands. He throws it over his shoulder, shouting at Supernova who is staring down at him in disbelief. Rage jerks a thumb at himself, shouting that he’s “still the champ! Still number one!”]

GM: Oh, come on! Get this guy back in the ring! No one wants to see this fantastic title matchup end like this!

[The fans are all over Rage who turns to shout at them, slapping the face of the title belt, running them down as Supernova shakes out his leg, grabbing the top rope with both hands. The fans start to buzz in anticipation...]

BW: Hold on... he can’t-

GM: WATCH HIM!

[...and as Rage turns, Supernova YANKS on the top rope, launching himself over the ropes, over the timekeeper’s table, and down onto a stunned Rage, knocking him flat and sending the title belt down to the ringside mats!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES REMAIN!”

GM: Two minutes left in the time limit of this one as Supernova just put EVERYTHING on the line to try and keep Rage from walking out on this match!

[Winching in pain with every movement, Supernova uses the timekeeper's table to drag himself up off the mat, pulling Rage up by his "locs" and hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Supernova puts Rage back in! Can he take advantage of this moment?! Can he take advantage of this opening?!

[Supernova again winces in pain as he drags himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to pursue Rage who has crawled across the ring, shouting at Monet to help him!]

GM: He's yelling at Marissa Monet to help him! What does he want HER to do?!

BW: I have no idea but she'd better do it! I don't think we'll like Shadoo Rage when he's angry!

[Rage is out on the apron when Supernova reaches him, leaning over the ropes to drag him up by the hair into a front facelock...]

BW: This is it! Grab the ankle, Monet! Do your job!

GM: Her job?! She's a manager!

BW: Exactly! I'd do it if the title was on the line for one of my guys!

[Supernova slings the arm over the back of his neck, setting up for the suplex as Monet looks up in confusion. Rage can be heard shouting at her again as the face-painted fan favorite elevates him...]

...and actually lifts his leg off the mat, alleviating the pressure as he drops Rage in a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Big suplex by Supernova!

BW: We're just over a minute left, Gordo!

GM: Supernova crawling over Rage... he covers!

[Ricky Longfellow dives down to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

GM: KICKOUT! RAGE LIFTS THE SHOULDER IN TIME!

[Supernova rolls off into a seated position, burying his painted face in his hands.]

GM: Supernova sucked down so much pain to hit that suplex... I don't know how much he's got left in him, Bucky.

"SIXTY SECONDS!"

BW: He'd better find something! He's got a minute left!

[Supernova grimaces as he pushes up to his feet, looking out at the Turner Field crowd cheering him on. He leans down, dragging Rage off the mat, and smashing a right hand into the side of the head...

...but Rage fires back, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: AHH! AHH! INTO THE EYES!

[The challenger staggers away, wiping at his eyes as Rage turns and angrily shouts at Monet, pointing at Supernova, screaming "YOU COULDA COST ME EVERYTHING!" She seems on the verge of tears as he turns back across the ring, rushing towards Supernova who is chestfirst against the buckles.]

GM: Here comes Rage!

[The wild-eyed Canadian leaps up, driving his knees into the back as he cups his hands under Supernova's chin...]

GM: BACKCRACKER!

[...but 'Nova hangs on, causing Rage to flop backwards onto his back!]

GM: COUNTER! A HUUUGE COUNTER BY SUPERNOVA RIGHT THERE!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[Supernova steps forward, grabbing the legs of Shadoe Rage. The crowd is roaring. A timely camera shot actually sees a few young fans jumping for joy in anticipation as the fan favorite steps through the legs, tying them up...]

GM: He's going for it! Supernova's going for it!

BW: Can he get it in time, Gordo?!

GM: We're about to find out! He just needs to turn it over! He just needs to-

[ENORMOUS CHEER!]

GM: THE SOLAR FLARE IS LOCKED IN! THE SOLAR FLARE IN ON THE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION!

[Rage instantly screams out in pain, clawing at the canvas, pulling at his own hair as Marissa Monet flattens out, leaning over the apron, shouting for him to hang on.]

“FIFTEEN SECONDS!”

GM: Fifteen seconds left! Now we find out what Shadoe Rage has got in him! What does the World Television Champion have in him to withstand one of the most punishing holds in our sport for fifteen seconds?!

BW: He’s trying to hang on! He’s biting his own arm!

GM: Rage says he’d do anything to keep that title and we may be about to find out how much he can withstand to do it!

“TEN SECONDS!”

[Supernova leans back, stumbling a bit on his sore leg to lose the hold for a moment...

...but he gets it back on, leaning back as Rage arches his back, screaming wildly. He flattens out again, hooking his hands in his hair, pulling at his own “locs.”]

GM: Rage is hanging on for dear life! The time is counting down! The time limit is almost here! He’s seconds away from hanging on to the title!

[Rage’s hand shoots up into the air, hanging over the mat like he’s ready to tap out at any moment. The crowd is screaming - begging for him to give in and put the title around the waist of Supernova who is nodding his head at their screams.]

“FIVE!”

“FOUR!”

“THREE!”

“TWO!”

“ONE!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Supernova collapses forward, grabbing at his leg as Rage promptly flattens out, not moving one bit as the crowd buzzes, waiting to hear the official announcement that they dread is coming.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the time limit for this match has expired. This match is declared a DRAW!

[The boos pour down from the Turner Field crowd.]

PW: Still the AWA World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage.

[The boos get louder as the title belt is placed on the floored Rage who is unmoving as Marissa Monet shouts to him on the floor.]

GM: Wow. What a battle by these two men!

BW: He did it, Gordo. He hung on to save the title. You've gotta be impressed by that.

GM: I think everyone's impressed by that. Not many men would last in the Solar Flare that long - no matter the prize. But at the same time, you have to be impressed that Supernova was quite literally seconds away from becoming the World Television Champion. If this match had an eleven minute time limit - as strange as that sounds - I think we'd be looking at a new champion right now.

BW: You may be right about that... but on this night, it was ten minutes and Shadoe Rage is walking... well, crawling perhaps... out of Turner Field with the World Television Title, daddy!

GM: You've gotta think Supernova earned himself a rematch with his performance here tonight though, Bucky.

BW: A rematch? He lost!

GM: He did not! It was a draw!

BW: Semantics, Gordo. He didn't walk out of here with the title so in my book, he lost here tonight.

GM: We're going have to agree to disagree on that one, I'm afraid. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be our special attraction match from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro and you will NOT want to miss that so don't go away!

[Fade to black.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could __really__ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoo Rage just kick down the front door to attack Terry Shane III from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that TORA leaping down the staircase at Robert Donovan? And why are Dichotomy beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Nenshou is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit MAMMOTH Maximus with a flying bodypress, Bobby O'Connor is hiptossing Dave Cooper across your family room, and Strictly Business and Air Strike are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Tony Sunn as he had Demetrius Lake in a headlock while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Three AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[SkyHerc does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the SkyHerc and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Steve Spector tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Spector and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Juan Vasquez and Gibson Hayes double-clothesline Willie Hammer in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Eric Preston. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Jack Lynch, Shadoe Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut.

As we fade back up inside of Turner Field, we get an awesome upper deck shot of the stadium on the whole...

...which suddenly sees every light cut to black as the fans explode in the darkness!]

BW: Uh oh.

O Fortuna #
Velut Luna #
Statu variabilis

GM: NO! This can't be right, that piece of garbage is suspended!

BW: Did anyone tell him that, Gordo? And furthermore, would it matter if they did? This guy does pretty much whatever he wants and has for years now. If you want to go up there and tell him he's suspended, feel free and it was nice knowing you.

[As the sound of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" fills the air, a single spotlight hits the top of the aisleway as the image of a single silver cross on a black background fills the video screen. And then... there was nothing.]

GM: I don't understand, what's going on?

[The crowd continue to peer at the entrance, fully expecting the arrival of the most hated man in professional wrestling history, Evil Incarnate, the King of the Death Match. Gordon and Bucky stand up, briefly, before a still, small voice from behind causes them to almost jump out of their skins.]

TMT: May I?

GM: DEAR GOD!

BW: Quite the opposite!

[Truth Marie Temple, wrestling's favorite Creepy Little Girl motions to the spare microphone on the announcers' table. She's tiny, fragile, pale, looking for all the world like just a scared little girl. A concerned daughter.]

TMT: Please?

[Bucky motions to the microphone as both men silently regard the little girl with a mixture of terror and morbid curiosity.]

TMT: Daddy.

[POP!]

TMT: I need you to stop this now. It's gone too far.

When Mom made you move out, and you went away, I thought I'd lost you forever. We both did. I used to lie awake at night listening to her cry, Daddy. Because no matter how much you struggled with your... problems... she never stopped loving you.

And neither did I.

[She looks down.]

TMT: And when you finally came home, we thought that darkness in you had subsided, even just a little. We prayed for it, Mom and I.

But it was always there. Deep down. Talking to you, calling you.

This obsession you have with Ryan, it's just another sickness. A new addiction. You can beat it, Daddy, just like you beat the needle. I know you can.

Please, Daddy. Come back to us.

[A single tear rolls down her pale cheek.]

TMT: I can't lose you again.

[She gently places the microphone back on the table and quietly mouths "Thank you" at Gordon and Bucky, who remain shellshocked and wordless. No words come from either announcer for several moments...

...as we fade to a pre-taped shot of the three men known collectively as the Dogs Of War sitting in what appears to be a bar. Behind them, we can see the hustle and bustle of an airport and judging by the announcements being made in Spanish, we can guess this is an airport in Mexico. The shot looks messy and poorly lit - a cell phone propped up on the table perhaps.

The three members of the Dogs Of War are dressed in street clothes on this occasion - white t-shirts and jeans for Isaiah Carpenter and Pedro Perez, a black tank top to reveal his muscular torso for Wade Walker.]

PP: Weeks spent in Mexico wrestling the best trios in the world and the Dogs Of War are coming home still undefeated.

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: If that's a surprise to you, then you haven't been paying attention.

[He gestures to his teammates.]

PP: We are - beyond a shadow of a doubt - the greatest six man unit that this business has ever seen.

[Perez pauses, allowing that to sink in. Carpenter speaks up.]

IC: You heard the man. And you can stop thinking about all the great trios you've seen over the years. Forget about the Syndicate. Forget about Zokugun Sangai. Forget about High Society. Forget about all of them. You're looking at the best. The best in Mexico. The best in Japan. The best in Europe.

And the best in the United States of America.

[Perez gives a mocking salute.]

IC: What that means to the AWA brass is you can take that Copa de Trios, shine it up, and hand it over to the Dogs Of War right now. There is no need for that tournament. There is no point for that tournament. Don't waste everyone's time. Don't waste OUR time.

That tournament - that cup - belongs to us. Period.

[Perez speaks again.]

PP: We return to the AWA as the conquering heroes. We carried the AWA banner throughout Mexico and did the company proud. There should a ticker tape parade for us upon returning!

But instead, the AWA said - "we have no room for you on the show in Atlanta."

[The three Dogs Of War sit there fuming for a moment.]

PP: No room... for us?

[Perez angrily slams a fist down on the table, shouting at the camera.]

PP: YOU... MAKE ROOM... FOR US!

[Wade Walker smirks as he puts a powerful arm across Perez' chest, trying to calm him down before someone calls security.]

WW: Or we make room ourselves.

[Perez angrily grabs the camera, slamming it down on the table as we fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: An ominous threat is issued by the Dogs Of War right there and I just hope that threat doesn't become a reality here tonight, Bucky.

BW: The Dogs Of War are not in the building to the best of my knowledge, Gordo... but if they're here, you'd better believe that they don't make idle threats.

GM: That's what I'm afraid of. Ladies and gentlemen, in just a few seconds we are about to witness the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown championship match between champion Noburu Fujimoto and challenger Yoshinari Taguchi. And back again to help us call the action is Dale Adams, one of the leading American experts on Japanese and Mexican wrestling, as we saw earlier this evening. Dale, welcome back to the broadcast.

[There is a brief moment of static as Adams puts on his headset, but he chimes in immediately.]

DA: Gordon and Bucky, it is great to be back out here on such a special night to help call such a special match.

BW: So gimme the scoop, brother, what's so special about this match?

DA: What we are witnessing is the third match in what is turning out to be a tremendous rivalry. This rivalry is the Tiger Paw Pro version of Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez, and we all know what that entails. They have met in every combination of six man tags and eight man tags, and we are about to witness their third singles match. Noburu Fujimoto of course is the 27 year old young man who beat Yoshinari Taguchi for the title in August 2014, ending a nine month long title reign for Taguchi, his third time holding the

gold. Taguchi won their first encounter last January and Fujimoto was forced to battle all the way back into championship contention by winning the Global Elite Tournament in late July. Both men have been on a tear, and this is shaping up to be another fantastic chapter in a tremendous rivalry.

[The majestic strains of ELO's "Twilight" fills the stadium air to a big reaction from the Turner Field crowd. A crew cut Japanese man, long and lean, in black pant leg trunks and black boots, Yoshinari Taguchi walks briskly to the ring. He is reaching out to slap the hands of the ringside fans, making his way towards the squared circle.]

DA: A three-time Global Crown Champion, Yoshinari Taguchi is looking to make history by becoming the first ever four-time Global Crown Champion here tonight.

BW: Many in the know have said that Taguchi's days have passed him by.

DA: Many in Japan have claimed that as well. In fact, if Taguchi fails to win the title here tonight, there is a chance that it'll be quite some time before he ever gets another shot at it. There are many contenders lining up to face Noboru Fujimoto for the title and if he successfully retains the title here tonight, I expect the floodgates to open up with potential challengers for that prestigious Global Crown - including some AWA competitors who might like to follow in Air Strike's footsteps.

[As Taguchi gets ready in the ring, two men in Tiger Paw Pro shirts wheel out gigantic spotlights and point them at the entrance. The crowd cheers, as they've all heard the stories of Fujimoto's entrances, but they boo their head off as Rob Driscoll and Miss Sandra Hayes walk out, all smiles and cleaned up from earlier in the night.]

GM: What in the...? What are THEY doing out here?

BW: Hey, Fujimoto signed a deal with Sandra back in the summer to be his official United States representation, Gordo. I'm guessing that's still the case now.

GM: Unfortunately, you may be right.

[Hayes is holding a microphone and they both walk down the red carpet before turning around.]

MSH: Ladies and gentlemen... it is my pleasure to introduce to you... the REIGNING TIGER PAW PRO GLOBAL CROWN CHAMPION...

NOBURU FUUUUJIIIIIMOOOOTOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd cheers for the name of the Japanese superstar, and as the spotlights flick on, the soft sounds of a guitar and Axl Rose flicker in Turner Field...]

#When you were young and your heart was an open book

You used to say live and let live
(you know you did, you know you did you know you diiiiid)

But if this ever changing world in which we live in
Makes you give in and cry....
...say live and let die!#

[And as the guitar kicks in to that epic sound, fireworks go off on the outer rim of Turner Field, and the Global Crown champion makes his way to the red carpet, the spotlights following him.]

DA: There he is, folks! The Global Crown champion, the young man who has taken the Japanese wrestling scene by storm!

[Fujimoto is tall and good looking with bleach blonde dyed hair. He wears glossy looking tights that go to mid thigh, the right side gold and the left side wine red (like the Cavaliers). His boots and kneepads are color coordinated, left side wine red, white side gold. He wears a flowing robe to the ring, the Global Crown championship around his waist, and yellow sunglasses. As Driscoll and Hayes applaud, along with Fujimoto's usual manager and financial consultant, the champion falls to his knees and flings his hands in the air, as fireworks go off synced to his movements.]

GM: A lavish entrance for the champion Fujimoto, who has not endeared himself to this crowd with his choice in company.

BW: This man didn't travel all this way to worry about what the watchers are saying, brother. This guy is first rate from head to toe, and he's got the company to prove it!

[Fujimoto leads his contingent to the ring, and once at the ringside area, his diminutive manager hops up onto the apron and holds the ropes open. Fujimoto ducks inside and falls to his knees again, throwing his hands up and saying something to himself, before standing up and taking off his robe.]

DA: Fujimoto may come off as a selfish and conceited man, but he knows how valuable that title is, and he knows how hard Taguchi will work to get it back. The Japanese are taught respect and hard work at an early age, and Fujimoto is a tireless worker in the gym.

BW: Seems like he makes a decent buck too.

GM: Being champion as it's perks no matter where you are, Bucky.

[Each man stands in an opposite corner as Phil Watson makes the introductions.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a Global Crown Championship match! It is scheduled for one fall and will have a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, he is the challenger. He is a three time holder of the Global Crown, weighing in tonight at 230 pounds...

YOSHINARI TAGUUUUUUUUCHHHHHIIIIIIIII!

[Taguchi throws his hands in the air and brings both arms down into a bicep flex, eyes never leaving Fujimoto.]

PW: And his opponent, to my right, he is the champion. Embarking on his 239rd day as champion, weighing 236 pounds...

NOBURU FUUUUUJIIIIIIIMOOOOOOTOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The champion raises both hands as his entourage claps, then finally takes off his sunglasses, then the title. He reverently folds up the title, kisses it and hands it to the referee as the bell rings.]

GM: Here's the bell here for this very special Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown heavyweight matchup.

DA: Both men know each other so well here, Gordon, no one wants to rush into anything.

[The combatants circle each other for a moment, Taguchi winding his arm as they stare each other down. They converge in a collar and elbow tieup and fight over it for a second. The taller champion uses his height advantage to lean down on his rival and clamps on a side headlock. For a hot second, Taguchi tries to fight out of it, but Fujimoto doesn't budge. The smaller Taguchi smartly heads into the ropes and forces the break. The referee quickly interjects himself and makes sure there's no funny business.]

GM: The referee enforces the clean break, and champion Fujimoto allows it.

BW: Yeah, but how long is that going to last?

DA: That's referee Takao Nakano, right there, Gordon, one of the most respected referees in Tiger Paw Pro and in the entire Japanese wrestling landscape.

[Both wrestlers raise their hands for the clean break, but eye each other warily, expecting something from the other. The cocky Fujimoto lightly slaps Taguchi across the chest and backs away, a maddening smirk on his face.]

BW: You can translate that in any language, daddy. There is a lot of dislike with these two.

DA: They are the bitterest of rivals! Two of the most decorated athletes in Japan vying for that Global Crown.

[Former champion Taguchi nods his head blankly -- then fires out with a single leg takedown. Fujimoto hits the mat and instantly crawls away, scrambling for the ropes and managing to grab one with one of his long arms. Referee Nakano enforces the break, and Taguchi respectfully backs away, looking at his rival with his eyebrows raised.]

GM: These two know each other so well, and they know what advantages they have to press.

DA: Noburu Fujimoto does not, under any circumstance, want to get into a game of counter wrestling with Yoshinari Taguchi.

[Fujimoto walks a few steps forward and puts his hand in the air, motioning for a test of strength. Taguchi obliges and locks knuckles with the champ. They jockey for position, and the shorter Taguchi is able to get a slight advantage, leaning in and turning his wrists over, causing the champion's knees to buckle. Fujimoto's entourage shouts encouragement... so the champ breaks the knuckle lock and kicks the challenger in the stomach!]

BW: Smart move by Fujimoto, no reason for that stuff.

GM: The champion breaks out of the knuckle lock-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: And rifles a forearm across the chest of his rival!

[The Atlanta crowd cheers at that, and then cheers again as Taguchi responds with a blistering chop across Fujimoto's chest! The champion takes a step back and retaliates! Then Taguchi!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

DA: It didn't take long for the resentment to come out!

BW: We got chops two at a time, Gordo, buy one get one free!

GM: These Atlanta fans are loving the physicality between these two!

[The battle breaks down and both guys end up going twisting into the ropes, throwing wild elbows and chops and getting tangled up. The referee gets in between and both men bristle as they walk away.]

GM: The referee had to wedge himself in between these two competitors, there is incredible tension in that ring right now.

DA: There is a notion in the Japanese wrestling community right now that we are seeing a changing of the guard. Taguchi has had a touch of the Global Crown in 2011, 2012, 2013 and 2014. As of yet, he hasn't touched gold in 2015. And the man he lost the title to, Noburo Fujimoto, seems to be ready to take the mantle from him permanently.

[Taguchi rushes in and clamps on a side headlock, bringing the taller man down to his level. Fujimoto shows some grappling chops, swiftly slipping out of the side headlock by wrenching the arm into a hammerlock. Taguchi reverses in turn into his own hammerlock, yanking upward for good measure. The champion slaps his arm and swivels his head to get out, then drop toe holds out of it after a moment, and floats into his own seated side headlock.]

GM: A nice bit of chain wrestling right there, Bucky.

BW: I thought you said this kid could couldn't go hold for hold with Taguchi, Dale? What was that?

DA: Fujimoto's title win was considered a HUGE upset, especially after Yoshinari Taguchi thoroughly outwrestled him in their first encounter. But since winning the Global Crown, Fujimoto has shown signs of working hard in training to increase his technical aptitude. That exchange we just saw could have never happened at this time a year ago.

[Fujimoto cranks on the side headlock, but Taguchi smartly reaches for the ropes with his foot, hooking the near rope with his boot. The champion grants a clean break, but stands up and pulls Taguchi to his feet, then rocks him with a European uppercut. Another one backs Taguchi into the corner, and Fujimoto sends him for the ride...]

GM: The challenger hits the buckle hard, here comes Fujimoto in after him-Taguchi gets the boot up!

[The former champion swiftly ducks out of the corner and sprints across the ring to the ropes. As he rebounds, Fujimoto gets in position to bend over and give him a back body drop. Taguchi doesn't slow down a step, backflips over the bent down champion and awaits him turning around... then levels him with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: Taguchi scores with that maneuver, and the champion is rolling to the outside!

DA: That's a spinning leg lariat, Gordon, a move that both men were exposed to during their time spent wrestling for SWLL. Taguchi has added that move to his regular arsenal, while Fujimoto chose to embrace other aspects of that lucha libre style.

BW: This is great information, Allen, but I'm worried about your personal life. You need to get out more!

[Allen laughs, although not really, as Fujimoto rolls underneath the ropes. Taguchi helps the cause with a baseball slide dropkick that deposits the champ on the blue mats outside. Taguchi stays on the ring apron, and gets to his feet... then runs down the apron, jumps off and rams both knees into Fujimoto's face as he turns around!]

GM: Oh my stars and garters! Yoshinari Taguchi taking the fight to the Global Crown champion, and this crowd is loving it!

BW: Lemme tell ya something I learned a long time ago, Gordo. Hatred and competition is the same in any language. Even Stevie Wonder could tell that these boys don't like each other. A knee to the face is a knee to the face in every country on Earth!

[Fujimoto goes tumbling into the near barricade as the photographers and production assistants scatter. He gets back to his feet and turns into Taguchi, who scoops him up and slams him hard to the mats. The champion grabs at his back in pain as the challenger climbs back on the apron, backs away for a few steps... then comes flying off the apron again with a double stomp that MISSES!]

GM: Fujimoto rolled out of the way! The champion dodged a bullet, and look at the replay of that, Bucky! It looks like Yoshinari Taguchi could be in big trouble after missing that double stomp!

