

Seventh Anniversary Show

March 21st - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

[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 the sounds of "Monuments" by the Smashing Pumpkins begins to play. The synth and drumline leads the way as the screen fills with Bobby O'Connor sailing through the air, cracking Hamilton Graham with the Fear The Reaper followed by The Gladiator gorilla pressing a helpless foe into the sky.]

#I feel alright,
I feel all right tonight. #

[Supernova comes tearing across the ring from corner-to-corner, flinging himself into the air and crushing someone with a Heat Wave splash turns into Aaron Anderson throwing Cody Mertz up into the air for the pop-up European uppercut which Mertz counters into a title-winning hurracanrana on the way down.]

#And everywhere I go it's shining bright#

[Dave Bryant turns a helpless Larry Doyle over into an Iron Crab, causing him to squeal and flail about in pain becomes Johnny Detson dropping someone with the Wilde Driver.]

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

[Demetrius Lake comes sailing off the top rope onto a prone opponent with the Big Cat Pounce switches to Juan Vasquez dropping a victim with the dreaded Right Cross becomes Shadoo Rage smashing his knee into Tony Sunn's skull.]

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

[Hannibal Carver spewing beer into the camera lens turns into Jack Lynch wrapping his Iron Claw around a helpless opponent's skull which becomes the Dogs Of War sending Alex Martinez to the hospital with Pedro Perez' double stomp to the skull off the middle rope.]

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

[Travis Lynch throws a discus punch that bounces off the skull of The Lost Boy becomes Brad Jacobs breaking Dave Bryant in half with a spear becomes Calisto Dufresne spiking a skull into the canvas with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am turns into Sultan Azam Sharif hooking in the Camel Clutch.]

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

[The music increases in tempo as we got shot after shot - Brian James betraying TORA... Cain Jackson throwing the big boot... Hercules Hammonds delivering a backbreaker... Skywalker Jones sailing from coast to coast with a dropkick... KING Oni throwing Kevin Slater around like a ragdoll... Derrick Williams delivering the spinebuster... Dichotomy delivering the flying bulldog off the top... Callum Mahoney breaking his trophy over Sharif's head...]

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

[And as we spin off into a rockin' guitar solo, we show Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright trading brutal head-rocking slaps for several moments...

...and then burst into white, showing a bloodied Ryan Martinez holding the World Title belt over his head! The shot holds for a moment before falling to the bottom, leaving behind a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath the marquee with the name of the building and the words "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in block black text as "Monuments" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in downtown Dallas in the Crockett Coliseum for perhaps the final time! And we are LIVE for what promises to be another exciting night of American Wrestling Alliance action as we bring you SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[Another cut brings us inside the building - into the warehouse converted into a makeshift arena's "seating bowl." The wooden bleachers are still there as are the hundreds of metal folding chairs surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view which also reveals the interview "stage" has been set up near the top of the aisle as has the long elevated entrance platform leading from the locker room to the ring.

A large video screen has been erected over the entrance platform, right now looping an AWA logo but certainly with the idea of showing some backstage interviews and such throughout the show. The screen isn't gigantic by any sense of the imagination but it's big enough for the fans jam-packed into the downtown Dallas building to see.]

GM: It's a night of mixed emotions here in Dallas as we say goodbye to our home for the past seven years - the amazing city of Dallas who embraced a small startup wrestling company... a company that the odds said would end up in bankruptcy in less than a year as so many in our industry do - and we set out on the road on a full-time basis. The little company that could has turned into an international sensation and 2015 is when the AWA will live up to that status. And somehow, it seems only fitting that tonight, we also celebrate the AWA's Seventh Anniversary!

[Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find two members of our announce team. The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is smiling as though a giant weight has been lifted off his shoulders over the past couple of weeks. He sports a black sportscoat and matching slacks with a white dress shirt and a red tie - very professional and very by-the-book for the senior play-by-play man in the industry. By his side, as always, is the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is about as different from his colleague as you can get, sporting a hot pink sportscoat over a bleached white dress shirt. He's opted for a matching bright white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at a new and improved "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm

Gordon Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde. Bucky, it is perhaps better than ever to be a fan of the American Wrestling Alliance and it seems only fitting that here tonight on our last night in Dallas, Texas, that we celebrate our seventh anniversary!

BW: Seven years... whew. This relationship has lasted longer than any of my marriages has and it's still goin' strong, daddy!

[Bucky looks up.]

BW: But it looks like we're halfway out the door already, Gordo. Where did the banners go?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: I think someone got a little overzealous in their packing. Tonight, we see the return of the AWA National Title - wrested from us through underhanded means back in 2012 - and the crowning of a new champion in this eight man Brass Ring Tournament!

BW: Eight guys climbing in there tonight with visions of gold dancing through their heads. You've got favorites, dark horses, sleepers, and everything in between but at the end of it all, only one guy will be left holding the very same title made famous by men like Broussard, Scott, and Vasquez.

GM: In addition to that, the World Tag Team Titles AND the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown will be on the line when Air Strike defends against one of the top teams in the world - the War Pigs!

BW: The War Pigs came to the States for one purpose - to rip those titles from around the waists of Mertz and Aarons and set up a Dream Match of their own with Violence Unlimited back in Japan. They destroyed everyone they encountered two weeks ago... if it happens here tonight, we've got new champions, Gordo.

GM: We've got all of that plus much, much more but right now, let's-

[But before he can go on, Gordon is interrupted by the opening words of a very familiar song.]

It's alright
It's alright...

[And the fans are already on their feet.]

#It's alright
I'm just...

[And the fans get...]

#A LITTLE CRAZY!

GM: Do you hear that, Bucky? That's the sound of five thousand fans screaming at the top of their lungs because the Hall of Famer is in the house!

[And as Fight's "Little Crazy" kicks into high gear, out steps Alex Martinez. The multi time World Champion and Hall Of Famer is all business as he moves determinedly towards the ring. He comes out in his ring gear, pausing to look at the time keeper, giving him a nod as if to tell him to get ready to ring the bell.]

GM: Two weeks ago, Alex Martinez laid out the challenge. He wants Caleb Temple. And apparently, the Last American Badboy is here to make good on that!

BW: You saw what happened to him at SuperClash? Do you really think this is smart, Gordo?

GM: I think when you're a fighter like Alex Martinez, you find a way. Just as we've seen him do, nearly every time.

[One long leg and then the other is thrown over the top rope, as Alex Martinez moves to the center of the ring. Microphone in hand, he turns, staring straight at the entranceway.]

AM: Caleb Temple...

Get your sorry ass out here!

[The crowd ROARS at the challenge... then a pregnant silence fills the Coliseum as all eyes join Martinez' in staring at the entranceway.]

GM: Fans, I have no idea if Caleb Temple is even in the building tonight. But if he is, you have to wonder if he'll respond. If I were Mr. Temple, I'm not sure I'd want to face Alex Mar-

[And then the lights go completely out.]

BW: This is bad, Gordo!

GM: I... I think I see movement Bucky, but I can't be sure.

[The flicker of cell phones fills the Crockett Coliseum, creating a strobing effect that does illuminate a figure moving towards the ring.]

GM: What in the... someone's out here! Someone is-

[A moment later, the lights come up, and Alex Martinez is no longer alone in the ring. The roar of the crowd is so loud that for a moment, those five thousand voices drown out everything. What are they cheering for?

The World Champion is in the ring.]

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ HAS RETURNED! Two weeks ago, our World Champion wasn't here. But the AWA's White Knight can't be kept down for long!

BW: He's still medically suspended!

GM: Well, I don't think that Ryan Martinez is going to wrestle his father!

[The two Martinezes look at each other, both of them staring intently. As always, when they're this close, it's easy to see the family resemblance. While the elder Martinez is in his ring gear, Ryan is wearing street clothes, namely a simple black "AWA" t-shirt and a pair of black jeans. The color on him comes from the gold belt that's resting on his right shoulder, held there firmly by his hand. Ryan gestures to his father, wanting him to hand over the mic. Slowly, almost reluctantly, Alex complies.]

RM: About two and a half years ago, we stood in this very ring, and you offered me your hand. You told me I had to put aside my pride, and join you as we took on Gunnar and Justin Gaines. And on that night, you were right. I needed you, and I needed your help. So on that night, I shook your hand, and I accepted your help.

