



MONDAY, MAY 25TH, 2015 - THE CAJUNDOME - LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA

[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 fade through black to a shot of the American flag flapping in the breeze atop the USS Lexington. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Francis Marion Crawford once said... 'They fell, but o'er their glorious grave floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.'"

On this Memorial Day, we proudly send our thoughts and our prayers to the memories of those who have died for their country and to the loved ones they left behind."

[A silent moment, still holding on the flag before fading back to black...

A voiceover begins.]

"Memorial Day. For some, it is a day of remembrance."

[A sea of American flags wave in front of gray tombstones.]

"For some, it is a day of celebration."

[A montage of shots - the crack of a baseball bat as it rockets a fly ball towards the cheap seats, girls in bikinis playing a game of beach volleyball, a family in a park enjoying a picnic...]

"For the AWA, it has always been a special day."

[Several posters for Memorial Day Mayhems gone by are interposed upon one another.]

"A day of championships."

[We see Marcus Broussard thrust the AWA National Title belt over his head.]

"A day of battle."

[We see Supernova dropping down, tugging the top rope with him as Kolya Sudakov goes tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor.]

"A day of triumph."

[Calisto Dufresne brains James Monosso with a steel chair, winning the AWA World Title in the process.]

"And a day of glory."

[Dave Bryant shoves the World Title belt high into the air, having won it from Supreme Wright moments ago.]

"This day promises more of the same - the bright, shining spotlight on stars of the past, present, and future...

...but with a darkness looming."

[We fade through black onto a closeup of the evil, demonic smile that can only belong to the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"A cold, spine-tingling darkness..."

[Temple strikes with a steel chair on a helpless foe.]

"The kind of darkness that seems inescapable."

[He leaps from the top rope, putting someone through a table with a moonsault.]

"A pit of despair from which you cannot climb."

[We fade through white to show Ryan Martinez.]

"This White Knight hopes to succeed where everyone else has failed."

[Machine gun chops in the corner on unseen opponents.]

"This White Knight hopes that he alone can light the way."

[Brainbuster after brainbuster after brainbuster.]

"Where there is insufferable darkness... only the purest of light can break through."

[The darkened closeup of Caleb Temple splits the screen with the blinding light showing Ryan Martinez...

...and as we break away from the opening montage, we find ourselves looking at an exterior shot of the Cajundome in Lafayette. The setting sun illuminates the outside of the dome, causing lens flare galore as fans continue to quickly stream into the building, desperate to get to their seats before the action begins.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE and on the air from right here in Lafayette, Louisiana! We are LIVE from the Cajundome! And we are LIVE right here on The X for the original AWA supershow, MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

[The shot fades to the inside of the building, over twelve thousand fans on their feet, screaming their heads off for their favorite AWA superstars and the action still to come. Entire families have made their way to Lafayette for this historic night as we can see young fans sporting shirts and waving posters for superstars like Air Strike and Ryan Martinez... older fans supporting competitors like the Lynches and Hannibal Carver... and even OLDER fans with their old school Dave Bryant and Caleb Temple t-shirts.

Another cut comes to an overhead camera shot, spinning in a circle above the bright white canvas and red, white, and blue roped ring.

Cut to a cameraman walking around the ring, showing off the thin black mats covering up the concrete floor, the metal barricades surrounding that, and row upon row of steel chairs with fans planted every eighteen inches beyond the railing. The shot also catches a pair of ringside tables before cutting again to the aisleway.

An elevated stage has been set up just beyond the entrance curtain, maybe six feet off the ground with a slanted ramp leading steeply down to the

concrete floor that makes up the entrance aisle. Behind the stage is a very large digital screen that currently has a waving American flag on it.

On cue, a small stream of red, white, and blue fireworks shoot up from the stage into the air. The crowd roars for the pyro display which lasts about five seconds before vanishing in a cloud of smoke. The cheers are roaring as Gordon Myers' voice breaks through again.]

GM: It is the unofficial start of summer and the AWA is hotter than ever!

[Cut to a panning shot of the building, showing a lighting and sound rig hanging from above the ring along with the steel cage that will be used later in the night.]

GM: We've got incredible matches for you all here tonight and Bucky Wilde, what a night this is going to be!

BW: Four titles on the line! Two out of three falls! The cage is hangin' over the ring! And we've got an Unsanctioned Match that may see our World Champion drawn and quartered before our very eyes, daddy! This is gonna be one HELL of a night if Caleb Temple has his way!

GM: We've got a long way to go before we get to that non-title Unsanctioned Match... but first, we here at the AWA and at Fox Sports X would like to thank all you tremendous AWA fans for welcoming us into your homes on this holiday!

BW: The BBQs are done, the parades are finished, and now it's time for the fireworks to begin, Gordo!

GM: And we're gonna kick things off with AWA history being made in the very first three way Winner Takes All tag team Ladder Match, fans!

[We cut to the ring where we can see the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown hanging over the ring.]

GM: There you see them, fans. BOTH sets of titles for the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro and I understand that our network partners at Fox Sports X paid a hefty sum to Violence Unlimited to get those Tiger Paw Pro titles back.

BW: Haynes and Morton learned how to hold up a promoter from their days workin' for Old Man Lynch so you better believe they earned a heckuva payday for not lifting a finger except to seal the FedEx box they dropped the gold into.

GM: Fox Sports X wanted all of the titles present and apparently they made Violence Unlimited an offer they couldn't refuse to get all the gold here tonight in Lafayette.

[We fade to a shot of Phil Watson standing in all his big show splendor.]

PW: The following contest is a THREE WAY WINNER TAKES ALL TAG TEAM LADDER MATCH!

[HUGE CHEER!]

PW: The AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles are hanging over the ring and the first team to climb a ladder and grab BOTH sets of titles will be declared the winner and Double Champions!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The rhythm of "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore & Ryan Lewis kicks in, sending the Lafayette crowd into a roar!]

PW: They are the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions...

MICHAEL AARONS... CODY MERTZ...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[The duo breaks through the curtain to a HUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful! Aarons and Mertz quickly trade a high five, pumped up and ready for battle as they make their way down the aisle. Both men are clad in green and white - Aarons in full-length tights and Mertz in trunks. They are leaning over the railing, hugging the fans, slapping hands, paying tribute to those who've brought them to the dance.]

GM: Air Strike are former AWA World Tag Team Champions and you know they'd like nothing better than to regain those titles here tonight and go into the Stampede Cup with worlds of momentum on their side!

BW: Only to get knocked off by Taylor and Donovan in two weeks on Saturday Night Wrestling!

GM: That remains to be seen but tonight isn't about that match for Aarons and Mertz... tonight is about the AWA World Tag Team Titles... it's about the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles that they've held and defended proudly since last November.

BW: Working themselves into exhaustion as they did. Tell me something, Gordo... do you think those two would have lost the titles to the L-O-E if they hadn't run themselves into the ground flying back and forth to Japan to defend those titles?

GM: I know you do.

BW: Way to dodge the question.

[Mertz and Aarons work their way around the ring, still slapping the hands of the ringside fans. As they come together on the far side of the ring, they

pause for a leaping high five with one another before turning towards the ring, rolling under the ropes to another big cheer!]

GM: Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz have hit the ring and listen to these fans here in Lafayette, Bucky!

BW: There's no accounting for bad taste anywhere in the wrestling world, daddy.

[Mertz takes a knee, pointing over his head at the title belts as Michael Aarons strikes a double bicep pose, standing behind him, to more cheers from the crowd... especially the ladies.]

GM: Aarons and Mertz look as fresh as we've seen them in ages, fans... and if that holds up, I think we may see new champions right here tonight.

BW: Any way this match turns out, Gordo, we're going to see new champions in the opening match. If Air Strike wins, they get the AWA gold back. If the L-O-E wins, they add the Global Tag Crown to their hardware. And if the War Pigs win, well, they're going to have a lot of explaining to do when they go through customs on their way back to Japan.

GM: Michael Aarons on the ropes, pointing out the ladder out here at ringside by us. Only one ladder out here right now but I'm told the AWA has purchased plenty of backup ladders... just in case.

[As the music dies down, Phil Watson takes over.]

PW: Introducing Team #2...

[Watson's words trail off as the sounds of Black Sabbath's anthemic "War Pigs" blare over the PA system.]

#GENERALS GATHERED IN THEIR MASSES#  
#JUST LIKE WITCHES AT BLACK MASSES#

[As the music continues, the muscular, intimidating duo of Hammer and Scythe - The War Pigs - strides into view followed by their manager, Richard E. Lee. Hammer is the "big man" of the unit, standing in a black leather vest with silver studded spikes littering the shoulders. He's shirtless underneath, exposing an absolutely massive chest. His facepaint is black and red and forms an eyeball on his forehead.

Sabre is slightly smaller than his partner - still ripped to the gills but not as bulky. He's wearing a full sleeved black leather jacket with the matching silver spikes on the shoulders. He's also got a black collar around his neck with small silver studs. His facepaint is white and black and is shaped into a bird of prey.

Richard E. Lee is all smiles with his bleached blonde hair, pitch black sunglasses, and a rolled up newspaper that he slaps repeatedly into his open hand. His bright red satin jacket has a golden dragon airbrushed on the back

of it as he points the rolled-up paper towards the ring, sending his soldiers marching down the aisle...]

GM: Here comes the War Pigs!

[Aarons and Mertz huddle up for a moment, watching as the face-painted duo comes storming down the aisle towards them...]

GM: Hammer and Sabre have been one of the most feared and most dominant tag teams in Japan of the past several years... and now the AWA fans are seeing why!

BW: They've been throwing around teams like lawn darts since they showed back up here... and I'd deny it but many think they'd be the World Tag Team Champions right now if it wasn't for the Lights Out Express getting counted out in their recent title defense.

[Richard E. Lee stops his duo in the aisle, smirking at the fired-up Aarons who waves a hand towards them, calling them into the ring.]

PW: And finally... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

[LIGHTS... OUT! The lights cut to black as the sounds of a train station fill the air to boos from the Cajundome crowd.]

V/O: This is the final boarding call for Amtrak 202, departing on track 12 for Lafayette, Louisiana...

...ALLLLLLLLLLLLL ABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAARRRDDD!!!!

[Instantly "Love and Rockets" by The Kundalini Express cuts through the air and the AWA World Tag Team Champions waste no time stampeding through the entrance portal and into view.]

BW: The World Tag Team Champs are IN... THE... HOUSE!

GM: They certainly are... but which two are we going to see, Bucky?

[That question is soon answered as Lenny Strong, full of piss and vinegar, leads the surge towards the ring, rocking his brown mullet that bounces with each trepid step and ripping off his track suit in the process. He sports long white tights "LIGHTS OUT" in bold black letters down his right leg and "EXPRESS" down the opposite leg. He has black boots with a gold swoosh on them and a matching elbow pad on his right arm.

By his side is Aaron Anderson, sporting the five day old facial hair and buzzcut, still sports his track jacket over his shorter tights and boots that mirror the color scheme of Strong though he just has the "LOE" symbol on the back of his trunks.]

BW: There you go, Gordo... it's the OG L-O-E.

GM: The what?

BW: But I've got a better question - where in the world is the Atomic Blonde?

GM: I was informed before we came on the air that President O'Neill ruled that ONLY the two men who would be competing in this match would be allowed at ringside.

BW: So the War Pigs can have "Tricky" Dicky Lee out here but Donnie White get robbed again?

GM: Richard E. Lee DOES have a valid manager's license. Donnie White does not.

BW: An oversight, I'm sure.

[Anderson and Strong are running their mouths in the direction of both of their opposing teams as they work their way down the aisle. Hammer and Sabre have turned to confront them, firing back...

...and failing to notice Aarons and Mertz sliding to the floor, picking up the ladder that is at ringside. They slide it under the ropes in a rush, rolling in after it.]

GM: Wait a second...

BW: What are they doing, Gordo?!

GM: They can't make a climb for the belts until the referee officially starts this match and-

[Mertz sets the ladder over, the top of it resting on the top rope as Michael Aarons gets a running start, bouncing off the far ropes...]

BW: LOOK OUT! GUYS, HEADS UP OVER THERE!

[Richard E. Lee is shouting at his charges who start to turn as Aarons darts up the tilted ladder, running up the steps...

...and HURLS himself over the top rope, wiping out all four men with a crossbody that brings the Lafayette crowd to their feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM HAS BEGUN!! OH MY STARS!

[The referee signals for the bell...

...which causes Cody Mertz to hurry to grab the ladder, opening it up and positioning it under the four belts hanging from the lighting rig!]



GM: MERTZ IS GOING FOR IT! HE'S GOING FOR THE WIN EARLY!

[The crowd is ROARING for Cody Mertz as he starts to climb the ladder, looking towards the ceiling to make sure he's in the right spot as a frantic Richard E. Lee SCREAMS at the four men on the floor, begging someone to stop Mertz from grabbing the titles!]

GM: Mertz is heading for the top of the ladder! You gotta grab all four titles to win! There will be no split winners in this one - it's Winner Takes All, daddy, by order of the AWA President's office!

BW: Daddy?!

GM: Sorry, I got caught up in the moment!

[Mertz gets halfway up the ladder, obviously not comfortable with climbing up a steel ladder inside a professional wrestling ring, throwing an occasional glance out to the floor.]

GM: Mertz is taking his time...

BW: He's taking too long!

GM: Cody Mertz doesn't look comfortable on this ladder. I'm fairly certain this is the very first Ladder Match that Cody Mertz has ever competed in, Bucky.

BW: Well, he'd better shake those nerves in a hurry if he thinks he's going to win the titles... check it out, Gordo!

[The crowd begins to jeer as Lenny Strong rolls under the ropes, coming to his feet as he comes on... strong.]

GM: Ohh! Big forearm across the back of Mertz!

[Strong lands a second clubbing forearm between the shoulderblades, causing Mertz to halt his climb...

...and then uses a handful of trunks to yank him down off the ladder, throwing him back against the ropes where Mertz rebounds off, ducking a forearm shot from Strong!]

GM: He's climbing again!

[Mertz kept on running, going right up the ladder...

...but Strong does a full spin, burying a forearm shot into the kidneys from behind!]

GM: Strong drills him with that rolling forearm smash!

[Strong pulls him down off the ladder again, shoving him back into the corner. He steps in, burying boot after boot into the midsection of a trapped Mertz as Aaron Anderson steps up on the apron...]

GM: It looks like the L-O-E is back in this thing...

BW: Well, Aarons' moronic dive took out the War Pigs primarily. The L-O-E just got grazed by it.

[Anderson grabs the top rope, swinging a lanky leg up to catch Mertz in the back of the head as Strong lunges in with a back elbow to the side of the head!]

GM: Double team in the corner by the AWA World Tag Team Champions... and Anderson steps into the ring as well.

[Anderson and Strong grab Mertz, lifting him over their heads in a double gorilla press, throwing him down to the mat.]

GM: A double press slam with ease and-

[The crowd roars as Sabre grabs the ankle of Lenny Strong, tugging him out to the floor.]

GM: Sabre drags out Strong! Big right hand! And another!

[Sabre is teeing off on Strong up against the apron as Michael Aarons pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through to go after Aaron Anderson...]

GM: We've got... now Hammer joining in... we've got all six men back into this thing as Hammer and Sabre are pounding the heck out of Lenny Strong out here by us!

[The duo takes turns using double axehandles, pounding the Knockout Kid down into the barely-padded concrete floor.]

GM: Look at the brute strength of the War Pigs, pounding Strong like a hammer with a nail.

[Inside the ring, Aarons and Mertz have Aaron Anderson back against the ropes, taking turns chopping him across the chest.]

GM: We've got Air Strike working over Anderson... we've got the War Pigs working over Strong... this is something else, fans! This is chaos and we're going to do the best we can to keep up with this thing!

[A double whip sends Anderson across the ring where he rebounds back into a double low kick to the midsection. They hook Anderson, setting him up for a double suplex...]

GM: The Tiger Paw Pro champs... double suplex takes him over!

[Anderson rolls to his side, grabbing at his lower back as Aaron's takes up a protective stance, waving for Mertz to make a climb for the titles.]

GM: And it looks like Cody Mertz is going to climb again!

[The fans are cheering as Aaron's puts the boots to Anderson, keeping him from getting back to his feet as Mertz climbs the ladder, getting a few rungs up easily before pausing to check to see where he's at.]

GM: Cody Mertz again taking a little too long to climb this thing...

BW: A lot too long! Here comes the Pigs!

[The crowd jeers as Hammer SLAMS a double axehandle across the lower back of Mertz, cutting off his climb. Sabre barrels past the ladder, wiping out Aaron's with a running forearm smash to the back of the head, sending him sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: The War Pigs clear out Air Strike and- what in the world?!

[Hammer turns Mertz around, lifting him off the ladder into a gorilla press...]

GM: He's got Mertz up! Look at the power of Hammer!

[The big man of the War Pigs marches towards the ropes, arms at full extension...

...and HURLS Mertz over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAMMER SENDS MERTZ CRASHING TO THE FLOOR!

[The crowd is still buzzing as Sabre grabs the ladder, folding it up and offering one end to his partner.]

GM: The War Pigs might've stood a chance to win this whole thing right there but they've decided to... what in the world are they doing with that ladder?

[The Pigs rush towards the rising Aaron Anderson, connecting with a double "clothesline" with the ladder, sending Anderson sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! Anderson goes out hard to the floor!

BW: This whole thing is like a train wreck out here, Gordo!

GM: It sure is... and-

[Lenny Strong has just gotten back up onto the ring apron when Hammer and Sabre rush at him, connecting with the ladder flush across Strong's chest, sending him sailing off the apron to the floor!]

GM: The War Pigs are all alone, fans! They've cleared out both teams and this is their shot to achieve the goal they came back to the AWA for! They want both sets of titles to set up the mother of all Japanese tag team dream matches against Violence Unlimited!

[Hammer sets up the ladder and then takes up a protective stance as Sabre steps up on the first rung.]

GM: Anderson's down! Strong is down! Mertz and Aarons are down! This one could be over early, fans!

[But as Sabre reaches the halfway point, Michael Aarons comes crawling under the ropes. A quick stomp to the head cuts him off as Hammer drags Aarons off the mat, hurling him towards the ropes...]

GM: Clothesli-

[Aarons baseball slides between the legs, popping up to his feet, and throwing a dropkick to the mush that sends Hammer falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Aarons back up, trying to get to Sabre!

[A running forearm smash to the back stops Sabre in his tracks. Aarons lands a second... and a third but Sabre manages to hang on. Shaking his head, Aarons goes to scale the opposite side of the ladder...]

GM: Aarons is going up the other side... quick as a cat, he's already halfway up there and-

[Reaching around the ladder, Sabre lands a heavy right hand to the jaw of Aarons!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Aarons hangs on with one hand as Sabre winds up again, throwing a second heavy shot that nearly knocks Aarons off the ladder.]

GM: Aarons is hanging on for dear life as Sabre tries to knock him off the ladder... look out!

[With Aarons hanging on, Hammer makes a move, charging at Aarons from the side. Aarons uses the ladder to swing towards him, catching him with a kick to the face!]

GM: Oh!

[Aarons steadies himself, taking another step up the ladder, making a reach upwards and finding himself still a couple of rungs too short as Sabre buries a right hand into the gut!]

GM: We're mere minutes into this thing and we've already got these two teams climbing for the titles!

[With Aarons clinging to the ladder, Lenny Strong comes rolling back under the ropes, wincing as he pushes up to his feet...]

GM: Strong with a big forearm to the back of Sabre...

[Grabbing a handful of tights, Strong pulls hard, throwing Sabre down off the ladder onto his back on the canvas!]

GM: Strong pulls down Sabre... and now HE'S making a climb for the gold!

[Aarons looks down at Strong on the other side of the ladder, stepping up another rung as Strong quickly scales to the halfway point, taking aim and throwing a pair of right hands to the midsection of Aarons who was stretching an arm up for the titles!]

GM: Strong's almost to the top as well! We've got a fight up on top of the ladder!

[The crowd is roaring as Strong and Aarons trade shots up near the top of their ladder...]

...when Hammer suddenly barrels forward, throwing himself into a double clothesline at the side of the ladder!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The blow knocks the ladder sideways, sending Aarons and Strong leaping off the ladder, falling against the ropes as Hammer throws his powerful arms back with a roar!]

GM: Hammer drops 'em both!

BW: He's probably the only guy big enough in this match to knock that ladder over with his body size alone, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that... and again, we've got Strong and Aarons down on the mat. We've got Mertz down on the floor. We've got Anderson down on the floor. This might be a chance for Hammer to get up there and grab the gold!

BW: Hammer's a big, big man to be climbing that ladder but it looks like that's what he's about to do, Gordo. He's got the ladder set back up, checking to make sure that it's in the right place...

[With a nod, Hammer places a foot on the bottom rung, stepping up onto the steel ladder...]

GM: Hammer's climbing that ladder... and you can hear these fans buzzing with concern. They don't want to see another Tiger Paw Pro team stake their claim on those titles! They don't want to see OUR World Tag Team Titles vanish into the Land of the Rising Sun like Violence Unlimited wanted to do if they won them back at SuperClash!

[Hammer is swiftly up a few rungs as Aaron Anderson rolls back into the ring, coming to his feet...]

GM: Wait a second!

[...and approaching the big man from the War Pigs from the blind side, hooking a rear waistlock!]

GM: WHAT IS HE-?! HE CAN'T!

BW: OH, YES HE CAN!

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Anderson snatches the three hundred pounder off the ladder, stepping back, holding him in an elevated waistlock...]

GM: LOOK AT THE STRENGTH OF AARON ANDERSON! INCREDIBLE!

[...and DUMPS Hammer on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

GM: OH MY!

[The Lafayette crowd cheers the show of power out of respect as an arrogant Aaron Anderson climbs to his feet, "dusting off" his shoulders as he does.]

GM: The Axeman strikes with that deceptive power of his and he may have just taken Hammer out of this match in the process! The big man has rolled out to the floor and...

[Anderson foregoes climbing the ladder as he moves over towards Michael Aarons, putting the boots to him. He yanks Aarons off the mat by the hair, lifting him over his shoulder as if he's going for a Northern Lights Suplex...

...and charges across the ring, driving Aarons' back into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Aarons hits the corner hard!

[Anderson nods to the jeering fans as he walks out of the buckles, charging across again...]

GM: INTO THE OPPOSITE BUCKLES! He's wrecking the back of Michael Aarons, fans!

[Anderson turns, charging out to the center, leaping up and DROPPING Michael Aarons with a sitout spinebuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The Axeman throws his arms apart as he climbs back to his feet, grabbing the still-standing ladder, pulling it into position.]

GM: And NOW Anderson’s going to take an attempt to climb the ladder!

[But as Anderson gets a few rungs up, Cody Mertz slides into the ring, grabbing at his back as he approaches Anderson from the blind side, grabbing his leg to prevent him from going any further.]

GM: Mertz cuts him off!

[Anderson angrily kicks at the clinging Mertz, trying to knock himself free.]

GM: The Axeman’s trying to get loose, trying to continue his climb up the ladder...

[Mertz frantically pounds at the leg he’s holding, trying to hobble one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: As we’ve often said, Aaron Anderson was the very first graduate of the Combat Corner... but you have to think that when the Axeman was in the Corner, he wasn’t thinking about a match like this. Something like this can shorten - or end - your career in a hurry, Bucky.

BW: The fans may love matches like these but I promise you that the wrestlers hate them. Ladder matches, cage matches and the like... those are all sure-fire ways to end your night worse off than you started even if you win.

[Aaron Anderson twists his body around, swinging his free leg down in a stomp between the eyes of Mertz.]

GM: Anderson’s trying to get loose!

[A second stomp... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: The Axeman’s battling to get free but Cody Mertz is hanging on for dear life! He doesn’t want to let Anderson get a chance to get free!

[Mertz breaks away, charging to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and Anderson HURLS himself off the side of the ladder, throwing a flying clothesline that wipes out Mertz!]

GM: Ohh! What a move out of Aaron Anderson right there!

BW: You gotta think that Donnie White - one-third of the World Tag Team Champions - is sitting back in the locker room right now wishing he could be a part of this.

GM: One-third... ridiculous.

[Anderson climbs to his feet as Lenny Strong staggers over to join him. The Axeman is directing traffic, ordering Strong out to the floor...]

GM: Strong steps out to the floor and... what's he doing now?

[The crowd roars with a mixed response as Strong pulls a second ladder into view, sliding it under the ropes as Anderson scoops up Cody Mertz...]

GM: What is...?

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BODY SLAM ON THE STEEL LADDER! GOOD GRIEF!

[Mertz cringes, sitting up and grabbing his back as Anderson throws his upper body back down on the ladder.]

GM: The Lights Out Express got a second ladder involved in this match. Those other ladders were supposed to only be used in the event that the first ladder was damaged but...

BW: But since when do the L-O-E play by the AWA's silly rules?

GM: I suppose that's true.

[Anderson grabs the original ladder, folding it up...

...and BODY SLAMS it down on top of Mertz!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Absolutely vicious! Those ladders are supposed to be used for climbing to retrieve the titles, fans, but they're perfectly legal for actions just like this as well.

[Strong pulls himself up on the apron, smirking as he grabs the top rope with both hands, takes a deep breath...]

GM: NO!

[...and slingshots over the top, flipping into a somersault plancha onto the ladder, smashing Mertz between the two steel weapons!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: LADDER SANDWICH, EXTRA MERTZ!

[Strong rolls off, grabbing at his own lower back, rolling under the ropes to the floor as a smirking Anderson yanks the top ladder off of Mertz, chuckling as Mertz rolls to the floor as well.]

GM: Mertz rolls out as Anderson sets the ladder back up... is that enough to allow Aaron Anderson to climb the ladder and claim the titles?!

[Anderson sets the ladder in position, looking up at the title belts. He points over his head, nodding to the jeering fans.]

GM: And Aaron Anderson starts that long climb yet again, looking to claim four pieces of gold and establish the Lights Out Express as the team to beat in the Stampede Cup!

BW: In the Stampede Cup? Wearing both those titles makes you the team to beat in the entire wrestling world, daddy!

[Anderson is about three-quarters of the way to the top when Sabre regains his feet inside the ring...]

GM: SABRE'S UP!

[...scooping up the downed ladder, pressing it over his head...]

BW: LOOK OUT, AARON!

[The ladder sails through the air, smashing across the back of Anderson, sending him falling down off the ladder to the canvas. Sabre leans against the ropes, breathing heavily as he glares at the downed Anderson.]

GM: Sabre got him with that extra ladder... the one that the L-O-E introduced into the match for that matter! They got burned by their own flame, fans!

[Sabre retrieves the downed ladder, holding it across his chest as Anderson pushes up to all fours.]

GM: Oh my stars!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Sabre SLAMS the length of the ladder down across the back of Anderson who is on all fours!]

GM: Good grief, what a shot that was!

[With Anderson laid out on his stomach, Sabre backs away, setting the ladder up again.]

GM: Sabre's got the ladder up... and he's gonna make the climb!

[The crowd is buzzing as Sabre begins climbing the ladder, taking step after step towards the hanging fruit just out of his reach...]

GM: Sabre's trying to get there, trying to win those titles that the War Pigs have been chasing for months now!

[Sabre takes another step, reaching higher but still not within range of the dangling title belts.]

GM: Richard E. Lee is shouting at him, telling him to go higher...

[But before he can, Michael Aarons comes to his feet, staggering towards Sabre. He lands a big forearm across the back...]

GM: Big shot by Aarons!

[A second and third blow land, freezing Sabre in his tracks as Aarons tries to knock him off his perch...]

GM: Aarons is climbing the ladder too!

[The Air Strike member starts climbing the same side of the ladder, edging up the rungs next to Sabre. He grabs him by the back of the head...

...and SMASHES his head into the rungs!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the ladder!

[Sabre staggers, clinging to the steel rung, trying to stay on the ladder as Aarons goes for a second one...]

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL AGAIN!

[The fans are roaring now, cheering on Michael Aarons as he tries to get Sabre off the ladder and give himself a clear path to the hanging title belts!]

GM: Aarons is going for it again and- HAMMER!

[The War Pigs' big man stumbles back into the ring, stepping up behind Aarons. He ducks down, hoisting Aarons up into an electric chair...

...and steps back, leaving Aarons sitting on his shoulders!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Sabre turns around, throwing his arms apart in a roar as the crowd shouts with concern for Aarons...]

GM: WMD!

[...and comes sailing off the ladder, catching Aarons around the head and neck, dragging him down in an inverted bulldog!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: WMD! WMD! W...M...DEEEEEEEE!

[Sabre pops up to his feet, throwing his arms apart, sticking out his tongue with a roar that draws cheers from a small portion of the crowd, watching as Michael Aarons rolls out to the floor, leaving the War Pigs all alone inside the ring.]

GM: The Pigs are alone! The Pigs have the ladder ready! The Pigs may be moments from being the Double Crown Champions, fans!

[The fans let loose with a mixed reaction as Sabre and Hammer turn towards the ladder, pointing at it as Richard E. Lee shouts encouragement from the floor.]

BW: They're goin' for it, daddy!

[Hammer gets on one side of the ladder as Sabre gets on the other, starting their climb towards the titles!]

GM: They've got a clear path! Aarons just took the WMD - he's out! Aaron Anderson got a metal ladder slammed down on his back! He's out! Mertz and Strong are still down from-

BW: Not for long! Get 'em, Lenny!

[The crowd begins to buzz again as Lenny Strong slides into the ring, running towards the ladder, leaping up to land a forearm smash into the ribs of Hammer!]

GM: Strong hits Hammer!

[Strong spins around the ladder, throwing another shot, this one to the ribs of Sabre!]

GM: Strong's all alone in there, trying to get both of these men down off the ladder!

[Hammer drops down, grabbing Strong, slamming a headbutt between his eyes!]

GM: Hammer's given up the climb, trying to keep Strong out of the picture as Sabre continues to go for it!

[Hammer lowers his shoulder, driving Strong back into the corner as Sabre continues to climb...]

GM: Hammer's got Lenny Strong back in the corner, driving his shoulder into the gut and now it's Sabre who may have a clear path to get up there and grab those titles, fans! We may be about to see new Double Crown Champions crowned here tonight in the opening match of the original AWA supershow - Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Sabre gets another step higher, taking aim at the title belts. He stretches his powerful arm higher, his fingertips scraping the belts.]

GM: He's almost there! One more step would do it! One more step would do it!

[With Sabre just out of reach of the title belts, Cody Mertz appears on the ring apron, leaping to the top rope, springing off...]

GM: DROPKICK!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd ROARS as Mertz and Sabre SLAM down onto the canvas, the Air Strike member just barely having saved the titles from being grabbed by the War Pigs!]

GM: OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: CODY MERTZ PUT IT ON THE LINE THERE, DADDY!

[Hammer spins away from Strong, glaring at the downed Mertz who is trying to get up off the mat. With a roar, Hammer makes a charge towards him...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- DUCKED!

[Mertz drops down, pulling the top rope with him, causing Hammer to tumble over the ropes, crashing down on the ring apron!]

GM: HAMMER TO THE FLOOR!

[Cody Mertz scrambles back off the mat, pumping a fist as Lenny Strong comes charging towards him...]

...and Mertz sidesteps, throwing Strong through the ropes where he hangs on, scrambling up onto the apron!]

GM: Strong lands on the apron and-

[Mertz makes his move, rushing to the corner, leaping up to the second rope, springing up to the top adjacent rope...]

...and leaping off, snaring Strong's head between his legs, swinging into a rana that HURLS Strong off the apron to the floor as Mertz lands on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY! CODY MERTZ IS STEALING THE SPOTLIGHT SIX MONTHS EARLY, FANS!

[Mertz ducks through the ropes, stepping into the ring...

...and points to the ladder to a big cheer!]

GM: Cody Mertz is calling for the ladder! He's looking to end this thing right now!

[Mertz starts climbing the ladder, heading towards the title belts...

...but the crowd breaks into jeers as Aaron Anderson slides into the ring, looking to intervene!]

GM: Mertz is climbing and he has no idea that the Axeman is back in!

[Anderson steps up, grabbing Mertz by the ankle just as Mertz gets to the halfway point.]

GM: Anderson cuts him off!

[Mertz lashes out with his free leg, stomping the head, trying to break free. A well-placed boot to the bridge of the nose sends Anderson staggering away, clutching at his face...]

GM: Anderson's in pain... he got kicked right in the mush and-

[The crowd ROARS as Mertz leaps off, twisting around into a crossbody that sends Anderson crashing to the canvas!]

GM: Down goes Anderson... and Mertz is right back up! He's right back up and-

[Mertz points to Strong who is getting back to his feet on the floor, leaning down just out of the camera's view.]

GM: Mertz is... what's he doing, Bucky?!

BW: This idiot is gonna fly, Gordo!

[Mertz builds up a head of steam, barreling across the ring, leaping between the top and middle ropes for a tope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd GROANS as Strong pulls a third ladder into view, slamming it into the head of the diving Mertz, leaving the Air Strike member hanging between the ropes helplessly!]

GM: HOLY-

BW: He's done, Gordo! He's done! Mertz is out cold after that!

GM: You could be right and... look at this! Anderson's sliding out to the floor and he's got one of those ladders too!

[The worried buzz fills the air as Anderson and Strong size up Mertz between them, each holding a ladder in their dangerous hands...]

GM: Get out of there, Cody! GET OUT OF THERE NOW!

BW: He can't move, Gordo! They're gonna turn his head into the texture of Hernandez' fish tacos!

GM: That's not funny, Bucky! Cody Mertz' head just took a serious blow with that ladder and they're looking to do it again! They're looking to- NO!

[Anderson and Strong come towards one another, each wielding a ladder...

...and SMASHING Mertz' head between two ladders!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Mertz hangs limp over the middle rope as Strong and Anderson throw their weapons of choice aside, exchanging a high five before climbing back into the ring.]

GM: Mertz is motionless! We may need Doctor Ponavitch out here to check him out STAT!

BW: Air Strike's done, Gordo! Mertz just got his skull caved in and Arons took the WMD from the War Pigs! Air Strike's night is all over, Gordo!

GM: You could be right, Bucky. Neither of those men are moving right now as Anderson and Strong get in... and they're setting up that ladder in position, looking to win the titles right here and now!

[But before they can get to climbing, Hammer comes storming into the ring, throwing a right hand at Anderson... then one at Strong... then an overhead elbow on Anderson... then one on Strong...]

GM: HAMMER'S TAKING THE FIGHT TO THE L-O-E! HE'S NOT ABOUT TO GO AWAY WITHOUT A FIGHT!

[Hammer's brutal blows have the L-O-E reeling when Hammer grabs them both by the hair, clashing their skull together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Hammer grabs Anderson by the arm, whipping him into the ropes...

...and PLANTS him with a spinning powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!

[Hammer pops up, throwing his arms apart with a roar as he stalks towards Lenny Strong who has fallen back against the ropes.]

GM: Strong with a forearm shot!

[But Hammer keeps on coming, throwing blow after blow against the ropes, battering Strong back... and THROUGH the ropes, sending him sprawling on the ring apron as the crowd ROARS in response!]

GM: Listen to the reaction for the War Pigs!

BW: These people are jumpin' on a new bandwagon now that Air Strike is done for the night!

[Hammer turns back towards the ladder in the center of the ring, marching towards it as Sabre regains his feet, following the orders of his manager on the floor.]

GM: Sabre's climbing one side! Hammer's climbing the other! Doubling up on their odds of capturing BOTH titles right here tonight in the Cajundome! Hammer and Sabre are lookin' for gold here tonight in Lafayette, Louisiana!

[With both War Pigs scaling the ladder, the crowd begins to buzz in anticipation as Richard E. Lee pounds on the ring apron, shouting encouragement...

...when suddenly, the crowd begins to JEER loudly!]

GM: Something is... we can't see what the crowd is reacting to but...

[The camera abruptly cuts to show "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White with the mile high mohawk spiked and bleached, charging down the aisle at top speed towards the ring!]

BW: Donnie White's coming to save his title!

GM: What?! Give me a break, Bucky!

[Richard E. Lee races around the apron, scrambling up onto it as Donnie White pulls himself up on it...

...and White BLASTS Lee with a headbutt, knocking the manager back down to the floor!]

GM: White clears out Richard E. Lee and-

[A wide-eyed White leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...

...and lands precariously on the metal support between the two sides of the ladder, just barely catching his balance as the two face-painted monster glare at him, slack-jawed with surprise!]

GM: WHOA!

BW: DONNIE WHITE IS HERE! COME ON, DONNIE!

[White throws a left handed jab to the jaw of Hammer... then a right to the jaw of Sabre...]

GM: Donnie White's trying to knock these two men down but...

[The blows seem to be getting him nowhere as Hammer and Sabre simply stare at White whose blows slow... then stop as he looks sheepish at the two members of the War Pigs...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Get out of there, Donnie! Get out of there now!

[Hammer and Sabre look across the ladder at one another and with a nod, they reach over, grabbing White's mohawk with one hand each while hooking their other arm under his armpit. White frantically shakes his head as the crowd roars at the idea of it...]

BW: NO, NO! DON'T DO IT! NOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and then EXPLODES as White gets flipped through the air, hurled off the top of the ladder...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

[The crowd is still roaring as White lies flat on his back on the canvas, shivering violently from the impact of the twelve-foot plus hiptoss off the top of ladder!]

GM: WHITE'S BEEN BROKEN IN HALF BY THE WAR PIGS!

[But the moment of distraction was all that was needed for Lenny Strong to come charging in, swinging a ladder up...



...and SMASHING Hammer under the chin with the head of the ladder!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The blow snaps Hammer’s head back, sending him sailing backwards and crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[As Aaron Anderson regains his feet, he grabs Sabre from behind, hooking a handful of tights, pulling hard...

...and Sabre twists, leaping off towards Anderson who EXPLODES upwards into a European uppercut!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SABRE’S DOWN AS WELL! THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS HAVE TAKEN OUT THE WAR PIGS!

[Strong sets up a second ladder next to the first, positioning them both directly the title belts. He slaps his partner on the shoulder, pointing up at the belts.]

GM: The War Pigs are down... Air Strike’s still down... and this may be the golden opportunity for the World Tag Team Champions to pull down their own titles and claim the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown at the same time!

[Strong is about to step up on the ladder when he spots Michael Aarons makes a move to get into the ring. He rushes across the ring, burying a kick into Aarons’ sternum, sending him rolling off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Aarons gets sent back to the floor... and now the L-O-E is all alone once again!

[Strong orders Anderson to stay down on the mat to prevent Aarons from getting back into the match as the Knockout Kid starts the climb up the ladder again.]

GM: Aaron Anderson stays down to keep guard while Lenny Strong heads up that ladder towards the titles!

[Strong moves quickly, getting about halfway up the ladder before the fans begin to react to the sight of Cody Mertz dragging himself up onto the ring apron.]

GM: Cody Mertz! My god, Cody Mertz is moving after that horrific shot to the head he took from the Lights Out Express!

[Strong points at Mertz, shouting at Aaron Anderson who comes on hot, charging the smaller man...

...but Mertz uses the top rope to swing his legs up, kicking Anderson in the face!]

GM: HEAD KICK! Anderson got rocked!

[Anderson staggers back, dropping to a knee as Mertz steadies himself, grabbing at his own head in pain...]

GM: Mertz is hurting and-

[Strong continues, moving faster, climbing swiftly up the ladder as Cody Mertz grits his teeth, grabbing the top rope. Anderson makes another move towards him as Mertz leaps up, springing off the top rope...

...and deftly landing on the ladder!]

GM: WHOA! MERTZ IS ON THE LADDER! HE'S ON THE LADDER!

[A shocked Lenny Strong opens fire, throwing elbowstrikes at Mertz!]

GM: STRONG'S POUNDING AWAY!

BW: Knock him down, kid!

[Strong throws two more shots before leaning back, ripping his elbowpad off, throwing it aside...

...but before he can land another strike, Mertz steps up another rung, throwing himself into the air, hooking his legs around the head of Strong, swinging to the side off the ladder, flipping Strong through the air, and dumping him down to the canvas!]

[illegible]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[Strong rolls from the ring as Cody Mertz lies chestfirst on the mat, breathing heavily as the crowd roars for the desperation, highlight reel-making move.]

## GM: MERTZ TAKES OUT LENNY STRONG!

[Aaron Anderson staggers back up to his feet, dragging Cody Mertz off the mat. He blasts him with a pair of forearm uppercuts, knocking him back in the corner.]

GM: Anderson's got that second ladder...

[The Axeman sets it up, bridging the middle ropes in the corner with the ladder.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Mertz is in trouble and Aaron Anderson is looking to finish him off!

[Anderson pulls Mertz from the corner, walking him over to the bridged ladder. He tugs Mertz into a standing headscissors, nodding at the jeering fans as he lifts Mertz up for a powerbomb...

...and THROWS him violently down on the bridged ladder!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Anderson glares at the downed Mertz, looking out to the floor where Lenny Strong is trying to get up off the floor. The Axeman rolls out, grabbing his partner...]

GM: Anderson drags Sabre out to the floor... look out!

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

[Anderson and Strong, each holding an arm, HURLS Sabre back into the ringside barricade, sending him flipping over the railing and into the crowd!]

GM: THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS TAKES SABRE OUT!

[Strong picks Hammer up off the floor, pulling him to his feet as Anderson approaches, grabbing the other arm...]

GM: They’ve got Hammer as well, trying to clear the playing field for one more run at the titles and-

[The War Pigs powerhouse holds his ground as they try to swing him back into the railing...]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and YANKS his muscular arms, sending Strong and Anderson crashing into each other!]

GM: Hammer takes `em down... and he’s heading for the ring!

[The face-painted War Pig rolls in, pointing at the ladder. There’s a decent-sized reaction as he marches across the ring, grabbing hold of the ladder’s rungs.]

GM: Hammer’s going for it!

[Donnie White suddenly pulls himself up on the apron, ready to storm the ring to prevent Hammer from grabbing the titles...

...when Richard E. Lee YANKS him down off the apron!]

GM: LEE PULLS HIM DOWN!

[The manager balls up his right hand...

...and then drops to his knee, slamming his arm up into the groin of Donnie White whose eyes go wide as the ocean before he drops down to his knees on the floor!]

GM: LEE DROPS DONNIE WHITE! HE'S CLEARED THE WAY! HAMMER'S GOING FOR THE GOLD!

[The near-three hundred pounder climbs up the ladder, moving rung after rung up towards the AWA World Tag Team Titles and Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown...]

GM: Hammer's halfway there, reaching up... not quite there!

[Hammer shakes his head with disgust, taking another step up...]

GM: He's...

BW: AARONS!

[The crowd roars as Michael Aarons slides under the ropes, staggering across the ring to where Hammer is standing on the ladder. Aarons SLAMS a forearm between the shoulderblades!]

GM: One hard shot!

[He winds up, throwing a second...]

GM: A second hard shot! Aarons is trying to knock Hammer down!

[Shaking his head, Aarons ducks down, sliding his head up between the legs of Hammer. He wraps his arms around Hammer's powerful thighs, grimacing as he tries to get more leverage...]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[...and finds it, DRIVING Hammer down to the mat with a powerbomb off the ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A fired-up Aarons is down on his knees, spinning around and shoving the ladder, knocking it over. He climbs up off the mat, looking down at a stunned Hammer...]

GM: Aarons is on his feet! Hammer is down on the mat! The L-O-E is out on the floor!

[Aarons turns towards the corner, lifting the ladder up, leaning it against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Hammer is down... and Michael Aarons is up!

[Aarons opens the ladder, steadying it. The Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champion slaps the top turnbuckle before he starts climbing...]

GM: Wait a second! What in the world is Michael Aarons doing!?

BW: He had a clear shot at the belt and he decided to do THIS instead?!

GM: Aarons is climbing the ladder but he's nowhere near the title!

[The fan favorite reaches the top of the ladder, looking out at the cheering fans. He gives a nod, placing a foot on the top rung, pushing up so that he's delicately balanced on the top of the ladder, arms spread wide to balance himself...]

GM: AARONS IS ON TOP OF THE LADDER! AARONS IS GOING TO FLY!

[Aarons takes a deep breath before hurling himself into the air, floating through the sky with his arm tucked...

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow into the heart of Hammer!]

[illegible]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP!

[Aarons BOUNCES off the downed Hammer, clutching his arm in pain, grabbing his ribs as he rolls around on the mat. Hammer is motionless on the mat as the crowd absolutely ROARS for the death-defying move!]

GM: AARONS IS DOWN! HAMMER IS DOWN! SABRE IS DOWN AND OUT IN THE CROWD!

[And with bodies strewn everywhere, Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson crawl into the ring, smiles blasted over their faces as they climb to their feet, trading a big high five to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: And would you LOOK at this?! Where the heck did THEY come from?!

BW: They were waiting! They were watching and waiting for everyone else to take themselves out of the equation! And now they're all alone with the titles in front of them!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Someone's gotta be able to stop this!

[A smirking Aaron Anderson tugs the ladder into place, nodding as he points up at the title belts. Lenny Strong sets up a second ladder next to that one, standing on the opposite side as the duo begins to climb!]

GM: The Lights Out Express are heading for the top of the ladder! They're heading towards the tag team titles!

[The boos are pouring down on both Anderson and Strong as they get further and further up the ladder... closer and closer to their goal of becoming the Double Crown Champions...]

GM: They're on their way to the titles! They're on their way to-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: CODY MERTZ! MY GOD, CODY MERTZ IS ON HIS FEET \_AGAIN\_!

BW: How the-?! How does he KEEP getting up?!

GM: It's heart! It's guts! It's determination and being unwilling to quit!

[Standing on the apron, Mertz grabs the top rope with both hands, sucking air into his lungs. He leaps up, springing off the top again...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD...

[...and SNARES Aaron Anderson's head between his legs, jerking him backwards off the ladder and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas with a reverse rana!]

"OHH!"

GM: HE SPIKED HIM! HE SPIKED AARON ANDERSON!

[With the crowd roaring, Cody Mertz pushes up to his knees, grabbing hold of the ladder and dragging himself up the rungs!]

GM: Mertz is going up top as well! It's a race to see if he can get there before Lenny Strong who can't believe what he just saw out of Cody Mertz!

BW: He ain't the only one, Gordo!

GM: Mertz is climbing... Strong is as well and he had a head start!

[Strong gets two-thirds of the way up the ladder, making a grab for the title belts. His finger tips graze the belt, sending it swaying across the ring.]

GM: Mertz is climbing! Strong is climbing!

BW: Strong's just out of reach! One more rung... maybe two and he's got it, Gordo!

GM: Mertz is halfway there, just dragging himself up that ladder out of sheer will and fighting spirit! Come on, kid!

[The crowd is on its feet, shouting for Cody Mertz as he gets closer and closer towards the title belts that are now swaying back and forth above his head!]

GM: Mertz goes up another rung... but so does Strong! Strong reaches again!

[But again, the belts swing out of his grasp. He whiffs on his grab, having to grab the ladder to stay on it. The miscue allows Mertz to climb up two more rungs, firing off a right hand to Strong's jaw as he grabs for the belts again!]

GM: Big right hand!

[The crowd roars as Mertz throws a pair of haymakers, stunning one-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: Mertz is fighting for his life here! Fighting for the titles he wants back so badly!

[Strong launches himself at Mertz, blasting him with an elbowstrike that stuns Mertz!]

GM: Oof! What a shot!

[Strong grabs Mertz by the hair, smashing his face down onto the top of the ladder!]

GM: OH! That might be enough! That might be enough to grab the titles and win this thing!

[Strong straightens up, reaching up with both arms...]

GM: Strong's got the belts! He's got his hands on them! He's got-

[Mertz pops up, throwing rights and lefts frantically at the body of Strong, trying to loosen his grip...]

GM: MERTZ IS FIGHTING AGAIN! REFUSING TO QUIT! REFUSING TO GIVE UP! REFUSING TO-

[Strong lowers his arms and a well-placed uppercut snaps his head back, causing him to slip down a rung. Mertz uses the opportunity to step higher, grabbing the belts with both hands...]

GM: Mertz has got the belts! He's got the belts and-

[...and Strong SURGES forward, a new elbowpad on his arm!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOWSTRIKE WITH THE LOADED ELBOW!

[Mertz does a dead man fall off the ladder, collapsing in a heap on the canvas as Strong pushes himself back up, reaching up with both arms...

...and TEARS DOWN the two sets of title belts!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: YES! YES! YES!

[Strong collapses on top of the ladder, two belts hanging from each hand as the L-O-E music starts to play again. A hurting Donnie White rolls into the ring, rushing to aid his ally in moving down the ladder into the ring.]

GM: Donnie White's in to celebrate... and can you believe this? The Lights Out Express have done it! The Lights Out Express have won this historic three way Ladder Match!

[And if you were doubting it to be true, Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match... and NEW DOUBLE CROWN CHAMPIONNNNNNS...

THE LIGHTS OUUUUUUUUT EXPRESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

[White and Strong move to aid Aaron Anderson who is essentially unconscious as they drag him up off the mat, throwing a title belt over his shoulder.]

GM: The Lights Out Express manage to somehow walk out with the AWA World Tag Team Titles still around their waists... AND now they're the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions as well!

BW: Congrats to Anderson, Strong, and Donnie White!

GM: Donnie White?! Don't imagine for a SECOND that Tiger Paw Pro is going to recognize Donnie White as part of the Tag Crown Champions, Bucky!

BW: But... but... they're a team!

GM: We'll see about that. What a spectacular effort put in by the War Pigs and of course Air Strike who just narrowly missed out on a huge victory here tonight. It's disappointing for fans of both of those teams to see the Lights Out Express on top of the world thanks to that loaded elbowpad of Lenny Strong's.

BW: That's slander, Myers, and I defy you to prove it!



GM: He put on a special elbowpad and then knocked Cody Mertz into the middle of next week with it!

BW: He can KO with his elbow, daddy.

GM: I'm sure. Fans, we've got to take our first break of the night and... ugh, this celebration is making me sick. Let's get out of here.

[The threesome continue to celebrate the big win, the fans booing their every breath... 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...]

We open to the backstage area, where only a dark blue AWA backdrop can be seen. A few seconds pass, and this serene scene is quickly broken up by the charging and snarling Lost Boy... who is stopped short when the thick chain around his neck is tugged by someone off camera.]

"Heel, boy."

[The Lost Boy begins nodding his head frantically, as in walks "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett with the other end of the chain leash in his hand. He gently pats the now crouching Lost Boy on the head before turning his attention to the camera.]

"D"HF: The innocent mind of a child. Quite a remarkable thing, is it not? The fairy tales it is drawn to... the games that when played ignite a spark within it... all quite remarkable.

[Fawcett twirls his free hand in a circular motion.]

"D"HF: Circle You, Circle You. A charming schoolyard game I came across during one of my many trips to Japan. Not so different from the games the more uncultured of us have taught their own children. A group of children form a circle around a lone playmate, trying to keep away from the child in the middle.

[An unsettling smile appears on Fawcett's face.]

"D"HF: For in this game, the role that child plays is that of the ONI.

An interesting parallel COULD be drawn here, to this very event today. It could, but it would be a flawed one.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: For while Derrick Williams is indeed but a child, this is no game. This is no schoolyard. Although...

[With his free hand, Fawcett dips into the side pocket of his sport coat, bringing out his often-seen gem. Suddenly, a low guttural growl is heard off camera.]

"D"HF: ... the Oni is REAL.

[The Lost Boy looks off camera, and begins cackling like a wild hyena as the hulking form of KING Oni stomps into view. He stares at the gem, seemingly mesmerized by it. That is, until Fawcett motions to his elbow. This reminder of the attack the King of Demons suffered not long ago causes him to roll his eyes back until almost no pupils can be seen, and gritting his teeth while emitting an even louder growl.]

"D"HF: More to the point, the Oni is ANGRY. Time and again, you have put your life and your very soul on the line... and that line is ever so razor thin. The connection that exists between myself and my sovereign lord is far beyond your capacity to comprehend. We have communicated endlessly on this matter. Wherever I turn, I hear his booming voice in my mind... demanding you pay for your crimes.

[Fawcett sighs.]

"D"HF: Just as many times I have plead your case. That there would be no glory in your obliteration. That you are merely a boy... and one that carouses with the town drunkard and was trained by a FOOL at that.

[Fawcett scowls.]

"D"HF: Then, something changed. By your own hand, and by the hand of the sad old relic you call a teacher. You dared to interrupt a solemn ceremony, one that was being performed out of only the highest respect and compassion. Kevin Slater, you saw fit to lay your hands on me. But that isn't the biggest insult.

[Fawcett points at Oni.]

"D"HF: You attacked the one who makes the angels themselves weep in terror from behind. You blindsided him... and then ran like a thief in the night before he could respond in kind. Well, tonight is his chance, and I promise you...

[Fawcett nods, his intense stare never leaving Oni.]

"D"HF: ... it will be ANYTHING but kind. The gnat can only buzz around the lion's head so many times before it finds itself trapped shut inside the KING's mighty jaws. For the very idea of you being referred to, young or otherwise, is the most ridiculous of jokes. You are nothing but a newborn field mouse that has wandered under its own stupidity into the wolves' den. There is no victory in your future. No celebration. Only four things.

[Fawcett extends four fingers as he finally returns his attention to the camera.]

"D"HF: Rend. Bite. Claw. Smash.

[The awful smile reappears.]

"D"HF: Circle You, Circle You.

[Fawcett emits a dark laugh.]

"D"HF: You will not escape.

[Fawcett raises his gem to the camera, as we fade to...

...the back of Derrick Williams, bouncing back and forth, warming up for his match. Standing next to him, wearing a NEWA T-shirt and holding a towel around his neck, is Williams' corner man for the evening, his trainer and mentor, "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater. Williams continues to warm up as Slater speaks]

KS: Tonight... tonight it's not about me. It's not about Fawcett, it's not about SuperClash. It's about Derrick, and it's about Oni. This story has had some interesting side scripts, and started off as Fawcett trying to make a point at my expense. I know it wasn't personal, that he would've sic'd his monster on anyone in that spot. He wanted to prove a point.

And two weeks ago, I proved a point. The same point I proved time and time again in my career. But my career is over. Tonight... tonight it's about Derrick's career. He was the first to stand up to the demon. To show fire in the face of fear. He hurt him. He drew Oni's ire not because he stood in the way, but because he showed the demon's armor had cracks. And Fawcett has focused completely on Derrick's destruction, because he broke Fawcett's plans. He showed the world that Oni was vulnerable. That the monster could be hurt. If you can hurt him, you can beat him.

Now, Derrick fights his biggest fight. This isn't for me, this isn't my spotlight, I only stand here with him to stop Fawcett from interfering, or casting some magic spell, or whatever it is he does. This is Derrick's spotlight, his time, his arrival.

[Slater steps back as Williams turns around, rubbing his taped wrists and taped up right hand]

DW: Tonight, there will be no wristlocks, no chinlocks, no armbars. Tonight isn't a wrestling match, it's a fight. It's a fight that's been coming for seven months. It's a fight I've been training for. It's been said, I'm not the boy that stepped into the ring and lost to Allen Allen in two minutes. I'm not the wide eyed kid that stood in the Garden seven months ago and stood up to KING Oni to defend my mentor. I'm the man that's been training, learning, studying, and fighting to get to where I am now. I knew when I stepped in the ring and threw the first elbow at Oni that this day was coming, everything I've done since then is to prepare for it. I'm bigger, I'm stronger, I'm faster, I'm smarter, I'm better than I was seven months ago. I grew, I adapted.

I've said before, I DO fear the Demon. Fear is not a sign of weakness. No matter what the motivational posters say, fear is there. It's if you can do what is necessary in spite of it. KING Oni, Harrison Fawcett, they rely on fear, fear that you can't hurt the monster. Fear that you can't win. Fear that he'll eat you, fear that he'll break your ribs, crush your lungs, break your back, end your career. But Oni is flesh and blood and bone. If you hit him, he feels pain, he can be hurt. He's not invincible. I fear Oni, because I've felt what he can do, but that fear won't stop me. It didn't stop me from challenging him to this match, it won't stop me from walking out that curtain, down that ramp, into that ring, and putting my fist and elbow upside his head, and not stopping until he's down staring up at the lights, Fawcett's mouth agape at seeing his monster fallen, and I will have slayed the Demon, because the reality of what could happen to me, is stronger than the fear of what MIGHT happen.

The time for talking is over, the mind games, the button pushing, the séances, the creepy music, it's over. It's time for me, and the demon, to throw down in the ring, and it's time for me to prove that the demon, is really just a big man with a bad haircut.

[Williams walks off screen, Slater follows, giving one shrug and wink to the camera before following as the scene switches out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: A big man with a bad haircut.

BW: Williams is dumber than his teacher ever was if he thinks that's all KING Oni is. KING Oni is a monster... a beast... a Demon... a walking mountain of a man who wants to do nothing but DESTROY.

GM: You don't think Derrick Williams knows that? You don't think that perhaps he's taking a page out of Doctor Harrison Fawcett's playbook and trying to play some mind games with the big man?

BW: Williams trying to play mind games with Harrison Fawcett? Slater should've taught the kid to play a game he might win and not one where he's completely unarmed.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Fans, as you may recall, this story goes back to last November and SuperClash where Kevin Slater was addressing the New York City fans only to be interrupted and assaulted by Fawcett and Oni. Thankfully, Slater's protege and student, Derrick Williams, was in the building to aid his mentor but... ever since then, we've been on a course for this night, Bucky.

BW: The kid versus the Demon... the rookie versus the monster... the Boy Scout versus the beast. No matter how you want to hype it, the result is the same. The ring crew better have the hose ready after this one.

GM: Take it away, Mr. Watson!

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

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

["Godzilla" by Akira begins to play as two figures in black hooded robes appear on the elevated stage by the entrance curtain, each holding a woven basket.]

BW: What's this now?

GM: As far as I'm aware, KING Oni is scheduled to make his appearance here... one can only assume this is thanks to the twisted mind of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett.

[The two figures walk down clutching handfuls of black rose petals and tossing them on the ground. They continue doing this all the way down to the ring, going in opposite directions once they reach the ring so they can cover the entire ringside area with the petals. Then, as suddenly as they arrived they make their exit back up the ramp and through the curtain.]

GM: Bizarre.

BW: Mind games, Gordo!

GM: As if mind games are even needed when you're escorting a monster to the ring.

["Godzilla" is abruptly cut off by the sound of thunder, as the sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play.

PW: Accompanied to the ring by The Lost Boy and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett... from the Kimon or Demon Gate... weighing in at 514 pounds...

KING ONI!!

[The curtains fly apart, as The Lost Boy charges out and howls at the assembled crowd. "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is right behind him, holding onto the chain leash that's harnessed to The Lost Boy's neck with one hand as he holds his gem high for all to see with the other.]

BW: And here comes the big man.

[The curtains part once more, and out stomps the gargantuan KING Oni. He's clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki-style mask/headdress in the style of the Oni from folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

BW: Did you hear where Slater's going to hold the funeral?

GM: Will you stop?! That's hideous.

BW: Oh right, he's going to stomp the old man too. Good call.

[Oni follows Fawcett into the ring after the "Doctor" ties The Lost Boy's leash to a ring post. Oni removes his mask, revealing the same design painted on his face along with a black closely cropped mohawk. He then removes his robe, wearing a black singlet with a dark red mawashi [the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat] worn over the singlet. Fawcett hands the robe and the mask to a ringside attendant... never lowering his gem as he steps out onto the ring apron, just as Oni likewise never takes his eyes off the gem as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd goes nuts as Otherwise's "Coming for the Throne" start blaring over the PA.]

PW: And his opponent, accompanied to the ring by "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater, from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 256 pounds...

DERRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMS!

[First out is the former World Champion "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater, jeans and a NEWA T-Shirt are his attire stepping aside as out from the curtain steps Derrick Williams, a well-built 6'4" man wearing white boots with blue trim, matching blue kneepads and short tights. His wrists are taped with black athletic tape, with the tape on the right hand extending to cover all but the

fingers, his brown hair coming down in slight curls down to his even with his chin, which like the rest of his face, is covered in a light beard.]

GM: Trainer and student walking down the aisle together... you have to believe this is a dream come true for both Williams and Slater, Bucky.

BW: Really? They're having dreams about Williams being turned into pancake batter in the middle of Lafayette? And I thought that one about me working in the Toronto Skydome drinking Mooselips and having dinner with The Punster was weird.

[Williams slaps hands with the fans, soaking in the cheers as he walks down the aisle, stopping halfway down it, bouncing from foot to foot as Slater gives him some combination of last minute instructions, or encouragement.]

GM: Derrick Williams certainly has his work cut out for him tonight but by the looks of him, he's ready to give it his all, Bucky.

BW: But tonight, we're going to find out what "his all" measures up to on the Oni Scale.

[Shaking with intensity, Williams breaks into a run, sliding headfirst into the ring, and heading right for KING Oni.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Williams leaps up, landing a forearm smash to the side of Oni's head.]

GM: Big shot by Williams!

[Grabbing hold of the mohawk, Williams opens fire, throwing his forearm as quickly as he can at the temple of the big man!]

GM: WILLIAMS IS ALL OVER HIM! TRYING TO OVERWHELM THE DEMON AS THE BELL SOUNDS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Williams' barrage of shots is interrupted by Oni burying a knee up into the gut of the smaller man, grabbing him by the back of the head and hurling him effortlessly into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Oni throws him to the corner... CHARGES IN!

[A big charging splash comes up empty as Williams just BARELY gets himself out of the way!]

GM: OHHH! ONI HITS THE BUCKLES!

[Williams scrambles up, hopping up on the middle rope, throwing his arm up into the air to a big cheer from the crowd!]



GM: Williams is up on the second rope! We saw this two weeks ago!

[The rookie leaps off, taking aim with his elbow towards the head of the monster...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...but an overhead chop to the chest knocks Williams out of the sky!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! He swatted him right out of the air!

BW: Like the world’s most annoying fly!

[Out at ringside, a grinning Fawcett nods his head approvingly, yanking the chain connected to The Lost Boy’s collar, keeping him by his side as he throws a wary glance at Kevin Slater whose eyes are locked on the ring, shouting encouragement to his student who is now down at the feet of KING Oni.]

GM: And just like that, Oni absorbs the offense of Derrick Williams and with one shot, gets right back on the offense himself!

[Fawcett gives a shout to Oni who looks down at his helpless foe...

...and STOMPS his right elbow!]

GM: Oh!

[Fawcett can clearly be heard shouting “AGAIN!” to which Oni obliges, violently slamming his heel down on the pinned elbow.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

BW: I love it, Gordo! This is an actual strategy on the part of Doctor Harrison Fawcett! He could’ve just pointed Oni towards the ring and said, “DESTROY!” but instead, they’ve got a plan... and it’s to break that arm that Williams has used TWICE to stun the monster!

[Williams rolls to his side, trying to get away from the Demon who pursues, delivering a harsh kick to the kidneys, causing the rookie to roll under the ropes to the “safety” of the floor.]

GM: Williams rolls out - a smart move by the rookie and Kevin Slater is right there to advise him.

[Fawcett shouts to Oni again and the Demon obliges, reaching over the ropes, grabbing Williams by the hair, hauling him up onto the apron by that grip.]

BW: Oni just lifted a 265 pounder up off the floor by the hair like he weight a buck ten, Gordo!

GM: Incredible... awe-inspiring power out of KING Oni who is undefeated in his time here in the AWA so far.

BW: Not only is he undefeated... he hasn't even been knocked off his feet!

GM: Oni winds up... HEADBUTT!

[A crushing headbutt sends Williams down, sprawled out on his back on the ring apron as Slater shouts at Oni. The referee steps in, trying to get Oni to step back as Slater pats his student on the chest, whispering words of advice as the official tries to reason with the beast who emerged from a hole in the Earth's crust according to legend.]

GM: Derrick Williams with a bit of a breather here... he's gotta find something to get up here and get back into this thing. You do not want to be on your back against a 514 pound Demon like Oni.

[Oni nudges the official aside, nearly knocking him down with the slightest of brush-bys as he reaches over the ropes again, pulling a prone Williams up to a knee...

...where Williams EXPLODES upwards, bouncing his elbow off the temple of the big man!]

GM: Williams fires back again!

[Oni steps back, surprised more than stunned as Williams gets up to his feet, pulling back on the top rope...

...and then swings himself forward as Oni approaches, throwing another elbow to the side of the head!]

GM: Another hard shot! Williams is relying on those elbowstrikes that have worked against Oni in the past!

[Williams steps through the ropes into the distance created by the elbowstrike, throwing himself into another elbow, smashing it into the forehead of Oni!]

GM: Oni gets drilled again!

BW: But even with all these blows landing, it doesn't look like it's really doing much damage to the big man. He's surprised... maybe slightly stunned but Williams hasn't come close to knocking him down yet!

[Williams spins, dashing to the ropes, rebounding back with a running elbow to the head!]

GM: Running elbow connects!

[Oni blinks his eyes a couple of times, shaking his head back and forth as Williams looks on in disbelief, rushing to the ropes a second time...]

GM: Second elbow... and BOOM! Right on target!

[Oni's foot slips back a half step as Williams shouts, "GO DOWN!" at him. The rookie shakes his head as he dashes to the ropes, setting for a third elbow...]

GM: Off the ropes again and-

[The Demon switches his stance, lashing out with a two-handed chop across the chest that wipes Williams out, dumping him back down on the canvas!]

GM: WOW!