[The replay comes up, and Taguchi's left ankle buckles as he lands on the mat. Instantly he grabs at his ankle and cries out in pain, as we go back to real time.]

BW: Maybe Fujimoto's best move of the match, and he didn't even do anything. Taguchi's ankle hit in the wrong way possible, and that spells trouble, daddy.

DA: This might be the time that Fujimoto needs to regroup on the outside, and if Taguchi's mobility is peril, he'll be a sitting duck for Fujimoto's high impact offense.

[The champ takes his time and clears the cobwebs, then comes around to where Taguchi is and throws him into the ring.]

GM: Fujimoto rolls Taguchi in... and drops into a cover! One! Two! Shoulder up by the challenger!

[The champion rolls off and brings his rival to his feet, then picks him up for an atomic drop and JAMS Taguchi's foot in the canvas! The challenger yells out tries to hop on one foot, as Fujimoto hits the ropes...]

GM: Dropkick right to the leg!

BW: What a smart move! Attack the bad limb!

[Taguchi hits the mat face first and instinctively rolls to the corner, using the ropes to get him to his feet. Fujimoto is on him, pulling Taguchi out of the corner and locking in a half nelson...]

DA: Uh oh! Taguchi has nowhere to go!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: Suplex! Right on that neck! Here's the cover! ONE! T-Taguchi kicks out!

[The challenger slaps the mat with one hand, then covers again!]

GM: Again! ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

[The challenger rolls onto his knees, and pounds the mat with both fists, hollering out at Fujimoto to bring it on! He gets to his feet and unloads with a brutal chop that drives the champion back, then follows it up with an elbow to the chops that sends Fujimoto in the corner. A kneelift finds the mark, and Taguchi goes for another... but Fujimoto catches it!]

DA: He was expecting it! Taguchi is known for his kneelifts in the corner, and Fujimoto was lying in wait! It's a game within a game for these two!

GM: Fujimoto has Taguchi hopping on on leg, now out of the corner- OHHH!

DA: Dragon screw legwhip by the champion, a move made famous by Takashi Suzuki, and that puts torque on the knee and the ankle!

BW: And he kept hold of it, daddy, he stood up still holding that leg!

[Taguchi hops to his feet, and before Fujimoto can repeat the move Taguchi flies into the air, swinging his leg around to hit the champ in the back of the head!]

GM: Cover! For the title! ONE! TWO! KICKOUT BY FUJIMOTO!

[The former champion rolls to his feet and brings Fujimoto up with him, locking his head underneath the champion's armpit and arching back with a perfect bridged Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: ONE! TWO! Fujimoto gets his shoulder up! The champion is really turning on the pressure right here!

DA: Yoshinari Taguchi has had a knack for the big moment. He's a three time Global Crown champion, he held that title for over a year in one stretch. His instincts are unparalleled!

[Taguchi throws Fujimoto into the corner, and on the bounce back he grabs the champion for a German suplex... or tries.]

BW: He's fighting it! Fujimoto won't let him clasp his hands together!

[The strain is etched on the champion's face as he forces Taguchi's hands away from him, then quickly reverses into a rear waistlock of his own, only to spin Taguchi around and grab him around the collar, as if for a uranage, the set up for the Falling Laser Lasso!! Taguchi expertly wiggles his body free and turns around to drop toe hold out of it, getting to his feet with Fujimoto's foot still in his hand, and clamping on an STF in mere seconds!]

DA: STF! STF! Taguchi boasts one of the finest STF's in the wrestling world! This is the move that he submitted LION Tetsuo with to win the Global Crown!

BW: That's cinched in! That's locked right there, buddy!

DA: Another beautiful counter for that Falling Laser Lasso! A magnificent game plan by Yoshinari Taguchi!

[Fujimoto crawls for all he's worth, digging into the canvas and moving his weight and Taguchi's weight to the ropes. With a lunge, his right hand grabs the bottom rope, and Taguchi keeps the hold on until Takao Nakano instructs him to release.]

GM: Taguchi isn't quick, he's sudden with those reversals.

BW: He's like a blur of energy on the mat, Gordo, he's something else.

DA: Everybody in Japan knows how dangerous his STF is, and Noburu Fujimoto fought for all he was worth to get to those ropes.

[Taguchi rolls to the opposite corner, and grabs the rope as he makes sure his ankle is feeling better. After shaking it out a few times, he walks with a slight limp over to a rising Fujimoto, and let's loose...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and another...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...making welts immediately with chops across the chest. Fujimoto fights through the sting of the chops, nearly biting his lip, before answering back with an elbow of his own.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: What pain! What punishment!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

DA: Taguchi answers back!

[The former champion fights through the sting, sneers at the champion... and we're off.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Fujimoto wins the battle, driving Taguchi back with blistering shots, and then hooking him around the collar as if for a uranage. Taguchi instantly comes alive, furiously throwing elbows to the side of Fujimoto's head to get out of his clutches.]

DA: Notice the urgency! Fujimoto was setting up for the Falling Laser Lasso, a move Taguchi knows all too well! That is a match ender without question! It's the exact move that Fujimoto used to win the title last summer!

[Taguchi bounces off the far ropes and rebounds off, a slight hitch in his giddy up, but runs into a thrust kick from Fujimoto that hits him square in the chest!]

GM: Fujimoto is such an explosive athlete, he snapped that kick off and it knocked the challenger right out of the ring.

[Fujimoto's entourage, including Rob Driscoll and Sandra Hayes, applaud their associate as he hops to the outside to deal with Taguchi, who has walked to the guardrail to clear his head.]

GM: Fujimoto charges- TAGUCHI WITH A DROP TOE HOLD INTO THE BARRICADE!

[The fans cheer as Fujimoto's head clanks off the steel! Fujimoto pulls himself up so that his upper body is hanging over the barricade. Yoshinari Taguchi goes to work, lacing Fujimoto's left arm back and HAMMERING his neck and clavicle with repeated elbows, over and over!]

BW: My goodness! That's how you work a body part!

DA: Yoshinari Taguchi utilizes so many submissions hold that focus on the arm and neck, including his patented Four Leaf Clover hold and the STF that we saw moments ago!

[Taguchi climbs over the barricade, brings the arm he's working on through the steel rungs and YANKS for all he's worth, ramming the shoulder into the steel over and over. Fujimoto gets his arm loose and backs away, clutching at his left arm. The challenger gets back into the ringside area and rolls the champion into the ring.]

GM: The champion trying to buy himself some time after Yoshinari Taguchi focused on that arm, but Taguchi is right on him. Fujimoto goes to the far corner, giving himself some space- and lays in a big elbow across the chest! And another!

[Stunned, Taguchi is easy prey for the champion to hook him up for a suplex, then switch positions so that Taguchi's back is in the corner. The

champion lifts for a suplex, but Taguchi won't budge, so Fujimoto kicks him one more time to break his grip.]

GM: Taguchi blocks the suplex, but Fujimoto keeps up the assault. Kneelift to the breadbasket, and another one straightens the challenger up. Whip to the far side- here comes the champion!

[Fujimoto thunders across the ring, flies through the air and buries a forearm shot to the side of the head, then turns around and traps Taguchi in the corner.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

DA: Repeated back elbows to a trapped Taguchi! Usually the champion alternates arm to arm, but clearly the work done on the left arm has inhibited Fujimoto from doing so!

[Not missing a beat, the champion bearhugs his challenger and sits him on the top rope, then takes a step back to wrangle some feeling into his arm. After a moment, Fujimoto races to the corner and runs up the turnbuckles to give Taguchi one of his signature pop up forearm shots... but the challenger grabs the forearm out of midair, swings his legs around it, then drops backward off the top turnbuckle, a cross armbreaker applied as he dangles upside down above the apron! Even the American crowd can appreciate that counter!]

GM: An unbelievable counter! This crowd is on their feet, and Noboru Fujimoto is in tremendous pain!

[Taguchi lets go of the hold after ten seconds or so, then gracefully lands on his feet and scurries back inside the ring. Fujimoto is holding his arm, cringing in pain...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

...and a shinkick to the shoulder ain't gonna make it feel better!]

BW: My gosh, that kick to the arm about made him crumble.

DA: Another kick to the arm, and Fujimoto is on his knees! This is the setup to the Four Leaf Clover!

[Taguchi quickly deathlocks both legs, and then lays in another elbow to the bad shoulder of Fujimoto, then chickenwings both arms and leans back, rolling Fujimoto into the Four Leaf Clover. The referee checks Fujimoto, seeing if he'll give up in the midst of the excruciating pain, but he valiantly shakes his head and hollers "NO!"]

GM: The pain has to be incredible! Fujimoto is literally shaking!

DA: But notice, he's managing to loosen his leg! Taguchi's ankle gave way and the champion is such a lanky individual, his limbs are so long, that it's hard to get the leg part of the Four Leaf Clover locked in!

[For ten, fifteen, maybe even twenty seconds, the Global Crown champion fights to loosen his leg from the bad wheel, and eventually does. He blindly kicks backward, hoping to get Taguchi to release the hold and at last the challenger releases the leg portion... but he keeps the arms chickenwinged, rolls to his feet and plunges backward with a Tiger Suplex, keeping the bridge!]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR-KICKOUT! Noburu Fujimoto kicks out!

[Taguchi throws his opponent off of him and rises to his feet, throwing one hand in the air and yelling as the crowd joins in. Behind him, Fujimoto rolls to a sitting position, and Taguchi turns around and sprints right at him, coming in low with a single leg dropkick that drills Fujimoto right in the face!]

GM: A vicious, vicious dropkick at point blank range! Fujimoto was sitting uo, but only for a moment!

DA: He calls that the Katana Kick, a move he's been working on at the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo!

BW: Well whatever you call it, it's a serious piece of business! This one is close to over, brother.

[Fujimoto rolls onto his knees, and Yoshinari Taguchi walks into a standing headscissors. He tries to lift, for a powerbomb or a piledriver, but Fujimoto won't budge... so Taguchi lays in elbows across to the back of his head and neck at close range! A second lift is successful, and as Taguchi flips him up for the powerbomb... Fujimoto punches him with a closed fist right in the face!]

GW: Taguchi dropped him! Fujimoto lands on his feet!

DA: HE HOOKED HIM! HE HOOKED HIM!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

DA: THERE IT IS! THE FALLING LASER LASSO! Taguchi gets spiked to the canvas!

BW: But can he cover him!?

[The answer appears to be no. Both men lay on the mat, flat on their back and only after a half minute does Fujimoto move.]

GM: Cover! ONE! TWO! THR- NO SIR!

DA: No one has EVER kicked out of the Falling Laser Lasso! This is history!

[Fujimoto suddenly roars to life, furious that Taguchi kicked out. He yanks the challenger to his knees, hooks him across the throat again, and hits another Falling Laser Lasso! The champion gets to his feet one more, looking to cover, but Sandra Hayes is holding up her index finger and shouting her one more, just to be sure!]

GM: Sandra Hayes is signaling for one more! She's telling him to make sure!

BW: When the rivalry goes this deep, when the hatred is this intense, you gotta be sure, daddy! Take no risks!

[The champion Fujimoto drags a barely-with-it Taguchi to his feet one more time, hooks his rival across the throat once more... and with a smile, knowing that it's over, spikes Yoshinari Taguchi to the canvas one last time with the most vicious Falling Laser Lasso yet.]

GM: A tremendous thud! Fujimoto rolls into a cover, making sure to cover both legs... ONE! TWO! THREEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Fujimoto rolls to a seated position, the entourage flooding the ring to celebrate the victory as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... and STILL Global Crown Champion...

NOOOOB0000RUUUUU FUJIM0000000T0000000!

[Sandra Hayes snatches up the title on her way into the ring, throwing it skyward over her head as Rob Driscoll rolls in, celebrating the big win while applauding Fujimoto as he climbs up to his feet.]

GM: Rob Driscoll is in. Sandra Hayes is in. Fujimoto's Japanese entourage are in as well.

BW: It's a party, daddy!

GM: I suppose it is and... wait a second!

[The crowd breaks out into jeers as the Japanese manager lifts Taguchi off the mat by the hair, holding him up as Rob Driscoll DRILLS him with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by the National Champion!

[The blow knocks Taguchi back to the canvas where a grinning Fujimoto joins in, stomping his rival alongside Rob Driscoll as Sandra Hayes cheers them both on.]

GM: Taguchi's being stomped into the mat by Driscoll and Fujimoto! This is horrible, fans! Yoshinari Taguchi is all alone here in the United States! He's got no friends! He's got no allies! He's got-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TRAVIS!

[The crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch comes charging down the aisle, sliding headfirst into the ring...]

GM: TRAVIS IS IN!

[...and BLASTS the incoming Japanese contingent with a double clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes the manager!

BW: And the financial consultant! Who's going to count the payday for winning?!

[Travis turns his focus on Fujimoto, lighting him up with right hands up against the ropes...]

...as Rob Driscoll charges him from the blind side, arms raised over his head for a double axehandle!]

GM: DRISCOLL FROM BEHIND!

[But Travis wheels around, HURLING Driscoll into Fujimoto, sending them both hurtling over the ropes and down to the floor to a HUGE CHEER from the Turner Field crowd!]

GM: TRAVIS CLEARS THE RING!

[Travis slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting for Driscoll to get back into the ring as the crowd roars at what they just saw!]

GM: Fujimoto's out! Driscoll's out! And Travis Lynch is standing tall, having saved Yoshinari Taguchi from who knows what at the hands of those two, Bucky!

BW: Leave it to a no-good Stench to spoil a perfectly good beatdown by sticking his nose in where it doesn't belong.

[Travis leans over, helping Taguchi back to his feet, explaining what happened as the dazed former champion nods, shaking Travis' hand in thanks.]

GM: And look at that, Bucky! We may have ourselves a new alliance!

BW: A new alliance that oughta do Travis a world of good when his new buddy is back halfway across the world.

GM: Well, Dale... it's been an exciting night of action to have you here with us. I'd personally love to thank you for all the insight here tonight and invite you to come on back to help us whenever you can.

DA: Much appreciated, Gordon. Whenever you need me, I'll do my best to be there.

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we're going to see Johnny Detson and Hannibal Carver collide so don't you dare go away!

[With Travis shouting at Driscoll and Fujimoto, we fade to black.]

Open to a pan of an empty Crockett Colosseum, 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: Blackjack Lynch. Graham. Martinez (the elder). Spector.]

VOICEOVER: And the home of the best in the world today.]

[More: Martinez (the younger). Lake. Cooper. Bryant.]

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

[The pan of the arena slowly morphs from a live action shot, to a 3D digitized animation shot of the exact same place. Everything looks the same, except this is no longer live footage... it looks like a video game.]

And in the next shot, we see that it IS one; the stands are filled with virtual fans as a virtual Supreme Wright locks up with a virtual Dave Bryant. Rapid-fire cuts to the game avatars of many AWA stars, past and present, either in ring, in selection screens, or in entrances.]

VOICEOVER: The year is 2014. And the game... has... changed.

[And cut to a still shot of Supreme Wright holding up the title after his championship win at SuperClash, because that's the cover of AWA 2K14 by 2K games.]

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[Cut...

...and as we fade back up, we find a chaotic scene in the backstage area. The camera crew has ventured into the locker room area where we can see the strewn-out bodies of Los Infernos, writhing on the floor with exclamations of pain.

There are AWA officials, security, and medical personnel inside the ring, tending to the fallen luchadors as security tries to figure out what happened. The cameraman is forced back by security with a "give them some room to work."

The locker room door slams shut on the camera lens...

...and a soft chuckle is heard from behind the camera that wheels around to find the Dogs Of War standing nearby.]

IC: Damn shame, ain't it?

[Wade Walker nods.]

WW: Real shame.

[A smirking Pedro Perez holds up a metal pipe in his right hand, dropping it to the floor so that it clatters loudly. Perez shrugs at the camera as the three men walk out of view...

...and we crossfade back to ringside where a shocked Gordon Myers is seated with Bucky Wilde.]

GM: What the HECK was that all about?!

BW: I think it's pretty clear, Gordo.

GM: The Dogs Of War assaulted Los Infernos back in the locker room?!

BW: So, you agree.

GM: Why?! What did they do to the Dogs?!

BW: They took their spot, Gordo. You heard the Dogs earlier. They felt they belonged on this show. They felt they should be treated like conquering heroes and they... well, weren't.

GM: Those three will NEVER be heroes with actions like that!

BW: I think they can live with that as long as they leave a trail of bodies behind them wherever they go.

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action.

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

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

[The grating electric sounds of "More Human Than Human (Remix)" by White Zombie starts up over the PA, and the fans boo.]

PW: From Oakland, California... weighing in at two hundred nineteen pounds... "THE ANARCHIST" MATT ROGERS!

[Watson's intro takes us through the opening segment, and when the main melody of the song is heard, Rogers steps out from behind the curtain. Matt Rogers has pale skin, long black hair, a mustache, and pointed goatee. He is slight of build, and has a few tattoos on his arms and chest. He wears long black tights with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, and heavily taped wrists, forearms, and fingers. He's also sporting a black leather jacket with red and white bandanas wrapped around the shoulders and an intricate skull design stenciled on the back in red paint. His head is down as he walks, as if he's heading down the street and doesn't want to be bothered.]

GM: The always controversial Matt Rogers out here in action, but he's got his hands full with his opponent tonight, the returning Skywalker Jones!

BW: Jones has been hanging out in Japan, but I doubt the competition over there's anywhere near as tough as it is here in the AWA!

[Rogers gets to the ring, rolls under the bottom rope, and pops up to his feet. After a moment of glaring down, he lifts his head and stretches his arms out wide, giving the fans an arrogant look as he absorbs their boos. He holds this pose for a couple of seconds before walking to his corner, ignoring the referee as he goes past.]

PW: Introducing now, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins!

[A huge cheer greets Higgins, as he steps into the ring, dressed in his trademark all-white suit. He raises his gold microphone to his lips as the crowd roars in anticipation.]

BPH: ATLANTA, GEORGIA!

[Big pop!]

BPH: We are back from the Land of the Risin' Sun, here to remind everyone who's number one! So...get UP! Outta' your seat and onto your feet! It's time once again to pay homage to the MAN!

[The crowd roars!]

BPH: Put your hands together and cheer for the man truly without fear! He flies, he soars, and he ALWAYS makes the crowd want more...more...MORE! He weighs in tonight at an Earth-shattering, unbelievable, inconceivable,

amazing, breathtaking, unparalleled...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is known far and wide as the one TRUE human highlight reel of professional wrestling! Hailin' from Hot Coffee, Mississippi...here is Mister Steal The Spotlight, himself!

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath, now!]

BPH:

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEE
EEEESSSSSSSS!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the entrance dressed in a full-length fur coat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso. Skywalker Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his fur coat and personal effects, as Jones takes hold of the top rope, leaning back and proceeding to LAUNCH himself up and over, somersaulting into the ring! POP!]

GM: Skywalker Jones, making a spectacular entrance as always.

"DING DING DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Jones and Rogers circle each other, before Jones shoots in for a collar-and elbow tie-up. However, Rogers easily ducks under before spinning around and throwing a high kick at Jones, who sways away from it narrowly escaping it by inches. He grins big at Rogers, holding his index finger and thumb apart by the slimmest of margins.]

GM: OH! A disrespectful slap across the face by Rogers!

[POP!]

GM: AND JONES RESPONDS WITH A SLAP OF HIS OWN!

BW: Jones ain't ever been the type of person that turns the other cheek!

[Not wasting time, Jones sends Rogers into the ropes. He drops down, as Rogers leaps over him and hits the far ropes, before following it up by leaping over him. As Rogers comes back, Jones leaps up again, this time nailing The Anarchist with a HUGE standing dropkick!]

BW: WOAH!

GM: A BIG dropkick from Skywalker Jones sends Matt Rogers to the outside!

[Rogers rolls out of the ring to regroup, but Jones doesn't relent. Running off into the far ropes, Jones runs at Rogers at full speed, leaping up and OVER the top rope and diving onto The Anarchist with a somersault plancha...and shockingly landing on his feet!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

BW: He landed on his feet, Gordo! ON HIS FEET!

GM: What an amazing display of agility by Skywalker Jones!

[With the crowd going nuts at Jones' athletic display, the high flyer sprints towards the announcers' table...]

GM: Wait a minute, what's he doing!? You can't be here!

BW: Hey, get down from there!

[...and climbs up onto it, waving his arms up and down, imploring the crowd to cheer even louder! And they oblige!]

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

"JONES!"

[However, as Jones is busy playing to the crowd, he doesn't notice Rogers getting back to his feet...

"SMAAAACK!!!"

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

...and sweeping Jones' legs out from under him, causing him to land back-first onto the announcers' table and rolling off, landing onto the covered infield!]

GM: OHHH! Jones just hit hard onto our table!

BW: He shouldn't have been on it to begin with! Look at this! He got dirt all over my notes!

[Grabbing Jones by his mini-fro, Rogers throws Jones back into the ring. He steps up onto the apron and holds onto the top rope, before leaping up and launching himself over them back into the ring, landing with a legdrop across Jones' throat!]

GM: OH! A legdrop back into the ring and Matt Rogers has the cover! One! Two! Th-NO! Jones slips the shoulder!

[Looking annoyed by the referee's count, Rogers gets up into Davis Warren's face, holding up three fingers. Warren shakes his head, holding up two fingers. Rogers mouths a few unprintable expletives at Warren, before turning his attention back to Jones.]

GM: Rogers wasting time here, arguing with the referee.

BW: He just hates'em, Gordo. And I don't blame him! As a manager, referees have never caused me nothin' but trouble! They're rude, obnoxious, and think they're the star of the show!

GM: I'm sure the feeling's mutual.

BW: Hey!

[Pulling Jones to his feet, Rogers shoves Mister Steal the Spotlight into the corner, before striking him with multiple kicks to the ribs and ending with a leaping back kick that catches Jones right under the chin, causing him to slump to the mat!]

GM: OH! What a kick!

[Dragging Jones out of the corner, Rogers then climbs up to the top rope, with his back turned to Jones. He backflips off the top rope for a moonsault, but Jones rolls out of the way, causing Rogers to land face-first into the canvas!]

GM: NO! The backflip splash misses!

BW: That's the kind of risks these high-flyers take! It's all or nothing!

[Getting to his feet, Jones sees Rogers down on the mat and takes a running start, before backflipping into the air and landing onto Rogers with a standing shooting star press!]

GM: A STANDING ZERO-G FROM JONES! ONE! TWO! TH-NOOO!

[The crowd groans as Rogers barely gets a shoulder up at the last second.]

GM: So close!

[Pounding his fist into the mat, Jones pulls Rogers to his feet and lifts him up, placing him onto the top rope. Jones climbs up with him, setting up for a superplex...]

GM: Jones going for a superplex here, but Rogers is trying to fight him off!

[...but Rogers refuses to go over, holding his ground and blasting Jones with several blows to the midsection. Finally, he takes his foot and **SHOVES** Jones off the turnbuckles and onto the mat!]

GM: OH! Down goes Jones!