But tonight, I'm telling you to go home, and not to come back.

[The crowd reacts in shock, but their shock is nothing compared to the look on the face of Alex Martinez. He can be seen to be mouthing the words "what are you talking about?" to his son. Ryan exhales, but his expression never falters, as he looks straight ahead at his legendary father.]

RM: Two and a half years ago, I didn't want you to fight my fights. But the truth was, I needed your help. I wasn't ready. It's hard to say that, even now, but if I hadn't taken your help back then, I wouldn't be standing here now.

But times change. I'm not who I was then. And Dad? I know you don't want to hear this, but you're not who you were two and a half years ago either.

Two and a half years ago, you were ready to move on. You were ready to enter into the next phase of your life. You just had one last piece of business to take care. Well, that business is taken care of.

And you have moved on. Your life has changed. You have a new career. You're not the Last American Badboy anymore. Now, you're the next big action star. Your life is in Hollywood now, in front of the camera, not between the ropes.

[Martinez pauses, staring at his father who is now standing with his hands on his hips, perhaps a growing anger surging to the surface.]

RM: Caleb Temple isn't your problem anymore, Dad. He's mine.

[The elder Martinez grimaces, shaking his head defiantly.]

RM: What he did to you? I was there. You spent years in the darkness. Years that I had to watch as you slowly pulled yourself out of the wreckage that he made of your life. And you did it. You pulled through because that's the kind of man you are. But I remember the dark days. I remember what he did to you. Not just your body, but your mind and your soul as well. I saw you torn down. And I'll be damned if I let that happen again.

I won't let you get dragged into this, because it's my war, Dad, not yours.

You had your resolution. You had your closure. When The Dragon brought Temple back, you got your retribution. You got the victory that had eluded you all that time. And at that moment, when you pinned Caleb Temple, your war ended.

I won't let you start it back up.

Temple came after me, and the moment he did, it stopped being about you, Dad. I know you want to protect me. And I know that, in some twisted way, Temple thinks he's going to get at you through me. But the thing is, Dad, he can't touch you unless you play his game. You've beaten him.

Don't let him take that away from you.

[The Hall of Famer is looking down at the mat now, thinking about his son's words.]

RM: Go home, Dad. Go home and be Alex Martinez, the next Hollywood superstar. There is nothing in wrestling that you haven't accomplished. You have nothing left to prove. Everyone here knows that.

[The sudden roar from the fans confirms Ryan's words.]

RM: Now, I know that-

[But before Ryan can continue, Alex suddenly takes the microphone from his hands.]

AM: Listen, kid, that's all well and good, but the thing is, ya don't know who you're dealin' with here.

[The microphone is yanked away again, this time from father to son.]

RM: No Dad, the truth is, YOU don't know who you're dealing with. You think you're talking to your son. You think you're talking to a kid who needs to be told what's what. But that's not who I am.

I'm the World Heavyweight Champion.

And you need to respect what that means.

[There's a loud "OHHHH" from the crowd, as Alex stares at Ryan, open mouthed and speechless.]

RM: People think I didn't know who was behind all this. But that's not true. I knew who was sending those letters, and I knew I was tempting fate when I ignored his "advice." I knew it was something he'd have to answer. I didn't know what he'd do. And believe me, the last thing I wanted was to be set on fire.

But I'm glad he's here.

Because I'm going to end him once and for all.

[The crowd ROARS again at the idea of that.]

RM: Caleb Temple is out in the open, and that's just where I want him. Because Temple isn't going to be facing a wet behind the ears dumb kid who needs his daddy to come and save him. He's going to be facing the man named Ryan Martinez. The AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

And there isn't a man on God's green earth who knows what weight that carries more than you do.

Two and a half years ago, you told me I needed your help. And you were right. But now, I'm telling you that what I need from you is for you to go home. What I need to do is finish this myself.

But if you're worried, then don't be. Because I'm not alone.

I don't stand here by myself. I stand here with friends and allies. And I stand here with the five thousand people in this building, and the two million watching at home. And I'm telling you, Dad:

You can go. Your son's got this.

[The two look at each for a moment, and this time, Alex just gestures for the microphone, giving a respectful nod when Ryan hands it over.]

AM: Ya know somethin', kid? You're stubborn, too damned stubborn for your own good. That hard head of yours is gonna get you into a whole lotta trouble in this lifetime. You got a tough road ahead of ya. That's the truth. But ya know what else you are?

You're a Martinez.

You're my son.

You're the World Heavyweight Champion.

And you make your old man proud.

[There's applause for that one. Fathers and sons cheering as one.]

RM: Ya want Temple for yourself? I won't lie. I don't like it. But I'm gonna let ya have him. I'm gonna do what ya ask. Because you're right. You are a man. You're the man I raised ya to be, and frankly, you're a better man than I ever was.

So yeah... this is yours, kid.

Just promise me that you'll end this once and for all. Just promise me that this is the last time. Can ya do that?

[Ryan nods his head and gestures for the microphone.]

RM: Oh... you can count on it!

[Alex extends his hand and Ryan takes it, pulling his father into a hug. It lasts a long time, and then, when it ends, Alex Martinez takes a step back, giving one more nod as he steps over the ropes, making his way back up the ramp, ceding the ring that he once ruled to his son.]

GM: Wow. What a moment, fans! What a moment we've just witnessed between this legendary father and his World Champion son here tonight in Dallas!

BW: Times change, people change, and it looks like we've just seen a major change in this sport. No longer when you hear the name "Martinez" do you think of the Hall of Famer... now, it's his son. Now, it's the World Heavyweight Champion. And now it's the man who has the weight of the world on his shoulders as he attempts to carry this company to the next level.

GM: Well said, my friend... and as Alex Martinez walks back up that ramp, once again we have to wonder if this just might be the final time we see him out there. He took part in that six man tag at SuperClash that ended in a most brutal fashion for him. He spent weeks in the hospital after that and with a budding Hollywood career in front of him, the days of Alex Martinez inside a wrestling ring may be coming to an-

[As Alex continues to walk down the ramp, reaching the top of it, a hooded figure races in from the shadows. Martinez turns towards the movement, trying to bring up his arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and failing as a steel chair SMASHES him across the skull, knocking him flat on the elevated wooden ramp. The crowd reacts in horror as the hood gets flipped back.]

GM: TEMPLE! CALEB TEMPLE IS HERE!

[Temple wheels around, turning to face the ring where Ryan Martinez was standing on the far side. The World Champion instantly drops the title belt, racing across the ring as Temple takes aim...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: AGAIN!

[He winds up a third time as Martinez comes through the ropes, charging up the elevated ramp as quickly as his legs will carry him.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

BW: A THIRD SHOT TO THE SKULL! COMPLETELY EXPOSED!

[Temple winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHT-

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Temple rears back with the now-dented chair, ready to strike his longtime rival again...]

...but Ryan Martinez THROWS himself into a full body spear tackle, taking Temple down onto the elevated ramp! The World Champion is full of fury as he batters the downed Temple with rights and lefts, the crowd roaring for the assault as the announcers fall silent.

The champion lands blow after blow as Temple pulls up his arms, trying to defend himself. Suddenly, there is a half dozen AWA officials tearing into view, swarming the World Champion to try and break off the attack. But Martinez is relentless, fire in his eyes as he batters Temple again and again and again.

A few more officials arrive, this time packing some former competitors, giving enough muscle to pull the younger Martinez off the King of the Death Match. The World Champion is screaming at Temple, threatening all sorts of bodily harm as the AWA officials manage to get the Hall of Famer back to his feet where he promptly shoves one of them down to the ground. He starts towards Martinez who is struggling against the grip of backstage workers Tommy Fierro and Ghazi Hassan.

Temple peels back, shaking his head with a diabolical smirk on his face. He backpedals, wagging a finger at the struggling World Champion as he disappears through the curtain, walking into the darkness. An angry Ryan Martinez rips free of the relaxed grips, turning towards his father, diving down to his knees to check on him.]

GM: My god, fans... what in the world is going on at the outset of this - our Anniversary Show? Alex Martinez is brutally assaulted... absolutely viciously assaulted by his longtime enemy, Caleb Temple... and the World Champion

got him a piece of Caleb Temple against doctor's orders but you better believe it wasn't enough!

BW: Temple strikes again, daddy!