BW: Whole lotta impact there! Williams was throwing those forearms, those elbows... trying to stun the big man and take him off his feet but the monster is going nowhere, daddy! That chop made Ryan Martinez wet his pants!

[With Williams down on the mat again, Fawcett raises his arm, pointing to the elbow. Oni gives what might pass for a nod as he grabs the right arm of his downed opponent...]

...and YANKS on it, pulling Williams to his feet by the arm!]

GM: Oh! Oni pulled him up by the arm!

[Still holding the arm, Oni lifts it up...]

...and sinks his teeth into the elbow area!]

GM: Ahhh! He's biting him! He's biting the elbow!

[The referee is right there, shouting for a break but Oni uses every bit of the five count that he can before Fawcett orders him to release. He removes his teeth from the arm but keeps his hands on it, using the arm to swing Williams around...]

GM: Williams is out on his feet and-

[Oni swings faster... and faster... and faster until Williams takes flight, getting flung like a rag doll by his own arm!]

BW: Oni doesn't like that arm and he's decided he wants it removed from Williams' body!

[Williams rolls over onto his stomach, slipping his hurting arm underneath him as Oni stands over him...]

...and steps up on the back, pinning the arm underneath Williams who cries out in pain as 514 pounds presses his limb down into the canvas!]

GM: Oni's got the arm pinned! He's got the arm crushed beneath Derrick Williams' torso!

[The referee shouts at Oni, ordering him off of the downed Williams but Oni stays... and stays... and stays... before finally stepping off, leaving Williams to roll to his back, his feet kicking and flailing in pain as Fawcett chuckles with glee on the floor.]

GM: Derrick Williams continues to try and give it his all... but like you said, Bucky, his all may not be enough on the Oni Scale.

[Oni leans down, pulling Williams off the mat by the wrist. He grabs the elbow with his left hand, holding tight...

...and then LIFTS Williams off the mat, putting insane amounts of pressure on the extended elbow. Williams is screaming in pain as Oni holds... and holds... and holds... before flinging him effortlessly aside. The referee drops to a knee, checking to see if Williams wants to give up.]

GM: The official's right down there checking on Derrick Williams. The young man might want to consider giving up and calling it a night. He's just overwhelmed by the five hundred pounder!

BW: Williams might want to consider giving up and calling it a CAREER right about now before Oni snaps that limb.

[Williams shoves the official away from his back, shaking his head as the crowd cheers and Kevin Slater gives a shout of, "COME ON, KID! GET UP!"]

GM: The former World Champion, Kevin Slater, cheering his student on as Derrick Williams is dragging himself up using his left arm, pulling on those ropes...

[The rookie gets to his feet as Oni turns to face him...

...and Williams shouts at him, waving him forward.]

BW: Did he just call him a "fat son of a-"

GM: BUCKY!

[Oni's eyes flare as he stomps towards Williams who is leaning against the ropes. The big man rears back, throwing another rib-cracking chop to the torso, knocking Williams back through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Out to the floor goes Williams again!

BW: What the heck was he thinking there?

GM: The kid's got guts.

BW: He does... and we may be about to see them spilled all over the ring if he pulls a stunt like that again.

[Oni reaches over the ropes again, trying to get a hold of Williams who slumps to a knee, just out of reach.]

GM: Oni can't get him from there.

[The big man drops to a knee, reaching through the ropes...

...where Williams UNCORKS a brutal elbowstrike to the temple of the surprised Oni!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

[The blow rocks Oni, leaving him hanging over the middle rope as Williams staggers away, clutching his elbow that he just delivered with bone-bruising force.]

GM: Oni's stunned for perhaps the first time in this match and Derrick Williams is heading towards Doctor Harrison Fawcett!

[Fawcett insistently shoves The Lost Boy in front of him... but Williams shakes his head, wagging a finger at Fawcett before he turns around, charging, building up steam...

...and LEAPS UP TO DRIVE BOTH FEET INTO ONI'S SKULL!]

GM: BASEMENT DROPKICK!

[Williams lands on his back on the apron, pulling himself into a seated position as Oni slumps backwards, pushing back to his feet, staggering across the ring holding his head!]

GM: Williams caught him and if he's going to stand a chance to finish him off, now's the time!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo! Oni's in trouble!

[Williams pulls himself into the ring, slapping his elbow a few times, charging across, leaping into the air...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and DRILLS Oni between the eyes with a Superman Punch-esque elbowstrike!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Williams puts all of his 265 pounds into gear, shoving Oni back against the turnbuckles. He gives a shout, leaping up on the second rope, holding his right arm up in the air as the crowd roars...

...and DRIVES his elbow down between the eyes!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The elbows leave Oni hanging onto the top rope as Williams drops down, giving a shout of "SPINEBUSTER!"]

GM: Williams is calling for the Spinebuster!

BW: There's no way, Gordo! There's no way he can do it!

[Grabbing the arm of Oni, Williams looks for the biggest Irish Whip of his career...

...but the 514 pounder is going nowhere!]

GM: He can't do it! He can't shoot him across!

[Oni angrily slams an open palm down on Williams' outstretched arm, smashing his powerful hand down on the elbow!]

GM: OHH! RIGHT ON THE ARM!

[Oni grabs Williams by the head, charging across the ring and rifling him into the corner!]

GM: Williams hits the buckles... Oni backs out... oh no... oh no!

[Oni charges into the corner, CRUSHING Williams beneath his five hundred plus pound frame in an avalanche!]

GM: AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[Oni flings Williams from the corner, sending him down to the mat as Fawcett nods approvingly. Oni raises his fists to the air, looking out to Fawcett who shouts loudly in another tongue.]

GM: Was that-

BW: Japanese, I think.

GM: We can only presume he said "Blessings go out, Oni goes-"

[Oni leaps up, DRIVING his weight down on Williams' prone form in a splash.]

GM: "-IN!"

[He pushes up, palms pressed to the mat as he stares into the camera as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONE! TWO! IT'S OVER, FANS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Oni slowly climbs to his feet where Doctor Harrison Fawcett and The Lost Boy greet him. Fawcett proudly raises Oni's hand, pointing to him as The Lost Boy kneels on the mat like a pet, staring at the motionless Derrick Williams.]

GM: KING Oni with an impressive victory here tonight despite one heck of a fight by Derrick Williams. Williams seemed like he was on the verge of a major upset there at the end of that one but the injured arm and the size of Oni was just too much for him to handle, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I'll give him all the credit in the world. Derrick Williams came a heckuva lot closer than I imagined he would... but it's KING Oni. KING Oni in just a short period of time has become the most intimidating, the most dominant, the most fearsome creature in the entire AWA locker room. Derrick Williams was just the latest to fall... but the real question is, Gordo... who is next for KING Oni?

GM: KING Oni standing tall and Doctor Harrison Fawcett appears to be on top of the world here tonight in Lafayette. Kevin Slater sliding in now to check on his protege. He's gotta be proud of Derrick Williams who hurt Oni more than anyone has so far.

[Slater is kneeling next to Williams alongside the referee, checking on him as Doctor Harrison Fawcett throws a glance in his direction...

...and then shouts at The Lost Boy who lunges forward, diving on top of Kevin Slater!]

GM: What the-?!

[The Lost Boy mauls Slater, battering him with brutal hammerfists to the skull. He uses the steel chain, wrapping it around Slater's throat!]

GM: What in the world is going on here, Bucky?!

BW: I'm not sure but I have an idea.

GM: What?

BW: Hold on, Gordo...

[Using the chain, The Lost Boy drags Slater over to Fawcett who looks down on him, an evil gleam in his eye. The camera zooms in as Fawcett gestures for a mic. As The Lost Boy restrains Slater on the canvas, Fawcett smiles as he takes the microphone from Phil Watson.]

"D"HF: This is the hand...

[Fawcett gestures down towards Slater's outstretched hand that the Lost Boy is pinning to the canvas as Slater tries to wriggle free.]

"D"HF: ...that you dared strike me with. Not that I was injured by one as pathetic as you, but the very NOTION of one as low as you putting their uncouth hands on my person is disgusting. Unforgivable, some might say.

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: I am not such a man, however. I know how to make everything right so the scales are balanced once more. You see, in many cultures it is customary when a man of my station is accosted by someone of your station?

[Fawcett nods at Oni.]

"D"HF: THE HAND IS REMOVED.

[Slater gives his hand one more jerk, trying to free it from The Lost Boy's grip as Oni raises his leg...

...and STOMPS the hand of the former World Champion who instantly howls in pain!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[The Lost Boy releases at Fawcett's instruction, the three men standing and looking down at Slater who cradles his hand underneath him, hiding it from view.]

GM: He just crushed his hand!

BW: Slater had it comin', Gordo! He's just lucky they won't let Fawcett carry a machete to the ring because if they did, he'd be taking that hand home with him! Slater laid his dirty hands on Fawcett two weeks ago and I'm guessing NO ONE will ever make that mistake again.



[A smirking Fawcett gestures towards the ropes, leading his charges from the ring, leaving Slater and Williams lying on the mat as we slowly crossfade out to Gordon and Bucky. Gordon shakes his head with disgust.]

GM: Absolutely terrible. Absolutely awful. KING Oni... Doctor Harrison Fawcett... even that pathetic wreck The Lost Boy... they're as evil as they come.

BW: As we said earlier, you just have to wonder what's next for them as they leave Williams and Slater in the dust behind them.

GM: We've got the AWA medical team on the way down here to check on Kevin Slater's hand... and while that happens, we're going to take a quick break here on The X. But when we come back, it'll be the Two Out Of Three Falls showdown between two former World Champions in Dave Bryant and Hamilton Graham! You will not want to miss that so don't you dare go away!

[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.

As we fade back up, we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing in the backstage area in front of a Memorial Day Mayhem backdrop.]

SLB: Welcome back, fans. The action is hotter than ever here in the AWA and if you want all the news that's even hotter, you gotta call the Hotline at 1-900-505-5500! Kids, get your parents' permission before calling! Sir, please come on in here...

[The camera zooms back to show Hamilton Graham striding into view. He's sporting a navy blue windbreaker with red trim over a matching pair of trunks and red boots.]

SLB: Hamilton Graham, you know that you are one of the most respected professional wrestlers to ever lace a pair of boots, sir. You are a former multiple-time World Champion. You have faced and defeated a virtual Who's Who of Professional Wrestling. And just last year, you picked up a Lifetime Achievement Award from wrestling fans all over the world.

[Graham nods.]

SLB: It is with the utmost respect that I have to ask the question... you began your pro wrestling career at the age of 18 in 1973. You have been in this business for over forty years which means you are about to turn sixty years old this year.

[Another curt nod.]

SLB: What in the world are you thinking getting into the ring with a man who held the World Title - the biggest prize in our sport - as recently as last year?

[Graham grimaces as he looks at Blackwell.]

HG: You insolent little worm, I've got half a mind to split your eyebrow like a melon!

[Blackwell backs off, hands raised as Graham snatches the mic away.]

HG: You're excused, Blackwell.

[Blackwell dashes out of view as Graham raises the mic.]

HG: He asks the question that everyone is asking... under their breath because they're too cowardly to do it to my face. They hide around corners, lurking in the shadows, wondering if the old man is going senile. They talk on the Internet about legends "past their prime" and they chuckle at the idea of Hamilton Graham - the BEST pro wrestler you'll ever see - climbing into the ring with Dave Bryant tonight.

Two out of three falls... the way it's always been done... the way it SHOULD always be done... the way I did it with your Uncle Brett back in the day.

[Graham shakes his head.]

HG: When I accepted that Lifetime Achievement Award, I said some things that the office didn't like. I said some things that the boys didn't like. But much like it's been my entire career... I don't give a damn what other people don't like.

I'm Hamilton Graham. I'm the greatest pro wrestler to ever lace boots. Not Hardin. Not Thunder. Not Lynch. Not Van Gibson. Not James or Claw. Not Martinez. Not Fujimoto or Taguchi. Not Temple. Not Reed, O'Connor, Shane, or any of the rest.

Hamilton. Graham.

[The veteran raises his arm, pointing at the camera.]

HG: You think if there was the inkling of a doubt in my mind... that there was the slightest thought that I might come out here and embarrass myself by getting in that ring tonight that I'd be doing it?

Any time I climb into the ring these days could be the last time. I know that. They all know it too.

And any time I climb into that ring out there, I know that I might be putting the final strokes on the page that is my section of the pro wrestling history book. It's up to me, Bryant. It's up to me how that page turns out.

Does it get an exclamation point? "And the greatest of all time climbed into the ring one more time and showed the world why he is the best they will ever see!"

Or does it end with a question mark?

"Why? Why did you do it, Hamilton? Why did you embarrass yourself and go out like that?"

[A shake of the head.]

HG: No, Bryant. No. It will NEVER be a question mark. It will NEVER end like that.

But it will end...

[Graham smiles a grin that wrestling fans have seen for over forty years.]

HG: ...one day. But not tonight, Dave Bryant. Not tonight.

[Graham drops the mic, walking out of the camera's view as we slowly fade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY..."

We are presented with none other than Dave Bryant. Bryant is sporting a white dress shirt, light brown slacks and all the usual accoutrements -- expensive-looking watch, nice shoes, the works. Bryant is also wearing a look that's an odd mixture of satisfaction and disgust, and he wastes no time in speaking up.]

DB: You know, folks, there's just something about Hamilton Graham...the old man really brings out the worst in everybody he meets. Normally, I'd say a miserable jerk like Graham and an overwhelmingly arrogant jackass like Lake deserve each other, but frankly, there's enough bad in Lake already without Hamilton Graham refining it further.

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: So, maybe you wonder why I'd actually take this match, why I'd satisfy the old man's delusions of grandeur...or maybe you'd ask why I would stoop to laying hands on a man more than twenty years my senior, one of the most respected names in the history of this sport.

[Bryant frowns slightly.]

DB: You know, I've said repeatedly that I try to be an honest man nowadays. I could give you all kinds of pretty good reasons for wanting to get in the ring with Graham -- what he said about my uncle, the fact that he's attached at the hip to a man who literally flung the ashes of the past right in my eyes, that it's just to get to Lake...but while all those are good reasons, they aren't why I said yes. They aren't why I agreed to let the old man re-enact his glory days, see if he could get a referee to step in for him like he did all those years ago, when a referee bailed him out of a two of three falls match due to excessive blood loss.

[Bryant smirks for a second, but it fades quickly.]

DB: Truth is, I've hated Hamilton Graham since I was old enough to know what hate was. I've been around wrestling my entire life -- my uncle was a champion, a man who ran at the top of every territory he ever walked into -- except St. Louis, of course, which Hamilton Graham will happily tell anyone and everyone is because of him and him alone. I was an infant when he and my uncle had that two of three falls match, far too young to remember it even if I'd been there...but I got older, and all of my formative years were filled with wrestling. I watched everything I could get my hands on, bugged the hell out of my dad to get hold of everything he could find, and he did. I used to love watching god-awful quality tapes of my uncle, of Karl and Cameron O'Connor, Terry Shane, Jr., and yes, even Hamilton Graham. These were the men I respected, the men I wanted to be when I was old enough to climb into the squared circle.

[Bryant rubs his chin briefly, then sighs.]

DB: Then I saw it -- the match where my uncle wrestled Hamilton Graham in a best of three falls match for the Missouri State title on New Year's Day of 1977. You felt the Iron Crab that night, and you quit. You quit and then you tried to run away like a coward, but uncle Brett wasn't having any of that, and he dragged your sorry carcass back to that ring, forcing you to wrestle -- and then you got the most unbelievable stroke of luck, slamming your head into just the right spot on his eyebrow and splitting him wide open. He bled like a sieve, got pinned, and then the referee stopped the match in the third fall, giving you...well, we'll call it victory. I mean, that's what you call it, right?

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Anyway, a referee hands you the match, your title, my uncle puts in his notice and moves to the far greener pastures of California. I suppose I should thank you, Graham, because my father was thinking of relocating to St. Louis if my uncle had decided to stick around, and while St. Louis is one of the best wrestling towns in the US, midwestern winters and I do not get along at all. I never have gotten it straight out of uncle Brett why he left -- whether it was you and your backstage politicking or Sam Owens lowballing him, or maybe he had seen enough of snowstorms and wanted to go back home.

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: Doesn't matter. Bryant vs. Graham never got any kind of real closure, nobody except Hamilton Graham thought that the better man was known after that victory. Used to be that I just kind of disliked you, thought you were a jerk. Then I started to think. I thought about the crap you pulled on my uncle, how you tried to break his neck not once, but twice, how you tried to put his career on ice before he ever got the chance to get at you and that belt...and how it was all out of jealousy. Your jealousy over the fact that, in your heart, you know Brett Bryant was better than you. Jealousy over the fact that he was in "your" main event spot night after night, putting butts in the seats while you jerked the curtain, despite being the champion, and your jealousy over the fact that St. Louis stopped giving a damn about Hamilton Graham.

[What little levity there was on Bryant's face has drained completely.]

DB: Well, Hamilton, guess what? It's not New Year's and we haven't got a belt to fight over, but here comes another national holiday and another Bryant vs. Graham two out of three falls match. I'll bring the Iron Crab, you bring that legendarily hard head along, maybe give Lake a call... make sure he's watching from Japan. I want him to see what happens to you -- because the hell I put you through is gonna seem like heaven to Lake after I get done with him.

[Bryant abruptly turns and storms out of the room...

...and we fade away from the former World Champion to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for the best TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS with a forty-five minute time limit. Introducing first...

[There is no music for the Living Legend of Pro Wrestling as Hamilton Graham jogs out into view, clad in the same attire we saw him in mere moments ago.]

PW: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is a former World Champion... one of the all-time greats... a pro wrestling Living Legend...

HAAAAAAAAAMILLLLLLLTONNNNNN GRAAAAAAAAAAHAM!

[Graham doesn't acknowledge the jeering crowd as he jogs down the aisle, climbing the ringsteps. He wipes his feet on the apron before stepping through the ropes, promptly removing his ring jacket and tossing it at the referee.]

GM: Hamilton Graham does not seem to be in a good mood here tonight.

BW: How would you like it if everyone keeps calling you old behind your back, Gordo?

GM: I'm pretty sure that happens... with you, actually.

BW: Never!

[Graham tugs on the top rope, staring down the aisle, waiting for Bryant to approach.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Metallica's "Bad Seed" fills the air to a big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 228 pounds... he is a former World Heavyweight Champion...

He is the Doctor of Love...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant strides into view, arms held over his head. He points up at the video wall where old footage of "Iron" Brett Bryant battling various foes is displayed. He slowly turns, jerking a thumb at the back of his baby blue jacket that glitters with silver sparkle, pointing out the words "IRON" BRETT written in script across his back.]

GM: How about that? The Doctor of Love paying a little tribute to his legendary Uncle here tonight!

BW: And that's not going to go over well with Hamilton Graham.

[Bryant slowly turns, cracking a grin at the ring where a protesting Graham is pointing out Bryant to the in-ring referee. We cut back to Bryant who starts walking down the aisle towards the ring, showing off a matching pair of blue trunks to go with white boots with "IRON" written down both sides in blue script.]

GM: These two men crossed paths several weeks ago - a confrontation that turned physical, turned violent, and ultimately resulted in the challenge being issued for this showdown.

[The former World Champion reaches ringside, looking up at Graham who has mounted the midbuckle, shouting angry insults down at Bryant.]

GM: But you can't forget that-

[The crowd ROARS as a figure hurdles the barricade, slamming a forearm into the back of Bryant's head, knocking him down on the floor at ringside!]

GM: That's... that's Demetrius Lake! I thought he was in Japan!

BW: I guess he got back!



[Lake is putting the boots to Bryant out on the floor as the Lafayette crowd lets him have it!]

GM: The so-called King of Wrestling... I was just about to say that HE'S the reason that this match is happening to begin with! It was Bryant and Lake who were at odds when Graham got himself involved and I think we're starting to see WHY Graham got himself involved, fans!

[The Black Tiger pulls Bryant off the mat...

...and EATS a right hand for his efforts, staggering back as Bryant shrugs out of the jacket, throwing it aside as he pursues Lake, drilling him with a second right hand!]

GM: Bryant and Lake are fighting on the floor and-

[The crowd's jeers get louder as Graham charges from the blindside, leaping up and burying a knee between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack by Hamilton Graham from behind!

[Graham starts stomping Bryant in the aisle as Demetrius Lake joins him, the duo stomping Bryant repeatedly into the concrete floor as the referee slides out, reprimanding both men.]

GM: Dave Bryant is suffering a two-on-one from Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham right here tonight in the Cajundome, fans!

[Lake drags Bryant up off the mat, holding his arms back as Graham takes aim and BLASTS him between the eyes with a measured shot!]

GM: Oh! One of the hardest haymakers in the sport just hit Dave Bryant right between the eyes and... where in the world is Lake taking Bryant now?!

[The King of Wrestling drags Bryant closer to the ring, holding him up with two hands full of hair...]

GM: NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL!

[Bryant collapses in a heap on the floor as Lake stands over him, arms spread as he soaks up the jeers of the crowd. Hamilton Graham grins, rolling back into the ring...

...and ordering the referee to call for the bell.]

GM: What's THIS all about?!

BW: Lake's telling the referee to start the match!

GM: He can't do that! Bryant's down on the floor... he might be out cold after hitting headfirst on the steel ringpost like that!

[The referee protests as Graham grabs him by the shirt, shoving him back into the turnbuckles, shouting at him.]

GM: Hamilton Graham - get your hands off Davis Warren!

[Warren is being bullied by Graham as Demetrius Lake drags Dave Bryant up off the floor, showing a nasty gash spewing crimson down the face of the former World Champion.]

GM: Oh no... Dave Bryant's been split wide open! He's bleeding like a stuck pig out here right by us!

[Lake shoves the bloodied Bryant under the bottom rope, shouting at Graham who throws the official towards Bryant, ordering him to ring the bell.]

GM: Hamilton Graham wants this match to start but Dave Bryant can't even stand! He's bleeding profusely inside the ring and Graham is... come on, Davis... don't do it!

[Davis Warren kneels down next to Bryant, trying to see if the former World Champion wants to continue. Bryant waves him away. The official looks unsure of himself, checking on Bryant again before reluctantly signaling for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and getting shoved aside as Graham throws himself to his knees, pulling Bryant off the mat by the hair, hammering the cut forehead with a clenched fist!]

GM: The match is underway... for some reason... and Hamilton Graham is trying to make that cut even worse. He's trying to split that cut wide open, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is. Remember the story Graham told several weeks ago... remember how he beat Brett Bryant in their two out of three falls match. One of those falls he won by blood stoppage. You think he wouldn't like to do the exact same thing to Dave Bryant here tonight?

[Graham backs off, blood covering his fist as he measures the downed Bryant. The referee steps in, checking Bryant's condition... and again gets shoved aside as Graham drops a big fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Fistdrop connects!

[Bryant rolls back and forth, kicking and flailing his legs as Graham kneels there, blood on his knuckles. He points to the forehead, shouting at Davis Warren to "CHECK HIM!"]

GM: The official leans in again... keeping an eye on that cut...

[Bryant again rolls away from the official, not allowing him a chance to really look at the cut. He leans through the ropes, trying to escape as Graham plants a shin on the back of his neck, choking him on the rope!]

GM: He's choking him, ref! Get in there!

[At the count of four, Graham breaks, backing away...

...and Lake opens fire with a right hand of his own, right on the jaw of Bryant, sending him falling back into the ring. Lake shakes his hand off as he shouts, "You got him now!" at his mentor.]

GM: Bryant's been split wide open, fans, and it looks like Hamilton Graham is moving in for the kill here!

[Graham tugs down his kneepad, standing over the prone Bryant...

...and DRIVES his knee down into the forehead of the former AWA World Champion!]

GM: Kneedrop connects... and Graham with the cover!

[The Living Legend fails to hook a leg, only earning a two count as the bloodied Bryant lifts a shoulder.]

GM: Two count only.

BW: Graham didn't bother with a leg there and that might be a big mistake on his part. I know Bryant looks to be in a lot of trouble right now but he needs to stay on his game. He can't allow Bryant to get back into this thing.

GM: He also needs to try and win these falls quickly, Bucky. At sixty years old, Hamilton Graham's not going to have a lot of gas in the tank.

[Graham angrily pulls Bryant up by the hair, slapping him across the face.]

"YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME, BOY?!"

[He slaps him a second time...

...and gets DROPPED with a right hand in response!]

GM: Bryant drops him!

[The bloodied Bryant advances on Graham who is sliding back towards the corner on his rear end, hand raised as Bryant balls up his fist, laying the badmouth on Graham as he advances...]

GM: Bryant's moving in on Graham! Graham's backed himself into the corner!

[Dragging himself to a knee, Graham catches the incoming Bryant with a headbutt to the midsection. He pulls himself up, grabbing Bryant by the hair...

...and SMASHES his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Graham puts him into the buckle!

[He drops down, dragging Bryant into a schoolboy...

...and slips his feet over the middle rope for leverage as Demetrius Lake races in, grabbing the feet for even MORE leverage!]

GM: NO!

[The referee doesn't see the feet as he slaps the mat once... twice... and even as Bryant struggles to get free...]

BW: HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: You gotta be kidding me! It took of them blatantly cheating to pin Dave Bryant right there!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the first fall... HAMILTON GRAHAM!

[The fans jeer as Graham rolls to the floor, embracing his student as they celebrate the upset pinfall.]

GM: Fans, Hamilton Graham - by hook or by crook - has taken the early advantage in this Two Out Of Three Falls matchup! We're going to take a quick break but hang in there with us because we'll have the rest of this match when we return!

[The camera shows the bloodied Bryant staring disbelievingly at Davis Warren as we fade to black.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloopers are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly 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 Carl Riddens?]

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 Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor 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 Bobby O'Connor is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rob Driscoll with a flying bodypress, Brad Jacobs is hiptossing Frankie Farelli across your family room, and Strictly Business and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Demetrius Lake has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Supernova, 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 King ONI 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 Four 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!

[Air Strike 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 Air Strike and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Sultan Azam Sharif 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 Sharif and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Cain Jackson double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez 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 Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Jericho Kai. 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 Derrick Williams, Manny Imbrogno, Willie Hammer, and Casanova. 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!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where we're outside the ring watching Dave Bryant pummel Demetrius Lake up against the ringside barricade while Hamilton Graham lies on the floor a few feet away.]

GM: We're back here LIVE on The X, fans, where Hamilton Graham is down and Dave Bryant is taking the fight to the King of Wrestling!

BW: Lake's not in this match! He should be disqualified for this!

[Bryant grabs Lake by the hair, hauling him over towards the ringpost...

...and ROCKETS him shoulderfirst into the steel, sending him slumping down to his knees against it!]

GM: OHHH! SHOULDER MEETS STEEL!

[Bryant wheels away from the downed Lake in time to catch Graham sneaking up on him, blasting him with a haymaker on the jaw!]

GM: What a shot!

[With Graham leaning against the barricade, Bryant grabs him by the arm...

...and whips him backfirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Graham's back slams into the apron and... LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant ducks down, sending a stumbling Graham sailing over the railing, crashing down into the first row courtesy of a backdrop!]

GM: BRYANT BACKDROPS HIM INTO THE CROWD!

BW: SON OF A... that's a sixty year old man, Gordo! Bryant could put him in a wheelchair for the rest of his life doing something like that!

[The bloodied Bryant spins around, pumping a fist as he looks out into the crowd where the rabid AWA fans have surrounded the downed Graham, shouting at him.]

GM: Hamilton Graham is as tough as nails but a backdrop like that is going to take a lot out of a man half his age, fans.

[Bryant leans over the railing, grabbing a handful of hair, dragging Graham up by the perm'd hair. He tugs him into a front facelock...]

GM: You gotta be kidding me!

[...and powers Graham up into the air!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

BW: SIXTY YEARS OLD, GORDO!

GM: We all know he's sixty years old, Bucky... but he was also sixty years old when he made the challenge for this match! He was also sixty years old

when he engineered that sneak attack before the bell! Graham is reaping what he sowed here tonight in the Cajundome!

[Bryant climbs to his feet, rubbing the blood from his eyes as he grabs Graham by the hair, hauling him up again, throwing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Graham gets put in... and Bryant's going in after him...

[The two-time AWA World Champion grabs the legs of Graham, sending a roar through the crowd in Lafayette!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him hooked!

[The cheers get louder as the bloodied Bryant flips Graham over onto his stomach, leaning back in the submission hold!]

GM: IRON CRAB IS ON!

BW: Bryant won the World Title with this at SuperClash V!

GM: He certainly did and Graham's clawing at the mat! Hamilton Graham's back just took several hard shots and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GAVE UP! HE GAVE UP!

[Bryant releases the hold, walking away from Graham who is holding his lower back. Graham crawls away as Bryant steps up into the ropes, turning to glare at the downed legend. Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the second fall via submission... DAVE BRYANT!

[Big cheers ring out all over the Cajundome as Bryant nods his head at the announcement, being held back by the official.]

GM: Davis Warren enforcing a bit of a rest period between falls here.

[Bryant rubs at his bloody face again, staring across the ring where Hamilton Graham uses the ropes to drag himself out to the floor, rolling to his stomach as an arm twists around to hold his lower back in pain.]

GM: Bryant's bleeding... Graham is hurting... and we've got one more fall to go, fans!

[An exasperated Bryant suddenly shoves Davis Warren aside, rushing after Hamilton Graham, stepping out on the ring apron, leaping off with a stomp to the lower back! Graham pushes off the floor, arching his back and crying out in pain!]

GM: Bryant with an absolutely vicious move off the apron right there!



[The bloodied Bryant shouts at Graham to get up off the ringside mats, angrily stalking around the ringside area.]

GM: Bryant is steaming mad, Bucky!

BW: He looks like it. Plus, he's been beating up a sixty year old man for ten minutes. That doesn't make you exactly stable.

GM: Bucky, you didn't care one bit about Hamilton Graham's age until Dave Bryant starting getting the edge in this match. Now you're trying to call Bryant... I don't know what!

BW: He's a brute, a savage, and flat out ungentlemanly!

GM: Ungentl... give me a break!

[Bryant circles back to Graham, dragging him off the floor by the hair, taking aim at the ringpost with a handful of perm...]

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[The blow sends Graham stumbling, falling down to a knee near the railing. Bryant angrily jerks the head back, slamming his fist down into the eyebrow... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Bryant's battering the forehead, trying to do to Graham what the Living Legend did to him!

[With Bryant opening up on Graham, he leaves himself exposed to Demetrius Lake coming at him from behind. Lake simply grabs Bryant by the hair with both hands, dragging him away from his mentor, and HURLING him down to the floor to the jeers of the crowd and the loud complaints of Davis Warren!]

GM: What the-?! That could yield an immediate disqualification!

BW: Could but didn't! Warren is reading Lake the riot act but he hasn't thrown out the match! He knows that Lake didn't cause any damage to Bryant there so it looks like he's going to let the match continue!

[As Lake and Warren argue, Bryant pulls himself off the floor, dragging himself up onto the ring apron behind Lake. He steadies himself, wiping the blood from his eyes...

...and then charges down the apron as Lake turns to face him, throwing himself off in a crossbody onto a stunned Black Tiger!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Bryant shoves Lake onto his back, rifling right hands in on the head of the King Of Wrestling as Lake struggles to get his arms up over his head, trying to block the fisticuffs from the former World Champion!]

GM: BRYANT'S ALL OVER LAKE!

BW: Who... AGAIN... is not his opponent in this match!

GM: With as much as Lake's been involved in this match, you could've fooled me, Bucky! It's like a damn handicap match out here!

[The referee shouts at Bryant, trying to warn him that Hamilton Graham is back on his feet and is coming in behind Bryant. The Living Legend slams a knee up into the base of the neck, knocking Bryant over.]

GM: Graham with another assault from behind takes Bryant down. This match is tied at one fall apiece and now it's Hamilton Graham in control as he sends Bryant back under the ropes into the ring... looking to find a way to finish off the former World Champion.

BW: They're BOTH former World Champions, daddy! And we're about to see exactly why Hamilton Graham holds that honor!

[Graham rises to his feet, looking down at the bloodied opposition as the crowd jeers him loudly. The Living Legend sneers as he spreads his arms wide, falling forward in a headbutt!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Graham throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he crawls into a lateral press, again not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Bryant kicks out, breaking the pin attempt. An irate Graham shoves the shoulder back down, this time hooking a leg.]

GM: Graham's going to try it again... but again, Bryant's out at two, forcing his shoulder off the mat!

[Graham climbs to his feet, delivering a few stomps before he drags the bloodied Bryant off the canvas, holding a handful of hair before PASTING him with a headbutt between the eyes, keeping the grip on the hair to prevent Bryant from falling to the mat!]

GM: Big headbutt by Graham stuns Bryant...

[Slipping around Bryant, Graham lifts him skyward, dropping him down in a back suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex by Hamilton Graham... and he's not done yet, Bucky.

BW: He's headed for the corner and I think he's gonna put Bryant away right here and now, daddy.

[Graham pushes himself up on the second turnbuckle, raising his arms, standing tall...

...and then swandives off the middle rope, driving his skull into Bryant's yet again!]

GM: HEADBUTT CONNECTS AGAIN!

[Graham is more weary this time as he rolls into a cover, his back to Bryant's chest and no legs hooked at all as Graham thrusts his arms in the air along with the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The sloppy cover allows Bryant to twist out from under Graham, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Graham still can't keep Bryant down for a three count... and as Demetrius Lake gets back to his feet-

[Lake repeatedly slams his arms down on the apron, shouting at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Demetrius Lake isn't too fond of Davis Warren's count right there.

BW: Can't blame him. I think this one should be over, daddy.

GM: Dave Bryant continues to hang on, trying to stay in this match as Graham goes to pull him up again...

[Graham sets, pulling Bryant into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Graham's going for the piledriver! One of the signature moves of the Living Legend!

BW: If he hits it, it's over, daddy!

GM: It certainly is! Bryant's fighting it, dropping to a knee.

[Graham slams a pair of forearms down on the back, hooking the torso again...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[...but as he does, Bryant starts frantically kicking his legs, managing to force Graham to set him back down. When he does, Bryant yanks the legs out from under him!]

GM: IRON CRAB! HE'S GOING FOR IT!

[A frantic Graham flails his arms and legs, rolling from side to side, trying to get free...]

...but Bryant flips him over onto his stomach, sitting back in the painful hold!]

GM: THE IRON CRAB IS LOCKED IN!

BW: Hang on, Hammy!

GM: He'll bust your eyebrow if he hears you call him that!

[Demetrius Lake pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Bryant, holding his right arm behind him conspicuously.]

GM: Lake's trying to get Bryant's attention, screaming at the Doctor of Love, shouting at him...

[Bryant raises out of the hold, pointing an accusing finger at Lake, shouting at the official to get him down. He mimics a punch, pointing at Lake holding his hand behind his back...]

GM: Bryant knows he's got something too! He's telling the ref!

[A wide-eyed Lake denies it frantically, shaking his head back and forth, refusing to allow the official to check his hand...]

...while Hamilton Graham has rolled to his knees, dipping into the front of his trunks!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Hah! It's a setup, Gordo! Lake's distracting the referee with an obvious foreign object while Graham's got the real deal in his hand!

[Bryant turns back to Graham, ready to strike as the Living Legend rises up, cocking the fist back and letting it fly...]

GM: DUCKED!

[As Graham's right hand sails over his head, Bryant shoves him in the back from behind, sending Graham and Lake crashing into one another!]

GM: LAKE GOES DOWN!

[Graham slowly turns, fist still loaded...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK CONNECTS!

[The Call Me In The Morning drops Graham like a stone as Bryant grabs the leg, rolling through into a side press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Bryant sits up on the canvas, wiping blood from his eyes as he grins at the reaction. The referee helps him up, raising his hand as he points to him and Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the third fall and the match...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[Bryant raises his arms, saluting the cheering fans...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and goes down with a thunderous chairshot across the back!]

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT BY LAKE!

[Bryant slumps down to all fours as Lake raises the chair over his head again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Good grief!

[The second blow leaves Bryant laid out on the canvas as Lake stands over him, sneering at the jeering Lafayette crowd. The referee shouts at Lake, ordering him to relinquish the chair.]

GM: Davis Warren is trying to get the chair away from Demetrius Lake.

[The Black Tiger throws it down on the mat, shouting at the official to “get out of my face!” as he uses the toe of his boot to roll Bryant onto his back. He nods at the downed Bryant, pointing at him a few times to earn more jeers...]

GM: Bryant’s been laid out at the hands of Demetrius Lake after a victory over Hamilton Graham! The superkick - the Call Me In The Morning - finished off Hamilton Graham but Dave Bryant is the one who looks finished off at this point.

BW: Lake’s furious at Bryant for what he did to his teacher and mentor and now the King is gonna make him pay for it, daddy!

[Lake steps out through the ropes, looking out at the jeering fans...]

...and then starts to make his way down the aisle, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times before scaling the ropes, laying the badmouth on both Bryant and the fans with each movement.]

GM: Lake's heading up top! He's got Bryant down where he wants him and the so-called King of Wrestling is headed for the top rope!

[Lake steps to the top, arms spread wide, waving for the crowd's heated reaction...

...and then leaps from his perch, sailing through the air, and CRASHING his three hundred pound frame down on Bryant's prone body!]

GM: BIG CAT POUNCE OFF THE TOP!

[Lake stays down on Bryant, slapping the canvas three times in an exaggerated fashion.]

BW: Hah! There's your REAL winner, Gordo!

GM: I don't think so! There's absolutely NOTHING about that man that says he's a winner in my book!

[The Black Tiger climbs to his feet, aiding Hamilton Graham in getting up off the canvas. Lake gives him a few shakes, pointing to the downed Bryant as Lake moves away, unfolding the steel chair and setting it up.]

GM: He's got Graham up assisting him and what's going on here, fans?

[Lake smirks at the crowd as he sits himself down in the chair, watching as a barely-conscious Graham drags Bryant off the mat, pulling his motionless form over towards Lake, forcing him onto his knees.]

GM: What is he... oh, come on!

[The boos REALLY come pouring down as Graham forces Bryant's head down to the mat.]

BW: Haha! I love it, Gordo! They're making Bryant bow to the king! They're making him pay the respect due to the King Of Wrestling right here tonight in Lafayette! Bow down, Bryant... bow down!

GM: This is terrible! This is absolutely terrible for a man with the pride and honor like Dave Bryant to be forced to bow to another human being like this! This is America, for crying out loud! We don't have a king... we don't have a queen! No one in this country should be forced to bow down to another human being!

[Graham continues to force the bow before allowing Bryant to slump chestfirst to the mat. The Living Legend grabs his student's hand, pointing

to him and raising it for the whole world to see, boos pouring down on both men.]

GM: This is... let's get out of this. Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[Lake and Graham are standing, hands raised over the prone Dave Bryant as we fade to black.]

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some chryon identifying him for the benefit of non-wrestling fans: "THE KING OF WRESTLING DEMETRIUS LAKE"

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body

is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assailants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

We fade back up to footage marked "EARLIER IN THE DAY." Colt Patterson stands outside of the Cajundome in the noonday sun, holding a microphone as Rob Driscoll gets out of a limousine. Driscoll wears black slacks and a long sleeved blue dress shirt, collar open. He reaches back into the limousine and grabs the National Title, puts it over his shoulder, and then reaches his hand back out so that Miss Sandra Hayes can grab it as she exits the limo. They chat for a moment quietly and she continues on, as a production assistant grabs her bag, and Patterson begins to speak.]

CP: Colt Patterson here, hours before Memorial Day Mayhem, standing here with my main man, Rob Driscoll. And champ, you've got a hot challenge here tonight for your title in the form of Travis Lynch. Tell us what's on your mind.

RD: Travis Lynch, the day of reckoning has finally arrived. I have told you since Day One that you and I aren't in the same circles, pal. You kiss the babies and sign the autographs at the Piggly Wiggly, you ring the bell for charity outside of the Wal-Mart, and all the while yours truly drives by in a stretch limo, laughing all the way to the bank.

People like you, that's your lot in life. It's bonding with the five and dimers, it's drinking draft beer with the blue collars who WISH they could be me. Who wish they could wear a fancy suit, who wish they could wear an expensive watch, who wish they could have a beautiful lady on their arm to conquer the world with. People like you WISH you could be the AWA National Champion, you WISH you could be the heir to a lineage unimaginable.

But here's the difference between you and me, pal, and I want you to bring that camera close so there's no misunderstanding.



[The camera zooms in on the face of Driscoll, as he takes his shades off and rubs his face.]

RD: Your dreams are my reality, pal, the things you pray about doing are what I cross off my To Do List before lunch. And we have tried to TELL you that in a nice way, but once again, Travis Lynch isn't too swift on the uptake. This belt isn't for you.

[Driscoll holds the belt to the camera.]

RD: This life isn't for you. Being an elite athlete, being a trendsetter in the sport, setting the standard in professional wrestling, being the man you go all in on, that's a life that only the special among the special can have. That's a burden that a redneck with dirty ankles like yourself can only dream about, even if you don't want to know the reality. And the reality is that the world needs ditch diggers, Travis Lynch.

The world needs workers. The world needs people to bust their behind and earn their money, so that people like me can look at ya and say, "Hell no, that life isn't for me." You motivate me, Travis Lynch, you motivate people like me, because there ain't no way I would EVER wanna rub elbows with the salt of the Earth like you.

Look at this here, look at what's going on right here...

[Driscoll steps back and running one hand down his shirt to show off the duds and sticking his left hand out.]

RD: You think a man with a different watch for every day of the week, who has Armani in his phone and an Italian shoemaker in his Google circles would ever want to be caught dead in the Canadian tuxedo judging a chili contest? Wearing a cowboy hat and some off the rack boots?

Not on your life, pal. Every day that I work, every day that I sweat, every minute I spend studying my craft is so that I'm NOT one of you. So that I keep distance between myself and the Travis Lynches of the world. And I've tried to tell you that, I've shielded you to protect you, but you're too damn self involved to understand.

So it comes to this, at Memorial Day Mayhem. Where this title was awarded for the first time, I defend it once again. And more than that, I introduce to the harsh reality that if you ever dreamed of being in my league, you'd have to apologize as soon as you woke up.

[Patterson perks up in a smirk as Driscoll points to himself.]

RD: I am "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, in case you have forgotten. I'm the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling, I have cut a swath through the wrestling world and forged my name as the best of the best by NOT taking the path you took, Lynch. You fell into the cracks, you took the easy way out, you let the good ol' boy network stamp your ticket for ya. Lynch, Martinez,

O'Connor, Wright, you're all the same. You let someone else make a name, and you took the off ramp to Easy Street.

I made my own way, I set my own records, I made good and hell well sure that the only person who could take credit for my success was me. That's why I live the dream, and that's why you chase it. The pleasantries are over, the gloves are off. You're not in my league, you're not in my echelon, and you sure as hell don't belong in my ring.

I have attempted to tell you nicely, for your own good. You didn't get the subtlety. You couldn't take the hint. You had to press your luck, you had to take it this far, and now I can't be held responsible for the shattering emotional experience you're gonna have, when you discover what we have all known: all men are NOT created equal.

Everyone does NOT get a fair shot in life. You, my friend, need to learn your place, and the Master of the Ring is about to teach it to ya.

And this time, Lynch, the pleasure will be mine.

[Driscoll nods to his confidante and leaves, dragging a bag behind him, as Patterson continues.]

CP: It's not often you get Rob Driscoll upset and angry, but Travis Lynch has managed to do so, and our friends in Las Vegas have taken notice. This is Colt Patterson, let's go back to you guys at ringside!

[Crossfade from the pre-taped footage to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: The National Title WILL be on the line later tonight as Travis Lynch gets his chance to win the title that many think he should've won back at the Brass Ring Tournament. But that's later tonight. Coming up next here on Memorial Day Mayhem is the Mayhem Match itself. Bucky, run down the rules for this one for us...

[Bucky nods.]

BW: You got it, Gordo. Backstage earlier tonight, I walked past this computer that had armed security by it. That computer has a database of wrestlers who've expressed interest in competing in this match... wrestlers on the AWA roster, singles, tags, whatever... even preliminary guys like Allen Allen are on that list plus anyone else who called the office and wanted a shot. I saw some of the names on the list, Gordo... we could be in for one heck of a match here. Now, none of those guys know if they're going to compete tonight. They won't know until we will. Names will be called out one by one. The first two will compete... the winner stays, the loser goes... and out comes a third man. This will continue until ten names have been called and the last man standing is the winner.

GM: That's exactly right... and you might ask yourselves why so many competitors have signed up for something as unpredictable as this and the

answer is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The winner will get a randomly selected prize that will be announced on the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: It could LITERALLY be a pot of gold.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: It truly could. Fans, this has the potential to be one of the most unpredictable matches of the year and we're ready to get it started with our own Phil Watson!

[Cut to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is the MAYHEM MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

PW: And now... the man who drew Number One...

[There's a pregnant pause as the Cajundome crowd waits to see who drew #1...]

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIIIIIGHT?#

[...and the Louisiana fans ROAR to life as the self-titled vocal stylings of "I Wanna Be Your Sweet Daddy" kicks in!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams, the AWA Original draws Number One!

[The three hundred pound Williams walks into view, pointing at the cheering fans. He's sporting a shiny red windbreaker jacket, white trunks, and white boots with a star on them. He pauses a few steps down the aisle, pointing to the sky. He closes his eyes, patting a closed fist on his heart before he starts making his way down the aisle towards the ring, leaning over the railing to slap all the hands that he can manage.]

GM: A bad draw for Sweet Daddy Williams who probably had high hopes of scoring a big win here tonight on the original AWA supershow.

BW: Winning this thing is a unique opportunity, Gordo. You just don't know what the prize is going to be. Is it cash? It is a title shot? Some kind of a sacred mystical Aztec artifact?

GM: A... what?

[Williams continues to make his way towards the ring, embracing a few friendly fans before reaching the ring where he scampers up on the apron, wiping his feet before stepping into the ring, throwing an arm into the air to cheers. He undoes his jacket, tossing it out to the floor with a grin as he turns back towards the aisle, hands on his knees as he leans over, waving his opponent on.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams wants to get his party started and he wants the man who drew Number Two out here right now.

BW: You keep saying "man." This was an open invite drawing. Maybe Number Two will be Lori Dane or Holly Hotbody or the like.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Phil Watson raises the mic...]

PW: And the man who drew #2...

[A brief bugle call blasts over the PA, and a snare drum follows with a long uninterrupted drum roll. The fans jeer as a tall muscular man in a camo mask and bodysuit strides through the curtain with an arrogant swagger in his step. He wears a military helmet in a color that matches the dominant color of his camo, with a long piece of camo fabric covering the sides and back of the neck. He also sports a dark tan leather bandoleer with many pouches. His boots are combat boots and his gloves are black and well-worn.]

GM: Ultra Commando 3!

BW: And these fans are REALLY all over him considering his comments on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, Gordo. So much for freedom of speech.

GM: Freedom of sp- Bucky, did you even LISTEN to what that man said? He had horrible things to say about the men, women, and children of this country! He had terrible things to say about this holiday!

BW: Hey, the truth hurts... I get it.

[The crowd continues to jeer as the Commando marches on down at his own pace, moving with a bearing that suggests extreme confidence. He points threateningly to a fan waving an American flag before stepping through the ropes and into the ring. Moving straight to the referee, Ultra Commando III starts giving the referee instructions...

...and Sweet Daddy Williams rushes him, pasting him with a right hand to the temple!]

GM: Big right hand! Sweet Daddy Williams has heard enough of this traitor!

[Williams backs the masked man against the ropes with a flurry of haymakers, the Louisiana crowd cheering for every blow. He grabs an arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The near-three hundred pound masked man sends Williams into the ropes. UC3 throws a big clothesline, swinging sloppily over the Atlanta native's

head as Williams ducks down, hitting the ropes again. He comes back, leaving his feet...]

GM: Crossbody!

[...and knocking the masked man down, tightly hooking a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Ultra Commando III kicks out, rolling Williams off of him. The veteran scampers up, lashing out with a jab punch... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: He's got the masked man reeling here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Williams pauses, swinging his arms around one another...

...and thrusts his groin towards the masked man to a big cheer before crowning him with an overhead elbow that takes him off his feet!]

GM: DOWN GOES THE COMMANDO!

[Ultra Commando III rolls under the ropes to the floor, grabbing his forehead as he paces around the ring. The crowd is letting him have it as he attempts to regroup, slamming his arms down on the apron. He spins around, shouting at the fans to "SHUT UP!" ]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is moving in!

[Williams leans through the ropes, hooking the Commando by the mask...

...but the masked man wheels around, burying a stiff-fingered thrust into the throat, leaving Williams hanging over the ropes, gasping for air.]

GM: Cheapshot by UC3!

[Looping his hands behind Williams' head, the Commando pulls down, causing Williams to kick and flail his legs as he's strangled over the middle rope. Referee Ricky Longfellow is shouting at the masked man, ordering him to break the choke...]

GM: He's choking him! Come on, ref!

[The referee's count gets to four before the Commando breaks...

...and then DRILLS Williams with a right hand, sending him falling back into the ring to the canvas.]

GM: Hard shot to the head by Ultra Commando III.

[The Commando turns back to the fans, shouting at them again and earning the ire of the Cajundome crowd as he slowly walks up the ringsteps, ducking back through the ropes.]

GM: UC3 back in... hard stomp to the head! And another!

[Williams rolls over to his back as the Commando backs into the ropes, just barely touching them as he "bounces" back, plodding towards Williams, raising his arm in the air...]

GM: Elbowdrop connects!

[The masked man rolls into a lateral press, shoving his forearm against Williams' jaw.]

GM: Williams is down for one... for two... but that's all as he slips out the back door.

BW: Ultra Commando III didn't really put much behind that pin attempt, Gordo. Maybe a little more confident than he should have been at that point of the match.

[The Commando rises to his feet, putting the boots to Williams again, forcing him to roll a few feet away. The masked man raises his arm, looking for another elbowdrop...

...and comes up empty!]

GM: He missed! Sweet Daddy Williams avoids the elbow and that could be the break he needs!

[Williams comes back to his feet as the Commando does the same.]

GM: Right hand by the man from Hotlanta, G-A!

[The Commando staggers back before responding in kind.]

GM: We've got ourselves a slugfest!

[The exchange repeats a few more times before Williams gets rocked with a kneelift to the gut... and then a totally unnecessary eyerake!]

GM: Oh, come on! He had an edge on him with the kneelift and then he goes to the eyes! Why?

BW: Because he can.

[The Commando forces Williams back against the buckles, laying in knee after knee to the ample gut.]

GM: Big whip coming up... HARD into the corner goes Williams!

[Clasping his hands together, the Ultra Commando storms across the ring...

...and SLAMS his fists into the chest of the fan favorite!]

GM: OHH! HEAVY FIRE IN THE CORNER!

[The Ultra Commando grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring again.]

GM: A second big whip... here we go again!

[UC3 barrels across the ring, swinging his hands at the chest...

...and SLAMMING into the turnbuckles as Williams pulls himself clear!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Williams quickly hooks a side headlock, swinging his arm around...]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP!

[...and DRIVES the masked man facefirst into the mat with a running bulldog!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ROARS for the three count as Williams pops up, throwing his arms up in the air.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is moving on in this Mayhem Match... and what a win over a guy whose mouth wrote a check that his read end couldn't cover, fans!

[Ultra Commando 3 rolls to the floor as the voice of Phil Watson rings out over the PA system.]

PW: And now, the man who drew #3...

[Suddenly, the lights cut out.]

GM: Uh oh.

[The collected voices of a choir are heard over the PA system.]

#This little light of mine...  
...I'm going to let it shine.#

[Abruptly, the lights come back on and Dirt Dog Unique Allah is standing in the ring, lumbering towards Sweet Daddy Williams from behind, throwing a dropkick between the shoulderblades that sends the fan favorite tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Dirt Dog Unique Allah! One-half of the Walking Dead and one of Jericho Kai's henchmen is the third man in... and seeing Allah has to bring to mind the attack of the Walking Dead on Hercules Hammonds two weeks ago.

BW: I'm told that Hammonds isn't even here tonight, Gordo.

GM: I have heard that as well. But you better believe that he'll be hunting the Walking Dead and Jericho Kai as soon as he returns to action.

[Allah drags himself up to stand on the top rope, poised as Williams staggers up to his feet...]

...and THROWS himself off the top with a sloppy crossbody, flooring Williams again!]

GM: What a dive to the floor by Allah!

[The Walking Dead member rolls to his knees, digging his fingers into the throat of Williams in a blatant choke on the floor.]

GM: That's a choke, fans... and you have to be careful in a match like this because a countout or a disqualification is as good as a pinfall or submission.

BW: Hey, Gordo... what kind of prize do you think Dirt Dog Unique Allah would want? A clean shirt maybe? A bottle of hooch?

GM: Bucky!

[Allah drags the three hundred pounder off the mat by the hair, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. He drags himself up on the apron, noticeably twitching as he stands still. He clenches his eyes, shaking his head vigorously back and forth before catapulting over the ropes into a legdrop.]

GM: I don't know what was going on with him right there but he got that slingshot legdrop!

BW: That might be it!

[Allah rolls into a cover, getting a two count before Williams kicks out, sending Allah falling through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Two count only and Williams kicked out so well, Allah falls to the floor...

[Williams pulls himself off the mat...]

...and Allah hooks his ankle from the floor, yanking the fan favorite's legs out from under him.]

GM: Allah trips him up and- he's biting him! He's biting him!

[The crowd is jeering as Allah sinks his teeth into the leg of Williams.]



BW: This just shows what a loon this guy is, Gordo. Typically when you see biting in a wrestling ring, someone's forehead is being bit. Allah's biting his leg!

GM: Like some kind of a rabid dog.

BW: I wouldn't be surprised if he's got rabies.

[Allah pulls himself up on the apron, stomping Williams' gut over and over and over and over...]

GM: Get him off the man!

[The referee lunges in, forcing Allah to step back, moving back against the ringpost where he starts scratching at his neck, his eyes rolling back in his head.]

GM: This guy just makes me nervous to be around, Bucky.

[Allah comes storming down the apron, ducking under the referee's arm, throwing himself into a somersault...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...and CRASHES backfirst down on the gut of Williams before rolling off to the floor where he sits on the ringside mats, chewing the air.]

GM: A dangerous move there by Allah but it paid off for him as Williams is in a whole lot of trouble. He's taken some hard shots from the Walking Dead member... and you may notice no sign of Poet or Jericho Kai out here. We've been informed that all managers and seconds have been barred from ringside for this match, fans.

[Williams rolls back into the ring, cradling his ribcage as Allah reaches over his head, grabbing the ring apron to awkwardly pull himself to his feet. He slips a hand under his dirty wifebeater tank top, giving his chest a scratch before sliding under the bottom rope, crawling towards Williams who has rolled to all fours.]

GM: Allah climbs to his feet...

[He moves in on Williams as the fan favorite pushes up to his knees, burying a right hand in the approaching Allah's gut!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs on Allah!

[A second one catches Allah flush on the chin, sending him sailing into the air before sprawling out on the canvas. The crowd cheers as the veteran fan favorite climbs to his feet, grabbing Allah by his dirty afro, dragging him off the mat...]

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE BUCKLE!

[The blow sends Allah sailing into the air again, crashing down to the mat as Williams wipes his hand on his trunks.]

GM: Ugh. No telling what he got on his hand off Allah's head.

BW: Can't be any worse than the chickenfat that's usually on the fat man's hands.

[Williams moves in on Allah who is on all fours, pulling him up to his feet by his jorts. He hooks him, lifting high up in the air..

...and brings him crashing down in an atomic drop!]

GM: HIIIIIGH ATOMIC DROP!

[The atomic drop sends Allah bouncing off the ropes, rebounding into a stiff uppercut where Williams sends Allah falling backwards, leaning back against the ropes.]

GM: Allah's hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Williams moves in on him aga- ohh! Allah goes to the eyes!

[With Williams temporarily blinded, Allah sweeps the legs out, jackknifing them into a cradle as he slips his feet over the middle rope!]

GM: ONE! TWO! HIS FEET ARE ON THE ROPES, REF!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Aghhh! He stole it, Bucky! Allah stole that one!

[Allah rolls off the pinned Williams, sliding on his rear to the corner, leaning against the turnbuckles as the fan favorite rolls up to his knees, pointing to the ropes. The referee shakes it off, holding up three fingers.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow didn't see it! He didn't see the feet on the ropes! And that means Sweet Daddy Williams is eliminated from the Mayhem Match and Dirt Dog Unique Allah is moving on!

[Phil Watson calls out, "And the man who drew #4..."]

GM: Up to Number Four here and who is-

[The crowd cheers as the trumpets to Sonora Dinamita's "Escandalo" rings out over the PA system of the Cajundome.]

GM: It's El Caliente!

[The highflying luchador breaks into view, earning a big cheer from the crowd as he pauses at the top of the aisle, whipping his jet black and scarlet

red hair back and forth. He wears bright red full-length tights with silver "slashes" in the legs. His torso is bare but much of his head is covered with a red and silver mask that has a cutaway to reveal his mouth and chin. Silver circles surround his eyes, leading up to two small silver "spikes" at the top of the mask. His aforementioned hair is thread through a hole in the back of the mask, making it look like the hair is growing from the mask itself.]

GM: One of the biggest stars in all of SouthWest Lucha Libre is on his way down the aisle, fans! And for those of you who have never seen El Caliente in action before, you're in for quite a treat.

[Caliente climbs up on the apron, pointing to the fans before deadleaping to the top rope, springing off with a backflip to the center of the ring to a big cheer!]

GM: Caliente has made sporadic appearances in the AWA before, Bucky, but as we creep closer to Copa de Trios - our co-promoted event with our friends in SWLL - we look forward to seeing more of Mexico's biggest stars inside an AWA ring.

BW: "Biggest" stars must be a play on words, Gordo, 'cause this guy is a runt.

GM: At five and a half feet tall and 165 pounds, El Caliente is certainly one of the smallest men to ever compete inside an AWA ring but what he lacks in size, he makes up for in his daredevil in-ring style!

[Caliente points a finger at Dirt Dog Unique Allah who is still seated in the corner, watching with a blank expression on his face. The referee signals for Allah to get to his feet and after a moment, he obliges, using the top rope to pull himself into a standing position. He shuffle-steps out of the corner as Caliente begins to circle, clapping his hands together in rhythm, bringing the fans to do the same.]

GM: El Caliente has these fans behind him in mere moments and who can blame them. The man is simply electrifying to watch inside that squared circle, Bucky.

[The two men come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring. Having a rare size advantage, the 238 pound Allah shoves the luchador back into the corner. He pats him on the chest a few times as the referee calls for a break...

...and then lights him up with a knife-edge chop across his bare chest!]

GM: Hard chop in the corner by Allah!

[Grabbing an arm, Allah whips him across, charging in after him...

...which proves to be a mistake as Caliente runs right up the ropes, backflipping out to land on his feet. He waves for Allah to pursue.]

GM: Whoa my!

[Allah's charge turns into an overhead armdrag by the smaller man!]

GM: Armdrag by Caliente... and a second one follows in kind!

[As Allah gets up a third time, Caliente grabs the arm, locking fingers with the veteran. He charges the corner, running right up the turnbuckles where he leaps up, snaring the head of Allah between his legs, and snaps him over with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! Highflying at its finest by El Caliente!

[Allah scrambles up off the mat as Caliente comes in, throwing a short shoulder tackle to the chest that knocks Allah back a few steps, allowing Caliente to charge to the opposite ropes.]

BW: Caliente with that traditional lucha shoulder bump to create some space...

GM: But what's he going to do with that space?

[Caliente leaps up to the middle rope, springing back, twisting through the air, hooking the arm, and taking Allah down with another armdrag!]

GM: Wow!

[The crowd is buzzing as Allah rolls out to the floor, giving Caliente room to work as he hops up and down, pointing out to the cheering fans. He dashes to the ropes, building up steam as he rebounds towards the downed Allah...

...and HURLS himself over the top rope, twisting around into a corkscrew plancha that he connects with, dropping Allah while the luchador lands on his feet!]

GM: Holy smokes! That was something else!

BW: You have no idea what to call that, do you?

GM: Where is Dale Adams when you need him?

[Caliente salutes the cheering fans as he hauls Allah up, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, walking over near the corner...]

GM: What's El Caliente got in mind here?

[He leaps to the top rope, springing off to land on the adjacent top rope...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and uncorks a breathtaking moonsault, crashing down on the chest of the prone Allah to a huge cheer!]

GM: WOW! ONE! TWO! But that's all as Allah kicks out in time!

[Caliente claps his hands together as he climbs to his feet, pulling Allah up with him...

...and Allah buries a knee into the gut, doubling him up. He steps into a standing headscissors, grabbing Caliente around the torso.]

GM: Allah lifts! Powerbom- no, countered by Caliente who flips out, landing on his feet...

[Another lucha "bump" creates space as Caliente dashes to the ropes, leaping up, springing off the second rope...

...and gets WIPED OUT with a dropkick by Allah!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Hahah! That flying flea went to the well once too often and the veteran made him pay for it! You don't go down in history as being in one of the most infamous matches of all time and go down like a chump to some flipping flopping freak, daddy!

GM: Bucky is, of course, referring to the fabled Seven Tables Of Fear match between Dirt Dog Unique Allah and Joe Petrow that took place many years back in the Skydome in Toronto. But El Caliente has been having some impressive matches of his own as of late, Bucky. His recent battle with Veneno is said to be an early contender for Match Of The Year out of Mexico.

[Allah pulls Caliente off the mat, throwing an overhead chop across the chest, sending the masked man falling back against the ropes. Allah winds up, landing two more chops to the chest as the referee orders him to back off.]

GM: Allah going to work on the luchador against the ropes...

[Allah grabs the arm, firing El Caliente into the ropes. He sets as the luchador rebounds, lifting him off the mat, swinging him up over his shoulder into a Canadian backbreaker, spinning around with him...]

GM: What in the...?

[...but El Caliente spins out, hooking the head of Allah into a split-legged faceslam!]

GM: Oh my!

[Caliente springs up off the mat, rushing to the ropes where he catapults out onto the ring apron. He leaps up, springing off the top...]

GM: SOMERSAULT SPLASH!

[...and CRUSHES Allah underneath a 450 splash!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: He got him!

[Caliente rolls off, holding up three fingers to cheers from the crowd as Allah is rolled out of the ring...

...and Phil Watson calls for the next participant in the match.]

BW: The next guy will be Number Five... the halfway point in the match!

[And the crowd ERUPTS at the sound of DJ Khaled’s “All I Do Is Win.”]

GM: IT’S SKYWALKER JONES!

BW: And I hope someone checked the integrity of the dome because one of these guys might fly right through it!

[El Caliente looks pleased with this development, clapping his hands, pacing around the ring, smiling at the fans as Skywalker Jones shrugs out of his coat...

...and dashes down the aisle, sliding headfirst under the bottom rope, springing to his feet, and DRILLING the luchador with a leaping right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Jones caught him off-guard there!

[The blow sends Caliente falling back into the ropes where Jones is quick to pursue, throwing two more stiff right hands before hooking the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by Jones...

[The former tag champ sets, throwing a backhand chop that Caliente ducks under. He spins, setting again.]

GM: Leaping kick!

[A leaping sidekick again whiffs as Caliente front rolls under it, popping to his feet where he leaps up to the second rope. Jones rushes the ropes, ducking under a backflip by Caliente, hitting the ropes and rushing at him with a clothesline...]

GM: Caliente ducks the clothesline!

[The luchador rushes forward, throwing himself into a handspring against the ropes, using them to bounce back, catching Jones in a surprise headscissors!]

GM: Oh my!

[But Jones shakes his head free, wiggling around into a wheelbarrow position. He muscles Caliente up...

...but Caliente fights it, forcing momentum back the other way, tucking his head between Jones' legs and using his own legs to DRIVE Jones facefirst into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: I'm not even bothering to call this stuff, Gordo. Wake me up when someone uses a straight right hand.

[Jones rolls out to the apron, grabbing at his nose as Caliente dashes to the corner, leaping to the top rope, springing back to snare a headscissors...

...and swinging off, whipping Jones down to the floor in a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Skywalker Jones gets taken down hard by El Caliente and listen to these fans here in Lafayette!

"CAL-IEN-TE!"

"CAL-IEN-TE!"

"CAL-IEN-TE!"

"CAL-IEN-TE!"

"CAL-IEN-TE!"

"CAL-IEN-TE!"

[The luchador climbs to his feet, saluting the chanting fans as he climbs up on the ring apron. He grabs the top rope, throws a look back at a rising Jones...

...and deadleaps to the top, springing off as he twists his body around, diving into a somersault on top of Jones!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: EL CALIENTE WIPES OUT SKYWALKER JONES!

[Caliente rises, rolling back into the ring. He takes a knee, bowing his head in thanks as the Cajundome crowd rises to their feet, giving the masked man a standing ovation.]

GM: El Caliente is... pardon the fun... ON FIRE!

BW: I believe the phrase is "en fuego," ya ignorant wretch.

GM: Spanish has never been my strong suit.

BW: They're going to love you in Mexico City for the Cup, Gordo.

GM: Indeed.

[Out on the floor, Skywalker Jones climbs to his feet, pulling himself through the ropes into the ring. El Caliente comes to greet him, throwing a trio of rounding kicks into the ribs. He grabs an arm, looking for an Irish whip...

...but the bigger man pulls him back into a stiff short forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Counter by Jones!

[The man from Hot Coffee grabs El Caliente for a hiptoss, flipping him over so that his legs hit the top rope. The rope bounces him back, dumping him facefirst on the mat!]