[Shaking off the cobwebs, Rogers tries to climb up onto the top turnbuckle to go for a high-flying move of his own, but Jones is already back up on his feet, turning his back to Rogers and throwing himself into a backflip, catching Rogers on the top of the skull with a devastating Pele kick!]

GM and BW: OHHHH!!!

[Rogers lingers on the top turnbuckle for a second, before falling off and landing hard onto the canvas. Jones then drags Rogers from the corner and with a single leap, lands on the top turnbuckle. He stands to his full height and cups his hands around his mouth, before yelling...]

"STANDING! O!"

[...before leaping backwards off the top and tucking his body in, crashing onto Rogers with an imploding 450 splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: THE STANDING O! JONES HAS THE COVER! ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING DING DING!"

[Jones gets to his feet and high fives Buford P. Higgins as he steps into the ring to announce the winner...]

BPH: Your winner, as if there was ever any doubt. The immortal, the amazing...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath, now!]

BPH: JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-

[The screen cuts to black as the shuffling pace of boots being dragged through dirt creeps through.

Over the sound, a hoarse, harsh whisper is heard.]

"I looked... and there before me was a pale horse..."

[The footsteps get closer...]

"And he that sat on him was Death..."

[...and closer.]

"And hell followed with him."

[The footsteps grind to a halt as the sound of a shrill scream - loud but instantly choked off before the black screen cuts back to live action in the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing next to one Derrick Williams, wearing street clothes of jeans and an AWA T-shirt.]

MS: Thank you guys, I'm back here with Derrick Williams, not in action tonight but on hand for our first big show on the road, and I'm told has something big to announce.

[Williams nods.]

DW: That's right Mark, you see, I've been here a while now, and I've come a long way. Just look at least week. Three inches Mark, three inches.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

DW: That's how much Lake made the ropes by. He's three inches further from the bottom rope, I knock off the King. Eight months ago, that doesn't happen. But, that was two weeks ago. That was a tournament that I was focused on, and that's over with. Now, its time to get back to the 525 pound Demon in the room. My own personal Demon, KING Oni.

[Williams rubs wrists.]

DW: See, at SuperClash, Oni put a hurting on my trainer, because, well, Fawcett likes that stuff. And I stepped in and stopped him. Now he's been hunting me down since then. And, well, it's time to face the Demon. I don't have the Brass Ring Tournament to distract me, I don't have anything else on my plate now, just a date with another KING. So, right now, I am issuing a challenge to KING Oni for Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Stegglet looks massively surprised.]

MS: Derrick, do you know what you're doing?

DW: Yes Mark, I'm challenging KING Oni to a match. I'm not hiding, I'm not waiting for him to come to me. I'm not backing down from the Demon, I'm going to meet him head on. And I'm going to do it at Memorial Day Mayhem.

"Mayhem?"

[Stegglet backs up a bit as a dark laugh is accompanied by a snarl. The Lost Boy, on all fours, enters the scene. He rears back forcibly, as the leash around his neck is tugged by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. The Lost Boy crouches by Fawcett's feet, who smiles as he pats his savage charge's head.]

"D"HF: How appropriate a name. How unfortunate a choice for you. For I have heard the praise. For the young man that fights the odds, who even in losing moves forward... improving with every step.

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: So it saddens me greatly to see such a man, whose future is filled with such promise...

[Fawcett smiles.]

"D"HF: ... to court death so eagerly. Are your nightly forays into the pubs and saloons so empty? Do you find the company you find there so wanting? Has loneliness gripped you so completely that you seek even THAT mistress? For there are so few that can withstand that bitter embrace. I know one of the proud few...

[Fawcett bows his head in faux sympathy.]

"D"HF: ... I believe you know him as the reason your beloved teacher, to this very day, feels pain with every breath.

[Williams clenches his fists, takes a step towards Fawcett... but thinks better of it due to a snarling Lost Boy slowly rising to his feet. Fawcett chuckles, patting The Lost Boy on his massive shoulder.]

"D"HF: Now, now... it is not me you have challenged. For I would not be that much of a challenge, would I? No, I am nothing less than a benefactor. A helpful friend. For you have demanded the challenge of one who comes from beyond the waves.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: And on the behalf of our sovereign lord, I ACCEPT.

[Williams smiles, nodding.]

DW: That's exactly what I wanted. Get your lord ready, Doctor. And keep him hungry, because if he's that bent on eating something...

[Williams holds up his fist, then moves his arm to indicate his fist and his elbow.]

DW: ...I got a couple of things I'd like to feed him. We're on.

[Williams exits the shot... as Fawcett smiles darkly at a clearly disturbed Steggle and we crossfade back out to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Brave words there for young Derrick Williams as he issues what many would consider an ill-advised challenge, Bucky.

BW: Ill-advised? You talk about the understatement of the year. I hope he enjoyed his time here in the big leagues because I think it's about to come to a... crushing... end.

GM: Memorial Day Mayhem will be the scene of that big match and so many others but we've got a few big matches left here tonight as well at The Duel

On The Diamond and one of those is coming up right now. For quite some time now, Hannibal Carver has been on a quest to get his hands on Johnny Detson and tonight - despite all of Detson's weaseling to get out of it - it's going to happen.

BW: This isn't right, Gordo. Johnny Detson is your Steal The Spotlight winner. He should be preparing to face the winner of tonight's Main Event - not dealing with that lunatic Carver.

GM: Detson crossed a line last summer at the Battle Of Los Angeles when he ended the career of Eric Preston with a steel chair to the head - a move that sent Preston's friend Carver over the edge. Tonight, you can bet that Carver's looking for payback. We caught up with Hannibal Carver, the Boston Brawler himself, earlier tonight... let's hear from him right now.

[The scene opens to a dark blue AWA backdrop. Standing in front of it, emptying the contents of a Budweiser can down his throat is Hannibal Carver. He finishes it off, crushing the can against his forehead. He then tosses it in the air, headbutting it in mid-air out of view. He then smirks.]

HC: Times are, yeh've been on one road for so damn long yeh can barely believe it when it's about to come to an end. Feels like it's been nearly a decade where I've had to hear Johnny Detson talk about me like the jackass knows me. Hell, he's been playing his games even when I wasn't trying to put him down for the big sleep.

There I was, beating the hell out of his running buddy Rick Marley. It didn't make a bit of difference to me if it was in the middle of that damn ring or back in the parking lot. One way or another, he was gonna take his medicine.

[As if on cue, Carver opens up his own medicine... namely another can of beer.]

HC: And he didn't have much to say about it, either. Sure, he hid under a mask so he could get some cheap shots in... but at the end, it was me standing over his sorry carcass seconds after I knocked him the hell out.

[Carver takes a big swig of beer. He then shakes his head, his face twisted into a scowl.]

HC: All the while though... there was one constant. One annoying as all hell constant that grated my damn nerves. One pair of flapping gums and one pair of chattering teeth. Gums flapping because he thought he could play some games with me mind by bringing up my past. Bringing up the things I've done to make my bones here in this sport. Namely the fact that I made my bones...

[Carver grins.]

HC: ... by breaking bones. Maybe he thought that would throw me off my game. Maybe he thought it'd make me doubt myself. The problem with that?

[Carver nods his head.]

HC: Never for one solitary second have I not known who the hell I am. I am yer worst damn nightmare if yeh see me across the ring from yeh with a scowl on my face. Never mind that old fossil making that dirtbag Martinez's life hell, I'm the stuff of nightmares. When he sees me walking down the sidewalk, the devil crosses the street just so he can avoid ME. Yeh right, I ain't tossed anyone through no tables since stepping foot in this company. I ain't shredded nobody's flesh with barbed wire. I ain't set no poor sucker on fire.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: A damn shame, is what THAT is. But I haven't done it not because I'm ashamed. Not because I found my soul in my old age. Hell, I saw that thing for the useless piece of trash it was and chucked it in the circular file a LONG time ago. I might be a maniac and a monster. I might be the thing that bumps in the night and whatever the hell else the suits wanna slap on the front of a t-shirt. But one thing I damn sure ain't?

[Carver nods.]

HC: A simpleton. Some relic of the past that don't know more than one way to dance. I can do all those heinous things to the human body with everything that ain't nailed down and a few things that are... but I can get that same job done with these mitts and these boots. Even if it's by me knocking yer teeth out and stomping yeh clear through the mat... yer still down for the damn count. And that brings me to the chattering teeth.

[Carver takes another swig of beer.]

HC: For all yer big talk, for every time yeh walk into the arena flanked by a big group... yer still scared as hell. Staying up late at night and getting complaints from yer neighbors because they can't sleep either due to all the damn crying and whimpering yer doing. All because yeh had to open yer big trap. But I'll tell yeh what. Just so yeh can stop thinking I'm such a bad guy. Yeh can go ahead and give them a call right now. Tell them they're sleepless nights are over. Because yer never gonna keep them up crying and begging for mercy.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Because yeh ain't gonna be doing much of anything. Not ever again. Because I've had to sit back and see yeh play games with championship gold. I've had to see yeh cheat and scheme yer way to the top. But me sitting back and watching ends tonight. Tonight I walk into that ring... and just like that time yeh stole nips from yer daddy's liquor cabinet?

[Carver crushes the beer can in his fist.]

HC: There's gonna be a damn blackout.

[Carver throws the crushed beer can right at the camera as he walks out of the camera's view...

...and we fade up to the backstage stage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

LB: Folks, have we got a ton of information lined up for you on the Hotline tonight. If you call tonight you'll get all the behind the scene scoops from tonight's Duel On The Diamond plus-

[Suddenly, Johnny Detson comes storming into the picture.]

JD: SCOOP?! You want a scoop, Lou? DO YA?

[The shot suddenly gets very crowded as now Detson has five security guards following him. Calisto Dufresne is now here standing to his right and directly behind him is the big man Eric Somers.]

JD: How about the scoop of the fallacy of this administration! Sacrificing the safety of all its employees for the all mighty dollar! O'Neill might as well be called O'Connor! Meet the new boss, same as the old boss.

[Detson is uncharacteristically out of control as he spits in disgust on the floor.]

JD: But you think you have me? Well, you don't have nothing! Worried? I'm not worried!

[Detson quickly looks over his shoulder and then takes a step closer to his security force.]

JD: Johnny Detson has never been worried about anything, anytime, anywhere. You think I'm going to start with the likes of Hannibal Carver? You're going to ask me if I'm worried? Go ask Hannibal Carver if he's worried; that's what I say!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: But all month long, I've got people asking me, "Johnny, what are you going to do? He's so strong. He's so angry. He lacks any self-control."

[Detson laughs and looks over at Dufresne who is shaking his head.]

JD: Like I'm going to tell a bunch of nobodies from Atlanta, Georgia what I'm going to do in the ring. Atlanta, first time in forever you people had a sell out here at Turner and it didn't happen until the ninth inning because people got here early to see Johnny Detson. Like we would divulge our highly sophisticated strategies even if it is only against that halfwit Carver.

[Detson holds up a finger.]

JD: But don't you worry, Johnny Detson's got a plan. You stack the deck against Johnny Detson; Johnny Detson just reshuffles the deck.

[Detson smirks and looks at all the people around him. He pats the briefcase Somers is holding.]

JD: That's why I'm the future World Champion of this Company and Hannibal Carver's not. Because I have a plan, I always have a plan, and Hannibal never has a clue! What am I going to do against him?

[Detson shakes his head back and forth.]

JD: What is HE going to do against US?

[With that, Detson storms away just as quickly as he arrived as we fade back to a panning shot of the Turner Field crowd for a few moments... and then down to Phil Watson inside the ring.]

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

[The instantly-recognizable sounds of Led Zeppelin's classic "Kashmir" kicks in over the PA system as Turner Field ERUPTS into a massive amount of jeers. A cloud of smoke emerges from the dugout area, masking the steps to prevent anyone from seeing them.]

PW: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he is the 2014 winner of the Steal The Spotlight contract...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSON!

[About twenty seconds into the opening guitar riff, Johnny Detson arrives, flanked by Calisto Dufresne on one side and Eric Somers on the other. Detson's security force has formed a circle around him, making their way into view as well as the fans let them have it.]

BW: Johnny Detson's in the house but he ain't comin' alone, daddy!

GM: There's no call for all of these people out here with him!

BW: No call for it?! Have you seen Carver attack this man week after week?!

GM: Yes, but this is a one-on-one match! They can't protect Detson from Carver any longer!

BW: Oh yeah?

[Detson stands at the home plate area, smirking at the show of force surrounding him. He's clad in a black zippered sweatshirt over long gold tights and black boots. The group starts down the aisle...

...only to be cut off by AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger.]

BW: What the heck is Jagger doing out there? Doesn't he know this match takes place in the ring?

GM: Of course he does. Johnny Jagger's having a conversation with Johnny Detson right here and-

[Detson is visibly upset as the cameras creep closer. He's shouting at Jagger who returns fire, gesturing back towards the dugout.]

GM: What is...?

BW: Wait a second!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jagger angrily shouts at Detson, pointing at his security detail - including Dufresne and Somers - ordering them to go back to the locker room! Detson is defiant, shouting at Jagger who turns, jogging back down the aisle where he slides in, huddling up with Phil Watson who nods before raising the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Johnny Jagger has EJECTED Eric Somers, Calisto Dufresne, and any and all members of Johnny Detson's security team from ringside for this match by order of AWA President Landon O'Neill!

[Detson can be heard screaming, "YOU CAN'T DO THAT!" from down the aisle, his formerly confident visage gone in an instant.]

PW: And as such, if Mr. Detson's allies do NOT return to the locker room right now and STAY in the locker room for the duration of this contest...

[Pregnant pause.]

PW: ...Mr. Detson will forfeit this match and be subject to further discipline from the AWA President!

[BIG CHEER! Detson angrily shouts down the aisle again, huddling up with Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: Oho! I believe that whatever plans Johnny Detson had here tonight for Hannibal Carver just had a monkeywrench thrown in them! He's going to have to go it alone, Bucky!

BW: Who the HELL does Landon O'Neill think he's messing with, Gordo?!

GM: A man who was plotting to get the edge on Carver since the moment this match was announced. He tried to get out of it and when that didn't happen, he tried to stack the deck against Hannibal Carver! What is it he just said, Bucky? When you stack the deck against him, he shuffles the cards? Well, the cards just got shuffled in a big way!

BW: Yeah, but... that's not what he wanted!

GM: And you had better believe that if it was just a forfeit, he'd take it and run... but the idea of "further discipline" from the AWA President has to hang on his mind. That could be a fine... that could be a suspension... he might even strip him of the Steal The Spotlight contract!

BW: He can't do that... can he?!

GM: I think the AWA President has the power and authority to do whatever he sees fit, Bucky... and Johnny Detson can't believe this but his entire group of allies out there - Somers, Dufresne, AND that security squad... they're walking out! They've gotta go back to the locker room and stay there!

[Detson looks sullen as his allies are forced to desert him, vanishing back into the dugout smoke as Detson slowly makes his way down the aisle, trying to work some confidence back into his demeanor as he approaches the ring.]

BW: This is a sham, Gordo. This is abuse of power by Landon O'Neill and you know it!

GM: I love it, Bucky! I love it!

[Detson climbs through the ropes, going into an arrogant spin, riling up the Turner Field crowd as he tugs off his black sweatshirt, throwing it aside while glaring at Johnny Jagger.

A mid-tempo bassline is heard over the PA, signaling the beginning of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys. A siren is heard as the fans get to their feet in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, Hannibal Carver makes his presence known. He pulls the hood of his black hooded sweatshirt off his head, raising his arms out wide and letting out a primal scream to a huge ovation.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#
#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[Carver tears the sweatshirt off, flinging it to the ground as he approaches the ring.]

GM: Here he comes, fans! The Boston Brawler is on a mission to destroy Johnny Detson!

[Detson turns towards the aisle, ready for anything as Carver approaches, walking faster... and faster...

...and then breaks into a run, diving under the ropes. Detson comes at him, sending Phil Watson scattering from the ring as Johnny Jagger signals for the

bell. Carver comes to his feet, throwing a right hand as Detson returns fire with one of his own!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go! It's breaking loose in Atlanta!

[Carver lands a second shot that Detson responds to with a blow of his own. A third right hand connects by Carver as Detson returns fire.]

GM: They're throwing bombs in there and- ohh! What a right hand by Carver! That one staggered Detson!

[Carver winds up again, throwing another big haymaker that rocks Detson, sending him stumbling a few steps back towards the middle of the ring. The Boston Brawler steps in, throwing a stiff forearm to the jaw that puts Detson down on a knee before he quickly gets back up!]

BW: Detson does NOT want to trade shots with Hannibal Carver, Gordo! This isn't the gameplan to bring to this!

GM: Detson may be completely thrown off by what happened with his security team! His gameplan might be out the window right now!

BW: He'd better hope not!

[Detson throws himself forward with a looping right hand that Carver easily ducks under...

...and EXPLODES up into the jaw of Detson with a forearm smash that sends him falling back down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Down goes Detson and- oh, come on!

[The crowd REALLY gets on Detson's case as he lifts his right hand up, begging off, scooting back on his butt to get away from Carver who is standing over him, a wild look in his eyes, with both fists clenched and at the ready.]

BW: Unclench those fists, you thug!

GM: The referee's also asking Carver to open up his hands...

[Carver does... and then balls them back up as he continues to stalk a fleeing Detson around the ring. The referee steps in, creating just enough space for Detson to roll to his knees, pushing up to crawl towards the ropes...]

GM: Detson's making a run for it!

[But the crowd roars again as Carver hooks his trunks from behind, shaking his head defiantly as Detson clings to the ropes, trying to pull himself out to the floor.]

GM: Detson's trying to get out of Dodge but Carver's hanging on, dragging him back in!

[He yanks Detson back in, scooping him up, and slamming him down to the canvas with a spine-rattling slam!]

GM: Big slam by Carver!

[Detson rolls over to his back, wincing in pain as he again lifts his hand, begging Carver for mercy.]

GM: If Johnny Detson was expecting mercy tonight from Hannibal Carver, he was sorely mistaken, fans! Carver has NOT forgotten what happened to Eric Preston during Cibernetico - that vile chairshot that ended the career of his friend!

[Detson scoots back again, lifting both hands into a "T."]

GM: Detson calling for the timeout but as we all know, there is no time out in the world of professional wrestling!

BW: There should be! This isn't right!

[Carver shouts at Detson, imploring him to "get up and fight."]

GM: Carver screaming at Detson, calling him a coward.

BW: That's hardly fair!

GM: Look at him, Bucky! What else can you call him?!

[Carver moves in on Detson who again calls for a time out before being dragged up by the hair...

...and gets BLASTED with a forearm shot to the jaw, sending him sailing into the air before crashing back down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! Carver's swinging for the fences here tonight at Turner Field!

[Carver grabs him by the hair, pulling him right back up...

...and steps in, smashing his skull between the eyes of Detson!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt connects!

[Detson staggers back as Carver rubs his own forehead. The Steal The Spotlight contract holder is on his feet... barely.]

GM: Detson's on Dream Street! He can barely stay up!

[Detson's legs are wobbly, his feet slipping from under him as he tries to maintain his balance. His knees buckle a couple of times as he falls back from Carver who smirks at his opponent's dazed state...

...and Detson gives one big swing at the air, missing Carver by two feet before collapsing facefirst down on the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Facefirst to the mat and the Boston Brawler is in control, fans!

[Down on his stomach, Detson pushes up off the mat, trying to crawl away from Carver who is stalking behind him, sizing him up for his next attack. He slowly lifts his right hand up, clenching it in a fist as the crowd roars...

...and DROPS down to his knees, driving his fist between the eyes!]

GM: OHHH! Fists drops him straight down to the mat!

[Detson's legs flop into the air as Carver climbs back to his feet, ignoring the protesting official as Carver backs into the corner, leaning against the buckles for a moment before pushing himself up to a sitting position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Carver's up on the middle rope... looking to really add on the punishment on his rival...

[Carver again slowly raises the fist, blowing on his knuckles this time...

...and then leaps off, burying the fist down between the eyes again!]

GM: WOW! We thought the other fistedrop was impactful but THAT was a fistedrop, Bucky!

BW: But this sicko's not even trying to cover him! He doesn't care about winning the match, Gordo! He just wants to hurt Johnny Detson!

GM: Can you blame him?!

[Detson flails about on the mat, rolling to his stomach and all the way over to his back again, covering up his face as Carver slowly rises up off the mat, shaking his fist out.]

GM: Carver hit him so hard, he might've hurt his hand right there.

BW: Oh, poor baby!

[Carver and the referee get into a heated debate about his multiple uses of a closed fist as Detson crawls on his knees to the corner, waving an arm at Carver, telling him to stay back as he climbs to his feet, first begging off and then covering his head with both hands...]

GM: Detson's trying to protect himself from another blow to the head and- ohh! Big right hand downstairs by Carver!

[Detson doubles up from the blow as Carver gets backed off by the official again for the closed fist. As the Boston Brawler moves back in...]

GM: Oh! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Carver staggers away, rubbing at his eyes as Detson falls back into the corner, arms draped over the top rope, breathing heavily as his opponent blindly wobbles to the far ropes.]

BW: The great equalizer, Gordo!

GM: I suppose that's true... a cheapshot by Detson turns the tide in this one as Carver staggers across the ring, trying to clear his vision.

BW: Now it's time for Johnny Detson to take control!

[Detson pushes up off the ropes, still wobbly as he works his way across the ring towards where Carver has circled, his back against the buckles as he wipes at his eye...

...and Detson DRILLS him with a right hand between the eyes, snapping his head back before sending him staggering away, still trying to clear his vision.]

GM: Detson with the big right hand and Carver didn't even try to defend himself as he tries to get his vision back. That eyerake really did a number on him.

[Detson is still wobbling, slapping himself across the face a couple of times as Carver turns his back against the ropes.]

GM: Detson's trying to clear the cobwebs after being the victim of a vicious attack by Carver in the early moments of this one... ohh! Another big right hand by Detson!

[With Carver reeling, Detson grabs an arm.]

GM: Irish whip on the way- no, reversed by Carver!

[The whip sends Detson into the ropes where he comes rushing back, leaping up as Carver drops down...

...and Detson's shoulder SLAMS into the chest of Johnny Jagger, sending the AWA's Senior Official down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES THE REFEREE!

BW: That was completely an accident, Gordo!

GM: Was it?!

BW: Of course it was! And if anything, it was Carver's fault! He ducked the knee knowing the official had gotten himself in the wrong position!

GM: Well, we can agree on that. That was a bad place for Johnny Jagger to be in at that particular moment in time!

[With the official down on the apron, Detson rolls out to the floor, dropping down to all fours as Carver gets up, throws a disgusted glance down at the referee, and then steps through the ropes to go after Detson...]

GM: This can't be good! We need a referee to keep these two under control! We need-

[As Carver hops down off the apron, Detson CRACKS him in the jaw with a right hand, knocking him down on the barely-padded infield dirt!]

GM: Detson caught Carver coming out to the floor and really let him have it!

[Out on the floor, Detson staggers around the ring, ducking around the ringpost near the timekeeper's area...