GM: And... look at Alex Martinez. He's hurt, fans. He's hurt bad. He's down on the floor, holding the head... holding the neck...

[Ryan Martinez is kneeling down next to his father, constantly talking to him as Dr. Bob Ponavitch emerges from the locker room area, rushing towards the downed Hall of Famer.]

GM: You can see Dr. Ponavitch out here... trying to get in there to check on- wow! He didn't waste a single second in calling for more help. He wants a stretcher out here right now.

BW: A blind man could see that Alex Martinez is gonna need wheeled out of here, Gordo. And if this is the last time we see him in an AWA ring, he's had a pretty bad way of going out, Gordo. Hospitalized by the Dogs Of War back at SuperClash and now... well, I'd have to assume he's going back to the hospital right now as well at the hands of Caleb Temple.

[Dr. Ponavitch's orders are quickly followed, resulting in the arrival of a stretcher promptly. But Ryan Martinez stays in his spot, leaning closer.]

GM: Is Alex saying something to his son?

BW: Sure looks like it. Surprised he can even talk right now.

[Ryan gives a nod, turning to speak to Dr. Ponavitch who angrily protests after listening.]

GM: There's an apparent difference of opinion between Ryan Martinez and the AWA's lead physician. A heated difference of opinion at that.

[Ponavitch points to the downed Hall of Famer, insisting loudly that his team get closer. But the World Champion refuses, shoving the doctor back.]

GM: Whoa. Easy now, Ryan.

BW: Strip him of the belt!

GM: This argument is getting out of hand and-

[Ryan spins away, leaning down and grabbing his father by the arm, dragging the seven footer up to his feet. The Hall of Famer leans heavily on his son, allowing him to help him walk the handful of feet towards the exit of the arena.]

GM: Ryan's helping his father up! Ryan's not about to allow his father to be carried out of here on a stretcher, damn it!

[Ponavitch protests but quiets as Fierro moves to help the World Champion, grabbing the other arm as they help the Hall of Famer walk up the elevated ramp, heading towards the exit as the fans stand and politely applaud as we cut away to the ringside announcers.]

GM: Fans, if this is any indication of what this night is going to be like, we're in for one heck of a ride.

BW: Caleb Temple continues to be near lethal, Gordo. Every single time we see him, he comes to take someone out. At SuperClash, it was the fireball. On our debut on The X, he put the World Champion in the hospital again. And now tonight? Tonight, he puts his fellow Hall of Famer out as well! He's batting 1,000, daddy!

GM: So was Ryan Martinez when he was beating the tar out of him up at the top of the ramp, Bucky.

BW: That was a punk kid throwing a temper tantrum. He did no lasting damage... no real damage to the King of the Death Match. All he did was make him madder than he already was.

GM: Fans, we've dispatched Melissa Cannon backstage to try and get an update on the condition of Alex Martinez. As soon as she knows something, we'll let you know... but right now, we've got to take our first break of the night! We've got so much more still to come so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

Fade back up on the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to this huge night in the history of the AWA. We're celebrating our Seventh Anniversary here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum but it doesn't feel like much of a celebration so far as moments ago, we saw Alex Martinez brutally assaulted by Caleb Temple to the point where he had to be helped from the ring. Like we said before the break, Melissa Cannon is backstage and during our break, she let us know that Alex Martinez is currently in the midst of a heated discussion with AWA officials and Dr. Bob Ponavitch who want him to go to a nearby medical facility to get checked for signs of a possible concussion.

[Gordon shakes his head solemnly, paging through some notes on the announce desk.]

GM: That discussion is ongoing and again, when we get more information, we'll be bringing it to you. But right now, we've gotta change our focus to the Brass Ring Tournament and the quest to be crowned the National Champion. As we said earlier, we've got eight men in this tournament - all hoping to walk out of here with their name etched in the history books next to names like Houston, Sudakov, and Dufresne. Who will it be? We've all got our picks but right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing at the big tournament board!

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of a huge bracket board, gesturing at it.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! The Brass Ring Tournament, fans, was designed to give those up and coming stars that big shove into the upper echelon but with the return of the AWA National Championship, it became even more important. Eight men walked into the Coliseum tonight with the dream of walking out with the big gold but only one can make it happen. On this side of the bracket...

[He gestures over his right shoulder.]

MS: We've got first round matchups of Hercules Hammonds and "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, the last two men remaining in the Brass Ring Battle Royal back at SuperClash in November. We've also got "Big" Brad Jacobs taking on the 2014 Rookie Of The Year Frankie Farelli in a battle of former gridiron greats.

[He turns to look over his left shoulder.]

MS: On the other side, we'll see Callum Mahoney, the Armbar Assassin, collide with the Texas Heartthrob himself, Travis Lynch. And to wrap things up in the first round, we've got the youngster, Derrick Williams, taking on the self-professed King of Wrestling himself, Demetrius Lake. Eight incredible competitors but only one will be able to call himself "champion" at the end of the night. Who will it be? Hercules Hammonds, come on in here...

[The camera shot pulls back a bit to allow the massive Hercules Hammonds to stride into view. The self-proclaimed "Strongest Man in All the Land" is dressed in a very patriotic, short-sleeved, hooded blue fighter's robe with white stars and red stripes in the image of the American flag. The robe is left open, revealing the red, white, and blue trunks that Hammonds wears underneath. Stegglet takes one look at Hammonds' ensemble and shakes his head, smiling.]

MS: That's quite the look for you, Hercules Hammonds.

[Herc smirks, looking proud of his ensemble.]

HH: It's a look worthy of a National Champion, Steggy. 'Cause I don't care if you're from Russia, Canada, ancient Egypt or the Earth's core! When you holdin' the National Title, you're the man dat represents this country from sea to shinin' sea! So I figure if I'm gonna' be holdin' dat Title, I might as well dress the part!

MS: Well, be that as it may, you will need to win THREE very challenging matches tonight. And coming off that vicious attack from The Walking Dead two weeks ago, your road to the National Title just became that much more difficult.

[Herc rubs his ribs, the smirk disappearing off his face.]

HH: They dropped the Great Sphinx and the Great Pyramid of Giza on ol' Herc. They sent the ten plagues of Egypt at me...but THIS temple of the gods is still standin', Steggy! This holy structure ain't just gonna' crack dat easily! 'Cause a diamond might be the hardest substance known to man, but Hercules Hammonds is the hardest substance known to the GODS!

[Herc pounds his fist against his chest several times, before staring down at Stegglet, who hesitantly nods his head in agreement.]

MS: Speaking of diamonds, you face the man that many have called the odds on favorite to win this tournament, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll in the first round. It was Driscoll who eliminated you to win the Battle Royal at SuperClash to gain entry into the Brass Ring Tournament. Your thoughts going into tonight's match?

[The big man gives it a thought for a second, before leaning down, close to Stegglet, like he's telling him a big secret.]

HH: Do you know what a diamond is, Steggy? A diamond ain't nuthin' but a lump of coal that made good under pressure.

But dat ain't what Rob Driscoll is.

He's still nuthin' but a dirty, DIRTY lump of coal.

[A deep, chuckle rises from Herc's gut as he stands straight back up.]

HH: He tries to sell himself as a diamond, but he ain't EVER faced adversity like this. He ain't EVER felt dat pressure! He ain't EVER been under pressure like this in his ENTIRE CAREER, no matter where he's been, where he's fought or on what stage he's been on before this!

[Herc's head suddenly snaps up, eyes bulging, veins popping, intensity ready to explode.]

HH: 'Cause BROTHA'! Where Rob Driscoll's been? No matter WHERE it was...dat wasn't the place to be! Dat wasn't the very top of professional wrestlin'! DAT WASN'T THE AWA!

[...]

HH: DAT AIN'T DALLAS!

[A BIG pop can be heard from inside the Coliseum for that one.]

HH: Let's see where you've been, son. Let's follow the roads that Rob Driscoll's taken to get here and see if it matches up to the greatest wrestlin' city in the greatest wrestlin' promotion in ALLLLLLL the world!

Minnesota?

DAT AIN'T DALLAS!

[POP!]

HH: Michigan?

DAT AIN'T DALLAS!

[An even bigger pop!]

HH: Washington D.C.?

[A grin forms on Herc's face as the crowd begins to roar in anticipation.]

HH: DAT.

AIN'T.

[The Coliseum joins in for this one...]