GM: Oh my! What a move out of Jones!

[Jones leans against the ropes, wincing as he grabs at his ribs, looking down at the luchador.]

GM: Jones caught him by surprise with that and as he pulls El Caliente up off the mat, it's time to see if Jones can use his size advantage to put a hurting on the luchador.

[The former tag champ pulls Caliente off the mat, rifling a series of forearms into the jaw, shoving him back against the turnbuckles. The referee steps in, calling for a break. Jones obliges, stepping out and turning his back to the luchador...

...and then SLAMS his elbow back into the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Jones!

[He holds his arms up as the referee reprimands him for the elbowsmash, pleading innocence...

...which El Caliente uses to hop up to the middle rope, leaping up to land shins-first on the shoulder of Jones, rolling through and sending him halfway across the ring with a takedown!]

GM: OH MY!

[Jones scrambles up, obviously embarrassed...



...and sprints across, catching a rising El Caliente with a FIERCE Yakuza Kick to the jaw, flipping El Caliente inside out and dumping him motionless on the canvas!]

BW: YAAAKUUUUUZAAAA!

[Jones stands over him, looking down with disdain at the luchador before hauling him off the mat. A pair of overhead chops knocks El Caliente back against the ropes. He grabs an arm, shooting him across...]

GM: Whipped across again...

[Jones sets up, twisting El Caliente up in a tilt-a-whirl...

...but the luchador keeps going, rotating around and around until finally taking Jones down with a headscissors!]

GM: He got him again! Skywalker Jones seems like he may have taken this luchador too lightly and he's making him pay for it, fans!

[El Caliente scrambles up, grabbing Jones by the arm, twisting it around his leg, rolling through into a La Majistral!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: How close was that?!

[Caliente grabs at his mask-covered head, holding up three fingers at the official who shows two in response. The luchador shakes it off, approaching the rising Jones...

...who boots Caliente in the gut, stepping into a standing headscissors, quickly underhooking the arms...]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR BOMB!

[He muscles the luchador up, flipping him over...

...and El Caliente scissors the head, flipping Jones into a rana in response!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER NEAR FALL FOR THE LUCHADOR RIGHT THERE!

[Caliente against looks at the official who holds up two fingers. A shake of the head follows as the luchador goes to grab Skywalker Jones from behind...

...and gets CAUGHT with a hard back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Oh!

[A second elbow catches Caliente flush as well.]

GM: OHH!

[Jones steps forward, then flips backwards, catching the luchador on top of the head!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH! PELE KICK!

[Jones rolls to his feet, smirking...

...and then snaps off a standing moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The luchador lifts a shoulder, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only.

[Jones climbs to his feet, laying in some stomps on the prone luchador before dragging him up by the mask. He pushes El Caliente back to the corner, ducking down to lift him into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Skywalker Jones puts him up top... ohh! Hard forearm smash by Jones!

[The former tag champ steps up to the second rope, slamming two more forearms to the jaw, dragging El Caliente up to his feet.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: They're in the high risk district, Gordo!

[Jones slips his arms around the torso of El Caliente, giving a shout of "WITNESS TO GREATNESS!"]

GM: He's going for that backflip belly to belly slam! We've seen it before!

[El Caliente rifles some right hands into the ribs of Jones, trying to break his grip.]

GM: The luchador's fighting it! El Caliente's trying to get free!

[The man from Tijuana slams his arms together on the ears of Jones!]

GM: OHH!

[The blow seems to stagger Jones whose arms drop, his knees buckling...

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.]

We fade up on the ring where we can still see Skywalker Jones and El Caliente being aided back to the locker room. In the ring stands Casanova and Rene Rousseau.]

GM: We are back live here in the Cajundome, fans, and you can see Casanova who drew Number Six and Rene Rousseau who drew Number Seven in this Mayhem Match that's just about to continue!

[The bell sounds as the two veterans come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring. Rousseau quickly twists the arm, taking Casanova into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the arm.]

GM: One-half of the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau, hooks ahold of that hammerlock, wrenching the arm of Casanova.

[The Montreal native plants his foot on the back of Casanova's knee, breaking him down to a knee.]

GM: Rousseau showing off his technical expertise as he moves right into a side headlock on Casanova... who seems a little more subdued without Mickey Cherry out here.

[Rousseau wrenches the headlock tighter, squeezing tightly as Casanova forces back up to his feet. He throws a couple of forearm into the ribs, shoving Rousseau off into the ropes.]

GM: Rousseau off the far side... up and over Casanova with the leapfrog...

[The French-Canadian slams on the brakes, throwing a dropkick to the jaw of Casanova, taking him down to the mat to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Down goes Casanova off the dropkick...

[Casanova scrambles up, charging at Rousseau who gets to his knees, hoisting Casanova up and over into a fireman's carry!]

GM: Rousseau with the takedown!

[Casanova rolls under the ropes to the floor, slamming his hands down on the ring apron, pointing aggressively at Rousseau who slides to his feet, waving for Casanova to get in there to join him.]

GM: Rene Rousseau sends Casanova reeling out to the floor.

BW: Hah! And wouldn't it be something if Rousseau showed the whole world that he'd be much better off without Shawny?

GM: Chris Choiset is a fine tag team partner for Rene Rousseau and the Northern Lights are a top flight tag team who have an opportunity to compete in the Stampede Cup this year.

[Casanova walks around the ringside area, muttering under his breath as Rousseau stands in the middle of the ring, waving him back in.]

GM: Casanova may be dealing with more than he bargained for here with Rene Rousseau tonight...

[Rousseau pops out a cartwheel, getting cheers from the crowd and more agitation from Casanova who waits until the count reaches seven before he pulls himself up on the apron, waving Rousseau back before stepping in.]

GM: And back to action we go... right back to the collar and elbow...

[Casanova twists the arm around into a hammerlock of his own, shouting "THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!" to the fans before Rousseau reaches back, hooking him around the head and neck. The French-Canadian kicks up into the air, flipping Casanova over with a flying mare!]

GM: Whoa! More impressive offense out of Rousseau!

[As Casanova comes back to his feet, he ends up back in a side headlock before being taken up and over with a headlock takedown. Casanova wraps his arms around the waist, rolling Rousseau onto his shoulders for a two count before Rousseau rolls back the other way.]

GM: Casanova and Rousseau continue to battle down on the canvas as Rousseau tries to wear the larger man down with the side headlock... really making Casanova work to escape it...

[After a few moments in the headlock, Casanova works up to his feet again, backing into the ropes and shoving Rousseau off.]

GM: Rousseau off the far side... Casanova drops down...

[Rousseau hits the other ropes, rebounding back towards Casanova who is waiting, bending over for a backdrop...]

...and Rousseau leaps up and over, dragging Casanova down into a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Casanova clashes his heels together on the ears of Rousseau, breaking up the pin. He rolls out to his knees, coming up firing a right hand into the gut of the French-Canadian as Rousseau moves in on him.]

GM: Oof! Casanova caught him right there!

[Winding up both arms, Casanova SLAMS them down between the shoulderblades in a double axehandle!]

GM: Hard shot by Casanova!

[Casanova stands over Rousseau, striking a pose with his arms spread and his head tilted back arrogantly. The fans let him have it until Rousseau starts to rise. Casanova winds up again...

...and gets walloped in the ample midsection!]

GM: Rousseau goes downstairs!

[A second right hand to the gut has Casanova wobbling towards the ropes. Rousseau grabs him by the arm, backing him into the ropes and shooting him off...]

GM: Casanova off the ropes...

[Rousseau leaves his feet, hooking his right arm around the throat of Casanova, dragging him down with a leaping necktie clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! That might be enough, fans!

[Rousseau rolls into a cover, earning a two count before Casanova kicks out.]

GM: Rousseau right back up, pulling Casanova up with him...

[A fired-up Rousseau ducks down, looking for a scoop slam...

...but he can't budge the near four hundred pounder as Casanova slams his elbow down into the ribs three times, breaking up the lift attempt. He goes for a scoop of his own, spinning to the side and slamming Rousseau down to the canvas!]

GM: Big slam by Casanova!

[Casanova backs into the ropes, bouncing off, high-stepping out to the middle of the ring, and leaps up for an elbowdrop...

...but Rousseau rolls to the side, causing Casanova to crash down to the canvas!]

GM: He missed the elbow... and Rousseau's up! He's going for the Quebec Crab!

[The crowd roars as Rousseau hooks the legs under his armpit, trying to flip Casanova over onto his stomach.]

GM: He's trying to get the Crab locked in but Casanova's fighting it! Casanova's fighting it!

[Casanova pulls his legs towards him, throwing Rousseau off-balance as Casanova drags him into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

[Casanova breaks up his pin, rolling to his knees with his arms spread wide. A surprised Rene Rousseau pushes up off the mat, looking on in disbelief at the official who shows three fingers and then waves Rousseau to the exit.]

GM: Rene Rousseau seemed on the verge of winning this but Casanova found a way to counter and got the surprising cradle pin! Casanova is the winner, climbing to his feet... and these fans in Lafayette are really letting him have it as-

[The crowd EXPLODES at the introduction of the eighth man in the match.]

GM: IT'S JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The Hall Of Famer is FIRED UP as he walks into view, throwing his arms in the air, shouting to the Cajundome crowd!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is on his way to the ring... and I do believe that Casanova is looking for the door, Bucky!

BW: This isn't right! Casanova just went through a hard-fought match and now he has to face a former National Champion! A former World Champion! A Hall Of Famer!

GM: I'm sure Juan Vasquez appreciates you running down his resume for the fans at home but Casanova's protests are falling on deaf ears!

[Vasquez steps up on the apron, climbing through the ropes and marching to the center of the ring where Casanova has his back to him, yelling at referee Ricky Longfellow... yelling at ring announcer Phil Watson... yelling at Gordon Myers.]



GM: What do you want ME to do about it?! You agreed to the rules of the match! I can't help it if you don't like your opponent!

[Casanova is still shouting as he turns around...

...and gets COLDCOCKED with a Vasquez right hand!]

GM: RIGHT CROSS CONNECTS!

[The blow drops Casanova like a rock. A smirking Vasquez settles into a lateral press, picking up an easy three count from Ricky Longfellow.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: VASQUEZ IS MOVIN' ON! He's got two opponents left to win this whole thing!

[Vasquez slowly climbs to his feet, blowing off his knuckles on the right hand...

...when the sound of barking and snapping dogs fills the air followed by KISS' "War Machine."]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Oh yeah! Vasquez don't look so big and bad now, does he?!

[The Hall of Famer looks around with concern at the swirling spotlights, looking to find his next opponent...

...when Isaiah Carpenter comes sprinting from the shadows, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring!]

GM: Carpenter! Isaiah Carpenter is Number Nine!

[Carpenter throws himself at Vasquez' knees from behind, clipping them out from under him. He pops up, viciously stomping the former champion as the lights come back on!]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter, one of the Dogs Of War, has struck here in Lafayette and he is no stranger to Juan Vasquez!

BW: That's right, Gordo. Everyone remembers SuperClash when Vasquez, Hannibal Carver, and Alex Martinez got BEAT by the Dogs Of War in that six man Street Fight!

[Carpenter pulls Vasquez off the mat, planting a boot into his midsection to double him up. The Dog Of War sprints to the ropes, rebounding back with a front kick to the ear, spinning Vasquez around...

...and Carpenter leaps up, hooking Vasquez around the head and neck, dropping him with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! A combination of shots from Carpenter... and he's going for a cover!

[Carpenter earns a two count before Vasquez slips a shoulder free, breaking the pin attempt. Again, he climbs to his feet, stomping Vasquez a few times as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter is putting the boots to Juan Vasquez, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor...

[Once on the floor, Vasquez immediately grabs the stomping leg, dragging Carpenter under the ropes to the floor where he PASTES him with a right forearm to the jaw...

...and then HURLS him into the steel railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES CARPENTER!

[A furious Vasquez approaches Carpenter, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop across the chest by Vasquez!

[He follows the chop with a stiff headbutt to the temple that knocks Carpenter down to a knee, leaning against the railing. Vasquez grabs the railing with both hands, repeatedly slamming his knee into Carpenter, knocking him time and again into the barricade!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is tearing Isaiah Carpenter apart now that he's got him one-on-one out here!

BW: Where's Wade Walker? Where's Pedro Perez?!

GM: They're barred from ringside! EVERYONE is barred from ringside for this match!

[Vasquez grabs Carpenter by the hair, hauling him off the floor, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up onto the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Carpenter swings a foot up into the side of Vasquez' head as he goes through!]

GM: Oh!

[Carpenter rolls to his back, scissoring Vasquez' head between his legs, popping his hips, arching his back, and bringing Vasquez back onto the

canvas with a modified rana, rolling right on top of the fan favorite where he opens fire with lunging forearm smashes to the jaw!]

GM: Carpenter showing some resiliency, taking the fight right back to Vasquez now...

[Climbing off of Vasquez, Carpenter takes a step back, arguing with the official...

...which allows Vasquez to get to a knee, coming up firing with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Right hand downstairs! Vasquez with the whip...

[As the former National Champion leans over for a backdrop, Carpenter turns to the side, twisting and flipping himself over the doubled-up Vasquez. Juan wheels around, right hand at the ready...

...but Carpenter avoids the big punch, hooking the arm, and dragging Vasquez down into a crucifix!]

GM: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Vasquez just barely escapes the tight cradle hold. Carpenter claps his hands together in frustration as he climbs to his feet, diving at the rising Vasquez with a double axehandle to the back, sending him falling into the ropes to a knee.]

GM: These two are moving so quick in there right now... they both know how close they are to winning this Mayhem Match. Just one more competitor remaining after this one.

BW: You can't look ahead though, Gordo. Both of these guys are as dangerous as they come inside that ring and if you stop focusing on what's in front of you, you'll end up flat on your back in a hurry.

[Carpenter grabs the top rope, raking his boot across the face of the downed Vasquez repeatedly.]

GM: Bootscrapes! Digging that shoe leather into the face of Vasquez!

[The Dog Of War grabs the legs, pulling Vasquez away from the ropes. Holding the legs, he leaps up, dropping his own leg down into the lower abdomen of Vasquez!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Perfectly legal! Carpenter's explaining to the referee that his foot struck Vasquez above the belt!

GM: Maybe his foot did but what about the rest of his leg?

BW: Oh, that's up for debate.

[A smirking Carpenter climbs off the mat, backing into the corner. He hops up to the middle rope, pulling back his greasy hair...

...and leaps off, aiming a stomp at the forehead of the downed fan favorite!]

GM: Big stomp connects! Right between the eyes!

[Carpenter dives into a lateral press.]

GM: Another cover... and another two count.

[Carpenter barks at the official as he climbs to his feet, slapping his hands together three times quickly.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter having some issues with Ricky Longfellow's count but it looked good to me, Bucky.

BW: Of course it would. Vasquez is one of your favorites.

[With Vasquez down, Carpenter grabs two hands full of hair, dragging him up to his feet...

...and Vasquez slaps the hands away, tucking his head under Carpenter's chin, dropping down in a jawbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Big counter by Vasquez!

[The blow staggers Carpenter, making him fall chestfirst over the top rope, clutching his chin as Vasquez climbs back to his feet. He leans down, lifting Carpenter's legs off the mat...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Vasquez looks out to the crowd for approval.]

BW: NO! NO!

[Getting it, he BURIES the toe of his boot in the "lower abdomen."]

GM: OHH!

BW: DQ! Ring the bell!

[And just as Carpenter did, Vasquez explains the legal blow to the official who nods, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: The referee says it's legal and on we go, Juan Vasquez and Isaiah Carpenter meeting to see who will face the tenth and final man in this Mayhem Match with that randomly selected prize going to the winner.

[Vasquez pulls Carpenter up by the hair, pushing him back into the turnbuckles. He winds up, blistering the pectorals of Carpenter with a knife-edge chop, followed by a forearm smash... then another chop and another forearm smash. A headbutt rounds out the assault, putting Carpenter on Dream Street in the corner.]

GM: Vasquez walking out, arm raised to these fans!

[He turns, placing his back against the far buckles, charging across the ring...]

GM: KNEES!

[The knees are driven flush into the chest of Carpenter, crushing him against the buckles as Vasquez dances out, throwing his arms up and shouting, "COME ON!" at the Cajundome crowd. He turns back to the corner where Carpenter is stumbling out...

...and ELEVATES him up and over with a hiptoss!]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[Vasquez grins at the crowd's reaction, charging across the ring, building momentum as he bounces off the ropes...]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[...and leaps up, dropping backfirst across the prone Carpenter. He flips over, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Carpenter lifts the shoulder at two, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count! Two count only right there... and Vasquez climbs right back to his feet...

[He throws his arms apart in a "IT'S OVER!" gesture, dragging Carpenter off the mat by the hair. He leans over, lifting him over his shoulder...]

GM: He's going for the City Of Angels!

[...but Carpenter grabs the trunks, pulling hard and dragging himself into a sunset flip style rollup, Carpenter's feet on the mat digging hard as he tries to get enough leverage to keep Vasquez down!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez fires a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt. Carpenter rushes to his feet, trying to cut off Vasquez with a right hand before the fan favorite can get back up...]

GM: Blocked!

[But Vasquez' wild right is ducked by Carpenter who goes under, leaps up, and CRACKS him in the temple with a leaping kick to the head!]

GM: Leaping roundhouse connects and down goes Vasquez!

[Carpenter rolls into a pin attempt, rolling into a side cradle while hooking both legs... but Vasquez again slips out before the three count!]

GM: Wow! How close was that!

[A frustrated Carpenter gets up, shouting at the official before burying a spinning back kick into the midsection. He dashes to the ropes, Vasquez running in behind him. As Carpenter rebounds, he finds an empty ring as Vasquez rebounds after him...

...and FLIPS HIM INSIDE OUT with a running clothesline as Carpenter turns towards him!]

GM: OH MY! Carpenter got hit hard there... and Vasquez is heading for the corner! He's heading up top!

[Vasquez approaches the buckles, slapping the top one a few times.]

GM: We don't see this often out of the Hall Of Famer as he steps up to the second rope... now to the top...

[He looks out at the fans, pointing to the cheering crowd...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[The backflip sends Vasquez sailing high into the air, arcing towards his fallen opponent...

...who just BARELY gets his knees up!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Vasquez stretched out over his knees, Carpenter hooks the head and leg, rolling to the right!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN, VASQUEZ SLIPS OUT! AGAIN HE AVOIDS THE THREE COUNT!

BW: Love him or hate him, Juan Vasquez is showing the world why he was one of the pillars this company was built on, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is... but Carpenter's got him down...

[A few hard stomps to the gut leaves Vasquez down on the mat as Carpenter turns his own attention to the corner. He stomps over to the corner, stepping up to the second rope, shouting at the jeering fans as he places one foot up top...]

GM: Carpenter's looking for a home run here!

[He climbs to the top, steadying himself as Vasquez starts to move on the mat.]

GM: VASQUEZ!

[A lunging Vasquez hits the back of Carpenter's legs, causing him to crotch himself on the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Juan Vasquez saved himself right there... and look at this, fans!

[The Cajundome is rocking as Vasquez steps up to the second rope, grabbing Carpenter around the waist...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: A top rope German Suplex?! He'll break his back!

GM: Vasquez is setting up for it... trying to get in position...

[With the crowd roaring on its feet and flashbulbs popping, Vasquez goes for the big move...

...only to have Carpenter over-rotate, landing on his knees on the canvas!]

GM: OH! WHAT A COUNTER BY CARPENTER!

[Carpenter pops up, charging Vasquez from behind...

...and CONNECTS with a single-legged dropkick to the mush that sends Vasquez flying backwards, crashing hard into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH!

[Vasquez staggers back out as Carpenter slides back to his feet, hooking Vasquez around the head and neck...]

GM: What's he...?

[Carpenter leaps up, taking Vasquez with him as he sits out in a thunderous uranage-type slam!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Carpenter throws his arms apart before diving into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[A furious Carpenter comes to his feet, tearing at his hair before grabbing Ricky Longfellow by the chest, shoving him back into the ropes. Longfellow protests, holding up two fingers and pointing to the AWA logo on his shirt.]

GM: He’s an AWA official! You can’t put your hands on him like that!

[Carpenter spins away, falling to his knees as he buries his face in his hands for a few moments. He climbs to his feet, running both hands over his face before he slams them down on the mat, measuring Vasquez, waving for him to get up...]

GM: The crowd’s trying to warn Vasquez of what’s waiting for him! Juan Vasquez is stirring off the canvas but Isaiah Carpenter is waiting for him... at the ready...

[Carpenter continues to wave his arms, shouting “GET UP!” at Vasquez as the crowd continues to shout warnings to their fan favorite. As Vasquez regains his footing, Carpenter charges at him, leaping up for a high impact knee strike...

...but Vasquez spins away, causing Carpenter to sail past him, landing on his feet. He instantly hops up to the second rope in front of him, leaping off, twisting around...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[...and gets BLASTED out of the sky with the right hand to the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THAT’S IT!

[Vasquez throws himself on the prone Carpenter, tightly hooking both legs.]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: That’s nine! We’ve got one more left! We’ve got-

[The crowd BURSTS into jeers at the sight of Pedro Perez and Wade Walker tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]



GM: Wait a second!

[Perez is in first, diving on Vasquez before he can even get up off the mat, hammering him with closed fists to the skull as the referee shouts protests at the wild Puerto Rican. Wade Walker is more methodical, pulling himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes to the jeers of the fans.]

GM: What the heck are they doing out here?! All seconds are barred from being at ringside for this match!

BW: Maybe one of them are Number Ten!

GM: I highly doubt that!

[Perez pulls Vasquez off the mat, shoving him towards a waiting Wade Walker who RUNS DOWN VASQUEZ with a spear tackle!]

GM: OHHH! WALKER NEARLY BROKE HIM IN HALF!

[Walker pops up, pumping a muscular arm as Perez taunts the downed Vasquez.]

GM: The Dogs Of War strike again and strike hard here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Walker turns back towards Vasquez, waving at Perez to pick him up. The Dogs' loose cannon obliges, dragging Vasquez to his feet while running his mouth in his direction. Perez pulls Vasquez into a rear waistlock, holding him while Walker hits the ropes, building steam...]

GM: What is he...?

[Walker SLAMS his fists into the chest in a double axehandle, sending him pitching backwards into Perez' released German Suplex!]

GM: OHHH! RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Perez and Walker are stomping the heck out of Vasquez, the referee loudly complaining as the Cajundome fans boo wildly. A dazed Carpenter slowly gets back to his feet, hanging onto the ropes to stay up as Walker pulls Vasquez up, holding his arms back as Perez and Carpenter take turns drilling Vasquez with right hands...]

GM: This is a three-on-one on Juan Vasquez!

[And suddenly, Hannibal Carver comes tearing into view, steel chair gripped in his hands!]

GM: CARVER! CARVER!

[The crowd is ROARING for the Boston Brawler as he comes flying down the aisle towards the Dogs Of War...]

BW: Vasquez better be careful. Carver might be comin' to waffle him with that chair!

GM: He is not!

[Carver slides in, delivering a hard shot across the back of Pedro Perez. He turns towards Carpenter who bails out before Carver can get a swing on him. Wade Walker drops to the floor, pulling Pedro Perez to safety as Carver angrily slams the chair down on the canvas!]

GM: Hannibal Carver returns the favor from two weeks ago and bails out Juan Vasquez with that steel chair - saving him from the Dogs Of-

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"And now the man who drew #10..."

GM: That's right! Vasquez still has to face another competitor!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Calisto Dufresne, steel chair in his hands as well, comes racing into view. He sprints... and I do mean SPRINTS... down the aisle, charging past Hannibal Carver who the referee is forcing out of the ring. Carver is loudly protesting, pointing at Dufresne who slides in, all grins as he holds up the chair...

...and then throws it aside, dragging Vasquez up off the canvas!]

GM: Wait a second! This match is-

BW: It's still going, Gordo!

GM: I suppose it is but... this isn't right! This isn't fair!

[Dufresne quickly hooks the front facelock on Vasquez, lifting him up by the trunks...

...and SPIKING him skullfirst into the canvas!]

BW: WHAM BAM THANK YOU MA'AM! COVER HIM!

[Dufresne arrogantly flips Vasquez over onto his back, dropping into a cover, hooking a leg as Ricky Longfellow reluctantly drops down to count!]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Unbelievable!

[Phil Watson lifts the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner...

CAAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOOOOOOOOO  
DUUUUUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[Dufresne leaps up, jumping up and down with glee as the referee raises his hand in triumph. The celebration is on for the man from Louisiana!]

BW: What a moment! What a win in front of Dufresne's home state fans!

GM: All of whom sound absolutely DISGUSTED by this turn of events!

BW: They can boo all the want but it ain't changin' the fact that Calisto Dufresne has won the Mayhem Match! He's won the randomly-selected prize! And in about fifteen seconds of work on top of it! What a win for the Ladykiller! What a-

GM: Hold on here!

BW: What?

GM: Bucky, look!

[The cameras have cut to the top of the aisle where Hannibal Carver is walking through the curtain with a pair of AWA officials, all three helping a familiar man sporting an army camo tanktop and matching trunks into view.]

GM: Is that... that's Scotty Mayhem! General Mayhem of the Soldiers Of Fortune these days!

BW: But what's he doing out here? The Mayhem Match is over, Gordo. Finished. Kaput. We got a winner.

GM: I don't... something's fishy here. Look at Dufresne!

[A suddenly-nervous Calisto Dufresne starts speaking to the official and then ducks through the ropes, arms raised as he walks down the aisle...]

GM: Dufresne's leaving! He's-

[Carver shakes Mayhem a few times, pointing down the aisle. Mayhem's eyes suddenly go wide, nodding at the Boston Brawler...]

...and then tearing down the aisle towards the ring, flattening a surprised Dufresne with a clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES DUFRESNE!

[One of the officials races down to the ring, passing Scotty Mayhem to huddle up with Ricky Longfellow and Phil Watson.]

GM: We've got ourselves a little conference going on here and-

[Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, we have just been informed that Calisto Dufresne was NOT the man who drew #10! The man who drew #10 is GENERAL MAYHEM!

[Mayhem looks out at the crowd, nodding his head as he extends his arm up into the air...]

PW: Mr. Dufresne ASSAULTED Scotty Mayhem backstage, preventing him from coming to the ring. Therefore, Calisto Dufresne is NOT the winner and the match MUST continue!

[...and spots Juan Vasquez still down and motionless on the mat. Mayhem suddenly bursts into motion, scrambling up on the ring apron, climbing to the top rope in two big steps, throwing his arms up in the air...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Mayhem leaps high into the air, extending his legs...]

...and CRASHES down across the chest of Vasquez!]

GM: JACKSONVILLE JAM! MAYHEM HAS COME TO MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

[Scotty Mayhem spins into a cover, arms extended, nodding his head with each count by the official...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! VASQUEZ KICKED OUT! VASQUEZ KICKED OUT!

[Mayhem rolls to his rear, grabbing at his hair in shock. He looks at the official who holds up two fingers, miming the shoulder coming off the canvas JUST before the three count!]

GM: Scotty Mayhem or General Mayhem, call him what you will but he's beat opponents all over the world with that Jacksonville Jam but Juan Vasquez just kicked out of it after taking a tremendous amount of punishment from the Dogs Of War and Calisto Dufresne! Vasquez showing the heart and determination that has made him one of the all-time greats in this industry!

[Mayhem pushes up off the canvas, shaking his head as he pulls Vasquez off the mat by the hair, steadying him before lashing out with a stiff left jab... and another... and another before grabbing Vasquez by the hair and BLASTING him between the eyes with a haymaker!]

GM: Down goes Vasquez again... and another cover by Mayhem!

[The referee again delivers a near fall for Vasquez before the Latino superstar lifts the shoulder. Mayhem balls up both fists, pounding on the canvas as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Unbelievable! We're down to the final battle in this Mayhem Match and somehow, it's only fitting that it's featuring Scotty Mayhem, Bucky.

BW: Scotty Mayhem has had a couple of runs here in the AWA but right now, his career has been red hot as a member of the Soldiers Of Fortune, competing all over the world with Clayton Shaw and the rest. You know they're hoping for an invite to Copa de Trios.

GM: Mayhem's pulling Vasquez off the mat again... oof! Overhead elbow right between the eyes!

[The blow sends Vasquez falling back into the turnbuckles. A nodding Mayhem mounts the midbuckle, raising his right hand...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[But before the seventh can fall, Vasquez slips out from under him, lifting him off the buckles into a torture rack position...]

GM: UH OH! VASQUEZ HAS HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[...but Mayhem wriggles free, shoving Vasquez into the ropes from behind, dropping him with a running back elbow on the rebound before diving into another lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Vasquez continues to defy the victory of Scotty Mayhem, lifting a shoulder off the mat. A frustrated Mayhem swings a leg over the torso of Vasquez, grabbing a handful of hair and opening fire...]

GM: Right hand! Another! A third! The referee's warning him to let up on the closed fists but I'm not sure General Mayhem can even hear him right now, Bucky.

BW: Scotty Mayhem is enraged about this! He's enraged that Dufresne got involved somehow... he's enraged he can't keep Vasquez down for a three count...

[Mayhem breaks off the attack just before the referee can disqualify him, climbing to his feet, a wild and maniacal look in his eyes as he approaches the corner. He hops up to the middle rope, takes aim...

...and lunges off, dropping a knee across the sternum!]

GM: Flying kneedrop on target gets him one! It gets him two! It gets him-no!

[The crowd continues to roar for Vasquez as Mayhem bites his bottom lip, again slamming his fists down into the mat. He climbs off the canvas, spinning around as if trying to figure out his next move.]

GM: Mayhem pulls Vasquez off the mat, setting him up on the top turnbuckle...

[Holding the hair, Mayhem lands a big right hand... and another, dazing Vasquez further.]

GM: He's gonna make sure Vasquez stays right where he wants him to!

[Mayhem steps up on the middle rope, again throwing a pair of right hands before pulling Vasquez into a front facelock.]

GM: Mayhem's setting up for the superplex!

BW: If he hits it, I think it's over, Gordo!

[Mayhem slings the arm over his neck, stepping up to the top rope...]

BW: He's REALLY gonna do him in now!

GM: Mayhem sets... and LIFTS!

[He lifts Vasquez into the air, falling backwards and DRIVING him down into the canvas, his legs swinging up from the impact...]

GM: SUPERPLEX CONNECTS! WHAT-?!

[...where Vasquez swings his own legs up, catching Mayhem's and turning the superplex into a makeshift small package, clamping down tight on the cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: VASQUEZ WINS! VASQUEZ WINS! JUAN VASQUEZ HAS WON THE MAYHEM MATCH!

[A disappointed Mayhem rolls to his knees, looking up at the official who shows three fingers. Vasquez props up on an elbow, a smile on his face as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the MAYHEM MATCH...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN  
VAAAAAAASSSSSSSQUEZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Vasquez has his arm raised by Ricky Longfellow as he tiredly gets up to his feet, saluting the cheering fans.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has won! And now, he gets that randomly-selected prize! What's it going to be? Title shots? Money? Glory?

BW: Or a mystically-powerful Aztec trinket!

GM: Or... that. We'll find out in two weeks' time! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, the Stampede Cup begins so don't you dare go away!

[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...

We fade up backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is all grins, standing between the duo known as the Wilde Bunch.]

SLB: Gentlemen, as we stand here in the midst of one of the hottest shows of the year - Memorial Day Mayhem - you two are set to kick off an AWA tradition - the Stampede Cup!

[Chester O. Wilde leads off, standing in a pair of faded, dirty overalls with no shirt underneath. He's got a coonskin cap on his head that he pulls off, wadding up in his massive hand as he speaks.]



COW: That's right, Sweet Lou! The Stampede Cup! There are people all over this fine business who work their tails off for years to get in this tournament but we're lucky enough to get in it our first year! We're blessed and we know it and we're not about to look that blessing in the mouth.

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: I think I get what you're trying to say but what about your opponents here tonight in Dichotomy.

[The mic slides in front of Buddy U. Loney, holding Mable in his massive arms. He's wearing a plaid shirt, stained and filthy under a pair of overalls with one strap hanging down.]

BUL: You know, Sweet Lou, Dicho... Dicaw... whatever, those guys! They do a lot of talkin'. They tell ev'one how smart they are... how smart we're not. And you know, maybe they're right. 'Cause Cousin Chester and I here... see, we ain't never been to one of those fancy... whatchacall'em?

[Sweet Lou pops his head in.]

SLB: Schools?

[A grinning Buddy nods.]

BUL: Thanks, Sweet Lou. We ain't never been to no fancy school, boys! We got our learnin' in a one room brick school house where most questions start with, "Two boys get up at 3 AM to milk the cow." So, we ain't never gone to no MIT... BIT... CIT... or any other kinda "I-T!" Ya hear me?

[Chester takes the mic back.]

COW: We might not know nothin' 'bout biology... or chemistry... or nuc'ler physics... but what we learned was the value of a hard day's work. What we learned is the Golden Rule that says we should do to others what we'd want done to us. And I gots me a feelin' that's a lesson that neither of you two have EVER learned. But when you go out to that ring tonight... and ya hear that bell ring...

[Buddy leans in with a "Ding, ding."]

COW: School is in session. But when it's all said and done, for the two of you...

[Chester tugs his hat back on, looking every bit as ridiculous as you might imagine.]

COW: School's out... forever. Come on, Buddy... come on, Mable...

[The Wilde Bunch walks out of sight.]

SLB: The Stampede Cup begins... right now! Back down to ringside to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde!

[Crossfade to the ringside area to the aforementioned announcers.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and the 2015 edition of the Stampede Cup is upon us, Bucky.

BW: It certainly is as the AWA once again brings the best teams in the world together to determine who is the best tag team walking the planet in 2015. This year's tournament is a little different though, Gordo.

GM: That's right. Instead of holding the tournament over the course of one or two nights, this year, we're going all summer long! And it all starts right here tonight. Two weeks ago, we saw the brackets for the big event so let's take a quick look at those again right now...

[The graphic appears on the screen.]



GM: As you can see, we're about to see Dichotomy take on The Wilde Bunch in a first round matchup... the winner moving on to face either the new Double Crown Champions, the Lights Out Express, or the winner of a play-in match between the Rowdy Reles Boyz and the Walking Dead.

[The graphic fades.]

GM: Some great tag team action will be coming to AWA fans all summer long as part of the Cup and I understand there's some great tag team action already going on in Mexico and Japan as both SWLL and TPP try to determine who their representatives will be in this tournament. Fans, in addition to this one, we're also going to see Team Supreme versus the TexMo Connection later tonight in another first round Cup match but we're about to kick this tournament off in a big way. Take it away, Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is a first round match in the 2015 edition of the Stampede Cup Tournament!

[Big cheer!]

#WE! ARE! IN! CON! TROL!

[The techno-rock open of "Vengeance" by The Protomen opens up over the PA as the fans boo.]

PW: Introducing first...

[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. 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 set for action here in the very first match of the 2015 Stampede Cup but these two men put even more pressure on themselves when they made this match, Bucky.

BW: That's right. They said that if they can't beat my idiot nephews here tonight in Lafayette, they would walk away from the AWA!

GM: Although, I think it's important to note that that particular stipulation is NOT in the written contract for this match. They made a verbal commitment to do it... although they didn't say for how long... or-

BW: You're saying they're not men of their word?!

GM: Well, I-

BW: Those are fighting words, Myers!

[When they arrive at ringside, Dichotomy heads for the ringsteps. They cautiously ascend the steps. 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.]

PW: And their opponents...

[We fade to a panning shot of the arena with 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.]

PW: And their opponents, making their way down the aisle... from Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at a total combined weight of 702 pounds... being led to the ring by Mable... BUDDY AND CHESTER...

THE WIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNCH!

[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.]

GM: Hahaha! One of the crowd's favorite tag teams here in the AWA, the Wilde Bunch is here on The X!

BW: Like I always say, Gordo, there's no accounting for bad taste.

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky! Look at how excited your nephews are to be here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: Excited?! Of course they're excited! They got to tell Ma and Pa and One Eyed Pete and Grassy Toe Joe and all the rest of the local hillbillies to head on down to Jim Bob's Bar, Grill, and Laundromat to watch the rasslin' and see 'em on the television! Of course, Jim Bob's TV is black and white and only gets three channels but they're going to be bigger celebrities back in Pig's Feet than the person who once ate thirty-three frogs in one sitting.

GM: Oh really?

BW: Yep. Finally more famous than Madam Mayor.

GM: Oh, would you stop?

[The Wilde Bunch gets halfway down the ramp, pausing for a little square dancing do-si-do to a big cheer. We cut to another shot of the crowd, showing a pair of fans doing the same do-si-do as the fans all around them hoot and holler.]

GM: The fans here in the Cajundome are having a grand ol' time thanks to the Wilde Bunch!

BW: They better enjoy it while it lasts because once the bell rings, Ginn and Hoefner are going to make short work out of these two mental midgets and give them a stiff dose of reality.

[Buddy and Mable are stepping into the ring as Chester heads down the ringsteps to the floor, a big smile on his face.]

GM: Oh, I never get tired of this!

BW: You may be about to change your mind, Gordo...

[Chester rushes around the ringpost, going to grab "Uncle Bucky" out of his seat for his tradition pre-match hug...

...when Ginn and Hoefner slide out of the ring, charging Chester from behind!]

GM: OH! LOOK OUT!

[The crowd jeers as Ginn and Hoefner bury Chester under a flood of fists and forearms, Bucky Wilde looking on gleefully as they grab him by the hair, slamming Chester's head into the ring apron!]

GM: A sneak attack by Dichotomy and-

[Each man grabs an arm, taking aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHESTER GETS SENT INTO THE STEEL AND SAILS OVER THE RAILING INTO THE FRONT ROW!

[The ringside fans scatter, trying to avoid the flying hillbilly as Ginn and Hoefner trade a high five, turning back towards the ring where Buddy, who has just realized what happened, is rushing to get Mable out of the ring, leaving him exposed to another sneak attack from behind. Referee Davis Warren signals for the bell as the two Dichotomy members rain down heavy blows on the broad back of the biggest man in the match!]

GM: The bell rings and this match is underway! This is essentially a two-on-one after the vicious assault on Chester out here on the floor and... Bucky, sit down here... why do I think you had something to do with that?

BW: You mean because someone MIGHT have pointed out to Dichotomy that Chester has this traditional, predictable, and downright ANNOYING pre-match ritual where he assaults me?!

GM: He's trying to give you a hug!

BW: Well, it's an assault on my olfactory senses for sure!

GM: You're ridiculous! They're your own flesh and blood!

BW: Just because that end of my family's gene pool has something floating in it, don't blame me for that!

[Dragging Buddy to the corner, Ginn and Hoefner take turns burying boots into the ample midsection of the big man, ignoring the official as they each grab an arm...]

GM: Double whip coming up!

[The big man gets sent into the far corner where he bounces off, lumbers out, and DROPS Ginn and Hoefner with a thunderous double clothesline!]

GM: OH MY!

[Buddy is all sorts of fired up as he pumps his fists at the cheering crowd, dragging the two men off the mat by the hair, ready to clash their skull together...

...but they go to the eyes in tandem, leaving Buddy blinded and stunned!]

GM: A double rake of the eyes! The referee is giving these two men a lot of leeway in there as they continue to doubleteam without worry of being disqualified! And remember, a disqualification in this one means that Dichotomy would be OUT of the tournament!

[This time, the double whip succeeds as Buddy bounces back. Ginn goes high as Hoefner goes low, each landing a back elbow to their respective targets, leaving Cousin Buddy staggering backwards, falling into the ropes.

The referee again intervenes, trying to get either Ginn or Hoefner out of the ring as they trade off burying kicks into the midsection again.]

GM: Ginn and Hoefner may seriously be risking disqualification here as they're letting their emotions get the best of them.

[Each man grabs an arm again, sending Cousin Buddy across...]

GM: Double tackle!

[...but Buddy's size is too much for them, knocking them both down to the canvas!]

GM: Down goes Dichotomy!

[Buddy stumbles across the ring, grabbing the top rope, giving it a fierce shake as he shouts to the fans who echo in response.]

GM: The fans are behind the Wilde Bunch as Buddy pulls Matt Ginn off the mat... big whip to the corner!

[Hoefner soon goes sailing in after him, both men crashing into the buckles in a pile.]

GM: Buddy piles 'em up!

[From halfway across the ring, he lumbers in, twisting around in a running hip attack that SQUASHES both men against the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Buddy hops out to the middle of the ring, bending over and kinda bumping his butt out a few times.]

BW: Ugh, that idiot is twerking again.

GM: The Pig's Feet Tango is what he told me he calls it!

BW: Tango?! He doesn't even- ARRGH!

[Hoefner staggers out towards him as Ginn straightens up...

...and gets his feet yanked out from under him as Cousin Chester, back in the game, drags him out to the floor!]

GM: CHESTER'S GOT GINN!

[The crowd ROARS as Chester PASTES him with a right hand, chasing after the staggering Ginn as he tries to flee away. Back in the ring, Buddy powers Hoefner up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, looking around at the cheering crowd...

...and DRIVES him back in a spine-shaking Samoan Drop!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: PIG IN A BLANKET!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Cousin Buddy climbs to his feet slowly, taking his four hundred plus pound frame off the mat.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Buddy looks out at the crowd, pointing down at Hoefner. He gets a big reaction that brings a grin to his face as he runs to the ropes nearest Hoefner’s head. He bounces off them, running across to hit the ropes nearest Hoefner’s feet, rebounding off those...

...and takes flight, leaping into the air, and DROPPING over four hundred pounds down on the chest in a seated splash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DOWN ON THE CHEST!

[He stays there, crossing his arms happily as he sits on the chest of the motionless Hoefner.]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT!

BW: I... wha...

GM: Bucky Wilde is speechless but the Wilde Bunch have won and Dichotomy is OUT... OF... HERE!

[Phil Watson makes it official as the crowd goes banana.]

PW: Your winners of the match, moving on in the Stampede Cup tournament...

THE WIIIIIIIIIIIIILDE BUNCH!

[The crowd ROARS once more as Chester rolls in, throwing himself at Cousin Buddy in an embrace that sends them both tumbling down to the mat!]

BW: I think I’m going to be sick.

[A stunned Matt Ginn climbs off the floor, looking into the ring where Mark Hoefner still isn’t moving.]



BW: That didn't just happen. Please, Gordo... tell me that didn't just happen.

GM: Oh, it happened alright! The Wilde Bunch with the biggest win of their career to date have defeated Dichotomy and are moving on to the second round of the Stampede Cup, fans!

BW: Rematch! I demand a rematch!

GM: I don't think so, Bucky! Ginn and Hoefner said that if they lost, they'd walk away from the AWA and... well, I, for one, hope they live up to that promise! Hit the road, jack, and don't you come back no more! Fans, we've got to take another quick break but when we come back, the World Television Title will be on the line!

[The celebration in the ring continues as we fade to black.

Cut to a shot of an Aztec temple, the sun high over the brick structure. Gathered before the temple is a priest wearing an ornate headdress, his body covered in paint.]

VO: Since ancient times, warriors have gathered, testing themselves on sacred grounds. Today, that tradition continues...

[The loud guitar of Los Rabanes' "Ella Se Mueva Cruel" kicks in, amidst a flurry of shots of colorfully doing battle with each other. The cuts are quick, no more than two seconds at most, men leaping, men rolling others up into painful looking submissions, and wrestlers scoring pins on one another. It all goes by in a blur, almost too fast for the eye to follow. The last sight is the pain on the face of Caspian Abaran, as he is forced to relinquish his El Principe del Sol mask.]

VO: For those men gathered in combat, only one word can describe the action...

[As the song continues, there is a shot of El Caliente hitting the Sweet and Spicy Rana on an unsuspecting foe, the move truly spectacular, as he races across the ring towards his opponent, who is sitting on the top turnbuckle. Caliente springs off the second rope, bounces off the adjacent top rope, and then with pinpoint accuracy, hooks his legs around his opponent's neck, executing a perfect huracanrana.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another shot, this time of Super Solar hitting a frog splash on the prone Punky Perra, Perra's pierced and tattooed body bouncing off the mat as the camera lingers on the large sunburst tattoo on Solar's back]

VO: LUCHA!

[El Corazon Negro is shown, engaging in a brutal exchange of chops with Japanese legend GOLIATH Takehara. The large Japanese wrestler's face

contorting in pain with each chop from the legend, only for El Corazon Negro to feel the sting of GOLIATH's devastating chops.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another series of shots of SWLL action, ending with a pair of beautiful SWLL ring girls blowing a kiss to the audience.]

VO: While the eyes of the wrestling world are on Lafayette, Louisiana for Memorial Day Mayhem, the tag teams of Mexico set out to win their way into the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Clips are shown of various tag team matches. We see Super Solar getting slammed down to the mat in a split-legged Michinoku Driver by Punky Perra. El Corazon Negro sails over the top rope with a plancha onto El Danado. Veneno flings himself between the ropes in a super-fast tope con hilo on two unnamed opponents.]

VO: But as the battles raged on, four teams emerged in a final battle to see who would earn that place in the battle for history.

This week, witness the Battle Of Four - elimination style - as only one team can be left standing in the battle for tag team supremacy!

All this, and much more on this week's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA!!

[Fade to black.

As we fade back to Memorial Day Mayhem, we are backstage at the arena in Lafayette, Louisiana with Sweet Lou Blackwell. The AWA announcer has his microphone and is ready for his moment.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Cajundome, fans, and right now, I am back here in the locker room where we are mere moments away from the AWA World Television Title match which is going to be hotly contested in a special fifteen minute time limit match tonight between the challenger, Supernova, and this man, the reigning AWA World Television champion, Shadoe Rage.

[Shadoe Rage enters the shot, stage left. He is dressed in his leather ring robes, bandana and sunglasses. The AWA World Television Championship, in all its pink and silver glory, is across his shoulder.]

SR: That's the Sensational Shadoe Rage, AWA World Television Champion, to you, Sweet Lou Blackwell. Get it right!

SLB: That seems like quite a mouthful, Shadoe. But let's switch from mouthfuls to handfuls. As in you have your hands full tonight with the challenge of Supernova!

[Shadoe Rage, even wearing sunglasses, appears to be staring a hole through Sweet Lou Blackwell. He has his back to the camera, but you get

the impression from his physical attitude and the suddenly slightly worried look on Sweet Lou Blackwell's face.]

SR: Those are lies, Sweet Lou Blackwell, and you know it. I beat Supernova in under three minutes. And tonight, I'll beat him again in under three minutes if I so choose. Supernova isn't a handful and he isn't a threat to the greatest World Champion in this industry today.

[Rage spins to face the camera. He presents the AWA World Television title to the camera.]

SR: I'm right here in my hometown where the Rage is alllllllll the rage!

SLB: Hometown? You're from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, Shadoo. That's a whole different country.

SR: The World is Rage Country! The Citizens of Rage Country are all Rageoholics! And all my Rageoholics are waiting for their champion and their king to explode on the scene at Memorial Day Mayhem and put Supernova down again. Last time, I did it in three minutes. This time, I might do the Rageoholics a favor and drag it out to five so they don't feel cheated. Aren't I a great World Champion, Blackwell? Aren't I wonderful?

SLB: Well, you're certainly full of something.

[Rage does a double take.]

SLB: This is a lot of bravado. You jumped Supernova from behind because he officially pinned you in under five minutes after coming just seconds away from forcing you to tap out in a World TV title affair where you were saved by the ten minute time limit. You don't have that cushion tonight. I think Supernova might cash in on that.

SR: Lies... all lies. I was never in any danger of losing my World Television championship to the likes of Supernova then. And tonight will be no different. That face-painted coward is the one that should be scared. He's going to get beaten down one more time! He's going to be panicking one more time. He panicked in Atlanta and he'll panic tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem! The moment is too big for him! And the Rage is too intense for him. He'll crumble one more time.

SLB: Do you really believe this nonsense? Or are you running off at the mouth because you're scared!

[Rage turns back on Blackwell, his back swelling up with indignation. His body trembles on camera.]

SR: HE DOESN'T BELIEVE HE CAN TAKE THIS FROM ME!

[The violence of Rage's words shock Blackwell into silence.]

SR: (turning back to the camera) Supernova is a coward who will always fail in the big moment. At last year's Memorial Day Mayhem, I threw a man from a scaffold and broke his leg to get a shot at this title. At SuperClash, I drove my knee through a man's skull and put him out of the business to win this title! Explain to me, Sweet Lou, explain to me what you think I'm going to do to Supernova to keep this belt?

[Sweet Lou Blackwell pauses as Rage's words soak in. There is a very real question in the air.]

SR: Exactly, Sweet Lou, exactly. You don't know. I don't know. Supernova doesn't know. The Rageoholics don't know. But know this! Whatever it is that I have to do, it's going to be bad. And that coward is going to prove to be gutless. Because if he comes to that ring, I'm going to rip out whatever guts he has. I'm going to kill him.

[Blackwell visibly grimaces.]

SR: A straight right knee from Sensational me is going to send Supernova to the infirmary. I have put two straight opponents out of the business when they wanted to insert themselves between me and this belt. Tonight, I'll make it three. This is my World Championship and Supernova... you're down to foolish pride if you think I'm going to lose to you in front of my Rageoholics. You will never beat me. You can't beat me! But I'm going to kill you.

Sweet Lou, if you believe Supernova has a chance, you're a liar and you're lying to these people and Supernova, you've been a great wrestler in the AWA, but now you're in my world where I'm just too much for you and you know it. Tonight, you go on the hit list. Sweet Lou, there will be blood. There will be blood!

[And with that, the champion violently storms off stage left. Sweet Lou stares after Shadoe Rage with a look of concern.]

SLB: Supernova challenges for the World Television championship, ladies and gentlemen, can a desperate champion hang onto his belt? Don't you dare miss it and find out! We've heard from the champion - now let's head over to Mark Stegglet and hear from the challenger! Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet, who stands in front of an AWA backdrop next to Supernova. The AWA fan favorite is dressed in a Supernova T-shirt and blue jeans.]

MS: Thanks, Sweet Lou! In just a few moments, this man will face Shadoe Rage for the AWA Television title. Supernova, it was just two weeks ago that Shadoe Rage attacked you following a match and, some have said, tried to put you out of commission before this match tonight would even take place. How are you doing right now?

S: How am I doing, Mark? Well, if you mean physically, I'm doing as well as I can be. But if you mean my state of mind, all I can tell you is I'm out of control!

[Supernova has a wild look in his eyes.]

S: See, it's been a long time since somebody got me fired up for a showdown! So congratulations, Shadoe Rage. You accomplished that. The problem is, you don't want me fired up! Because not only am I focused on taking that TV title, I'm focused on taking you down hard! All you have to do is look at the men who got me fired up, what happened when I got through with them, and you'll know that's the last thing you want from me!

MS: The first time you two met in a match, it went the time limit. Then you got him in an impromptu match, but as some have pointed out, you grabbed the tights to get the pin.

S: You're right, I did. But given that we've seen Rage try every dirty trick in the book to save his hide, I've got nothing to apologize for! I will promise you one thing, though -- I'm not going to resort to the same tactic twice to win a match! If people have their doubts that I could beat Rage without grabbing the tights, then I'll prove it tonight!

MS: You'll get 15 minutes this time around. Do you believe that extra five minutes gives you an advantage?

S: Mark, I'm not gonna fall into the trap of thinking that, because there's more time on the clock, that it works in my favor. What does work in my favor, is that Rage just woke the beast that was sleeping inside of me, and tonight, it's gonna tear him apart!

[He points at the camera, his eyes wider than before.]

S: Shadoe Rage, you thought you made a statement last time, but all you made was me mad as hell and not about to take any more! You're gonna find me hitting at you from all sides, and before you know it, you're gonna find me standing above you, as the new Television Champion!

[He turns to Mark for a moment.]

S: YEAH! FREAK OUT!

[That causes Mark to step back.]

S: Yeah, Mark, can you tell I'm fired up?

MS: You certainly look that way.

S: Then you know what's gonna happen later tonight. The heat is gonna burn up Shadoe Rage!

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

MS: Fans, that TV title match should be incredible and it's time to find out!  
Phil Watson, the floor is yours, sir!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a FIFTEEN minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

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

[Up on the large digital screen, the original music video for Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Coming" starts playing, drawing a loud crowd response. And just as the lyrics begin, that's when the man known as Supernova emerges from behind the curtain.]

GM: There he is, Bucky... the man who believes that tonight is his night. He believes he had the title won back in Atlanta at The Duel On The Diamond when the ten minute time limit ran out... and with five extra minutes here tonight, Supernova believes he's going to walk out of the Cajundome as the new AWA World Television Champion.

BW: It's a solid theory. The Solar Flare was locked in on Turner Field and it sure looked like Rage wasn't going anywhere. Maybe he would've won it that night... but tonight ain't that night and if he wants to be the champion, he's gotta beat Shadoe Rage in the center of the ring tonight in Lafayette. I don't think he can do it, Gordo.

GM: We're about to find out!

[Supernova is dressed in his wrestling attire, 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. He also wears a black jacket with yellow trim and epaulets. He walks to the edge of the elevated stage, just before the ramp, and raises his arms above his head.]

Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls. He then heads down the ramp and then the aisleway, slapping hands with fans leaning over the railing. He climbs up onto the ring apron, where we can see a large, fiery sun on the back of his jacket, with the word "SUPERNOVA" above it in yellow lettering. He ducks between the ropes, a wild look in his eyes, as he removes his jacket and hands it to a ringside attendant.]

GM: One of the most popular men in the entire AWA and you better believe that if he wins the title tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem, the fans just might blow the roof off this Cajundome.

[Supernova hops from one foot to the other, swinging his arms back and forth in front of him as he tries to stay loose. His music fades as the synth beat of Irene Cara's "Fame" sets the Lafayette fans booing.]

GM: And this can only mean the arrival of one man in the sport of kings - professional wrestling!

BW: The champ is here!

[Shadoe Rage steps through the curtains, the pink and silver AWA World Television title held high. He glares at the jeering crowd. Rage is decked out in a silver leather robe, belted at the waist, a purple bandana and silver-framed aviator glasses completing the ensemble. He pirouettes before the crowd before he brings the ever-present microphone to his lips as he strides down the ramp.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country... have no fear. Your champion is here.

[The crowd lets the arrogant champion have it with even louder boos.]

SR: And your champion is not some face-painted coward. No, your champion is every inch a man. I am never scared of the moment. And I never fail in my goals. And my goal is to be the AWA World Television champion that you in Rage Country deserve.

Tonight... Supernova... I'm going to make a man out of him. I'm going to beat him down and humiliate him. I'm going to break him and rebuild him. I'm going to take the coward out of him. And I'm going to take his foolish pride and his silly dreams. He'll be better, Citizens, that he could never compare to me.

[Rage tucks the mic away as he reaches ringside, springing up on the apron as quick as a cat. He throws up a menacing point, shouting at Supernova who is pacing back and forth. Rage grabs the middle rope, leaping through the ropes, coming up quickly to strip off his bandana, robes and glasses to reveal his purple and gold trunks, gold boots and matching knee pads. He thrusts the title belt up in the air with his muscular arm as Phil Watson steps into the middle of the ring.]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger... from Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds...

THIS...

IS...

SUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova steps forward, pounding on his chest with clenched fists before cupping his hands to his mouth, giving a howl as he throws back his head and the fans roar in response!]

PW: And his opponent...

[The fans instantly start jeering. Rage glares at them, pointing and shouting at any fan within earshot.]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 242 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

"SENNNNNNNSAAAAATIONAL"  
SHAAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOE  
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage steps forward, throwing the title belt up into the air, going into a spin to make sure everyone sees it. The boos are as loud as can be for Rage as he pulls the title belt down, clutching it to his chest. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps to the middle, asking for the title belt. Rage is reluctant, planting a kiss on the faceplate before handing it over.]

GM: There it is, fans... what this one is all about...

[Jagger thrusts the belt skyward, showing it off to all the cheering fans who are hoping for a title change this night in Lafayette. He pulls it back down, being ordered and escorted by Shadoe Rage over to the timekeeper's table. Rage watches as the belt is handed out to the floor where the timekeeper secures it inside the ringside trophy case that Rage has supplied. Rage nods his head a few times, turning back towards the ring as Johnny Jagger scampers out to the middle...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! Fifteen minute time limit with the World Television Title on the line!

[Rage slaps his own biceps, coming into a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring, jostling for position.]

GM: Supernova checks in for this one at six foot four and 260 pounds while the champion tipped the scales at six three and 242. Just about even.

[Rage is pushing hard against Supernova, trying to drive him back against the ropes...

...but Supernova bails out, hooking the arm, throwing Rage down to the canvas with an armdrag takedown!]

GM: Nice armdrag by the challenger!

[Supernova is quickly to his feet, crouched and at the ready for further attack. Rage rolls to his feet, wincing and shaking out his left arm. He points the right, again threatening Supernova who waves him forward.]

GM: Supernova has no interest in trading words with Shadoe Rage tonight... trading fists however may be a different story.



[Rage stalks forward, fury in his eyes as he grabs another collar and elbow, pushing Supernova across the ring...

...but the Venice Beach native again drags him down by the arm, throwing him down to the mat. Both men are quickly up a second time as the fans cheer the early offense from Supernova. Rage spins, angrily kicking the bottom rope.]

GM: If Supernova's goal was to throw Rage off-balance in the early moments of this one, I'd say he's succeeding so far, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but Rage is so unpredict-

[On cue, Rage wheels around, charging across the ring at Supernova, leaping up to smash a right hand into the temple.]

GM: Oh! You called that one, Bucky!

[Two more quick haymakers have Supernova backpedaling into the turnbuckles, right where Rage wanted him. Grabbing the top rope, Rage lays into the torso of Supernova with a series of front kicks to the ribcage. He hooks hold of the arm, looking to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whip... no! Supernova holds his ground!

[A second attempt at the whip meets the same result as Supernova hangs on the top rope, shaking his head at Shadoe Rage. He suddenly yanks his arm, pulling Rage into the corner where Supernova wheels around, opening fire with right hands!]

GM: Right hand! Another! He's lighting up the World Television Champion!

[A hard series of blows has Rage reeling when Supernova grabs the arm, whipping him across.]

GM: Rage hits the buckles... look at this!

[The crowd roars as Supernova throws himself back against the buckles, looking for the Heat Wave...]

...but he only gets two steps out of the corner before Rage drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And a smart move by the champion right there, Bucky.

BW: VERY smart. He saw that Heat Wave coming and he wanted no part of it. The Heat Wave splash on its own is a dangerous weapon but what comes after it can be the difference between a champion and a former champion, daddy.

[Supernova shouts at Rage to get back in the ring but the World Television Champion is taking his time striding around the floor, stopping a few times to look up at the ring.]

GM: I'm guessing this isn't going the way Shadoe Rage had anticipated so far.

BW: Well, we're over two minutes into the match and Rage hasn't beaten him yet. He was telling everyone all day that he was going to try and beat his three minute mark that he set a couple of weeks ago.

GM: That's a sham and we both know it, Bucky.

BW: I know no such thing, Gordo.

[Rage waits for the count to get to seven before pulling himself up on the apron. He again has words for Supernova before ducking back through the ropes, slowly moving to his right, circling with Supernova as both champion and challenger attempt to size up the other before coming together in a tieup again. This time, Rage instantly rakes the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Rage!

[Rage denies the illegal activity to the official as he grabs a handful of Supernova's blonde hair, walking him over towards the corner where he SLAMS his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the corner!

[He spins the challenger around, pressing him back into the corner where he lashes out with a stiff left jab to the jaw... and another... and a third before crowning Supernova with an overhead elbow across the forehead!]

GM: Big elbow leaves the challenger staggered!

[Pushing his torso back, Rage leans in and lays in three quick and impactful knee smashes into the ribcage of Supernova!]

GM: Upstairs with the elbow then downstairs with the knee strikes. Shadoe Rage is doing a number on Supernova in early minutes of this World Television Title showdown...

[The AWA's Senior Official steps in, forcing Rage to step back, walking him out to the middle of the ring as Rage protests. He turns his back on Jagger...

...then pivots, spinning around him to charge Supernova...]

GM: BOOT!

[Rage runs RIGHT into Supernova's raised boot!]

GM: THAT STUNNED HIM!

[Supernova hops up on the second rope, measuring Rage as he leaps off. The champion ducks down as Supernova sails over him, hooking his legs, dragging him down into a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! SUNSET FLIP! ONE!! TWO!!

[Rage's heels clash together on the heels of Supernova, breaking the pin attempt. He rolls to all fours, using the ropes to aid himself in getting back up as Supernova climbs off the mat. Rage surges forward, leaping up to drive his knee between the shoulderblades of the challenger, sending him sailing through the ropes and out to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHH! The leaping knee connects and that puts Supernova in a bad way out on the floor!

[The camera cuts to show Supernova sprawled on the floor as Shadoe Rage approaches the corner in the background.]

GM: Uh oh! Look out here! Shadoe Rage loves when his opponents are down like this!

[Rage quickly scales the ropes, stepping up to the top turnbuckle, throwing his muscular arms up over his head, looking out at the jeering crowd who are buzzing with anticipation of what comes next.]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Sure enough, the World Television Champion takes flight, soaring through the air to smash his clasped hands together over the skull of the rising Supernova, knocking him right back down to the thin ringside mats!]

GM: The double axehandle connects and Shadoe Rage is on his feet, taunting these Louisiana fans, Bucky!

BW: A mistake by the champion in my book. He's got Supernova in trouble and he should be looking to capitalize. Ignore these Lafayette losers and get down to business!

[Rage pulls Supernova off the floor by the hair, shooting him back under the ropes into the ring. He crawls in after him, applying a lateral press as he throws his right hand in the air to count along with the official.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But Supernova powers out at two, lifting his shoulder off the mat as Rage angrily slams an open palm down on the canvas.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is none too happy about that but he's quickly back up off the mat, pulling Supernova up with him.

[The champion scoops the 260 pounder up into his arms, twisting around, slamming him down to the canvas...]

GM: Big slam!

[...and promptly leaps up into the air, driving his knee down across the sternum of Supernova!]

GM: And the kneedrop quickly follows... another cover!

[Another two count follows before Supernova's shoulder comes up. A fired-up Rage swings a leg over the torso, grabbing a handful of blonde crew cut and opening fire with a big right hand to the skull... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Come on, ref!

[The referee steps in, forcing Rage to abandon his assault, climbing back to his feet and pacing angrily around the ring.]

BW: Gotta stay focused, champ.

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[At Phil Watson's cry, Shadoe Rage wheels around, diving down with a double axehandle on the back of the head of Supernova who had pushed up to all fours!]

GM: Another axehandle... and another cover!

[A two count follows before Rage shoves the shoulder down, shouting for another count!]

GM: Another cover... another two count! Rage is hot under the collar!

BW: Well, look, Gordo... Shadoe Rage ain't exactly got a full rack of ribs in the oven if you catch my drift. On the best of occasions, he's moody and unpredictable. When he's defending the title, he's borderline schizophrenic.

[Rage pulls at his own hair as he drags Supernova off the mat by the arm, whipping him back to the ropes. As the challenger rebounds, Rage buries a back elbow under the chin, sending Supernova falling back to the ropes.]

GM: Supernova's stunned by the elbow!

[A wild-eyed Rage races to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Here comes Rage!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Supernova ducks his head, elevating Rage up and over the top with a backdrop to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JUST A HAIR OVER FIVE MINUTE INTO THIS BATTLE AND SHADOE RAGE JUST GOT SENT OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[Supernova leans against the ropes, pulling wind into his body as Rage writhes in pain out on the thinly-padded concrete floor!]

GM: The champion hits the floor hard and that could be a major turning point in this battle for the World Television Title, fans! Can Supernova take advantage of it?

[The challenger pushes off the ropes, staggering across the ring to the far ropes. He leans over them, breathing hard as Shadoe Rage tries to use the ring apron to drag himself back to his feet.]

GM: And it appears as though Supernova had too much taken out of him in the first five minutes of this one to take advantage of that mistake on the part of the World Television Champ- OHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon as Supernova races across the ring, leaping OVER the top rope into a plancha on a stunned Shadoe Rage!]

BW: HOLY-

GM: SUPERNOVA WITH A DIVE TO THE FLOOR!!

[He slowly gets back to his feet, looking out to the crowd and giving a few quick pounds of his fists on his bare chest, leaning back against the ring apron as Shadoe Rage attempts to crawl away from him out on the floor.]

GM: The 27 year old Supernova is looking to capture his first piece of AWA championship gold right here tonight in Lafayette, Louisiana, fans! That dive surprised the heck out of me and I'm pretty sure Shadoe Rage is feeling the same way right now!

BW: But again, Supernova is unable to take advantage of it. He hits the big dive but spends too long sucking wind against the ring apron instead of pressing the advantage.

[Supernova shoves off the apron, moving slowly in pursuit of Shadoe Rage who is crawling away from him. The face-painted fan favorite hooks him by the trunks, pulling him up to his feet.]

GM: Supernova may be showing some signs of physical distress from that brutal assault by Rage two weeks ago, Bucky. We all know that conditioning is one of Supernova's strong suits so I don't think he's running out of gas in there.

BW: Maybe he's too fired up. Maybe he's running on too much emotion.

[Supernova lifts Rage up, holding him high... and drops him down on a bent knee for an atomic drop. Rage goes sailing forward, flying up onto the ring announcer's table!]