...and snatching the steel chair out from under the timekeeper, shoving him down to the ground!]

GM: Uh oh! Detson's got a chair!

BW: And we know what kind of damage he can do with that... and if you don't, call Eric Preston and see if he can remember how to answer a phone to tell you!

[Detson circles around the ringpost, chair in hand. He staggers towards Carver, shouting at the Boston Brawler to "get his ass up!"]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language of Johnny-

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo!

[As Carver stumbles up to his feet, he slowly turns towards Detson who is ready to strike...

...and charges forward, smashing the chair into the face of Carver!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Carver collapses from the impact, covering his head with his arms as Detson stands over him, sneering at the fallen fan favorite as the Turner Field crowd lets him have it.]

GM: That should be a disqualification, fans!

BW: And would be if Carver hadn't set up the referee to get clobbered!

GM: That's not what happened and you know it! Thankfully, Johnny Detson did not wind up with that chair and try to cave in Carver's skull!

BW: There's always a second chance for that.

GM: Would you stop?! Fans, if you look back inside the ring, you can see that Johnny Jagger is starting to get back to his feet. Jagger took that shouldertackle out of Detson but it looks like - somehow - he's going to try and finish this match!

[Jagger is on all fours, breathing heavily as Detson throws the chair aside on the floor, waving for Carver to get up as the Boston Brawler's head is under the ring apron.]

GM: Detson slammed that steel chair right across the face of Hannibal Carver - right into the forehead!

BW: But you're right, Gordo. Carver's still moving out there. If Detson had decided to use that chair like a hammer driving a drunken nail into the ground, this thing would be over.

GM: Carver's still down though... and as Johnny Jagger gets to his knees, he starts counting both of these men.

BW: Jagger probably can't even count straight right now.

GM: He's counting fine as he gets up to two... three...

BW: Ninety-six... two hundred and fourteen... seventy-seven...

GM: Knock it off!

[A dazed Jagger pushes up to his feet, wincing in pain as he grabs his left shoulder, using his right hand to count as Detson paces around the ringside area, rolling back under the ropes. The referee forces him back as he continues his count on Carver.]

GM: The referee's counting out Hannibal Carver! What a horrible way it would be to end this one!

BW: Carver's trying to get up though - up on all fours now.

[The Boston Brawler reaches up, grabbing the ring apron as he pulls himself up into the camera's view...

...and reveals crimson pouring from a wound on his forehead!]

GM: Hannibal Carver's been busted open!

[The crowd reacts to the bloodied Carver as the referee's count hits seven... eight...]

GM: Carver's in danger of getting counted out, trying to get back to his feet!

[At the count of nine, Carver is on his feet, grabbing the middle rope to get back in...]

...and Detson rushes forward, leaning through the ropes to grab Carver by the head...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Detson runs him half the distance of the ropes headfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver's head bounces off the post, sending him sprawling out on the floor as the referee angrily admonishes Detson, forcing him back to the middle of the ring again.]

GM: Come on, referee! Ring the bell!

BW: You want a DQ for THAT?!

GM: The man is busted open and now... uggh, look at him! Blood streaming down the face onto the chest and the arms. He's bleeding profusely and Johnny Detson is responsible for it through two illegal actions!

BW: And the referee is reprimanding him for it!

GM: That's not enough in my book.

[The bloodied Carver leans against the ringsteps as Johnny Jagger turns back, moving slowly over to the ropes to start a new count.]

GM: Johnny Jagger counting Hannibal Carver again but what he should be doing is getting that cut checked by a physician, fans. That cut looks to be very bad and I think the referee needs to look at stopping this match.

BW: Oh, I agree. Get out there, Jagger. Get Ponavitch out here now!

[A fired-up Detson steps towards the corner, shouting at Carver to get back in the ring as Johnny Jagger turns him back, forcing him back which breaks the count again.]

GM: A mistake there by Johnny Detson who might've had this match won right there by countout. He got too overconfident, too hot in the head, and interrupted the count to give Carver more time to recover.

[With the added recovery time, Carver is able to grab the ropes, dragging his bloodied self up onto the apron where Detson steps in, balling up his fist...

...and DRILLS Carver with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Big right hand knocks Carver for a loop!

[Carver hangs on to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Detson steps back, looking down at his hand... and then steps back in to deliver another hard shot, causing Carver to drop down to a knee on the apron.]

GM: Detson's got blood all over his hand but it's the blood of his rival, Hannibal Carver! This Turner Field crowd is all over Detson, demanding that he let Carver back inside the ring.

[Detson steps in again, pulling Carver up to his feet, winding up the right hand...

...and BLASTS him with an uppercut that knocks him down to his back on the apron!]

GM: Big uppercut drops him!

[The crowd jeers as Detson raises his hands, backing off as the referee shouts him down. Detson wipes the blood off his hand on the official's shirt as he arrogantly gestures to the downed Carver, ordering the official to count him out.]

GM: The referee starting another ten count on Hannibal Carver who is on the apron, bleeding everywhere. That cut is in bad, bad shape and I don't understand why Johnny Jagger hasn't looked at stopping this thing.

BW: Probably doesn't want a lunatic like Carver chasing after him.

[With Detson taunting the crowd, a chant starts up.]

"HANN-I-BAL!" "HANN-I-BAL!" "HANN-I-BAL!"

[Detson shakes his head, covering his head while he shouts "SHUT UP!" at the fans... which only makes them chant louder and with more enthusiasm.]

"HANN-I-BAL!" "HANN-I-BAL!" "HANN-I-BAL!"
"HANN-I-BAL!" "HANN-I-BAL!" "HANN-I-BAL!"

[Detson is screaming at the fans now, ordering them to be quiet as a fired-up Carver starts to climb back to his feet as he tries to get back into the match. Detson comes in quickly, watching as the bloodied Carver tries to get a second wind...]

GM: Detson winds up!

[A big right hand is blocked by Carver who DRILLS Detson with a forearm smash that staggers him back a few feet!]

GM: Carver with the forearm shot!

[Detson shakes off the effects of the forearm, moving in again...

...and gets caught again!]

GM: Another forearm shot!

[Carver ducks through the ropes, fists balled up in front of him, shouting to the cheering fans as he winds up...

...and BLASTS the staggered Detson with a forearm shot that knocks him off his feet, sending him crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: CARVER PUTS HIM DOWN!!

[Carver drops to a knee, wiping the blood from his forehead as Detson rolls over to all fours, trying to crawl back to his feet.]

GM: Both men slow to get up... CARVER TO THE CORNER!

[But he runs right into a raised boot from Detson to the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Detson got the boot up and-

[Spinning around, Detson SLAMS Carver facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Detson going right after that cut... look at this!

[Grabbing a loose side headlock, Detson lays in fist after fist after fist to the cut before shoving Carver back against the buckles. Detson steps back, looking at his blood-covered hand that he rubs defiantly over his chest, leaving a crimson streak before CRACKING Carver with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Carver may be out on his feet here, fans! Detson's got him in the corner where he wants him...

[Detson grabs an arm, whipping Carver from corner to corner. He backs into the buckles, pumping his right arm a couple of times before he comes tearing across the ring...

...and Carver steps out, throwing Detson chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Carver moves! Carver moves!

[Spinning Detson around by the arm, Carver launches into a hellacious series of chops to the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He switches his stance, blasting a cornered Detson with clubbing forearms to the head and neck, battering him down, down, down to the canvas...

...where he stomps Detson from a seated position down to flat on his back on the mat!]

GM: BOSTON BEATDOWN IS IN FULL EFFECT!

[Carver steps up to the second rope, pointing out to the cheering fans in Atlanta...

...and LEAPS off with a pair of knees to the chest, flattening Detson beneath him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But Carver's not done, dragging Detson off the mat by the arm, firing him off into the ropes...]

GM: Detson off the far side...

[And as he rebounds, the bloodied Carver lifts him up by the upper thighs, pivots... and DRIVES him down into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Carver goes right from the spinebuster position into the mount where he grabs Detson by the blond hair, slamming the back of his head down into the mat!]

GM: Oh! Carver's trying to drive the back of Detson's head THROUGH the mat!

[He slams his head down again... and again... as Johnny Jagger leans in, counting for the hold on the hair.]

BW: He's trying to cave in Detson's head just like Detson did to Preston!

[Carver lets up, wiping the blood from his eyes as he stares from his knee at Johnny Jagger who warns against the hairpull. Detson slips free, crawling for his life as Carver slowly climbs back to his feet, turning to find Detson making a break for it.]

GM: Detson's trying to get out of here again!

[But Carver grabs the back of the trunks, yanking Detson up to his feet, swinging him around to grab a handful of hair...

...and smashes his skull into Detson's!]

GM: Headbutt! And another! And another!

[The crowd ROARS for the rapid-fire clashing of skulls that is leaving bloody marks all over the forehead of Johnny Detson!]

GM: Detson's in trouble!

[The Steal The Spotlight winner collapses to his knees, right under the bloodied Carver who looks out at the fans...

...and with a nod of his head, leans down to underhook one of Detson's arms.]

GM: What the-?! Is he going for a Billion Dollar Bomb!?

BW: Why on earth would he... oh god no!

[The rabid Carver fans in the house are going nuts because they know... they KNOW deep down in their hearts... EXACTLY what Hannibal Carver is going for...

...and they decide to let the rest of the world know as well.]

"SKULL-PUMP!"

"SKULL-PUMP!"

"SKULL-PUMP!"

"SKULL-PUMP!"

"SKULL-PUMP!"

[Carver nods emphatically as he reaches down to grab the other arm...

...only to find Detson spinning out, rolling out, and diving out to the safety of the floor to the LOUD jeers of the Turner Field crowd!]

GM: My stars, I don't know if- these fans were chanting for the Skullpump - the old signature move of Steve "The Fury" Kowalski! Was Carver really going for-

BW: We saw him not long ago getting drunk as a skunk in front of Kowalski's section on the Wall of Fame back in Dallas! Maybe he had some kind of... enlightened moment?

GM: If that's what Carver was going for, Detson's VERY lucky to have gotten out of that ring, fans!

[With Detson fleeing the ring, Carver steps out on the apron, backing down with his back against the steel ringpost as he throws his bloodied head back, giving a yell that the crowd echoes as Detson stirs to his feet...

...and Carver comes charging down the apron, throwing himself off the apron with a sloppy as hell flying elbowstrike to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Carver stays out on the floor, grabbing Detson by the hair, hammering away with closed fists to the skull as the crowd!]

GM: THE CROWD'S GOING NUTS HERE IN ATLANTA! HE'S BEATING THE HECK OUT OF JOHNNY DETSON!

[Carver is landing fist after fist out on the floor as Detson tries to crawl away from him. The bloodied Boston Brawler gets back to his feet, fists balled up as Detson goes crawling again, rounding the ringpost as Carver comes after him...]

GM: Carver's got him again! Big right hand! Another right hand! He's beating the tar out of Detson out here at ringside by us, fans!

BW: Just keep him away from us, Gordo.

GM: I'll get right on that!

[Another haymaker knocks Detson down to a knee where Carver opens fire with punch after punch after punch to the head...]

GM: He's got Detson down and he's not letting up on him!

[Pulling Detson off the floor, Carver shoots him under the ropes back inside of the ring. He turns to the fans, giving a shout before climbing back up on the apron...

...only to find the referee waving his arms as Carver steps through.]

GM: What's he...? The referee just called for the bell. Is he throwing this one out?

BW: I think he's-

[Jagger strides across the ring, lifting Detson's hand, pointing to him as the fans jeer wildly.]

BW: Yes! Carver got counted out!

GM: What?!

[The referee steps back over to Carver, pointing out that he was counting, explaining the situation to the bloodied Carver who looks on in disbelief as Detson staggers to his feet, throwing his arms up into the air...]

GM: Are you seriously telling me... are you saying that Johnny Detson WON this matchup?!

[Detson points at Carver, taunting him from across the ring. Johnny Jagger puts his hands on Carver's chest, trying to keep him from going after Detson again...

...when Carver suddenly spins, hooking a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVING Jagger skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT ON THE REFEREE!

[The crowd ROARS for the move - despite the recipient - as Carver breaks to his feet, tearing across the ring where he tackles a shocked Detson off his feet, knocking him down to the mat where he starts pummeling him with his fists!]

GM: CARVER'S GOT DETSON DOWN AGAIN! HE'S BEATING HIM INTO THE MAT!

BW: HELP! SOMEONE GET SOME HELP OUT HERE!

[The crowd's roaring for the beatdown of Detson as Carver wraps his hands around the throat of the Steal The Spotlight winner, throttling him violently...

...when suddenly, a handful of preliminary competitors come charging down the aisle, obviously having been sent to break up the fight.]

GM: We've got some people coming out here to break this up!

[It takes four of them to drag Carver off of Detson who is gasping for air...

...when Carver suddenly dumps a masked man on his head with another Blackout!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Carver springs back up, trying to get at Detson but is being restrained by a half dozen preliminary competitors. Two more help Detson up to his feet, coughing and rubbing his throat as he strides across the ring...

...and rushes at Carver, throwing a right hand to the jaw as Carver is held back!]

GM: OH! CHEAP SHOT!

[Detson throws a second shot before ducking through the ropes, bailing out of the ring, making his way quickly back up the aisle as the people in the ring keep Carver from pursuing as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner via countout... JOHNNY DETSON!

[Carver shoves two men off of him, turning to glare at a retreating Detson who is all the way back by the dugouts already. Detson is running for his life as the crowd jeers him wildly...]

GM: Fans, this one may be over but I don't think we've seen the last of this particular confrontation!

BW: We may have seen the last of Carver though! That was a referee he dropped, Gordo. He's gonna get suspended for that!

GM: You would certainly think so, yes. Fans, this situation is - we need to get Carver under control. Let's take a quick break but we'll be right back!

[Carver is angrily shouting at the fleeing Detson as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Steglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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...]

Fade to a pre-taped segment. Far, far away from Atlanta, it seems, judging from the snow on the ground and the icicles hanging from the buildings of this particular industrial park. Into the frame steps Jackson Hunter, an almost gaunt looking man with perma-stubble, a piercing glare, and a hawk-like nose. His hands are buried in the pockets of a heavy tweed coat.]

JH: Christmas 1991. I remember it well. I remember watching the late national news and hearing that suddenly, and without warning, the USSR was no more. Me, a kid just out of high school, thinking, "by god, this a new golden age we're entering into." No more Cold War, no more arms race, no more distraction from the real problems around us. And in a place like this...

[He points to general subarctic ambiance of his surroundings.]

JH: A place like Magadan, Russia-- a place that was the gateway to the gulag and forced labor camps, I'm sure there was similar rejoicing.

So where have we come since Christmas 1991, eh? Have we solved homelessness? Have we wrought world peace? Have we made the world a better place?

Christmas 1991. That, coincidentally, was the date that Maxim Zharkov was born. And there were some in the former Soviet Union who had the vision and insight to see where we are now in 2015, and they knew that the world would be crying out for them. So they retreated here to Magadan and hid in the old gulags and forced labor camps and they shaped Zharkov. They shaped Zharkov into-- quite frankly-- the most superlative athlete the American Wrestling Association will ever see. Better than Sudakov, better than the Velikovs.

The Last Son of the Soviet Union will rise in 2015. The Cold War is looking for a rematch.

[Fade to black. As we fade back up, we get another nice panning shot of the Turner Field crowd, still buzzing with excitement over what they just witnessed.]

A quick cut over to home plate reveals Mark Stegglet, standing by with the man who will face the champion in tonight's main event -- "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. Bryant's wearing street clothes, a white button-down shirt and dark blue slacks, no tie or coat. Stegglet is, as always, ready with the microphone, and starts things off with a simple question.]

MS: As we come back LIVE here at The Duel On The Diamond, Dave Bryant, tonight, you face off against Ryan Martinez for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship. This is a match you've been awaiting for months -- how do you feel going into it?

[Bryant looks at Stegglet for a moment, then almost shrugs.]

DB: You know, Mark, I really don't know. How should I feel?

[Stegglet almost seems ready to answer, but Bryant cuts him off.]

DB: I should be happy, right? Happy that the AWA has finally given me a shot at a championship that I was robbed of last year, happy that I get to step into the ring as part of a Main Event, happy to stand opposite the AWA's "White Knight" in an attempt to get back what was stolen from me, right?

[Bryant actually glares at Stegglet briefly, then relaxes a bit.]

DB: No, Mark, happy is nowhere to be found as far as I'm concerned. Happy hasn't been around for awhile, and any chance for me to be happy about getting this match went out the window when that championship banner went up in smoke in the Coliseum a few weeks ago...but hey, nobody wants to hear about that. Nobody wants to hear about how the "White Knight" of the AWA sat on his hands while the history of the organization literally burned...

[Bryant half-smirks.]

DB: ...and to be honest, Mark, I don't want to sit here and cry about it. He didn't set that fire, someone else did. It's not his job to come out and hold the hand of everybody who has a problem in the AWA -- we have to deal with our own problems in our own ways, and you can damn well bet that I'm going to deal with mine. I won't lie, I've spent the past few weeks just being...angry. Angry at everyone in that locker room, angry at whoever didn't send security out to keep Lake from stealing those damned banners to begin with, angry at everybody who didn't raise a hand to stop him from doing what he did...but if I let that anger get to me, Mark, guess what happens?

MS: ...what?

DB: Lake wins. He wins because he got into my head and sent me into a match for the world heavyweight title thinking about him, and not thinking about Ryan Martinez. He'd win because he screwed with my head so badly that I wanted to put everything that's happened to me on a kid who's never done anything but try to do what's right for the AWA when so many people just sat around and damn near let it fall down around their ears. He'd win, Mark, and I'll be damned before I let that happen.

[Bryant pauses and glares at the camera.]

DB: At the Coliseum, Lake...yeah, you got me. That night, you won. You haven't heard the last from me by a damn sight, though, but you aren't even close to important to me tonight -- what's important is this World Heavyweight Championship match. What's important is stepping into that ring with Ryan Martinez and showing him why I was the first and only double champion in the history of the AWA. What's important is taking back what was stolen from me!

MS: The title belt?

DB: ...no, Mark, the moment. That moment at SuperClash V, when I stood in the corner holding up the Television and World Heavyweight titles...right before Supreme Wright's music hit and robbed me of it. I haven't been the same man since then, and tonight, I'm taking back who I was before Wright left me with a nightmare I haven't been able to shake off for a year and a

half. I scratched and I clawed my way out of the personal hole I dug for myself, and Wright damn near shoved me back into it.

[Bryant chuckles, somewhat helplessly.]

DB: Mark, you remember what I had to say when people were asking me what I thought of Ryan's chances of beating Wright last year at SuperClash?

MS: I believe your words were, "No comment."

DB: That's right. You've been around the block, Mark, you know exactly what I meant.

MS: ...it seemed like you were saying that you didn't feel Ryan Martinez could win, yes.

DB: Right again, Mark. I know now, and I knew then, that Ryan Martinez was a hell of a wrestler, one of the toughest young men you'll find in this sport...but I didn't think that was enough. Hell, Mark, I didn't want it to be enough. As badly as I wanted to see Wright lose at SuperClash, as badly as I wanted him embarrassed in front of all these great fans, in front of his family, as badly as I wanted him to lose what he stole from me...

[Bryant hesitates.]

DB: ...I didn't want Martinez to do it. I wanted to do it!

[Bryant lets out an explosive breath.]

DB: That was MY moment, Mark, the moment Wright stole from me at SuperClash, and the moment that the Wise Men stole from me again months later. So, when people asked me if I thought Ryan could win, I didn't want to say no...and I didn't want to say yes, either. Looking back, I should've just said what I thought, so I'll say it now, in front of the world...I didn't believe Ryan Martinez could beat Supreme Wright, and I didn't want him to, either. Now, Ryan, I said that you stole that moment from me by beating Wright...and I haven't grown so much as a person that I can cure that any other way than balling up a fist and hitting you in the mouth as hard as I can manage.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: So, there it is, Ryan. You're gonna get every bit of Dave Bryant that I can dredge up. There's a hell of a line waiting to get at you, champ, and there's no telling when or if I can ever get back to the fr-

[The crowd breaks out into jeers suddenly - a reaction that stops the former World Champion in his tracks. He frowns at their reaction, shaking his head before his gaze drifts off-camera. Mark Stegglet's eyes follow and Stegglet suddenly looks concerned.]

MS: Now, Dave... Mr. Bryant... let's try to-

[Bryant shoves Stegglet away, shouting "HEY!" off camera. The camera quickly pans in the direction of Bryant's stare...

...and comes to rest on Demetrius Lake in a St. Louis Cardinals jersey standing atop the home team's dugout. He's waving his arms, shouting at the fans (presumably something derogatory.)]

GM: What's this all about? This was Dave Bryant's time to be out here and we've got Demetrius Lake interrupting him!

BW: Hey, the King goes where he wants when he wants. Bryant doesn't dictate what the Black Tiger does, daddy.

[Lake ignores the shouting Bryant, screaming to the fans again as he lifts something off the roof of the dugout into his arms.]

BW: Look at that! Lake's got one of those t-shirt cannons! He's going to give these people some souvenirs!

[Lake fires off a shirt into the air, sending it arcing through the night sky to land in the waiting arms of a fan who looks stunned by receiving it. He unfolds it to reveal... a Travis Lynch shirt with Lynch's face crossed out.]

BW: The gift that keeps on giving right there!

[The crowd jeers as Lake stuffs another shirt into the t-shirt cannon, leaning back and letting one fly towards the upper deck of the stadium. He chuckles at the struggle for the shirt as he goes to reload the cannon...

...as Dave Bryant gets closer and closer to the dugout, running his mouth in Lake's direction.]

GM: Dave Bryant is hot under the collar, fans! He's furious at what Lake did three weeks ago in Dallas and who can blame him? Lake burned those championship banners that meant so much to the men that were on them - especially Dave Bryant after all he went through to get those titles to begin with. It was a personal insult to Bryant and he wants some payback!

BW: He'd better watch himself, Gordo. The King won't give two squats that Bryant has a title match tonight. If Bryant gets in his face, he'll get his nose slapped right off!

[Reaching the dugout area, Bryant pulls himself up on it, drawing a cheer from the fans now. He walks down the roof of it to the far end where Lake is reloading the cannon.]

GM: Bryant's coming after him! I'm not sure Lake knows he's-

[On cue, Lake pivots, still holding the cannon...

...and pulls the trigger, sending a cloud of grey smoke into the air as something flies out of the cannon into the face of the former World Champion!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Are those...?

[A blinded Bryant staggers back as Lake throws the cannon aside and then throws himself into a full body tackle, taking Bryant down on top of the dugout. The crowd is roaring as Lake straightens up, lowering the boom on his blinded rival!]

GM: Bryant can't see a thing! I don't know what in the world Lake shot into his eyes but it seems to have blinded him temporarily!

[Lake pounds away on Bryant whose upper body is coated in grey and black soot.]

BW: I know what it was, Gordo!

GM: You do?

BW: Ashes! Lake shot ASHES into the face of Bryant! Those had to be the ashes from those banners!