"DALLAS!!!"

[Stegglet looks around the backstage area, somewhat stunned by that reaction from the crowd.]

HH: And on this, the night when the AWA leaves Dallas, I'm gonna' show Driscoll just what he was missin' all these years! You're not just goin' up against any geek off the street...you're goin' one-on-one with HERCULES HAMMONDS! The man dat hasn't lost a singles match against the greatest competition in the world in three years! I've been to the top of mountains you ain't even begun to climb and you think this race is over? While you've been sittin' on your butt for three months lookin' for dat "Perfect Ten"...

[Herc suddenly stops makes his pecs dance. Left...right...left...right...both at the same time, to the very vocal hoots and hollers of the ladies in the crowd.]

HH: And bein' a perfect ten, Herc understands EXACTLY why Rob Driscoll would find'em so damn desirable, but nevertheless...

...what do YOU think Herc's been doin' for three months?

[A serious expression forms on Hammonds' face. The rich, deep bass of his voice lowering from booming thunder to a rumbling whisper.]

HH: While you've been readin' postcards, lookin' up profiles on online datin' sites, left swipin' right swipin' on Tinder, and doin' ya' dirty business on Snapchat in search of dat six maxin' out at seven dat you're gonna' try to pass off as a perfect ten...

...I've been wrestlin'. I've been fightin'. I've been workin' and I've been trainin' like you can't even BEGIN to imagine.

And I've NEVER forgot how you got into the Brass Ring Tournament at my expense, boy.

[His eyes narrow into a menacing glare.]

HH: Whatta' ya' think is goin' through Herc's mind? Ya' think it's fear? Ya' think it's hesitation? Ya' think it's Herc havin' second thoughts 'bout goin' up 'gainst the man dat tossed him outta' the ring on his butt?

[Herc cracks a smile, shaking his head before coming back with a roar.]

HH: IT'S EXCITEMENT, SON!

[POP!]

HH: 'Cause I see a boy dat didn't keep his eyes on the prize! I see a boy dat thought he won the race on the first turn and didn't bother to even look back to realize dat right now, he's got EVERYONE breathin' down his neck! And at

this moment...THIS VERY MOMENT, in this race...Herc is so close, he just reached out and grabbed ya'! And even though ol' dirty lump of coal Rob Driscoll might still be pumpin' dem legs, you're not goin' anywhere! You're only gonna' go as far as Herc is gonna' let ya'.

[The grin on his face grows.]

HH: And Herc plans to wrap the largest arms in the world on Rob. I'm gonna' put the SQUEEZE on ya'! And you'll finally feel dat pressure! I'll crush ya'. I'll hold on to ya' like my mama holds her baby boy every time he comes back to Tupelo. And you'll snap, crackle, and POP! And I ain't gonna' let go, even if I break ya' into a million billion pieces! Not 'til dirty, nasty, grimey lump of coal Rob Driscoll finally becomes dat beautiful diamond under pressure!

[Herc nods his head excitedly.]

HH: And if you do make good under pressure...if you do become dat diamond, that's just fine with me, Rob. 'Cause diamonds might be forever...

...BUT HERCULES HAMMONDS IS IMMORTAL!

[THAT really gets the crowd inside the Coliseum going, as faint chants of "HERC!" can be heard in the distance. Herc turns his head slightly to acknowledge the chants, before turning his attention back to Stegklet.]

HH: So BE the crowned jewel of professional wrestlin', Rob. Go ahead and be the ONLY diamond in professional wrestlin'! Ain't no sweat off my back! Shine on all ya' want, ya' crazy diamond, 'cause by the end of the night, Hercules Hammonds'll gladly be...

...your AWA National Champion.

[And with that, Hammonds lifts the hood of his robe over his head and turns away, heading off into battle.]

MS: Hercules Hammonds is ready for action here tonight... and he certainly has these fans in Dallas behind him... but is it enough to beat the man who has perhaps made the biggest impact in the shortest amount of time in a long, long while. Colt Patterson is standing by with "Diamond" Rob Driscoll right now so take it away, Colt!

[We crossfade to another part of the backstage area where Colt Patterson, dressed in a glittering golden silk vest over his bare chest, is standing. He's got a purple sportscoat on over it and a matching beret rounding out the ensemble.]

CP: Thanks, Steggy Stegg Stegg. We are just moments away from our first round match pitting "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, the first man to qualify and MY prohibitive favorite, against former World Tag Team Champion, and maybe - just maybe - the strongest man in all the land, Hercules Hammonds.

Rob Driscoll, moments away, tell us what's going through your head.

[Driscoll saunters into the picture, dressed in his wrestling attire and with a sequined, silky vest over top. Driscoll's hair is matted down with water and with sweat, and his normally infuriating smirk is gone, replaced by determination.]

RD: Colt Patterson. My main man.

Here we are, at the seventh anniversary show for the AWA. Deep in the heart of Texas. About to say goodbye to the Crockett Coliseum for a loong time.

And I don't know if ya've heard, maybe you didn't poke your head out the door, but they're turning people away. The Crockett Coliseum is standing room only, five deep at the guardrail. Because the eyes of the wrestling world are HERE, TONIGHT, and EVERYBODY wants to see if Rob Driscoll can go coast to coast. Can Rob Driscoll finish the race that he has been leading every step of the way?

Now I've told ya all along that I would NOT be the guy to show up, shoot his mouth off and fall off the face of the Earth a month later. I was not going to be the guy who promises the world and takes a powder before his second paycheck.

I told ya all along, from the first time my plane touched down, that I would be the man to talk the talk and then walk the walk. I told ya all from moment one that every time you saw Rob Driscoll on television or in person, you were watching greatness before your every eyes. You were watching the foundation to a legendary career that would put _my_ name alongside the all time greats, where God and nature truly intended. From the way I talk to the way I walk to the way I dress, to the way I lace my boots. I set the standard in this great sport, and I haven't been shy about tellin' ya.

Any punk can shoot his mouth off and disappear, but it takes a MAN to shoot his mouth off and back it up, and brother, you're lookin' at the top of the food chain right now. No one talks it like I talk, and no one walks it like I walk.

[Thumb hook.]

RD: Hercules Hammonds, I've got to give you credit. With someone else calling all the shots and a partner to do all the work, you're something special. You're a damn force of nature.

And I don't know if you realized it yet, kid, so let me clue you in...you're in the Brass Ring Tournament! For the National Championship! And this whole thing started when I dumped you over the top rope, fair and square, at SuperClash. But yet in all that time, I didn't see ya tell these people how hard you were working. I didn't hear ya say how bad you wanted a chance to redeem. I didn't hear a peep from Hercules Hammonds about anything resembling English, because you were too busy spouting out nursery rhymes and tellin' yourself how good a look in the mirror.

But as far as I'm concerned, those muscles don't mean a thing. Because I look around and the gang ain't here anymore. Without your manager singing your praises and your partner doing the work, you're just a jacked up side show who doesn't know what day it is. There's no one to look to for answers, there's no partner to tag out to when you're tired. You're stepping in the ring with the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling, a ring general of the highest order, a man who has never asked for help because he never needed it and a man who has built a career on wearin' down guys like you.

I may not be the fastest, and I know damn well I'm not the strongest, but if you're looking for the smartest, look no further. If you're looking for the best conditioned, best prepared, mentally strongest competitor in the field, Rob Driscoll is your one stop shopping for all things elite. And Hammonds, I could go on and on all day about how great I am, but the bottom line is this.

[The camera closes up on Driscoll as he reaches Premium Sneer.]

RD: You look at that National Title as a vanity plate to wear around your neck. I look at it as validation for a career spent waiting for this moment. As validation for leaving Texas, for forging my own path, for taking the lumps and bumps on my own when I could have cashed in the family name like everyone else. I left this state to do things my own way, but I knew that one day I'd have to come back to lay my claim as the best that the sport has to offer.

I am not just prepared for this moment, I was MADE for this moment. Big time athletes make big time plays in big time situations, and I have worked my entire life to be in THIS big time situation. And you're not gonna find out because I tell it to ya... you're gonna find it because I prove it to you.

When you are sucking wind and can't catch your breath, when those muscles you spent years working on don't do you a damn bit of good, you will know the score.

[A solemn nod from Driscoll.]