GM: OH, LOOK OU-

[The announcers fall silent for a moment as Supernova grabs Rage by the hair, slamming his face down on the table!]

He raises Rage's head and torso off the table again, slamming it down on the wooden table a second time. The challenger angrily drags Rage off the table by the hair, pulling him into a front facelock, slinging Rage's arm over his neck...]

GM: Wait a second! Are we on? Can anyone hear-?

[...and DUMPS Rage down on the floor in a spine-bruising suplex!]

GM: OHHHHH! SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

[With Rage down on the floor, wincing with pain, Supernova looks out on the cheering fans. He gives a pair of nods before turning back to the downed Shadoe Rage, dragging him up with a handful of hair, hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The challenger- I'm sorry, the champion gets sent back in... Bucky, you with me now?

BW: Just barely. We should be getting hazard pay for mights like this, Gordo.

GM: No doubt.

[Supernova pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He marches after Shadoe Rage, pulling him up by the back of the trunks again, lifting him up a second time...]

GM: Atomic drop!

[The spine-shaking move sends Rage into the ropes where he rebounds back...

...right up into a gorilla press!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[Supernova holds him high for a few moments, letting the World Television Champion think about it before he hurls him down to the canvas, causing Rage to roll to his side, reaching back and wincing at the pain shooting through his back!]

GM: Supernova's putting a beating on the back of Shadoe Rage with that suplex on the floor, those atomic drops, and that big press slam! He may be looking for that Solar Flare, Bucky.

BW: As he should. He was a heartbeat away from the title back in Atlanta with that hold and- what's the time?

GM: Eight minutes and change.

BW: Yeah. Plenty of time. If I was Supernova, I'd lay in a few more hard shots to that back and lock in that Solar Flare in the center of the ring where Rage has to decide between keeping the title and keeping the ability to walk.

[Supernova approaches the downed Rage who is sliding backwards on his back, grabbing for the ropes. The referee steps in, forcing Supernova to back off.]

GM: Rage is in the ropes, trying to keep away from Supernova for a bit.

[Supernova moves in again but Rage ducks through the ropes, shaking his head, shouting at Johnny Jagger to get the challenger back.]

GM: We've seen this out of Shadoe Rage before as he tries to buy some time. That three minute victory gameplan is shot and now it appears as though Shadoe Rage is switching to a stalling tactic. He may be looking some six or seven minutes ahead and thinking a time limit draw is within reach - even with a fifteen minute time limit.

[The referee pushes Supernova back as Rage leans against the ropes, grabbing at his back.]

GM: Rage is really favoring the back but this strategy is working for him as Johnny Jagger is keeping - well, he was... in comes the challenger again!

[Rage ducks through the ropes again, frantically waving his arm at Supernova who tries to grab hold of him, attempting to pull him back in but Jagger intervenes again, this time to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: The fans are letting Johnny Jagger have it now.

BW: For doing his job.

GM: Technically speaking, yes... but you know as well as I do, it's the discretion of the official to enforce a rule like this.

[Supernova is fuming mad as he stalks across the ring, hands on his hips...

...and then breaks into a charge, looking for the Heat Wave!]

GM: And we've seen him do this before as well!

[But Rage senses it coming, ducking through the ropes to the ring apron. He waggles a finger at Supernova, pointing to his head.]

BW: That's using your brain in there, Gordo! Supernova's done it to him before and Shadoe Rage was ready for him!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova balls up his right hand, dropping Rage with a closed fist and sending him sprawling out on the floor!]

GM: BIG RIGHT HAND! And maybe Rage wasn't ready for him after all!

[Supernova gives a shout as he steps through the ropes to the ring apron. He leans back against the apron, looking down at Rage. He walks down the apron towards the ringpost, turning to put his back against the steel as the World Television Champion gets back to his feet...

...and makes a dash for it, running around the ringpost out of Supernova's range. The crowd breaks into jeers again as an exasperated Supernova glares at him.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! What kind of champion runs like a coward when the pressure's on?! Stand and fight like a true champion!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes left!

[Shadoe Rage smirks as he rolls under the ropes into the ring, looking across at Supernova who steps in...

...and then Rage rolls back out!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Supernova angrily pursues, stepping through the ropes, chasing after Rage who drops all pretenses and just runs for it, running a full lap around the ring before rolling back in...]

GM: The champ's back in... the challenger in after him...

[...and SMASHES a double axehandle down on the back of Supernova's head!]

GM: Ohh! Rage lured him into that and made him pay for it!

BW: The veteran takes Supernova's enthusiasm and uses it against him!

[Rage pulls Supernova off the mat, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. He lashes out with a left jab... a right jab... a left jab... a right jab... a left jab. The punches slow as Supernova doesn't seem to feel them.]

GM: Wait a second!



[Rage slowly raises his hands, shaking his head as he backs off, hands raised defensively. Supernova approaches, moving in on him...

...but Rage buries a knee into the gut!]

GM: Oh! Rage cuts him off!

[With Supernova reeling, Rage ducks out to the apron, quickly climbing the turnbuckles, clasping his hands together...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[...and Supernova BURIES a right hand into his midsection, flipping him over and dumping him down on the mat!]

GM: OHHH! AND SUPERNOVA CUTS HIM DOWN!

[Supernova quickly turns back to Rage, lifting him up for a big body slam!]

GM: Big slam by Supernova... to the ropes!

[The crowd cheers a big leaping elbowdrop out of Supernova!]

GM: ELBOW TO THE HEART! A whole lotta impact on that one!

[The Venice Beach native shakes his head as he climbs to his feet, lifting his arm to point to the cheering fans...

...and LEAPS high into the air, driving a second elbow down into the heart!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Supernova flips over into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rage kicks out, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only! We're down under four minutes remaining, fans! Four minute left in this fifteen minute time limit battle for the World Television Title match!

[A fired-up Supernova drags Rage off the mat by the hair, ducking down...

...and HOISTS Rage skyward, lifting him up into a gorilla press!]

GM: ANOTHER GORILLA PRESS! HE'S GOT RAGE UP!!

[Rage immediately starts to fight it, shaking and wiggling...

...and slips free, dropping down for a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! HE'S TRYING TO PULL SUPERNOVA DOWN!

[But the challenger shakes his head to the roaring crowd, reaching down to grab Rage by the throat...

...and LIFTS him into a two-handed choke!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Rage bats at the arms holding him high in the air as Johnny Jagger starts a count!]

GM: A blatant choke by Supernova! The referee is counting!

[And at four and a half, Supernova angrily throws Rage down to the canvas. The World Television Champion grabs at his throat as Supernova continues to come after him.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is a little over three minutes away from retaining his title yet again! Can he hang on?

[Supernova yanks Rage up by the hair, shoving him back into the corner. He balls up his fist...

...but Johnny Jagger intervenes, stepping in to block the punch!]

GM: Jagger says no clenched fists!

[Rage steps out, swinging Supernova back to the corner, jabbing like a wild man as Jagger shouts complaints at Rage.]

GM: The champion with clenched fists of his own and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A hard slap across the face leaves Supernova standing straight up, his eyes wide open, marching in towards Shadoe Rage who is again backpedaling for his life.]

GM: Rage is on the run!

[Supernova reaches out with a right hand, knocking Rage back into the turnbuckles. The fan favorite lands a forearm... and another... and another... the blows come faster and faster until Rage is hanging onto the ropes, trying desperately to stay on his feet.]

GM: Supernova's on fire!

[The Venice Beach fan favorite throws his head back, cupping his hands around his mouth with a howl. The fans echo as he marches across the ring, taking aim...]

GM: Supernova sets... CORNER TO CORNER...

[He LEAPS into the air!]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAV- OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd gasps as Rage slumps down to the floor, causing Supernova's chest to SLAM into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Rage drags Supernova down in a schoolboy rollup...]

GM: CRADLE!

[...and HOOKS a handful of tights!]

BW: ONE!! TWO!!

GM: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS, REF!

[Johnny Jagger suddenly breaks his count, looking, finding, and pointing at the illegal leverage!]

GM: HE SAW IT! The ref won't count!

[Rage angrily breaks out of the cradle, shouting at Johnny Jagger who mimes pulling the tights.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: Rage can't believe it! He's all over Johnny Jagger!

[Rage gives a shove to the chest of Jagger who promptly responds in kind, sending Rage stumbling back into a Supernova schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, HE ALMOST HAD HIM! HE WAS A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM THE WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Supernova scrambles up to his feet as Shadoe Rage looks desperately at the official who confirms it was a two count. Rage looks relieved before turning away, moving towards the ropes where his title belt is sitting out on the table. He gestures for his belt...]

GM: Rage is out of here! He's leaving!

[...but Supernova rushes in from behind, hooking a waistlock, dragging Rage down in a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova buries his head in his hands, looking at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: So close right there!

[The challenger gets back to his feet, advancing on Rage who is backing towards the corner.]

GM: Supernova's moving in on him... time is ticking louder than ever and Supernova is desperately trying to find a way to finish off this match and claim that World Television Title!

[Supernova grabs Rage by the hair, smashing his head down into the top turnbuckle. As Rage falls back, Supernova hooks another waistlock, setting his feet...

...and DUMPS Rage on the back of his head with a German Suplex, holding the bridge for the pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! SHADOE RAGE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

"ONE MINUTE! SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

GM: Sixty seconds to go, fans! Can Supernova find a way to get this win in time?!

[Supernova is shocked that Rage escaped the German Suplex attempt, not even managing to get his hands on him as Rage rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Rage bails out!

BW: But Supernova is coming after him!

[Dazed from the German, Rage doesn't get too far before Supernova catches up to him...

...and SMASHES Rage's head down into the ring apron!]

GM: Headfirst to the apron!

[Supernova shoves him under the ropes, rolling him in. The fan favorite challenger pulls himself up on the apron, slamming his arm down on the top turnbuckle three times before he starts to climb!]

GM: What?! Supernova's going up top!

BW: He's digging down deep to try and win that title!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[As Rage staggers to his feet, Supernova launches off the top, catching Rage across the chest with a flying crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY CONNECTS!

[Supernova hooks the legs tight as the referee drops down to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: You've gotta- he kicked out again?!

BW: Shadoe Rage is putting on one HELL of a performance here, Gordo! He's kicking out of everything to try and keep that World Television Title around his waist!

[Rage stumbles to his feet as Supernova moves in on him, pushing him back into the corner.]

GM: Supernova pushes him in...

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!"

[Supernova rockets Rage across the ring from corner to corner!]

GM: Big whip sends him across! Rage hits the corner!

[Rage hits the buckles hard as Supernova leans back against the corner, giving a quick nod before he breaks into a charge, throwing himself into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[...and CRUSHES Rage against the turnbuckles!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE GOT IT!

BW: It's too late, Gordo!

GM: No, he's still got time! Cover him, kid!

[Supernova throws Rage out of the corner, sending him crashing down to the mat. The challenger dives to the mat, flipping Rage onto his back, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Did he get him?! Did he get him?!

GM: I'm not... I believe the bell sounded before... our Senior Official Johnny Jagger is huddled up with the timekeeper, checking to make sure of the decision.

[Phil Watson is informed of said decision, raising the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the fifteen minute time limit for this match has EXPIRED!

[The crowd jeers as Supernova looks at Watson in disbelief.]

PW: This match is declared a DRAW!

[More boos as Supernova drops to his knees, shaking his head back and forth.]

PW: Therefore... STILL the AWA World Television Champion... SHADOE RAAAAAGE!

[The boos are pouring down as Rage rolls out to the floor, waving his arm wildly for the title belt. He snatches it away from Johnny Jagger, lifting it to the air as Supernova glares at him from within the ring.]

BW: He did it, Gordo! Rage wins! Rage wins!

GM: He did NOT! He may be walking out with the title but this match was a time limit draw! A draw!

BW: Psssh. Semantics. Who is walkin' out with the gold, daddy?

GM: Unfortunately, it's that piece of work, Shadoe Rage but... but I do believe there will be another day for Supernova. Another chance. Another opportunity.

BW: I don't think so. I think he's done, Gordo. I think Shadoe Rage is going to move on to more worthy challengers like Allen Allen and the South Philly Phighter after tonight.

GM: The South Philly... give me a break. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but as we do, check out some big news for fans of the American Wrestling Alliance!

[We fade to black on a smirking Shadoe Rage...

...and then up on a converted warehouse with a cheap vinyl banner that reads "AWA COMBAT CORNER" hanging off the corner of it as a voiceover begins.]

"It began with a goal. A goal to find and train the future of this business."

[Old footage of Todd Michaelson barking out orders as nameless faces run on treadmills, lift weights, and do Hindu squats surrounding the ring.

Suddenly, it cuts to black.]

"It worked."

[We burst into a series of bright and shiny clips, a glow coming off the wrestlers as we see Supreme Wright using the Fat Tuesday on an opponent, Eric Preston sending someone to sleep with the Dream Machine, Aaron Anderson delivering a pop-up European Uppercut, Air Strike lifting the World Tag Team Titles into the air.

We cut back to black.]

"And next Saturday night... it all begins again."

["Blockbuster Night Part 1" by Run The Jewels begins to play as we get a glimpse of the renovated Crockett Coliseum, showing off a shiny new entrance way and video screen. We see some crazy green and white lighting on either side of the video screen, flashing and blinking in a wild pattern as the camera zooms down to the ring where Todd Michaelson is standing. The camera zooms right up to the Head Trainer's grinning face as the music pauses.]

TM: Welcome to the party.

[And we get a quick series of shots of Combat Corner students - most of whom we've never seen before.]

"What began seven years ago in a dirty warehouse begins anew next Saturday night LIVE on [FoxSportsX.com](http://FoxSportsX.com)."

[A graphic comes up advertising "COMBAT CORNER WRESTLING" on Saturday at 8 PM Eastern on the aforementioned website.]

"Combat Corner Wrestling: New Beginnings will feature the future of the American Wrestling Alliance in action LIVE for fans all over the world for the very first time!"

[We see a masked man flipping over the ropes in a twisting moonsault. A pair of Japanese competitors trading chops as sweat sprays off their bodies. A very large barrel-chested African American dropping a foe with a front powerslam. A guy with a wild beard pummeling an opponent in the corner with relentless punches and kicks. The footage wraps up with a guy much too large to be standing on the top rope snapping off a fat man moonsault on a prone opponent as we cut to black.]

"Be there."

[With our black screen still present, 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...]

As we fade back up, we find ourselves in the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing alongside the Head Cheerleader, Chastity, and the 2014 Rookie Of The Year, Frankie Farelli. Farelli is dressed for battle.]

CP: We're back at Memorial Day Mayhem and Frankie, you're moments away from stepping back into the ring for a SuperClash rema-

[Farelli lifts a hand.]

FF: Hold on right there, Colt. You and I are friends, right?

[Colt nods.]

FF: Friends tell each other the truth, right?

CP: Sure.

FF: Then you need to hear the truth and you need to SPEAK the truth right now. This is no rematch, Colt! People keep talking about that Goodell-level chicanery back at SuperClash where I was forced into a match with a twisted lunatic who thinks he's derived from people who've been dead for centuries and takes his orders from the sky!

That was a sneak attack. It was unjust... and in a REAL sport, it never would have been tolerated.

[Farelli chuckles.]

FF: I mean, can you imagine the New England Patriots - excuse me, the World Champion New England Patriots - showing up at the Super Bowl only

to have a completely different team than they were scheduled to face come charging out onto the field? I wouldn't past Goodell to try something like that to screw my guys over but... in this world... this so-called sport of professional wrestling, it's almost an everyday occurrence.

[He shakes his head, wagging a finger.]

FF: But not tonight. Tonight, I'm getting in there - hurt as I may be...

[He gestures to the supposedly injured limb.]

FF: ...to take on the Gladiator. He's going to come out there all fired up. He's going to snort. He's going to growl. He's going to ask the lightbulbs in the ceiling for advice. And these Louisiana LOSERS are going to cheer him on.

But in the end, Colt, it's not going to matter. Because by the time I'm done with the Gladiator, I'm going to leave him lying on the mat, staring up at his gods, and wondering what happened to his destiny.

[Farelli winks at the camera, striding out of view with Chastity who blows a kiss at the camera before exiting.]

CP: Frankie Farelli is a man who is ready to defy the odds and beat The Gladiator here tonight. Now, I hope you brought your Gladiator-to-English decoder ring, Sweet Lou, 'cause the floor is yours, jack!

[We crossfade to another part of backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

LB: All right, fans, tonight on Memorial Day Mayhem, Frankie Farelli is set to go for one-on-one action, whether he may want to or not, against the same man who answered his open challenge back at SuperClash. I'm, of course, talking about The Gladiator, who I understand is on his way right now and...

[Lou stops in mid-sentence as the man he talked about walks onto the set. The Gladiator wears his gladiator helmet, and he is carrying two items with him. One of them is obvious: an Ohio State football helmet. The other looks like a dark blue cloth. Gladiator starts to pace back and forth a bit behind Lou and...]

G: Aarrgghh aarrgghh aarrgghh aarrgghh.

[...he's doing that. Lou turns about, trying to keep up with Gladiator's movements at the back of the set.]

LB: Hold on a minute, Gladiator. May I ask what you are doing with that Ohio State football helmet and... what else do you have with you?

[He tries to get a closer look at the cloth, as Gladiator stares at Lou, as if sizing him up.]

LB: It looks like... that looks like a football jersey. What on earth are you doing with this football gear? If you'll pardon my observation, you don't look like the type who would go out onto the football field to compete.

[Gladiator raises up the helmet and raises his voice.]

G: THEY TELL ME THIS IS THE BATTLE GEAR WORN BY THOSE WHO DO BATTLE IN THE ARENAS WHERE FRANKIE FARELLI ONCE CLAIMS TO HAVE FOUGHT! THEY ALSO TELL ME THAT NOT LONG AGO, THOSE WHO OVERSAW THE BATTLES IN WHAT THEY CALL OHIO ONCE ENGAGED IN DISHONORABLE ACTS, ALL WHILE ACCUMULATING MANY RICHES OFF THE BACKS OF TRULY HONORABLE INDIVIDUALS WHO SIMPLY LOOKED FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE THEMSELVES WORTHY OF WHAT THEY CALL THE WAR OF THE GRIDIRON!

[He kneels down, placing the helmet on the floor, then unfolds the cloth. Lou was correct that it was a jersey... specifically, it's a New England Patriots jersey, No. 12 for Tom Brady.]

G: AND THEY TELL ME THESE ARE THE COLORS THAT FRANKIE FARELLI ONCE FOUGHT UNDER, THAT WERE ALSO WORN BY A MAN NAMED BRADY! THEY HAVE TOLD ME THE STORY ABOUT THE MAN NAMED BRADY! THEY HAVE TOLD ME THAT THE MAN NAMED BRADY HAS BEEN BUSY WINNING MANY BATTLES OF HIS OWN! BUT NOW THEY TELL ME THAT THE MAN NAMED BRADY HAS BEEN QUESTIONED FOR HIS PREFERENCE IN BATTLE EQUIPMENT, AND THE BELIEF THAT HIS PREFERENCES GIVE HIM A DISHONORABLE ADVANTAGE AND TARNISH THE IMAGE OF WHAT SOMEONE HAS CALLED THE SHIELD!

[He takes the jersey and lowers it to his side, lowering his voice as well.]

G: I know very little of these lands that others walk upon, or the colors that others fight under, but only of those that Jupiter and Juno direct me to! And it is not for me to judge the actions of those who fight in other lands, or wear colors unfamiliar to me! Only those who fight in those lands elsewhere can be the ones to render judgment, and have to live with whatever consequences arise as a result of their judgments! Whether they call themselves Buckeyes or Patriots, only they can answer to their actions and accept whatever fate may lie for them in their future travels!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrll SNORT!

[...that happens, as Gladiator goes back to pacing around behind Blackwell.]

LB: Well, be that as it may, Gladiator, may I ask what all of this has to do with Frankie Farelli? After all, it's not going to be the gridiron on which you will meet, but in the ring tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Gladiator turns to Lou, raising his voice once more.]

G: FRANKIE FARELLI HAS PASSED JUDGMENT ON MANY IN THESE LANDS, EVEN AS I HAVE LEARNED THAT HE HAS NOT BEEN WILLING TO MAKE THE SACRIFICES THAT ARE NECESSARY TO TRULY ACHIEVE THE HONOR AND GLORY THAT TRULY MAKES ONE WORTHY TO STAY IN THESE LANDS! HE HAS ONLY BROUGHT SHAME AND DISGRACE UPON THESE LANDS, FINDING EVERY WAY TO TAKE THE EASY WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN, WHEN OTHERS KNOW THAT THE JOURNEY UP THAT MOUNTAIN REQUIRES ONE STEP AT A TIME, AND THERE CAN BE NO SHORTCUTS TO THE PEAK THAT AWAITS THOSE WHO STAY WITH THE JOURNEY!

[He raises his finger and points toward the camera.]

G: YOU, FRANKIE FARELLI, HAVE DONE EVERYTHING WITHIN WHAT LITTLE POWER YOU HAVE TO AVOID YET ANOTHER BATTLE WITH ME! BUT AS MUCH AS YOU HAVE CONSPIRED TO AVOID THE INEVITABLE, THE MOMENT NOW RAPIDLY APPROACHES! THE MOMENT IN WHICH YOU WILL COME FACE TO FACE WITH MY GLADIATORS WHO FOLLOW ME INTO BATTLE, KNOWING I WILL ALWAYS LEAD THEM WITH HONOR AND PRIDE! THE MOMENT IN WHICH YOU WILL RECEIVE THE PUNISHMENT THAT JUPITER AND JUNO HAVE CALLED UPON ME TO DELIVER! THE MOMENT IN WHICH YOU WILL PAY FOR THE JUDGMENT YOU RENDERED UPON EVERY INDIVIDUAL WHO KNOWS THERE IS SHORTCUT TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN! AND THE MOMENT IN WHICH YOU WILL FIND THE ONLY DESTINY THAT AWAITS YOU, IS YOU FALLING BENEATH MY FEET AS ONLY THESE NUMBERS WILL BE HEARD IN YOUR EARS!

[He holds up a finger for each number he counts off.]

G: OOOONNNNE! TWOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[He continues holding up three fingers and lets that last letter hang as he marches off the set.]

LB: Fans, I can only imagine what's in store for Frankie Farelli in just a few moments!

[He looks down for a minute. Seems Gladiator left the helmet behind.]

LB: Hmmm, I wonder if there are any Ohio State fans tonight who be interested in some merchandise. Gordon, Bucky... down to you at ringside!

[We crossfade down to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and as we sit out here at ringside, Bucky, awaiting the match that's just moments away pitting Frankie Farelli against The Gladiator, we've gotta go back a second and talk about the World Tag Team Titles AND the Stampede Cup because we just got big breaking news from backstage that has major implications on both things.

BW: Big breaking news that is as shameful as you can get. AWA President Landon O'Neill isn't even HERE tonight and he's still causing problems!

GM: Mr. O'Neill is watching the show from his office in New York City and with the blatant interference of "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White despite Mr. White being barred from ringside, the AWA President has decided to make the Lights Out Express PROVE that they deserve to be the Double Champions. On the next Saturday Night Wrestling, the Lights Out Express will defend BOTH sets of titles that they're carrying against the Number One Contenders...AIR STRIKE!

[Bucky shakes his head with disgust.]

GM: Of course, that means that the Stampede Cup first round match between Air Strike and the team of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan that was scheduled for SNW from Kansas City is being postponed. It'll still take place but the title match comes first, fans. Big news for Air Strike fans as they'll get another chance to regain the titles in Kansas City.

BW: A sham.

GM: Fans, while Bucky tries to recover from that news, let's head up to the ring for more action!

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

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

[The familiar synthesized bells of "A New Game", composed by NFL Films' Tom Hedden, echo out over the arena in the distinctive 15/8 time signature. The fans boo as this heralds the oncoming of "First String" Frankie Farelli, who strolls on through the entrance curtain with an arrogant swagger. At his side is his head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain.]

GM: There he is, Bucky.

BW: The 2014 Rookie Of The Year! The only man in professional wrestling to be an NCAA champion AND an NFL champion! The term "First String" and then some applies to this man, Gordo.

[Farelli walks to the ring with an unhurried gait, pointing and mocking the fans as he goes by. Frankie Farelli is a broadshouldered man with short blonde hair and gleaming white teeth. He's wearing a blue New England Patriots Starter jacket, blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. Most prominently, he frequently holds up his single 2004 Super Bowl ring to show the fans why he believes himself to be better than them. He has put it on his middle finger for some odd reason...

Chamberlain is wearing the blue, silvery-white, and red cheerleader outfit of a Patriots cheerleader. The buxom blonde is waving her pom-poms, trying

to get the fans cheering and seemingly oblivious to the fact that they aren't. She bounces around on the balls of her feet, occasionally doing a high leg kick or jump as part of her cheer routine.

Eventually, the duo reach the ringside area. Farelli waits for Chastity to hop onto the apron and hold the ropes open before he enters the ring. Chamberlain then neatly jumps in over the top rope, and bounds all over the ring waving her pom-poms and leading cheers that are actually boos. The cocky Farelli walks over to Phil Watson, takes his cue card out of his hand, and produces a new cue card from his jacket pocket which he gives to the ring announcer to read. The music dies down and an unhappy Watson proceeds to work off of his new material as Frankie stands menacingly by.]

PW: \*ahem\* Introducing first... the head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain!

[She does a Barani flip as her name is introduced, landing in a split as the male demographic cheers her.]

PW: She represents... from Long Island, New York... weighing in at two-hun...

[Farelli interrupts by pointing at the card and intoning "READ IT ALL."]

PW: ...weighing in at a slim, trim, cut, ripped, stacked, powerpacked, unstoppable two-hundred and eighty-one and one-quarter pounds...

He is an NCAA National Football Champion and All-American. He is a Super Bowl Champion and Pro Bowler. He is the only true athlete in the sport of wrestling today, and you are all lucky that he has come here to prove it once again...

...he is the King Of Combat, the Master Of Mayhem, the Unstoppable Force And The Immovable Object, the Beast Of The East, the Baddest Man In The Building, he is...

[Phil shoots a withering glance at Farelli, as if to say "really?" Farelli waves him on.]

PW: ...accepting applications for his cheerleader squad.

[Chastity nods to verify that this is true. She shouts out "I need lackeys!"]

PW: He is my personal favorite wrestler... \*sigh\*... here is "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[Farelli steps to the corner and raises his Super Bowl ring in the air as the fans boo and Chastity jumps around like a loon.]

GM: Frankie Farelli, as always, is quite full of himself as he subjects us to that lengthy and obnoxious pre-match entrance routine... but I believe that

smirk on his face is about to get turned upside down, inside out, and then some in big fashion.

BW: We'll see about that, Gordo. Personally, I think Frankie Farelli is going to expose The Gladiator as the fraud that he is!

[Farelli's music dies out as he stands on the midbuckle, harassing the ringside fans...]

PW: And his opponent...

[A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: Introducing, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: HERE HE COMES! HERE HE COMES!

[Farelli leaps over the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor. He angrily protests The Gladiator running back and forth, bouncing off the ropes.]

GM: And that didn't take long at all for Frankie Farelli to bail out of the ring.

BW: Can you blame him? That lunatic is all over the ring!

[Farelli slides around the ring, huddling up with Chastity Chamberlain out on the floor. The Gladiator comes to a halt in the middle of the squared circle, pumping his arms up and down towards the heavens as the fans continue to roar for him.]

GM: Listen to these fans paying tribute to The Gladiator!



[Farelli slips away, nodding as Chastity climbs up on the apron. She's screaming and shouting, first at the official... then at the Gladiator who cocks his head like an interested animal in her direction.]

GM: Chastity's got the attention of The Gladiator...

BW: And just about every other man in the building.

GM: She's an attractive woman for sure and-

[The former NFLer slides into the ring, using the distraction to charge the Gladiator from behind, laying in a big forearm smash across the back of the head... and a second. A swinging right into the ribcage follows...

...as The Gladiator slowly turns to face his attacker, giving Farelli the same cocked head look.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Farelli slams a forearm to the chest... and one to the side of the head... and one down across the forehead...

...but The Gladiator is feeling none of it, blocking the next one with ease and BLASTING Farelli off his feet with a right hand!]

GM: Down goes Farelli... and Davis Warren signals for the bell! We're off and running in this one here in Lafayette!

[Farelli scrambles up to his feet, charging in on The Gladiator who drops him with a second right hand!]

GM: Another big right sends Farelli down!

[The former football star comes to his feet a third time, charging in as The Gladiator sidesteps, shoving him towards the ropes.]

GM: Farelli off the far side...

[Charging back hard, Farelli gets lifted up under the arm of The Gladiator who does a full spin...

...and DROPS Farelli down to the mat with a side slam!]

GM: BIG SLAM BY THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator climbs to his feet as Farelli rolls out to the floor.]

GM: And you've gotta be impressed with a slam like that, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Frankie Farelli gives up a couple of inches in height to The Gladiator but he's got twenty pounds on him. He's about 280 pounds and The Gladiator picked him up for that slam with ease!

GM: The Head Cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain, is immediately to his side out there on the floor to check on him.

[Chastity is rubbing the back of Frankie Farelli, cheering him on as the former Pro Bowler winces in pain. He's down on a knee, looking up angrily at the Gladiator as he plots his next move.]

GM: Farelli looks like he's trying to regroup... maybe plan a new gameplan...

BW: He was under the learning tree of the great Bill Belichick, Gordo... he's going to have a Plan A, Plan B, Plan C, D, and E too.

[Farelli slowly climbs to his feet as the referee reaches the count of five. The Gladiator is pacing back and forth, waiting for Farelli to get back into the ring. The former football star pulls himself up on the apron, demanding that the referee force The Gladiator to step back before he ducks back in.]

GM: Farelli back in... and he's calling for a tieup...

[The Gladiator bullrushes in, obliging with a collar and elbow. Farelli and The Gladiator tussle in the center, fighting for an advantage.]

GM: Look at this, fans. Two big bulls in Farelli and the Gladiator, trying to outmuscle the other.

[Farelli uses his former lineman skills to use the Gladiator's momentum against him, falling back and then spinning him back into the corner where Farelli breaks the tieup, burying a knee in to the gut.]

GM: Oh! Knee downstairs on the break!

[Farelli lands two more knees as the referee protests. He steps back, throwing a right hand into the midsection.]

GM: And it looks like Farelli's targeting the torso of The Gladiator, perhaps hoping to wear him down, take some of the wind out of his sails...

[He lands three more haymakers to the gut before stepping to the side, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip on the way...

[Gladiator slams back into the buckles as Farelli measures him, charging across to bury a knee into the gut!]

GM: Running knee to the abdomen!

[Dragging the Gladiator out to the center of the ring, Farelli lifts him and drops him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Gutbuster!

[He flips Gladiator to his back, diving across and hooking a leg.]

GM: One! Two! Out at two!

[Farelli pops back to his feet, leaping up for a double stomp on the abdomen!]

GM: Double stomp to the gut! Taking a page out of Anton Layton's playbook - wherever that monster has slunk off to.

[Farelli turns around, standing over The Gladiator. An arrogant smirk crosses his face as he drops to a knee, waving his arms for the crowd's reaction... which is predictably boos.]

GM: Farelli wasting some valuable time here. The ego and the arrogance of Frankie Farelli knows very few equals, Bucky.

[The former NFLer drags the Gladiator off the mat, lifting him up over his shoulder, charging across...

...and DRIVES him back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Gladiator gets crushed into the corner!

[Clinging to the second rope, Farelli lowers his shoulder and DRIVES it into the gut... and again... and again...]

GM: Farelli's doing a number on the Gladiator in the corner, fans!

BW: Throwing those big tackles to the gut and The Gladiator's getting tested for the very first time, Gordo. So far, he's been running down the equivalent of tackling dummies inside that ring. But tonight, he's got a REAL test in front of him.

[With The Gladiator holding his ribs, Farelli straightens up, backing out of the corner as the referee reprimands him. He backs to the far corner, lifting his hand into the air...

...and planting it into the mat, his rear up in the air!]

GM: Uh oh! Farelli's calling for the three point tackle!

[The former Pro Bowler goes charging across the ring at top speed, lowering his head...]

GM: TACKLE!

[...but The Gladiator spins to the side, throwing Farelli chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Gladiator grabs the rebounding Farelli, spinning him around, and dropping him with a heavy clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline drops Farelli!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, The Gladiator pulls Farelli back up, throwing a second standing clothesline!]

GM: Another big clothesline takes Farelli down again!

[He hauls the former football star up a third time, winding up the right arm...

...and BLASTS Farelli with it, sending him sailing back through the ropes, crashing down on the floor at ringside to big cheers!]

GM: THE THIRD CLOTHESLINE SENDS FARELLI OUT TO THE FLOOR...

BW: And look out here, that lunatic's coming after him!

[Grabbing at his ribs, The Gladiator steps through the ropes to the apron...

...and finds the Head Cheerleader using her body to shield her man from further harm!]

GM: Oh, come on! Chastity Chamberlain is blocking The Gladiator from advancing on Farelli!

BW: That's her job! That's what she's supposed to do!

GM: She's a cheerleader! She's supposed to wave her pom-poms around!

BW: You dirty old man. I bet you'd like that!

GM: Would you stop?!

[The Gladiator shouts at Chastity, imploring the referee to do something. Davis Warren slides to the floor, arguing with the Head Cheerleader. The Gladiator is distracted by the confrontation...

...which allows Farelli to break away from it, burying a right hand into the midsection of The Gladiator!]

GM: OHH! FARELLI NAILS HIM IN THE GUT!

[Reaching up, Farelli ignores the official as he grabs a handful of The Gladiator's hair, THROWING him off the apron to the floor in a slam with his arms partially extended!]

GM: DOWN ON THE FLOOR AT RINGSIDE!

[Farelli collapses back against the apron, raising his arms triumphantly as the fans jeer. The former NFLer grabs the referee, waving him back into the ring. Both Warren and Farelli slide back in as Farelli waves for Davis Warren to count his opponent out.]

GM: And would you look at this? Frankie Farelli's demanding that The Gladiator be counted out!

[Davis Warren obliges, starting his count as Farelli drags himself to his feet, leaning against the ropes on the far side of the ring, counting along with Warren.]

GM: The count's up to three... now to four...

[The Gladiator is down on his back, slowly sitting up as the count reaches five. The crowd cheers as the big man rolls to his knees, throwing his head back.]

GM: The Gladiator's trying to get back up... trying to get back into this thing as the count hits seven...

[Pushing up off the floor at eight, he turns back towards the ring when Frankie Farelli comes barreling across...]

GM: BASEBALL SLIDE!

[...but again, The Gladiator steps aside, causing Farelli to whiff on the attack. Off-balance, Farelli is unable to defend himself from a knife edge chop across the chest that knocks him down!]

GM: Ohh! What a chop!

[The Gladiator pulls Farelli up, throwing him under the ropes. The Gladiator pulls himself back up on the apron as Farelli scrambles up, charging back in...]

GM: What's he...?

[Farelli lowers his head, attempting to land a tackle to the ribs THROUGH the ropes...

...but The Gladiator sidesteps and SLAMS a knee up into the chest, stunning Farelli!]

GM: Farelli got rocked! He's been hung out to dry over the middle rope!

[The Gladiator goes to pull Farelli to a standing position but Farelli leaps up, hooking his hands around the head...

...and DROPS down to his rear, snapping the Gladiator's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[The defensive move leaves the Gladiator laid out on the apron, chest heaving as Farelli crawls away, grabbing at his chest. He again uses the ropes to drag himself up, taking aim on the Gladiator...]

GM: BASEBALL SLIDE!

[...and BURIES his feet into the ribs of The Gladiator, knocking him off the ring apron to the floor again!]

GM: OHH! He got all of that! And now, once again, the referee will start his ten count on The Gladiator who is laid out on the floor from that baseball slide!

[Farelli again drags himself to his feet as the official lays in his count on The Gladiator, getting quickly to three.]

BW: Gordo, you've gotta be impressed with Frankie Farelli in this match! The Gladiator surprised him... backjumped him... Pearl Harbor'd him... whatever you want to call it back at SuperClash but tonight, Farelli's showing the world just what he can do to this Gladiator when he comes at him face to face!

GM: They WERE face to face at SuperClash, Bucky! Granted, Frankie Farelli wasn't prepared for The Gladiator so we're seeing what Farelli can do with this particular opponent on full preparation... and yes, it's VERY impressive! The Gladiator has run over EVERYONE since arriving here in the AWA and this is his first real test! And Farelli IS testing him, there's no denying that!

[The count is to five as Farelli shouts at the referee to count faster. The Cajundome crowd is buzzing with concern as The Gladiator hasn't stirred off the floor yet.]

GM: The Gladiator starting to move... the Gladiator starting to take action as he rolls to all fours...

[Farelli angrily kicks the ropes, shouting at the official again as the count hits six...]

GM: The Gladiator grabs the bottom rope, pulling... dragging... fighting with all his heart to get back to his feet...

[As the count hits seven, The Gladiator is up and pulling himself through the ropes where Farelli SLAMS home a running punt kick into the ribs!]

GM: OHH!

[He quickly flips The Gladiator to his back, jackknifing the legs into a folded cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But The Gladiator's powerful legs send Farelli sailing back from the force of the kickout!]

GM: Two count only! What power on the kickout! Tremendous leg strength from The Gladiator, fans!

[Farelli is quickly to his feet, stomping the head of the Gladiator!]

GM: Kick after kick, trying to keep this powerful force down on the canvas!

BW: But he keeps getting up! I can't believe it, Gordo!

[The Gladiator forces his way to his knees, taking punch after punch to the head by Frankie Farelli who looks absolutely stunned at The Gladiator's resilience!]

GM: He's getting up! Can you believe this, fans?! The Gladiator is getting up!

[Farelli winds up, landing another right as The Gladiator climbs to his feet...

...and lets loose a roar, pummeling his chest with clenched fists, causing Farelli to backpedal. He's shaking his head, waving his arms as The Gladiator advances on him!]

GM: The Gladiator's coming for Farelli!

[Farelli looks back and forth, searching for an answer or perhaps an escape before he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards The Gladiator, leaping up with a shoulder tackle...

...but The Gladiator stands tall, watching as Farelli bounces off him, falling to the mat to big cheers!]

GM: OH MY!

[The Gladiator nods at the cheering fans as he approaches Farelli who is crawling towards the corner, looking for an escape...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Grabbing the arm, The Gladiator sends Farelli to the opposite corner...]

GM: ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE!

[He whips him across again, rocketing in after him...]

GM: THAT MAKES THREE!

[Farelli slumps to his knees at the feet of The Gladiator as the man from Parts Unknown raises his arms, looking to the sky for inspiration, the crowd going wild!]

GM: The Gladiator hauling Farelli up by the hair... and again, he just muscles up that 280 pounder like he's nothing, slinging him over his shoulder...

[With a shout, the Gladiator marches out of the corner to the center of the ring, leaping up and PLANTING Farelli with a powerslam!]

GM: Running powerslam! A cover!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! FARELLI KICKS OUT!

[The Gladiator pushes up off the mat, climbing to his feet, pacing around the ring as the fans cheer him on. Farelli rolls to all fours, crawling towards the corner where Chastity is screaming, cheering him to his feet.]

GM: Farelli's down and-

[The Gladiator stomps in, hooking a waistlock on the downed Farelli...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The powerhouse struggles and strains, lifting Farelli to his feet...

...but the former NFL star throws a back elbow to the jaw, breaking the waistlock. Farelli throws a second, stunning The Gladiator!]

GM: Wow! What fight being shown by Farelli!

[Farelli dashes to the ropes...

...but The Gladiator comes right behind him, hitting an impactful clothesline that takes Farelli over the top rope where he crashes down to a shin on the ring apron!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OVER THE TOP!

BW: But thankfully, Farelli was able to hang on!

GM: But for how long? The Gladiator hooks him, looking to bring him back in the hard way!

[The Gladiator hooks the front facelock, slinging Farelli's arm over his neck, setting for the suplex...]



GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[...but Chastity Chamberlain has other ideas, reaching under the bottom rope, hooking the ankle of The Gladiator, tripping him up as Farelli's 280 pounds comes crashing down on his opponent's torso! The referee drops down to count as Chastity hangs on to the ankle for dear life!]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[The count hits two...

...and a HUGE kickout sends Farelli flying off the Gladiator as Chastity goes crashing down to the floor!]

BW: He knocked down Chastity! Another scumbag manhandling women!

GM: He didn't even know she was there, Bucky! That was her own fault!

[With Chastity down on the floor, a concerned Farelli climbs to his feet, looking over the ropes down on her...

...but then angrily turns back to The Gladiator, stomping the head of the powerhouse as he again starts to come off the canvas!]

GM: Farelli's raining down shots on The Gladiator... but again, Bucky, I'm not sure they're having any effect!

[Standing behind his opponent, Farelli slams down forearms and double axehandles on the back of the head and neck as the Gladiator rises, slowly turns...

...and growls right in the face of Farelli whose eyes go wide before he reaches out, raking the eyes of his foe!]

GM: Oh! Farelli to the eyes!

[Grabbing the arm, Farelli goes for a whip to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[...and as Farelli rebounds back, The Gladiator **THROWS HIMSELF** into a vicious spear tackle!]

GM: OHH! HE NEARLY BROKE HIM IN HALF!

[The Gladiator plants his palms on the chest of Farelli, nodding in time with the count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The wild music starts again as The Gladiator climbs to his feet, raising his arms and throwing his head back to look to the sky...]

PW: Here is your winner...

THE GLAAAAADIAAAAATOOOOOOOR!

[The Gladiator rocks his head back and forth a few times, mounting the midbuckle to point to the cheering fans as well as to the sky.]

GM: The Gladiator wins with that devastating spear tackle!

BW: He won after a vicious assault on Chastity Chamberlain and it's obvious that Frankie Farelli was so concerned for her wellbeing, he completely lost focus on the match and that was the result.

GM: You can believe that all you want but these fans think that's a TRUE champion right there in The Gladiator!

[We cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: A big win for The Gladiator and you'd have to imagine that'll greatly help his standing when the next Top Contenders' Ranking is released following Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: A win like that might knock you right into contention for the TV Title, the National Title... heck, even the World Title, Gordo. Can't say I can imagine gold around the waist of that lunatic though. He might pawn it for a lifeline to the Gods.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: The Gladiator running right out of here, leaving his defeated opponent behind and you have to wonder what's next for Frankie Farelli. The 2014 Rookie Of The Year put up one heck of a fight but-

[Suddenly, the Cajundome lights cut to black.]

GM: What the-?!

[A ominous high-pitched cackle comes over the PA system. The video walls flicker with static before an image fills the screen - it's a skeleton with an enlarged skull smiling and dancing. A top hat rests on the enlarged skull, slightly akimbo, as it holds a cigarette holder in one bony hand and a martini glass in the other. Underneath the ghoulish images rests the letters "DMP."

The infamous logo for the Dead Man's Party.]

GM: What in the world...?!

[There's a noticeable roar from the more knowledgeable members of the AWA fanbase as the opening notes of Oingo Boingo's "Dead Man's Party" comes over the PA system.]

GM: Oh my stars!

[The lights stay out for a while as a multitude of colored lights flash all over the Cajundome, lighting up the crowd, hitting the ring...

...and then with a flicker, the lights come back up, revealing a ring full of trouble.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: THE DEAD MAN'S PARTY IS HERE, GORDO!

[There are men clad in black from head to toe... some of which have opted for skeleton handkerchiefs covering the bottom halves of their faces.]

GM: We've got trouble, fans!

[The arena is buzzing as the eight men who make up the Tiger Paw Pro supergroup are standing in a loose octagon...

...with a downed Frankie Farelli in the middle of them.]

GM: We've got a problem here! If anyone in the back can hear me...

[Breaking away from the "octagon", a man that should seem quite familiar to longtime AWA fans snatches Frankie Farelli up off the canvas. His jet black hair is slicked back with a single two inch wide streak of red forming a "mohawk" of sorts. He's clad in black pants with a DMP t-shirt that reads "PRIDE" across the back. Angrily, he hurls Farelli towards the ropes...]

GM: Is that...?

[...and LEVELS him with a thunderous chop across the pectoral, leaving him laying!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That's Yuma Weaver, Gordo!

GM: It is! I thought it was! Yuma Weaver is a former AWA competitor who went through the Combat Corner and competed here in the AWA for a time but just never seemed to catch fire like he'd hoped.

BW: Yeah, but he seems pretty ablaze right now!

[A fuming mad Weaver slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting something aggressively at the fans as another man follows in his footsteps, pulling down the rag covering his face in an exaggerated fashion.]

GM: My stars... that's... that's Ricky Royal! We haven't seen Ricky Royal since...

BW: Royal was one of the first AWA superstars. A big, tough dude who looked like he was going all the way but he got into some trouble in the locker room and got shown the door within the first year.

[Royal sends a dazed Farelli off the ropes, pumping his right arm once before OBLITERATING Farelli with a lunging lariat! The blow is delivered with enough force to send Royal to his knees, sneering down at Farelli who rolls to his stomach, trying to avoid further punishment...

...an attempt that is short-lived and pointless as a behemoth of a man takes a three step jog, leaps, and CRUSHES Farelli underneath approximately 400 pounds in a big splash on his back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD-

BW: Gordo, Farelli just got SQUASHED under that monster of a man! And for those who haven't been watching Wrestle Galaxy featuring Tiger Paw Pro here on The X... that's the One Man Army! He's the enforcer for these guys!

GM: With guys like Weaver and Royal, they need an enforcer?!

[The One Man Army climbs to his feet, trading a high five with a pair of familiar faces.]

GM: Those are the Wallace twins... the team known as Youth In Asia that we saw in action on the last Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Chaz and Chet Wallace are all smirks as they drag Farelli up off the canvas, using a double whip to put him in the corner. The duo leans back to back with an obnoxious cry of "DROOOOPKIIIIICK PAAAAARTYYYYY!" before Chet rushes in, throwing a dropkick to the face of Farelli, knocking him down to a seated position in the corner!]

GM: OHH! One dropkick...

[Chaz follows in suit, leaping up, seemingly hanging in the air before delivering a second dropkick to the mush of the downed Farelli, causing him to roll out of the corner as Chaz and Chet take turns crotch chopping in his direction while another man hurdles the top rope in a slingshot, scaling up the ropes...]

GM: Somebody's going up top!

BW: That's "Jumpin' Johnny Skye! The YouTube sensation!

[As the Wallaces drop to their knees, pointing up at Skye who positions himself on the top rope, looking down menacingly at the prone Farelli...

...and takes flight, flipping through the air, and CRUSHING Farelli underneath him!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: 450 SPLASH... and WITH IMPACT, DADDY!

[Skye rolls to his feet, clutching his own ribcage as one of the final two men who have yet to strike move into the picture. This guy is still wearing the handkerchief over his face as he pulls Frankie Farelli off the canvas, lifting the 280 pounder up onto his shoulders into powerbomb position...]

GM: Holy... look at the power!

BW: Not many people can do this to a near three hundred pounder, Gordo! But this guy can!

GM: Who is it?! He's still wearing that-

[The mystery man charges across the ring as the Wallaces stomp their feet on the canvas, creating a drum roll type sound...

...and Farelli gets LAUNCHED towards the corner, his head and neck snapping forward in a whiplash-type effect!]

GM: OHHH! POWERBOMB INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!

[The "masked" man steps back, ripping the cloth off his face and throwing it down...

...before turning to the side and waving at the announce table.]

BW: Hah! You know who that is now, Gordo?!

GM: That's... that's your nephew, Elijah!

BW: It is! Eli Wilde is in the house! A nephew that I'm actually PROUD of!

[Wilde grabs the limp Farelli by the hair, pulling him out to the center of the ring. He takes a knee, pulling Farelli down onto his knees as the final member of the Dead Man's Party steps up...]

GM: Is this guy in charge? Is he the leader?

[The final man whips off his hooded sweatshirt, throwing it aside to reveal a good-looking Hawaiian young man in his mid 20's. His shoulder-length black hair is tied back into a ponytail. He's athletically fit but not overly muscular...

...and he looks agitated. He stares down at Farelli, boring holes right into his eyes with his own gaze... and then slowly drags a thumb across his throat.]

GM: And for those who don't know, that man is Jay Alana... perhaps the hottest prospect in the wrestling world today. He's second generation and he's the hottest free agent in the world!

BW: Correction... he WAS the hottest free agent in the world. 'Cause right now, I'd say he's with Tiger Paw Pro and he's with the Dead Man's Party, daddy!

[Alana steps out to the apron, heading towards the ropes as Wilde holds the kneeling Farelli in place...

...and the Wallaces SMASH four feet into Farelli's skull with a dropkick to the head!]

GM: OHHH!

[Farelli slumps over onto his back as Jay Alana gracefully scales the ropes, stepping to the top. He looks down at Farelli, spreading his arms wide, closing his eyes as the fans jeer loudly...

...and leaps off, surging into the air, turning his body into a dive bomber as he reaches the peak and then plummets down... down... down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SPLASH CONNECTS!

[Alana pushes up to a knee, dragging a limp Farelli off the mat by the hair, pointing at his face, saying something off-mic as the other members of the Dead Man's Party take the opportunity to celebrate, high fiving one another as the fans jeer louder than ever...]

GM: Jay Alana is asking for a mic... why on Earth are we giving it to him?

BW: You gonna tell these guys no? They just destroyed Frankie Farelli!

[Alana takes the mic, looking into the camera's lens.]

JA: It's a dead man's party... who could ask for more? Everybody's comin'...

[He smirks, looking back at Farelli.]

JA: ...leave your body at the door.

[The arrogant Hawaiian drops the mic on the chest of the motionless Farelli, the crowd really letting this massive group of attackers have it as their music starts to play again. The screen lights up with the dancing skeleton once more.]

GM: Frankie Farelli... fans, Frankie Farelli is badly hurt. He's been brutally assaulted by the Dead Man's Party and he's in bad, bad shape.

BW: You gotta ask the question, Gordo. Why? Why now? Why Frankie Farelli? Was this just a statement? A message to the rest of the locker room? Was Farelli just an innocent by-stander?

GM: They picked a man who had no allies. No one in the back who would help him. This was a specific target. This was a smart target. They didn't want a fight. They wanted a slaughter... and they got one here tonight.

[The eight men stand around the motionless Farelli, glaring out into the Cajundome crowd...

...as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto 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.]

We fade back up to ringside where a hush has fallen over the crowd.]

GM: Welcome back to Memorial Day Mayhem, fans... and mayhem is truly the word to describe what we just saw. This crowd is still in shock over the arrival of the Dead Man's Party here in the Cajundome... and during the break, Frankie Farelli was taken out of the ring on a stretcher.

BW: You know I'm as big of a Farelli fan as anyone on the planet, Gordo... but no one... NO ONE... was going to be able to stand up against eight men. Ask Juan Vasquez.

GM: You're exactly right... and from what we've been told, Frankie Farelli is being taken by ambulance to a nearby medical center for immediate emergency treatment. There were a lot of concerned faces out here from the AWA medical team and... well, if we can, we'll try and get an update from Dr. Ponavitch before we go off the air tonight. If not, be sure to check [AWA.com](http://AWA.com) for all the details on his condition.

[Both announcers look pretty solemn over this discussion.]

GM: We, of course, still have a lot of action to come. Five more matches remain including the National Title on the line... the tag team showdown between Team Supreme and the TexMo Connection... that big cage match pitting Hannibal Carver against Johnny Detson... the Unsanctioned battle between Ryan Martinez and Caleb Temple... and coming up in a few moments, the Exhibition Match featuring the monster known as Kraken taking on the Global Fighting Champion, Rufus "The Rottweiler" Harris. That's still to come... but right now, I'm being told we've got a very special video package for you about our next supershow - Rising Sun Showdown 2!

[Fade to white.

A glowing red sun starts to slow fade in and rise all at once as the "metal" stylings of "Gimme Chocolate!!" by BABYMETAL starts to play. As the sun fills the screen, beams of red energy and light fly off it as the Tiger Paw Pro and American Wrestling Alliance logos appear on either side of the screen...

...and CRASH together in a burst of sparks as the vocals kick in accompanied by a voiceover.]

"Last year, the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro made history with the very first Rising Sun Showdown!

This year... we do it all... over... again."

[A high energy segment of clips from the first Rising Sun Showdown go flying by. After about ten seconds of this, we cut to a white screen again. A

picture appears, accompanied by the kanji and English versions of the name underneath.]

"The American Mastodon, MAMMOTH Maximus..."

[Another picture comes from the other side of the screen.]

"...takes on the Demon himself, KING Oni!"

[The two pictures collide in a burst of sparks, replaced by another.]

"The son of the Blackheart, Brian James..."

[Another yet another.]

"...meets one of Japan's favorite sons, TORA!"

[The pictures collide in the same sparks as before, leaving a white screen behind.]

"And that's just the beginning."

[The white screen is filled with the information about the show:

"RISING SUN SHOWDOWN 2  
TOKYO DOME  
JULY 18th, 2015"

...and then we fade from the white screen to the backstage area of the Cajundome where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside a familiar face to all TPP fans and many AWA fans, Kenta Kitukawa. Kitukawa is clad in a black suit, white dress shirt, and a green tie. He smiles at the camera, raising a fist as Stegglet begins to speak.]

MS: Rising Sun Showdown 2, less than two months away, fans... and what a night it's going to be with stars from the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro coming together in the squared circle. That show will be broadcast LIVE via iPPV and then later that night again right here on The X! And last year, the man standing by me, Kenta Kitukawa was in the Main Event against Supreme Wright, the AWA World Champion at the time. We just heard about two big matches already signed for the Tokyo Dome... but I'd have to imagine that you, Kenta, will be a big part of that show as well!

[Kitukawa listens as a translator steps in from off-camera, speaking to him. He nods a few times before replying in Japanese. The translator waits and then speaks into the mic.]

T: It has been a long, hard year... Kenta-san has been through many difficult battles... but none has been harder than the fight with Supreme Wright. He says that he would welcome the opportunity to face him again.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: And I think wrestling fans all over the world would be enthusiastic to see that match again as well. It was one of the biggest matches of the year and one that many felt was the Match of the Year for 2014. However, if you met Supreme Wright this year, the AWA World Title would not be at stake. What about a match against the current World Champion, Ryan Martinez?

[Kenta listens to the translation, nodding again before speaking in response.]

T: He says that he has a great respect for Martinez-san. He was watching when he beat Wright for the World Title and was very proud. He remembers Ryan from his days training in Japan and always knew his future was bright. He would be honored to face Ryan-san under any circumstances and would love for that match to take place at Rising Sun Showdown 2.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Alright. Thank you, Kenta, for your time... and we look forward to seeing you in action in the Tokyo Dome! Fans, standing by right now is the man who will boldly step inside the ring in a few moments against the Global Fighting Champion, Rufus Harris. Of course, I'm talking about the beast known as Kraken!

[A quick fade brings us to a non-descript room. There's not much in the way of furniture -- but there is a rather large man standing in the middle of it. This large man is wearing shorts, no shirt, MMA-style gloves on his fists -- and no mask. Kraken stands alone, fists clenching and unclenching, a moderately frightening grin on his face.]

K: You scared yet, Harris?

[Slight pause.]

K: I figured you must be! You got in the ear of all the right people, Harris, got all these rules in your favor -- I mean, c'mon son, no hits to the head?!

[Kraken, with a speed defying his size, spins and throws a mock uraken the camera's way.]

K: Guess I can't be too mad. I don't wanna take that backfist to the head, and I sure as hell know you an' that eggshell skull of yours don't want it!

[Kraken laughs.]

K: So, ain't no hittin' your head allowed -- fine! I got nothin' against bustin' up your body, Harris. I got nothin' against poundin' you like a side of beef, nothin' against sendin' you back with that cheap tin title around your waist and a chest full o' busted ribs!

[The big man's levity fades kind of abruptly.]

K: See, Harris...somethin' you don't understand. The fat man and I, we came back 'cause we wanted respect. I like the paycheck, no lie, but when I hang up the boots for good, I want people to remember that I was a big, fat, ass-kickin' machine, not some tubby toolbox who used to run out to the ring in purple spandex with a little octopus on the front!

[The big man's face is starting to flush with anger.]

K: We were gettin' somewhere, people were paying attention, whisperin' about me in the kinda tones you use when you talk about someone you want no part of -- and then you came along, Harris, and you didn't give a damn because you don't respect anything. You don't respect your employer, the fans that keep you alive, not even the clowns who stepped in to keep you from getting your tail whipped when you laid hands on men whose boots you ain't worthy of shinin', Harris! And now, now you're gonna pretend you have some right to step in that ring, pretend that you bein' anywhere around the AWA is anything but a joke, a bone thrown your way to get you to shut the hell up.

[Kraken slams his right fist into his left palm.]

K: I ain't havin' that! Yeah, you got your exhibition with all the rules you wanted. You get to take your little breaks after five minutes, I can't punch you in the head, and ain't no knockouts. That's good, though, Harris, I'm glad they pushed in that last one, 'cause I don't wanna knock you out! I wanna beat the hell out of you for five minutes, take a drink, beat you five more, stretch out, and then see if I can figure out a way to make you quit right before that timer runs out! An' hell, if I can't, if you make it to the end?

[Kraken laughs an ugly, ugly laugh.]

K: Then a fat wrestler just took you to the time limit, "champ", and you get to go back home with your tail stuck between your legs and a medical bill that'll make you think twice of ever runnin' your mouth my way -- or the AWA's -- ever again.

[We cut away from the determined face of the monster, Kraken, to some obviously pre-recorded footage as we fade into a sportscaster newsroom. In the bottom right corner of the screen we see the Fox Sports logo. In the middle... none other than the middle aged, receding hairline of Fox Sports anchor Stu Duggan. Beside him, and more of a draw to those watching, is GFC World Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris better known to fight fans as the Rottweiler.

Harris leans back in a desk chair, his hands clasped behind the intricately manicured head which bares wild black hair patterns around the ears and over the center of his scalp. His massive biceps nearly touch his ears as they leap out of the mesh material of his olive green Nike polo. A thick gold chain hangs around his neck, scooping downward out of sight behind the table as he flashes his pearly white smile at the camera.]

SD: Fight fans, it's the moment we've all been waiting for. It's been nearly one year since we have seen the Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion of the World step into an arena and this Memorial Day weekend we get just that but not in the venue many of you were dying to see him.

Rufus Harris, you will be stepping onto foreign soil when you walk down the aisle at American Wrestling Alliance's spring classic Memorial Day Mayhem to take on the juggernaut known simply as the Kraken.

[The grin holds up as Duggan continues.]

SD: It isn't a title fight, it isn't a mixed martial arts event... it isn't even a wrestling match. It is being billed as an exhibition between two men from two different sports to settle a grudge that has been brewing for the past two months. It is –

[Rufus swings forward, thumping his heavily gold accessorized forearms and fists onto the table.]

RH: Pump the brakes, homie. This may be billed as an exhibition but lemme tell it to ya straight. This ain't no thumb war or hand wrestlin' contest. This ain't no match for the people or fight for my gold, ya got that part straight. What this is... and the only thing this is gonna be is...

...Kraken's funeral!

SD: The rules clearly state you can't even punch the man in the face. How do you expect to –

RH: I don't care about no rules, homie. What's gonna happen if I punch the fat man's little pet between the eyes? They gonna take my title? [Huff] I dare em'! Ain't nobody gonna do nothin' but watch me drop that monster to the mat for the SECOND time, ya dig? I'm gonna take this lethal weapon...

[He lifts his fists, fully clad in gold rings and chains around his wrist.]

RH: I'm gonna shine it up real nice for him, load it up, and I'm gonna drill it right into that little dimple on his chin and I ain't gonna pull back. That man's jaw is gonna fly into the nosebleeds and some lucky boy is gonna take home a one of a kind souvenir, feel me? And if by some miracle of God the manbeast is still standin', all jacked up on adrenaline or whatever fuels his soul, I'm gonna scoop him up, carry him over my shoulder, and slam him through the ring into God's Green earth and bury him right next to his poor mama.

SD: Is that all?

RH: Nah, homie. Cause ya know what's gonna happen next?

[Stu, a bit baffled, begs for him to continue.]

RH: His own mama is gonna roll over in her grave and turn the other way cause that boy's face is gonna be so ugly when I'm done with him that even his own mama ain't gonna want to look at him. Kraken is gonna spend the next hundred years starin' at his mama's ass, no friends or family wantin' to pay him a visit, no man alive darin' to step close to his grave for fear that the Rottweiler might make them his next victim. But ya know what I'm gonna do, Stu?

SD: I think you're about to tell me.

RH: Damn right I am, homie. The Rotweiller is gonna visit that fool once a year, on the anniversary of his fight, and he's gonna stand over Kraken's grave...

...and he's gonna [BLEEP!] all over it. Cause I want that fool to remember for the rest of eternity that the day he set his hands on the CHAMP...

...was the WORST decision he ever made.

SD: If it wasn't coming from you, I wouldn't believe any man who muttered those words, Champ. You've got quite the imagination –

RH: Nah-nah, what I've got is a PROBLEM, dig? I got this real BIG problem and unfortunately for the rest of the world chewin' up that trash and spittin' him back out ain't gonna keep me at bay for very long. Even knockin' the fat man Christie out cold ain't gonna be enough fix for this dog, ya hear? Ya see when I get hungry I get angry, and when I get angry people get hurt, but the real problem ain't that I'm hungry...

...it's that I'm STARVIN', Stu. I'm STARVIN' for a fight. So if the AWA thinks they can slow me down with some rules and regulations then they're about to find out first hand that this dog plays by his own set of rules. The Rotweiller feeds when he's hungry and he don't stop till the bowl is empty and the last time I checked there were a whole lot of fools out there that think I ain't nothin' but a joke in these parts. They think I'm some side show who they can just throw a bone like Kraken at to make em' go away.

But after this weekend, after I bury that beast, I'm gonna come back the next week. I'm gonna come back the next week and the one after that and the one after that. I'm gonna keep comin' back till I knocked out every last fool in the AWA and took their championship and wrapped it around my waist to go with the one I got. The GFC, it can wait, homie. It knows they ain't got no man on the planet to replace ME. But the AWA, I pity them, Stu... they don't get it, dig? They don't understand what I'm capable of.

Kraken, he may be the first...

...but he ain't gonna be the last.

[Harris lets out a thunderous howl.]

RH: The Rottweiler has arrived, AWA.

And he's gonna eat you alive.

[Followed by a jaw-snapping growl as the screen fades out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: In a show filled with anticipated matchups, this one very well might be the most anticipated to the casual fan. Our pro wrestling diehards are here for Martinez/Temple or Carver/Detson or the like... but if you're watching the AWA for the very first time, you're probably here for this one. This all started back last fall when Rufus Harris, in between GFC Heavyweight Title defenses, started making his presence known at AWA events and he did NOT have the nicest things to say about our competitors.

BW: It all kind of escalated from there, Gordo. There was the Comic Book convention where he showed up to confront AWA wrestlers, challenging them to a fight in the parking lot. There were all the disrespectful YouTube videos.

GM: And then ultimately, a physical confrontation with Kraken that made headlines and sports shows all over the world. Tonight, it comes down to this - an Exhibition Match with rules very strict in nature, agreed to by both the AWA and the GFC.

BW: Rules to protect their golden goose. I hear they're trying to get Harris back in the Hexagon in the next few months and they definitely don't want Kraken shattering his face all over this ring.

GM: Which should not happen considering the rules...

[We fade to a shot of the ring as a graphic comes up showing the rules for the match.]

GM: Both men are required to wear Mixed Martial Arts style gloves. There will be no strikes to the head allowed - none at all. The match will consist of three five minutes rounds and the only way to win is via pinfall or submission - no knockouts!

[The graphic fades, leaving a shot of the ring and Phil Watson.]

GM: This should be a very interesting confrontation! Take it away, Phil Watson!

[Watson raises the mic.]

PW: The following contest is an EXHIBITION MATCH which will be fought under a rounds system. The only way to win is via pinfall OR submission.

[A rumbling fills the air...quickly followed by the booming opening notes of Brujeria's "Ritmos Satánicos. The Robfathah strolls out from behind the curtain, takes two steps, then turns and nods at the entrance. The man known only as Kraken steps through the curtain, raising his arms in the air,

roaring gutturally at nobody in particular. The Robfathah smirks, then steps aside, making way for the mammoth as he slowly trudges to the ring. The music picks up it's pace ever so slightly, the bass still rumbling, but Kraken moves no faster, eyes focused on the ring and the ring only, the Robfathah a few steps behind his charge, with a word or two for the occasional unruly fan.]

GM: Kraken's carrying about three hundred pounds here tonight but he looks to be in a bit better condition than we're used to seeing him, Bucky.

BW: He's never been a bodybuilder type... but he does look a little more cut.

GM: This may be the biggest fight of his life so he'd better be ready. The eyes of the sporting world are on him right now.

[Kraken slowly rumbles his way up the steps, between the ropes, and into the ring....grabbing onto the top rope, leaning over it, and roaring again before turning around, ready to deal with the business at hand as his music starts to fade...

...and is replaced by "2 Of Amerika's Most Wanted" by 2Pac & Snoop Dogg to jeers from the AWA faithful. Overwhelming jeers.]

GM: Well, make no mistake as to who the fan favorite is in this one... and it is NOT the invader from the GFC who thinks he's tougher than everyone in the AWA locker room, Bucky.

BW: AWA fans are fiercely loyal, Gordo. They may not like Kraken but they downright despise Rufus Harris.