[With Bryant down on top of the dugout, Lake climbs to his feet, gesturing to himself as the crowd jeers. The camera is close enough to catch some of Lake's words as he shouts at the fans.]

"LOOK AT HIM! LOOK AT YOUR HERO! I'M THE REAL HERO AROUND HERE! I'M THE KING OF WRESTLING! HE AIN'T NOTHIN'! HE AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT DIRT UNDER MY FEET!"

[Lake puts the boots to Bryant as the crowd continues to jeer.]

GM: This is terrible! Dave Bryant's got an opportunity to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title here tonight and Demetrius Lake is trying to rob him of that chance!

BW: Hey, Bryant had his chance to walk away. He could've just gone to the back to get ready for his match but he had to be a tough guy... and now he's finding out what happens when you try to be tough with the King!

[The Black Tiger drags Bryant off the roof of the dugout, holding him up by the hair, shouting in his face...

...and HURLS him off the dugout, sending him sprawling down onto his chest on the grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lake turns towards the jeering fans, arms spread wide, encouraging them to get louder as Bryant lies flat on his belly on the grass.]

GM: What a- what a sick son of a-

BW: Easy, Gordo!

GM: I can't help it! Dave Bryant has done NOTHING to this man!

BW: Nothing?! Were you even watching when Bryant put that Iron Crab on the Black Tiger?! He humiliated him!

GM: That's... that doesn't merit this!

BW: Apparently Demetrius Lake feels otherwise!

[The King Of Wrestling is all smiles as he turns back towards the downed Bryant, hopping down off the dugout roof, glaring at Bryant as he pushes up to all fours...

...and comes barreling towards Lake, throwing himself into a tackle that sends Lake spinning over the dugout railing, crashing down inside of it to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[With Lake down on the floor of the dugout, Bryant opens fire, throwing rights and lefts to the head of the Black Tiger as the crowd roars for every shot!]

GM: BRYANT'S GOT LAKE DOWN AND HE'S LETTING HIM HAVE IT!

BW: This isn't right! Get him off the man!

[Bryant spins off the downed Lake, snatching up a nearby Igloo, lifting it up off its resting place...

...and throws it down on the prone Lake, bathing him in red liquid!]

GM: The Gatorade bath for Lake!

BW: Ahhh! That's terrible, Gordo!

[Bryant is in the dugout putting the boots to the Gatorade-covered Lake who is flailing about. A pair of AWA officials rush into view, pushing Bryant back. The former World Champion is struggling against him, trying to get free as Lake rolls to all fours, crawling away from the Doctor of Love.]

GM: Bryant wants more of Lake! He's trying to break free from these officials trying to hold him back! We've got four or five of them down there now trying to keep these two apart and-

BW: HE'S LOOSE! HE'S LOOSE!

[The former World Champion storms towards Lake who is up on his feet, Gatorade dripping down his back that is turned to Bryant. Bryant comes on fast, grabbing Lake by the shoulder, spinning him around...

...and gets the end of a baseball bat JAMMED up into his ribs!]

GM: OHH!

[Bryant crumples back, clutching his midsection as Lake jams the bat into the ribs a second time!]

GM: Lake's got a bat!

[The former champ falls down on the ground, clutching his ribs as Lake lifts the bat again...

...and SLAMS the bat down a third time before the AWA officials swarm him, shoving him back!]

GM: AGAIN TO THE RIBS!

BW: He's gonna take Bryant out of the title match!

GM: He's certainly trying!

[Lake has the bat pulled back over his head, trying to fight his way free as the officials hold him back. A pair of AWA officials kneel down next to Bryant, checking his condition as shouts for medical assistance are heard.]

GM: We need help out here! Dr. Ponavitch, we need help out here ASAP if you can hear me!

[With Bryant down on the floor, crying out in pain, we slowly fade to black.

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.]

Cut backstage. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA banner, his polo shirt neatly tucked into blue jeans with a brown belt laced around his

waist. He tugs nervously at his collar before acknowledging the AWA galaxy.]

LB: Ladies and gentlemen...

[There's a dramatic pause.]

LB: The Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion of the World.

[Jump-cut back. Standing there, veins bulging from the forearms folded against his chest, is the man known around the Mixed Martial Arts world as the Rotweiler.]

LB: "Rough" Rufus Harris.

[Harris nods. His ebony skin is bicked clean around his scalp save for a long patch down the center of his head and razor like patterns around his hears that dive into his grizzled beard. Thick gold chains are strung around his neck, laying across his neon green designer tee. His wrists are decorated in more of the same, gold bracelets, a stunning Rolex watch, and flashy rings on his thumb and pointer finger on both hands.]

LB: Rufus –

RH: It's Champ. THE Champ, homie.

[Blackwell's eyes dart, it's just him and two-hundred and fifty plus wrecking machine.]

LB: Champ. Last week the Robfathah and –

RH [interjecting]: The Fat Man is dead, brother. His boy laid his hands on the CHAMP.

[Harris growls.]

RH: Nobody...NOBODY does that, homie. That man, that BEHEMOTH, he's got GIANT cajones, my man. Ya ain't lay your hands on me if ya ain't got the brass to back it up. Problem is...I got an even bigger FIST.

[Harris holds up his right hand, fist clenched tight, chains hanging from his wrist.]

RH: An' I'm gonna take this fist, dig? An' I'm gonna cave his skull right down the back of his throat an' ya know what?

[Long, over-drawn pause.]

LB: What?

RH: That fool is gonna be lickin' his own-

[Blackwell cuts him off.]

LB: I don't think you can say that.

RH: You gonna stop me, Lou? Is the Fat Man gonna stop me?!

[Another growl.]

RH: Ain't NO ONE standin' in my way, homie.

[Harris storms off, stomping away and steamrolling forward.]

LB: Guys... we've got a problem here later tonight, I'm afraid.

[The screen slowly fades 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, already in the ring at this time, standing six feet tall and weighing in at 220 pounds... from Laredo, Texas... Jose Cortez!

[Cortez thrusts his arms into the air to the general apathy of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Los Angeles, California...standing 6'2 and weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUUUUUAAAAAAAAANNNNNN

VAAASSSSSSQQQUUUUEEEZZZZ!!!!

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth begins to play over the PA system as Vasquez emerges to a HUGE roar from the AWA crowd! He's clad in his usual white tracksuit with black trim. Juan enters the ring and climbs up to the second turnbuckle and receives a loud cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Listen to this ovation from the Atlanta crowd for Juan Vasquez!

BW: Sure, they're paying homage to a Hall of Famer and legend, but he's still got some work to do before he gets himself back into contention for any of the gold in the AWA!

GM: Juan Vasquez has been to the top of the wrestling world before and it shouldn't surprise anyone if he makes it back there again.

BW: It'd surprise me!

"DING DING DING"

[The bell rings, as the two wrestlers meet in the middle of the ring. Vasquez and Cortez immediately grapple, with Vasquez quickly maneuvering Cortez into a side headlock. Vasquez quickly takes Cortez down to the mat with a

headlock takeover, tightening his grip as Cortez flails helplessly on the canvas.]

GM: A tight headlock has young Jose Cortez grounded and completely at Juan Vasquez's mercy.

BW: It's one of the most basic holds in professional wrestling, but a good headlock can be hard to escape.

[A big smile appears on Juan's face, as Cortez struggles to find a way out. He manages to get back to a vertical base and hooks Vasquez around the waist, before lifting...

"THHUUUUD!"

...and dropping Vasquez onto the mat with a back suplex! However, the crowd roars in surprise when they see...]

GM: Vasquez holds on! He's simply REFUSES to release that headlock!

BW: There ain't a man in this sport more stubborn than Juan Vasquez, Gordo. If he wants you stuck in a headlock, he's gonna make sure you STAY stuck in a headlock!

[The two wrestlers get back to a vertical base again, where Cortez backs Vasquez into the ropes and shoots Vasquez off into the ropes. He drops down stomach first to the canvas as Vasquez leaps over him, rebounding off the far ropes. Cortez then leaps up for a leapfrog, but Vasquez stops in front of him, catching and dropping Cortez onto his knee with an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: OH! Vasquez catches Cortez with that atomic drop!

[POP!]

GM: And a big clothesline bowls Cortez right over!

[Quickly running into the ropes, Vasquez rebounds off, leaping high into the air and crashing down onto Cortez back-first with a senton backsplash!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS! ONE! TWO! THR-OH! Cortez slips the shoulder!

BW: You know, there's a whole buncha' guys in the AWA callin' that backsplash, Shades of Juan Vasquez, these days. Ya' think Vasquez would tell'em to pay proper homage to his friend!

GM: Juan Vasquez influenced many of those men. I think it's only proper that they pay the same respect to him that he's paid to Tommy Stephens.

BW: If you ask me, it's just ol' Juan Vasquez tryin' to glory hog and stroke his own ego again!

[The crowd groans as Cortez shoots an air up right before the three. Slapping the mat in annoyance, Vasquez gets to his feet, pulling a groggy Cortez up with him. He sends Cortez hard into the corner and charges in, but takes a raised boot to the face.]

GM: OH! Cortez catches Vasquez coming in!

[Vasquez stumbles back, stunned by the kick. Cortez then charges out of the corner, only to have Vasquez BLAST him with a right cross that sends him flying back into the corner!]

"SMAAAACKKK!!!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS!!! JUAN VASQUEZ HITS THE RIGHT CROSS!!!

BW: He hit'im so hard, he almost sent him outta' the ring!

[Cortez hits the turnbuckles hard from the blow, bouncing back out towards Vasquez, who ducks down and lifts him over his back, cradling Cortez's leg and head before DRIVING him into the canvas!]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS! That's got to be it! One! Two! Three!!!

"DING DING DING!"

GM: Juan Vasquez scores the win!

BW: The heart was willing, but Jose Cortez is still about a hundred years too early to be a challenge to someone like Vasquez.

GM: Wait, Juan Vasquez has the microphone!

[The shot cuts to Juan Vasquez, standing in the ring with microphone in hand. As a groggy Jose Cortez is rolled out of the ring and helped out on the arms of the ringside doctor and referee, Juan turns his attention to the crowd.]

JV: You guys enjoyin' yourselves?

[The crowd roars in response, bringing a big grin to Juan's face.]

JV: Good to hear. But I just wanted to address a situation that's been bothering me for a while now.

[The smile on his face disappears, replaced by a more serious expression.]

JV: To say that I was disappointed by the results of the National Title tournament would be an understatement.

[A chorus of jeers can be heard from the crowd, also unhappy at the result.]

JV: To see the title that I bled for night in and night out, fought for with every inch of my soul, the very title that this company was BUILT on fall into the hands of a man like Rob Driscoll...to see a good man like Travis Lynch CHEATED out of the title by that bottom-feeding wench, Sandra Hayes...

...it makes me sick to my stomach.

[Juan sighs.]

JV: But I ain't here to talk about righting THAT wrong. That's Travis Lynch's fight. That's his wrong to right. What I'm here to talk about...

...is Calisto Dufresne.

[A LOUD roar of boos can be heard at the mention of the former National and World Champion.]

JV: Dufresne...you come out here every show, complainin' about how you've been cheated outta' the National Title. How you had it unfairly STOLEN from you. For months now, you've been running your mouth, calling yourself the "true" National Champion.

[Juan frowns and shakes his head with disdain.]

JV: To borrow a phrase...

...I respectfully disagree.

[Pop!]

JV: The day you STOLE the National Title from me, was the day EVERYTHING in the AWA started to go wrong. Langseth, The Wise Men, Royalty, Eric Preston losin' his career, Supreme Wright losin' his damn mind, the return of Caleb Temple...it all started with that moment. It was all because of YOU. And we've been payin' for it ever since.

[He stares in the camera, with anger in his eyes and rage in his voice.]

JV: Well, I'm tellin' you now, Dufresne. Never again. NEVER again.

[He walks towards the ropes, closer to the cameraman standing on the apron, making sure his words are heard loud and clear.]

JV: Amigo, listen up and listen closely. As long as Juan Vasquez is still livin' and breathin'. As long as Juan Vasquez can put on a pair of wrestling boots and step into this ring. As long as there's an AWA to defend and this sport for me to love...

...Calisto Dufresne will NEVER hold the National Title ever again.

[BIG POP!]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[Vasquez drops the mic to a big cheer.]

GM: Juan Vasquez makes it crystal clear, fans... he's on a mission to prevent Calisto Dufresne from EVER getting his hands on the AWA National Title again! Right now, I'm being told that Melissa Cannon is standing by with some big news regarding our next Saturday Night Wrestling coming up in two weeks' time in Montgomery, Alabama. Melissa?

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Melissa Cannon is indeed standing by.]

MC: Thanks, Gordon. We heard the challenge issued earlier tonight and we can now confirm that in Montgomery, we'll see the team of TORA, Sweet Daddy Williams, and Willie Hammer taking on Tony Donovan, Wes Taylor, and Brian James! Big six man tag team action has been signed for Alabama!

In addition, just moments ago, I was informed that due to Hannibal Carver's actions against referee Johnny Jagger earlier tonight, he has been **SUSPENDED** by AWA President Landon O'Neill. We have no word as to the length of the suspension at this time but I do know he will NOT be in action in Montgomery.

Big news breaking out backstage all night long here in Atlanta. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow. Some big news indeed. That big six man tag is now official.

BW: I can't wait to see Brian James kick all three of his opponents around and around the ring.

GM: What about TORA finally getting his hands on James?

BW: He'll live to regret that wish.

GM: Speaking of regrets, do you think Hannibal Carver regrets his actions from earlier tonight now that he's been hit with a suspension?

BW: I'm not sure that lunatic ever regrets anything, Gordo.

[The opening guitar riff from "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult is heard as the crowd gets to their collective feet. The drums kick in, and the popular young third generation brawler "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor walks out onto the ramp to a large ovation. His ribs are heavily taped, and as he raises his fist to the air he winces in pain and holds his free hand to his side. He lets out a loud yell to a sizable reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Here he is--

BW: Coming out to forfeit!

GM: That is the exact opposite of what we've been told fans. Bobby O'Connor is here to fight!

BW: Not if he has a brain in his head! Which of course means you're probably right.

[O'Connor smiles and high fives several fans at ringside as he makes his way to the ring. He stops before entering the ring, give the fans a big thumbs up to a big reaction.]

GM: This young man is clearly not at one hundred percent, but he'll never let that stop him from giving these fans what they came for!

BW: They came to see one of their favorites get crippled? That's pretty dark.

[Bobby steps between the ropes, nodding at Phil Watson as he's handed the microphone.]

BOC: I know there's been a lot of talk since the last time I saw action in this ring. Although I didn't see much of the ring, seeing as how I was fighting a madman all over the world famous Crockett Coliseum!

[Big reaction to that.]

BOC: I heard the rumors that there was no way I was stepping foot out here in front of you great fans here in Atlanta. I know there were plenty of people not only in the back, but back at home that weren't happy with my decision. My decision to take on a lunatic and my decision to pull myself back up and make good on my promise to teach Supreme Wright the lesson of a lifetime here tonight.

[Lots of cheers and "YOU CAN DO IT, BOBBY!" is heard. Bobby nods and waits for the crowd to simmer down before continuing.]

BOC: I appreciate that. Great fans like you make this...

[Bobby gestures towards his heavily taped midsection.]

BOC: ... all worth it. You all are the thing that makes me get back up after every time I fall. Knowing you believe in me give me all the energy I need to keep on fighting when the chips are down. Your support... and knowing that there's no way in this world that bullies and degenerates the likes of Caleb Temple and Supreme Wright can be allowed to get away with whatever they want without paying a price.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: There's no denying that I paid one heck of a price for standing up to that insane monster. I was beaten just about within an inch of my life. When

the dust settled, there was no way I was able to get up under my own power. But that's the thing.

[O'Connor smiles.]

BOC: Neither did HE.

[BIG cheers for that.]

BOC: I felt like I've been through a war... but the main thing is that in the aftermath I'm still here standing. The way I see it, just surviving a fight like that is an accomplishment in itself. So I could've taken the night off. I could've rested on my laurels and healed all the injuries I suffered at the hands of that monster. But no, I made a promise. A promise to these fans, a promise to my friends, a promise to myself...

[O'Connor points a finger towards the camera.]

BOC: ... but mostly to YOU, Supreme Wright. A promise to take you on no matter how much my bones may ache. Because two of my friends, two good men are on the injured list right now. Not because of the usual wear and tear that comes from pouring your heart out night in and night out in this sport. But because of YOUR actions. Because of some insane obsession you have with punishing every friend our World Champion, Ryan Martinez, has in life. Ryan Martinez, the man that beat YOU for that very title fair and square in the middle of the ring. Because you can attack each and every one of us if you want...

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: ... but every cowardly attack, every vicious move in the world can't erase that fact. That on that night...

[O'Connor pumps his fist.]

BOC: ... YOU WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH. You can play all the games you want, but that doesn't erase history. It happens to the best of the best, but for some reason you just can't live with it. And your actions?

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: THAT is something I can't live with. So even though I am battered and bruised. Even though not only you are a multi-time World Champion but in all honesty one of the best pure athletes anyone's ever seen ply his trade in this ring...

[O'Connor points his finger towards the entranceway.]

BOC: I will stand and I will FIGHT. You may finish the job that maniac started, but no matter what you do... you will know you were in there with an O'Conno--

[A MASSIVE roar of boos erupts in Turner Field, as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, announcing the arrival of former two-time AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright and Team Supreme!]

GM: Oh my stars, here comes Supreme Wright!

BW: It's still not too late to forfeit, kid!

[Reaching ringside, Cain Jackson barks orders at Team Supreme, as they disperse and surround the ring. Meanwhile, Wright, dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim, steps through the ropes with microphone in hand. He looks O'Connor up and down and grins.]

SW: I'll have to give you credit, Mr. O'Connor. With the sorry state you're in, it's a miracle that you're up and walking, much less standing inside MY ring.

[From the outside, a cackling shout of "PUT HIM IN A BODYBAG!" can be heard coming from Matt Lance.]

SW: You stood by the side of the White Knight and it damn near got you killed. And now, wrapped up in bandages and looking like death warmed over, you've crawled out of whatever hospital bed you were laid up in and you're ready jump right into this war!

[A chuckle from the former World Champion.]

SW: Your bravery can certainly be commended, but it's unfortunate that once again, you're going to have to suffer because of your worthless friends.

[The crowd boos loudly, as a look of anger flashes on Bobby O'Connor's face.]

SW: Oh. Did that strike a nerve, Mr. O'Connor? Well...it's the truth.

[A shrug.]

SW: I guess you could say that Jack Lynch and Michael Weaver simply weren't...

[He leans in towards O'Connor with a grin and with a mocking tone in his voice.]

SW: ...GOOD ENOUGH.

[...]

"SMAAAAACK!!!"
"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

BW: HE HIT HIM!!!

GM: BOBBY O'CONNOR HEARD ENOUGH! AND NOW HE'S ALL OVER
SUPREME WRIGHT!!!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell as O'Connor overwhelms Wright, driving him back to the corner with a series of lightning fast haymakers that drives the Turner Field fans to their feet!]

GM: Bobby O'Connor's taking the fight to the former World Champion!

[The crowd is roaring as O'Connor rears and fires... rears and fires... rears and fires. Wright is nearly knocked over the ropes with a few of the shots but manages to stay inside the ring where Longfellow is on the scene, shouting at "Bunkhouse" Bobby to back off.]

GM: O'Connor with the whip sends Wright across...

[O'Connor charges in, throwing his 265 pounds into a big avalanche in the corner. He staggers out, clutching his ribs, doubling up for a moment before straightening up, picking up Wright as he stumbles out of the corner, lifting him up under the arm...]

GM: O'Connor's got him up!

[...and brings him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Backbreaker!

[O'Connor holds him there in position across the knee, shaking his head as he clenches his teeth, trying to muscle Wright back up...

...but his ribs give out, allowing Wright to slip free, landing on his feet where he ducks down, lifting O'Connor into a fireman's carry!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

BW: GAME OVER, DADDY!

[Wright takes two steps towards the center of the ring, shoving O'Connor up over his head as he falls to his back, raising his knees and causing O'Connor's injured ribs to SLAM down on them!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY CONNECTS!

BW: That's it!

GM: Wright with the cover!

[Longfellow drops down to count as Wright doesn't bother to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, O'CONNOR GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Wright is up on his knees, staring in disbelief at the official who holds up two fingers!]

GM: Two count only!

BW: How the-?!

GM: It was early in the match... he didn't hook a leg... you can speculate all you want about how in the world "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor kicked out of that pin attempt but the fact is - he did it! The third generation competitor kicked out of Fat Tuesday!

[Wright gets back to his feet, shaking his head as Alex Martin shouts, "DO IT AGAIN, CHAMP!" The former World Champion gives a nod, grabbing a handful of O'Connor light brown hair, dragging him up to his feet, ducking into another fireman's carry...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

BW: This time it'll REALLY be over!

[...but this time, O'Connor is ready for it, lashing out with elbow after elbow to the ear of Wright, managing to slip out, landing on his feet behind the leader of Team Supreme who turns around into a stinging jab... and another... and another...]

GM: O'Connor's jabbing away, rocking Wright!

[But as he pauses to wind up for an overhead elbow, Wright spins around to bury his boot into the injured ribs, knocking O'Connor down to his knees!]

GM: Wright cuts him off!

[Grabbing O'Connor by the hair, Wright lashes out with a short kick to the face... and another... and another...]

GM: He's kicking O'Connor in the face over and again!

[The fans are all over Wright for the barrage of short kicks until he breaks it off, using the handful of hair to yank O'Connor into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and POPS him up and over, dropping him on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX! HE BRIDGES!

[The referee dives to the mat again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AGAIN! O’CONNOR KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[Wright deftly transitions onto all fours, controlling the torso of O’Connor who is also on all fours...

...and BURIES his knee into the ribcage!]

GM: Oh!

[The former World Champion opens fire, slamming knee after knee into the ribs as O’Connor cries out in pain.]

GM: Those knees to the body are absolutely punishing! If those ribs were cracked or broken at the hands of Caleb Temple three weeks ago, they may be completely pulverized at this point of the contest!

[O’Connor is still on all fours as Wright rolls back to his feet, applying a rear waistlock on his opponent who is still down on the canvas.]

GM: He’s gonna do it again!

[But as Wright drags O’Connor to his feet, Bobby returns fire with a pair of back elbows to the ear that stun him. A third one breaks his grip, causing Wright to stagger back from him...

...and an overhead elbow sends Wright falling back into the ropes...]

GM: Bunkhouse Elbow sends him reeling back-

[Wright slips through the ropes, using them as a catapult to swing himself back forward...

...and CRUSHES O’Connor with a rebound lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GOD IN HEAVEN!

BW: That’s gotta be it! O’Connor ain’t gettin’ up from that!

[Wright grabs the left arm of his downed opponent, pulling it straight up before dropping a knee down into the ribs!]

GM: Wright’s not even covering this time though.

BW: Maybe he just wants to be sure.

GM: Maybe. Or maybe he's making a mistake in trying to punish this young man instead of beating him!