RD: When you can't lift your arms above your shoulders, when your feet are in quicksand and you look me in the eye, if you can manage, you're going to see someone in mint condition, born and bred to be on the big stage, right where I belong.

You will realize that man pinning your shoulders to the canvas, one two three, is very simply the best in the biz. And you will KNOW...

...that the pleasure was all yours.

[With a dismissive wave, Driscoll turns on his heel and leaves the area...]

CP: I ain't a bettin' man... well, I am but...

[Patterson puts a finger to his lips in a "shhh" gesture.]

CP: But if I was, I've got my money on that man right there. Phil Watson, time to do what ya get paid to do, jack!

[We crossfade from Colt Patterson to the ring where Phil Watson is standing, black tuxedo on his body and microphone in hand.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the Brass Ring Tournament! Introducing first...

["Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play, as the crowd erupts! The Dallas faithful begin to chant for the man about to make his way out to the ring.]

"HERC!!!"

"HERC!!!"

"HERC!!!"

"HERC!!!"

"HERC!!!"

PW: ...he weighs in tonight at two hundred and ninety-five pounds...hailing from Tupelo, Mississippi...he is known as "The Strongest Man in..."

[The crowd chants it along with Phil...]

"ALLLLLLLLLL!!!"

PW: ..."the Land!" He is...

HERCULLLLEEEEEES
HAMMMMMMOOOOOOOOONDS!!!

[We then cut to a shot behind the curtain, of Hammonds' massive back, where we see a gold silhouette of a man carrying the world on his back imposed over a giant white star with "HERCULES HAMMONDS" written in stylized script. Herc then steps through the curtain, where the camera then cuts to a frontal shot of the former AWA World Tag Team Champion.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds has not known much in terms of failure since arriving here in the AWA. His team with Skywalker Jones - known as SkyHerc - is widely acknowledged as one of the most exciting and successful teams in AWA history. Now on his own, this is his first shot at earning a major championship for himself.

BW: Rob Driscoll called him out on it just like Jericho Kai did. Can Hercules Hammonds thrive without Higgins and Jones in his corner? He did alright for himself at SuperClash in that Battle Royal and as he tells everyone, he's undefeated as a singles competitor for three years... but how many singles matches did he actually have in that time period? He's getting thrown into the deep end here tonight.

GM: That much we can agree on.

[Hammonds is dressed in a hooded, short-sleeved, blue satin fighter's robe with a red and white stripe that runs down the middle of the hood and back along with two white stars on both shoulders and the sides of his hood. He wears red and white striped wrestling trunks with a blue bar/white star trim and red wrestling boots with white trim and three stars running down the sides. Reaching the ring, he throws back his hood, revealing his shaved head, neatly trimmed goatee and a fierce, intense scowl.]

GM: The first of three possible matches here tonight for Hercules Hammonds.

BW: Which raises another good point, Gordo.

GM: Which is?

BW: Those big ol' muscles may look real nice in a mirror or a magazine but they take a lot of oxygen to feed them and what kind of gas tank does Hercules Hammonds have? This first round match is only a fifteen minute time limit but as the tournament goes on, the time limits get longer. Can Hercules Hammonds really go the distance to win gold here in the Crockett tonight?

GM: We're about to find out.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing 243 pounds... he is the self proclaimed "Crown Jewel of Wrestling"...

"DIAMOND" ROOOOOBBBBB DRISCOOOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLL!

[The breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams hits the Crockett Coliseum and the fans boo the hell out of the song, and the man who comes out to it. The entrance way fills up with smoke as the crowd boos louder...

#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#

[...and "Diamond" Rob Driscoll walks out into the view of the crowd, a look of determination etched behind his customary sneer. He stops at the head of the entrance, throws his hands out and looks to the heavens, letting the crowd get a look at his attire: dark blue trunks with the ram's head on the back in gold, matching boots with "RD" on the outside of each calf in cursive script, and a silky, sequined vest over top, black fabric with gold all over.]

GM: There he is, fans. Rarely in the history of this great company have we seen someone come on as fast as Rob Driscoll. He made his AWA debut

back in the fall and shocked the world by winning the Brass Ring Battle Royal back at SuperClash to earn this spot in the tournament. But you have to wonder if that meteoric rise ends with the National Title here tonight or an equally meteoric crash and burn.

[He walks to the ring with a purpose, climbing up on to the apron and wiping his feet off, and then expertly climbing through the ropes. He gravitates toward the middle of the ring and runs his hands down the front of his body, showing off the goods to each side of the ring before ditching the vest.]

GM: A lot of pressure on both of these men, coming out here for the opening match. They want to compete at the highest level but they have to make sure they don't press and make a mistake.

[Driscoll settles back into the corner, bouncing from foot to foot as Hammonds stares across, a smile on his face. Referee Davis Warren steps in, speaking to both men and then waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll stomps across the ring to where Hammonds is a few feet out of the corner. He sticks a hand in Hammonds' face, pointing a finger at him as Hammonds simply stares. The fans are jeering as Driscoll runs his mouth at the Tupelo Tower.]

GM: Rob Driscoll apparently has a little more to say and-

[Hammonds suddenly reaches up, grabbing the hand of Driscoll and giving it a mighty squeeze.]

BW: AHHH!

[Driscoll winces, cringing in pain as he highsteps in place, the crowd cheering at the pain he's going through...

...and then gets HURLED into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Hammonds uses that powerful grip to throw him in!

[Driscoll slams hard into the corner, staggering out towards Hammonds who grabs him again, flinging him towards the ropes.]

GM: Irish whips him in... off the far side...

["Diamond" Rob comes rebounding back, running hard into a stiff shoulderblock, knocking Driscoll flat on his back to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Down goes Driscoll!

[Driscoll promptly rolls from the ring, dropping down to the floor as Hercules Hammonds smirks at him, waving him back towards the ring.]

GM: Hammonds takes him down... and Rob Driscoll decides to take a little breather.

[Driscoll paces around the ringside area, throwing an occasional glance back at Hammonds who is matching his pace, waving him back to the ring.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds wants him back in there...

[Driscoll gets to the other side of the ring, pulling himself up on the apron and ducking through the ropes.]

GM: Driscoll back in...

[He stalks across the ring, again shouting at Hammonds, pointing a threatening finger...

...but before he gets too close, he lashes out with a kick to the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Driscoll goes downstairs on Hercules Hammonds!

[Driscoll winds up, driving a double axehandle down across the back...

...and Hammonds snaps back up, shaking his head at the rulebreaker to cheers from the fans!]

GM: No effect!

[This time, Hammonds raises a hand, wagging a finger at Driscoll who shakes his head, backing off...

...and then dashes to the ropes behind him, charging back out again...]

GM: Driscoll leaps!

[But as he throws himself at Hammonds in a crossbody attempt, he bounces off, crashing and burning down to the canvas as Hammonds doesn't even budge!]

BW: You gotta be kidding me!

[Driscoll again rolls out of the ring...

...but this time, he doesn't quite get to the floor as Hammonds reaches over the ropes, dragging him up to his feet, pulling him back by the hair...]

GM: What's he-?

[Hammonds hooks Driscoll's arms over the top rope, the crowd cheering as they realize that Driscoll's chest is fully exposed. The big man sets up, raising a beefy arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A half dozen clubbing forearm blows connect, leaving a red welt on the chest of Driscoll before he gets free, falling down to the floor again. Hammonds backs off, raising his arms to cheers from the crowd as the referee starts another ten count.]

GM: Remember, fans... a countout is as good as a pinfall or submission in this one. A countout victory would send Hercules Hammonds on to the Semifinals just as well as pinning the man would.

BW: And a double countout, double DQ, or a time limit draw eliminates BOTH competitors, right?

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky.

[Hammonds can be heard shouting, "GET HIM UP AND GET HIM IN!" to the official who continues his ten count.]

GM: Rob Driscoll is taking his time getting back to his feet out there.

BW: He's gotta be a little rattled, Gordo. He's been waiting and planning for this moment since Thanksgiving Night and so far, nothing's going the way he wanted it to. Give him a chance to regroup and he'll be right back in this thing.

[Driscoll waits as the count hits six, giving a quick nod before he climbs back up on the apron...

...where Hammonds quickly approaches, causing Driscoll to drop back down the floor, angrily shouting at the official who steps in to block Hammonds.]