[After a few moments of the (heavily censored) hip hop song playing over the PA system, a quarter of black-suited, sunglass-wearing bodyguards walk into view, forming a rectangle, stretching out their arms to keep the AWA fans at bay. Rufus "The Rottweiler" Harris comes jogging into view, his heavy metal chain hanging around his neck. His fight team jogs out behind him, the first man holding the GFC title belt up in the air as the group makes their way down the aisle to big jeers.]

GM: Rufus Harris, the GFC Heavyweight Champion, is about to make his debut inside a professional wrestling ring... and this is as unpredictable of a match as you can imagine, Bucky.

BW: We've seen Harris inside the Hexagon but we've never seen him inside the squared circle. We don't know what his strengths are there... what his weaknesses are. We don't even know what approach he'll take to the match. With the blows to the head barred, will he shoot for the takedown? Does Harris have the ability to tap out a man the size of Kraken?

GM: And all of those questions that we have, Kraken and Rob Christie have those and more.



[Reaching ringside, Harris shrugs out of his entrance robe, taking a mouthpiece from one of his fight team. High fives and embraces are shared on the floor as Harris climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes. He dances around the ring, the GFC Heavyweight Title up in the air. The fans are jeering loudly as two members of his fight team take to the apron, unrolling a banner that shows off some of Harris' fight sponsors. Harris is wearing his gloves already along with a pair of black fight trunks. He's also barefoot as he would be inside the Hexagon.]

GM: Harris shouting across the ring at Kraken... abrasive as always.

[The referee steps in between, making sure that nothing breaks out before the bell as a fiercely-determined Kraken stands in the corner, rolling his neck and throwing some shadow uppercuts. Phil Watson steps to the center of the ring, mic in hand.]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my left... from Cripple Creek, Colorado... weighing in at 307 pounds... accompanied to ringside by his manager, Rob Christie...

The monster...

The beast...

The KRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKENNNNNNNNN!

[The largest ovation of Kraken's career comes up from the Cajundome fans - AWA fans who want nothing more than to see the loudmouth man from the world of MMA sent back there in devastating fashion.]

PW: And his opponent, in the corner to my right... from Gnaw Bone, Indiana... he tipped the scales tonight at-

[A shrill, harsh scream is heard as we abruptly cut to black.

We fade up on the outside of what appears to be a school. Parents are dropping off their greatest treasures, planting kisses on brows while whispering their vows of love, entrusting that their children will be safe without them.

Cut.

We are now in a classroom. A teacher - matronly, soft-spoken, ever-smiling - stands before the class. She is imploring one student to get up, pointing to the front of the class. The young boy rises - a young red-headed child, himself pale and scrawny and in need of more sleep, yawns as he approaches the front of the room, his paper clutched in his sweaty hands.]

Boy: My poem is called... The Nightmare.

[He gulps before he begins.]

"I go to home each night.  
I turn on every light.  
I sit with mom and dad.  
I work hard to make them glad.

But dinner comes too soon.  
Through the sky creeps the moon.  
I beg to stay up late.  
But that is not my fate.

My dad sends me to bed.  
On the pillow rests my head.  
The lights go out to black.  
Cold sweat runs down my back.

Because he is there again.  
I close my eyes and count to ten.  
He'll be gone when I look, I think.  
But my heart begins to sink.

Five... four... three.  
I feel him tower over me.  
Two... one...  
The nightmare has begun.

My eyes fly open wide.  
I scream but I can't hide.  
I beg, I plead, I pray.  
To see another day.

My greatest fears I feel.

Because the Hangman... is real."

[He slowly lowers the paper, tears trickling down his face.]

Boy: He's always watching. He's always near.

[He looks up, whimpering as he raises an arm to point to the back of the room. He whispers as he speaks again.]

Boy: Look... right there... he's here!

[The class screams as the camera pans up, catching a quick glimpse of a towering man in a trench coat, reaching out his faded brown leather glove, a noose danglig from it. We can hear the beginning of a room full of children screaming...

...and then cut to silence. Words appear on the screen.]

"He comes for you..."

[They fade... and are replaced by two more.]

“Soon.”

[Cut to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Rufus Harris is absolutely livid, screaming at anyone and everyone about that “pro wrestling bullcrap!”]

GM: Fans, we apologize for... well, everything right now. The interruption. The language of Rufus Harris.

[The referee steps in, trying to settle down the GFC Champion as a nervous Phil Watson continues...]

PW: He is the Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion of the WORRRRRRRLLLLLD...

RUFUS  
“THE ROTTWEILER”  
HAAAAAAAAAAAAARRISSSSSSSSSSS!

[Harris breaks away from the official, throwing his arms up into the air to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Not to take our attention off the match to come but that video was... disturbing.

BW: The Hangman is real... and he’s coming for us, Gordo.

GM: We’ve been seeing and hearing this mysterious messages from the man known as The Hangman for quite some time. This is not the first time that the AWA has known a Hangman but... this one seems... different. Fans, enough of that... let’s talk about this match at hand here as Phil Watson steps out, the fight teams get down to the floor, and AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger finds himself between two dangerous men with even more dangerous intentions.

[Jagger steps to the center, pointing to both corners, checking to see if both men are ready for action...

...and then calls for the bell with a flourish!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go!

[Harris comes out fast, storming across the ring, showing his anger as he throws himself into a booming right hand to the ribcage of Kraken. A left follows and a right comes right after that, sending Kraken back into the corner.]

GM: Big blows to the body puts Kraken in the corner early!

[Harris winds up, ready to lower the boom...

...but Johnny Jagger grabs the arm, waving a hand.]

GM: No head shots allowed! Harris almost broke the cardinal rule in this unique match!

[Kraken seizes the opportunity to grab Harris under the armpits, stepping out of the corner and HURLING the Rottweiler back into the turnbuckles. He doubles over, swinging roundhouse rights and lefts to the body, landing a half dozen as the crowd roars their approval!]

GM: Shots to the body, totally legal. Shots to the head are not in this one.

[A clock comes up on the screen showing "4:23"]

GM: Remember, three five minute rounds in this one.

[The referee steps in, backing Kraken out of the corner to the center of the ring. Harris grabs at his ribs, wincing in pain as he leans against the turnbuckles. A member of his fight team hops up on the apron, leaning over to give advice to Harris. The Rottweiler nods, edging out of the corner slowly...]

GM: Back to the center of the ring they go...

[Harris throws a kick that would've splashed down on the upper hamstring of Kraken who steps back to avoid it, keeping his hands up and at the ready for more action.]

GM: Harris with a kick... perhaps more to gauge the distance than anything else.

BW: Keeping the big man at bay.

GM: Also a possibility.

[Harris throws a glance to one of his advisors who is shouting, "Take him down! Take him down now!" The GFC Champion lunges forward, looking for a takedown.]

GM: Double leg attempt... and Kraken backs right into the ropes!

[Harris runs out of real estate on the takedown attempt as Kraken simply straightens up, looking at the official who is calling for a clean break.]

GM: Score one for Kraken as he avoids that takedown. We've passed the one minute mark in this one...

[The clock reads "3:45" as Harris backs off to the center of the ring again, earning a shouted threat from Kraken.]

GM: These two men do NOT like one another, fans. In the world of MMA, you often hear competitors talk a big game before a fight, telling how much they dislike one another, only to hug and express their respect for each other after the fight... this is not the case in this one.

[Kraken advances slowly on Harris, keeping an eye on the GFC Champion, looking to avoid any takedown attempt. The big man slowly raises his right hand as Harris raises his, trying to gauge the distance...

...and Kraken lashes out with a left to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Big shot downstairs by the beast!

[Kraken grabs Harris, snatching him into a rear waistlock.]

GM: Uh oh! Rufus Harris is in the wrong part of town here, fans... trying to find a way out of this waistlock...

[Harris twists his body slightly, looking to grab Kraken's left wrist and forearm...]

BW: Kraken's gotta be careful here, Gordo. He may be a monster and a beast but he's not a submission expert. If Harris locks on one of those joint locks, this one will be over in a hurry.

GM: That's for sure... and Kraken looks like he's trying to use that waistlock for a takedown but Harris wisely wraps a leg around Kraken, preventing the lift... and look at this!

[Kraken cries out in pain as Harris spins out of the hold, applying a wristlock of sorts.]

GM: Harris looking for that double wristlock!

BW: He's gonna snap the arm!

[At Rob Christie's shouted urging, Kraken quickly moves to the ropes, wrapping an arm around the top. The referee steps in before Harris can fully sink in the Kimura lock, ordering a break.]

BW: In MMA, this one might be over, Gordo.

GM: No escaping a hold by reaching the cage inside the Hexagon but here in the AWA - despite the odd set of rules tonight - we are fighting a professional wrestling match.

[As Harris reluctantly releases the hold, the clock rolls to "2:25."]

GM: About two and a half minutes to go in this first round of action as Kraken narrowly escapes major disaster right there. Rob Christie looking a little nervous at ringside and I can't blame him.

[Kraken walks around the ring, shaking out his arm as Rufus Harris dances from foot to foot, shouting "COME ON, BIG MAN!" at the man from Colorado.]

GM: Rufus Harris, the street fighter out of Gnaw Bone, Indiana, has had eight consecutive successful defenses of that Heavyweight title - an unprecedented statistic in the world of Mixed Martial Arts.

BW: Harris and I have been known to socialize from time to time and I can tell you, Gordo... when people call him the Toughest Man Walkin', that is no lie.

GM: I can tell you, Bucky, that there are a lot of men inside the AWA locker room who are eager to dispute that claim if Mr. Harris decides to ply his wares inside an AWA ring after tonight.

[Kraken and Harris circle a few times, looking for an opening. The Rottweiler crouches low, perhaps looking for another takedown as Kraken pulls his legs back...

...and Harris springs out, catching Kraken with a solid kick on the outside of his left leg!]

GM: We're under two minutes left in the first round as Harris lands a kick to the leg, trying to hobble up Kraken and slow him down a step or two.

[Harris gets a little cocky as he lands a second kick to the leg, dancing a bit more as Kraken straightens out the leg, pulling it back out of range.]

GM: Kraken doesn't like those kicks to the legs. You can see it in his physical posture in there, straightening up and glaring a hole right through the champ.

[Suddenly, the Rottweiler flashes out with a high kick - sloppy and probably not very effective but dangerously close to the head. The referee steps in, shouting a warning at Harris who begs off...

...and gets bullrushed by Kraken back into the buckles to a big cheer!]

GM: Harris went for the head kick - an illegal blow in this one - and it may have cost him! Kraken puts him back into the buckles and-

[Kraken leans over, throwing a vicious right uppercut into the chest. A second one follows as Harris attempts to sidestep to escape... but gets shoved back into the corner by Kraken who lands a hooking left to the ribs. A second one has Johnny Jagger screaming at Kraken to let him out of the corner. A member of Harris' fight team leaps up on the apron to say the same...

...and nearly has his head taken off with a Kraken right hand that JUST misses the mark! The crowd ROARS for the show of aggression from the big man!]

GM: Whoa! Look out!

BW: The Kraken's been unleashed!

[Kraken turns back towards Harris who is sliding along the ropes, looking to escape Kraken's wrath...

...and gets THROWN bodily back into the corner again. Kraken lands a right to the ribs... a left to the ribs... a right to the ribs... a left to the ribs...]

GM: KRAKEN'S ALL OVER HIM IN THE CORNER!

[The fans are on their feet, screaming for Kraken to finish the GFC Champion off!]

GM: He's got Harris in trouble!

BW: Harris' team are besides themselves, screaming for him to get out of the corner and fight... screaming for him to-

[Harris suddenly lunges forward, catching Kraken with a forearm smash to the sternum, sending him back a step...

...and creating enough distance for Harris to EXPLODE into a double leg takedown, putting Kraken down on his back to jeers from the crowd as the fight team goes nuts!]

GM: DOWN GOES KRAKEN!

[With the big man down, Harris balls up his fists, ready to strike...

...but Johnny Jagger steps in again, waving him off, warning him of a disqualification if he goes for the punches to the head!]

"DING!"

[The crowd deflates as the first round ends. Harris stares down at Kraken as he slowly gets to his feet, walking back to his corner where his fight team is assembling. Kraken gets up off the mat, walking back to his own corner where Rob Christie is waiting.]

GM: The first round comes to an end in a flurry of excitement as we went from Kraken looking like he was about to score what many would consider a major upset to Harris looking like he had the fight well in hand.

BW: The no strikes to the head rule was put in place - to my understanding - to protect Harris for his future MMA fights. But so far, it seems like it's

hinder him. He wants to land those shots to the head. He wants to try and knock the big man out.

GM: Those are NOT legal here tonight and if he throws one, he'll be disqualified.

BW: Apparently it's if he connects with one, Gordo, because that high kick early was definitely aimed at the head.

GM: Certainly was. Both men are getting advice in their corners right now... taking on some water... regrouping. They get a minute between rounds to do whatever needs to be done before the fight continues and so far, this seems to be a pretty even affair, Bucky.

BW: It does. Harris seems to be trying to turn this into an MMA fight and so far, Kraken seems to be obliging. Now, what will happen with the Rottweiler if Kraken decides to start using some slams, maybe a clothesline or two.

GM: That'll be a very interesting turn of events if it happens. And as time runs down here in the rest period, Johnny Jagger is calling both men's sides back down to the floor... and we're about to go into Round 2 in this intriguing Exhibition Match.

"DING!"

GM: Round 2 is off and running...

[Both men edge out of their respective corners, neither looking for a quick start this time as they circle one another a few times, looking for an opening that they can take advantage of.]

GM: Both men slowing down the pace a little in the outset of the second round...

[Kraken looks to be trying to size up Harris for a collar and elbow tieup but as he comes for him, the smaller man ducks under, securing a rear waistlock.]

GM: Waistlock on the big man!

BW: I'm surprised Harris can even get his arms around him.

GM: We saw Kraken apply the waistlock earlier and he wasn't able to do anything with it... can Harris?

[Harris grits his teeth, trying to lift Kraken off the mat.]

GM: He's trying to get the three hundred pounder up and over but so far, no success.

[Kraken sets his feet, raising his right arm.]



GM: Rob Christie just shouted at Kraken! I think Kraken was about to elbow out of that hold and Christie called him on it. He knew that if Kraken landed that elbow, the match would be called a disqualification because of the blow to the head.

[A frustrated Kraken simply walks to the ropes, dragging Harris with him, and wraps his arms around the ropes, forcing Johnny Jagger to call for the break. Harris holds for a few seconds before releasing...

...and giving a shove to the back of Kraken's head, drawing jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Poor sportsmanship on display by Rufus Harris although I'd suspect we shouldn't expect anything but that from him.

[An angry Kraken wheels around, coming quickly off the ropes, walking right into another hard kick to the side of the leg!]

GM: Harris with another leg kick, perhaps trying to chop the big man down.

[Harris lands a flurry of quick leg kicks, stunning Kraken as he slips in behind him, hooking a waistlock again...

...and muscles Kraken up, throwing him down on his chest with an impactful waistlock takedown!]

GM: OH MY!

[The crowd is buzzing for the leverage move as Harris dives on top of Kraken's back, trying to take advantage of it...

...but Kraken rolls out from under him, rolling to his back and right out to the floor as Harris looks to secure a guillotine choke!]

GM: Harris was looking for the choke but Kraken wanted no part of that, rolling right out to the floor.

BW: Is this legal?

GM: Perfectly legal. There is no rule about rolling to the floor. The match can only end by pinfall or submission so Kraken could stay out there for a half hour if he was so inclined.

[The beast plants his hands on the ring apron, breathing heavily as a pair of Harris' fight team members start running their mouths from nearby...

...and Kraken FLOORS one of them with a right hand!]

GM: OH! HE DROPPED THE-

[The crowd EXPLODES for the blow as the other fight team member jumps on Kraken's back from behind...

...and gets HURLED up and over, thrown violently down onto the barely-padded floor in a snapmare! Kraken gives off a roar as Rufus Harris leans through the ropes, taking a paintbrush slap style swipe at the side of Kraken's head!]

GM: Uh oh! It's getting wild out here and Kraken's coming back in!

[The fired-up monster steps through the ropes where Harris lands a stiff knee to the ribs.]

GM: Big knee in the ropes! Another! A third!

[But as Harris goes for a fourth, Kraken catches the knee under his arm, stepping back into the ring. He grabs Harris by the throat with his right hand, holding the leg with his left...

...and POWERS Harris up, throwing him down in a makeshift chokeslam!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Harris bounces off the canvas but is still down as Kraken winds up and DROPS a heavy elbow down into the sternum!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: This isn't the kind of fight that Harris was looking for!

GM: And the GFC may be watching their golden goose get plucked right here at Memorial Day Mayhem, fans!

[Kraken climbs back to his feet as Harris roll, roll, rolls his way under the ropes to the floor. He falls down to his rear, his fight team rushing to his side as Kraken throws back his arms, letting loose a roar and demanding that the Rottweiler get back inside the squared circle!]

GM: KRAKEN HAS COME TO FIGHT!

[The clock on the screen ticks down to 2:26 as Kraken waves for Harris to get back into the ring.]

GM: We're past the halfway point in Round 2 and listen to these fans here in the Cajundome!

[A very loud and clear "KRA-KEN!" chant has started up amongst the AWA faithful, a chant he encourages by waving his arms, nodding along as Rob Christie smirks from his spot at ringside.]

GM: Kraken's waving Harris in... the Rottweiler doesn't seem too eager to do that. He may be rethinking all that he's said about Kraken, about the AWA, about the sport of kings, professional wrestling, in general right about now, Bucky.

BW: I doubt that. Rufus Harris has been knocked down before but he always seems to get back up and continue the fight. If Kraken wants to put him down, he's going to need more than that elbowdrop to do it.

[Harris climbs to his feet with the aid of his corner, having his chest rubbed by one of them. He angrily shoves that guy away, pointing and shouting through his mouthpiece at Kraken who again waves him back into the ring.]

GM: Kraken's not backing down... and neither is Harris! Here we go again!

[Harris slides back into the ring, coming on fast towards Kraken...

...but Kraken sidesteps, hooking a waistlock of his own!]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[The monster pops his hips and DUMPS Harris on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harris grabs at the back of his head, rolling under the ropes again, falling down to all fours on the floor as the AWA crowd ROARS!]

GM: The atmosphere here in Lafayette is ELECTRIC, fans! This place is coming unglued for Kraken as he is taking the fight to the GFC Heavyweight Champion with the entire world watching right here on The X!

BW: We've got a hair over a minute left in the second round and for the second time in a matter of seconds, Rufus Harris finds himself out on the floor reeling from the pro wrestling style offense of the monster, Kraken!

[Kraken is pacing back and forth, eager to keep fighting as Harris is tended to by his fight team. Rob Christie turns towards the masses, waving his arms towards the sky, starting another massive "KRA-KEN!" chant from the Cajundome crowd!]

GM: These fans are on their feet, losing their minds for Kraken as he shows Rufus Harris and the rest of the world exactly WHY pro wrestling is the sport of kings and WHY the American Wrestling Alliance is the best pro wrestling on the planet!

[Harris is again aided back to his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as he leans against the ring apron, staring up at Kraken who starts dancing from foot to foot, mocking Harris to another big reaction from the AWA crowd.]

GM: Harris slowly back up on the apron, stepping through the ropes once more...

[Kraken comes barreling in on him, hooking him around the waist, lifting him up over his shoulder...]

GM: HE'S GOT HARRIS UP! HE'S GOT-

[...but the Rottweiler scissors his legs around Kraken's torso, tightening his grip on the head and neck!]

GM: CHOKE! HARRIS LOCKS IN A CHOKE!

[Kraken's arms are flailing, battering Harris about the back.]

GM: Kraken's trying to fight out of it but Harris has this hold sunk in deep, fans!

[Kraken stumbles back as Harris grits his teeth, his corner going nuts at the submission hold being applied...

...until the super-heavyweight staggers in a circle and DRIVES Harris back into the buckles!]

GM: OHH!

[Kraken steps back, still holding Harris...

...and SLAMS him back into the buckles a second time!]

GM: That's three hundred plus pounds DRIVING him back into the corner!

[Christie shouts to his man as Kraken stumbles back, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs...

...and the bell sounds before Kraken can move back in!]

"DING!"

GM: The end of Round 2! Oh my!

[Kraken stays where he is, glaring at Harris, burning a hole through him with his gaze...]

GM: Kraken's not backing away! Kraken's not standing down!

[Johnny Jagger is shouting at Kraken, ordering him to step away...

...and Harris makes a run for it, ducking down, lunging for another double leg!]

GM: HARRIS TRYING TO TAKE HIM DOWN AFTER THE BELL!

[But Kraken's having none of it, stuffing the takedown, wrapping his powerful arms around Harris' torso...

...and MUSCLING HIM UP INTO THE AIR!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Harris' eyes go wide as he realizes how much trouble he's in. Desperate to avoid the powerbomb, Harris LASHES out with a right hand to the temple!]

GM: OH!

[The blow stuns Kraken, forcing him to drop Harris who falls to a knee as Johnny Jagger reads him the riot act. The AWA's Senior Official is up in the face of the Rottweiler...

...which gets him shoved down to the mat!]

GM: OHH! COME ON!

[The fans are all over Harris for shoving the AWA official as Harris lifts his hands, standing at the ready as Kraken slowly starts to turn back towards him...

...and as Harris is taunting Kraken, the big man from Colorado goes into a spin, and DRILLS the Rottweiler across the cheekbone with a spinning backfist!

GM: URAKEN!

[The blow sends Harris sailing off his feet, dropping motionless on the canvas as the crowd EXPLODES for the high impact shot!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE KNOCKED HIM OUT! KRAKEN KNOCKED OUT THE GFC CHAMPION! HE KNOCKED HIM OUT!

[Kraken falls back against the ropes as the crowd is absolutely roaring for what he's done. The referee waves his arms, calling for the bell.]

GM: The bell has sounded... the match is over... but Kraken is standing tall! Kraken is standing over Rufus Harris' unconscious form but-

BW: Who won the match?!

GM: I think... Phil Watson's got the decision.

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, referee Johnny Jagger has DISQUALIFIED Rufus Harris for illegal use of a strike to the head! Your winner of the match...

KRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKENNNNNN!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the announcement as Rob Christie gets up on the apron, raising Kraken's arm towards the ceiling.]

GM: Kraken gets the win! Kraken knocks out the GFC Heavyweight Champion as well! What a night for the big man!

[Kraken throws up both arms, giving off a roar as Harris' fight team drags him from the ring, helping him back up the aisle as Christie shouts threats to the retreating Rottweiler.]

GM: Rufus Harris came to the AWA, determined to put an exclamation point on the statement to the world that he is the toughest man on the planet - bar none - and I think Kraken just tossed up a big ol' question mark, fans! What a win for Kraken... and we've got to take another break but when we come back, it's Cage Match time here in the Cajundome so don't you dare go away!

[The camera drifts up to focus on the steel cage, gleaming in the lighting rig as it hangs over the ring...

...and we fade to black.

A glowing shot of a GFC championship title breaks through the black screen. A voiceover begins.]

"Championship glory."

[Cut to a black and white shot of a young man speaking - early 20's, short blonde hair cropped close to his skull, a matching goatee. He's wearing a GFC t-shirt. This man is Elvis Orton.]

"This guy has been ducking me for over a year. When you finally put the two of us together in the Hexagon on the 4th of July, you're gonna see fireworks alright."

[Cut to a different man - starkly different - similar in size but with his hair pulled back into tight dreadlocks. His dark skin is somehow made darker by a pair of super-darkly tinted sunglasses. This man is Montell Vincent.]

"All I hear from this boy is jibber jabber. He runs his mouth a good game... not as good as men... but I can hear 'im talking. But what I can't hear is him giving one single reason why I'm not gonna put him out on the 4th."

[A shot of the two men squaring off at a fight Press Conference as the voiceover returns.]

"Two of the best welterweights in the world with one goal - find out who is the better man."

[A quick series of shots of Orton in action - a leaping kneestrike to the jaw of a now-unconscious opponent, a big double leg takedown that drives the

victim to the mat, some ferocious ground and pound as the referee waves off the fight.]

EO: Vincent wants the world to think he's the best... but to be the best, you gotta beat the best. Someone said that once. And it couldn't be more true. You want to be the man, Vincent? You gotta come through me.

[Cut to a similar series of shots of Vincent in action - a flashy spinning backflst flooring an opponent, a leaping front kick catching a surprised opponent on the chin, some brutal elbowstrikes from the mount splitting open a foe's skull.]

MV: This kid's been tryin' to ride my coattails for too long now. He's throwin' shade left and right and I'm sick of it. I'm gonna knock him out... but first, I'm gonna break his jaw so I don't have to hear him run his mouth anymore.

[Cut to the closeup of Orton.]

EO: This isn't going to be pretty.

[To Vincent.]

MV: This ain't for the faint at heart.

[To Orton.]

EO: He's going down.

[To Vincent.]

EO: He's going OUT!

[The shot of the two competitors comes up again, the GFC Welterweight Title super-imposed over them both. The voiceover rings out again.]

"The Global Fighting Championship will be LIVE on The X on the 4th of July for Bitter Rivalries. Orton versus Vincent. Dawson versus Keith. Ortega versus Soto. And that's just the tip of the iceberg, fans. You do NOT want to miss the action of the GFC!"

[A graphic comes up with all the show info before fading to black.

As we fade back up, we cut to the backstage area where Johnny Detson is standing with Colt Patterson. Behind Detson, as always is Calisto Dufresne - who looks more than a little disgruntled over what happened earlier in the night - and Eric Somers, briefcase in hand. Detson is dressed in his long gold tights with black boots. He has on a black zipped sweat jacket with the network logo embroidered on the left breast of the jacket. Detson has an especially sour look on his face.]

CP: We're back here LIVE on The X-

[Detson pats the network logo on his chest.]

CP: -for Memorial Day Mayhem and I'm standing here with the 2014 Steal The Spotlight winner who is just moments away from settling this issue against Hannibal Carver in the unforgiving steel cage grudge match! Johnny, what are your thoughts?

[Detson scoffs.]

JD: Grudge match?

[Again, Detson scoffs.]

JD: Let me tell you a story, Colt. A story you're probably all too familiar with...

[Detson trails off as he looks back at Dufresne who gives a short nod.]

JD: Way back in the late nineties, there were two wrestlers on polar ends of the wrestling galaxy. Both with all the potential in the world to become wrestling superstars, but both probably not knowing the difference between a wrist lock and a wrist watch.

[Shaking his head, he continues.]

JD: So the one wrestler looks around and decides that he can be the best. He hits the gym, he spends hours on the mat, in the ring, watching film... pouring his blood, sweat and tears into this business... all in the hopes... in the prayers that he will be considered the best in the world. The other...

[Detson's face contorts with disgust.]

JD: ...picked up a can opener and plunged it into any unsuspecting twit that dared cross his path. One became 'DEH CAHVAH'...

[Detson, mocking a heavily overdrawn out Boston accent, continues.]

JD: ...the other become THE STANDARD. The Standard of everything professional wrestling should be and will be. But while one was revered; the other was vilified.

[Detson turns back to Colt.]

JD: Colt, for the not too bright people out there tonight, that vilified wrestler was me. But it could have been anyone... Calisto, Supreme Wright... you, heck it probably was you Colt.

[Colt gives a slight nod, perhaps remembering being tossed aside at the peak of the Extreme movement.]

JD: And the first part of my career was spent suffering as any fool who lacked the skill could pick up a can opener, a light tube, thumb tacks, barb



wire... get thrown in a Plexiglas death trap... and become an instant star. But those people... those people are gone... those people didn't last like I did. And sure you see them from time to time as a memory and a reminder of a time long ago, of a time long forgotten... broken... beaten. Relics of the Dark Ages.

[Detson smirks quickly but soon it changes back to a scowl as he raises a finger and points at the camera.]

JD: Except you! You above all else thought you could come back. You above all else thought they could be something that they're not. Not this beer drinking, authority defying, Blackout giving person who wants to destroy everything. But the kinder gentler... the one who would have still been holding Bobby O'Connor's hand, skipping along to Sunday School if it wasn't for me!

[Detson nods in agreement.]

JD: I'm the one who drug you back into relevancy. But don't fool yourself into thinking you need to thank me, Hannibal. I didn't do it to SAVE you, I did it to EXPOSE you. Expose you to the simple fact that even at your best, YOU can't beat ME! And when your best wasn't good enough to beat me at The Duel On The Diamond, you had the one pulling your strings, Landon O'Neill, stack the odds in your favor.

[Detson again smirks.]

JD: And President O'Neill, we all saw how much weight your "edicts" have from watching the beginning of the show but you'll see that when I say something, it tends to carry a little more weight!

[Detson smacks the briefcase in the hands of Eric Somers.]

JD: I am the future World Champion of the AWA, the company you lead, you don't have to like it, you don't have to endorse it, but you better start accepting it. You think this cage is going to intimidate me? You think it's going to get the best of me? The cage didn't stop me when I was winning WarGames and the steel didn't stop me when I conquered the Tower Of Doom. It didn't stop me then and it won't stop me now!

[Detson turns back to Colt.]

JD: But Colt, you called this a grudge match. Well, I've had this grudge my whole career. Carver's had this grudge for five minutes? And why? Because I hit someone over the head with a steel chair. Someone who had known head issues. Someone who shouldn't have been in the match and Carver did nothing to stop them from competing. Someone who I wasn't even aiming for. Someone who had his career ended with a chair that Hannibal Carver introduced into the match. But Hannibal Carver wants to blame me for Eric Preston? People weren't getting maimed until Hannibal Carver came along.

[Detson looks back at his two allies and then back at Colt.]

JD: So while Carver may do this for the irrelevant or to remain relevant is inconsequential. No matter what he does or how hard he tries, Hannibal Carver cannot beat me! Johnny Detson, Steal the Spotlight winner, Future World Champion, the Standard... always has a plan. And that plan tonight is to beat Hannibal Carver at his own game!

[Detson swings his arm, motioning to his allies and the trio walks off.]

CP: The Standard.

[Colt chuckles.]

CP: I like that. Johnny Detson, the future World Champion, seems very confident but he may have his work cut out for him right here tonight in Lafayette inside the steel cage! Now, let's hear from the man who will climb inside that steel prison with him - Hannibal Carver!

[We crossfade to some pre-taped footage in the locker room. Seated in front of a row of lockers is Hannibal Carver. Dressed in his ring gear plus a blood red hooded sweatshirt with the hood up and hiding much of his face, his head is bowed as he seems fixated on taping up his fists.]

HC: If there was one common thread in my time here in the AWA...

[Carver finished taping up his right hand, lifting it up towards his face and clenching it into a fist.]

HC: ...it's that the tighter I squeeze, the more that slips between my fingers. Like trying to get a hold of jelly. Which fits, since if yer spine is made of anything at all, Detson, it's jelly.

[Carver lets the hand drop, as he begins taping up his left hand.]

HC: Wasn't always this way. Time was, if someone got on my damn nerves?

[Carver snaps his fingers.]

HC: I took care of that quick. I sliced them to ribbons. I sent them flying off a balcony. But these here, these ain't no glory days. A sport became a business, and I had that all taken from me. I was a bad memory that the suits everywhere I looked weren't ready to explain to their corporate sponsors and was swept under the rug. It took me a long time to get back... and it came with a price.

Play by their rules. That's why I let it take a year until I took care of some snotnosed punk after I first made my presence known here. That's why I let that fat slob in a suit get chased out of here by the rules instead of breaking his neck my damn self. That's why I've let your precious boy scout of a World Champion take care of that sad old fossil before I take my pound of flesh off of him.

The thing is, you can only taunt a wild animal in a cage for so long before he'll gnaw off his own paw to sink his teeth into yeh.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Which brings us today. Because this wild animal DOES get into the cage with yeh, Detson. Just me and yeh. None of yer little playmates running interference. None of them robbing me of what is MINE so I knock out of everyone in sight, whether they did anything to deserve it or not.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yeh, I wanted to see Vasquez tear into yer little pal Dufresne. But instead, yeh made me so damn crazy I end up tearing into one of the few men in this sport I still respect. Just one in a long list of offenses, Detson. First yeh started talking about me and my checkered past as if yeh know me. Then yeh tried to make a mockery of the biggest prize in our sport. And then...

[Carver scowls, trying as hard as he can to maintain control even as he begins trembling with rage.]

HC: ... Eric. There ain't no damn reason yeh should be allowed to walk around healthy, but I was stopped by that idiot child that as much as I want to get my hands on him... had better put that old goat back in the ground tonight. Because that's EXACTLY what I've got planned for yeh tonight, Detson. No more rules. No more suits threatening to take away the only way I know how to make money away from me. Yeh're like all the rest, talking about my old days like yeh want to see them back. Well, yeh just got yer wish. Yer so fascinated with the man I used to be?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Well, yer about to see that bad man. Yer gonna see the man that crippled more men and ended more young careers than I care to recall. So remember every time yeh said I sold out when I'm grinding yer face into that steel. When I'm smashing all the teeth outta yer lying mouth, remember every time yeh said yeh wanted to see the merciless killer I used to be. Because yer about to see all yeh can handle... and so much more. Tonight yeh can stop worrying about when yeh get yer shot against the champ. Or when yer gonna be back home next. It ain't happening ever again. After tonight...

[Carver scowls again, nodding.]

HC: ... yer home is a pine box.

[With that, Carver gets up... nearly knocking the camera over in exiting the scene as we cut to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated. The latter is looking up as the steel cage begins to lower.]



[Detson is dressed in long gold tights and black boots. His black Fox network sweat jacket is zipped up and his hood covers the top of his head. Detson is flanked by Calisto Dufresne to his left, Eric Somers to his right.]

GM: And there is Johnny Detson, never without backup! But that backup won't help him inside that steel cage against a man just itching to give him the beating so many people think he deserves!

BW: What are you talking about, Gordo? Didn't you just hear him moments ago, he doesn't seem too worried.

GM: Desperate actions from a desperate man as Johnny Detson has run, hid, and used others in an attempt to avoid Hannibal Carver. But inside the steel confirms there's going to be nowhere to run or hide!

[Detson ignores the crowd as he slowly lowers his hood and just stares at the steel cage surrounding the ring. Slowly, the trio make their way down to the ring. Detson finally approaches the steel, he gives it a few quick tugs and then circles the ring as he slides his jacket off. Carefully looking over the structure, almost hesitant to climb into the ring...

...when suddenly, the crowd begins to ROAR!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

[The lights cut back on to reveal Hannibal Carver, still wearing the hoodie he had on in the pre-taped interview - using it to conceal his identity until the last moment when he reaches over the railing, grabbing Calisto Dufresne by the hair, and yanking him backfirst into the barricade!]

GM: CARVER!

[Carver snatches up a steel chair out of the front row, folding it up and coming for Johnny Detson...

...who ducks behind Eric Somers just as Carver starts to swing the chair from waaaaaaay back!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers attempts to bring up his arm to shield himself as Carver SLAMS the chair down over his skull!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That lunatic just took out Eric Somers!

GM: He was aiming for Johnny Detson!

BW: That doesn't make it any better, Gordo!

[A wild-eyed Carver points threateningly at Detson who is running for his life around the cage. The Boston Brawler looks out at the roaring crowd, holding the now-dented chair up to a big reaction. He mindlessly flings the chair over his head, sending it sailing over the top of the cage where it clatters down to the canvas.]

GM: Look out!

BW: This guy is unhinged and unpredictable! You never know what he's going to do out here!

[Pulling a dazed Calisto Dufresne off the ringside mats by the hair, Carver again looks out to the crowd as he ties up Dufresne...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SNAPS him back into the steel barricade with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: GOOD- Carver's laid out Somers with the chair! He puts Dufresne into the barricade! Did Hannibal Carver just clear the path between he and Johnny Detson?

[Climbing off the floor, Carver raises an arm, pointing across at Johnny Detson who is on the opposite side of the cage-covered ring, clinging to the steel mesh as a grin splashes across the face of the man who goes bump in the night...]

GM: Detson's all alone! Johnny Detson is all alone with the Boston Brawler and-

[Carver comes tearing around the ring as a desperate Detson goes for the one thing he thinks makes sense at this point...]

GM: HE'S CLIMBING THE CAGE! DETSON'S CLIMBING THE CAGE!

[The crowd is buzzing as Carver circles the cage, reaching the same side of the ring where Detson is climbing. Carver looks up at Detson, out at the cheering crowd...

...and with a shrug, he decides to pursue!]

GM: CARVER'S GOING AFTER HIM!

[The decibel level inside the Cajundome grows higher as Detson throws a glance down at Carver, missing a step. There's a roar that ripples over the audience as Detson clings from the mesh, his feet dangling, kicking at the cage to try and find a foothold!]

GM: DETSON'S BARELY HANGING ON!

BW: Hang on, Johnny!

[Carver gains on Detson during the miscue, pulling up right alongside him as Detson gets his feet back in the mesh. The Boston Brawler reaches out, throwing a straight right to the mush of Detson!]

GM: Right hand!

[He throws a second, causing Detson's left foot to slip free, swinging his body open towards Carver.]

GM: Detson's barely hanging on again!

[Another straight right... and another...]

GM: Detson's hanging on for his life! He's some ten feet off the floor and-

[Carver grabs Detson by the hair...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE CAGE!

[Detson's knuckles turn white as he tries to hang on as Carver grabs his hair, raking his face back and forth across the mesh...]

BW: AHHH!

[Still holding the hair, Carver pulls Detson waaaaaay back by the hair again, taking aim, letting it all sink in...]

GM: He's gonna-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and SMASHES Detson's face into the mesh again, bouncing him off the steel where the 2014 Steal The Spotlight winner goes sailing backwards off the side of the cage, crashing down on the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver, still halfway up the side of the cage, twists his head around to take a look at the damage done to his rival as the fans pay tribute to the Boston Brawler's antics.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[With the fans still roaring, Carver grabs the side of the cage by the mesh, clenching his teeth as he twists himself around, hanging off the side of the cage...]

GM: What is he...?! What in the world is Hannibal Carver doing up there?!  
What is he going to-

[Carver gives a nod to the roaring fans before sloppily throwing himself off the side of the cage, plummeting downwards towards the prone Detson...

...and BURIES the point of his elbow into Detson's abdomen!]

"OOHH  
HHH  
HH!"

GM: HANNIBAL CARVER JUST BURIED THE ELBOW IN THE HEART OF JOHNNY DETSON FROM SOME TEN FEET OFF THE SIDE OF THE CAGE DOWN TO THE FLOOR! HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD!

[Both men are laid out on the floor as referee Davis Warren comes rushing around the corner of the ring, kneeling down to check on both men on the thinly-padded concrete.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurt!

BW: And this thing may be over before it even gets started, Gordo!

GM: It certainly might. We may need Dr. Ponavitch out here STAT to check on these two men! Carver... let's take another look at that one, fans.

[We cut to a split-screen. Three-quarters of the screen is taken up by Carver grinding Detson's face into the mesh before SLAMMING his face into it and sending Detson sailing backwards. The shot breaks into slow motion in mid-flight, watching as Detson goes down... down... down before crashing and burning on the solid concrete floor.]

BW: That was the first shot... the face gets driven into the mesh and off the side of the cage goes Johnny Detson. That's a horrible fall to take on the concrete like that, Gordo... but that lunatic Carver wasn't done.

[We cut a little further, showing Carver hanging off the side of the cage, just barely able to keep from falling...

...and then he pushes off the side, again moving into slow-mo to show him going down, plummeting towards the motionless Detson... and DRIVING his elbow down into the midsection of his foe!]

BW: And then he... he just threw himself off the side of the cage! That wasn't a jump. It wasn't a graceful leap. It was Hannibal Carver saying "I don't give a damn if I break my own hip in the process, I'm putting this elbow through your damn small intestine!"



[The live action shot takes up the whole screen, showing members of the AWA medical team kneeling down next to both Detson and Carver.]

GM: We've got members of our medical staff tending to both men and, fans, I'm concerned that this match may be over right now. Hannibal Carver took a big risk and it may have cost him everything right... hold on... hold on...

[The Cajundome crowd ERUPTS as Hannibal Carver is aided to his feet. He noticeably limps, falling against the mesh with his arm raised in the air. The Boston Brawler hobbles across the distance between the ring and the railing, taking an offered cup from a very vocal ringside fan...

...and upending it, pouring the amber-colored liquid down his gullet.]

BW: I guess no one told Carver that Miller Time is AFTER the match is over.

GM: A little beverage break for the Boston Brawler!

[The crowd at ringside is going nuts, leaning over the railing, slapping the arms, shoulders, and chest of Carver who is staring down at Johnny Detson as the medical team tries to determine if he can continue...

...when suddenly, Carver bursts forward, shoving a young EMT down to the floor as he pulls Detson off the floor by the hair to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Carver's tired of waiting!

[Pulling Detson towards the cage door, Carver HURLS Detson through it into the steel prison. He marches up the steps after him, shouting at someone to "LOCK THE DAMN DOOR!" as he pulls off his zip-up sweatshirt...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Are you- the match is underway?!

BW: What kind of a... the man is injured!

GM: They BOTH are! I don't know if I agree with this decision at all, Bucky. I think both of these men need to go back to that locker room and be examined by Dr. Ponavitch! But that decision isn't mine and apparently Davis Warren called for the bell to start the match.

[Carver loops his sweatshirt around the throat of Johnny Detson, dragging him off the mat by it, causing Detson to visibly gag and choke. The crowd is roaring for the Boston Brawler as he drags Detson around the ring with the sweatshirt, leaving Detson coughing and flailing...]

BW: He's choking him!

GM: Anything goes in this one and-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Using the sweatshirt for leverage, Carver HURLS Detson facefirst into one of the walls of the cage!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[He pulls him back by the sweatshirt, jerking the neck back as he changes direction...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN!

[Carver lets go of the clothing as Detson staggers out to the middle of the ring, flopping over onto his face as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Hannibal Carver's got Johnny Detson all alone for the first time in their war and he's got him on Dream Street, fans!

BW: He might be able to end this right now if he wanted to... but I don't think he wants to. He wants to hurt Detson. He wants to make him pay for what he's done!

GM: Fans, in the meantime while all that was going on, Eric Somers was stretchered out of here. He took that steel chair right to the skull... much like Eric Preston did back at the Battle Of Los Angeles.

BW: Irony.

GM: I suppose. But that means that Somers is out of this match for good... and perhaps more than just this match. A steel chair to the head like that can cause serious medical trauma and Hannibal Carver may have just sent Eric Somers back on hiatus from the AWA with a blow like the one he delivered!

BW: And he was TRYING to do that to Mister Steal The Spotlight! To the next World Champion!

GM: Johnny Detson assembled Calisto Dufresne and Eric Somers as his allies... his consultancy as to when he should cash in Steal The Spotlight but really, they seem like his own personal bodyguards. How many times have we seen Somers and Dufresne take physical abuse that was meant for Johnny Detson?

BW: As they should! He's the next World Champion!

GM: He may not be physically able to cash in that contract by the time Hannibal Carver is through with him here tonight inside that steel cage, Bucky!

[While the announcers were bantering, Carver was busy planting a boot between his shoulderblades, and pulled back on the sweatshirt, strangling the air out of The Standard as he clawed at the canvas.]

GM: Detson's being throttled within an inch of his life here by Hannibal Carver so far in this one!

[Carver releases, throwing the sweatshirt aside. He is obviously banged up from the fall to the floor, wincing and grabbing at his side as Detson belly-crawls, trying to get away from him.]

GM: Johnny Detson is crawling for his life here in the Cajundome, fans, as mayhem has truly come to Memorial Day!

[The Boston Brawler wobbles back towards the ropes, leaning against them for a few moments, taking a few deep breaths...

...and then leans over, picking up the dented steel chair he threw into the ring earlier in the match!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Gordo, Johnny Detson is helpless in there and this maniacal savage is head-hunting!

[Carver grins as he slams the chair down on the canvas a few times, the crowd clapping along with him. The Boston Brawler waits, watching as Johnny Detson tries to use the ropes to drag himself to his feet...]

GM: Detson's almost to his feet and when that happens-

BW: When that happens, this lunatic is going to strike!

[As Detson dangles from the ropes, hanging on by his fingertips, dragging himself to a standing position, he slowly turns...

...and Carver's coming on fast, rearing back with the already-dented steel chair in hand!]

GM: CARVER!

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED!

[Having ducked out of the way of the chairshot, Detson desperately stick a finger in the eye of Carver.]

GM: Oh! Detson to the eyes!

[Swinging Carver around, Detson SLAMS his head into the side of the cage, sending Carver sprawling backwards, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: And down goes Carver!

[Detson falls forward up against the ropes, breathing heavily as he grabs at his lower back.]

GM: Johnny Detson, feeling the effects of that hard fall off the side of the cage to the floor, has turned the tide on Hannibal Carver for the first time in this matchup, fans.

[Detson turns, leaning back against the ropes now, waving for Carver to get up and fight. Carver pushes up off the mat to his knees when Detson surges forward, throwing a boot into the mush of Carver!]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick to the face!

[Carver flops over to the mat again as The Standard starts stomping and kicking the downed Carver on the canvas.]

GM: Detson's all over Carver, stomps and kicks to the head!

BW: Keep that lunatic down, Johnny!

GM: That's exactly what Detson's trying to do right about now.

[Detson winds up, dropping an elbow down on the back of the head. He scrambles up, dropping a second one. As he gets up the second time, he grabs at his lower back, wincing as he walks back towards the ropes, leaning against them again.]

BW: A simple elbowdrop sends a jolt of pain up your spine when your back is hurting, Gordo. That homicidal maniac may have just shortened Johnny Detson's career!

GM: Which, I'm afraid, may have been exactly what he had in mind when he did it.

[The Standard moves back in as Carver gets back to all fours, dragging him the rest of the way up...

...and BLASTS him with a European uppercut up under the chin, sending Carver staggering back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot to the jaw leaves Carver literally in the buckles and figuratively on the ropes!

[Winding up, Detson lights up the chest of the Boston Brawler with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by Detson!

[Detson turns, looking to see if any of his allies are at ringside. He nods as he sees Calisto Dufresne slowly regaining his feet on the floor.]

GM: Detson seeing if he's got backup back in place yet and it looks like the Ladykiller and former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, is almost back in a position where he could aid his... what? Employer?

BW: I think they've got a mutually beneficial professional relationship.

GM: Considering the number of times we've see Dufresne on his back, looking at the lights, instead of Detson... I'm not sure how "mutually beneficial" it is, Bucky.

[Detson winds up, laying in an overhand chop across the chest.]

GM: Another chop by the man who now apparently wants to be known as The Standard.

BW: He IS The Standard, Gordo. He is the standard for what a professional wrestler should be. He's the measuring stick. He's the bar that has been set for all others to try - and fail - to clear! And sooner rather than later, he'll be the standard for what a World Champion in this business should be.

GM: That remains to be seen. Don't forget, fans, Johnny Detson is the 2014 winner of Steal The Spotlight which means he's got that contract in hand that says he can have the match of his choice before SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas.

BW: That day is comin', Gordo. And when it arrives, they'll be singing in the streets for our new World Champion.

[Detson grabs Carver by the arm, falling to a knee as he whips him across the ring. Carver runs full speed chestfirst into the buckles, flying backwards and crashing back down to the canvas!]

GM: Wow! A whole lotta impact on that crash into the corner!

[The Hollywood native climbs back to his feet, wincing as he does. He nods at the jeering fans as he strides across the ring, takes aim...

...and DRIVES a stomp down between the eyes... and another... and another! Referee Davis Warren is right there, requesting that Detson let up on the attack of a downed opponent but powerless to actually stop him.]

GM: Davis Warren trying to do his job in there.

BW: His job in this match is to stand there, look... well, try not to look too ugly, count pins, ask for submissions, and that's it!

GM: His job is a little more than that but the point is taken... the rules are few and far between in this steel cage showdown between these two arch-enemies.

[Detson stands over Carver, stomping the sternum a few times, making sure that the Boston Brawler is prone on his back...

...and then leaps up, dropping a knee down across the chest!]

GM: Kneedrop on target... and a cover!

[The referee gives a two count before Carver escapes fairly easily.]

GM: Two count only off the kneedrop... and despite the hard falls both men took on the floor at the outset of this one, I think it's going to take more than that to beat Hannibal Carver.

BW: Luckily, Detson's got more than that kneedrop in his arsenal, daddy.

[Detson climbs back to his feet, moving around the downed Carver to grab the legs of his foe...

...and then falls back, catapulting Carver up into the air where his face SLAMS into the steel mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver slumps against the mesh as Detson climbs back to his feet, throwing his arms wide, and earning the jeers of the capacity crowd.]

GM: Johnny Detson certainly feeling confident at this stage of the match which is surprising considering the amount of punishment he's been through so far.

BW: You gotta be confident at all times. If you want to be the World Champion - and Detson does - you gotta be confident that you can beat anyone at any time on any night!

[Detson steps back, measuring Carver, charging in from the blind side...]

GM: Ohh!

[...and lands a leaping knee between the shoulderblades that smashes Carver's face into the steel again!]

GM: Carver hits the steel again and-

[The crowd roars its disapproval as Detson grabs Carver by the back of the head, raking and grinding it back and forth across the steel mesh!]

GM: AHHH!

BW: Payback's a-

GM: I think we all know what payback is, Bucky.

[After a few more moments of face raking on the steel, Detson flings Carver down to the canvas, standing over him with his arms raised. Out on the floor, a newly-risen Calisto Dufresne throws his arms up, mirroring his ally's position as the fans let both men have it.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne is back on his feet and he certainly likes what he's seeing out of his partner-in-crime at this stage of the match.

[The Standard approaches the downed Carver, looking down at him, leaning over to trash talk his prone opponent...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand delivered by Carver on his back!]

GM: OHH!

[The blow sends Detson stumbling back to the cheers of the crowd as Carver pushes up to a seated position...

...and Detson charges him, throwing another kick to the face, knocking Carver back down!]

GM: Oh! And that cuts off the comeback by Carver before it can get started.

[Detson stands against the ropes, rubbing his jaw as he looks down at Carver. Calisto Dufresne slides over to his side, shouting advice from outside the cage. The Hollywood native gives a nod, grabbing Carver by the foot and dragging him into position.]

GM: Dufresne looked like he was pointing something out to the veteran, Detson... maybe something he saw or some advice...

BW: And that's why Detson automatically has the advantage in any match he's in, Gordo. He's got the brains inside the ring and outside the ring... not to mention the muscle in Eric Somers.

GM: Who was taken out of here via stretcher after Hannibal Carver nearly caved in his skull.

[The rulebreaker steps up on the second rope, raising both hands arrogantly over his head to jeers from the crowd...

...and leaps off, burying an elbow of his own into the chest of Carver!]

GM: Elbow off the second rope... and Detson goes for the win!

[The referee counts once... twice...]

GM: Carver's out at two!

[An annoyed Detson climbs to his feet - stomping, stomping, stomping the prone Carver before dragging him off the mat. Another knife edge chop sends Carver back into the buckles.]

GM: Detson fails to get the three count but he stays right on his opponent in this brutal cage match.

BW: The sign of a true champion right there, Gordo.

GM: Johnny Detson's skill in the ring may make him a true champion but his attitude and his behavior outside of the ring leaves a lot to be desired in my opinion.

[Grabbing the arm of Carver, Detson goes to whip him out.]

GM: Irish whi-

[But as they reach the center of the ring, Carver reverses it...

...and ROCKETS Detson back into the buckles, his back slamming into the corner!]

GM: OHH!

[Detson staggers out, grabbing at his lower back...]

GM: Detson-

[Carver catches him on the rebound, lifting him by the upper thighs, twisting around and sitting out in a spinebuster slam!]

GM: DOWN ON THE BACK!

[Detson cries out, flailing about on the mat as Carver falls flat on his back as well.]

GM: Both men down after the high impact spinebuster by Hannibal Carver!

[The referee steps in, checking on both competitors.]

GM: Davis Warren looking at both men... making sure they can continue... but you can see, he's making a conscious decision not to count them down. No one wants to see this one end like that. We want to see a clear winner.

[The crowd buzzes for a bit... slowly turning into a rhythmic clap, trying to rally Carver back up to his feet...]



GM: Listen to these fans! Listen to Lafayette rallying behind the Boston Brawler! The Cajundome is ALIVE, Bucky!

BW: I can barely hear anything in here! Somebody shut these people up!

[Calisto Dufresne is attempting to do just that, putting a finger to his lips, running around ringside to “shush” the crowd who just gets louder in response.]

GM: It’s an electric atmosphere here at Memorial Day Mayhem... and it’s Hannibal Carver who shows the first sign of movement!

[Immediately grabbing at his ribs, Carver rolls to his side, wincing with every movement.]

GM: When you see Carver react like that to the slightest movement, you have to wonder about the level of damage done to his body, Bucky.

BW: Hey, it was a hard fall off the side of the cage from a pretty good height onto a pretty solid floor. You could be talking about broken ribs... maybe even some kind of a hip injury too.

[Down on all fours, the roaring crowd brings Carver to his feet. He balls up his fists, nodding his head as he turns back towards the still-downed Detson, dragging him up by the hair. He holds Detson’s head back, leaning in to stick a finger in his face, taunting the rulebreaker...

...and LAUNCHES him facefirst into the steel mesh!]

“SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Detson rebounds off the mesh, staggering back to the center of the ring where he falls to his knees. Carver stands over him, pointing to the opposite side of the cage as the crowd roars!]

BW: What is this idiot doing?! Taking requests?!

[The Boston Brawler hauls Detson up again, taking aim...

...and SMASHES him into the opposite side of the cage!]

“SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF! It felt like he tried to put him THROUGH the cage!

[Detson staggers out, faceplanting on the canvas as Carver stands over him, looking out at the roaring crowd with the slightest of grins on his face. He shouts out, “ONE MORE TIME?!” and gets a HUGE response!]

GM: I think we're gonna see it again, fans!

[Carver pulls Detson off the mat...

...revealing a nasty gash that is now leaking crimson down his face!]

GM: Oh my stars! Detson's been busted wide open, fans!

[Carver nods at his handiwork, giving a pair of stiff headbutts to the cut, making it worse and smearing some of Detson's blood onto his own head before lifting Detson up, slinging him over his shoulder...]

GM: Carver's got him up!

[With a bellow, Carver charges across the ring...

...and SLAMS Detson's head into the mesh again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He lets go, allowing the bloodied Detson to slump to the canvas. Using the toe of his boot, Carver rolls Detson onto his back, raising a closed fist to another big reaction. He drops down to a knee, pulling Detson up by his blonde hair...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Carver opens fire, slamming his fist down into the cut forehead repeatedly, taking care to use his knuckles on the wound, causing the blood to flow even heavier.]

GM: Carver's got this crowd whipped into a frenzy as he bloodies up the 2014 Steal The Spotlight winner! He's bleeding like a stuck pig in there, Bucky!

BW: Stuck pigs are more my nephews' department but if you want to talk about a wild animal, look no further than Hannibal Carver!

[The referee kneels down, trying to get a look at the cut as Carver tees off on it. The Boston Brawler climbs off the mat, blood covering his fist as he holds it up in front of his face, nodding with approval.]

GM: Detson's bleeding profusely right now!

[Carver drags Detson off the mat by the hair again, turning him around to show the bloodied face to the entire crowd. He drags Detson by the hair towards the corner, bouncing him facefirst off the top turnbuckle before Detson slumps against the corner.]

GM: Back in the corner...

[Carver winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[And the crowd lets out a “HAN!” He looks out at the crowd with a smirk... and delivers another...]

“NI!”

[...and another.]

“BAL!”

[Nodding to the enthusiastic crowd, Carver launches into action, picking up the pace of the skin-blistering chops.]

"HAN [CHOP!] – NI [CHOP!] – BAL [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] – NI [CHOP!] – BAL [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] – NI [CHOP!] – BAL [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] – NI [CHOP!] – BAL [CHOP!]"

"HAN [CHOP!] – NI [CHOP!] – BAL [CHOP!]"

[Without missing a beat, Carver switches off to clubbing forearms to the head and neck, earning the roar of the crowd as he pummels the bloodied Detson down into a seated position...]

GM: BOSTON BEATDOWN!

[...where he switches to stomps, flattening Detson on the canvas with ease before he steps up to the second rope, shouting to the fans, throwing his arms up in the air...]

GM: KNEES!

[Carver leaps from the middle rope, DRIVING both knees down into the chest of the prone Detson!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[He climbs to his feet, dragging Detson out of the corner, settling into a pin attempt!]

GM: Carver for the win!

[The referee drops down to all fours to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Carver glares at the bloodied Detson as Dufresne shouts praise from the floor.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne can't do a thing to help Detson but scream and shout and root for him from the floor. He's trying to cheer his ally on but Detson seems to be in a world of trouble right now, fans.

[The Boston Brawler climbs to his feet, dragging the bloodied Detson up, pulling him out to the ropes, and pressing his face up against the cage. Using two hands full of blonde hair, Carver rakes Detson's face back and forth across the skin-tearing steel. The camera cuts to show Detson's flesh being dragged against the sharp steel mesh as he cries out in pain, leaving a trail of skin and blood.]

GM: He's ripping and tearing the skin of Johnny Detson!

[Pulling Detson away from the cage, Carver spins him around, hooking him in position for an Exploder Suplex. The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation as Carver sets, looking out at them...

...and LAUNCHES Detson overhead, bouncing him off the steel where Detson slides down, ending up trapped upside down between the ropes and the unforgiving steel!]

“SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INTO THE STEEL! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: He's caught! Gordo, he's caught!

GM: I can see that and that's a bad spot to be in with a wildman like Carver in there with you!

[Carver turns back towards Detson, grabbing the top rope. He slips his leg in between the ropes, stomping Detson's head, smashing his head and face back into the steel...]

GM: HE'S STOMPING THE LIFE OUT OF JOHNNY DETSON!

[The crowd is counting the stomps, quickly reaching twenty before Carver tears away from the ropes, running across the ring, hitting the far side...

...and rebounding back with the mother of all bootscrapes, again raking Detson's flesh against the steel!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: We said that Johnny Detson had nowhere to run! We said he had nowhere to hide! And both of those things have proven to be correct as

Hannibal Carver is just having his way with Detson at this point in the contest!

BW: This isn't fair, Gordo! It's just not fair!

GM: Johnny Detson has tormented Hannibal Carver for months and with Eric Preston sitting in a room somewhere in early retirement thanks to that son of a... well, I think it's not only fair but it's karma run amok!

[Carver drags Detson from under the ropes, pulling him out to the middle of the ring. The Boston Brawler leaps up, delivering a brutal stomp to the upper left thigh. He leaps again, stomping the shin area. Then one to the right ankle...]

GM: BOOT PARTY!

[The brawling fan favorite works his way around the body of Detson, delivering that body-shaking leaping stomp up and down both sides of the body before delivering a head-turning stomp to the side of the bloodied face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Detson's not moving a bit! This one might be over, Bucky!

BW: No, no, no! Somebody's gotta do something!

[Carver looks down at the prone Detson, giving a nod as he pulls him off the canvas. He grabs an arm, whipping his bloodied foe into the turnbuckles where Detson's entire body shakes with the impact.]

GM: Hard throw to the corner. Detson's out on his feet, fans!

[The Boston Brawler lifts his right arm, slapping the elbow a few times...]

GM: He may be looking for that Mind Eraser!

[Carver goes to the opposite corner, smashing his own head into the top turnbuckle a few times before turning, sprinting across...

...where Johnny Detson has picked up the discarded steel chair that was thrown in early, lifting it in front of him as a shield!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARVER'S FACE HITS THE CHAIR!

[Carver stumbles back as Detson steps out, raising the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[Carver slumps to his knees, falling to all fours as Detson raises the chair again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[That blow bottoms Carver out, leaving him on his stomach on the canvas as Detson stands over him, chair in hand.]

GM: Two absolutely BRUTAL shots with that steel chair!

[Dufresne can be heard loudly shouting "AGAIN! AGAIN!" Detson turns to look at him, giving a nod as he raises the chair a third time...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He tosses the chair aside, flipping Carver over onto his back and leaning into a lateral press.]

GM: That might do it! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARVER KICKS OUT! MY GOD, CARVER KICKS OUT!

BW: How the-?!

GM: Those shots across the back are painful but not as devastating as a blow to the head!

[A furious Detson gets up, wiping the blood from his eyes as he picks up the now-badly dented chair, lifting it over his head again...]

GM: You've gotta be-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: LIKE A HAMMER DRIVING A NAIL INTO THE LUMBER, DADDY!

[Detson angrily spikes the chair down on the canvas, ordering the referee to count as he drops down to his knees to apply a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Holy...

[The crowd seems stunned that Carver - ever resilient and tough as nails - was able to lift the shoulder in time to break up the pin attempt.]

GM: How in the WORLD did Hannibal Carver kick out of that?!

BW: That seems to be the same question that Johnny Detson is asking Davis Warren... loudly and aggressively... right now!

[Detson has bullied the official back into the corner, grabbing him by the shirt, screaming through the crimson mask at him.]

GM: Detson’s all over the official who’s just doing his job in there and... uh oh!

[Detson angrily shoves the official back to the buckles, stomping across the ring, positioning the chair on the mat as he pulls the barely-moving Carver off the canvas, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He’s calling for it!

BW: It’s gonna be one heck of a wild ride!

[Detson stays in position, shouting at the jeering fans for a bit, taunting them over what he’s about to do to one of their favorites.]

GM: Detson’s going for the Wilde Driver! He hooks one arm! He hooks the other arm!

[But Carver has other ideas, straightening up, and sending Detson crashing down to the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: BACKDROP! Carver gets out!

[Carver collapses to his knees as the bloodied Detson hits the canvas, breathing heavily. The former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, can be heard loudly shouting at Detson to get up...]

GM: Detson’s down! Carver’s down! It’s come down to this! Who can get up first?! Who can take advantage of this situation and find a way to put their opponent down for a three count?!

BW: Come on, Johnny! Do what you gotta do, Johnny!

[Detson rolls to his side, wincing as he grabs at his lower back.]

GM: The effects of that fall off the side of the cage that we saw earlier still playing into this one as Johnny Detson is moving VERY slowly.

BW: Not as slowly as Hannibal Carver who just had his spine adjusted with a steel chair, daddy!

GM: Both men are still down but you're right, Bucky... Johnny Detson is on the move!

[Pushing himself off the mat, Detson staggers around the ring, falling into the ropes. He shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs as he stumbles out...

...and picks up the dented steel chair again.]

GM: For crying out loud... enough is enough! Somebody get that damn thing away from Detson!

BW: FINISH HIM!

[Detson switches the position of the steel chair in his hands, facing the edge of the seat back down as he raises it up...

...and DRIVES the steel down into the base of Carver's neck, knocking him down in a heap again!]

BW: Yes! Yes! You got him, Johnny!

GM: So much for maintaining ANY sense of impartiality!

BW: He named his finisher after me! What do you expect?! If someone was out here doing the Gordo Drop or the Myers Slam, we'd never hear the end of it!

GM: I don't know about that... but what is going on here?

[At a shout from the bloodied Detson, Dufresne gives a nod, yanking a previously-unnoticed strand of rope out from around his waist.]

GM: What's he got... is that a rope?!

BW: That's what it looks like to me. Detson's pushing Carver back up against the cage and... oh man! I love it, Gordo!

[The crowd roars first with confusion and then with anger as Dufresne threads the rope through the steel mesh, aiding Detson in wrapping it around Carver's arms.]

GM: They're... they're tying him to the cage!



[Well, not exactly. Dufresne suddenly climbs up on the side of the cage, grabbing the two ends of the rope, pulling them tight, holding a struggling Carver up against the mesh!]

GM: They've got him trapped! They're using that rope to hold Carver back up against the cage!

[Dufresne is clinging to the cage with one hand, holding the rope with the other, keeping a fighting Carver from getting loose as Detson strides back out to the middle of the ring...

...and picks up the chair again.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yeah! Carver's defenseless! Carver's defenseless! He can't get free!

[Seeing what Detson has in mind, Carver starts fighting even harder, trying to free himself from his forced crucifix pose...]

GM: Carver's fighting to get free! He's fighting for his life!

[Detson takes a couple of practice swings with the chair, grinning arrogantly as he shouts, "GET READY TO JOIN PRESTON IN HELL!"]

GM: OH! A verbal low blow by that sick son of a-

BW: GORDO!

GM: I'm sorry but... this is too far! This is going too far! He's going to try and cave in the skull of Hannibal Carver! He's going to try and end his career just like he did to Eric Preston last year!

BW: I know... and isn't it poetic that Carver came so hard after Detson for Detson ending his good friend Preston's career? Now, Johnny's going to do the same thing to Carver! So long, nutball!

[Detson taps the chair on the mat a few times, looking dead into the eyes of the struggling Carver as he winds up, taking a three step walk towards him...]

GM: NO!

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[As Carver just BARELY ripped away, the chair SLAMS into the steel, hitting a hanging Calisto Dufresne, knocking him to the floor as the crowd goes NUTS!]

GM: OH MY GOD! DUFRESNE IS DOWN! DUFRESNE IS DOWN!

[Detson looks stunned...

...but not as stunned as he looks when he turns around in time to see Carver leap up, hooking a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVING his skull into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

GM: He's done! He's out! No one gets up from that!

[Carver stands over his bloodied and broken foe, looking down at him...

...and then looks up at the roaring crowd, slowly shaking his head back and forth.]

BW: What the-?