[Wright regains his feet, dropping a second knee - Demetrius Lake-style-right down into the ribs of O'Connor. O'Connor sits up, face covered in pain as Wright piefaces him back down to the mat, climbing back to his feet.]

GM: Wright continues to drop those big knees down into the ribs.

[Outside the ring, Cain Jackson slaps the canvas a few times, giving some words of encouragement to his ally who slowly drags O'Connor off the mat, throwing him back into the buckles.]

GM: O'Connor flung back into the corner...

[Wright grabs the top rope, taking aim as he snaps off a series of brutal kicks into the midsection...]

GM: Kick after kick to the body in the corner!

[O'Connor loops his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Wright switches to knees, slamming kneestrike after kneestrike into the heavily-taped ribs. He backs off at the referee's order, grabbing O'Connor by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends him across- OHH!

[The crowd groans as O'Connor runs full speed chestfirst into the corner, collapsing backwards to the mat, clutching his ribs in pain.]

GM: O'Connor hit the buckles at an absolutely SICKENING velocity, Bucky!

BW: The kid should call it a night, Gordo. He's done.

GM: He is NOT done. Bobby O'Connor refuses to give up... refuses to stay down. It's going to take more than an Irish whip to the corner to finish this young man off. Ask Caleb Temple.

BW: Caleb Temple is the reason he's done! Temple showed the whole world three weeks ago a sneak preview of what he intends to do to Ryan Martinez in this Unsanctioned Fight they've got coming up.

[Wright slowly approaches the downed O'Connor, asking if he's had enough as he draws near.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor may be down. He may be hurt. But he is a long ways away from being done, Bucky!

[The former World Champion leans down to pull him off the mat by the hair...

...and gets plucked into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, HE ALMOST GOT HIM!

[O’Connor tries to scramble up to his feet, attempting to get there before the former World Champion does...

...but fails as Wright catches him coming up with a knee to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Right back to the ribs!

[Hooking a cravate, Wright throws knee after knee into the ribcage again, stunning O’Connor...

...and muscling him back up into a fireman’s carry!]

GM: He’s going for Fat Tuesday again! He’s-

[But Wright uses a little too much force, causing O’Connor to slip out...

...where he turns his back, reaching back to hook one arm...]

GM: He’s going for a backslide!

[O’Connor hooks the other, struggling against Wright for a few moments before dropping to his knees, dragging Wright down to the mat!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He almost had him again!

[Both men try to scramble up to their feet again... and again, it’s Wright there first, dishing out a powerful elbowstrike that spins O’Connor away from him...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and again Wright takes him over, dumping him on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NO! MY STARS, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP AGAIN!

BW: What in the WORLD is with this kid?!

GM: He’s got too much heart for Supreme Wright - something the former World Champion would know NOTHING about!

[Wright seems a bit aggravated as he sits up on the canvas, glaring first at the official who reiterates the near fall. The two-time World Champion turns his head towards Cain Jackson who shakes his head, shouting "DON'T LET HIM GET IN YOUR HEAD!" as Wright climbs back to his feet, angrily dragging a limp O'Connor off the mat by the back of the trunks...]

GM: O'Connor's out on his feet! How in the world is he even standing?!

[The leader of Team Supreme leans over, lifting O'Connor up into a torture rack...

...but O'Connor slips out the back, dashing to the ropes with every bit of sheer instinct in his body, rebounding back at a high rate of speed, leaving his feet with his arm outstretched, just the slightest bit of bend at the elbow...]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER!

[...and LEVELS Wright with the crooked-arm lariat!]

GM: COVER HIM, KID!

[O'Connor throws himself over a prone Wright, grabbing both legs and rolling through into an airtight cradle...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!!

[...but the massive form of Cain Jackson comes crashing down on top of Bobby O'Connor, breaking up the pin!]

GM: AHHHHH!

[The referee jumps to his feet, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He had him, Bucky! He had him beat!

BW: Oh yeah? Prove it!

GM: Bobby O'Connor had the former World Champion pinned in the center of the ring and if it hadn't been for those Team Supreme jackals, he would have won this thing - busted ribs and all!

[Cain Jackson doesn't waste any times in putting the boots to those "busted ribs" as Matt Lance, Alex Martin, and a few other Team Supreme members join the fray, stomping and kicking the downed O'Connor.]

GM: This is despicable. Bobby O'Connor fought valiantly, as he always does, but now the numbers are too much! Look at those jackals circling him like buzzards around a fresh kill!

BW: You're mixing your metaphors there, Gordo!

GM: I don't care, Bucky! This is a disgrace. Two weeks ago, Bobby O'Connor showed everyone that he has the heart of a lion and he proved it again tonight by taking on a two time World Champion against doctor's orders. He doesn't deserve this!

[As the members of Team Supreme stand around a fallen Bobby O'Connor and continue to mercilessly stomp at him, Matt Lance has somehow managed to procure a microphone, and he drops down to the mat, lying on his belly, looking at the dazed eyes of the Strangler's grandson.]

ML: We took out your big buddy, Jack Lynch! We took out your old pal, Weaver! There's no one's left to save you!

[But Lance may have spoken too soon!]

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ IS HERE! THE CHAMP IS OUT!

BW: THESE FANS ARE GOING CRAZY! BUT IT'S STILL TWO AGAINST AN ARMY!

[The moment that Martinez hits the ring, a pair of unnamed Team Supreme thugs try to block his way. The first eats an elbow for his troubles. The second swings wildly and Martinez ducks under...]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZAAAAAA!

GM: Martinez is cleaning house. He sends two Team Supreme members over the top rope!

[The camera zooms out to get a wide view of the chaos in the ring. In it, we can see that Supreme Wright has taken a position in the corner, the World Champion's back to him. Wright has his hand on Cain Jackson's shoulder, holding him back. The angle changes, focusing more tightly on the champion, eliminating Wright and his enforcer from our field of vision.]

GM: Martinez has Alex Martin set-up! I think we're going to see a Brainbuster!

BW: No we're not!

[From behind, Cain Jackson suddenly strikes, smashing Martinez' shoulder with an overhead double sledge, sending Martinez to his knees.]

BW: And that's exactly why Cain Jackson is called the King of Cowboys!

GM: He is not! And this is terrible! Ryan Martinez can't fight off these overwhelming numbers!

[Jackson races across the ring, bouncing off the opposite side, and then lifts his foot in the air, driving it into the jaw of the prone champion.]

"SMMMMAAAAAACCKKK!!!"

GM: THE BIG BOOT!

BW: Martinez is out!

[Having laid waste to the World Champion, the members of Team Supreme still inside the ring give a wide berth, as Supreme Wright steps forward, looking to finish off Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Supreme Wright is moving in for the kill! And if he does this now, what does it mean for our Main Event?

BW: It means we might be crowning a three-time world champion, Gordo!

[Wright bends down and grabs Martinez's right arm, when suddenly, the place comes unglued, the roar of the crowd deafening!]

BW: What?? No!!! NOT HIM!!!

GM: THE IRON COWBOY IS BACK! JACK LYNCH IS TEARING HIS WAY DOWN THE RAMP!!

[The true King of Cowboys has returned! He's not dressed for a wrestling match, but a fight, as he wears a simple black t-shirt and a pair of black jeans. But Jack Lynch hasn't come alone. In his hands he's holding a length of steel chain.]

BW: He's got- RUN! EVERYONE RUN!

[Sliding into the ring, Lynch begins to whip the chain around, knocking Team Supreme members out of the ring or forcing them to flee. Lynch turns, and finds himself face to face with Cain Jackson.]

GM: Oh boy...The King of Cowboys is here to take back his crown!

[Both size each other up for a moment, and Lynch wraps the chain around his fist. He then takes a swing at the charging Jackson...]

GM: Jackson avoids the chain!

[Jackson runs into the ropes as he ducks, rebounding off...]

GM: JACK LYNCH DUCKS THE BIG BOOT!!

[As he passes under Jackson's foot, Lynch uses his own momentum to bounce off the ropes and propels himself forward.]

"OHHHHHH!!!"

GM: A CHAIN-ASSISTED LARIAT!!! CAIN JACKSON IS OUT COLD!

[Tossing the chain aside, Lynch then turns his ire towards the man that put him out of action...]

GM: JACK LYNCH HAS TURNED HIS EYES ON SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Wright puts up his hands, slowly backing away from Lynch...]

GM: NO! ALEX MARTIN!

[...but suddenly from the side, Alex Martin charges Lynch! But the Iron Cowboy, spotting him, pivots and slaps the claw on Martin, who immediately begins to howl in agony!]

GM: THE CLAW! JACK LYNCH HAS THE CLAW LOCKED IN ON MARTIN!

[Using the opportunity provided by Martin's suicidal charge to get himself to safety, Wright quickly rolls out of the ring as the crowd roars with boos. Jack Lynch releases the hold on Martin, running up to the ropes, and yelling angrily at a retreating Wright.]

GM: Supreme Wright escapes Jack Lynch's wrath, but you better believe this isn't over between the two! Fans, we have to take a break!

[Fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

Fade to black... and then back up on a crowd still buzzing at what they just saw.]

GM: We're back, and Jack Lynch has asked for a microphone.

[Cut back to the ring where Jack Lynch offers his hand to Ryan Martinez, and helps the World Heavyweight Champion back to his feet. After this, both men help Bobby O'Connor up, propping him up between them to the cheers of the fans. Jack steps to the side, leaving O'Connor and Martinez to lean on each other as he addresses the crowd.]

JL: Turner Field... AWA Galaxy... The King of Cowboys has returned!!

[As a grin comes to Lynch's face, the crowd cheers.]

JL: And his name ain't "Jackson." Its "Jack"...

Jack Lynch!

[Lynch runs his free hand through his dark hair, the grin widening into a smile, as the AWA faithful welcome him back and embrace him with open arms.]

JL: Now, get comfortable, 'cuz I'm about to tell a story.

This is the story of a damned fool who came made a lotta big plans and then ended up havin' his skull crushed by the Iron Claw. Now, not to give away the endin' too soon, but that fool's name is Supreme Wright.

Ya see, there was a moment when I thought that maybe, I coulda walked away from this business. There was a time when I thought that maybe watchin' my brother Trav win the National Title and spendin' my days and nights raising my baby girl woulda been enough to satisfy me.

At SuperClash, I beat Demetrius Lake in a Texas Death match...

[Another roar from the crowd]

JL: And ya know somethin'? Gettin' the final say over the man that had been a thorn in my side for too many damn years to count mighta been enough to satisfy me. If I'd come back and Lake hadda kept his word and admitted that I was the better man? Well, I was thinkin' maybe that was the happy endin' too many wrestlers don't get.

But that ain't how it shook out, was it?

Now, if I'm bein' honest, I didn't actually think Lake would hold up his end of the stipulations. I mean hell, I was born at night, but not last night. And truth be told, I didn't need him to do it. Everyone will know, for as long as footage and record book exists, what happened at SuperClash. And that coulda been enough.

But then, Supreme Wright happened.

[The crowd roars their disapproval for the former World Champion.]

JL: You jumped me, and in that moment, you lit a fire in me, and changed the whole landscape of the AWA.

I still remember the last thing I heard before I got a mouthful of boot. You said "this is a setup." I say, Supreme Wright, that this is a damned war!

And you forgot the first rule of war. You don't knock your enemy down, you take your enemy out. And I'm a long damned ways away from bein' taken out!

I coulda gone home and lived quietly. Except that you reminded me that my work ain't done. You did that Wright. You let me know that there's still bad men out there, bad men that I need to take out. You reminded me that I still got things to do in this ring, things I need to accomplished.

So for that, and nothin' else, I'll thank ya.

Like I said, this is war. And in the comin' weeks, you're gonna see what war looks like. And the first thing you, and everyone else needs to understand is this. In a war, there's only two sides. And if you ain't on mine, then you're my enemy.

If you ain't for Ryan Martinez, then you're for your Caleb Temple. If you ain't for Derek Williams, then you're for KING Oni. If you ain't for Bobby O'Connor, then you're for Cain Jackson. If you ain't for Brad Jacobs, then you're for Carl Riddens. If you ain't for Supernova, then you're for Shadoe Rage. If you ain't for Sultan Azam Shariff, then you're for Callum Mahoney. If you ain't for Dave Bryant, then you're for Demetrius Lake. If you ain't for Hannibal Carver, then you're for Johnny Detson.

And you bet your ass that if you ain't for Travis Lynch, then you're for Rob Driscoll.

If you ain't on my side, then the next time you see me, you better run as fast as you can!

Because if you ain't with me, then what you're gonna feel is this...

[Jack bends down, scooping up the chain he brought with him to the ring.]

JL: One day in the very near future, Supreme Wright, you're gonna be on one side of this chain, and I'm gonna be on the other, and on that night? Your ass belongs to me.

And there won't be no master plan that can save ya!

I spent a lotta time sittin' on my butt, unable to lift anything, includin' my baby girl. And in all that time, I had to listen to ya Wright and watch as you ran around like you owned this place.

Listen to ya talk about this big grand plan of yours. And I had to sit by and watch as Cain Jackson ran around in my hat, talkin' about how he was the King Of Cowboys. But none of that got to me as one simple truth. You wanna know what that was?

It's this – you're a two time World Champion, and ain't no Lynch ever had even a single World Title. That sticks in my craw somethin' fierce.

And that's why I'm takin' a page outta your book, Wright.

You think you're gonna walk through me and Bobby, en route to a World Title shot? Well, as far as I'm concerned, I got a better claim at bein' the Number One Contender than you do, because I managed to win at SuperClash.

So Ryan, I'm askin' ya...

[Lynch turns to the World Champion as he speaks.]

JL: If I get through Wright, if I beat him, will you give me a shot at your shiny gold belt?

[To the approval of the fans, Martinez nods an emphatic "yes," and then extends his hand to Lynch, the deal sealed with a handshake. After they've shaken hands, Ryan exits the ring, leaving the TexMo Connection to stand alone.]

JL: You wanna use me as a steppin' stone, Wright? Well, I'm gonna cut my path to the World Title right through your carcass.

But a man's gotta have a plan, don't he?

You got a whole crew of flunkies standin' between me and you. And before you and I get to it, that field needs to be cleared.

So here's my plan – I'm gatherin' an army to help me fight this war.

Y'all should be able to guess who I'm turnin' to first.

[As the crowd cheers, Lynch turns to O'Connor.]

JL: Bobby, you're like a brother to me. And since you know what family means to me, you know that ain't a word I use lightly. But I do consider you to be a brother. You're my blood as much as Blackjack, Jimmy or Trav.

So I'm askin' ya – will you fight with me?

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: Jack, you know me better than that.

[O'Connor looks to the crowd.]

BOC: You know that you don't even need to ask.

[HUGE cheers for that.]

BOC: Whenever the work needed to be done, together we've made SURE that it got done. Whether it's the Wise Men or know Team Supreme... it doesn't make a lick of difference to me. You need my help?

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: I'm there. While I'd rather take Michael's lead and treat this as a sport more than a battlefield...

[An intense look comes across O'Connor's face as soon as he mentions Michael Weaver.]

BOC: They've shown me that isn't possible anymore. So if it's a war they want?

[O'Connor extends his hand towards Jack, who grins as he shakes it.]

BOC: Then it's a war they'll GET.

[O'Connor lowers the mic and raises his tag team partner's hand to a huge ovation from the crowd.]

GM: Jack Lynch is back and the TexMo Connection is ready for war, fans! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see our special man-to-man confrontation between Kraken and the GFC Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris! You will NOT want to miss that!

[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 Dufrense 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 Dufrense 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.]

Fade in where Sweet Lou Blackwell is backstage with an irate Shadoc Rage who is still in his ring gear, the AWA World Television title clutched to his chest. He winces as he moves. Behind him, Marissa Monet looks on with concern trying to apply an ice pack to his back. Every time she makes contact Rage shifts away from her, grimacing and gritting his teeth.]

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell, you saw what happened out there, right?

SLB: I saw that you were seconds away from submitting the title away to Supernova when you were caught in the Solar Flare.

SR: (holding his forearm to his back) Wow, always with the cheap shots, huh? What didn't you see?

SLB: What?

SR: You didn't see Marissa Monet do her job, did you?

[Marissa opens her mouth to protest but Rage wheels on her, staring up at her and pointing his finger sharply in her face.]

SR: No, you didn't do anything out there at all. And you know what? If that's how it's going to be ... that's the last time I'm going to have you at ringside with me. Go home, Marissa Monet. Go home. I can do better by myself.

SLB: What? Are you trying to say that Marissa Monet is fired?

SR: Trying to say?

[Rage glares at the camera.]

SR: That's exactly what I've said. Monet, you're out of here! And I'm out of here, too!

[Rage stumbles off camera leaving an aghast Lou Blackwell with a teary-eyed Monet.]

SLB: I can't believe this. Marissa, what are you going to ...?

[Marissa cuts him off. She simply shakes her head in sorrow and walks away.]

SLB: Shocking news from the camp of Shadoe Rage. What will happen next for the World Television champion? I guess we'll find out. But right now, let's talk about three weeks ago in Dallas when the AWA galaxy celebrated its seventh anniversary and while it was great to relive some of the historical moments of our great company it was equally as thrilling to take part in a night that created more history. For the first time in our company's storied existence, the World Tag Team Titles were defended not once but TWICE after Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz, the duo collectively known as Air Strike, defended their gold against the War Pigs only to accept the challenge of the former champions from which they captured the titles –

"Ain't nobody captured nothin' from us, Lou."

[Pull back. Ever to eager to await their proper introduction, the trio known around the globe as the Lights Out Express huddle around Lou Blackwell. Lenny Strong, the owner of timely interruption, stands to Lou's right with Donnie White standing to his left. Aaron Anderson looms uncomfortably behind Blackwell's left shoulder, staring down at the AWA roaming reporter.]

LS: If ya'll remember correctly... them belts were stolen from us, Lou. Lifted like a skirt on prom night. So ya know what we did about it? We marched into Dallas, Texas...Aaron put on his butt whoopin' boots...I polished up my skull splittin' elbow...and Donnie, well, Donnie bought a new jar of pomade and slicked his hawk up real fine...and we committed a crime. Not just any crime, but a crime that sends a man away for the rest of his life.

We stole the show, brother.

We called them punks out, put em' on the spot, and exposed them for the second rate posers that they are. Now after some technical formalities they may still be the kings of Okayama or Shizuoka or Kobe beef or whatever little island on the other side of the Pacific but we are the two...

[Strong holds up two fingers.]

LS: ...TWO time World Tag Team Champions. Ya know how many teams can make that claim other than us, Lou?

[Blackwell, knowing all too well that he isn't going to get a chance to answer, gives a half-hearted shrug.]

LS: None! Ain't no other team on the planet done what we done, brother. Ain't no other team in this galaxy or the next come close too it. Sure, there's some boys hidin' in a bomb shelter that may make some bogus claim about what they've done but any team can be great on any given night. It takes talent, it takes heart, it takes bravery and determination to be great night in and night out and tour this continent and take on any challenge at any time. Cause that's what this locomotive has been doin', tell em' Aaron.

AA: We've been hustling hard, Lou. Jasper, Baton Rouge, Mobile, and Pensacola. We've been fighting any team worth a lick of salt between Texas and the road here to Georgia and nobody can stop us. We've taken over every town we've touched down on and every night when we went back to the hotel room one thing was certain.

These titles were coming with us.

See there's a lot of teams out there running their mouths that they're the next big thing in tag-team wrestling but unfortunately for them, being next might as well mean never cause the Lights Out Express aren't laying down for anyone.

SLB: Laying down, no. But running?

AA [snapping]: Watch your mouth, Lou.

[Anderson towers over Blackwell, staring down at the reporter who maneuvers backwards... right into the chest of Donnie White.]

DW: The Memphisos don't like your tone, playa. Just what are ya tryin' to imply?!

SLB: Guys...easy. Take it easy. All I'm saying is that yeah, you've been working hard. You've wrestled in all those towns just like Aaron said. But you haven't exactly been beating all your challengers, in fact, you haven't exactly been finishing your matches at all. Just last week you walked out mid-match with the Surfer Dudes, a match you told the fans you had been

waiting nearly a year for after what happened the last time around. Then, two nights ago --

LS: Woah, woah, woah. Sweetness, you got it all wrong, brother. You're absolutely right. We wanted that rematch with the "Shaka Brahs" for a long, long time. Heck, me and the Axeman relived that match with them a hundred times over in our heads. But ya know what we realized?

SLB: What's that?

LS: That we ain't the same team we were the last time we were cheated out of a match with them. We realized as we were layin' a beatdown on them two California girls that all the skinny jeans in the world ain't gonna make them look better than us in the ring. All that hate, all that animosity, all that lust for revenge was for naught cause when the bell rang we knew in our hearts that them losers didn't belong in the same ring with the champs and in order to preserve the lineage of these titles we did what was right. We walked. The Surfer Dudes can rule all the sandboxes and kiddie pools they want but that ring, these titles, they belong to us and only the best talent in the World should get the opportunity to wrestle against us.

SLB: So what about the War Pigs? What about three nights ago in Pensacola when you high tailed out of the ring when things weren't going your way.

DW: Oh no, playa. D-White has had enough of this blasphemous jabber. The people know the truth! The people know that the Lights are anythin' but runnin' from ANYONE. We defied the deviants who defied death. We toppled the Tupelo Tower and the man who walked on clouds. We --

SLB: We've got footage.

DW [dry]: What?

SLB: Guys, roll it.

[Cut to the footage marked "AWA Live Arena Event - Pensacola, Florida" where we can see the L-O-E inside the ring with Hammer and Scythe, the duo known as the War Pigs. At this particular moment in time, Scythe has just flattened Anderson and Strong with a double clothesline while an interfering Donnie White is leaping off the top rope...

...right into a twisting powerslam from Hammer! The voice of Sweet Lou is heard over the action.]

SLB: Things just weren't going very well for the three of you in Pensacola. Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong defending the World Tag Team Titles against Hammer and Scythe of the War Pigs.

AA: This footage looks doctored to be honest.

SLB: Doctored?! The only doctoring going on around here is what you three needed after the War Pigs got their hands on you!

[A gorilla press by Hammer sends Donnie White skyward before he's thrown over the top rope onto a stunned Anderson and Strong, taking all three of them down to the mat.]

LS: All I see is some pumped-up punk trying to beat up a guy who wasn't even legally in the match. Donnie was just out there providing some emotional support and he gets attacked by these guys who show less skill with a mascara brush than our former manager.

SLB: Speaking of Miss Sandra Hayes...

DW: Nah, nah, nah, Sweet Lou. Tonight ain't the night to deal with old business. Tonight's the night to-

SLB: Show the world what kind of champions you guys actually are?

[Out on the floor, we see Anderson and Strong scoop up the title belts in their arms...

...and walk right back up the aisle, the crowd booing wildly all the while.]

SLB: Look at this! You guys walked out on this title defense since it wasn't going your way!

LS: You keep showing your doctored footage, Blackwell... you keep showing it and see what happens. But just because you're showing it, that doesn't mean we have to stand around and watch it. Boys, let's get out of here.