BW: Get him back, ref!

GM: Rob Driscoll didn't like the looks of that situation, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He was trying to get back into the ring to continue the match and that big muscleheaded goof blocked his path! That's illegal and is deserving of a disqualification in my book!

GM: I see.

[Driscoll is still shouting at Davis Warren as the referee backs Hercules Hammonds halfway across the ring, allowing "Diamond" Rob to pull himself back on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Hammonds quickly approaches, shoving Driscoll back against the ropes before clubbing him across the chest with another forearm smash!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Hammonds grabs the arm, firing Driscoll across the ring. He winds up for a clothesline but Driscoll ducks under it, racing to the far ropes.]

GM: Driscoll building speed...

[But as he rebounds the second time, he runs right into Hammonds who lifts him up with ease, twirls him around, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a spine-rattling slam!]

GM: 360 DEGREES OF PAAAAAIN!

[Hammonds pops up, throwing his arms up with a roar to cheers from the crowd...

...as Rob Driscoll rolls right out of the ring to the floor again which turns the cheers to jeers. Hammonds can be heard shouting "COME ON, MAN!" at the referee who shrugs before starting a ten count.]

GM: Driscoll rolls out again... and Hammonds is coming after him this time!

[Having seen enough of Driscoll trying to put the match on his terms, Hercules Hammonds steps out on the apron, dropping down to the floor. Driscoll sees him coming and quickly runs around to the adjacent side of the ring as the big man comes after him in hot pursuit.]

GM: Driscoll's making a run for it but Hammonds is right behind him. Driscoll rolls in...

[And as Hammonds slides in after him, Driscoll DRIVES the point of his elbow down to the back of the head of the downed Hammonds!]

GM: Ohh! And Driscoll makes him pay for it!

BW: What a brilliant move out of Driscoll to play off that big dummy's lack of patience. He had the match well in hand but he couldn't stand not getting to show off for these Dallas delinquents and now he makes him pay for it.

[Driscoll shows off some speed, driving a second and third elbow down into the back of the head before Hammonds has had a chance to get off the mat.]

GM: Driscoll keeps the elbows coming and he took big time advantage of that momentary lapse of focus by the former World Tag Team Champion.

[Driscoll switches into a series of stomps, driving Hammonds back under the ropes and out onto the ring apron. He steps through, following him out there, dropping off the apron and reaching back to position Hammonds where he wants him, lying parallel to the ropes with his left arm dangling off the apron...]

GM: Driscoll's moving Hammonds... I'm not sure what he's-

[Suddenly, Driscoll grabs the left arm and shoulder, shoving Hammonds up off the canvas...

...and YANKS him down so that the shoulder slams into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Wow! That's the sign of a ring general far beyond this kid's years, Gordo!

[Driscoll smirks at the protesting official as he pushes Hammonds' torso up a second time, pulling the arm down to jam the shoulder into the edge of the apron!]

GM: Again the shoulder hits the apron... and the referee is ordering him to get back inside the ring...

[The Ohio native stretches out the left arm, holding it straight before slamming the point of his elbow down into the shoulder... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Driscoll's going to town on the shoulder!

[At the count of seven, Driscoll rolls back into the ring, taking a reprimand from the official as he drags Hammonds up off the mat, pasting him with backhand chop that sends Hammonds falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Big chop by Driscoll puts Hammonds in the corner...

[Driscoll grabs the arm, shooting the powerhouse across the ring from corner to corner. "Diamond" Rob backs into the corner, tugging the ropes a few times before breaking into a dash, throwing himself into a running dropkick up into the shoulder area!]

GM: OHHH! What a dropkick out of Driscoll!

[He climbs back to his feet, throwing his arms apart, taunting the Texas fans who are letting him have it.]

GM: Driscoll managed to turn this thing around at this point in the contest and as we cross the five minute mark, he's got ten minutes to put Hammonds down for a three count.

BW: Or to lock in that Queen City Cinch. That's one reason he went after that arm out there, I promise you that.

GM: One reason?

BW: You know the best way to beat a power wrestler? Make sure he can't lift you... he can't throw you... he can't slam you. If Hammonds is short one limb, he's gonna be hard-pressed to throw Driscoll around.

[Driscoll sneers at the jeering fans, grabbing the left arm and twisting it around into an armwringer. "Diamond" Rob winds up, slamming his elbow down on the shoulder once... twice... three times...

...before Hammonds uses his free hand to facepalm Driscoll, shoving him away and sending him rolling across the canvas!]

GM: Hammonds powers out... look out here!

[As Driscoll pushes up to his feet, he gets caught with a running clothesline that smashes Driscoll into the buckles, stunning him!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner!

[Driscoll starts to stumble back when Hammonds shoves Driscoll back into the turnbuckles. He looks out at the crowd, drawing a big cheer as he lifts his frying pan-like open hand into the air...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OVERHAND CHOP AND A DOOZY!

[The impact of the blow causes Driscoll to wince horribly in pain, a red welt quickly growing on his chest as he starts to stumble out...

...and gets shoved back in by the big man!]

GM: Hammonds shoves him back and- uh oh!

[He shakes his head at Driscoll, holding him in the corner with his left arm as Hammonds raises his right hand. Driscoll frantically shakes his head, his eyes going wide with terror...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd is ROARING as Hammonds steps back, giving a shout. Driscoll stumbles out, clutching his chest as he wobbles towards the Tupelo Tower...

...who uses one hand to HURL Driscoll back into the corner. Hammonds steps in, leaning over to grab the middle rope.]

GM: Shoulder to the gut! Again and again!

BW: Driscoll's hanging on to the ropes, he needs to find a way out of this and fast!

[Hammonds lands a half dozen tackles to the gut before he steps back, throwing his arms up as Driscoll staggers out towards him. He ducks down, scooping Driscoll up...]

GM: Scoop sla- Driscoll slips out!

[Driscoll floats over on a bodyslam attempt, landing on his feet as Hammonds starts to turn...

...and Driscoll BURIES a right hand into the ribcage!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The sore ribs come back to haunt him!

[He hooks Hammonds in a front facelock, stretching out the arm and hooking it...

...before leaping up, driving the arm down into the mat!]

GM: OHHH! SINGLE ARM DDT!

BW: He didn't even try to drive him down on his head, Gordo! That was a move designed to rip that damn shoulder right out of its socket!

[Hammonds howls in pain, rolling to his back clutching his shoulder as Driscoll floats over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But Hammonds lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count only... but like you said, it wasn't a move designed to knock the man out cold. He was going after the shoulder.

[Driscoll shoves him back down, jamming a forearm into the cheekbone, shouting "COUNT HIM!"]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[The big man powers out again but Driscoll shoves him down a second time, shouting "COUNT!" at the referee who obliges.]

GM: ONE! TW-

[Hammonds powers out again, lifting the injured shoulder off the mat. Driscoll straightens up to his knees, looking down at Hammonds.]

BW: More great strategy by Driscoll as he tries to wear Hercules Hammonds down. Cover after cover, making Hammonds kick out, making him expend energy to get up off the mat. He's hitting all the bullseyes if you're trying to take out a big man, Gordo. He's making him work. He's going after the arm.

GM: Driscoll back to his feet now...

[The Ohio native charges to the ropes, rebounding off into a front rolling somersault, shoving himself HIGH up into the air...

...and DROPS his weight down on the torso of Hammonds!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! Tumbling backsplash out of Rob Driscoll!

BW: Did you see the air he got on that? Man oh man, that was pretty!

[Driscoll jams his forearm into the cheek, applying another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Hammonds again powers out, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only as Driscoll climbs to his feet... hard stomp to the shoulder! Another! Another!

[Driscoll drags Hammonds off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the turnbuckles. He comes charging in after him, throwing himself into the air, driving his knee into the shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! Right after the shoulder again!

[He pulls the arm, yanking Hammonds from the corner, twisting the arm behind him...]

GM: He's going for the Queen City Cinch! He's trying to lock in the crossface chickenwing!

[But Hammonds promptly throws himself backwards, smashing Driscoll into the corner!]

GM: Oh! Big counter by Hammonds!

[Leaning on Driscoll, Hammonds throws a back elbow to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Hammonds firing away with the elbows!

[He takes a step out of the corner, giving Driscoll room to swoop in, slamming a hooking right hand into the ribcage. Hammonds leans towards it, grabbing his ribs as Driscoll unloads a left hand to the other side!]