[With the crowd cheering him on, Carver lifts both arms to the air, bringing them down. He does it again... and again... and soon, the crowd catches on, starting up a rhythmic chant...]

"SKULL-PUMP!"

"SKULL-PUMP!"

"SKULL-PUMP!"

BW: Oh god, oh god, oh god... somebody do something!

GM: Who?! Eric Somers is down and out! Calisto Dufresne is down and out! Johnny Detson is all alone with the man whose life he's made a living hell for MONTHS! He's got nowhere to run! He's got nowhere to hide!

[Carver leans down, sending the crowd into a frenzy as he hauls the bloodied Detson off the canvas, tugging him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's got him ready! He reaches down to hook one arm... he grabs the other...

[Carver stands, Detson at his mercy, arms trapped, not moving one bit as Carver prepares to deliver a match-ending - and potentially career-ending - blow...]

GM: This is it! The Skullpump is set! He's gonna-

[...when suddenly, out go the lights.]

GM: What the-!?

BW: Oh, this never ends well!

GM: Hannibal Carver has Johnny Detson dead to rights and now-

[A loud sound - metal on metal - is heard.]

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLAAAAAANK!"

[The last sound is punctuated by an awful noise of metal breaking. The crowd is buzzing, firing off flashbulbs, turning on their iPhone flashlights, desperate to get a peek at what's going on in and around the steel cage enclosed squared circle.]

GM: It looks like... is someone getting into the ring?!

BW: I can't-

[The lights flicker twice before coming back on...

...and revealing the face of Hell standing behind Hannibal Carver. The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[A maniacal look in his eyes, a wicked grin emerging from a tangle of black beard...

...and a shovel gripped in white-knuckled hands.

"Maniac" Morgan Dane is in the Cajundome, ready to cause a little Memorial Day mayhem.]

GM: MORGAN DANE! HE'S BEHIND-

[With Carver's back still turned for that split second after the crowd recognizes who is in the ring, Dane lifts the shovel over his head, holding it high...

...and SLAMS the wooden handle down on the base of Carver's neck!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE BROKE IT!! HE BROKE THE DAMN WOODEN HANDLE OF THAT SHOVEL ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Dane throws the splintered ends up into the air, throwing back his head into a blood-curdling scream before tossing them aside. Carver released Detson on impact from the shovel, slumping forward...

...but Dane grabs him before he can fall, hoisting him up into a torture rack.]

GM: Oh my.... somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta do something about this!

[Dane kicks Detson in the ribs, rolling him out of his way. He steps to the middle of the ring, nodding with an expression carved out of sheer insanity on his face, cackling like a madman as he looks out at the crowd...

...and pitches himself to the side with the slightest of jumps, DRIVING Carver's head and neck into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[The move known in the Land of the Rising Sun as Death's Hammer leaves Carver motionless on the canvas as Dane stares coldly down on his prone form. After several moments of soaking up the rage of the Cajundome crowd, Dane grabs Johnny Detson by the arm, dragging him over Carver's body. He angrily points down to the official who reluctantly drops to all fours.]

GM: No, no! Not like this! Carver had this match won!

[The referee slaps the mat once.]

GM: Somebody's gotta-

[He hits it twice.]

GM: This isn't right, damn it!

[...and one more time!]

GM: Ahhhh! Unbelievable!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Dane grins, "dusting off" his hands. He reaches back, patting himself on the back before retrieving his broken shovel. He lets the steel of the shovel rest on the steel of the cage, dragging it across it on his way towards the door, creating a godawful sound.]

GM: That's it?! Morgan Dane appears out of nowhere - out of the depths of hell - attacks Hannibal Carver, costs him the match, and then just walks away?!

BW: You oughta be happy about that! Carver's out cold! Imagine what Dane could do to him if he stuck around!

[Dane walks down the steps, stepping over a pile of chains and shattered padlock on the floor.]

BW: Look at that lock, Gordo!

GM: That must've been the sound we heard when the lights were out. Morgan Dane used that shovel to bust open the lock and... what in the world was he even DOING here?! That man doesn't work here! That psychopath hasn't been here since the Battle of Los Angeles!

BW: When Carver caved his skull in with a steel chair?

GM: Well, I- I suppose you're right. Is THAT what this is about?! Is it vengeance?

BW: With a man like Morgan Dane, isn't it always vengeance?

[Dane strides up the aisle, not looking back as the crowd berates him, holding the splintered shovel over both shoulders as Calisto Dufresne climbs into the ring, dragging a barely-conscious Johnny Detson to his feet, throwing his arm up into the air as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: The winner of the match...

JOHNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNN!

[The boos intensify as Dufresne celebrates Detson's big win over the still-motionless form of Hannibal Carver.]

GM: Johnny Detson, by hook or by crook, has won this steel cage showdown and... well, he can thank Morgan Dane for that, Bucky.

BW: Of course he can! Johnny said he always had a plan! You think he didn't know that Dane was waiting in the shadows?

GM: Are you saying- Detson was IN on this?! This was a Johnny Detson plot from the beginning?!

BW: I can neither confirm nor deny such a thing but...the timing sure does seem good for him, doesn't it?

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, Johnny Detson wins the cage match and... well, you'd have to believe this makes him the Number One Contender for the World Heavyweight Title. After this win, he HAS to be in my opinion.

BW: He should have been the top contender months ago, Gordo! This is Johnny Detson claiming his rightful spot, daddy!

GM: Hannibal Carver is down... but can you imagine how angry he's going to be when he wakes up? This is... we may be about to see the start of a new path of rage for Hannibal Carver!

BW: If he can even wrestle after getting dropped on his head like that.

GM: A fair point. Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, the National Heavyweight Title will be on the line so don't you dare go away!

[The shot holds on Dufresne and Detson walking back up the aisle in tandem, Detson practically being dragged by the Ladykiller, as we fade to black.]

Cut to a shot of an Aztec temple, the sun high over the brick structure. Gathered before the temple is a priest wearing an ornate headdress, his body covered in paint.]

VO: Since ancient times, warriors have gathered, testing themselves on sacred grounds. Today, that tradition continues...

[The loud guitar of Los Rabanes' "Ella Se Mueva Cruel" kicks in, amidst a flurry of shots of colorfully doing battle with each other. The cuts are quick, no more than two seconds at most, men leaping, men rolling others up into painful looking submissions, and wrestlers scoring pins on one another. It all goes by in a blur, almost too fast for the eye to follow. The last sight is the pain on the face of Caspian Abaran, as he is forced to relinquish his El Principe del Sol mask.]

VO: For those men gathered in combat, only one word can describe the action...

[As the song continues, there is a shot of El Caliente hitting the Sweet and Spicy Rana on an unsuspecting foe, the move truly spectacular, as he races across the ring towards his opponent, who is sitting on the top turnbuckle. Caliente springs off the second rope, bounces off the adjacent top rope, and then with pinpoint accuracy, hooks his legs around his opponent's neck, executing a perfect huracanrana.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another shot, this time of Super Solar hitting a frog splash on the prone Punky Perra, Perra's pierced and tattooed body bouncing off the mat as the camera lingers on the large sunburst tattoo on Solar's back]

VO: LUCHA!

[El Corazon Negro is shown, engaging in a brutal exchange of chops with Japanese legend GOLIATH Takehara. The large Japanese wrestler's face contorting in pain with each chop from the legend, only for El Corazon Negro to feel the sting of GOLIATH's devastating chops.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another series of shots of SWLL action, ending with a pair of beautiful SWLL ring girls blowing a kiss to the audience.]

VO: While the eyes of the wrestling world are on Lafayette, Louisiana for Memorial Day Mayhem, the tag teams of Mexico set out to win their way into the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Clips are shown of various tag team matches. We see Super Solar getting slammed down to the mat in a split-legged Michinoku Driver by Punky Perra. El Corazon Negro sails over the top rope with a plancha onto El Danado. Veneno flings himself between the ropes in a super-fast tope con hilo on two unnamed opponents.]

VO: But as the battles raged on, four teams emerged in a final battle to see who would earn that place in the battle for history.

This week, witness the Battle Of Four - elimination style - as only one team can be left standing in the battle for tag team supremacy!

All this, and much more on this week's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA!!

[Fade to black.

As we fade back up, we find ourselves backstage with "Sweet" Lou Blackwell in the midst of what seems like quite the party. There are people all around him - people we saw earlier in the evening.]

SLB: Welcome back to Memorial Day Mayhem, fans, and as you can see, I have been joined - whether I like it or not - by the group known as the Dead Man's Party. Gentlemen...

[The individuals in question don't seem to be listening to Blackwell, trading high fives, shouting to one another, making mockery of what they did to Frankie Farelli earlier in the night...]

SLB: Gentlemen, please...

[The duo known as Youth In Asia are cackling loudly, pretending to fall over as the One Man Army stands stoically behind Blackwell, arms crossed as he looks down at the back of Blackwell's head. Blackwell turns, jumping slightly at the sight of the big man.]

SLB: Walking condo back here...

[Blackwell is getting exasperated as no one seems to be listening. He shakes his head.]

SLB: GENTLEMEN, IF YOU PLEASE!

[The conversation comes to a halt. Elijah Wilde makes a move towards Blackwell who steps back but Johnny Skye and Ricky Royal hold him back.]

SLB: I want an explanation of what happened earlier here tonight and why!

[Chaz Wallace turns towards Blackwell, an arrogant smirk on his most-annoying face. He's the kind of guy you think you'd like to punch in the face more than anyone else you've ever met...

...and then you meet his brother Chet who steps to the other side of Blackwell.]

Chet: You want an explanation?

[Blackwell nods as Chaz grabs his hand, pulling the mic in front of him.]

Chaz: You want answers?

[Chet grabs the mic, pulling it back to him.]

Chet: I've got your answers, Blackwell...

[He smirks, winking at the camera.]

Chet: Right HERE!

[He jumps up, chopping at his crotch. Blackwell turns away with disgust as Chaz jumps up, doing the same.]

Chaz: HERE!

[Blackwell turns again as Chet jumps up.]

Chet: HERE!

[The veteran announcer steps back, throwing his hands in the air.]

SLB: Enough!

[The Wallaces step back as Yuma Weaver grabs Blackwell's wrist hard, yanking the mic towards him.]

YW: You want to know what happened out there tonight? You got eyes, don't you, brother? What happened out there tonight was the Dead Man's Party... the most vicious...

[Skye leans over the mic with a smirk on his model-like good lookin' face.]

JJS: The most desired...

[Royal takes his spot.]

RR: The most brutal...

[Wilde replaces him.]

EW: The most elite...



[The Wallace twins speak in tandem.]

Chat/Chez: The most DROOOOOOPKIIIIIIICK PARRRRRTYYYYYY!

[The group falls silent as another man walks in from off camera. The stern gaze of Jay Alana falls on Blackwell who quietly offers the mic towards him. Alana glares at Blackwell for several uncomfortable seconds.]

JA: The most dominant faction in professional wrestling has arrived.

[Blackwell starts to speak but Alana silences him with a shake of the head.]

JA: And you want to know why we did what we did?

[Alana gives a humorless chuckle.]

JA: How else do you make a declaration of war?

[He turns towards the camera, pointing a finger.]

JA: One year ago, the AWA came to OUR house and Tiger Paw Pro folded like a first time poker player. Tiger Paw Pro rose up to show they were the best in the world...

...and failed.

[His cold eyes burn into the camera's lens.]

JA: Kitzukawa? Failed. Fujimoto? Failed. Taguchi? Failed.

[A shake of the head.]

JA: Not this time. At Rising Sun Showdown 2, you bring the best you've got, AWA...

[He turns his body, spreading his arms wide as Blackwell struggles to reach around and keep the mic in position.]

JA: ...and WE'LL be waiting for them.

[We fade away from the intimidating sight of all eight members of the Dead Man's Party glaring into the camera...]

...and back up to another part of the backstage area to focus on Melissa Cannon. She looks aggrieved at her assignment.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a man who just survived by the skin of his teeth and escaped Memorial Day Mayhem with the World Television championship, Shadoe Rage.

[Rage comes onto camera, his back filling the screen as he looms over Melissa Cannon. Rage is showered and dressed in what passes for his street clothes. He wears a diaphanous gold silk burnous. His dreadlocks flow freely about his head. He looks like a deranged genie. Cannon squares her shoulders and stands her ground.]

SR: Melissa Cannon, those words are lies, more lies and damn lies!

MC: What are you talking about? Everything I said is true. Supernova had you beat! He just needed one more second!

[Rage turns so that he can face the cameras.]

SR: My championship reign was never in danger, Cannon. Never. The greatest champion of the World is me. I'm the man everybody came to see. Nobody cares about those other guys. And saying any different is a bunch lies!

[Rage is fully engaged with the camera.]

SR: Supernova, you failed. You can't beat me. You failed on the big stage once again. 10 minutes. 15 minutes. 20 minutes. It doesn't matter. You'll never be as good as me and the AWA World Television title never meant so much as it does right now. I am the greatest World champion in the AWA. And now I am leaving the building. Goodbye, Melissa Cannon. You do not please me. Goodbye.

[And with that Shadoe Rage is gone, leaving Melissa to close off the segment.]

MC: The champion is certainly confident. Overconfident, if you ask me. He survived 10 minutes at the Duel on the Diamond and 15 minutes with Supernova tonight. I don't know if he wants to push his luck at 20 minutes. His time might just run out. Gordon, back to you!

[Fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Bucky is looking up, presumably at where the cage is being removed from the ring as Gordon speaks.]

GM: Welcome back to Memorial Day Mayhem, fans... and what a wild night it's been, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. If ever the event has lived up to the name, it's right here tonight in Lafayette 'cause it's been mayhem all night long.

GM: And now, we're just a few minutes away from "Diamond" Rob Driscoll defending the AWA National Championship against the man he faced in the finals of the tournament to bring that title back to life, Travis Lynch.

BW: You mean the man he BEAT to win that prestigious title, Gordo.

GM: But he didn't do it himself, Bucky. Driscoll needed the help of Miss Sandra Hayes and that loaded Gucci bag to win that title.

BW: The outcome was already written on the wall before the lovely Miss Sandra Hayes graced each and every one of us with her presence that night. Driscoll was showing the world how Stench was fighting out of his league, and he's going to do again tonight, daddy!

GM: Travis is on the verge of being a champion here in the AWA and I think he achieves that tonight!

BW: You better have 9-1-1 on speed dial, Gordo. 'Cause if Stench wins the National Championship tonight, I very well may have a heart attack.

GM: That's a bit of an overreaction, don't you think, Bucky?

BW: If Stench wins, you'll see first hand if it is, Gordo.

GM: Well, fans, we heard from the champion earlier tonight so now it's time to hear from the challenger! Let's go back to the locker room where we have a camera standing by with Travis Lynch!

[Crossfade to the backstage area where we see the Texas Heartthrob in his ring gear sitting upon a wooden bench. He is slowly wrapping his right wrist in white athletic tape. Travis rips the tape from the roll and smooths it with his left hand, all the while silent. The camera focus upon the left shoulder of Travis, which is heavily taped. After a few more moments of silence, Travis pushes his sandy blonde hair back from his face as he begins to speak.]

TL: Memorial Day Mayhem... this is where it all started for me. This event, this is where I stepped into the AWA ring for the first time. Not the first time I was ever in an AWA ring 'cause that was back at The Main Event in 2011 when Jack, Jimmy and I stood in front of the AWA faithful by Blackjack's side and announced to the world we were now apart of the AWA. But the first time as a competitor... and I was competing for a shot to challenge for the AWA National Championship. But three years ago, I pulled up short as Rex Summers blindsided me and cost me a shot at the title.

Fast forward nearly three years later to the AWA Anniversary show, where I have the chance to revive the AWA National Championship ... and again I'm blindsided, this time by a blonde hair vixen, Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Travis closes his eyes and sighs heavily.]

TL: And once again the chance to become the AWA National Champion slips from my grasp and I had to listen as Rob Driscoll is announced as the new AWA National Champion.

[Once again the Texas Heartthrob pauses. As he does so, he lowers his head and runs both hands through his hair.]

TL: For a year, I've told the AWA fans that I would win gold here in the AWA... I promised Texas... no, I promised them all, that I would walk out of the Anniversary Show as the National Champion, giving each and every AWA fan a National Champion they could be proud of!

And I let them down! I let everyone watchin' on television and there in the Crockett Coliseum down... not 'cause I couldn't beat you Driscoll, but 'cause of your blonde hussy! Like Kingsley, you couldn't get the job done by yourself, and 'cause of that I let my fans down. I let everyone who bought a ticket to see me wearin' gold down. Even with my arm hangin' limp by my side from Mahoney's armbar and the self-proclaimed King of Wrestling tryin' to rip it out of the socket, you couldn't get the job done. You couldn't beat me!

[Travis glares at the camera as he continues to speak.]

TL: Two weeks ago, I made a promise to you Driscoll ... I promised that tonight you will be countin' the lights as I am announced as the NEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION! And I WILL do just that.

And as I said those words, I saw the realization in your eyes... you knew I was speakin' the truth. As you stood there lookin' at Brad and myself headin' to the back... your mind raced... you saw the gold leavin' your waist... you saw the headlines sayin' Driscoll is a flawed diamond... that Miss Sandra Hayes isn't perfect... It's why later that night, you drove that loaded Gucci bag into my back... it's why you drove the steel chair into my shoulder! You know you can't beat me!

[Travis pauses, and the camera continues to focus on the intensity upon his face.]

TL: So tonight, I will prove that to the world. Tonight, I show all the doubters, all the Bucky Wildes of the world, and more importantly you, champ, what it means to be Texas born and raised a Lynch! Tonight, champ...

[Sarcasm at its finest as Travis says "champ."]

TL: It's time to put up or shut up for both of us! Can you finally back up your claims that you are the diamond of this industry... that you're the measuring stick that all other champions are compared to? Can you, champ?

As for me, it's time to deliver. Travis Lynch needs to step up and take what is his!

So Driscoll, bring Miss Sandra Hayes and her loaded Gucci purse to the ring. Let Miss Sandra Hayes do her best Sunshine impression as she tries to rake my eyes, pull at my leg, fake fallin' off the ring apron or any other desperate ploy she has at her disposal. Hell, let her crawl on her hands and knees back to Fawcett, beggin' 'im to let the Lost Boy loose one more time! We all know the good doctor loves his checkups from Miss Sandra Hayes, so he probably will let his little beast loose for you... or at least her.

[Travis smirks.]

TL: As for you, Driscoll, bring every dirty trick you know, bring every hold and counter hold you've ever learned! 'Cause none of it is goin' to stop me! I made a promise, Driscoll, and a Lynch always keeps his promises!

Tonight, I finish what I started four years ago... it's time for me to grab the AWA National Championship Belt, hold it high over my head... to hear the words... AND NEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

[Travis stares into the camera for a few moments before it fades back out to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and it is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The opening notes of Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer" begins to play over the PA system to a HUGE reaction!]

PW: He is the challenger... hailing from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds...

He is the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVIIIIIIIIIIIS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngster of the Lynch brothers and as it does so, the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the entrance music.]

GM: Oh yeah! Listen to this reaction here in Lafayette!

[Travis makes his way down the aisle and the screams from the ladies get louder with each. He pauses for a moment, allowing the females to take a long look. He is wearing a his trademark super smedium T-shirt that he pulls off and tosses into the crowd, revealing the heavy white tape on his shoulder and arm. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

GM: The challenger isn't coming into this at one hundred percent physically but he's coming in ready for one heck of a fight and with the goal of becoming the AWA National Champion here tonight!

[He breaks into slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders. As he nears the ring, a few lovely ladies are able to lean over the railing and kiss him a few times on the cheeks. Travis reaches the ring, sliding under the bottom rope where he goes to his corner, removing

his chaps to reveal his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white.]

PW: And his opponent... from Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing 243 pounds... he is the self proclaimed "Crown Jewel of Wrestling"... being accompanied to the ring by MISS Sandra Hayes...

HE IS THE AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION!

"DIAMOND" ROOOOOBBBBB DRISCOOOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLL!

[The breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams hits the Cajundome as the lights dim and the big screen shows stars shining brightly in the night sky. The entranceway fills up with smoke as Sandra Hayes walks out, and the whole place comes down in boos. Hayes has her blonde hair tied up in an executive bun, and wears a grey skirt suit, with black underneath. She holds her hands up, pinkie and index finger sticking out, thumb touching her middle and ring finger and then flings them toward the entrance, clutching her Gucci purse in her off hand.]

#Some say that we are players  
Some say that we are pawns#

#But we've been making money since  
The day that we were born#

[Driscoll saunters through the smoke and stops at the top of the entrance way, throwing his hands out and looking up at the ceiling, letting the crowd get a look at his attire for this match: glossy looking dark blue tights with the ram's head on the back in gold, with matching dark blue boots and kneepads. Each boot has "RD" on the outside calf written in white cursive scripts, and over top is a silky sequined vest, black fabric with white and silver sequins, an image of a diamond on the back. The vest is left open to reveal the National Title belt, and as the camera zooms in on the gold, Hayes walks past Driscoll and rubs her hand on the belt on her way to the ring.]

BW: Whew, the First Couple of the AWA is in the house!

GM: And this man couldn't possibly be as confident as he looks right now, could he?

BW: Why not? He's beaten Lynch before.

GM: Through trickery and deception!

BW: Whatever it takes, daddy... whatever it takes.

[Hayes leads the way, and walks up the steps onto the apron first. Driscoll has his game face on and walks to the ring with a purpose, wiping his feet off once he climbs onto the apron and simultaneously ducking into the ring with his business partner. Driscoll goes to the center of the ring and looks to

the heavens again for a moment, as Hayes deftly takes the vest off of his shoulders, and leaves him to his spotlight for a moment...]

GM: Both champion and challenger in the ring, staring across the squared circle at one another as referee Ricky Longfellow does a quick check of both men, making sure there's no weapons on their person... however, it's that weapon on the floor that I'm concerned about.

BW: Sandra Hayes is no weapon... well, she is... but not in the way you mean.

GM: I'm not talking about Sandra Hayes. I'm talking about that loaded Gucci bag in her hand.

[The referee signals for the bell as Driscoll dances out of the corner, ducking and dashing in for a single leg takedown attempt. Travis pulls the leg back, crouching over with his fists balled and at the ready. Driscoll pulls back, holding up his open hands and pointing out Travis' fists to the referee.]

GM: As we kick things off here with the AWA National Title on the line, Rob Driscoll wants to make sure the referee notices those closed fists.

BW: And rightfully so. Leave it to a Stench to cheat at the bell.

[Driscoll moves laterally, making Travis try to match his pace before the duo comes together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring.]

GM: Here we go... and Driscoll slips right out into a wristlock.

BW: So quick... so fluid.

[Driscoll nods at the jeering fans as he cranks the arm around in an armtwist...

...and a big right hand from the challenger sends him sprawling down on his rear. The champion slides back towards the corner as the crowd cheers loudly. He ends up against the buckles, moving his jaw in an exaggerated fashion as Miss Sandra Hayes rushes to his side, rubbing his cheek.]

GM: What a shot out of Travis Lynch!

BW: A closed fist... but the referee's going to let Lynch get away with it so Rob Driscoll needs to find a way to avoid it. There are certain weapons in Travis' arsenal that Driscoll's gotta avoid at all costs - the Discus Punch and that illegal Iron Claw.

GM: It most certainly is NOT illegal.

[Driscoll slowly edges up to his feet, opening and closing his mouth a few more times as he complains about the closed fist. Referee Ricky Longfellow warns Travis again who nods in response.]

GM: Driscoll slowly out of the corner... back to the tieup...

[The National Champion twists out of it, bending the arm around into a rear hammerlock...]

GM: Hammerlock cinched in by Driscoll... perhaps going after that injured arm and shoulder - you can see the heavy bandaging done on that limb. That's all thanks to Rob Driscoll's handiwork two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: Well, it's also thanks to Callum Mahoney and Demetrius Lake AND Rob Driscoll back in that tournament in March, Gordo.

GM: An excellent point. Travis has been nursing that injury for months now and it could mean the difference between victory and defeat when taking on a man who is known for his Queen City Cinch chickenwing submission.

[Travis winces as Driscoll pushes up on the limb, wrenching the shoulder...

...and the Texas Heartthrob throws a nasty elbow back to the side of the head, sending Driscoll spinning away, falling down to the mat. He rolls under the ropes to the floor, rubbing his cheek as he stares up into the ring where Travis approaches the ropes, shouting "COME ON!" at the champion as he steps back, quickly joined by Miss Sandra Hayes.]

GM: Driscoll heads out to the floor... and there's Miss Hayes with him again, checking his condition...

BW: Should check his dental work after that. That was a hard shot, Gordo.

GM: Certainly was... and Travis Lynch is fired up, fans. He wants Rob Driscoll back inside that ring in the worst possible way.

[Glaring at Lynch, Driscoll slowly walks around the ring, Miss Hayes in hot pursuit giving encouragement and advice. He gives a nod, pulling up as the count hits five. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron.]

GM: Here comes Travis!

[But Driscoll drops right back off the apron, shouting at the official who steps in, forcing the challenger to back off.]

GM: It seems like Rob Driscoll might not be overly enthusiastic about facing Travis Lynch here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I'll give Travis Lynch a thimbleful of credit, Gordo. He's a tough challenge for Rob Driscoll. "Diamond" Rob didn't get to where he is by being a fool. He knows that if he miscalculates here tonight, Lynch will walk out of here with the title around his waist and they'll carry me out of here on a stretcher.



[Driscoll steps onto the ringsteps, rubbing his jaw once more before moving onto the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. Travis comes on hot, fists balled up...

...and Driscoll ducks his head through the ropes, shaking his head, and shouting at the official!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, if you've got a problem, take it up with Texas' favorite son.

GM: So, you admit that he's popular in Texas?

BW: So was the Bush family.

[Travis backs off again, pacing impatiently around the ring as a smirking Driscoll steps back out, leaning against the ropes. He edges out, coming into another tieup as Travis rushes at him. Driscoll uses Travis' momentum against him, twisting him around and pushing him back into the buckles...]

GM: Back to the corner...

[The referee calls for the break and Driscoll obliges before throwing a back elbow up under the chin.]

GM: No clean break there... and Driscoll goes for the Irish whip...

[But Travis reverses it, sending the champion crashing into the buckles. He staggers out to where Travis is waiting in the center of the ring, elevating Driscoll towards the rafters...

...and sending him crashing down to the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP SENDS DRISCOLL DOWN TO THE MAT!

[Driscoll promptly grabs his lower back, twisting around to all fours where he starts crawling towards the ropes...

...but Travis spots him, grabbing him by the back of the trunks, pulling him to his feet to block his escape!]

GM: Travis caught him!

[The crowd roars as Travis shakes his head, lifting Driscoll up high, holding... holding... holding...]

GM: Look at the strength of the challenger!

[...and brings him CRASHING tailbone-first down on the bent knee, pitching Driscoll towards the ropes where he tumbles over the top, crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: The atomic drop sends Driscoll to the floor!

[Travis throws his arms up, marching around the ring to big cheers from the Cajundome crowd. He nods before dropping down, rolling under the ropes to the floor. He moves around the ring...]

GM: Travis is coming after him!

[Miss Sandra Hayes gives a yelp, running away as Travis approaches, grabbing the rising Driscoll by the hair and trunks, rifling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Can't win the title on the floor and Travis Lynch knows it! He's got Driscoll on the run and he's coming for him!

[Lynch crawls back in, coming to his feet as Driscoll bounces off the ropes towards him...

...and runs right into a gorilla press!]

GM: PRESS!

[The crowd is ROARING as Lynch slowly turns his body, showing off the powerful military press...

...and HURLS Driscoll down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!

[Again, Driscoll rolls to a knee, grabbing at his lower back as Travis approaches him from behind. He pulls Driscoll off the mat, pushing him back into the corner...]

GM: Back to the buckles... Driscoll wraps him up!

[In a defensive move, the National Champion snares Lynch in his arms and with a leg, keeping him close to prevent any further offense as Ricky Longfellow steps in, trying to force a break.]

GM: Longfellow's calling for a break but Travis is trapped! He can't get loose and-

[Driscoll lets go, causing Travis to stumble back a step as Longfellow pushes between...

...and the National Champion reaches over the top, blasting Lynch with a closed fist between the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot!

[Lynch rushes back in but Driscoll again ducks back through the ropes, shouting "GET HIM BACK! GET HIM BACK!" at Ricky Longfellow who shows

frustration on his face, pushing in between again, forcing the angry challenger to get back.]

BW: Driscoll's working wonders with the short fuse of Travis Lynch here. He's got that Lynch family hot headed attitude and Driscoll's making him blow his top over and over again so far in this one.

[Lynch gets forced across the ring as a smirking Rob Driscoll emerges from between the ropes, nodding his head. He points a few times at his temple as Travis shouts at him, trying to get past the official.]

GM: Travis Lynch has lost his cool, Bucky... and he needs to regain it or Rob Driscoll's going to force him to make a major mistake.

[Travis leans against the ropes, glaring at Driscoll who is standing in the middle of the ring shadowboxing. He waves the challenger towards him and Travis stalks out of the corner, his face red with anger.]

GM: Back to the tieup...

[Driscoll quickly goes back to the arm, twisting it around in an armwringer...

...but Travis moves quickly this time, rolling right through it to escape, popping up to his feet, throwing a dropkick on the chin of the National Champion, sending him down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Nice counter by Travis...

[Driscoll pops right back, ready for the fight as Travis gets up, going into a spin with his left hand cocked back. The champion throws on the brakes, avoiding getting clocked!]

GM: Almost!

[The champion drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor in a frantic hurry. He throws up his hands, shouting "WHOA WHOA WHOOOOAAA!" as his eyes go wide!]

GM: Travis Lynch was a left hand away from winning the National Title right there and Rob Driscoll knows it!

[Driscoll angrily turns away, kicking the steel barricade at ringside. Miss Hayes rushes to his side, shouting at the ring where Travis is again pacing back and forth as the official starts his ten count.]

GM: Well, if you're keeping score at home, you'd have to see Travis Lynch is winning this match but...

BW: But we don't keep score. You aren't winning 'til you win, daddy.

GM: Indeed.

[Lynch finally gets sick of waiting, rolling out to the floor. He approaches Driscoll who throws a right hand to the jaw that Lynch blocks with ease before giving one in response that knocks Driscoll back over the steel railing into the front row of fans!]

GM: OH! WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

[Driscoll is down on the floor, trying to push up to his feet as the fans all around him shout insults at him. Lynch gives a few high fives to the front row of fans as Miss Hayes shouts at him from a few feet away. The challenger turns, pointing a threatening finger at her.]

BW: Run, Sandra! The scumbag is on the loose!

[Lynch turns back towards Driscoll...

...who comes up quickly, throwing a cup full of brown liquid in the eyes of Lynch!]

GM: OH! SODA TO THE EYES!

[Driscoll grabs the blinded Travis by the hair, pulling his head down sharply into the steel railing!]

GM: OHHH! HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL!

[Travis staggers back, falling down to his knees on the ringside mats as Driscoll steps up onto the railing, pausing to gather his balance...

...and leaps off, smashing a double axehandle down across the lower back and putting Travis fully down on his face on the floor!]

GM: And just like that, Rob Driscoll has turned the tide on Travis... putting the boots to him out on the floor!

[A beaming Miss Hayes applauds wildly for Driscoll as he drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, putting the badmouth to him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE POST! GOOD GRIEF!

[The referee leaps out to the floor, getting right up into Driscoll's face, shouting at him, sticking a finger into his chest. Driscoll backs off, hands raised, pleading innocence.]

GM: Lynch's head hit solid steel TWICE in a matter of a minute or so, fans... and that can't be good news for the challenger, Bucky.

BW: Not at all.

[Driscoll rolls under the ropes into the ring as the referee kneels down to check on the Texan.]

GM: Travis Lynch hasn't stirred since hitting the ringpost and Rob Driscoll may have knocked him cold, Bucky Wilde.

BW: If he did, that idiot Longfellow should be counting! A countout keeps the gold around the waist of "Diamond" Rob Driscoll as well as a pinfall does.

[Miss Sandra Hayes leans over, taunting Travis as the referee waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Well, it seems as though Ricky Longfellow got the thumbs up that he was looking for from the challenger to continue this matchup. Travis Lynch pushes up off the floor...

[Hayes suddenly yelps, shouting into the ring at Driscoll, pointing wildly at Lynch.]

GM: What is she...?

[Rob Driscoll breaks away from taunting the crowd, looking at Hayes questioningly. She points again animatedly at the downed Lynch. Driscoll's eyes suddenly go wide as he steps off the apron, dropping down to the floor, grabbing Lynch by the hair, pulling him off the floor...

...and revealing a horrific gash on his forehead that is spurting blood at an alarming rate!]

GM: Oh!

[The crowd recoils in shock at seeing the crimson pour down the face of Travis Lynch, essentially concealing his face in a matter of moments.]

GM: Travis Lynch has been busted wide open! His head was split open like a melon and he's bleeding profusely out here at ringside!

[Driscoll's eyes light up as he holds the hair, slamming his fist down onto the cut forehead three times quickly before shoving Lynch under the ropes into the ring, leaving a bloody trail behind him.]

GM: Lynch's head hit the railing... then hit the ringpost... and one of those shots must've lacerated him, Bucky.

BW: I'm not entirely sure what did it but... jeez, if you thought Johnny Detson was bleeding badly in our last match or Dave Bryant earlier tonight, that's nothing compared to this!

[Driscoll takes a few quick words of advice from Hayes, giving her a nod as he pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. He measures Lynch before stomping the cut a few times, dropping into a cover.]

GM: Driscoll covers... two count only!

[The National Champion swings a leg over the downed Lynch, grabbing his rapidly-reddening hair with his left hand and opening fire with his right, slamming his knuckles down into the cut forehead!]

GM: He's battering the cut, trying to make it worse!

[The referee starts a five count, forcing Driscoll to his feet at the count of four. Driscoll looks down at his blood-covered right hand in disgust, wiping the back of his hand on the official's shirt.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[A smirking Driscoll steps in, grabbing a rising Lynch who is up to his knees. Driscoll winds up, taking aim...]

GM: Big elbow down across the forehead! And another!

[Again, Driscoll delivers a half dozen blows before shoving Lynch back down to the mat, leaving a bloody smear on the canvas as Driscoll spreads his arms wide, standing over the prone Lynch. The crowd jeers loudly as the National Champion gestures down at the Texan.]

GM: Rob Driscoll joining a long line of distinguished National Champions who've battled over the title at Memorial Day Mayhem. Remember, our very first National Champion, Marcus Broussard, was crowned at the very first Memorial Day Mayhem back in 2008. May 24th, 2008, to be precise.

BW: Seven years ago yesterday and it FEELS like yesterday sometimes, Gordo.

GM: It absolutely does.

[Driscoll drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, dragging him across the ring where he SLAMS his head down into the top turnbuckle. He repeats the act, smashing Lynch's bloody head into the buckle a few more times.]

GM: Rob Driscoll's given up any attempt at working on the arm, going after the shoulder. Now he's focused on that cut and making Travis Lynch bleed like a river!

[The National Champion presses Lynch's forehead down on the top rope, smirking at the jeering crowd before he drags the face down the length of the rope, getting about three-quarters of the way across before he lets go, allowing Lynch to slump down to his knees against the ropes.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow reprimanding him for that ropeburn...

[And with the official's back turned, it's Sandra Hayes' chance to loop her hands around the neck, pulling down to strangle the challenger!]

GM: Turn around, ref!

[Hayes hangs on for a few moments before letting go, leaving a gasping and coughing Lynch to fall back down inside the canvas. Driscoll pushes past the referee, applying a lateral press for another two count.]

GM: Still just a two count as Travis Lynch continues to fight!

[Driscoll grimaces, rolling to a seated position. He looks out at Hayes, giving a nod in her direction as he climbs off the mat.]

GM: The National Champion has his challenger in a bad way and you'd better believe he's looking for a way to finish him off right about now.

[Backing into the corner, Driscoll hops up onto the second rope, raising his right hand out in front of him, taking aim...]

GM: FISTDROP!

[...and buries the right hand into the cut forehead!]

GM: OHH!

[Lynch's body convulses from the impact as Driscoll settles into a sloppy North-South pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd cheers as Travis lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only once again!

[Driscoll angrily grabs the hair, battering the cut again and again with right hands.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[Longfellow again forces Driscoll to let up to which the champion responds by climbing to his feet, grabbing Lynch by his bloody hair...

...and RAKING his bootlaces across the wound!]

GM: OH!

[Driscoll gets forced back by the official as Travis slumps down to the mat, reaching up to cover his head. The National Champion again pauses to taunt the ringside fans as Ricky Longfellow checks to see if Lynch can continue.]

GM: The challenger's trying to hang on and the referee's right there to see if he can.

[The referee again signals for the match to continue as Driscoll marches in, dragging Lynch up by the hair. An overhead elbow sends Travis falling back to the corner, looping his arms over the top rope to keep from falling down to the mat.]

GM: Driscoll's got him dazed in the corner!

[Driscoll backs off, walking out to the middle of the ring. He spins, charging back in...

...and runs right into a raised boot!]

GM: OHHH! Lynch gets the boot up!

[The blow sends Driscoll staggering back allowing Travis to charge from the corner, leaping up into a crossbody!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Driscoll rolls him off his prone form!]

GM: Two count only! Driscoll almost got caught right there!

[Driscoll scrambles up, catching a rising Travis with a running knee to the side of the head, knocking him back down. He lunges into another cover, earning another two count.]

GM: Two count for Driscoll.

[Driscoll turns towards Hayes who nods. He walks towards the ropes, reaching a hand out as Hayes hands him something that he quickly tucks into his kneepad.]

GM: What is he...? Hayes gave him something!

BW: Really? I must've missed that!

[Driscoll grabs Lynch by the hair, hauling him up to his feet by it. He turns his back on the official, shielding the referee as he reaches down into his kneepad, pulling the weapon into view...]

GM: That's- that's the ring bell hammer!

[...and DIGS it into the cut forehead!]

GM: AHHH!

[The referee keeps trying to get around to check the hold as Driscoll continues to turn his back to block him out. As he finishes, he shoves the hammer down the front of his trunks, turning back towards the referee with his hands raised!]



GM: Come on, Ricky! The man blatantly used a foreign object right there!

BW: Ref didn't see it!

[The official questions Driscoll, asking a few pointed questions as Lynch's head leaves a bloody circle around his downed face. Driscoll denies the referee's accusations.]

GM: Driscoll's pleading innocence but I think we all saw it!

BW: I'm not sure I saw it.

GM: Oh, give me a break! It was as clear as day!

[As the official continues to quiz Driscoll, Miss Sandra Hayes pulls herself up on the apron. The referee moves over to confront her as Driscoll clearly reaches back down into his trunks, pulling the metal hammer back into view again...

...and SHOVES it into the cut forehead, grinding it back and forth and ripping the skin of the challenger further!]

GM: How about that, Bucky? You see that?!

[Driscoll grits his teeth, causing the blood to stream heavier down the face of the challenger. A shout from Miss Hayes seems to be Driscoll's cue as he lifts the hammer off, quickly getting up with his hand behind his back gripping the hammer.]

GM: It's in his hand, ref!

[Longfellow shouts at Driscoll, pointing at the bloodied Lynch.]

GM: Ricky, it's in his hand!

[The crowd seems to be shouting the same thing as the official demands to see Driscoll's left hand which is behind his back. The referee tries to move around Driscoll who switches his stance.]

GM: Driscoll's trying to hide it! He's trying to hide the ring bell hammer from Ricky Longfellow!

[Driscoll keeps turning... and turning... and turning away from the inquisitive official. He falls back against the ropes, tossing the hammer to the floor.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The National Champion raises his hands, showing them both to be empty as Longfellow looks quizzically around him. The fans jeer as Driscoll shoves the official aside, rushing to drive a hard stomp into the forehead of the rising Lynch!]

GM: Another stomp to the head keeps the challenger down...

[He pulls Lynch off the mat, whipping him across the ring to the corner. He sets, running halfway the ring after him, throwing a dropkick up into the jaw of the cornered challenger!]

GM: Big dropkick connects... and check this out!

[He hooks a front facelock, dragging Lynch out of the corner, slinging his arm over his neck...

...and SNAPPING Lynch over in a suplex, floating into a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the challenger muscles out at two, breaking the pin.]

GM: Still only able to hold Travis Lynch down for two as the Texas Heartthrob continue to fight!

[Driscoll climbs back to his feet, looking out at Hayes who shouts encouragement to her charge.]

GM: Driscoll and Hayes seem to be a well-oiled machine out here, Bucky... taking cues from one another like they've been side by side for years.

BW: Earlier tonight, I was talking to Sandra and she said that the world has seen what she was able to do with limited talent - her words, not mine - like Terry Shane and the L-O-E... just imagine what she's going to be able to do with Rob Driscoll. You may be looking at a future World Champion in there, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[The National Champion pulls Lynch off the mat, shoving him back to the corner. He grabs the top rope, throwing boot after boot into the gut, forcing Lynch down into a seated position where he continues to stomp, this time landing shoe leather on the face of the Texan!]

GM: Driscoll's all over him in the corner, going after that cut - and the referee has to force him back!

BW: Longfellow should be counting... not forcing.

GM: We agree on that, Bucky, but obviously the official felt as though the count wasn't working and he needed to employ stronger measures.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: Fifteen minutes gone in the forty-five minute time limit for this one... a third of the way there.

[Driscoll and the referee engage in a heated verbal sparring session for a few moments, allowing Travis Lynch time to pull himself off the mat, leaning against the turnbuckles as Driscoll approaches...]

GM: The champion moving in once more and-

[A desperate Lynch throws a kick to the gut, catching Driscoll by surprise!]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs!

[Driscoll straightens up, coming in again...]

GM: Another kick to the gut!

[Lynch grabs Driscoll by the shoulders, throwing him back into the corner where Travis tees off with a left hand...]

GM: BIG LEFT! ANOTHER!

[The haymaker pour down on Driscoll, forcing him back into the buckles, battering him down... down... down...]

BW: Where the HELL is Longfellow?!

[The official is shouting at Lynch, ordering him to back off as the challenger continues to hammer away, forcing Driscoll down into a seated position on the canvas!]

GM: TRAVIS IS ON FIRE!

[The battering of punches leaves Driscoll on the canvas as Hayes screams shrilly at ringside. Finally, the referee drags Travis off, spinning him out to the center of the ring where he lets off a Texas-sized roar, echoed by the fans as he wipes the blood from his eyes, dripping on the canvas.]

GM: Travis Lynch just beat Driscoll down into the mat!

BW: How the heck is there NOT a disqualification for that?!

GM: That's totally at the discretion of the referee and Ricky Longfellow is calling for the match to continue!

[Lynch turns back, stumbling across the ring where he drags Driscoll off the mat, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-WHOA!

[The crowd collectively gasps as Lynch drops to a knee from the impact of the whip, rocketing Driscoll into the corner turnbuckles where he takes flight, sailing over the top rope and CRASHING down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch nods his bloodied head, dripping crimson down onto the canvas as Sandra Hayes hauls buns over to kneel down next to her meal ticket, checking his condition as the referee starts a ten count.]

BW: You know what, Gordo? “Diamond” Rob should stay down!

GM: What?!

BW: He should stay down... he should take the countout. He'll lose the match and the winner's share of the purse but he'll keep the title!

[Lynch leans against the ropes, blood dripping off his head onto the ring ropes, looking out at Driscoll who is still down, Hayes rubbing his shoulders and neck, slapping him lightly to try to revive him.]

GM: Driscoll may be out, fans! This match may be about to end by countout!

[Hayes looks up as the referee's count gets to four...]

GM: The count is up to four and-

[The Perfect 10 leans closer towards Driscoll, whispering in his ear. She firmly plants her hands on his back, seemingly pressing him down into the floor.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Hayes looks up at the official who counts five.]

GM: The count is up to five and I'm fairly sure that Sandra Hayes is taking your advice here, Bucky! She's going to take the countout for Driscoll and keep the title that way!

BW: Great minds think alike, daddy!

[The Texas Heartthrob quickly realizes what's going on, stepping through the ropes to the ring apron. The referee breaks his count as Lynch drops off the apron, approaching the downed Driscoll. Hayes gets to her feet, begging off as the bloodied Lynch approaches...]

BW: Run, Sandy! Scumbag strikes again!

[A stare from Lynch since Hayes scurrying away as he pulls Driscoll off the floor, dragging him towards the squared circle, throwing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch tosses the champion back in... climbing up on the apron after him...

[But as Lynch steps in, Driscoll attempts to roll back out. The Texan reaches over the ropes, grabbing a handful of hair, lifting Driscoll up to his feet on the apron. He hooks a front facelock as the fans cheer...]

GM: Looks like Lynch is going to bring him in the hard way!

[The powerful challenger hoists Driscoll skyward, holding him straight up and down...

...and brings him crashing down in a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Big suplex by the challenger! He covers!

[The referee drops down, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: Kickout at two for the champ!

[Hayes shouts something at Driscoll as he rolls to all fours, trying to crawl away from the still badly-bleeding Lynch. As the Texas gets to his feet, Ricky Longfellow stops him, checking the cut on the forehead.]

GM: That cut STILL hasn't stopped bleeding and Ricky Longfellow's taking a long look at it, making sure that the challenger is able to continue.

[The referee waves for the match to continue to the cheers of the Cajundome crowd. Lynch strides towards the crawling Driscoll, pulling him up to his feet, shoving him back to the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The big chop leaves Driscoll reeling, grabbing at his rapidly-reddening chest.]

GM: Big knife edge chop across the chest of the National Champion!

[Lynch takes aim, delivering a second...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another hard chop!

[With Driscoll in trouble, Lynch grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Whipped from corner to corner... here comes Travis!

[A big running clothesline takes Driscoll off his feet, his arms hooking around the top turnbuckle to keep from falling to the mat. Lynch grabs the arm again, sending him across a second time...]

GM: Another clothesline!

[The big running blow lifts Driscoll into the air again but he manages to stay on his feet against the buckles as Lynch steps back, watching as the National Champion staggers out...]

GM: Lynch scoops him up!

[He spins around, ready to slam Driscoll down...

...but the champion hangs on, rolling Lynch into an inside cradle!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Lynch powers out before three!]

GM: Two count only!

[Driscoll scrambles up to his feet, catching a rising Lynch with a short forearm to the ear. He grabs Lynch by the arm, whipping him across the ring. "Diamond" Rob ducks down for a backdrop...

...and Lynch goes over the top, grabbing Driscoll and dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans at the near fall for the challenger who was a half count away from claiming the National Championship. Lynch pushes up off the mat, wiping the heavy blood flow from his eyes, falling off-balance for a moment. The referee again steps in, checking the cut as Lynch pushes past, trying to get to Driscoll...

...who hooks the front of Lynch's trunks, yanking him forward in a leverage move, sending the Texan crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH!

[Driscoll grabs Lynch, hauling him down in a schoolboy.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, the challenger kicks out, breaking up the pin. Driscoll moves quickly, climbing back to his feet. He boots Lynch in the gut, stepping into a front facelock...

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle by Lynch!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans again as Driscoll kicks out in time. Lynch slams a fist down into the canvas, leaving a red smear behind on the white canvas as he climbs to his feet. He pursues Driscoll who has fled towards the ropes...

...and Driscoll buries a back kick into the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Driscoll caught him coming in!

[Driscoll leans over, yanking the legs out from under the Texan.]

GM: Double leg takedown... and Driscoll flips into a cover!

[The double leg cradle also earns a nearfall for the National Champion, leaving the crowd buzzing at the exchange of pin attempts.]

GM: Look at the frantic desperation on the part of both champion and challenger - showing just how badly these men want to be put alongside names like Vasquez, Broussard, Scott, and Sudakov in the list of historic AWA National Champions!

[Driscoll throws a few right hands at Lynch's cut forehead as the Texan battles up off the mat.]

GM: Lynch's head continues to bleed at an aggressive rate!

[The bloodied and weary Lynch throws a wild right hand in response, allowing Driscoll to easily duck under, hooking a rear waistlock. He surges forward, bouncing Lynch's chest off the ropes...]

GM: Rolling reverse crad- no! Lynch hangs on!

[The Texan clings to the ropes as Driscoll sails backwards, rolling through to his feet. Lynch spins, coming on fast...]

GM: Clothesli-

[An attempt at a clothesline by Driscoll is ducked by the Texan who slams on the brakes, reaching back to hook his arm around the National Champion's...

...and drags him down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Driscoll's shoulders are pinned to the canvas as the referee dives down to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: DID HE GET HIM?! DID HE GET HIM?!

[The referee jumps up, holding up two fingers.]

GM: OH! TWO COUNT ONLY!

[The crowd jeers Ricky Longfellow's decision loudly as Travis Lynch buries his bloodied head in his hands, shaking it back and forth, dripping crimson all over the canvas.]

GM: Travis Lynch looked like he had the title won right there, Bucky.

BW: Looks can be deceiving. I think "Diamond" Rob's got this match well in hand, Gordo.

GM: Oh, you do, huh?

[Longfellow steps forward, pushing Travis' hands aside to check the bloodied forehead. Lynch angrily gets up, shoving the referee away.]

BW: DQ! DQ! He laid his hands on the referee!

GM: Ricky Longfellow would certainly be within his rights to disqualify Travis Lynch for that but he's waving for the match to continue again.

[Lynch runs a hand through his blood-soaked hair, dragging Driscoll off the mat.]

GM: Irish whi- reversal!

[The Texan bounces off the ropes, coming back fast...

...and Driscoll leaps up, hooking the head of the Texan, crimping the neck in a sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Driscoll leaps up on the back of Lynch, hanging on tight as he cranks down on the sleeperhold!]

BW: This is brilliant, Gordo! A sleeperhold's goal is to deprive the brain of the oxygen and the blood it needs to function, rendering your opponent unconscious. With Travis bleeding like a stuck pig, he's already suffering from major blood loss... this might be it, Gordo!

GM: Ricky Longfellow is right in there, checking to see if Lynch is still conscious!

[Hayes is jumping up and down, pumping her arms in the air in early celebration!]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes is acting like the match is already over but-



[Lynch slumps down to his knees, Driscoll cinching the hold in even tighter as his feet come down on the mat.]

GM: Lynch is down on his knees! Can he hang on?! Can he find a way to escape this hold?!

[Driscoll cranks down on the neck, shouting at Longfellow to check him.]

GM: The referee is right in there, checking to see if Lynch is conscious...

[The National Champion grimaces, Lynch's blood leaking through Driscoll's fingers in a shot sure to make the cover of Between The Ropes magazine as the Cincinnati tries to drive the challenger into unconsciousness.]

GM: Lynch is fading fast here in Lafayette, fans!

[Lynch's arms have slumped to his side as Driscoll shouts, "IT'S OVER! RING THE BELL!" The crowd is roaring, trying to inspire Travis to fight back as the referee steps in, lifting his right arm into the air...

...and dropping it down!]

GM: That's once! If the arms falls three times, the match is over!

BW: He's got it, Gordo! Driscoll's gonna retain the title!

[The arm comes up a second time...]

GM: That's two... and down it goes.

[The referee leans in, shouting to Lynch that he's got one more chance. Longfellow grabs the wrist, lifting it up...]

GM: Lynch's arm is up! Can it stay there?

[Longfellow releases the arm...

...and it stays up! The crowd ROARS!]

GM: LYNCH'S ARM IS UP!

[The cheers grow louder as Driscoll's eyes go wider. Lynch pushes up to one knee, shaking his right arm wildly.]

GM: HE'S GETTING UP!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, shaking his arm, waving it back and forth as the crowd roars, cheering him on towards the ropes...]

GM: The Texan's trying to get to the ropes! He's trying to get there and break that hold!

[Lynch steps towards the ropes, reaching out his blood-covered arm towards the top...]

GM: Can he get there?! Can he get this hold broken?! Can he-

[Suddenly, Miss Sandra Hayes is up on the apron, shouting at the official, drawing Ricky Longfellow towards her...]

...as Lynch makes a lunge, hooking his hand on the top rope!]

GM: HE MADE IT! HE GOT THERE!

BW: But the referee doesn't see it!

[The fans are ALL OVER Ricky Longfellow as he continues to argue with Miss Hayes, completely missing Travis Lynch's escape from the sleeperhold. Driscoll keeps the hold locked in, causing Lynch to slump over, his reserve energy exhausted...]

...and Driscoll drags Travis back out to the center, leaping up on the back for the sleeperhold again as a smirking Hayes drops off the apron, leaving the referee to check on Lynch!]

GM: The referee- that vixen Sandra Hayes got involved again and she forced the referee to miss Travis getting to the ropes! He should be out of this hold but instead, Driscoll's got it locked on again in the center of the ring!

[Lynch is on his feet, pumping his arms, looking for an escape as Driscoll grits his teeth, turning up the pressure...]

...when Lynch loops his arms under Driscoll's legs, holding him on his back...]

GM: What's he...?

[Lynch walks back and LUNGES backwards, smashing Driscoll against the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! LYNCH SENDS HIM TO THE BUCKLES!

[The Texan challenger leans against the National Champion, pinning him against the turnbuckles...]

GM: We're closing in on the twenty-five minute mark of this match as Lynch slowly turns... big left hand! And another!

[The weary Texan grabs Driscoll by the arm, whipping him across the ring. Driscoll hits the buckles hard, staggering back out towards the challenger who lifts him up, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! That'll send a jolt down the spine!

[Lynch backs into the ropes, hanging on to them for a split second to catch his balance before bouncing off...]

...and leaps up, driving a forearm into the jaw, knocking Driscoll down to the mat!]

GM: Flying forearm connects! But can Travis take advantage of it?!

[The physical exertion seems to have exhausted the challenger who drops down to all fours, breathing heavily as the blood continues to drip steadily off his head onto the canvas.]

GM: Lynch has lost a ton of blood here in this one, fans, and he looks to be absolutely exhausted right now!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, allowing Longfellow to get a long look at the cut. He pauses as Lynch shakes his head.]

GM: I think referee Ricky Longfellow is considering stopping this match due to blood loss but you can see Travis Lynch BEGGING him not to! He's BEGGING the official to let the match continue!

[A weary Travis Lynch pushes up off the mat, wiping the blood from his eyes as he moves in on Driscoll who has again crawled to the ropes, using them to pull himself up, turning around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop by the challenger!

[He grabs Driscoll by the arm, looking for another Irish whip but Driscoll clings to the ropes, blocking the effort.]

GM: Driscoll's hanging on!

[Lynch buries a knee into the gut... and a second breaks the champion's grip on the ropes...]

GM: He shoots him in!

[Driscoll rebounds off the ropes as Lynch scoops him up, twisting around, and DRIVING him down in a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Cut to the floor where Miss Hayes is fanning herself, taking deep breaths.]

GM: Wow! How close was that?!

[Lynch again slumps forward on his knees, his forehead touching the mat.]

GM: Lynch is exhausted! The blood loss has him reeling badly and... and again, Ricky Longfellow is checking that cut forehead!

[The Texan shakes his head violently, pulling away from the official as he drags Driscoll off the mat. The dazed National Champion is barely able to stand as Lynch moves to the ropes, going into a spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...but the punch comes too slow as Driscoll avoids it, watching Lynch go by. He hooks him, bracing Lynch's neck against his shoulder!]

GM: He's going for the neckbreaker!

BW: BLANK CHECK!

[But Lynch reaches up, grabbing Driscoll's hand!]

GM: Lynch is blocking it!

BW: NO!

[Driscoll's eyes go wide again as Lynch powers out of the hold, forcing Driscoll's arms up...

...and then reaches up, hooking the arms, dragging Driscoll down in a backslide again!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE- NO! NO!

[The crowd ROARS in frustration as the referee rolls up, holding two fingers into the air again!]

GM: Two count only! Driscoll just barely saved the title right there!

[Lynch again throws himself forward, pounding on the blood-stained canvas with his fist. He pushes up to his feet, dragging Driscoll up...

...and the desperate champion SMASHES his skull into Lynch's!]

GM: OHH! HEADBUTT!

[Driscoll staggers back from the shot, sending Travis falling back into the ropes. The National Champion shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs as he moves back in...]

GM: Driscoll on the move once again!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Lynch across the ring.]

GM: SLEEPER- DUCKED BY LYNCH!

[Driscoll is off-balance as Lynch slams on the brakes, spinning around...

...and the crowd EXPLODES into a dull roar as Lynch wraps his bloody fingers around the skull of Rob Driscoll!]

GM: CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS ON!

[The National Champion cries out, his arms flailing about as Lynch squeezes the skull of the Ohio native, grabbing his left wrist to apply greater pressure!]

GM: Lynch has got the Iron Claw locked in in the center of the ring! Rob Driscoll's got nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide!

[Miss Sandra Hayes is screaming and shouting, looking around in desperation as Lynch forces Driscoll down to his knees, pressing his fingers into the temples of the National Champion!]

GM: Driscoll's in trouble, fans! We may be about to see a new champion crowned here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The referee leans in, asking Driscoll if he wants to quit. He turns, looking at Lynch as well...]

GM: What is he...?

BW: Fight it, "Diamond" Rob!

[Driscoll is fading fast, his arms dropping to his side as Lynch leans in on him, applying more pressure as the referee checks in again!]

GM: Driscoll's hanging on but he's fading!

[Lynch forces him down to his rear end, standing over him with the Claw applied. The challenger gives off a huge battle cry, the crowd roaring as blood streams down the face of the Texan...]

GM: The referee is talking to Travis Lynch! He's-

[Lynch pushes Driscoll down onto his shoulders, leaning in to pin him down to the mat with the Iron Claw...]

GM: He's got him down! Count him, ref!

[The referee drops down, looking to count... but looks up at Lynch instead...]

GM: What is he- COUNT!

[...and suddenly leaps up, waving an arm!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

[Lynch breaks the hold, tiredly throwing his arms up into the air before folding over on the mat as the Cajundome crowd goes nuts!]

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH HAS WON THE NATIONAL TITLE, FANS! HE’S DONE IT! TRAVIS LYNCH HAS LIVED UP TO HIS PROMISE TO ALL THESE FANS IN LAFAYETTE AND ALL OVER THE WORLD!

[The referee peels away, moving over to talk to Phil Watson as Miss Sandra Hayes rolls into the ring, kneeling down next to the motionless Rob Driscoll who is still flat on his back on the mat.]

GM: Travis Lynch has struck GOLD here tonight in the Cajundome!

BW: Gordo, something’s going on out here. This is a long conversation between the referee and the ring announcer. I’m not sure this is what you think it is.

GM: What do you mean?

[Phil Watson interrupts the screaming crowd to make it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, referee Ricky Longfellow has STOPPED this match...

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: ...due to excessive blood loss on the part of Travis Lynch!

GM: WHAT?!

[The crowd’s cheers turn to a shocked reaction.]

GM: Did he just-

[Watson continues.]

PW: Therefore, your winner of the match... and STILL AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

GM: NO!

PW: ...“DIAAAAAAAMONNNNNND” ROOOOOOOB DRISSSSSSCOLLLLLL!

GM: NO!

[Miss Sandra Hayes' face tells the story - shock but elation all rolled into one. She throws her arms triumphantly into the air before leaning over to shake her man fiercely with a "WE DID IT! WE DID IT!"]

GM: I can't believe what I just heard! Are you kidding me?!

[The fans are booing LOUDLY as Ricky Longfellow gets out of the ring, quickly moving back up the aisle as the bloodied Travis Lynch looks on in shock from his knees as Miss Sandra Hayes snatches the title belt off the timekeeper's table, marching over to Driscoll and putting the belt on his chest. She leans in, laying the badmouth on the bloodied Lynch from a few feet away.]

GM: Get here away from him!

[Driscoll slowly pushes up off the mat, looking stunned at the title belt on his chest, clutching it to his chest as the Cajundome rocks with jeers for the controversial decision.]

GM: Controversy is in the air here in Lafayette after that decision, fans! But if the referee's decision is final, I suppose we have to say that Rob Driscoll has managed to retain the AWA National Title here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem. Unbelievable.

[Driscoll slowly gets up with the aid of Hayes, lifting the title belt over his head to even more jeers.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be first round Stampede Cup action with Team Supreme taking on the TexMo Connection!

[Fade to black.]

We fade up on a seismograph - a mostly straight line moving across the screen quickly, showing vary slight variations. A voiceover begins.]

"Do you feel that?"

[The screen starts to shake wildly, the seismograph going nuts as the line jags up and down at a ridiculous rate.]

"The shaking. The tremors. The quaking."

[The screen shatters into pieces leaving a single word that is shaking up and down...]

"RUMBLE."

[The word shakes at a fever pitch until it cracks, crumbling down in a cloud of dust that parts, leaving a graphic.]

"July 4th. LIVE on The X."

[Fade back 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 to live action where the TexMo Connection stand in front of an AWA backdrop, each member holding a microphone. Jack Lynch is, as always, dressed in all black, wearing tonight a pair of black jeans, as well as a long sleeved button up shirt. Notably absent is his signature black cowboy hat, still in possession of the "Beast," Cain Jackson. On his right is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, wearing a plain white t-shirt, faded blue jeans and his signature black and white cowboy-style wrestling boots. It's the Iron Cowboy who speaks first.]

JL: They say that this is Supreme Wright Country. They say that this is the place where Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson have the home field advantage. They say we shouldn't expect to hear the cheers of the fans.

[Lynch turns to his tag team partner, a slight smirk on his face.]

JL: Now I know that your hometown of Baton Rouge is just a little bit over an hour away from the Cajundome, and I know that there's gonna some people here in the Cajundome tonight that're gonna root for their hometown boy. And I got no problem with that.

But Supreme Wright country?

Bobby, why don't you lay it out for the people listenin'. Tell 'em why that just isn't true.

BOC: I would never dream of calling anywhere "Supreme Wright Country". Even as a little kid, I was taught that you not only give all you have physically to those people who are good enough to lay their hard earned money down for a ticket... but you give them all your respect too. So no, this isn't Supreme Wright Country... because that'd be just like me saying that the good people of Louisiana love trash. They love deceit. They love cheating. They love attacking people from behind.

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: And despite a few bad apples falling from their tree now and again, all of that couldn't be farther from the truth when you're talking about this town.

JL: That's right. Ya see, Bobby and me? We've been down here awhile. Walkin' up and down the streets. Stoppin' at every honky tonk and bar we could find, listenin' to the men and women singin' the blues the way it was meant to be played. We've been to Acadian Village. We've eaten all that good Cajun food. Hell, Bobby even found time to hit Borden's Ice Cream. And what we found out, wanderin' the streets of Lafayette was this. You ain't no hero to these people, Supreme Wright.

You're a damned disgrace.

Everywhere I went, someone was buyin' me a shot of whiskey and Bobby a glass of milk, and they were tellin' how they felt, watchin' you up on the big stage, bringin' shame to yourself and to your people.

You don't steal a belt from a man and make these people proud. You don't back jump someone because you ain't got the guts to take 'em on face to face and still think you'll be honored by the men and women who've sweat and bled to do this city proud. You don't get to live the life you've lived, done the dirty things you've done and expect to come home to a hero's welcome, Wright.

You're a snake, Supreme Wright, and ain't no one who knows what it means to be good and decent gonna cheer ya, whether you were born here or not!

And don't think we've forgotten about you, Cain Jackson. Because you're somethin' even worse than Wright.

Bobby, you tell 'em about that boy they call "Beast."

BOC: The Beast. See, that's a little tough for me to take seriously. I think we all remember that not long ago, me and Jack spent nearly every waking minute with a man that you could give that name and nobody would blink.

[O'Connor smirks at his tag team partner who shakes his head, as if he still can't believe he spent time with the man known as The Dragon.]

BOC: He had green skin, he had sharp teeth. But that didn't matter to me. What mattered is if you needed him, he was there. Not because it was going to help his career. Not because he couldn't think for himself. Because it's what he wanted. Because he was his own man, and finally decided to do what was right. And may the good lord have mercy on your soul if you got in his way.

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: So no, I can't call you The Beast after spending everyday with that man. And heck, I can't even call you a man. Because as much as when I see Supreme Wright's name my hands turn to fists... at least he's his own man. At least these horrible things were actually HIS idea. But not you, Cain.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: You're nothing but a lapdog. Supreme Wright says jump, you say how high. That isn't a team. There's no give and take. There's one sad little man who can't get over that our friend was the better man and BEAT him for his precious championship belt.

And then there's you. Cut off the head... and the body dies. And whether it's the claw or by him fearing the reaper, you may very well find yourself all alone out there tonight. After everything that's happened, I really hope you do. Because as much as I want to beat you two... I want to embarrass you even more.

[Lynch nods his head in agreement with his partner's assessment.]

JL: Now, before we go, there's one thing that ain't been talked about yet. And that's the Stampede Cup.

Now, the tag team that wins the Stampede Cup has earned the right to call themselves the best tag team in wrestlin'.

Except that, as far as I'm concerned, ain't no team gonna call themselves the best unless they beat the team I'm in.

Violence Unlimited, you've won that Cup twice, and that's an impressive statistic. But here's somethin' for everyone to chew on. VU ain't never won the Cup in a year when there was a Lynch in that tournament.

War Pigs, they're big and bad. Air Strike, you're fast and got a ton of heart. Lights Out Express? Well, I can't rightly bring myself to say somethin' complimentary about you two. But all those teams got one thing in common.

They ain't beat me and Bobby.