[With the footage of the countout loss still playing, the sounds from back inside Turner Field implies that the World Tag Team Champions just hit the bricks.]

SLB: They're out of here, fans... just like they were in Pensacola! And to this seasoned pair of eyes, this looks like a footrace now - who will get to the L-O-E first? Will it be the former champions, Air Strike? Or will it be the team who almost won the titles in that footage we just saw, the War Pigs? Sweet Lou's got the answers you're looking for if you call the hotline tonight at 1-900-505-5500! Kids, get your parents' permission and... ho boy, let's head down to Mark Stegglet who is about to preside over a very special - and volatile - confrontation!

[We crossfade to the ring where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, over the past several weeks, we have seen a man that is not an AWA competitor appear time and again on AWA television. During his first appearances, many assumed he was just a fan... a fan who wanted to get an up close and personal look at the action.

But his words... his words said otherwise.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Those words were angry... full of disrespect... and designed to draw attention to himself.

Of course, I am speaking of the Global Fighting Heavyweight Champion himself, Rufus "The Rottweiler" Harris.

[Boos pour down from the AWA faithful... mostly. There are a handful of sections cheering strongly for the Mixed Martial Arts great.]

MS: Mr. Harris wanted the attention of the professional wrestling world and he got it when an individual and his manager took offense to Harris' words. They found them disrespectful and inappropriate.

And that duo returned to the AWA with the express goal of making their opinions known.

[Stegglet turns towards the entryway.]

MS: Three weeks ago, a confrontation between Mr. Harris and Mr. Kraken turned violent. Mr. Kraken put his hands on Mr. Harris, shoving him down...

[Big cheer from the crowd! Stegglet smiles.]

MS: And because of that situation, the AWA front office and the GFC front office brokered an agreement to allow these two men to come together inside this ring right now. A personal confrontation that hopefully will put an end to this situation.

Right now, I would like to invite Kraken and Mr. Christie to the ring...

[The opening, rumbling notes of Brujeria's "Ritmos Satánicos" brings cheers from the majority of the Turner Field crowd.]

GM: And this, ladies and gentlemen, should prove to be very interesting.

[Emerging first from the curtain is the Robfathah, dressed in a surprisingly sober grey suit complete with silver tie, stopping quickly and pointing towards the curtain...right at the emerging Kraken, who steps through, stops, and bellows loudly towards the ring. The Robfathah grins, stepping aside as Kraken hurriedly stomps down towards the ring, falling in line behind his massive charge.]

GM: We heard the words of Rufus Harris earlier tonight and quite frankly, he didn't sound like a guy willing to let bygones be bygones here tonight.

BW: Rufus Harris was born to fight. He was bred to fight. And he's coming here tonight to fight... no doubt in my mind.

GM: You can see an entire legion of AWA officials and security out here tonight. They want no part of anything like we saw three weeks ago in

Dallas. They want to keep these two men from physically interacting at all costs.

BW: Good luck with that. If these two want to throw down, I'm not sure there's a soul in that locker room who could keep them apart.

[Christie climbs the ringsteps, followed by Kraken. The duo ducks through the ropes into the ring. The manager moves to shake Mark Stegglet's hand before pointing to Kraken who gets cheers as he stands, facing the aisleway, lifting his massive arms up and waiting for Rufus Harris to arrive.]

MS: Gentlemen, welcome.... and now, if you will... he is the Global Fighting Heavyweight Champion... the man known as the Rottweiler... one of the baddest men on the planet... RUFUS HARRIS!

[After a few moments, a half dozen towering men in black suits and sunglasses emerge from the Braves' dugout. They form a wall of humanity as Rufus Harris comes out, stepping out in front of them. He looks as he did earlier in the night, barking at the crowd who is giving him a mixed response. The GFC Heavyweight Title is secured around his waist as he walks down the aisle, the six men forming two lines on either side of him.]

GM: Here he comes, Bucky... one of the most dangerous men you'll ever encounter in a ring - no matter how many sides that ring has.

BW: He's the fighter so bad, so tough... that the GFC ran out of guys for him to beat the heck out of. That's why he's here, Gordo! The GFC couldn't give him the competition he wants so he's hoping the AWA will!

GM: I don't know about that. That seems like big talk for a man under contract with another company

[Harris strides confidently to the end of the aisle, the fans buzzing as he stops there. Kraken is staring him down from the ring. Rob Christie keeps a hand on Kraken's shoulder, trying to prevent him from going outside the ring after Harris. Harris rolls his neck, bouncing from foot to foot, staring up at Kraken as his entourage climbs up the steel steps, getting into the ring.]

GM: Kraken's a little bit outnumbered here.

BW: Just barely. But if you think Harris needs one of his guys to beat up Kraken, you're sadly mistaken. He'll do it himself.

[Harris pulls himself up on the ring apron, staring over the ropes at Kraken who is nodding his head, waving the Rottweiler towards him. Harris steps through the ropes, pausing to bark at the air, tugging at the heavy metal chain hanging around his neck...]

GM: Here we go, fans! This is the confrontation we've been talking about!

[AWA security steps forward, forming a wedge alongside Harris' personal security, keeping the two men apart.]

BW: There's enough guys in there to start up a Battle Royal, Gordo.

GM: There certainly is.

[Harris moves forward, pushing his own entourage aside, getting within a few feet of Kraken who is pulling away from Christie's hand.]

GM: Uh oh. Things are getting tense in there. Look at this staredown!

[Flash bulbs are popping all over Turner Field as Kraken and Rufus Harris are just a few feet away from each other, staring one another down as AWA security tries to keep things under control.]

GM: Words are being exchanged in there now - it's getting testier...

[Harris yanks off his dark sunglasses, throwing them aside.]

BW: Those are five hundred dollar sunglasses, Gordo.

GM: Not anymore.

[Harris is shouting at Kraken now, demanding he take a swing at him.]

BW: So much for settling things.

GM: You've got that right. Kraken wants a piece of Harris and I'm fairly sure the feeling is mutual, Bucky!

[Harris is angrily pointing at Kraken as Christie tries to keep Kraken from going after him, hanging onto his arm.]

GM: Christie's trying to keep Kraken from doing something he might regret with all these officials in here. He's trying to-

[Kraken angrily turns towards Christie, shoving him away, turning back towards Harris...

...who has leapt through security, cocking back his right hand...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big blow lands flush on the jaw of the off-balance Kraken, knocking him flat! The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the GFC Heavyweight Champion throwing a punch inside an AWA ring!]

GM: HARRIS DROPPED HIM! HARRIS DROPPED HIM!

[With the crowd roaring, AWA security swarms Harris, pulling him back from Kraken...

...which causes Harris' personal security to get involved, trying to keep their client protected!]

GM: We've got a problem, fans! We've got trouble inside the ring! It's breaking down here in Atlanta! Harris and Kraken! Harris and Kraken!

[A screaming Harris is dragged back against the ropes by security. The chaos in the ring continues for several moments before we fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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...

Suddenly, the video quality of the entire program seems to take a turn for the worse. Until now, The X has been in 16:9 digital widescreen. Now it seems to be in 4:3, ripped from a low-grade VHS tape, full of scanlines. Unevenly spaced white block letters appear over a solid green background.]

CAPTION: [И теперь специальную презентацию.]

CAPTION: [Быть в покое.]

CAPTION: [Это только коммерческий, направленных против American Wrestling Association.]

[Fade to what looks like a smoky warehouse in black and white. Most of what follows is shot in silhouette, lit by a large picture window in the background. Most of the scene is comprised of what looks like what would happen if a wrestling ring was constructed from memory: the ropes are too loose and spaced slightly too close together, it looks slightly wider than it is deep, turnbuckles are misshapen, etc. A very enthusiastic male voice narrates in Russian.]

V/O: My prosim vas, Maxim Zharkov: amerikantsy imeyut sily, chtoby pobedit' vas?

[Slowly pan down to a massive silhouetted figure stepping out of the ring. He responds to the voiceover.]

MZ: Nyet.

V/O: Prinimayete li vy men'she, chem prityazheniye k etoy natsii?

[Zharkov slowly steps to the floor outside the ring.]

MZ: Nyet.

V/O: Yest' li chto mozhet vyzhit' Tsar' Bomba zamedlennogo deystviya?

[He slowly ambles to one side of the ring.]

MZ: Nyet.

V/O: Mozhno li izbezhat' Gorynch?

[He stops, facing the ring, squatting in front of it.]

MZ: Nyet.

V/O: Yest' li drugiye, kotoryye dolzhny privesti k novoy sovetskoy renessans v bor'be i legkoy atletike?

[Zharkov places two palms on the underside of the ring apron.]

MZ: Nyet.

V/O: Chto byvayet s temi, vy protiv sovetskoy?

[Zharkov suddenly stands up, and through the marvel of creative editing, cut to a wide shot of the ring flipping through the air like a pancake.]

MZ: [voiceover] Lights out, tovarisch.

[Fade to black.]

We're brought to the back, where Dr. Bob Ponavitch is standing by with Mark Stegglet. Dr. Ponavitch looks concerned, as usual.]

MS: Dr. Ponavitch, earlier today we saw Dave Bryant assaulted by Demetrius Lake -- how is he doing?

[Dr. Ponavitch shakes his head slightly.]

BP: Well, Mark, there's almost certainly one or two cracked ribs, possibly more, and they might be worse than cracked. He isn't coughing up any

blood, but breathing is obviously rather difficult and any athletic exertion is totally out of the question. Unfortunately, that means we're going to have to cancel --

[Dr. Ponavitch is interrupted by the sound of the door to the trainer's room bursting open, and a wheezing challenger.]

DB: NO!

BP: We talked about this, you'll be putting yourself at risk for --

DB: I don't...[gasps] give a damn about the risks! I won't let...

[Bryant tries to take a deep breath and nearly doubles over, clutching at his heavily-taped midsection before forcing himself to straighten up.]

DB:that son of a bitch have...the satisfaction! I told...Martinez I'd be out there...and I told him I'd leave...EVERYTHING in that ring.

[Bryant closes his eyes, obviously breathing somewhat shallowly to try to avoid the worst of the pain.]

DB: No excuses, not ... even this! I'm going out there...you need me to sign something, you bring it to the locker room.

[Bryant straightens up, glaring at Dr. Ponavitch.]

DB: If you don't...then get the hell...

[A wince.]

DB: ...out of my way, Doc.

[With that, Bryant pushes his way past Dr. Ponavitch, staggering out of shot. Dr. Ponavitch sighs audibly, moving to follow as we fade to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. This particular Control Center's purpose becomes known when the Memorial Day Mayhem logo splashes up on screen. A voiceover is heard.]

"Here is the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center with your host... Melissa Cannon!"

[We fade up on the same of bank of monitors to show Melissa Cannon, a big smile on her face.]

MC: The Control Center is back and once again, it's my honor to be here to run down all the goings-on as we walk the road to Memorial Day Mayhem - the original AWA supershow! Memorial Day Mayhem will be coming to you LIVE from the Cajundome in Lafayette, Louisiana on Monday, May 25th right here on The X! The Cajundome is SOLD OUT so if you don't have tickets in hand, the only way you can join us for this huge event is right here on Fox Sports X!

[Cannon turns towards another camera as a smaller version of the MDM logo appears in the corner of the screen.]

MC: The show will be coming together over the next few weeks but right now, we've got some matches to announce.

[A graphic appears showing Bobby O'Connor, Jack Lynch, Cain Jackson, and Supreme Wright.]

MC: After what we saw earlier tonight, it's now official! At Memorial Day Mayhem, the TexMo Connection will take on Team Supreme in tag team action!

[The graphic changes to show Derrick Williams and KING Oni.]

MC: In what might be the biggest challenge of Derrick Williams' young career - pun intended - he will take on the massive - and undefeated - KING Oni!

[Melissa grins as the graphic changes again.]

MC: And in a match announced mere moments ago, 2015 will see the return of the Mayhem Match! But oddly, AWA officials were reluctant confirm that the Mayhem Match would have the same rules as last year's version. More on that as it develops!

[Back to the wide shot with the MDM logo.]

MC: It's Memorial Day Mayhem - the original AWA supershow - coming to you LIVE right here on The X on Memorial Day night from the Cajundome in Louisiana! Join us right back here in two weeks for more news about the big event! From the Control Center, I'm Melissa Cannon!

[We fade away from the Control Center to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand.]

MS: Fans, we saw him earlier tonight demand a match with Caleb Temple. And not long ago, we saw him come out and attempt to save his best friend, Bobby O'Connor from Supreme Wright and Team Supreme. And very soon, we're going to see him in the ring one more time, as he steps in the ring to defend his World Heavyweight Title against the former champion, Dave Bryant.

I'm talking of course, about this man, Ryan Martinez. Mr. Martinez...

[Stegglet waves to someone off stage, and a moment later, the AWA's White Knight steps into frame. Six foot five, with a solidly muscular frame, the dark haired Ryan Martinez is already in his ring gear, complete with an off-white, cream colored satin jacket that has black trim at the cuffs and collar. The World Heavyweight Title currently rests on his right shoulder, the overhead lights gleaming off the golden faceplate.]

MS: As I alluded to before, you've been a busy man tonight.

[Intense as always, young Ryan nods his head.]

RM: You know Mark, it seems everywhere I turn, someone is trying to make me pay for the so-called sins of the past.

Caleb Temple thinks he's visiting the sins of the father upon the son. But those sins have always been yours, Temple. And someday soon, you'll be called to account. The chickens will come home to roost, though for you, that nest will be built upon your broken and bloody body.

Hannibal Carver wants to make me pay for standing up to him and getting in his way. He thinks I've done him wrong, and he wants his pound of flesh. Well Carver, it's only just begun between you and me. And I promise you, that when the dust settles, it'll be you and I going toe to toe. And you'll have your chance to get satisfaction. But with your chance comes my opportunity to shut you up once and for all.

And Supreme Wright, I know that our dance isn't at an end. As they say, we've got unfinished business, you and I. Because you can't accept the truth of your own failure. You need another reminder that, so long as I am drawing breath, the best you can hope for is being second best. I understand that it isn't over between you and I, just as I understand that as I beat you once before, I'm going to beat you again. But all three of you are going to have to hold on for a little while longer.

Tonight is about Dave Bryant.

MS: Many people were surprised when you selected Mr. Bryant to be the man you faced in this, your first televised title defense.

RM: They shouldn't have been. As far as I am concerned, Dave Bryant is the man most worthy of being named the number one contender.

It all comes down to this Mark – Dave Bryant, as far as I'm concerned, never lost the World Title.

The title was stolen from him on two separate occasions. And on the second occasion, Dave Bryant never got the rematch he was owed.

Two weeks ago, I came out and I said to my father the words I'm about to repeat now. I am the World Heavyweight Champion. But there will always be an asterisk next to my name, there'll always be a cloud over my head, and there will always be doubts about that claim.

Until I beat Dave Bryant.

Dave Bryant deserves a chance to hold the belt that he never fairly lost. And tonight is his chance at redemption. Tonight, I'm going to put to bed all

the doubts. Right here, in Turner Field, we're not going to have an AWA World Heavyweight Champion,

We're going to have an –undisputed– AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

MS: You are no stranger to Dave Bryant. A few years ago, you challenged for the World Television Title. You were unsuccessful in your quest to win the title on that night. And now, the situation has reversed, with Mr. Bryant challenging for the title you're holding.

RM: You're right Mark. We did fight a few years back, and on that night, Dave Bryant went home with the title.

But there's a lot of miles and an ocean of blood between that night and this one. He and I have both traveled a long way, physically and mentally. I'm not the same wet behind the ears kid I was then, and Dave Bryant isn't the same man who needed to prove something to himself and to the world that he was then. We're in different places now, which makes it the perfect time to meet again.

I do respect you Dave Bryant. And I do know that you deserve this shot. And I know that I have to beat you in order to truly call myself the World Heavyweight Champion. But let's understand each other. This isn't going to be friendly.

When the match starts, I'll shake your hand. But I'm not going to be nice to you.

I'm coming right at you, Bryant. Full speed ahead. I'm entering that ring tonight with only one goal in mind – beating you and proving myself. Because I wasn't joking two weeks ago. I am the World Heavyweight Champion.

When you wake up from the brainbuster, you'll know that too.

I have all the respect in the world for you. For where you've been and what you've done. But that respect doesn't mean I'm rolling over. I'm not going to take it easy on you. You're my opponent, and it's my job to not just win, but to beat you.

I expect you're coming to do the same thing to me.

This is a fight. Just like it always is. We don't have the baggage between us. We don't hate each other. From right now until the opening bell and from the last bell onward, I consider you my friend. But between that first and last bell? You're my opponent.

And all I know how to do is beat my opponent.

[Eyes narrowed slightly, Martinez exhales slowly.]

RM: I'll say it one more time. I am the World Heavyweight Champion. You may not have lost this belt, but I did win it. It's mine, and I'm not going to allow you to take it. You're owed this shot. But when all is said and done, the only thing that'll be different is that no one will be saying you're the uncrowned champion. Once I've beaten you, there'll be no room for anymore doubt. I am the World Heavyweight Champion, and I'm leaving Turner Field the same way.

Count on it!

[And with that, Ryan Martinez steps away, as we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

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

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to cheer accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the cheers the roaring crowd is raining down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring... he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYANNNNNT!

[Bryant slowly makes his way down the aisle as the cheers get louder. He pauses occasionally to look at a particularly rowdy fan, delivering a smile before moving on down the aisle.]

GM: Dave Bryant captured the World Heavyweight Title for the first time at SuperClash V only to have it snatched away from him moments later by Supreme Wright. Their war would continue on into the summer of 2014 when they traded the title again. Bryant never received a rematch from having his title stolen away from him by Wright... until tonight when Ryan Martinez issued the challenge.

[Bryant starts walking up the ringsteps, grimacing with each step as he arrives on the apron, ducking through the ropes. He walks out to the very center, turning around slowly, arms extended before he goes to remove his robe, revealing heavy white tape around his ribcage. He folds up the robe, handing it through the ropes to a ringside attendant before straightening up, turning to lean against the corner as referee Davis Warren makes his way over to talk to him.]

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...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the stadium, only for the sound to be drowned out by the sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.]

PW: ...weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds..

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi" until they two are drowned out by the White Knight's legions of fans.]

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

PW: He is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

RYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNN...

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

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

PW:MAAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIIINNNNNNEZZZZZZ!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp. He wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background. The jacket is open, and around his waist is the AWA World Heavyweight title belt.

The AWA's White Knight moves halfway down the aisle, and then pauses, looking out over the crowd, arms thrown out wide, fingers flexing as the fans scream for their hero. As the crowd continues to cheer wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only to climb up on the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope.]

GM: The World Champion has arrived here in Hotlanta!

BW: Again. What is this - the third time we've seen him here tonight? He's such a glory hog.

GM: We saw him out here trying to save his good friend, Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Sure... but we also saw him out here holding up the show and being a petulant little brat.

[Entering the ring, Ryan sheds his jacket, and hands it to a ring attendant. Fittingly, the White Knight's gear is predominantly white – on his hands he wears a pair of tight fitting white gloves that extend from fingertips to wrist. The palms of the gloves are black and each has, embossed in gold, half of a knight's helm, so that the entire helm is formed when his hands come together. On his right elbow is a long elbow pad, also white in color, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His long white ring pants have on the right leg a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.

Martinez removes his belt, bringing it to his lips and kissing the face plate before handing it off to the referee. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night
This is a battle song, we own the night#

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this World Heavyweight Title encounter is underway!

[Bryant edges out of the corner, moving gingerly as Martinez eyes him from afar, walking out to meet him in the center of the ring. The champion can be seen pointing to Bryant's ribs, speaking to him.]

GM: The champion may be asking Bryant if he's sure he wants to do this tonight, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is. Trying to duck the Number Three Contender to the World Title. Makes perfect sense.

[Bryant shakes his head, sticking out his hand towards Martinez.]

GM: Look at that show of respect by the two-time World Champion.

[Martinez accepts, smiling as he shakes Bryant's hand. The two back away, circling one another as they look for their opening salvo.]

GM: We're off and running here at The Duel On The Diamond for our Main Event and these fans in Atlanta are buzzing with anticipation for this showdown.

BW: Gordo, it strikes me that neither of these guys are coming into this one at full strength. Bryant got his ribs busted up by Lake. Martinez has already had one match - albeit against that runt Hernandez - AND gotten his clock cleaned by Cain Jackson!

GM: Not to mention all the abuse that the World Champion has taken in recent weeks at the hands of Caleb Temple who thankfully is banned from tonight's show despite hearing from his young daughter, Truth Marie, earlier tonight.

BW: Who was just as creepy as ever.

GM: She's an innocent girl, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure any child that sprang forth from Caleb Temple's loins could ever be called "innocent."

GM: A pleasing image for the fans at home for sure.

[Champion and challenger come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the middle of the ring, jostling for position until Bryant deftly moves into an overhand wristlock, forcing Martinez down to a knee.]

GM: Bryant takes control with the wristlock, putting the pressure on the World Champion.

[Bryant grimaces as he turns up the pressure, pushing down on the arm, putting torque on the wrist, elbow, and shoulder...

...and Martinez starts pushing his way up off the mat, the crowd cheering loudly.]

GM: Martinez trying to force his way out!

[The champion gets back to his feet, using his power edge to force Bryant backwards.]

BW: Martinez has an edge on this with his height advantage, pushing Bryant down to a knee...

[Bryant abruptly pulls his arm out of the hold, spinning away while grabbing at his ribs. He backs off to the ropes, grimacing as he holds them.]

GM: And right away, you see those injured ribs coming into play for the Doctor of Love...

[The referee steps in, asking Bryant if he wants to give up the match.]

GM: Bryant refusing to give up... refusing to walk away from his long-awaited World Title opportunity.

[Bryant angrily walks away from the official as Martinez again pleads his case to Bryant, pointing to the ribs.]

BW: Martinez is trying to get out of the match again. Pathetic.

[The two-time World Champion slowly moves back towards the center of the ring as Martinez stands, hands down at his side.]

GM: What is he doing?

[Martinez again points to Bryant's ribs as the two-time World Champion gets closer. Bryant shakes his head, waving for Martinez to "bring it." The World Champion obliges, tying up again...

...and Bryant quickly switches out into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the arm.]

GM: Bryant going into the hammerlock...

[He wrenches up on the arm a few times, causing Martinez to grimace in pain before releasing, ducking down and tripping Martinez, pulling both legs out.]

GM: Double leg trip... and right into a side headlock...

[Bryant cranks up on the headlock, wrenching the head and neck of the World Champion who struggles against it, moving to his knees, forcing Bryant up to a standing position.]

GM: Martinez is trying to fight his way out of this...

[Backing to the ropes, Martinez throws Bryant off into the ropes, dropping down as Bryant hurdles him on the rebound.]

GM: Bryant off the far side...

[Martinez plants his feet, catching the rebounding Bryant, lifting him up, and slamming him down hard to the mat!]

GM: Hard slam by the champion!