GM: Rights and lefts to the ribs!

BW: Hammonds has got banged up ribs as well! Thanks to the Walking Dead and Jericho Kai!

[Driscoll grabs the back of Hammonds' trunks and YANKS him back, throwing him backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh!

[Driscoll spins, hooking Hammonds around the head and neck, looking for a snapmare out of the corner...]

GM: Snapmar- blocked!

[Hammonds stands stoic as Driscoll attempts a second snapmare, pulling hard. But the Tupelo Tower holds his ground, shaking his head.]

GM: Hammonds isn't going! He's not going over in that snapmare!

[Driscoll spins around, wide-eyed as he stares back the former World Tag Team Champion. He unloads a right hand to the jaw... and another one to the jaw!]

GM: Driscoll's opening up on him and- Hammonds doesn't feel it! Hammonds doesn't feel it!

[Driscoll backsteps, raising his hands, begging off as Hammonds advances on him.]

GM: Hammonds is coming for him and Driscoll's running for his life!

[The Ohio native backpedals more... and more... and then suddenly does a spin, throwing a right hand that Hammonds blocks with ease!]

GM: Blocked!

[A HUUUUUGE right hand lands on Driscoll, launching him up into the air, throwing him back into the ropes where he bounces through them, crashing down on the floor!]

GM: What a right hand!

[Out on the floor, Driscoll grabs at his jaw, throwing his hands up in a "T", screaming "TIME OUT!"]

GM: Driscoll wants a time out but there are NO time outs in the world of professional wrestling... and Hercules Hammonds knows it! Hammonds is going out after "Diamond" Rob!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes left in the time limit for this one as Rob Driscoll and Hercules Hammonds continue to battle to see who can move on to the Semifinals of this tournament for the AWA National Title!

[Hammonds is in hot pursuit, again coming after Driscoll who is backpedaling as fast as he can, moving around the ringpost, trying to beg off.]

GM: We saw this before and-

[Driscoll rolls under the ropes, scrambling to his feet as Hammonds starts in...

...and slides back out, wagging a finger as Driscoll whiffs on a fistdrop, slamming his clenched fist into the canvas. He hops up, cradling his hand as he jumps up and down in pain.]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Hammonds grins as he slips in behind Driscoll, grabbing him by the arm, whipping him towards the ropes where Driscoll rebounds off, running right into a scoop, being held across the massive chest of the Tupelo Tower as the crowd roars, knowing exactly what's about to come...

...and they see it as Hammonds drops Driscoll down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHH! BACKBREAKER CONNECTS!

[Hammonds doesn't release the hold, drawing more cheers as he lifts Driscoll back up, the smaller man struggling to get free as Hammonds turns to the crowd and bellows the phrase they're all waiting to hear.]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM IN HALF?!"

[The crowd roars, responding with what Hammonds wants to hear.]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES!"

[He grins, dropping Driscoll down into a second backbreaker!]

GM: Two big backbreakers! Incredible strength on display despite the banged up arm!

[Hammonds straightens back up, ready for the fallaway slam, but shakes his head, walking across the ring towards the corner. He lays Driscoll down across the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Oh my stars... what is he thinking about doing?!

[Hammonds nods to the crowd, pointing at the cheering fans as he steps up to the second rope, lifting Driscoll up across his body again. The Crockett Coliseum crowd is on their feet, roaring in anticipation as Hammonds holds him... and holds him... and holds him...]

GM: HE'S NOT... IS HE?!

BW: Oh, I think he is, daddy!

[The former World Tag Team Champion gives a shout before HURLING Driscoll up over his head, falling back as he HURLS Driscoll three-quarters of the way across the ring with a super fallaway slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! WHAT A THROW!

[Hammonds climbs to a knee, wincing as he grabs at his shoulder. He rises to his feet, pointing to the downed Driscoll who has rolled towards the corner, still down on the canvas as his opponent approaches.]

GM: Hammonds moving in... he covers!

[The referee dives down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

BW: FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[Davis Warren pulls out of the pin count, pointing at the foot as Hammonds raises his arms, thinking he's won. Warren shakes his head, again pointing at the foot.]

GM: He didn't get him! Davis Warren is explaining it to Hercules Hammonds... explaining that foot got on the ropes to break up the pin, Bucky.

BW: Driscoll saved himself! As soon as he hit the mat off that slam, he rolled towards the ropes so that if the cover happened, he'd be able to save himself! Another veteran-like move out of a guy who has been here in the AWA for mere months, Gordo!

GM: Rob Driscoll DOES have experience outside of the AWA but this is the big time! This is where it matters! And Rob Driscoll continues to show that this is where he truly belongs. But can he find a way in the next... what?

We're closing in on three minutes I'm being told. Can he find a way in the next three minutes to win this thing?

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

BW: One hundred and eighty seconds stand between these two men moving on to the Semifinals and... wow. I just realized something, Gordo. If these two go the limit, the winner between Frankie Farelli and Brad Jacobs would go straight to the Finals!

GM: That's absolutely right.

[Hammonds pulls the motionless Driscoll off the mat by the hair, shoving him back into the nearby corner. He hooks Driscoll around the head and neck...]

GM: Driscoll's gonna take flight!

[The Tupelo Tower HURLS Driscoll up into the air, sending him flying across the ring, flipping over and slamming down on the canvas!]

GM: TEN FOOT TOSS!!

[Driscoll, who slammed down hard on the mat, starts trying to roll out of the ring but Hammonds stalks across, shaking his head defiantly as he leans down, pulling Driscoll back up off the mat...

...and Driscoll shoves a desperation thumb into the eye!]

GM: Oh! Driscoll gouges the eye!

[Hammonds staggers in a circle, rubbing his eye as Driscoll drops down, pulling him into a schoolboy. As the referee dives down to the mat, Driscoll yanks the trunks, hanging on for leverage!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The powerhouse powers out, sending Driscoll flying several feet away. Driscoll looks on in shock, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: Did that just happen?! Did he really just kick out of a pin from a guy holding onto his trunks?! What incredible power!

[Driscoll scrambles to his feet, looking on in shock as Hammonds starts to rise, his powerful form climbing off the mat. The Ohio native surges forward, swinging his knee up into the midsection.]

GM: Oh! Hard blow to the breadbasket! Right to those injured ribs!

[Hammonds staggers back, clutching his abdomen as he grabs the top rope to stay on his feet.]

"TWO MINUTES LEFT!"

[A desperate Driscoll opens fire, throwing right hands to the ribs, earning a reprimand from Davis Warren before switching to kicks, driving boots into the ribs. Warren finally steps in, forcing Driscoll to step back.]

GM: Get him off the man! Hammonds is in the ropes and-

BW: And nothing! This is for the National Title and anything goes if you ask me!

GM: If you ask an AWA official who knows the rulebook inside and out, they'd strongly disagree, Bucky!

[Driscoll pushes past the referee, winding up to throw another right hand at the ribs.]

BW: Come on, kid! There's no time to soften him up! You gotta go for the kill!

["Diamond" Rob grabs Hammonds by the left arm, pulling him away from the ropes to the center of the ring. He wraps him up in a front facelock, slowly turning him over...]

GM: He's got him set! He's going for that Blank Check neckbreaker!

[Driscoll sets, ready to drop to his knees and wrench the neck...

...when Hammonds brings up his arms, grabbing hold of Driscoll's hands!]

GM: HAMMONDS IS FIGHTING IT! HE'S FIGHTING IT!

[Driscoll attempts to get the hold back on as Hammonds slowly but surely powers the hands apart...

...and then reaches back, hooking the arms, dropping to his knees, and dragging Driscoll down to the mat!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Driscoll's kickout makes him flip over Hammonds, rolling to his knees...

...and right into the clutches of Hammonds who pushes up to a foot, hooking a gutwrench on the downed Driscoll!]

GM: HAMMONDS HAMMER! HAMMONDS HAMMER COMING UP!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[Hammonds straightens up, lifting Driscoll off the mat...

...but as he does, he winces, suddenly releasing Driscoll as he leans forward, grabbing at his ribs first and then his left shoulder!]

GM: DRISCOLL SLIPS OUT!

[Driscoll reaches forward, grabbing the referee by the shirt, pulling him into him.]

GM: What's he-?!