I've been a Stampede Cup champion. And tag team wrestlin' is in my blood. And I know that the O'Connors got the same proud tradition of bein' tag team specialists. And I'm here to tell ya, that as satisfyin' as

beatin' Wright and Jackson is gonna be... it'll be so much sweeter knowin' that it'll get me and Bobby one step closer to that Cup.

Because I want that Cup.

What about you Bobby, how you feelin' about it?

BOC: I feel as good as I ever have, Jack. Because as much as those two have pushed me to the edge, as much as they've made me think of my mentor...

[O'Connor takes a moment to take a deep breath, the presence of Hannibal Carver looming heavy in the air.]

BOC: ... there's one lesson he never meant to teach me, that I'm keeping close to my heart tonight. I'm not letting a den of jackals let me take my eyes off the prize. Tonight, you can bet I will take every ounce of anger and frustration and REVENGE out on their sorry hides... but if you think you can get me to lose my temper, to forget what's at stake?

[O'Connor smirks.]

BOC: Then you're even dumber than you are bitter.

[Once again, the King of Cowboys nods.]

JL: I hope you heard that, Wright. And I hope ya understand that the same place that gave ya birth is gonna be the place where it all comes crashin' down around your ears.

Supreme Wright country? Maybe so.

Because you ain't makin' it outta here in one piece. That's a promise.

[The two nod and high five, as we fade back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: There's been a whole lot of people waiting a while now to see these two teams square off. This whole thing started back at the beginning of the year when Supreme Wright decided he wanted to inflict some kind of twisted punishment on the allies of Ryan Martinez for helping Martinez train for SuperClash last year. His first victims on the list were Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor.

BW: Lynch sat out for weeks with a bad wing after Wright did what Wright does - hurts people bad. In the meantime, Cain Jackson got involved and became the King of the Cowboys!

GM: The self-proclaimed King of the Cowboys but I think we all know who really owns that moniker. These two squads have had other people involved over the past few months - Michael Weaver, the so-called Elite Express, and others... but tonight, it boils down to this tag team showdown. The TexMo

Connection versus Team Supreme... and the first round of the Stampede Cup to boot! Fans, the time for talk is over so let's head up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the Stampede Cup Tournament!

[The Cajundome erupts in cheers, both in anticipation of the match to come and for the prestigious tournament.]

PW: Introducing first, at a total combined weight of five hundred and thirty pounds. They are... THE IRON COWBOY JACK LYNCH and "BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR.....

THE  
TEXXXXXXMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
COONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEECCCCCTTTTTTTIIIIIIIIIOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNN!!!

[The moment that George Thorogood and the Destroyers' "Who Do You Love?" hits the loudspeakers, the Cajundome is once more hit with a deafening roar of applause and cheers.]

GM: People wondered if Lynch and O'Connor could get cheered here, just an hour and a half away from Supreme Wright's hometown, but I'd say that question has been answered Bucky!

BW: Yeah, these people got no taste at all, Gordo! Cheerin' a Stench! How disgusting!

[The King of Cowboys and his partner enter simultaneously, standing side by side. Both men look out over the crowd, pausing a moment to soak in the adulation, before they break into a full sprint, dashing down the aisle, racing up opposite steps, and then seeming to be in a rush to make it to the center of the ring. Once there, both men thrust their arms in the air, once more to the approval of the crowd. Jack throws an arm around Bobby's shoulders, as the two engage in a pre-match confab.]

GM: They don't team often, but the TexMo Connection has proven their abilities time and time again. They took the Samoans to the limit, they defeated Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham, and tonight, Jack Lynch will be looking to take his first step towards his second appearance in the Stampede Cup finals.

BW: Don't get ahead of yourself, Gordo. They still have to beat a team that, I'm gonna go ahead and say, has to be one of the odds on favorites to make it all the way.

[As the classic rock song fades out, Phil Watson speaks again.]

PW: And their opponents...

"READY...HUT!"

["Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system, as the crowd roars with boos when they see a small contingent of Team Supreme members, led by Alex Martin and Matt Lance, stepping through the curtains. The members form two rows opposite of each other in the aisle...]

#(Jesus walk)

#God show me the way because the Devil tryna break me down

#(Jesus walk with me...with me...with me...)

[... as the lights go completely dark and "Black Skinhead" begins to play, signifying the entrance of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson, bringing the boos to a deafening crescendo! Wright is dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim and the massive Jackson is dressed in a sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status above the other members of Team Supreme and Jack Lynch's black cowboy hat, signifying his status as the "King of Cowboys". As they pass by the Team Supreme members, they follow the duo towards the ring, where Martin and Lance both hold open the ropes for Wright and Jackson. With the rest of Team Supreme standing on the outside in their corner, Jackson and Wright huddle up for a moment as Phil Watson finishes his announcement.]

PW: ...they weigh in at a combined weight of 510 pounds, the team of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson!

TEEEEEEEAAAAAAMMMMMMMM

SUPRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEE!!!

[As Supreme Wright reaches the ring, he strides right across, getting right in the face of Jack Lynch...

...who responds with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the haymaker and the bell that follows it as Lynch tears off a series of right hands, driving Wright back into the neutral corner as O'Connor does the same to Cain Jackson across the ring!]

GM: The TexMo Connection has come to fight, fans!

[With Team Supreme reeling, O'Connor and Lynch each grab an arm, firing the two opponents together into a big collision in the center of the ring!]

GM: OHH!

[The big crash sends both Wright and Jackson down to the mat where they promptly roll out to the floor as the crowd celebrates and Lynch and O'Connor share a double high five up top.]

GM: The TexMo Connection is rolling in the early part of this one, fans!

[An irate Wright shoves his way through Team Supreme members, working his way around the ring to where Cain Jackson is regaining his feet. Wright physically yanks the larger man into a huddle, pointing repeatedly at the ring where Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor are discussing their next move.]

GM: It looks like it's going to be Bobby O'Connor starting it out for his squad while... yes, the big man Cain Jackson is starting for his team.

[Jackson is fuming mad as he stomps across the ring, tying O'Connor up into a collar and elbow, easily shoving him back against the ropes. He winds up, throwing a right but O'Connor blocks it!]

GM: He blocks the haymaker!

[The crowd roars as O'Connor lights up Cain Jackson with a series of stiff jabs to the jaw followed by an overhead elbow down between the eyes that knocks Jackson down on his rear!]

GM: Bunkhouse Elbow puts the big man down and- oh yeah!

[The Cajundome fans are shouting their heads off as a fired-up O'Connor screams and shouts at Jackson, demanding that he get back to his feet to continue the fight!]

GM: Wow! Bobby O'Connor is hot under the collar tonight in Lafayette and he wants him a piece of Team Supreme, fans!

[O'Connor turns, stepping up on the midbuckle, waving an arm for the fans to get up out of their seats. As he does, Cain Jackson comes quickly towards him...

...but then backpedals as O'Connor cocks the elbow back again, nodding his head and waving the big man forward!]

GM: Cain Jackson has tasted that Bunkhouse Elbow once and he wants no part of it a second time, fans!

[Jackson rolls to his feet, angrily pointing across at O'Connor. The duo comes together in a collar and elbow again, the big man easily muscling the smaller man back into the corner where Jackson makes the tag.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the former World Champion!

[Jackson steps back, lowering the boom with a heavy right hand to the midsection. Wright steps in, throwing a roundhouse kick to the other side of the torso. The two Team Supreme members alternate, drawing the ire of the Lafayette fans as well as Jack Lynch who has to be stopped from charging in by Davis Warren!]

GM: Jack Lynch being held back by the official - you can't blame him for wanting to get in there when he sees these two working over his partner like that.

BW: Totally legal though, Gordo. They've got a five count to get in and out of the ring after a tag.

GM: I think they're well in excess of that by now, Bucky, taking turns throwing those heavy shots to the ribcage of Bobby O'Connor.

[The rulebreaking duo grabs O'Connor by the arms, pulling him out to the center of the ring for a double whip...]

GM: Off the ropes...

[O'Connor comes charging back, arms extended, taking down both men with a running double clothesline!]

GM: HE MOWS DOWN BOTH MEMBERS OF TEAM SUPREME!

[Out on the floor, an unnamed Team Supreme leaps up on the apron, full of piss and vinegar, shouting at the Missouri native...]

...and uncoils a Bunkhouse Elbow down between the eyes, sending him flying off the apron into the waiting arms of two of his Team Supreme allies to another big cheer!]

GM: The fans are going nuts here in the Cajundome as Bobby O'Connor is taking the fight to Team Supreme!

[Wright and Jackson roll out again as O'Connor takes to the middle rope, giving a shout to the Lafayette fans who are showing their full-throated support of the young man!]

GM: "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor has got these fans whipped into a frenzy!

[O'Connor turns, giving his teammate a high five away from the corner, making no legal tag before he turns back to spot Supreme Wright climbing up off the floor.]

GM: O'Connor's moving in, dragging Wright back through the ropes into the ring... Irish whips him across...

[As the former World Champion rebounds, O'Connor lifts him straight up by the upper thigh...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! FLAPJACK!



[O'Connor leaps up, throwing his arms in the air in joy. The crowd is roaring for the enthusiastic young man as he waves his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture!]

GM: O'Connor's looking to finish him off early, fans!

BW: Already?!

GM: He's wasting no time, hauling the former World Champion back to his feet. You may recall that O'Connor had Wright BEAT several weeks back but Cain Jackson intervened to cause the disqualification!

[O'Connor swings Wright into the ropes, charging to the far side to bounce off himself...

...only to have Matt Lance reach under the ropes, tripping up O'Connor!]

GM: Oh, come on! Matt Lance just saved Supreme Wright from the Fear The Reaper lariat right there and-

[Lance drags O'Connor under the ropes to the floor, the referee waving his arms as O'Connor is swarmed by Team Supreme members!]

GM: Matt Lance and the rest of the Team Supreme henchmen are risking disqualification here in going after Bobby O'Connor like this! We've got a mauling out on the floor and-

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch comes tearing around the ringpost, flattening a Team Supreme member with a running right hand. Lynch gets himself into the fray, throwing rights as quickly as he can while O'Connor battles out from under Matt Lance's attack.]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor! We've got-

[O'Connor pulls himself up on the apron, throwing kicks at the bodies around him as he gets up to his feet. He backs down it before blindly charging back...]

BW: What the-?!

[...and HURLS himself into a cannonball, wiping out the Team Supreme members at ringside!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A DIVE BY BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[Lynch helps his partner back to his feet, patting him on the back as O'Connor climbs back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Wright ambushes him with a short kneestrike to the chest, stunning the fan favorite!]

GM: OH! Wright caught him coming in!

[Holding the hair of O'Connor, Wright lashes out with a series of stiff front kicks to the forehead and nose of "Bunkhouse" Bobby, leaving him dangling over the ropes. He walks back, slapping the hand of Cain Jackson.]

GM: The tag is made to Cain Jackson... all six foot eight and 285 pounds of him!

[Wright hooks O'Connor in a front facelock, dragging him out so that his feet are draped over the middle rope as Jackson steps up onto the second rope, raising himself to his full height...]

GM: What do they have in mind here, fans?!

[...and leaps off, driving a double axehandle down across the back!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The heavy blow sends O'Connor facefirst into the canvas as Supreme Wright turns to exit the ring, stopping to glare at Jack Lynch who shouts at the former World Champion, daring him to get closer to the Iron Cowboy.]

GM: Jack Lynch wants a piece of Supreme Wright in the worst possible way for Wright injuring him months back,, and I'm sure he'd like to take a swing or two at Cain Jackson as well for this King of the Cowboys garbage.

[Cain Jackson hauls O'Connor off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner. He dives in with a ferocious back elbow... and a second... and a third landing on the ear, leaving the fan favorite reeling.]

GM: Cain Jackson has shown remarkable improvement in his in-ring talents since coming into contact with Supreme Wright.

BW: Aha! So you're saying Wright IS a better teacher than Michaelson?

GM: No, I'm saying it'd be hard to not get better when you spend so much time with a former World Champion.

[The staggered O'Connor wobbles out towards Jackson who lifts him up under his arm, walking out to the center of the ring, showing off his power advantage...

...and DRIVES Bobby O'Connor down to the canvas with a side slam!]

GM: Big side slam!

[Jackson stays on him, hooking a leg for a cradle.]

GM: One! Two!

[But O'Connor is having none of that, firing a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only. Remember, fans, as personal as this battle is, both of these teams also have to be thinking about the Stampede Cup. This is a first round match with the winner moving on to the second round to face either the representative of SouthWest Lucha Libre, the Hell Hounds, or Team SAMURAI. Boy, I'd love to see Jack and Bobby take on Team SAMURAI.

BW: Oh, your goody two shoes heart would just go all pitter-patter over that, wouldn't it?

[Jackson climbs back to his feet, shouting something in Jack Lynch's direction and getting an angry reply as he does.]

GM: None of these four men are too fond of one another, Bucky.

BW: Understatement of the year, Gordo.

[With O'Connor back on his feet, Jackson secures the double underhook, lifting O'Connor up into a butterfly suplex...]

GM: He's got him up!

[The crowd buzzes as Jackson shows off his power by holding... and holding... and holding...

...and finally DROPPING O'Connor down on the canvas with the suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle your spine from head to toe, Bucky!

[Jackson rolls over, pushing up off the mat. He stands over O'Connor, looking down at him...

...and leaps up, landing with a thud as he drops a thunderous legdrop across the chest! He stays sitting, shouting "COUNT HIM!" to the official who obliges.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But O'Connor again lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for Team Supreme who are looking to embarrass the TexMo Connection, defeat the TexMo Connection, and then move on to the second round of this tournament where perhaps they will collide with someone like the Hell Hounds.

BW: What a match that one would be! Much better than your baby-kissin' Boy Scout Specials!

GM: It certainly would be a unique clash of styles as Cain Jackson climbs to his feet once more... turning towards the corner...

[Jackson signals to Wright who puts his foot up on the top rope. Jackson grabs O'Connor by the hair, dragging him towards the Team Supreme corner, slapping his partner's hand...]

GM: Doubleteam on the way!

[...but O'Connor elbows Jackson in the gut, grabbing a handful of dreadlocks and SLAMMING Jackson's head into his own partner's boot!]

GM: OHH!

[A shocked Wright is off-balance on one foot as O'Connor cracks him with a right hand, sending him sprawling off the apron to the floor. The Missouri native turns, taking three steps before falling to his hands and knees, crawling towards his corner. Cain Jackson shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs.]

GM: O'Connor's heading for the corner but Cain Jackson's in pursuit! Who's gonna get there first?!

[O'Connor stretches, reaching out...

...and makes the tag!]

GM: IT'S O'CONNOR WITH THE TAG!

[Jack Lynch comes in hot, blasting Cain Jackson with a right hand that sends him spinning back into the ropes. Supreme Wright comes rolling back into the ring, climbing to his feet...]

GM: Wright's in!

[...and gets DRILLED with a right hand by Lynch that puts him right back down!]

GM: And Jack Lynch has been waiting MONTHS to do that inside the squared circle!

[Lynch looks out at the roaring crowd, fire in his eyes as he pulls Wright and Jackson up...

...and SMASHES their heads together to a huge cheer!]

GM: OHH! DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER SENDS 'EM DOWN!

[The blow sends Supreme Wright down but a follow-up uppercut from Jack Lynch knocks Cain Jackson down to a knee as the Cajundome continues to rock and roll with the offense of the TexMo Connection!]

GM: Supreme Wright is the legal man and Jack Lynch knows it!

[Lynch pulls Wright back, backing him into the ropes with a series of stiff right hands. He grabs the arm, flinging the former World Champion across...]

GM: Wright off the far side...

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch lifts Wright, pivots, and drives him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Lynch pushes up, pumping both fists before laying back across in a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the count!]

GM: Two count only... and you could see the looks on the faces of the Team Supreme members at ringside. They're all a little bit rattled by what they're seeing at this stage of the contest, fans. We're a hair under the ten minute mark of this one as Lynch pulls Wright off the mat...

[And a STIFF uppercut connects, causing Wright to sail over the top rope, tumbling all the way down to the floor!]

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Lynch grimaces, shaking out his hand as the referee steps in his path, ordering him to stay back and give the former World Champion room out on the floor.]

GM: Supreme Wright is reeling from the onset of this one... and Jack Lynch has to be loving the level of payback he's laying on the former World Champion at this stage of the matchup.

[Lynch pushes past Davis Warren, reaching over the top rope, dragging Wright back up on the apron...

...and Wright stuns him with a short forearm to the ear, causing Lynch to recoil back as the former Combat Corner student laces his arms around the back of the neck, dropping off the apron and SNAPPING Lynch's throat down on the top!]

GM: OHH!

[Lynch staggers back, falling down in a heap on the canvas as Wright leans against the ring apron, taking a few deep breathes as his students pat him on the back and shout encouragement at him from ringside. With a nod, Wright crawls back into the ring, moving in on the downed Texan.]

GM: Supreme Wright turned the tide in an instant by snapping that throat down on the top rope. Jack Lynch is having some trouble catching his breath after that, gasping and coughing down on the mat.

[Wright moves around the downed Lynch, positioning himself between the Texan and the corner where his eager partner is ready to tag in at any moment.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor offering a tag to the big Texan as Wright puts himself exactly where he should be.

BW: Supreme Wright is just so good inside that ring. Singles, tags, it doesn't matter. He knows the sport of professional wrestling perhaps better than anyone else in the squared circle today.

[The former World Champion measures Lynch before lifting his leg, planting his foot on the shoulder...

...and SLAMS it down, smashing the shoulder into the canvas as Lynch cries out in pain!]

GM: Ohh! A vicious move there by Wright, going after that shoulder that he injured way back in February.

[Reaching down, Wright grabs the right hand of Lynch, yanking on it to fully extend the arm he assaulted three months ago...

...and DRIVES a kick into the tricep!]

GM: Hard kick by Wright!

[The crowd groans as he delivers a second... and a third... and a fourth, each one with terrifying force and accuracy. He ultimately lets go of the hand, watching as Lynch cradles his right arm underneath his torso.]

GM: And Supreme Wright has just made his mission clear here tonight in Lafayette. He wants to put Jack Lynch BACK on the shelf with that arm injury, Bucky!

[Wright stands over Lynch, looking down at him coldly as O'Connor shouts encouragement to his partner from the corner. The former World Champion steps closer, leaning down to grab the wrist again, dragging Lynch up off the mat...]

GM: What's he got in mind now?

[Wright grabs the wrist with both hands...

...and executes an extremely fast arm wringer, pulling down hard enough to cause Lynch to fall facefirst down to the mat again!]

GM: Good grief!

[The former World Champion drags Lynch off the mat again, grabbing the wrist...

...and eats a left hand from Lynch!]

GM: Left hand by the Texan! Trying to fight his way out!

[A second left seems to stun Wright but not long enough as he yanks hard on the arm before twisting it around a second time. This time, he keeps the armwringer applied as he reaches out to tag in Cain Jackson who steps in, steps up to the middle rope, and leaps off with a forearm smash across the trapped limb!]

GM: And now Cain Jackson's getting into the mix, dropping three hundred pounds of forearm down on the injured arm.

[Lynch staggers away, shaking out his arm as Cain Jackson pursues him into the neutral corner. Jackson wraps Lynch's arm around the top rope before pummeling it with right hands, leaving Lynch wincing on each shot.]

GM: It's interesting to see the vastly different offense by Wright and Jackson, each aiming to achieve the same effect. You get the precision kicks and the deadly armwringers from Wright while Jackson just goes with overwhelming brute force.

[Jackson switches to overhead elbows, driving them down on the shoulder joint of the Texan as the referee orders the former convicted felon to back out of the corner.]

GM: Cain Jackson being forced back as Lynch unwraps his arm from the rope and you can see by the look on his face that he's in quite a lot of pain, Bucky.

BW: If Lynch thought he was at a hundred percent coming into this, I'd say that score just dropped dramatically.

[Jackson steps back in...

...and he eats a left hand as well! The crowd cheers as Lynch rears back and fires a second one in!]

GM: Two big shots to the jaw! The Texan continues to fight back!

[But Jackson cuts him off with a hard knee to the midsection, leaving Lynch doubled up...

...and SMASHES a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades, putting Lynch down on his face on the mat!]

GM: What a shot that was! Like driving a nail through a big ol' piece of lumber!

[Jackson is again backed off by the official who warns him about the attacks in the corner as Jack Lynch slips his left arm under him, trying to push up off the mat.]

GM: Lynch struggling up to his feet...

[Cain grabs him by the hair, hauling him up. He reaches around, hooking the arm, lifting it up into a hammerlock position before lifting Lynch up into a modified bearhug, still holding the arm...

...and DROPS forward, pinning the arm under Lynch's own body weight!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Jackson stays on him, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the shoulder comes up on the fighting Texan.]

GM: Two count only again... and Cain Jackson looks stunned!

[Jackson swings a lanky leg over Lynch, taking the mount where he rears back and fires right hands down on the Iron Cowboy.]

BW: Hah! Big Cain Jackson is showin' Blackjack's pride and joy what it truly means to be King of the Cowboys!

GM: Give me a break! Cain Jackson from South Carolina, Bucky! They got a lot of cowboys down there?

BW: They do now that the King's in town, daddy!

[Cain Jackson climbs to his feet, an angry expression on his face as he's warned for the illegal closed fists. Supreme Wright shouts at him from the corner, slapping his own shoulder and pointing to the downed Lynch.]

BW: Supreme Wright just took the chance to remind Cain Jackson that it's all about the arm... the shoulder. Jackson let his temper get the best of him there after that nearfall and he strayed off course.

[Jackson nods, climbing up to his feet. He pulls Lynch up with him, hooking the arm for a hammerlock bodyslam, scooping Lynch up with a lot of power...

...perhaps too much power as Lynch slips out over the top, grabbing the near three hundred pounder around the torso with his left arm, using his right for just a little extra "oomph" as he picks Jackson up!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!



[Lynch promptly drops Jackson on the back of his head with a backdrop suplex to a big cheer!]

GM: HE DROPS HIM DOWN!

BW: This is his shot, Gordo! He's gotta make that tag to O'Connor!

[Lynch rolls over to his knees, looking halfway across the ring, stretching out his arm towards a waiting Bobby O'Connor who is reaching as far as he can!]

GM: A few feet separate them and-

[Cain Jackson rolls over, stretching out his arm and making the tag to Supreme Wright who rushes in, grabbing the kneeling Lynch by the hair, pulling his head back...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down on the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OH!

BW: That'll cut off the tag!

GM: It certainly will!

[Wright buries a pair of hard soccer kicks into the ribs of Lynch, putting him back down on the canvas. The former World Champion turns towards O'Connor, giving a cold stare as O'Connor threatens to haul back and knock his teeth out.]

GM: Supreme Wright taunting the young man from Missouri, daring him to come in there but that's not a wise move, Mr. O'Connor, considering your partner is already in danger.

[Wright turns back to Lynch who is up to his knees and comes up firing, throwing a left into the midsection!]

GM: Lynch is fighting back again! This Texan just will not say die!

[Lynch climbs up off the mat, rearing back his left hand but Wright throws a stiff palm strike to the right shoulder, causing Lynch to cry out and stagger away, grabbing at his injured limb!]

GM: Oh! And Wright knew the exact right spot to connect with that palm blow, sending Lynch staggering back into the buckles.

[Wright approaches the corner, taking aim before jamming his palm into the shoulder again!]

GM: Another palm strike connects - startling efficiency and brutality on those blows, Bucky.

BW: Wright is a man who knows many, many, MANY different ways to hurt ya.

[Proving Bucky to be correct, Wright grabs the left arm, twisting it around, tugging Lynch towards him, and DRIVING him down with a single arm DDT, causing that right shoulder to pop in a bad way!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch cries out, rolling back and forth in pain as Wright pushes up to a seated position, looking over at his pain-filled rival.]

GM: That could’ve separated the shoulder, Bucky!

BW: Could’ve? Pretty sure it did!

GM: Supreme Wright’s got Jack Lynch in a bad, bad way... pulling him up off the mat by the arm...

[He gives the arm a couple of yanks, shooting more pain down the injured limb, before bending it behind Lynch into a hammerlock, walking him across the ring...]

GM: He’s gonna put him into the buckles!

[But as he tries, Lynch swings his long leg up, putting his cowboy boot on the buckle to block!]

GM: Whoa! Blocked by Lynch!

[Lynch lashes out sideways with his head, catching Wright on the temple with a blow that staggers them both. The Texan falls into the corner, spinning around as Wright straightens up...

...and leaps up, connecting with a dropkick that stuns the former World Champion!]

GM: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: Fifteen minutes have elapsed in this thirty minute time limit as Jack Lynch scores with the big dropkick and now he’s down on his hands and knees, crawling towards the corner where Bobby O’Connor is waiting for him, his hand stretched out as far as he can physically manage.

[Bobby is cheering on his partner, screaming and shouting, clapping and stomping, driving the fans to do the same as the Texan inches closer and closer towards the corner...]

GM: Jack Lynch is making a beeline for the corner but Supreme Wright is rising and-

[Wright grabs the ankle, flipping Lynch over to his back but the Texan pulls his legs in, kicking off and sending Wright sailing back into the corner, his body slamming into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch kicks him off! That's his opening! That's his chance!

[The Texan rolls back onto all fours, crawling across the ring to where O'Connor is begging and pleading to get back inside the ring...]

GM: Lynch is crawling! With every movement, he gets closer to the corner where his partner is waiting for him, ready to cash in this victory and move on the second round of the Stampede Cup tournament with the cup, the million dollars, and the right to call yourselves the best tag team in the world hanging in the balance!

[Lynch is over halfway across the ring, stretching out his own arm as the fans root him closer and closer...]

GM: He's almost there! Almost to the corner! Almost to-

[But the former World Champion comes barreling across the ring, CRACKING the leaning-over O'Connor with a running European uppercut, sending him falling off the apron to the floor to big jeers from the crowd!]

GM: OHH! CHEAPSHOT BY WRIGHT!

[Wright turns back, looking down at Lynch who pushes up to his knees, reaching out his hand toward the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS Lynch in the skull with a roundhouse kick!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

[Wright drops down into a cover, making sure to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Bobby O'Connor YANKS Wright out of the pin, pulling him right under the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: O'CONNOR MAKES THE SAVE!

[The fans are on their feet, shouting themselves hoarse as O'Connor rains down blows on Supreme Wright, knocking the former World Champion down onto his rear on the floor...]

GM: Here comes Jackson!

[But O'Connor is ready for him, greeting the incoming big man with a right hand to the skull before grabbing him by the hair...

...and SMASHING his head into the ring apron!]

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE APRON!

BW: They're comin' over here! Get out of the way, Gordo!

[The announcers scatter as O'Connor pulls Jackson over by the table, rifling his skull down into the wooden furniture! The crowd beyond the action is roaring as a fired up O'Connor grabs Jackson by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and FIRES him into the barricade!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES JACKSON!

[O'Connor gives a shout, barreling across the ringside area, connecting with a clothesline that takes both he and Jackson over the railing and into the front row of seats!]

GM: HOLY-

[The crowd is ROARING for the aggressive move by Bobby O'Connor that leaves both he and Jackson sprawled out in the front row of ringside seats!]

BW: Those people got their money's worth tonight, daddy!

GM: And the show's not even close to being over yet!

[Back in the ring, Jack Lynch has pulled himself off the mat and is taking aim at Supreme Wright, dragging him up on the apron where he pastes him with two big roundhouse lefts...]

GM: Lynch is firing away at Wright...

[He hooks a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: Lynch is gonna bring him in the hard way!

[But as he tries, Wright spins out, grabbing the left arm, twisting it around...

...and drops off the apron, snapping it down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

[Lynch recoils, collapsing on the mat, clutching at his arm and shoulder as Wright rolls back in, flipping Lynch to his back as he applies a lateral press.]

GM: Wright covers for one! He gets two! He gets-

[But the shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Two count only there for the former World Champion. Wright can't keep him down for a three count yet he keeps coming... and coming... and coming...

BW: Supreme Wright will NOT be denied, Gordo!

[Wright flips Lynch onto his stomach, hooking the arm under his armpit, wrenching it back...]

GM: Armbar locked in! He couldn't get the pin so he's going for a submission instead!

[Lynch cries out as Wright torques the arm, trying to bend it against the grain. The referee kneels down, checking to see if the Iron Cowboy wants to submit but Lynch screams a refusal!]

GM: Jack Lynch, the eldest son of the legendary Blackjack Lynch, is trying to hang on with all he's got... trying to defy the pain that the armbar is shooting through his body!

BW: I don't know how he's doing it, Gordo. That arm came in banged up and now it's even more banged up and yet he keeps on going.

GM: Why, Bucky... if I didn't know better, I'd say you were impressed by a Lynch.

BW: Gordo, it ain't the first time I've been impressed by a Lynch.

GM: It's not?

BW: Nope. I was REAL impressed Henrietta found someone blind and stupid enough to both marry her AND produce children with her.

GM: You're unbelievable.

BW: Don't I know it.

[Lynch continues to fight, clenching his teeth, shaking his head when the official asks if he wants to give up.]

GM: We're creeping up on the twenty minute mark. Remember, this one has a thirty minute time limit as a first round Stampede Cup match. If they go the distance, both teams are eliminated from the tournament!

[Wright suddenly breaks the hold, keeping a grip on the arm as he bends it back into a hammerlock, lifting Lynch off the mat with it. He spins Lynch around, looking to send him into the ringpost...]

...but Lynch runs up the ring buckles, ripping his arm free from Wright. He turns, ready to strike...]

GM: OFF THE-

[But Wright leaps up, flipping forward and catching Lynch squarely in the sternum, sending him falling backwards from his perch on the second rope. Lynch falls back, sitting on the top turnbuckle and leaning back over the ringpost!]

GM: What a shot by Wright! He's got Lynch in trouble!

[Wright quickly steps up to the second rope, hooking the arm again...]

GM: He's going for a top rope single arm DDT!

BW: He's gonna snap that arm in half, daddy!

[But as Wright prepares to strike, Lynch throws a series of short left hands to the ribs, fighting back!]

GM: Lynch knows what's coming and he's fighting for his life!

[Straightening up, Lynch BLASTS Wright between the eyes with a left hand that stuns him. A second one sends Wright crashing down to the canvas where he rolls over to his stomach, trying to get back to his feet...]

GM: LYNCH UP TOP!

[The 6'7", 265 pound Iron Cowboy channels his younger brother, James, standing tall up top as Wright struggles off the mat...]

...and LEAPS off his perch, catching Wright squarely across the chest, knocking him down with a crossbody!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WRIGHT KICKS OUT! WRIGHT KICKS OUT! WRIGHT KICKS OUT! My stars, I thought he had him, Bucky!

BW: I know you did! I can feel the flopsweat from here!

[Both men are down on the mat for several moments, the referee laying a double count down on both men.]

GM: Both men are down! The referee is counting... and if it goes to a ten count here, both teams will be eliminated from the Stampede Cup tournament!

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[With the ten minute call, the crowd buzzes with nervous energy as Lynch pushes up off the mat, grimacing as he grabs at his right arm. He pushes up to his feet as Wright does the same...

...and BLASTS Wright with a left hand!]

GM: Big left by Lynch!

[Wright staggers back... and then steps up, smashing Lynch with a short forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Wright fires back!

[Lynch recoils, throwing another haymaker!]

GM: Another big left! Remember, Lynch is a right handed competitor. But he can't throw the right arm because of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson's vicious assault on that shoulder!

[Wright returns fire with a short forearm to the jaw. He grabs hold of Lynch by the hair, shaking his head as he throws a series of quick blows, blasting Lynch over and over in the ear with the elbow strikes.]

GM: The former World Champion's going to town on Jack Lynch!

[Wright lets him go, dashing to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and Lynch leaps up, catching him under the chin with the high knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it! Lynch with the cover!

[But the Iron Cowboy is unable to hook a leg, allowing Wright to escape JUST before the three count.]

GM: He almost got him!

BW: He couldn't hook the leg, Gordo. That cost him right there, I believe.

GM: With under ten minutes remaining, these two men are going to need to pick up the pace.

BW: Four men, Gordo. Don't forget about Cain Jackson and Bobby O'Connor out there on the floor, still trying to get back to the ring.

[We cut to the floor on cue, showing both men crawling back through the ringside area towards the squared circle as the Team Supreme members cheer on Jackson and taunt O'Connor. Cut back to the ring where Jack Lynch pulls Wright up, pasting him with a left hand that sends Wright falling back into the corner...]

GM: Back to the neutral corner... Lynch to the second rope!

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch raises his left hand to the sky, pulling down strength from the Cajundome crowd...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch drops down, grabbing Wright by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[...but Wright blocks it, slapping the left shoulder with a vicious elbow strike, hooking Lynch around the torso...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him over his head, throwing Lynch into the buckles with the overhead belly-to-belly!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S IT!

[Wright grabs Lynch by the hair, hauling him across the very canvas where his baby brother just bled buckets moments earlier out to the center of the ring.]

GM: Wright pulls him out to the center, dragging Lynch up to his feet...

[Wright gives a signal like he's gonna snap Lynch's arm, grabbing the wrist with both hands...]

GM: He's going for the double wristlock! This is how he injured Lynch before!

[But before he can apply it, Lynch drops to a knee. Wright keeps his grip on the right arm, trying to lift Lynch off the mat by the wounded limb...]

...when suddenly, Wright cries out in agony!]

GM: What the-?!



[The crowd ROARS as the camera catches a glimpse of what caused the screams - an Iron Claw locked on the side of Wright's leg!]

GM: LYNCH LOCKS THE CLAW ON THE LEG!!

[Wright abruptly releases the hold on the wrist but Lynch keeps the clawhold on the leg, squeezing with all he's got as Wright screams out in pain. Lynch pushes up to his feet...

...and lets go, making a lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Bobby O'Connor tags himself into the mat, flying through the ropes like a house of fire!]

GM: O'CONNOR'S IN!

[The fired-up youngster dashes past Wright, BLASTING Cain Jackson with a right hand that sends him falling back off the apron to the floor!]

GM: JACKSON'S DOWN!

[A big running, leaping shouldertackle takes Wright off his feet!]

GM: O'Connor takes Wright down!

[He pulls him up, throwing him back into the corner, lighting him up with a lightning fast series of chops to chest.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He breaks away, grabbing Wright by the head, pulling him out of the corner where Wright is very obviously trying to keep his weight off one leg. He pulls him to the center of the ring, lashing out with a left jab... and another... and another. The jabs get quicker and quicker, snapping back the head of the former World Champion!]

GM: O'Connor's got the former champion stunned!

[With Wright dazed and out on his feet, O'Connor swings his right arm around, sending a roar through the crowd...]

GM: He's calling for Fear The Reaper! We've got about seven minutes remaining as O'Connor hits the rop- OHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Cain Jackson pulls down the top rope, sending O'Connor tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: O'CONNOR TO THE FLOOR!

[Cain Jackson promptly lifts O'Connor off the floor, grabbing the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Jackson grabs O'Connor, hurling him back under the ropes into the ring where Supreme Wright pulls him up, lifting him up into a fireman's carry!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOING FOR FAT TUESDAY!

[Wright steps to the center of the ring...

...but puts weight on the bad leg as he does, wincing in pain, leaning back...]

GM: CRUCIFIX!

[The crowd ROARS as O'Connor rolls Wright onto his shoulders!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A DIVING Cain Jackson breaks up the pin attempt!]

GM: JACKSON MAKES THE SAVE!

[The last second save causes Cain Jackson to climb to his feet, throwing back his arms with a shout...

...as Jack Lynch comes tearing in, racing past the referee to drill Jackson with a left hand, sending Jackson falling back into the corner to another huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: We've got all four men in the ring! It's breaking down here in Lafayette!

[Lynch is teeing off on Jackson in the corner, battering him down with left hands to a seated position...

...and the big Texan starts raining down stomps, stomping Cain Jackson into the canvas as Bobby O'Connor pulls himself up off the mat, dragging Supreme Wright up with him!]

GM: Bobby O'Connor and Supreme Wright are the legal men! "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor - here at Memorial Day Mayhem on his 25th birthday today - trying to score the victory to send the TexMo Connection on to the second round of the Stampede Cup!

[O'Connor drags Wright to the corner, throwing a pair of Mongolian chops that leaves Wright with his arms draped over the top rope, barely able to stand.]

GM: TexMo's got Team Supreme on the ropes - literally and figuratively - here in the closing moments of this one!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor grabs Wright by the arm, setting for a whip as Lynch does the same on the other side of the ring.]

GM: Double whip!

[But as Wright gets a few steps out of the corner, he collapses to the mat, grabbing the side of his knee. He rolls out of the way as Cain Jackson keeps on coming, blitzing a surprised O'Connor with a stiff running forearm smash, knocking the Missouri native back into the corner...

...and then wheels around, coming at the charging Jack Lynch fast, swinging his leg up!]

GM: BIG BOOT!

[Jackson whiffs the kick as Lynch ducks under it, slamming on the brakes. He swings around as Jackson does the same...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ROARS, surging to their feet as the Iron Cowboy sinks his fingers into the skull of the Beast!]

GM: The Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw - is locked on in the center of the ring and Cain Jackson's got no help in sight!

BW: He's not the legal man, Gordo!

[Lynch hangs onto the Claw, turning with Jackson as the latter tries to free himself...]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES TO GO!"

[...and then shoves him away as O'Connor comes tearing towards him, BLASTING him across the collarbone with the crooked-arm lariat known as Fear The Reaper!]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER! DOWN GOES JACKSON!!

[The big man promptly rolls out of the ring as O'Connor turns back towards the rising Wright, getting the arm ready again as Lynch jumps up and down in place, cheering his partner on...

...only to see Alex Martin hook O'Connor by the ankle, yanking his feet out from under him, dragging him under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[O'Connor wheels around, BLASTING Martin off his feet with a right hand!]

GM: OH MY!

[Wright pushes up off the mat, barely able to stand on the leg that Lynch applied the Iron Claw on earlier as Lynch builds a head of steam, hitting the ropes, bouncing off with momentum...

...and leaves his feet, SLAMMING his extended right arm into the collarbone of Wright!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT!!

[Lynch winces in pain, grabbing the injured arm that he had been avoiding using for most of the match, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: LYNCH GOT HIM! LYNCH PINS WRIGHT!

[Jack Lynch rolls off the downed Wright, throwing his left arm up into the air as Bobby O'Connor slides back in, lunging into an embrace with his kneeling partner!]

GM: TexMo wins! TexMo wins!

[The crowd in the Cajundome is going nuts as Phil Watson makes it official...]

PW: Your winners of the match, moving on in the Stampede Cup tournament...

THE TEXMOOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNNNNNN!

[O'Connor pulls Lynch off the canvas, the embrace continuing as the fans roar their support for the big victory...

...cheers that turn to boos as the Team Supreme masses descend on the ring, swarming O'Connor and Lynch!]

GM: NO!

[Alex Martin dives onto Lynch's back, pounding the injured shoulder with a clenched fist as Matt Lance grabs O'Connor by the hair, throwing him back into the buckles where several unnamed Team Supreme members take turns attacking with forearms, chops, and kicks!]

GM: This is a mugging! The TexMo Connection has won this match and this pack of thugs is all over them!

[A smirking Larry Wallace steps in, ordering a path to be cleared as Martin and Lance double whip O'Connor towards him...

...and the "best dropkick in the world!"]

GM: OHH! What a dropkick!

[Wallace pops up, all grins as Martin and Lance pat him on the back for delivering the dropkick. "Flawless" Larry Wallace turns towards the downed Jack Lynch who is getting stomped into the canvas by several Team Supreme members, waving for him to be picked up...]

GM: Wallace wants a shot at Lynch too! He took out his former partner and friend and now he wants-

[Suddenly, the crowd ROARS to life!]

GM: Wait a- who is that?!

[A man dressed in a black suit, white dress shirt, and green tie hits the scene, yanking off his sportscoat as he comes over the barricade, sliding into the ring...]

BW: That's Kitzukawa!

GM: It is! Kenta Kitzukawa has hit the ring and-

[The crowd screams for the first student of Todd Michaelson as he BLASTS Alex Martin across the chest with a knife-edge chop, flipping him inside out as he drops him to the mat.]

GM: Kitzukawa has come to aid the TexMo Connection!

[Kitzukawa takes an attack from behind, battering him up against the ropes where they attempt a double whip...

...but he ducks under a double clothesline attempt, landing a leaping one of his own that takes the two unnamed Team Supreme members down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Kitzukawa climbs to his feet, ripping off his dress shirt as he swings his right arm around a few times...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as he connects with a high impact lariat on Matt Lance that flips him inside out, dumping him on the back of his head on the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[And that’s all Team Supreme needs to bail from the ring, the crowd roaring as Kenta Kitzukawa takes up a protective stance between the downed Jack Lynch and Bobby O’Connor, ready to continue the fight at a moment’s notice!]

GM: Kenta Kitzukawa, here for promotional reasons, just inserted himself into this war between the TexMo Connection and Team Supreme!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Team Supreme members are scattered. Cain Jackson has slowly walked back into the mix, staring up at the trio in the ring, offering a few stern words as more than a handful of unnamed Team Supreme members are surrounding the downed former World Champion.]

BW: Gordo, I think Wright is hurt bad.

[Cain Jackson suddenly looks REAL concerned as he moves over to where Wright is laying on the floor, clutching his knee.]

GM: Supreme Wright, the former World Champion, is down and... you’re right, Bucky... he looks to be seriously injured right now. Cain Jackson is waving to the locker room area...

[Dr. Bob Ponavitch and his team come jogging into view, rushing down the aisle, a stretcher being pushed between them.]

GM: Wright is down, holding that knee. This could be very bad for Team Supreme.

[The assemblage of students surrounds Wright, taking a knee all around him, forming a half circle as the medical team reaches ringside.]

GM: Fans, we’re going to let Dr. Ponavitch’s team do their job in peace... we’ll be right back after this break!

[The shot cuts to the ring where Kenta Kitzukawa, Bobby O’Connor, and Jack Lynch are trading handshakes, oblivious to what’s going on out on the floor as we fade to black.]

A glowing shot of a GFC championship title breaks through the black screen. A voiceover begins.]

“Championship glory.”

[Cut to a black and white shot of a young man speaking - early 20’s, short blonde hair cropped close to his skull, a matching goatee. He’s wearing a GFC t-shirt. This man is Elvis Orton.]

“This guy has been ducking me for over a year. When you finally put the two of us together in the Hexagon on the 4th of July, you’re gonna see fireworks alright.”

[Cut to a different man - starkly different - similar in size but with his hair pulled back into tight dreadlocks. His dark skin is somehow made darker by a pair of super-darkly tinted sunglasses. This man is Montell Vincent.]

“All I hear from this boy is jibber jabber. He runs his mouth a good game... not as good as men... but I can hear `im talking. But what I can’t hear is him giving one single reason why I’m not gonna put him out on the 4th.”

[A shot of the two men squaring off at a fight Press Conference as the voiceover returns.]

“Two of the best welterweights in the world with one goal - find out who is the better man.”

[A quick series of shots of Orton in action - a leaping kneestrike to the jaw of a now-unconscious opponent, a big double leg takedown that drives the victim to the mat, some ferocious ground and pound as the referee waves off the fight.]

EO: Vincent wants the world to think he’s the best... but to be the best, you gotta beat the best. Someone said that once. And it couldn’t be more true. You want to be the man, Vincent? You gotta come through me.

[Cut to a similar series of shots of Vincent in action - a flashy spinning backflst flooring an opponent, a leaping front kick catching a surprised opponent on the chin, some brutal elbowstrikes from the mount splitting open a foe’s skull.]

MV: This kid’s been tryin’ to ride my coattails for too long now. He’s throwin’ shade left and right and I’m sick of it. I’m gonna knock him out... but first, I’m gonna break his jaw so I don’t have to hear him run his mouth anymore.

[Cut to the closeup of Orton.]

EO: This isn’t going to be pretty.

[To Vincent.]

MV: This ain’t for the faint at heart.

[To Orton.]

EO: He's going down.

[To Vincent.]

EO: He's going OUT!

[The shot of the two competitors comes up again, the GFC Welterweight Title super-imposed over them both. The voiceover rings out again.]

"The Global Fighting Championship will be LIVE on The X on the 4th of July for Bitter Rivalries. Orton versus Vincent. Dawson versus Keith. Ortega versus Soto. And that's just the tip of the iceberg, fans. You do NOT want to miss the action of the GFC!"

[A graphic comes up with all the show info before fading to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where Ryan Martinez stands alone, microphone in hand. His dark hair is wet and slicked back, his face unshaven, and there's a fire that burns in his brown eyes. The AWA's World Heavyweight Champion wears a Bobby O'Connor "Fear The Reaper" t-shirt, as well as a pair of blue jeans. His fists have been wrapped in white tape, from the middle knuckle down to the center of his forearms. Focused and intense, the AWA's White Knight exhales slowly before speaking.]

RM: I'm going to tell you what happened to me two weeks ago in Biloxi, Mississippi.

After the show was over and the lights had gone out, I couldn't go home. I was in a daze, you understand. Past a certain point, I couldn't tell you what happened there in the Mississippi Coast Coliseum. All I could think about was seeing my name written on the dotted line of that contract. My mind was filled with thoughts of blood... my blood.

It shames me to admit it, but on May ninth, in Biloxi Mississippi... I leaned what fear was.

Fear was knowing that in two weeks' time, I'd be where I am right now, here in the Cajundome, fighting the most evil man in the history of this great sport. And not wrestling... fighting. Fighting for my life against a once bright star, now caught in a death spiral, determined to drag me down with him. Fear was understanding that I had two weeks to settle my affairs and put everything in order. Fear was knowing that in two weeks, everything I'd fought so hard for was all going to go away.

At some point that night, I stumbled into the bathroom, and I found myself gripping the cold porcelain of the sink, staring blank eyed in the mirror, feeling the cold water I'd splashed on my face run slowly off my chin.



It hit me hard, and though I wish I could deny it, the weight of it all put me down my knees.

And there I thought I'd stay. Knees bent, head down, praying that somehow, someday, this hell I'd volunteered for would all pass me by.

[Martinez' head bows for a moment, as his free hand swipes over the top of his head. But then, slowly, the White Knight raises his head, looking into the camera.]

RM: It was about then that I heard footsteps. And do you know who walked in and stood there, his body framed by the doorway?

The Big Dog himself, Brad Jacobs.

The big man didn't say a word to me. He didn't need to. All he did was take two of his fingers, and point them at his eyes.

[Young Ryan imitates the gesture, notably, the same gesture he'd done at SuperClash.]

RM: And then, after a nod of his head, he walked away. And I understood exactly what he was talking about. Because what he had to say went beyond words. But silent as it was, it spoke volumes.

Brad Jacobs was born with nothing. Brad Jacobs had to pull himself up, not by his bootstraps because he couldn't afford boots, but he had to pull himself up all the same. Pull himself all the way up, and then put every member of his family, his hard working mother, his little brothers and sisters and put them up on his broad shoulders, and carry them out of the dark place he was born into. He never asked for a favor, and the world never did him any. But he took the bad hand life dealt him, and without ever complaining, he made himself into a champion, and not just a champion, but a great man. And now? Every moment of every day, he fights to give back. Brad Jacobs came from nothing, and now, he gives everything.

So am I supposed to let Caleb Temple burn the AWA to the ground and take all that away?

Brad Jacobs has given, and will give, everything of himself, every single day to make lives better.

So how am I supposed to give less?

[Martinez reaches up, rubbing his chin as he shakes his head defiantly.]

RM: And as I was down there, thinking about the message that Brad Jacobs was trying to convey, I began to think about so many other people in the AWA. Men I'm proud to call "friend." Men I respect. Men I would bleed for.

Men like Bobby O'Connor..

[Martinez reaches down, tugging at the front of his "Fear The Reaper" t-shirt.]

RM: Bobby O'Connor is the very best friend I've got in this business, but I'll never be truly worthy of his friendship, because what he did for me is something I can't repay. When the burnt flesh was running down the side of my face, Bobby O'Connor put himself between the devil and I, and he looked into that devil's eyes and refused to back down.

You think I'm going to dishonor my best friend by backing down now?

Caleb Temple... you want to take all this away. You want to burn the AWA down and let the wind blow the ashes away.

I can't let you do that. If it costs me everything... I will stop you tonight. The AWA means too much to let you destroy it.

[Martinez' jaw begins to clench in determination.]

RM: I think about Air Strike. Two men I'm proud to call friends. Two men I'd stand behind any day of the week. Two men who earlier tonight stepped into the ring against four men that have them beat when it comes to size, strength and experience. But no one on god's green earth can match Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons when it comes to heart.

You don't get to steal the AWA from them, Caleb Temple.

I think about Juan Vasquez. A man who has, for years, stood up for the AWA. Who took this place and carried it through the darkest of dark times. A man whose waged an endless and thankless war against all of the scum that's tried to overtake the AWA. All of the blood that Juan has spilled over the years, that means something, Temple. It's his legacy, and I'm proud to be able to say that I've wrestled in the same ring as Juan Vasquez.

You don't get to take Juan Vasquez' sacrifices and throw them away, Caleb Temple.

I thought about everyone else. I thought about Jack Lynch and Supernova and Sweet Daddy Williams, and Derrick Williams, and all of the other hard working, hard fighting men in the AWA.

And I thought about my father...

[For a moment, the World Heavyweight Champion is perfectly still, overcome by the weight of his sentiment. Finally, he manages to get the words out.]

RM: Not about the things you did to him, Temple. Not about all that you've stolen from him. I didn't think about what you did, but about the man that Alex Martinez is. A man of integrity. A man of grit and determination. A man who never once backed down from a fight, and never refused a challenge.

And I thought about the man that he raised me to be.

My father didn't raise me to be a man that waited for someone else to fight his fights. My father didn't raise me to hide in the shadows. My father raised me to be honorable, to stand up for what I believe in. I was raised to be a fighter. But not just a fighter. A person who earned the respect of others.

My father raised me to be a World Champion, and there's more to that than having a gold belt.

In the fact of all of that, I ask you, what else am I supposed to give, but everything? How am I going to call myself a man, a champion, or a Martinez, if I'm not prepared to lay it all on the line for this company that I believe in, and my friends that I love?

So I got up off my knees, and I left the Coliseum. And I've spent the last two weeks training. And every day, the first thing I do is make myself this promise, the same promise I'm going to make right now.

Whatever it takes, I will put an end to you, Caleb Temple.

If I have to sacrifice everything to stop you, I will.

If I lose everything, then it was worth it.

And if everything is not enough... then I'll find a way to give even more.

May the twenty fifth is the end of you, Caleb Temple. The Cajundome is where the devil gets put to rest once and for all. And if the only thing I ever achieve in this business is to be the man who put you down once and for? Well, that's accomplishment enough for me.

You don't get to put the torch to the AWA. You don't get to tear down everything that our blood and sweat has built. You've won before. You've destroyed lives wherever you go.

But you don't get to win this time. Because I'm here to stop you.

Count on it!

[His piece said, Martinez bends down, letting the microphone fall to the ground before he steps away, preparing for the war that is to come as we fade back out to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: It's been a long night, Bucky... but there's still one more piece of business to take care of. This isn't official business. This isn't an AWA World Title match. It's not something to see who is the top contender to a title. It's not about a paycheck or a bit of glory. This is the very essence of a personal issue.

[Bucky nods.]

GM: Last November, Ryan Martinez won the World Title in one of the damndest battles that any of us have ever seen... and in the moments that followed, his joy turned to ashes in his mouth when Caleb Temple - the man that haunted his childhood by destroying his father... by ruining his family... by tormenting his own blood - struck in violent fashion. Ever since that moment, this...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

GM: I hesitate to call it a match. It will be billed that way. It will be talked about that way. But in the end, this is no professional wrestling match. You can call it a battle. You can call it a fight. You can even call it a war. But I know what I call it... it's a reckoning. This is Ryan Martinez attempting to avenge... not just himself... not just his father... but everyone who has ever suffered at the hands of the man that many - myself included - have called the most evil son of a bitch to ever step foot inside a wrestling ring. He's doing this for the men he just mentioned... but he's also doing it for the past... he's doing it for men like Jeff Matthews and Adam Rogers... like Casey James and Simon Ezra...

[Gordon pauses again, taking a few breaths.]

GM: We do not know what we're going to see here tonight, fans. This is a battle that the AWA did not want you to see. Turning this monster loose in a realm with no rules is dangerous... and dangerous may be a vast understatement. We could be seeing the end of Ryan Martinez' World Title reign - remember, if he gets injured, the AWA has pledged to strip him of the title. We could be seeing the end of Ryan Martinez' very career. But if the White Knight falls... if Evil Incarnate triumphs on its final night in the AWA... what becomes of the AWA? Where do we go from there?

[He sighs.]

GM: I advise those of you with children at home... kiss them good night and put them to bed. This is not something that the innocence of youth was meant to see. I advise those of you with weak stomachs... with weak hearts... to call it a night. Remember the good that you have seen tonight and don't tempt the fates by watching what comes next. This is darkness. This is...

[On cue, the lights turn out. The crowd roars, waiting... waiting... and waiting...

...as the lights come back on moments later.]

GM: The lights go off and come back on - the signal that the Memorial Day Mayhem show as presented by the American Wrestling Alliance has ended. This?

[A shake of the head.]

GM: This is something different... and for perhaps the first time as a professional wrestling announcer, I'm afraid of what comes next. But...

[He spreads his hands.]

GM: Here we are. Whatever happens... whatever is still to come... we'll go through it together, fans.

[He nods, assuring himself as much as anyone else.]

GM: Let's go to Phil Watson.

[Crossfade to the ring where a solemn Phil Watson is standing. An uncomfortable hush has fallen over the crowd as the ring announcer begins.]

PW: The following contest is an UNSANCTIONED MATCH! This match is being conducted outside the legal authority and protections of the American Wrestling Alliance.

There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... no time limit. ANYTHING GOES!

The only way to win will be via pinfall or submission... the referee does NOT have the authority to stop the match.

[A buzz ripples over the crowd at this wrinkle in the rules.]

PW: Also, the AWA World Heavyweight Title is NOT on the line.

[Watson lets that sink in before continuing.]

PW: Introducing first...

[We cut from the interior of the Cajundome to a shot looking at the outside of the building. The dome itself is sparkling in the night sky, spotlights tracing back and forth across it. The camera pans to reveal the tattooed back of the original King of the Death Match... the most evil man to ever lace a pair of boots in professional wrestling. The massive tattoo on his back in a crucifixion scene with the words "Vengeance Is Mine" below - a fitting statement on this of all nights.

Caleb Temple has arrived.

He stands in the parking lot, arms spread wide, his head tilted back. After a few silent moments, he lowers his head and his arms. The man who has made a career out of tormenting families extends a hand towards his own with a firm but hushed "To me."

The camera pans out as Caleb Temple's wife, Veronica, and their daughter Truth Marie come into view. Both are dressed in black from head to toe as they step to the side of the former World Champion.

With a nod, Temple leads his wife and child in a long walk through the parking lot area where he has been forced to prepare for his match on this night, barred from even entering the locker room area in fear of what might happen.

Security lines their path, making sure that nothing unplanned goes down. Temple does not even acknowledge them, revealing black pants to go along with his bare torso - lean and muscular - as he makes his way towards the building for this final encounter. He pauses just beyond the entrance to the building, looking up at the marquee reading "Memorial Day Mayhem." The camera swings around him, showing his dark, stringy hair hanging in damp straggles over his face which gives off the slightest hint of a demonic grin. Around his neck hangs a bleached white finger bone - once attached to fellow Hall of Famer "Blackheart" Casey James but taken as a souvenir following their epic showdown in the monstrosity known as the Killing Box.

He steps through the doorway, ignoring the mass of fans just inside the entrance who have gathered to serenade him with jeers and taunts. Veronica and Truth Marie are not spared the insults of the cold-hearted fans who have despised this man for decades. They lower their heads, hiding their reactions as Temple leads them further inside the building. Security leads them to the entrance of an aisleway, holding their entrance there as we cut back to the interior of the building...

...where the lights cut to black.

The crowd's reaction ripples with excitement as the haunting and all-too-familiar sounds of "O Fortuna" rings out over the PA system as Phil Watson's does the same.]

PW: From Trinity, South Carolina... weighing in at 244 pounds... he is a former World Heavyweight Champion... he is a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame... he is the original King of the Death Match... he is Evil Incarnate... he is...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALEEEEEEEEEEEEB  
TEMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

As the choir's voices ring out through the pitch-black arena, a single spotlight flashes through the darkness, lighting up the top of the aisle. The tension builds as the music changes - no longer the classic piece - to Slayer's "South Of Heaven."]

#An unforeseen future nestled somewhere in time  
Unsuspecting victims no warnings no signs  
Judgment day the second coming arrives  
Before you see the light you must die#

[The final syllable rings out as Caleb Temple emerges from the shadows into the light, trailed by his wife and daughter. The boos inside the Cajundome are deafening for the man set to compete in his final AWA matchup. The

camera closes on him as he looks out over the darkened jeering crowd with a wicked smile. He nods, placing an open hand over his heart...

...and then starts walking down the stairway towards the squared circle, ringed by armed security who prevent the fans from getting at the personification of evil - and vice versa.

The announcers are silent, letting the moment sink in as Caleb Temple makes the long walk towards the ring, grasping his wife and daughter by the hands, nearly dragging them with him down the aisle.

Reaching ringside, he finds two empty seats waiting in the front row. He points, ordering Veronica and Truth Marie into the seats. With an evil gleam in his eye, he removes the fingerbone on a chair from around his neck, plants a kiss on it...

...and slips the chain over his young daughter's head, letting the macabre symbol dangle from around her neck. He leans over, planting a fatherly kiss on her brow and a matching one on her mother's. Straightening up, he turns towards the ring, hurdling over the barricade as he approaches it. He rolls under the ropes, coming up to his knees as the spotlight hits him again.

Caleb Temple lets the light shine on him, showing every inch of his evil frame before he drops to his rear, sliding slowly back into the corner, his back resting against the turnbuckles.]

PW: And his opponent...

[As the light tinkling of synth music plays over the loudspeakers, a hush falls over the crowd as the announcers are heard for the first time in minutes.]

BW: This could be it, Gordo, the end of the White Knight!

GM: I pray with all of my belief in the Lord Above that you are wrong, Bucky Wilde, but... my heart fears the worst.

[As "Vox Populi" plays on, the sound of the synthesized notes is drowned out by the heavy thudding of drums, a sound that is itself drowned out by the thousands of stomping feet, as the AWA faithful join their voices to the chorus.]

# This is a call to arms, gather soldiers  
Time to go to war  
This is a battle song, brothers and sisters  
Time to go to war#

[The curtain is pulled aside and out steps the man called the AWA's White Knight. The World Heavyweight Champion.]

GM: Look at that! Ryan Martinez has come looking for a fight, and he's ready for war!

BW: I'll give the kid this, he looks like he's ready to go down swingin'!

[Gone is the usual flash attire. Tonight, Ryan Martinez wears what he wore earlier. A simple black "Fear The Reaper" t-shirt emblazoned with his friend Bobby O'Connor's logo, a pair of blue jeans, and a pair of black leather boots that look to be borrowed from his father's wardrobe. His hands are wrapped in white tape, extending from just below his first knuckle down to the center of his forearms. There is no sign of the AWA World Heavyweight Title.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... he is the White Knight...

RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN  
MAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIIIINEZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The crowd ROARS at the announcement of the AWA's White Knight is stands at the top of the aisle, bouncing from one foot to the other, yanking off the t-shirt, throwing it aside. He stares into the ring where Caleb Temple is still sitting, watching his prey from afar. Suddenly, Martinez breaks into a powerful walk, all business as he strides determinedly towards the ring.]

GM: No sign of the World Title tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's right. Whether that was his choice or the office's, we may never know but this night is not about the AWA World Title. This night is about blood. It's about vengeance. It's about legacy, history, and the sins of the father.

[Ascending the stairs, Martinez bypasses the referee entirely and moves to the center of the ring, stopping cold as he stares down at Temple who is still seated on the mat in the corner, not moving an inch towards his opponent on this night.]

GM: What in the world is Caleb Temple doing?

BW: The man is a master of mind games, Gordo... and in the biggest match he's had in years, you better believe he's come to play!

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps to the middle of the ring, placing a hand on Ryan Martinez' chest, walking him back across the ring to his own corner. Jagger can be seen speaking to Martinez who nods as he grabs the top rope, aggressively throwing himself back against the buckles over and over, staying ready for war.]

GM: The champion is ready!

BW: He'd better be! This is the most dangerous match of his life, Gordo. Supreme Wright wanted to beat him. Caleb Temple wants to END him. Temple's been at war with House Martinez for decades... what better way to achieve total victory than to put the heir out forever? There is nothing that Caleb Temple won't try... there is nothing that Caleb Temple won't DO to



achieve that endgame. Ryan Martinez better be ready to get dirtier than he's ever DREAMED of going before.

[Johnny Jagger steps to the center of the ring, signaling to Martinez... then to Temple...]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're going crazy in Lafayette! They're ready for this!

[...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS as Ryan Martinez SPRINTS across the ring, DRIVING a knee into the head of Caleb Temple who hasn't gotten out of his seated position on the mat as his young rival approaches!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The running knee SNAPS Temple's head back as Ryan Martinez bounces out of the corner, shouting to the cheering fans, throwing his arms up in the air a few times, bringing the few fans who weren't already there to their feet!]

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ TRYING TO END IT EARLY! HE MAY HAVE KNOCKED HIM OUT COLD!

[Martinez marches back to the corner, grabbing Temple by his stringy hair, yanking him to his feet, shoving him back into the buckles!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: ALREADY?!

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez looks out over the sea of fans filling the Cajundome, 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!]"

[After the final blow, Martinez steps to the side, grabbing Temple by the hair, hurling him out of the corner and down to the canvas. The AWA's White Knight stands tall, looking around at the roaring crowd who continue to shower him with support.]

GM: The running knee! The Machine Gun Chops! Ryan Martinez is coming on like a house of fire in the early moments of this one!

[Temple rolls over onto his back, revealing a pretty nasty cut on his chest, crimson trickling down his torso.]

GM: He... my stars, he tore Caleb Temple's flesh with those chops, Bucky!

BW: You know how hard you gotta hit a man to chop him bloody?!

GM: Apparently we just saw it! Ryan Martinez has drawn first blood here in Lafayette and these fans sound like they're losing their minds for this battle! Referee Johnny Jagger is just standing back and watching. All he can do is count a pin and ask for a submission. He has no power - and no responsibility - to do anything else!

[Temple pushes up on his elbow, sitting up on the mat, looking up at Martinez with a sick grin on his face. He nods, reaching up to run a finger through the pooling blood on his chest. The original King of the Death Match holds up a blood-covered finger and with a twisted smile, he uses the finger to trace his lips like he's putting on lipstick.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting.

BW: That guy's not playing with a full deck, Gordo.

GM: He's certainly not.

[Martinez shakes his head, stepping closer to Temple who is still sitting there...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and knocks Temple right back on his back with a brutal front kick to the chest!]

GM: Good grief! Every blow that Martinez is throwing is absolutely scintillating with the impact that he's landing them with!

[Martinez turns back towards Temple, shouting "GET UP!" at his downed opponent as Temple rolls to all fours...

...and pushes up to his knees, looking up at the AWA World Champion.]

GM: What in the world...?

[Temple waves his hands, shouting at Martinez - "MORE!"]

GM: He's asking - begging - for more!

BW: I don't get this at all. Caleb Temple is down there on his knees, his arms at his sides, not defending himself at all... what in the world is he doing? Ryan Martinez will clean his clock if he keeps this up!

[Martinez doesn't hesitate, slamming a boot up into the mush of Temple, knocking him backwards but keeping him on his knees. The AWA's White Knight grabs him by the hair, holding him by it, bending him back as the crowd roars.]

GM: The World Champion looking around at this capacity crowd as Martinez winds up...

[...and SLAMS an overhead chop down onto Temple's chest, knocking him flat!]

GM: BURNING SWORD!

[Martinez stands over Temple who grabs at his bleeding chest. The White Knight again shouts at Temple to get up, angrily insisting that his opponent put up a fight.]

GM: Ryan Martinez has controlled the entire early moments of this match.

BW: Not hard to do that when your opponent won't put up a fight.

GM: I suppose not. Ryan Martinez is looking a little frustrated by that, Bucky. He's shouting at Temple, begging him to get up but Caleb Temple is just like... he's putty in the champion's hands right now. Martinez can do just about anything he wants to Caleb Temple at this point...

[Temple rolls over to all fours as Martinez steps in, reaching down...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...and snatches a waistlock, nodding to the cheering crowd!]

GM: If Caleb Temple is about to start fighting back, this would be a good time to do it!

[Martinez YANKS Temple up into the air, taking him up and over, DROPPING him down on the back of the head, folding the Hall of Famer in half!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[The champion, having released the suplex on impact, climbs back to his feet, looking down at Temple as the original King of the Death Match rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And Temple bails out to the floor! The first sign of life out of Caleb Temple all match long!

[Martinez is stomping around the ring, pounding his chest with his fist as the crowd roars to life!]

GM: Ryan Martinez is dominating Caleb Temple and I don't think ANYONE expected this match to go down like this, Bucky.

BW: Not at all. I pride myself at being able to figure out a gameplan for any match, Gordo, but not even I can figure out what in the world Caleb Temple is doing right now. Heck, maybe that's a good thing. I'd hate to have to admit that he and I are on the same wavelength about anything.

[Temple uses the apron, dragging himself off the floor, using it for support as he staggers a few feet towards the timekeeper's table...