[Bryant grabs at his lower back, rolling to his side. He winces as he pushes up to a knee, looking up at Martinez who is standing at the ready, fists balled up. Davis Warren steps in, ordering him to open up his hands as Bryant slowly climbs to his feet, nodding his head.]

GM: A bit of a feeling out process going on between these two.

BW: This is the first televised title defense for Martinez here tonight and Bryant's first shot at the title since last summer... but oddly enough, this isn't the first time they've faced each other, Gordo.

GM: It certainly isn't. Bryant and Martinez clashed over the World Television Title back in October of 2013 - a match that saw Bryant emerge as the victor. If that happens tonight, we'll have the first three-time AWA World Champion.

[The two men come together in another collar and elbow. After a moment, Martinez backs Bryant up, pushing him back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Back to the corner... the referee calling for a break...

[The crowd roars as Martinez squares up, throwing a lightning quick chop across the torso. Bryant cringes, grabbing his ribs with both arms as Martinez winds up again...

...and pauses, seemingly unsure if he wants to deliver another blow to the injured challenger.]

GM: Martinez hesitates...

[Bryant suddenly reaches out, swinging Martinez' back into the buckles. The challenger hunches over, throwing lightning quick rights and lefts to the ribs of the World Champion.]

BW: ...and Bryant makes him pay for it!

[The challenger switches to haymakers to the jaw, tearing into him with right hand after right hand to the side of the head as the referee warns him against the clenched fist...

...and Bryant POPS the champion with an uppercut that snaps his head back, causing him to drape his arms over the top rope for support!]

GM: The challenger showing that Martinez better be bringing his all into this match.

BW: He can't let up. He can't show mercy or the title WILL change hands here tonight in Atlanta.

[Bryant gets backed off by the referee. They trade words before Bryant nudges past him, marching back in...

...and Martinez steps out, swinging Bryant back into the buckles, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop connects!

[The blow causes Bryant to fall back into the buckles where Martinez hooks his arms over the top rope, squaring up again...]

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez looks out at the sea of fans filling Turner Field and nods his head.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!]

[But Bryant breaks it up, grabbing the incoming arm, ducking under as he twists it around into a hammerlock...

...and then looks to procure the crossface chickenwing as Martinez makes a lunge for the corner, hooking his arm over the top rope!]

GM: Bryant went after Martinez' oft-injured shoulder but Martinez got to the ropes before that could happen!

[The challenger doesn't relent, driving an overhead elbow down onto the shoulder... and a second... and a third. He turns Martinez around, hooking an arm to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Bryant SLAMS hard into the buckles, staggered from the impact as Martinez stalks in after him, catching the dazed challenger with a back elbow under the chin, putting him down on the mat.]

GM: The World Champion is one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA locker room and Bryant is going to need to avoid his striking power if he wants to have a chance in this one, Bucky.

BW: Couldn't have said it better myself. Bryant would do well to remember his golden days - those days when he didn't mind waffling a guy with a roll of silver dollars to win a title belt. If he does that, Martinez won't wake up til Tuesday.

[Martinez grabs Bryant by the arm, dragging him up off the mat, using the arm to whip him the short distance into the turnbuckles, again rattling the challenger's spine. The World Champion approaches, giving a shout as he steps up to the second rope, fist raised into the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIV-"

[With the fifth blow coming down, Bryant ducks under, hooking the back of the White Knight's thighs, yanking hard and sending him crashing down to the mat on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh! Veteran move by the challenger!

[Bryant steps down to Martinez' feet, picking them up under his arms as the crowd roars in surprise!]

GM: He's going for the Iron Crab already!

[The World Champion wriggles and fights the submission hold attempt, trying to free himself before the hold can get locked in...]

GM: Bryant's trying to hook in the hold that put Calisto Dufresne on the shelf for almost a year!

[But Martinez' fight prevents Bryant from turning it over...

...so he opts to just fall back, catapulting Martinez facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez hits the corner!

[He staggers back into a waiting Bryant's grasp, dragging the champion down into a sunset flip style pin attempt!]

GM: Cradle for one! He's got two! But that's all!

[Bryant scrambles to his feet, catching a rising Martinez with an overhead elbow driven down into the base of the neck, knocking the World Champion down to his knees...

...where Bryant lays in a stiff punt kick to the ribs, causing Martinez to roll under the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: A hard shot there by Bryant sends the World Champion rolling out, perhaps looking for a breather...

BW: Bryant's not gonna give him one though, Gordo. He's going right out after the champ!

[Bryant steps out on the apron, leaning back against the ropes as he waits, watching Martinez to see what the World Champion will do.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren is asking Bryant to bring this back inside the ring but really, Dave Bryant might have the advantage out on the floor.

BW: Oh, I don't think there's any doubt, Gordo. You gotta remember that while Martinez might be the son of one of the toughest guys to ever step into the squared circle - Dave Bryant made his name in this business in Los Angeles, the home of blood, barbed wire, and broken table.

[With Martinez climbing to his feet, Bryant leaps off the ring apron, arms raised over his head...

...and gets DRILLED with a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Ohh! That'll knock the wind out of the challenger!

BW: He hit him right in those banged-up ribs. So much for the sportsmanlike champion, Gordo.

GM: Dave Bryant didn't want Martinez to take it easy on him. He wants a fight. He wants to prove that he's the real World Heavyweight Champion as much as Martinez wants to prove that there should be no question who the rightful champion is.

[Martinez promptly pulls Bryant up off the floor, throwing him back under the ropes into the ring. The World Champion climbs up on the apron, turning to give a shout to the cheering fans as he turns back towards Bryant...

...who comes tearing across the ring, driving a back elbow up into the side of the World Champion's head, sending him sailing off the apron and down onto the thinly-padded outfield grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The challenger takes him down hard!

BW: Martinez was playing to these idiot fans here in Atlanta and he ended up paying for it! He ended up getting drilled by Bryant from the blind side!

[Bryant backs off, taking some verbal abuse from Davis Warren as there's a bit of a mixed reaction from the fans to the aggressive move.]

GM: These fans in Atlanta seem to be a bit split on that one, Bucky. They're supporting Dave Bryant in his endeavor to become the first three-time World Champion in AWA history but-

BW: But nothing! If they support him, they support him. You can't boo the guy for being willing to do whatever it takes to put that World Title back around his waist.

GM: Bryant won the support of these fans back in 2013 but he's always been the guy willing to do whatever it takes. He may have changed some of his ways but that certainly has never changed for him, fans.

[The challenger ignores the protesting official, stepping back out on the apron again. He measures the rising Martinez, leaping off to drive a double axehandle down across the back of the World Champion's head, sending him pitching forward into the steel barricade...]

GM: And that time, the axehandle connects!

[Bryant stands out on the floor, grabbing at his ribs, rubbing them gingerly as he approaches Martinez who is leaning over the barricade.]

GM: The challenger's on the hunt for the World Title out there on the floor, dragging the champion off the railing...

[A big backhand chop to the chest of Martinez causes him to tip back over the railing. Bryant grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Big whip!

[The crowd groans as the small of Martinez' back SLAMS into the hardest part of the ring - the apron - causing Martinez to wince, falling down to all fours as he grabs at his lower back.]

GM: Bryant's going after the back - perhaps with the Iron Crab in mind!

BW: Oh, you know that's what he's thinking about, Gordo. You know very well that Bryant's thinking that if he hooks in that Iron Crab right here tonight in the center of the ring, we've got a new World Champion and you know what, Gordo? He's not wrong.

[Bryant approaches Martinez, leaning over and grabbing the champion around the waist, backing him away from the ring...

...and DRIVES him back, slamming the lower back into the apron!]

GM: Good grief! A second time puts Martinez into the apron again!

[The challenger straightens up, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and whips the World Champion into the ringside barricade, grabbing his ribs immediately after doing so!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES THE CHAMP!

[Bryant grimaces as he slowly moves towards Martinez who is up against the steel, his arms draped over the railing. The challenger grabs a handful of hair, dragging him to his feet.]

GM: Bryant puts Martinez back in... and he's going in after him...

[The challenger rolls in, climbing to his feet...

...and goes after the legs again, grabbing the champion's legs under his arms!]

GM: IRON CRAB! HE'S TRYING TO HOOK IT IN!

[But Martinez' powerful legs pull towards him, shoving off and sending Bryant pitching back hard into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! Martinez kicks him off!

[The World Champion rolls up to a knee as Bryant leans against the buckles, grimacing in pain. Martinez measures him before charging in, landing an impactful clothesline on the challenger!]

GM: Big charging clothesline in the corner!

[Martinez backs off, moving about halfway across the ring...

...and charges back in, landing a second big clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Another one! Bryant's barely able to stay on his feet after that one!

[The White Knight backs off again, this time walking all the way across the ring. He lifts his right arm in the air, pumping it up and down a few times before giving a bellow...]

GM: Third time's a charm!

[...and runs RIGHT into the raised feet on Dave Bryant!]

GM: OHHH! BRYANT WITH THE COUNTER!

[A dazed Martinez stumbles back as Bryant steadies himself up against the turnbuckles...

...and lashes out with a superkick!]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORN-

[The crowd ROARS as the premature superkick is caught by Martinez who hangs on, shaking his head defiantly at Bryant who hops on one foot, trying to steady himself.]

GM: Dave Bryant finds himself at the mercy of the White Knight!

[Martinez swings the leg, spinning Bryant in a full circle...

...and THROWS HIMSELF into a devastating clothesline, wiping out Bryant and allowing Martinez to fold him up into a jackknife cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the challenger kicks out, sending Martinez off to the side to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: We're a hair over ten minutes into this one as Martinez scores a two count and change but Bryant was able to get the shoulder off the mat.

[Martinez kneels, hands on his hips, for a few moments before climbing back up to his feet. Bryant has rolled over to all fours, trying to crawl away and create some space...

...but Martinez hooks a handful of the back of Bryant's trunks, yanking him up to his feet and into a rear waistlock!]

GM: Martinez hooks him for the suplex!

[As the champion sets to dump Bryant on the back of his head, the challenger has other ideas, ducking forward to pick the ankle, yanking Martinez' leg out, putting him down on the mat...

...and quickly spinning around the leg into a spinning toehold, ducking down to grab the other leg!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!

[But this time, it's Martinez with the counter, reaching up to pull the hurting challenger down into a small package!]

GM: CRADLE GETS ONE!! GETS TWO!! GETS-

[Bryant kicks out at two. Both men scramble up off the mat and Martinez lets a forearm fly, bouncing it off the temple of Bryant who goes falling back a few steps...

...and then comes back in, throwing a forearm of his own!]

GM: Hard shots by both men!

BW: Yeah, but Bryant doesn't want to trade shots with Martinez!

[Martinez throws another forearm, stunning Bryant... who responds with his own...]

GM: They're trading forearm shots and so far, Bryant is holding his own!

[The World Champion grabs a handful of hair, yanking Bryant closer and letting loose a roar as he batters him with short forearms to the side of the head over and over again.]

GM: Martinez unleashes on him!

[Bryant staggers back upon being let go as Martinez leans down, slapping the mat with both hands, straightening up...

...and Bryant TAGS him with a stiff left jab to the jaw that sends a loud "SMAAACK!" into the air!]

GM: OHH! What a left!

[Martinez crumples to a knee from the shot as Bryant hooks a front facelock on the kneeling champion, looking for a DDT...

...but the White Knight surges to his feet, charging halfway across the ring, and DRIVES Bryant back into the buckles!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOW OF POWER BY THE CHAMPION!

[The World Champion leans over, hooking the middle rope with both hands...]

GM: Shoulder to the ribs! Again! Again!

[With Bryant wincing and shouting on every blow, Martinez lays in a half dozen shoulder drives to the ribs, leaving Bryant gasping for air and looking for a breather against the buckles.]

GM: Bryant looks like he's out on his feet after that.

[Martinez straightens up, flinging Bryant's arms back over the top rope as the Turner Field crowd ROARS to life again...]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] –

[Bryant desperately drops down to the mat, grabbing a handful of trunks and YANKING Martinez facefirst into the corner!]

GM: OHH! Another great counter by Martinez!

[Bryant hops up onto the middle rope, hooking Martinez in a front facelock...]

GM: TORNADO DDT! WE'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE FROM BRYANT - FROM HIS GOOD FRIEND, GLENN HUDSON!

[The challenger kicks off the ropes, twisting around, looking to drive Martinez headfirst into the canvas...]

...but the World Champion spins all the way through, depositing Bryant back into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Martinez counters and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another knife-edge chop connects, this one causing Bryant to fall from the top rope, crashing down on the apron before falling to the floor below!]

GM: GOODNESS! A horrific fall to the floor out here by us for the challenger!

[The World Champion leans against the buckles, breathing heavily as Bryant lies flat on his back on the floor, his chest heaving.]

GM: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark in this one as both challenger and champion have put each other through the wringer in a match where neither man came in at full strength.

[Davis Warren steps over to the ropes, taking a long look at the challenger before he starts his ten count.]

GM: The referee starts the count on Bryant.

BW: That was a long, hard fall to the floor, Gordo. I'm not entirely sure that Bryant can get back up after that.

GM: The ribs were banged up coming into this one thanks to Demetrius Lake who used a baseball bat - of all things - to injure the challenger here tonight!

BW: Of all things? We're on a baseball field. What did you think he'd use - a hockey stick?

GM: You know exactly what I mean, Bucky.

[As the count reaches three, Martinez uses the ropes to pull himself over towards Warren, waving a hand at him.]

GM: Ever the fighting champion, Ryan Martinez wants no part of a countout here as he steps out on the apron. He wants to prove to the world that he is the UNDISPUTED AWA World Heavyweight Champion and to do that, he needs a clear victory over Dave Bryant in my opinion.

BW: Beating Supreme Wright at SuperClash wasn't enough to make him the undisputed World Champ?

GM: For many, it was. But there were those who believed that it should have been Dave Bryant in that ring with Wright at SuperClash and NOT Ryan Martinez at all. Bryant won the title at SuperClash V... lost it the same night when he was ambushed by Wright with that Steal The Spotlight contract. Bryant won the title back from Wright in early 2014 but lost it in the summer due to Wise Men shenanigans.

BW: A nice story but you leave out the part where Bryant won it the second time thanks to Wise Men shenanigans as well. So for all of Bryant's crying about the Wise Men screwing him over... he should realize they actually helped him become a two-time champion to begin with, Gordo.

GM: A fact that Dave Bryant will NEVER forget if you ask me... or Larry Doyle if you can find him.

[Martinez steps out on the apron, dropping down to the floor to help Bryant up off the ringside mats. He shoves him back under the ropes into the ring before rolling himself back in.]

GM: And Ryan Martinez wants no part of a fight on the floor. He's looking to finish this thing in the middle of the squared circle.

[The World Champion stalks after Bryant who is crawling, trying to create space from his pursuer. Martinez moves closer, ducking down and clasping his arms around Bryant's waist, yanking him up to a standing position...

...and taking him up and over with a German Suplex!]

GM: Bridging waistlock suplex!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Bryant lifts a shoulder up at the last moment, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: A close call there for the challenger, trying desperately to find a way to keep himself in this title match he's waited so long for.

[Martinez hangs on to the waistlock, rolling through to his feet, keeping the hold applied as he looks to deliver a second suplex...

...but gets a quick left-right back elbow to the temple, stunning the World Champion. Bryant rushes to the ropes.]

GM: Bryant coming on fast!

[But he runs right back into a waiting Martinez who catches him coming in, lifting and pivoting to drive him down to the mat!]

GM: POWERSLAM AND A BEAUTY! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Bryant's whole body twitches, just barely escaping the pin attempt in time. This time though, Martinez rolls into a mount position, raising a fist in the air with a yell...]

GM: Big right hands from the mount!

[The World Champion tees off on his challenger, battering him down into the canvas as Bryant raises his hands, desperately trying to defend himself.]

GM: The referee's ordering Martinez to break it off!

[The four count that follows gets the White Knight to relent, rising to his feet with an intense look on his face. He nods to the cheering fans, dragging Dave Bryant off the mat by the arm.]

GM: And this could be the beginning of the end for the World Title challenge of Dave Bryant!

[Martinez wheels Bryant around by the arm, hurling him across the ring into the turnbuckles. Bryant's body slams into the corner before settling back into it as the White Knight marches to the opposite corner, giving his right leg a slap as he settles in, holding the ropes, yanking on them, getting himself fired up...]

GM: HERE COMES THE CHAMP!

[...but Bryant drops down to a crouch in the corner, causing the Yakuza Kick to bounce off the top turnbuckle, jamming the champion's knee in the process as Bryant grabs the standing leg, yanking it out from under Martinez!]

GM: Single leg... he's got 'em both!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Bryant hooks both legs under his armpits, trying to flip Martinez over onto his stomach again!]

GM: He's going for the Iron Crab! Bryant's trying to turn him over and lock in that dangerous submission hold!

[But Martinez torques his body in one direction...

...and then suddenly twists it the other way, getting enough force behind the move to fling Bryant off of his legs!]

GM: Another great counter out of the World Champion!

BW: He's got that move well-scouted, Gordo. Every time Bryant goes for it, Martinez is finding a way out of it!

[Martinez scrambles up off the mat as Bryant does the same. The challenger comes in fast...

...and runs right into a spinning backfist that sends him sprawling back against the buckles!]

GM: What a shot that was!

BW: Bryant was trying to press the action and paid for it!

[With Bryant prone in the corner, Martinez lays each arm over the top rope...

...and the crowd roars as he squares up.]

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez looks out at the sea of fans filling Turner Field and nods his head.]

"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!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, stepping back out of the corner as the fans chant for more...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and he steps back into a superkick!]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[Bryant dives onto Martinez, rolling through as he hooks both legs into a side cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE- NO! NO! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT! MY GOD, MARTINEZ KICKS OUT!

[The challenger rolls to his knees, looking up in shock at official Davis Warren holding up two fingers.]

GM: My stars, I thought he had him right there, Bucky!

BW: You and me both, Gordo!

GM: The superkick - one of the signature moves of Dave Bryant - connected and he's beaten countless men over the years with that very maneuver but on this night, it was not enough to put the World Champion down for a three count!

[Bryant collapses forward to all fours, his forehead pressed into the canvas as he allows the nearfall to soak in. He slowly rises up, pushing himself up off the canvas to his feet. He looks down at Martinez, hands on his hips as the World Champion rolls under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Martinez trying to roll out and recover after getting drilled with that superkick but Bryant's not going to allow it, reaching over to drag Martinez up by the hair...

[He pulls the World Champion up to his feet, holding him up by the hair. He tugs him into a front facelock, slinging his arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Bryant sets up to bring him in the hard way!

[The challenger goes to lift Martinez up, getting him vertical...

...and then his ribs give way, causing him to lose his grip on Martinez who floats over, landing on his feet behind Bryant but turning him around with the facelock at the same time.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Still in the facelock, Martinez powers Bryant up into the air, holding him high, allowing all the blood to run down into his head...

...and DROPS him skullfirst on the canvas!]

GM: BRAAAAAAINBUSSSSSTERRRRRRRRR!

[With Bryant flat on his back, Martinez flops back into a weary cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Martinez rolls off the downed challenger to the cheers of the crowd.]

PW: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

RYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAN MAAAAAARTIIIIIIINEZZZZZ!

[The referee raises Martinez' weary arm, helping the World Champion to his feet as he hands the title belt over to him. Martinez leans against the ropes, cradling the belt against his chest.]

GM: Ryan Martinez hangs on to the title... and at last, he can be called the UNDISPUTED World Champion, Bucky!

BW: Well, we can disagree all we want on that but at minimum, we can say that Martinez beat a two-time World Champion and a guy who never got his rematch after losing the title. That's a big accomplishment and a great way for Martinez to stand tall as the standard bearer for this company.

[Martinez stands tall, swinging the title belt up into the air as the Atlanta crowd roars...

...a roar that turns into a panicked reaction as someone comes running from the outfield grass, hurdling the barricade, sliding headfirst under the ring!]

GM: TEMPLE! RYAN, TURN AROU-

[But the shouted warning comes too late as Temple lowers the boom on Martinez from behind, knocking the World Champion to his knees. In a plain black t-shirt and pants, Temple digs into his pocket, pulling a medium-sized white plastic bag into view.]

GM: What's he-?!

[Temple quickly opens the bag, shoving Martinez' head inside it!]

GM: Wait a second! He's putting-

BW: He's got that plastic bag over Ryan Martinez' head!

GM: HE'S PUT A PLASTIC BAG ON THE WORLD CHAMPION! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO BREATHE!

[The crowd shouts wildly as Martinez tries to fight off Temple, his arms flailing about as Temple uses a rope to wrap it around the neck, tying off the bag.]

GM: HE'S TYING OFF THE BAG! TRYING TO STEAL THE AIR AWAY FROM THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

BW: CALEB TEMPLE IS DERANGED, GORDO! HE'S TRYING TO KILL MARTINEZ!

GM: WE NEED HELP OUT HERE! WE NEED TO GET SOME HELP OUT HERE RIGHT NOW, DAMN IT!

BW: Martinez doesn't know what's happened to him or why! Caleb Temple came out of nowhere - came into the ring from behind Martinez! Ryan Martinez never saw him coming!

GM: WHY SHOULD HE?! TEMPLE IS SUSPENDED, DAMN IT! HE'S IN VIOLATION OF HIS SUSPENSION BEING OUT HERE TONIGHT!

BW: You think he cares?

GM: Oh, I know the son of a bitch doesn't care!

[With Martinez down on his knees clawing at his throat, trying to get the rope from around him.]

BW: Ryan Martinez can't breathe and Caleb Temple has snapped! Look at the eyes on that demonic, savage beast!

[Temple's eyes are glazed over in something approaching bloodlust as he hangs on to the rope, throttling Martinez back and forth, trying to prevent him from getting free.]

GM: He's trying to choke - LITERALLY - the life out of the champion!

[The King of the Death Match lets loose a bellow as he throws his head back, continuing to suffocate the World Champion as Martinez' arms fall to his side limply.]

GM: He's out! Martinez is out! Temple is-

[The crowd ROARS as the locker room empties!]

GM: HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE COMING FOR TEMPLE!

[Temple spots the army coming for him, being led by Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch...

...and wisely dives out of the ring, making a beeline for the exit as O'Connor slides headfirst into the ring, yanking the plastic bag off the head of the downed World Champion!]

GM: Thank God! Thank God we got some help out here but... but is it too late?

[O'Connor shouts at his friend, trying to revive him before frantically leaping to his feet, waving his arms towards the locker room.]

GM: We need Dr. Ponavitch out here now!

[A handful of AWA fan favorites - led by Sweet Daddy Williams - hurdle the barricade, chasing Caleb Temple out of Turner Field as the AWA medical team starts making their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Martinez is down! The World Champion is down, fans!

BW: He's moving... I think he's moving, Gordo.

GM: I believe you're right but what kind of damage could that have done? What kind of damage could Martinez have suffered being without oxygen for that long? Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll have an update on Ryan Martinez' condition on the AWA website as soon as humanly possible! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[With a barely-moving Martinez down on the mat and Dr. Bob Ponavitch kneeling next to him, we fade to black.]