...and grabs the timekeeper by the shirt, yanking him out of his folding chair!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Temple said he was going to turn the AWA into his own personal Killing Box, Gordo! No one out here is safe! Not even us, I'd bet!

GM: If he gets over here by us, I may need to call it a night.

[The King of the Death Match flings the timekeeper aside, throwing him down to the floor...

...which brings the World Champion out onto the apron. He runs down the length of it, delivering a stomp to the back of Temple's head, pitching him forward onto the timekeeper's table!]

GM: Oh! Martinez strikes again!

[Hopping down off the apron, Martinez grabs Temple's stringy hair, pulling his head back...

...and SLAMMING it down onto the wooden table!]

GM: Ohhh! Headfirst to the table!

[He pulls Temple's head up a second time, looking out at the crowd who roar their support before he fires Temple's head into the table a second time!]

GM: Twice down on that timekeeper's table!

[The World Champion lifts him back again, holding him up...

...but Temple lashes out, throwing an elbow back into the sternum of Martinez. The savage Temple turns towards Martinez, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Temple's going after that eye he injured back in February!

[With Martinez blinded, Temple shoves him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: That's unusual for Temple. He tends to prefer the battle out on the floor and-

[Temple scoops up the empty chair where the timekeeper was seated, flinging it over the ropes into the ring recklessly. Johnny Jagger leaps to the side, the chair narrowly missing him as Temple rolls back into the ring as well. He climbs to his feet...]

GM: And the King of the Death Match is grabbing that steel chair. This can't be good news for the White Knight!

[Temple folds up the chair...

...and then slams it down right in front of where Martinez is down on his knees, rubbing at his eye. Temple steps back a few feet, dropping down to his knees again, throwing his arms out to the sides in a crucifix pose.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: This guy's snapped, Gordo!

[Martinez slowly rises off the mat, still rubbing at his eye...

...when his jaw drops at the scene laid out before him.]

GM: Martinez can't believe what he's seeing here and quite frankly, neither can I! Caleb Temple has just giftwrapped that steel chair for Ryan Martinez to use on him and now he's down there on his knees, just offering himself up to Martinez on a silver platter.

BW: He's gotta do it, Gordo! If Martinez wants to end Temple once and for all, this is his chance! Club that evil son of a gun over the head with the

chair with every bit of rage you've ever had towards him and you'll never see him again!

GM: I don't think Ryan Martinez has that in him!

BW: That... is why he fails.

GM: He hasn't failed at anything yet, Bucky!

[Martinez grabs the chair, holding it in his hands...]

GM: Can he do it? Can Ryan Martinez cross that line?

[The crowd is roaring - a mixed reaction if you've ever heard one.]

GM: Listen to these fans!

BW: You could draw a line right down the middle, Gordo. Half these people in the Cajundome are imploring Ryan Martinez to do his best Hannibal Carver impression and cave in the skull of the man who has caused so much heartache and grief over the years.

GM: But many more are trying to make sure that Martinez can hold his head high tomorrow and still stand as the AWA's White Knight.

[Martinez is looking around at all the fans, weighing the moment before him as he looks down at Temple who nods his head, smiling sickly...]

GM: Look at him! Temple... he WANTS him to do this! He WANTS Ryan Martinez to cross that line! He WANTS him to...

BW: ...become him?

GM: Son of a...

[Martinez realizes the moral trap being set for him as he angrily throws the chair aside to an equally mixed response, stomping towards Temple...

...who springs up off his knees, lashing out with a stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe!]

GM: OH!

[Temple is suddenly filled with fury, grabbing Martinez by the upper body, HURLING him backwards into the turnbuckles, causing the World Champion's entire body to whiplash.]

GM: Temple's suddenly awake and... look at the eyes!

BW: I'd rather not. That lunatic is the stuff of nightmares, Gordo.

[The King of the Death Match surges forward, wrapping his hands around the throat of Martinez, choking him with great intensity and with no desire to shield the usually-illegal action from the referee.]

GM: The referee just has to stand back and watch this blatant choke. This is an Unsanctioned Match, Bucky. No rules.

[Martinez's arms fight at Temple, trying to push him away to break the choke as Temple's eyes go wide, digging his fingers into the throat of his young rival.]

GM: Martinez can't wait for a count to save him, fans! He's gotta save himself!

[Temple suddenly breaks it himself, smashing his skull into Martinez', knocking the White Knight down to a knee. Grabbing the hair of the World Champion, Temple throws a stiff knee to the chest, knocking Martinez down into a seated position against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Temple puts him down and after Martinez refused to use the chair on him, Caleb Temple seems to have gone into a whole other gear. I think all that in the beginning of the match was Temple trying to dig into Martinez' psyche... see if he could force him into the darkness.

BW: You gotta remember, Gordo... this whole thing started back before SuperClash with Caleb Temple trying to get Ryan Martinez to agree to let Temple be his... what? Mentor, I guess.

GM: Twisted advisor?

BW: Call it what you want, Gordo... but he wanted Ryan to abandon everything he's ever believed in and sell his soul... quite literally... to the Devil himself.

[Grabbing hold of the top rope, Temple plants his buckled boot on the throat of Martinez, pushing down hard, causing the White Knight to struggle under it, trying to catch a breath.]

GM: He's choking him again!

BW: And the AWA may have played right into Temple's hands with this Unsanctioned Match, Gordo. I have a feeling they were hoping to dissuade Ryan Martinez from taking this match on by giving it no rules but...

GM: But if they thought Ryan Martinez was going to back down from this fight in particular... they were sadly mistaken. This young man stood up and declared his intent to battle the forces of the Wise Men when no one else was concerned about them. He stared into the face of overwhelming odds and kept on coming!

[Martinez manages to shove the foot off his throat, leaving Temple to glare down at him. The King of the Death Match raises his foot, violently

stomping down into the face a few times, leaving Martinez reeling on the canvas as the Hall of Famer turns away.]

GM: Temple leaves Martinez down on the canvas... and how many times did the great Jon Stegglet utter that exact same phrase on commentary back in the day?

BW: Too many to count.

[Temple snatches up the discarded steel chair, walking across the ring with it where he wedges it between the top and middle ropes.]

GM: Temple jamming that chair sideways between the ropes... and now he's heading back towards Martinez who is starting to get up off the canvas...

[When Temple returns to his opponent, he finds him kneeling in the corner. The World Champion comes up swinging, throwing a right hand into the midsection. A second one follows before Temple cuts him off with a headbutt down between the eyes!]

GM: Another headbutt! The King of the Death Match using his own skull as a weapon!

[He drags the White Knight off the canvas, saying something off-mic to him as he yanks his head back by the hair...

...and then storms across the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Temple HURLS Martinez skullfirst into the steel chair, knocking the chair loose and sending it clattering down to the floor as Martinez slumps down in a heap against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Temple FIRED him headfirst into that chair! Martinez tried to get his hands up to block it but I don't think he made it, Bucky.

BW: No way, Gordo. He took that chair full force in the noggin.

[Temple plants his shin on the back of Martinez' head, shoving his face into the middle buckle, grinding it back and forth. We cut to a shot at ringside where Veronica and Truth Marie are looking on. Veronica is staring wide-eyed at the ring as Truth Marie looks away, trying to not watch her father's actions.]

GM: There you see the family of Caleb Temple... and it takes a real sick son of a gun to bring an innocent child out here to force her to watch this, Bucky.

BW: It does but we've already established that Temple is as sick in the head they come. He makes some of the guys we've seen in the past look absolutely normal.



[With Martinez pinned down, Temple goes to work on the top turnbuckle, untying the pad and yanking it free, hurling it aside to expose the metal underneath.]

GM: Temple goes from one weapon to the next... not hesitating to find a way to hurt Martinez as badly as he can...

[Pulling Martinez up to his feet, Temple grabs the arm, going for an Irish whip...

...but slams on the brakes, pulling Martinez right back in and DRIVING his back into the metal buckle!]

GM: OHH! Right into the steel buckle!

[Martinez winces, arching his back in pain as Temple grabs him by the hair, pulling him out of the corner...

...and THROWING him right back in, smashing his back into the steel a second time!]

GM: Caleb Temple with two hard shots to the back of Martinez using that metal buckle...

[Grabbing the arm, Temple fires Martinez across the ring again. He leans back against the steel buckle, looking down at the bleeding wound on his chest as he charges across the ring, throwing himself into a spinning leg lariat. The leg bounces off the chest of Martinez as the momentum carries Temple over the top where he lands on his feet on the floor!]

GM: Wow! That was quite an athletic move pulled off by a 45 year old man! Incredible!

[Temple stands on the floor, looking out at the jeering crowd as Martinez leans against the buckles, hanging onto the top rope to stay standing.]

GM: Martinez in a daze inside the ring as his rival is out here on the floor, circling the ringpost...

BW: Keep him away from us!

[Temple ducks down, pulling up the ring apron...]

GM: Caleb Temple looking under the ring, looking to see what else might be of use to him in this Unsanctioned Match where anything goes.

[Temple kneels down, pulling on something...]

GM: Uh oh.

[A ripple of excitement washes over the crowd as Temple pulls out one of the ladders used in the opening match.]

GM: He's got one of the ladders from earlier tonight!

[Temple shoves the metal ladder under the ropes into the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He walks down the length of the apron to where Martinez is still resting against the buckles.]

GM: Big right hand by Temple... and another one!

[Keeping Martinez in place, Temple begins climbing the turnbuckles from the outside of the ring.]

GM: And it looks like Caleb Temple is about to turn this up a notch, fans.

[Temple steps over the ropes, sitting down on the top turnbuckle as he drags Martinez into a front facelock...]

GM: He's setting up for a tornado DDT... and from where he positioned that ladder, I'd imagine he's going to make that his landing zone!

BW: A dangerous move for both men but if Caleb Temple has taught us anything over the years, it's that if he cares little and less for his own physical wellbeing... he cares about his opponent's even less...

[Temple sets, ready to attack...

...when Martinez suddenly breaks loose of the front facelock, throwing a big chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop on Temple!

[Temple teeters on his seat atop the turnbuckles as Martinez takes aim, delivering a second blow...]

GM: A second hard chop by Martinez!

[With Temple dazed, Martinez pushes his legs over the top so that the King of the Death Match is outside the ring. The White Knight steps up to the second rope...]

GM: And now it's Ryan Martinez who is looking to make a major impact, stepping up to the second rope. It looks like he's going for a superplex, fans!

BW: On the ladder?! He might break Temple's back!

GM: The man tried to suffocate him with a plastic bag! He quite literally attempted murder on the AWA World Champion! I'm not sure I can blame Martinez for a single thing he does in this match, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure he'll be glad to hear that when he's out here begging the fans to forgive the blood on his hands if he cripples the Hall of Famer!

[Martinez grabs a front facelock of his own, slinging Temple's arm over his neck, planting his feet on the middle rope and setting for the superplex...

...but Temple hangs on, looping his feet under the middle rope to block the lift!]

GM: Temple blocks it! The veteran shows those years of experience by blocking the superplex lift and-

[Temple jams his fist into the ribs... and again... and again...]

GM: Temple's fighting the superplex up on the top rope!

[Creating some space, Temple winds back and SLAMS his skull into the bridge of Martinez' nose. He does it again, grabbing the hair this time as he delivers a half dozen quick headbutts to the nose...

...and then SHOVES Martinez backwards, sending him pitching off the middle rope...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE LADDER! GOOD GRIEF!

[Martinez' face is covered in pain as the crowd reacts to his hard fall on the steel ladder. Caleb Temple on the other hand, is smiling as he rises up to stand on the top rope, staring down at the prone Martinez...

...and LEAPS off the top, burying the point of his elbow into the heart of Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP! RIGHT IN THE HEART!

[Temple rolls to the side, having landed on his own back and hip on the steel ladder. He winces in pain, looking out to his family where Truth Marie has turned towards her mother, shielding her eyes from what her father has done to himself!]

GM: You called it, Bucky! The man doesn't give a damn about what he does to his own body or anyone else's!

[The King of the Death Match crawls over to the ropes, using them to drag himself back to his feet. A red welt is present on his lower back as he leans over the ropes, trying to let his 45 year old body recover from what he just did.]

GM: Caleb Temple putting it all on the line and we're not even fifteen minutes into this match yet, Bucky!

BW: We'll be lucky to make it fifteen minutes with the punishment these two men are preparing to inflict on each other.

[The camera zooms in on Ryan Martinez who is bent across the metal ladder, blood tricking down his upper lip from his nose.]

GM: And it looks like Ryan Martinez is bleeding now... perhaps a broken nose.

BW: Probably one of those headbutts did him in.

GM: A good call there, Bucky. Now both men are bleeding - Temple from the chest from the Machine Gun Chops and Martinez from the nose after those headbutts.

[Temple slowly turns, leaning against the ropes, shouting "UP, WHITE KNIGHT! FIGHT ME!" as he waves his arms up.]

GM: A normal man might attempt a pinfall here but Caleb Temple is no normal man by any stretch of the imagination.

BW: He's here for blood. He's here for violence. And he's here to end a career. A pinfall is not good enough for him... not yet at least.

[Temple steps forward, moving in on Martinez who is still bent backwards over the ladder. He pulls Martinez off the ladder by the hair, hauling him to his feet where he drills him between the eyes with a right hand, sending Martinez staggering back into the buckles.]

GM: Temple picking up that ladder...

[He holds the metal ladder across his chest, rushing towards the cornered Martinez...

...and DRIVES it into his chest!]

GM: OHHH!

[Temple steps back, bridging the ladder over the bottom ropes in the corner as he drags Martinez a few feet out of the corner.]

GM: Temple's got that ladder set up... and I don't like the looks of this, Bucky.

BW: Neither does any fan of Ryan Martinez.

GM: Remember, fans, the AWA takes no responsibility for this match and Ryan Martinez signed a waiver that says the same thing. He also agreed to the stipulation that if he's injured to the point of being unable to defend his title, the AWA will STRIP him of the World Championship.

BW: Looks like Caleb Temple might be about to vacate that title for him.

[With the ladder bridged across the ropes, Temple pulls Martinez into a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: Oh no. Somebody stop this!

BW: No one can stop it, Gordo!

[Temple sets, lifting Martinez up...

...and bringing him CRASHING down across the bridged ladder, bending his back over the steel again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Temple sits up on the mat, a dastardly grin on his face as Martinez is laid out over the ladder, pain etched onto the World Champion's face.]

GM: Fifteen minutes into this war and Caleb Temple just landed a major blow to the AWA's White Knight! Martinez is down... Martinez is hurt... and Caleb Temple is on his feet, soaking up the jeers from this sold-out crowd here in Lafayette. Over twelve thousand strong are letting him hear it...

BW: ...and he couldn't care less, Gordo. If Caleb Temple gave a damn about the love and adoration of the fans, he wouldn't have done half of the things he's done in his career.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. That was a horrific shot to the spine of Ryan Martinez and the White Knight may be in some serious trouble.

[Temple walks slowly towards the downed Martinez, grabbing him by the legs, dragging him off the ladder. He steps forward, straddling Martinez as he leans down, staring into his eyes. He speaks loud enough to be heard by the camera.]

"Give up, boy. Just give up and live to fight."

[Martinez doesn't reply as Temple continue to taunt him, reaching down to lightly paintbrush the White Knight.]

"Show the world what a Martinez is made of."

[Temple leans down again...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Good grief! He slapped Martinez right across-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AND MARTINEZ KICKS HIM LOW!!

[The crowd ROARS for the low blow as Temple’s eyes go wide, the King of the Death Match slumping down to his knees, grabbing at his groin as Martinez crawls up to all fours, pushing up to his knees with the crowd going nuts for him!]

GM: Martinez is on his knees as well!

[The World Heavyweight Champion climbs to his feet, grabbing a front facelock on the kneeling Temple...]

GM: HE’S GOING FOR THE BRAINBUSTER!

[Martinez jerks Temple to his feet, hooking a handful of pants as he goes for the lift...

...but Temple slips out, landing on his feet next to Martinez, quickly hooking a leg through...]

GM: Counter!

[And SNAPS Martinez back down onto the ladder with a side Russian legsweep, driving his own body back on the ladder at the same time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BOTH MEN DOWN AFTER THAT!

BW: Temple putting his own body on the line again! No fear at all for his own safety!

[The referee kneels down, checking on both competitors as they lay spread out over the ladder.]

GM: Both men are down. Johnny Jagger is checking on them both but... well, in all honesty, there’s nothing he can do about it. If they’re both out cold, he has to sit back and watch. He has NO control over stopping this match, fans, which makes it one of the most dangerous things I’ve ever heard of.

[The crowd cheers for Martinez, trying to urge the White Knight back to his feet as Caleb Temple rolls to the side, rolling right under the ropes and out to the floor where he falls to a knee.]

GM: Temple out to the floor... Martinez is still down on the ladder...

[The King of the Death Match staggers across the gap between the ring and the front row. A few rabid Martinez fans let him have it verbally as he reaches over, grabbing a chair that one of them vacated...

...and wildly flings it over his head, bouncing it off the canvas!]

GM: Temple throws a chair into the ring!

[Temple grabs a second chair, throwing it overhead again!]

GM: Two chairs in!

[The former World Champion stares into the eyes of a ringside fan who is reading him the riot act, pointing at his "COUNT ON IT!" t-shirt. Temple glares... and glares... and glares...

...and then suddenly reaches out, grabbing the fan by the collar, YANKING him over the barricade into the ringside area!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Temple starts putting the boots to the fan, driving kicks into the ribcage over and over and over...]

GM: HE'S ASSAULTING A FAN! HE'S ATTACKING A FAN AT RINGSIDE!

[A pair of security guards come rushing into view, already sitting at ringside for the match. Temple sees them coming, throwing a haymaker right at the nose of the first guard, sending him down to the floor with blood streaming from his face!]

GM: HE PUNCHED A GUARD!

[The other guard reaches for his night stick only to get caught with a kick to the gut. Temple grabs him by the back of the pants...

...and HURLS him headfirst into the barricade!]

GM: CALEB TEMPLE IS BEATING UP TIMEKEEPERS! HE'S BEATING UP SECURITY! HE'S BEATING UP FANS! THIS GUY IS A MADMAN!

BW: IT'S UNSANCTIONED, DADDY! ANYTHING GOES!

[Temple throws back his head, giving a demonic roar that draws ear-splitting jeers from the Cajundome crowd as bodies lie spread out all around him. He climbs up on the ring apron, turning to shout at the jeering fans...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets CLUBBED across the back with a steel chair, sending Temple sprawling off the apron to the floor! Ryan Martinez gives a roar of his own, HURLING the chair down on the canvas, pointing down at the floored Temple!]

GM: Temple's down! Martinez is in a rage!

[The White Knight drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Martinez rolls out... he's on his way to check on that fan that Temple assaulted. Even in the midst of total warfare, Martinez doesn't hesitate for a moment to check on an injured fan.

[The AWA World Champion kneels down next to the fan, whispering to him, patting him on the back as a pair of medics make their way down to ringside to tend to the fallen casualties of this war.]

GM: Martinez is fuming mad... burning mad... the kind of emotions that are just pouring through his very expression on his face...

[The White Knight makes sure that the medical team is checking on the young man, turning towards the ring, marching towards where Temple has dragged himself up to his knees using the ring apron for support...]

GM: Temple's trying to get up and Martinez is coming for him!

[The fans cheer as Martinez grabs Temple by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

GM: Big chop up against the apron!

[A second and third has Temple reeling, hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet as Martinez grabs him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ SHOOTS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[With a shout, Martinez charges at him, connecting with a clothesline that takes Temple over the railing and into the front row of seats!]

GM: MARTINEZ PUTS HIM INTO THE CROWD!

[The White Knight leans on the railing, breathing heavily as Temple is sprawled across the front row of seats. The fans are roaring as Martinez shouts at the downed Temple before clambering over the railing into the crowd after him.]

GM: He's going after him into the seats here in the Cajundome!



[Grabbing two hands full of Temple's hair, Martinez drags his torso off the steel...

...and SLAMS his face down into the seats!]

GM: OHH!

[He lifts the head up again, shouting at Temple...]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE STEEL AGAIN!

[Martinez pulls a barely-struggling Temple up a third time, staring him dead in the eyes...

...and SLAMS his face into the seats a third time!]

GM: THIRD TIME'S A CHARM!

[Temple lays facefirst on the steel seats as Martinez gives off a roar, looking out at the crowd who echo the roar.]

GM: Ryan Martinez has got Caleb Temple down! He's got him hurt! And now all he needs to do is go for the kill!

[Martinez drags Temple off the chairs by the hair, hurling him over the railing and into the ringside area.]

GM: Temple goes down hard... and Martinez is coming after him!

[The AWA World Champion advances on Temple who is crawling on all fours, trying to get away from Martinez.]

GM: Temple's making a run for it!

[The White Knight hooks a waistlock, lifting Temple off the floor...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for a German Suplex on the floor!

BW: Are you kidding me?! That'll break Temple in half!

[But Temple's got other ideas...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MULE KICK DOWN SOUTH!

[The low blow causes Martinez to slump to his knees as Temple falls forward into the ring apron, breathing heavily. The King of the Death Match slowly turns, stomping Martinez a few times on the floor...

...and then suddenly turns to the side, shoving the cameraman down to the floor!]

GM: Look out!

BW: Temple's on the warpath again!

[Temple walks over towards the railing, kneeling down on the ringside mats.]

GM: What in the...? What is he doing?

[The crowd begins to buzz as the camera spins around to show EXACTLY what the most evil man in the history of the business is doing.]

GM: He's ripping up the ringside mats! He's pulling up those protective covers!

[Temple pulls the mat up, folding it back to reveal the concrete floor.]

GM: Oh my... I don't like the looks of this, fans!

[The Hall of Famer drags Martinez off the floor, pulling him over to the exposed concrete floor...]

GM: We're over twenty minutes into this thing and Caleb Temple may have had enough! Caleb Temple looks like he's trying to finish Ryan Martinez off once and for all right here and now!

[Temple kicks Martinez in the gut, stepping into a standing headscissors...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR A PILEDRIVER!

[The crowd rises to their feet, buzzing loudly as Temple reaches around the hook his hands around the torso of Martinez...]

GM: He's got it locked!

[...but the White Knight straightens up, lifting Temple up over his shoulders, hanging onto his legs!]

GM: Martinez with the counter!

[The World Champion wobbles towards the ring, still holding Temple over his shoulders...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and SWINGS Temple up and over, SLAMMING his back down across the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[Temple slumps down to his knees as Martinez falls into the apron, breathing heavily. He reaches up, wiping the blood from his possibly-broken nose.]

GM: Martinez with a brutal counter!

BW: He just THREW Temple down on the hardest part of the ring - imagine the jolt of pain shooting up his spine right now!

[Martinez pulls Temple off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before rolling himself back in as well.]

GM: Caleb Temple tried for the piledriver on the floor, surely trying to cripple the World Champion... but luckily, Martinez escaped. Now the White Knight has Temple in trouble once again... but can he finish him off?

[Back inside the ring, Martinez drags Temple off the mat by the arm, whipping him to the corner...]

GM: Temple hits the buckles... CLOTHESLINE!

[The World Champion grabs the arm, whipping him across again, charging in after him...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE AGAIN!

[He grabs the arm a third time, shooting the King of the Death Match across to the far corner. The White Knight comes barreling in after him...

...and lands the third clothesline of the match!]

GM: THAT'S THREE!

[Martinez pulls Temple out of the corner, swinging him up over his shoulder, charging out...

...and PLANTS him with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!!

[The World Champion pushes up to his knees, looking down at the prone Temple. The referee implores Martinez to make a cover but the White Knight slowly shakes his head back and forth, refusing to pin.]

GM: Martinez won't cover! He plants his rival but he won't make the pin attempt!

BW: He wants to make sure that after this night is over - we never see Caleb Temple again!

[Martinez climbs to his feet, grabbing one of the downed steel chairs. He unfolds it, setting it in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Martinez sets up the chair...

[The White Knight grabs the other one, setting it up facing the first one so that the two seats are touching.]

GM: Those two chairs are set up and... and he's dragging Temple over towards them.

[The crowd begins to buzz as Martinez steps up on the chairs, standing on the seat as he leans forward, pulling Temple into a standing headscissors... ]

GM: What in the-?!

[The Cajundome is suddenly rocking with anticipation as Martinez sets for whatever in the world he has in mind.]

BW: Is he gonna piledrive Temple?! On the chairs?!

GM: I don't-

[Suddenly, in almost a mirror image of moments ago, Temple straightens up, holding Martinez by the legs over his shoulders. The King of the Death Match wobbles before steadying himself...

...and SWINGS Martinez forward!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The double leg slam sends Martinez crashing THROUGH the two steel chairs, leaving the seats mangled as Martinez lies in a heap underneath them as the crowd ROARS in shock and concern for the World Champion. Temple falls back into the ropes, hanging onto the top rope and breathing heavily.]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

[Temple's head tilts back, soaking in the moment as the crowd continues to buzz for the high impact counter. Martinez is motionless on the canvas, lying in a mess of twisted steel.]

GM: Ryan Martinez got put THROUGH TWO STEEL CHAIRS! Incredible!

BW: His daddy would be proud of 'im now, Gordo!

GM: I believe his father has ALWAYS been proud of him, Bucky, but it's gotta take Alex Martinez back in time to see his son inside the ring against Caleb Temple with these chairs... these ladders... this violence...

[Temple pushes off the ropes, staggering over towards the downed ladder from earlier in the match. He lifts it up, holding it across his chest as he walks towards Martinez...

...and with a roar, he muscles it up over his head!]

GM: TEMPLE'S GOT THE LADDER!

[He HURLS the ladder through the mangled chairs, slamming the steel ladder down onto Martinez' prone form!]

GM: Good grief! Martinez is pinned underneath the ladder!

[Temple scoops up one of the mangled chairs, trying to fold it up.]

GM: He's trying to use that chair but-

[A suddenly-enraged Temple starts slamming the chair down on the ladder, trying to straighten it out...]

"WHAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the chair finally the way he wants it, Temple leaps up, tucking the chair underneath him...

...and CRASHES down with it on top of the ladder, driving all the weight down onto Martinez again!]

GM: ARABIAN FACEBUSTER! One of the signature moves from Caleb Temple just CRUSHED Ryan Martinez underneath mangled steel and flesh!

[Temple rolls off, grabbing at his tailbone as he pulls the chair up, flinging it aside. The second chair bounces off the ropes, flying over the top where it dangerously bounces to the floor.]

GM: There go the chairs! Again, no regard for anyone at ringside that he might hurt! Caleb Temple is a monster to his very core!

[And as he pulls the ladder off Martinez, we see a wound opened up on the forehead of the World Champion, streaming blood down his face.]

GM: Dear god.

BW: He's busted him open!

[Temple's eyes flash at the sight of the crimson, dragging Martinez into a seated position where he pounds at the cut with his knuckles, spattering blood all over Martinez and himself!]

GM: Temple like a shark smelling blood in the water as he tries to rip that wound wide open!

[He switches to elbows, slamming the point of his elbow down over and over into the cut forehead!]

GM: He's pounding the cut, splitting Martinez wide open!

[With Martinez bleeding heavily, Temple leans over...

...and sinks his teeth into the wound!]

GM: AHHH! HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[The referee, by instinct, races in to shout at Temple, ordering him to break off the normally-illegal assault...

...which causes Temple to break it off, revealing a bloody grin as he winds up and PASTES Johnny Jagger with a right hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: TOTALLY LEGAL! UNSANCTIONED!

[The crowd is all over Caleb Temple as he stands over the motionless Johnny Jagger, blood trickling from the corners of his mouth in the most disgusting smile you're likely to see.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is down... he's bleeding... and Caleb Temple may be looking to finish him off here.

BW: If he does, there's no one to count! Temple knocked out the referee... and heck, if I'm Landon O'Neill, I might refuse to send another referee out there!

GM: The AWA would totally be within their rights to do that.

[With the official laid out, Temple throws his arms wide, soaking up the jeers from the crowd. He turns back towards the ladder, lifting it up and pushing it back to the corner where he opens it up into a standing position...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Temple's setting up the ladder!

[The King of the Death Match drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor. He shoves past the cameraman, rounding the corner and grabbing the ring apron where he starts pulling...]

GM: What's he doing?!

[After several attempts, Temple manages to rip the ring apron off, leaving it pooled on the floor as he grabs a second ladder...]

GM: He's getting another ladder, dragging it out from under the ring!

[Temple muscles the second ladder up on the apron, shoving it under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes.]

GM: Temple pushing the ladder into position...

[He drags the bleeding Martinez off the mat, scooping him up in his arms...]

GM: No, no!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BODY SLAM RIGHT ON TOP OF THE LADDER!

[Temple pauses, taking a trio of deep breaths as he looks down at the prone Martinez sprawled out on the ladder...]

...and then points across the ring to the ladder standing in the corner.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: Temple's going up top! 45 years old and as crazy as the day he won the EMWC World Title back in 2000!

GM: Caleb Temple is climbing that ladder, facing away from the ring as he goes rung by damn rung up towards the roof of the Cajundome here in Lafayette! Memorial Day Mayhem is what we call this show and these men here tonight are proving it to be EXACTLY that - Mayhem!

[The crowd is buzzing as Temple goes rung by rung up the twelve foot ladder, getting closer to the roof with each step... but there is no title belt awaiting the end of his climb, only a long way right back down.]

GM: Temple's three-quarters of the way up the ladder! Ryan Martinez is down! Ryan Martinez is bloody! Ryan Martinez is NOT moving!

[Temple steps up to the second to the highest rung, steadying himself as he does. He can be seen visibly taking some deep breaths.]

GM: It's been a long, long time since Caleb Temple has put himself in a position like this, fans!

[Temple plants a foot on the top of the ladder, looking out at the crowd which is now on its feet, hooting and hollering, screaming and shouting, watching and waiting...]

GM: What's he going to do?!

[The King of the Death Match reaches down, slowly doing the sign of the cross...]

GM: Temple looking for some divine intervention perhaps!

[...and LEAPS, flipping backwards through the air!]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[He plummets from the top of the ladder, flying backwards towards Martinez...]

...who ROLLS!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Martinez lies flat on his back on the canvas, his chest heaving with exertion as Temple lies facefirst on the ladder, his arms and ribs having SLAMMED into the steel with great impact!]

GM: Caleb Temple went for the home run but at the last minute - the last possible second - Ryan Martinez made a leaping catch and stole the game-winning blow away from him!

BW: Both men are down - even the referee is down! We've got bodies everywhere, Gordo!

[After several moments, the crowd begins to clap in rhythm, chanting the name of the World Heavyweight Champion.]

"MAR-TIN-EZ!"

"MAR-TIN-EZ!"

"MAR-TIN-EZ!"

"MAR-TIN-EZ!"

"MAR-TIN-EZ!"

"MAR-TIN-EZ!"

[With the fans rallying him, the AWA's White Knight, now covered in crimson, drags himself off the mat. He leans against the ropes, breathing deeply as he moves towards the downed Temple, grabbing him by the hair and YANKING his head back...]

...before SLAMMING his forearm down across the face of Temple in a vicious crossface blow!]

GM: OH!



[Martinez repeats it, throwing one across the bridge of the nose, perhaps breaking the nose in a bit of payback.]

GM: Another shot!

BW: Temple's gotta cover up from those!

[The White Knight lands blow after blow, causing Temple to turtle up, covering his head with his arms.]

GM: He's going to town on Temple!

[But as Temple covers up, Martinez yanks him up to his feet, swinging him around and throwing him back into the corner. He gives a shout, looking out to the fans who roar in response...]

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

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

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

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] –"

[Temple attempts to cut off the assault with a boot to the gut but Martinez catches the kick, shaking his head with a cold, remorseless look in his eyes as he swings the leg back down...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The brutal open-handed slap snaps Temple's head back, throwing him back into the corner where Martinez surges forward, throwing a series of brutal elbow strikes to the side of the head, snapping Temple's head to the side over and over again!]

GM: HE'S BEATING THE HELL OUT OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

[But Temple, ever the wily veteran, goes to the book of dirty tricks, jabbing a thumb into the eye of Martinez - the same eye he injured once before!]

GM: Ohh! To the eyes!

[Temple doesn't stick around to fight, dragging himself alongside the ropes, trying to get away from Martinez and buy himself some time to recover as Martinez staggers blindly towards him, pulling him back...]

GM: Martinez is fighting through the-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: HOLY-

[Another knife-edge chop connects, causing Temple to topple over the top rope, landing out on the ring apron right above the timekeeper's table!]

GM: Temple hits the apron hard! They're right there above Phil Watson, fans!

BW: And if I'm Phil Watson, I'd be hitting the bricks right about now!

GM: You're absolutely right about that and Phil Watson's doing exactly that, trying to get out of town before Temple can turn his demonic gaze towards him!

[With the ring announcer fleeing, Martinez steps out on the apron, rubbing at his eye before pulling Temple up by the hair, smashing him between the eyes with a haymaker!]

GM: Big right hand!

[A second and third follow, leaving Temple hanging from the top rope, desperately trying to stay up on the apron. A quick cut to the crowd shows a nervous-looking Veronica Temple embracing her daughter, shielding her eyes from what is happening in the ring to her father - both physically and mentally.]

GM: That sick son of a... his poor family is out here watching this!

BW: If you're at home and you're a psychiatrist, I'd make a note to give Veronica and Truth Marie a call after this one 'cause they both may be scarred for life after watching this!

[Martinez hangs onto the rope, doing a full spin before BLASTING Temple off the bridge of the nose with a backfist!]

GM: OH! Another hard shot... and that one puts Temple down on his knees!

[The World Champion backs off, throwing his arms up into the air, getting the Cajundome crowd riled back up to their feet, ready to see him finish off the King of the Death Match who is desperately digging into his boot.]

GM: Martinez is looking to finish him!

BW: What is Temple-

[As the White Knight turns, Temple strikes...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FIREBALL! MY GOD! YOU CAN FEEL THE HEAT FROM HERE!

[Martinez grabs at his face, falling backwards as the crowd roars with shock and horror!]

BW: I think he... he didn't get all of it, Gordo! Martinez might've gotten out of the way of most of that! That huge ball of fire shot up into the air but I think...

[The White Knight checks his condition, shaking his head as he leans against the ropes.]

BW: I think he got a little cooked but he's okay.

[Temple takes advantage of the "cooking", climbing to his feet and burying a kick into the gut of Ryan Martinez. He hauls the bloodied champion off the apron...

...and steps out onto the timekeeper's table!]

GM: Oh god... oh my god, no!

[Temple quickly yanks Martinez into a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's going for the piledriver again!

[The crowd buzzes, roaring to life as Temple lifts Martinez up but the World Champion is kicking and flailing, forcing Temple to set him back down...]

GM: He's trying to piledrive him through that wooden table!

BW: He's gonna break the kid's neck!

GM: Caleb Temple is trying to END the career of the World Heavyweight Champion tonight in Lafayette and-

[Suddenly, Martinez lifts out, pulling the legs with him, yanking them out from under Temple...]

GM: OH! What a counter!

[...and falls back, catapulting the 45 year old into the air!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TO THE POST! TO THE POST! TO THE POST!

[Temple collapses in a heap near the ringpost, arms shooting up over his head as the crowd ROARS for the incredible counter!]

GM: MARTINEZ SAVES HIMSELF AGAIN! WHAT HEART! WHAT GUTS! WHAT DETERMINATION ON THE PART OF THE WHITE KNIGHT!

[Martinez is lying flat on his back on the wooden table, his chest heaving with exhaustion.]

GM: We've passed the half hour mark in this one and Ryan Martinez has been through one HELL of a war, fans!

BW: He's not the only one. Caleb Temple, 45 years young apparently, has been right with the kid step for damn step, Gordo!

GM: You're right, you're right. BOTH men have been to hell and back and BOTH men keep on coming! BOTH men keep on bringing the thunder... and we still have no referee! Johnny Jagger is still down from that right hand although he is showing some signs of life!

BW: Wouldn't matter if he was standing! Ain't a soul gone for a win in this one yet, Gordo! It's like you said - this is a battle... this is a war... this is a reckoning! Neither of these guys are gonna be done until they're CERTAIN this war is over! Neither one of them wants to wake up tomorrow morning knowing that the other is still coming for them!

GM: Win or lose, this is Caleb Temple's final match in the AWA and he's fighting like it, Bucky! He's fighting like a man who does NOT have to come to work tomorrow! Ryan Martinez on the other hand is giving his all and then some... and he knows very well that if he ends up injured at the hands of a madman, he may wake up tomorrow a FORMER World Champion! So much at stake for him in this one!

[The cameraman on the floor moves around the ringpost where Temple has just managed to crawl, rolling to his back and...]

GM: Oh my stars! Caleb Temple's skull is split WIDE OPEN, fans!

[The blood is POURING from the wound on the head of Caleb Temple, pooling underneath his head on the ringside floor within mere moments. He desperately reaches up, trying to create space between himself and the White Knight, using the remnants of the ring apron to drag himself further...]

GM: Where in the...? He's going UNDER the ring!

BW: Who knows what's under there. We've already seen ladders and chairs used in this one... fire as well. Ringposts. Barricades.

GM: Earlier tonight, I was out here at ringside when the AWA officials did a full inspection under the ring to make sure that Caleb Temple didn't slip any surprises into the mix!

[From nearby at ringside, we can hear the voice of Veronica Temple pleading with her husband to stop... begging him to give up and end the war.]

GM: Veronica Temple doesn't want to see any more of this and who in the world could possibly blame her, Bucky?

BW: Not me. I've seen a lot of guys ban their wives and kids from EVER seeing them wrestle and a night like this shows you why. It also shows you how twisted that Caleb Temple is because he apparently INSISTED upon them being here for what he knew would be a war of attrition!

[Rolling off the timekeeper's table, Martinez pushes up to his knees, blood streaming down his face as he uses the table to climb to his feet, slowly moving around towards the trail of blood that Caleb Temple has left behind.]

GM: Temple's still under the ring!

BW: He was bleeding so badly, he may have passed out under there, Gordo.

[Martinez grabs Temple by the legs, pulling hard on them...

...and as Temple gets pulled into view, he comes up to a sitting position swinging!]

"CLANK!"  
"OHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: He hit him with a damned toolbox, Gordo! There was a toolbox under the ring like there always is to-

GM: Oh no!

[A wild-eyed Temple pulls the toolbox open, yanking a screwdriver into view...

...and SHOVES it into the forehead wound of Martinez, causing the White Knight to howl in pain as Temple tries to rip his skin clean down to the skull!]

GM: HE'S GOT A SCREWDRIVER!

[The crowd is screaming bloody murder as Temple pushes Martinez to his knees, getting behind him. He lifts the screwdriver up... then jabs it down... then up... then down...]

GM: HE'S STABBING HIM WITH THE SCREWDRIVER!!

[As the camera wheels around Temple, they catch him digging the sharp metal into the flesh of the White Knight, sending crimson streaming down the face onto the chest!]

GM: Martinez is bleeding profusely!

BW: Travis Stench can't even BLEED the best in a given night!

GM: Bucky! This isn't a laughing matter!

[Temple angrily throws the screwdriver aside, pulling Martinez off the floor and shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The King of the Death Match starts to follow him in...

...but pauses, turning to look at his tear-filled wife's face.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Temple approaches, pointing back at Martinez.]

"You crying for him? You feel sorry for HIM?"

[He angrily kicks the railing in front of her, drawing a shocked "OHHHH!" from the crowd who instantly start jeering him. He reaches down, snatching Veronica's purse from her seat, letting go of her wrist as he turns back towards the ring...]

GM: What kind of a sick, twisted animal-

[Temple rolls under the ropes, taking a knee as he digs into the purse.]

GM: There must be something in that bag... something in that leather bag that Veronica brought with her down to-

[The King of the Death Match pulls a black glove into view. He quickly pulls it on, revealing that it's actually an arm sleeve that goes all the way up to his elbow.]

GM: Temple's putting on some kind of a glove... some kind of a sleeve...

[He reaches back into the purse, grabbing something else as he climbs up to his feet...

...and holds it up for all to see.]

GM: What the...?

BW: Is that...

[The camera zooms closer, causing a ripple of horror to wash over the crowd.]

GM: That's lighter fluid! It's lighter fluid, Bucky!

[The bloodied and maniacal Temple starts squirting the container of fluid on the hand of the sleeve, soaking it. He reaches down into the purse one more time...

...and pulls out something that again causes the crowd to roar in terror!]

GM: He's got a lighter! Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta stop-

BW: Who?! Who would stop him?! There's no referee and he can't stop him if there was! The office tripled the usual security team in the back! No one's coming out here to save the White Knight! He's gotta save himself! He's gotta-

[Temple raises the hand, his eyes dancing with joy as he raises the Zippo lighter to his glove...

...and gives it a flick!]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[Temple moves quickly, grabbing the bloodied Martinez by the hair, pulling him up to his feet, attempting to apply a clawhold with the flaming hand!]

BW: IT'S THE HELLFIRE CLAW! NO ONE'S SEEN THIS DONE IN DECADES!

[But as the King of the Death Match's burning hand approaches the flesh of Ryan Martinez, the White Knight frantically raises his hands, grabbing the arm of Temple!]

GM: Temple's gotta lock this on quick! Martinez is fighting it and that sleeve won't protect Temple for too long! He's gotta get it on quick, Bucky!

BW: He does - and he ain't doin' it, daddy! Martinez is fighting for his life and he knows it!

[Martinez fights... and fights... and fights. The desperation in Temple's eyes becomes clear as he tries to shove the fire into the face of the AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

...but can't quite get there!]

GM: Temple's trying to-

[Suddenly, Temple lets loose a horrific scream, recoiling back...

...and Martinez' grip on the arm forces the hand back, shoving the flames right back in the face of Temple who instantly falls to the mat, rolling over the fire, sliding right out to the floor where a pair of ringside attendants quickly douse his arm with fire extinguishers!]

GM: The flames of Hell have scorched the King of the Death Match and-

[Temple is down on his hands and knees, ripping the sleeve from his arm, revealing bright red flesh underneath as Martinez leans over, hands on his knees inside the ring, crimson dripping off his head down onto the canvas...]

GM: Temple is down... look at the arm! He got burned by his own fire and that's as poetic as it gets, fans!

[Martinez turns, pointing to the corner!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the World Heavyweight Champion starts scaling the turnbuckles, moving up one step at a time as Temple continues to nurse his burn wounds on the floor. Martinez plants a foot on the top, giving off a roar as Temple stirs on the exposed concrete...]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[Martinez throws himself into the air, sailing towards Caleb Temple. He flies through the air in a dive best described as ugly... perhaps awkward... perhaps done with the grace of a drunken one-eyed elephant...]

GM: MARTIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[...and SMASHES into the bare concrete as Temple dives out of the way!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

BW: No, no, no, Gordo... Temple MOVED! That crazy son of a gun just had his arm and face burned and he STILL had enough presence of mind to get the hell out of the way of that dive off the top!

[Temple leans against the ring apron, a bloody grin splashed across his face as Veronica again screams for him to stop, begging him to walk away from the war. He gives a cold glare in her direction, shaking his head. He points a finger at her.]

“It’s time to finish this.”

[He drops down to a knee, undoing the buckles on his boot, pulling it off to reveal a bare foot underneath.]

GM: Temple’s got his boot off... what’s he-

[He pulls something from the boot, rising to his feet with it in his hand. Again, the crowd murmurs until the camera catches a glimpse of it...

...revealing an all-too familiar pearl-handled razor to longtime professional wrestling fans!]

GM: Oh my god. That’s the razor of Simon Ezra! Caleb Temple and Simon Ezra battled in the original Killing Box! Their careers were linked from the day the Blood Angel first arrived in the sport and it looks like Temple has chosen this night for one final tribute to his fallen foe!



BW: Thanks for the history lesson, Gordo, but what the HELL does he plan to do with it?!

[A smirking Temple fires the bloodied and motionless Martinez under the ropes into the ring. He turns back, walking with one bare foot up the steel steps...]

GM: THIS SICK SON OF A BITCH!

BW: Gordo!

GM: I can't help it! What kind of a sick, twisted animal does this! This is a sport! Professional wrestling is the sport of kings and for too long, it's been plagued by monsters like this maniac!

[Temple pauses on the ringsteps.]

GM: This psychopath doesn't belong inside a wrestling ring, Bucky... he belongs in a mental hospital! He belongs in a rubber room somewhere!

[As Gordon rants loudly, Caleb Temple slowly turns towards him, the razor still in his hand.]

BW: Gordo, I-

GM: I can't help it, Bucky! I've tried to be impartial but I can't do it anymore! Ryan Martinez is a professional wrestler! He's a champion! He's a hero to millions! And this sick, mentally depraved lunatic is trying to cripple him! He's tried to burn him! And now he's going to-

[Gordon's words cut off as he realizes that Caleb Temple is walking down the ring apron...

...right... towards... him.]

GM: Wait a second... wait a second!

BW: Hey Caleb, the announcers are protected here! You touch him, you're-

[Temple doesn't bother to listen to the threat, reaching out and grabbing Gordon Myers by the hair!]

GM: AGHH!

[The headset falls off Gordon Myers as Temple gives a yank on the hair, dragging him out of his seat!]

BW: GORDON!

[Bucky comes out of his seat, grabbing his partner by the arm, trying to help him...

...but a glare from Temple forces Bucky to back off, falling back into his seat as Temple drags the elderly Myers up on the apron, shoving him back through the ropes into the ring!]

BW: HEY! WE NEED HELP OUT HERE!

[Temple steps through the ropes, a gleam in his eye as the crowd delivers an EAR-SPLITTING course of jeers for him.]

BW: He can't do this, damn it! Get security away from the aisle! Let someone come out here! Gordon didn't ask for this! We didn't sign any damned waiver, O'Neill!

[The King of the Death Match stands over the terrified Gordon Myers who is now pleading for mercy with Temple, begging for his health as Temple lifts his hand...

...and flicks open the straight razor for the world to see!]

BW: NO! DAMN IT, NO!

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Bucky throws down his headset, shouting at Caleb Temple.

Temple turns towards Bucky for an instant, flashing a grin as the former manager HURLS his own chair over the top rope, sending it bouncing off the canvas in front of the King of the Death Match. The crowd cheers the aggressive action by Buckthorn P. Wilde as he grabs Gordon's chair, repeating the action.

The most evil man in the history of professional wrestling - the TRUE Epitome Of Evil - slowly raises the straight razor, pointing it right at Bucky Wilde.

"You're next," he whispers with a demonic grin as he grabs Gordon Myers by the hair, pulling his head back.

The screams of terror from the crowd get louder as Temple slowly lowers the razor, intending to saw open the forehead of Gordon Myers and spill his life's blood all over the canvas as he's done to so many others over the years.

Bucky gives one more shout, drawing Temple's gaze...

...just long enough for Ryan Martinez to surge to his feet, lifting Temple up into the air in an electric chair...

The shouts of "GET HIM! GET HIM!" from Bucky Wilde are the only call from the announcers as Temple takes the chance to press the straight razor into the forehead of Martinez, drawing screams from the fans as well as from the White Knight turned all sorts of crimson on this night...

...and DRIVES Temple backwards, sending the back of his head and neck SMASHING into the canvas, knocking the razor out of his hand where Gordon Myers grabs it before rolling out of the ring. The impact of the slam shakes the ring and the roar that follows shakes the Cajundome as the fans cheer on Ryan Martinez, urging him for one more flurry of offense to put away the King of the Death Match once and for all.

There is the brief sound of muffled clunking before we hear Bucky's voice again.]

BW: Thank god for that. Can you people hear me?!

[Martinez grabs the bloodied Temple off the mat, dragging him up to his feet...

...and pulling him into a front facelock!]

BW: BRAINBUSTER!

[But Temple CHARGES forward, smashing Martinez' back against the turnbuckles. He grabs an arm, going for an Irish whip...]

BW: Irish- Martinez turns it around! YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZAAAAAAA! YEAH! KICK HIS DAMNED SKULL OFF, KID!

[The impact of the kick SNAPS Temple's head back! Martinez grabs the arm, shooting him across again!]

BW: He's gonna do it again! Gordo, get on in here... I can't do BOTH of our jobs, you lazy goof!

[A whispered "you okay?" is just barely picked up on the mic but it's there as our announcers share a brief moment as Martinez barrels across the ring, extending his leg...

...and Temple drops down, causing Martinez to slam his leg into the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Johnny Jagger now on his feet, Temple throws himself at the back of Martinez' knee, clipping the knee out from under him!]

GM: Fans... can you guys in the truck hear- okay, fans... we're back to live action and- I'm-

[Gordon's obviously a bit flustered as Caleb Temple flips Martinez over onto his back, tying up the legs...]

GM: He's going for the Last Rites!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers for Temple's signature hold as he flips Martinez over onto his stomach, leaning back in a hold that tortures the legs and the back!]

GM: TEMPLE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

BW: I never thought I'd say this but - fight it, kid! Get out of this!

GM: Amen, my friend... and thank you.

BW: Don't get mushy on me now, Myers. We got a Main Event to finish calling!

[Caleb Temple leans back, blood streaming down his face as Johnny Jagger kneels down, checking to see if the World Champion wants to submit.]

GM: Pinfall or submission is the only way to end and it looks like Caleb Temple has FINALLY decided he wants this match to end! He's had enough! He's done enough damage! And now he wants to finish off Ryan Martinez once and for all!

BW: Hang on, kid!

[Martinez grits his teeth, pounding on the canvas with his fists as he screams "NOOOOO!" at the official.]

GM: Martinez refusing to give up! Refusing to quit! Willing himself to keep going!

[A quick shot to ringside shows Veronica screaming at her husband while Truth Marie, tears streaming down her face, is in near hysterics watching her father venture into the depths of Hell that there is no coming back from.]

GM: His family in tears but Caleb Temple is relentless! There is no one that will stop him from his stated goal here tonight! He swore to turn the entire AWA into his own personal Killing Box and... well, for some of us, it came very close to happening!

BW: Temple's got that hold in deep but Martinez is fighting it!

GM: But for how long? How long can he hang on? He's suffered some tremendous blows to his back and legs in this one! He's suffered a tremendous amount of blood loss!

[Ever the consummate professional, Gordon Myers provides excellent commentary despite the personal Hell he almost went through mere moments ago as Temple leans back in the hold, attempting to force a submission out of the AWA's White Knight.]

BW: Even if he passes out, the match ain't over, Gordo! The ref can't stop it! He has to make Martinez submit!

[Temple knows it too, leaning back and shouting at Jagger to "ASK!"]

GM: Martinez refuses to quit... refuses to... oh no...

[The pounding fists start to slow as the blood pools underneath Martinez' downed face.]

GM: He may be fading, Bucky!

BW: If he passes out, I guess Temple rolls him over and pins him?

GM: We may be about to find out because Ryan Martinez is certainly losing consciousness while trapped in the confines of one of the most legendary holds in the history of this business! How many matches - how many titles has Temple won with this very hold?

[Temple leans back again, giving off a roar as he tries to get a submission out of the fading World Champion...]

GM: He's... I think he's out... I think he's unconscious, fans.

[Jagger leans closer, lifting an arm...]

GM: The arm dropped! He's out cold!

BW: But it ain't over! Temple's gotta pin him! Temple's gotta-

[The King of the Death Match defiantly shakes his head at the official, keeping the Last Rites applied!]

GM: He's not gonna break it!

BW: He's trying to break Martinez' back! Now the question is - how long can Martinez' body survive in this hold?!

GM: We're- look! LOOK!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Martinez slowly shakes his head, blood being smeared on the canvas as he slides his arms underneath him into a pushup position...

...and with a defiant roar, Martinez pushes up off the mat, blood streaming down his face, dripping down onto the blood-soaked canvas!]

GM: LOOK AT THE FIGHT IN THIS MAN! MY GOD!

[Martinez pushes... and pushes... and pushes...

...and Caleb Temple falls over, having lost his balance as the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: MARTINEZ BREAKS THE HOLD! HE BROKE IT, BUCKY!

BW: Unbelievable!

GM: He got out of the hold... but that might not be enough, fans! Caleb Temple's still got the advantage... right back up on his feet...

[Temple looks down in disbelief at Martinez, staring down at him as the White Knight pushes up to his knees. The King of the Death Match's eyes take on a determined gaze as he spins away...

...and scoops up a steel chair!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's gonna end it, Gordo! The King of the Death Match is gonna crown Ryan Martinez and finish him off right here at Memorial Day Mayhem with the entire world watching!

[The Hall of Famer takes the chair, tapping it on the mat a few times as Veronica shouts again... shouting louder at her husband, begging him to not go through with it.]

GM: If Caleb Temple does this, we may never see Ryan Martinez again!

BW: Ask Eric Preston!

GM: Veronica is begging him... whoa!

[The crowd roars as Veronica comes over the railing, pulling her daughter with her. Veronica is at ringside, screaming and shouting at her husband as Temple takes aim at the kneeling World Champion.]

GM: Don't do it... for the love of... somewhere in there, there's gotta be a human being, doesn't there?

BW: I wouldn't be so sure about that. He almost carved you up like a Thanksgiving turkey, Gordo.

GM: He's got to...

[Temple rears back with the chair, ready to strike as another shout from Veronica gives him pause. He lowers the chair, turning to stare at her. He points adamantly at Martinez...]

"Him or me! Only one of us is walking out! That's how it has to be! That's how it has to end!"

[He turns back to Martinez who is barely conscious, blood pouring from his wounds as Temple winds up again...]

GM: CHAIR!

[...but Veronica climbs up on the apron, grabbing the chair tightly with both hands! The crowd ROARS in shock!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: VERONICA JUST SAVED RYAN MARTINEZ!

[Temple easily rips the chair away from his wife, spinning furiously towards her. His words aren't clear this time but his rage is, screaming at her angrily, pointing at the downed Martinez. Tears are streaming down the face of Veronica Temple!]

GM: His own wife just saved Ryan Martinez... but in reality, I think she was trying to save Caleb Temple! She was trying to save him from himself... save him from one final descent into darkness that he might never be able to climb out of!

BW: Gordo! Gordo, look! The kid!

[Veronica backs off in tears as Temple winds up, spinning around with the chair, the crowd buzzing at what they're seeing before he does...

...and he comes to a dead halt in mid-swing, staring down at his own flesh and blood, Truth Marie, standing in front of Ryan Martinez, shielding him with her own body!]

GM: TRUTH MARIE PUTS HER LIFE ON THE LINE!

[Temple looks incredulously at her, shaking his head. He angrily points her aside, demanding that she back off. But she defiantly shakes her head, clinging to the silver crucifix hanging around her neck, having removed the finger bone at some point during the match.]

GM: She won't budge! She's refusing to back down!

[Temple angrily throws the chair down, grabbing his daughter by the arm, dragging her across the ring and pushing her back into the corner as the crowd jeers. She is openly weeping as he turns back to Martinez, pulling him off his knees...

...right into a standing headscissors over the chair!]

GM: He's going for the piledriver! He's gonna finish off the World Champion!

BW: He's gone for it all night! He's tried to-

[But Truth Marie lunges into action again, surging towards her father, grabbing him from behind by the arm, trying to prevent him from lifting Martinez up for a match - and potentially career - ending maneuver!]

GM: TRUTH MARIE FIGHTING AGAIN! REFUSING TO LET HER FATHER DO THIS! REFUSING TO STAND ASIDE AND WATCH!

BW: She was the one who said he was coming! She was the herald of the darkness coming for Ryan Martinez! And now, in the end, she's here again trying to prevent that same darkness from enveloping her father!

[Temple's still attempting the lift, trying to ignore the efforts of his teenage daughter...]

GM: He can't get him up! He can't get Martinez up as long as Truth Marie has hold of him!

[She's begging her father, pleading with him to stop. She steps to the side, grabbing his arm with both hands...

...and he blindly swings his arm back, a move that HURLS Truth Marie off her feet, throwing her down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT SON OF A-

[The camera zooms in on Truth Marie, motionless on the canvas as Caleb Temple instantly shoves Martinez away, rushing to his daughter's side.]

BW: I think... I don't think he meant to do that, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right, Bucky. He knocked down Truth Marie but I'm almost CERTAIN from the look in his eyes that he had no intention of doing that.

[Temple kneels down beside his daughter, clasping her hand between his, speaking softly to her, pulling her into a blood-covered embrace as he whispers in her ear.]

GM: This is...

BW: Caleb Temple broke away from finishing off Ryan Martinez so he could check on his daughter!

GM: I never thought I'd hear that... and I sure never thought I'd SEE it! Is there something that Caleb Temple loves more than bloodlust?! Is there something more important to him than ending Ryan Martinez?!

[Temple stays there for several moments, making sure that Truth Marie is okay. She nods, squeezing his hand. He slowly climbs to his feet, turning towards the middle of the ring, the crowd roaring as he does...

...and gets SPEARED by a surging Ryan Martinez!]

GM: SPEAR! MARTINEZ CUTS HIM IN HALF!!



[Martinez pushes up to his knees, looking out to Veronica and Truth Marie who are embracing at ringside. He shoves himself off the mat, looking out at the roaring crowd...

...and picks up the fallen steel chair!]

GM: Martinez has got a chair! He's got one of -

BW: He's got MY chair!

GM: He certainly does!

[A bloodied and broken Caleb Temple rolls to his stomach, pushing up to all fours. He looks up at Martinez through bloodstung eyes, staring up at the son of the man who he dedicated much of his life to battling... to torturing... to tormenting...

...and he slowly spreads his arms, closing his eyes tight.]

GM: Temple.... Caleb Temple is INVITING the chair to the head!

BW: He thinks it's coming! He KNOWS it's coming!

[Martinez grips the chair in white-knuckled hands, staring down at the man who ruined his family... who is responsible for so many horrific memories from his childhood... who has made life miserable for so many of Martinez' family and friends... his father amongst them...

He raises the chair, holding it back behind his head...]

GM: HE'S GOT THE CHAIR BACK!

[The reaction of the crowd gives him pause. Yes, many are cheering, begging almost for him to END Caleb Temple once and for all. Many are hoping to see him mangle a steel chair over Caleb Temple's skull, a blow that would likely mean that Temple would live out his days in a diminished capacity.

But there are others.

Others who were listening when Gordon Myers called for a hero. Others who were watching when Ryan Martinez answered that call. Others who saw a boy turn into a man and a man turn into a champion. Others who saw a wide-eyed rookie evolve through the trials of fire into a White Knight.

Others who want nothing more than to believe in that young man forever and ever.]

GM: What's he going to do?!

BW: Gordo, what do YOU want to see him do?! Temple would have done serious physical harm to you if it wasn't for Martinez! You were almost one of his victims? You make the call!

GM: I want Ryan Martinez to...

[Martinez looks out at the crowd, looking back and forth over the Cajundome fans... letting his eyes rest on Veronica and Truth Marie, pleading expressions for mercy on their faces as Temple opens his eyes...]

"DO IT! DO IT, BOY!"

[The White Knight swings the chair, as hard as he can manage, putting every bit of force behind it...]

GM: ...be the hero that he is!

[...and SLAMS it into the canvas harmlessly, letting it rattle aside as he steps forward, grabbing the kneeling and bloodied Temple, pulling him into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

GM: MARTINEZ HOOKS HIM! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[He holds Temple up for a moment, long enough for the Cajundome sky to fill with flashbulbs firing...]

...and DROPS the King of the Death Match on top of his skull!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!

[Martinez flips over in a lateral press, reaching back to hook both legs as tightly as he can manage...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The AWA's White Knight rolls onto his back immediately staring up at the lights as the blood drips down his face. The Cajundome crowd EXPLODES at the sound of the bell, fans leaping up and down...]

...but yet, there are some vocal boos for a man who did not go far enough for some.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

RYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN  
MAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRTIIIIIIIIINEZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Johnny Jagger lifts the World Champion's arm, aiding him in getting up to a seated position, pointing to him as the victory as the overwhelming majority

of the fans cheer their support for the man who lived up to their love once again.]

GM: The AWA World Champion... the White Knight... has gone to the depths of Hell and come back out the other side as the hero to the people that he is, fans! Ryan Martinez has done it. He has won. He has vanquished the Devil himself.

[Martinez uses the aid of Johnny Jagger to get to his feet, approaching the ropes to raise a triumphant arm as Jagger kneels down next to Veronica and Truth Marie who are already with Temple. Jagger immediately gets up, waving his arms towards the locker room.]

GM: It was a war beyond comparison. The kind of thing of legend as Ryan Martinez battled the ghost that his father just could never seem to get rid of. Time and time again, Caleb Temple would emerge from the shadows to haunt those that he had tormented before. But after this night, I believe that ghost has been put down.

BW: We've got Dr. Ponavitch and the medical team coming down here. I don't know if it was the Brainbuster, the blood loss, or something else that happened along the way but Caleb Temple appears to be pretty badly hurt, Gordo.

GM: I... I'm not sure how I feel about that honestly. I never root for an injury. Seeing Supreme Wright down on the mat like that earlier did nothing for me. I want to see the best in the world compete. But after what Caleb Temple did tonight... after what he's spent the last two decades plus doing... is it possible to feel sorry for him?

BW: I don't know if I feel sorry for him either. His family maybe. His fans - if he has any - that have followed his career for so long. You know, Gordo... there is a decent chance we just saw the final match in a legendary career.

GM: With the amount of punishment he took here tonight and with the ruling handed down by AWA President Landon O'Neill, I believe that is a very real possibility as Temple is tended to by our medical team. It looks like they're going to need to take him from the ring on a stretcher.

[Temple gets quickly secured to the stretcher as Veronica and Truth Marie look on. The medical team prepares to move him back to the locker room area...

...when he slowly starts waving a hand at them.]

GM: Temple's telling them to stop... he's telling the medics to-

[Veronica rushes to his side, grabbing his hand to speak to him.]

GM: His wife and daughter by his side. This is a hard scene to watch, fans... no matter what he did - or threatened to do.

[Veronica pleads with Caleb Temple to stay down but the King of the Death Match frees himself from the confines of the stretcher...

...and with the aid of the EMTs, he rises to his feet, turning his bloodied face towards Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Round 2?

GM: I certainly hope not. Both of these men can barely stand at this point, Bucky.

[Temple glares through his crimson mask at Ryan Martinez who is staring right at him, fists balled up in case an attack comes.]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown here - a face-off.

[The King of the Death Match. Evil Incarnate. The most evil man in the history of the business. Former World Champion. Hall of Famer. The man known as Caleb Temple has known many names over the years... even those used outside of the ring... husband... father.

He stares at Martinez who returns the stare, neither man blinking as they wait to see what comes next...

...and what comes next is the biggest shock of them all.]

GM: What the...?

[Martinez blinks twice, perhaps unsure of what he's seeing as he looks down and sees a blood-stained hand extended in his direction.]

GM: I can't believe this, Bucky.

BW: Watch out for a trick!

GM: Caleb Temple has offered his hand to Ryan Martinez. After all they did to one another tonight... after all Temple's done to Martinez for months... after all he's done to Martinez' friends and family for years...

[The AWA's White Knight stares at the offered hand with a wary expression, concerned that he's sticking his arm into a bear trap. He locks eyes with Temple, staring deep through the gateway into Temple's very soul...

...and with a nod, he brings his hand up to meet Caleb Temple's. The fans roar in disbelief, applause breaking out all over the building as flashbulbs fire in every direction, capturing this epic moment in the history of professional wrestling.

The King of the Death Match slowly raises Martinez' hand, pointing at him with the off hand as Veronica and Truth Marie applaud from a few feet away, looking on in disbelief themselves.]

GM: Wow.

BW: You want to talk about a memorable moment? Whew.

GM: The most despised man in the history of our sport just shook the hand of perhaps his final rival. What a moment!

[Temple slowly lowers the hand, turning to give one final nod to Martinez who returns it in kind. Veronica steps to her husband's side as he puts a weary arm across her shoulders. Truth Marie steps past her parents, walking towards Ryan Martinez. She throws herself forward, not in a rage as she did two weeks ago but in a sisterly-embrace. Martinez accepts it, patting her twice on the back before she extracts, smiling as she steps back to join her parents.]

GM: A family united once more. Caleb Temple may no longer have the ring as a home... but a home he certainly has.

[Temple holds the ropes open for his wife and daughter, allowing them to exit the ring before he does. He pauses on the apron, again pointing to Martinez to a big reaction from the crowd before he lowers himself down to the floor, embracing his family once more as he makes his way up the aisle. The smattering of a "TEM-PLE!" chant is heard, growing stronger and stronger as the trio works their way towards the locker room.]

GM: The AWA faithful - the best fans in professional sports - paying perhaps a final tribute to one of the most legendary competitors in the history of our sport as he makes what may be his final walk up the aisle to the locker room, leaving behind the man who vanquished him.

[The family pauses just before the curtain, allowing Caleb Temple to turn, bloodied and beaten as he takes one final look at a professional wrestling crowd who paid their hard-earned money to see him compete inside the squared circle...

...and with a smile - a true smile not born of evil - he puts his arms around his wife and daughter once more and vanishes through the curtain.

We cut back to the ring where Ryan Martinez is standing, watching the exit as he wipes the blood from his eyes. "Vox Populi" kicks back in to a HUGE cheer as Martinez leans on the ropes, smiling at the cheering fans.]

GM: What a moment! What a match! What a win and what a night! Fans, we've seen one heck of a show here from the Cajundome and with Bucky Wilde by my side - thankfully on this night - we wish you so long from Memorial Day Mayhem and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[Martinez steps to the midbuckle, pointing to the cheering fans with great joy and pride...

...as we fade to black.]