[The move serves to distract the referee, making him completely oblivious as Driscoll swings his leg back in a mule kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW-

[With Hammonds reeling, Driscoll reaches back to hook the neckbreaker again...

...and DROPS to his knees, jolting the spine of the bigger opponent!]

BW: BLANK CHECK!

[Driscoll dives atop Hammonds, rolling to his side as he hooks a massive tree-trunklike leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

"DING! DING! DING!

[The crowd ROARS with jeers as Driscoll rolls to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air!]

GM: By hook or by crook, Rob Driscoll has defeated Hercules Hammonds to move on in this tournament, fans!

BW: Hah! Hammonds ran his mouth and wrote a check that his butt couldn't cover... but the Blank Check covered it! The Blank Check covered it all the way, daddy!

GM: The Blank Check ultimately scored the win but you saw the kick to the groin... I know you did.

BW: Not sure what you're talking about, Gordo. If there was a low blow, surely Davis Warren, our esteemed official, would have called it.

GM: You're truly unbelievable, Bucky. It was a low blow in combination with Hammonds' injuries AND the Blank Check neckbreaker that got him that three count... and just in time too. We were very close to the time limit but Driscoll just barely pulled it off in time.

BW: And so ends this undefeated streak of Hercules Hammonds!

GM: Well, that means he just has to wake up tomorrow and start a new one, Bucky. Even you can't deny that Hercules Hammonds - perhaps a Hammonds who DIDN'T have banged up ribs - could easily have won this match.

BW: He could have... but he didn't. And the way I look at it, Driscoll's beaten him twice now.

GM: Twice?

BW: He beat him tonight and he beat him in the Battle Royal back at SuperClash.

GM: That wasn't a singles match.

BW: Whatever. You can talk about coulda, woulda, shoulda as much as you want but in my book, Hercules Hammonds just put himself back at the bottom. He's no better than the Blue Brothers, daddy.

GM: You're crazy. Fans, Rob Driscoll scores the win and he's moving on to the Semifinals of the tournament. But who will he be waiting for? Will it be Brad Jacobs or will it be Frankie Farelli? In just a few moments, we're going to come right back and hear from both of those men but right now, we've got to take a quick break!

[Fade to black as a triumphant Driscoll backs down the ramp, his arms raised in victory.]

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 backstage at the Crockett Coliseum where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by. He's got his earnest, professional face on as if this segment is something he really doesn't relish doing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my next guest is a man who apparently has a bone to pick with the AWA front offices. But far be it from me to speak on his behalf because I don't think that I could. Ladies and gentlemen, he calls himself the Sensational One, the AWA World Television champion, Shadoo Rage.

[The King of Rage Country, the AWA World Television champion, the Sensational One himself, Shadoo Rage, makes his entrance stage left. The bohemian barbarian pushes through the curtains, dressed in caramel brown knee high pirate boots, grey jeans that are ripped and patched, a pink and silver Shadoo Rage "I'm the Champ" AWA T-shirt and a hot pink Harris tweed blazer and a dark grey wide brimmed floppy hat perched on his mane of bejeweled dreadlocks. He stares at Sweet Lou Blackwell through smoky-colored pink tortoiseshell sunglasses]

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell...

[He turns to face the camera.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country... ever since I won this title at SuperClash you have been gifted with something you have never seen before ... a World champion that defends the belt with honor. A World champion that defends the belt every show.

[Blackwell's face jumps in shock.]

SR: It's true, Sweet Lou. Ryan Martinez hasn't been seen in the ring in weeks. He hasn't defended his title yet and I've been out there every week

putting the silver on the line! But unfortunately for the C, Sweet Lou, that streak ends today. There will be no World Television title match because the powers that be have decided that they don't want the greatest World champion of all time to take the spotlight from the tournament. Because they don't want the field embarrassed by me.

SLB: Now wait a minute! The AWA National Title is one of the most prestigious belts in the history of this company! You've told me never to degrade a championship and here you are doing it yourself! Shame on you, Shadoe Rage.

[Sweet Lou realizes he may have gone a bit far because Rage's attention is focused all on him. The Bohemian barbarian puts his broad back to camera, advancing on Sweet Lou until he blocks the shot almost completely.]

SR: Shame on me? Wow, man. It's like... just wow. I don't even know.

[Rage turns his back to Sweet Lou, looking up at the ceiling as he regains his composure.]

SR: Shame on me? Shame on the AWA, I say! Shame! Shame! It's always the same old story all the time, isn't it, Sweet Lou? The AWA claims to have the greatest wrestling competition in the world, but they continually hold back the greatest wrestler on the roster. They continually try to hold back the greatest champion. The AWA World Television champion. I don't need time off to protect injuries like some champions. And it's funny that the moment the Sensational One captures the AWA World Television title that the brain trust of the AWA decides that they need to bring back their 'National' championship. Why? They want to upstage me. They want you to ignore me. They want you to forget me, don't they, Sweet Lou?

[Lou Blackwell is about to respond when he realizes where that will lead him.]

SR: The Sensational Shadoe Rage will not be held back. The AWA World Television championship will not be diminished. So I apologize in advance to you, Citizens, that there will be no AWA World title defense on the last show at Crockett Coliseum and you will be forced to sit through the sham of talented wrestlers competing for a lesser National Title. But there is a conspiracy. Because there isn't a man, woman, or child in this world willing to step up and challenge me for this World championship not after what they've seen happen to my competition. Donnie White couldn't get the job done. Sweet Daddy Williams would rather quit than have to face me again. And the AWA would rather create a new championship than admit and promote the fact that I am the greatest...

[Shadoe is interrupted as another individual has caught his attention. This individual would be none other than Supernova. He has his face painted black and yellow per usual, he wears his Supernova T-shirt and faded jeans. He also has a look in his eyes that, if looks could kill, would mean Shadoe would be down on the floor.]

LB: Hold on a minute... Supernova, what in the world brings you here? I know you've been hinting at wanting a shot at the World Television Championship, but right now, I am hearing from...

[Supernova raises his hand up, motioning for Lou to be quiet. Supernova doesn't take his eyes off the World Television Champion, nor does the champion take his eyes off Supernova.]

S: Two weeks ago, I watched my mentor, my good friend, Sweet Daddy Williams give it everything he had and more against you, all in the name of winning that title you treasure so much! And while it may go down in the record books as a win for you, anyone who watched it knows that Sweet Daddy was THIS close...

[He holds up two fingers in the appropriate "this close" gesture.]

S: ...to becoming the new World Television Champion! And anyone who watched that match saw that look in your eyes, indicating you knew that title was about to slip through your grasp, so you go to those desperation tactics that men like you want to stoop to when you realize you can't get the job done otherwise! That look in your eyes wasn't a man of confidence, or a man of determination, but a man of desperation trying to hold onto his Precious any way he can!

[Shadoe Rage lifts his sunglasses and peers at Supernova, his left eye squinting and twitching. He chews his lips and breathes deeply trying to control a feeling building deep inside him. Supernova, however, continues talking.]

S: Now, I'm not gonna argue that you've been willing to put that title on the line against all comers, and I agree that you should be defending that belt tonight. But if you want to talk about things that diminish the World Television Title, it's not those who decided to revive the National Title or those who didn't arrange to get you a match. It's people like yourself who resort to desperation tactics because they find out that a ghost from the past has come back to haunt them, or someone you mock for not having the perfect body or committing to get better, is THAT close to taking what you value, and you can't handle it!

SR: Unbelievably unbelievable. Sweet Lou Blackwell, did you try to set this up? Did you try to degrade the AWA World Television champion?

[Rage advances on Blackwell only for Supernova to step in the way. Rage falls back a step. Supernova continues to stare Rage down. Rage unstraps the World Television title from his waist and clutches it tightly to his chest like a security blanket.]

S: I didn't need anybody to set up a thing! All I needed was the moment to come out here and address you personally! You are looking at the man who outlasted 29 other men to win a Rumble! You are looking at the man who went toe to toe with a dangerous man like William Craven and came out on top! You are looking at the man who has beaten Johnny Detson, the man

many are saying is destined to be the next World Champion! You are looking at the man who has survived the Tower of Doom, went through hell in WarGames, and most of all, is just as wild and crazy as you are, and can look you right in the eye and tell you that I am the man who has all the talent and motivation needed to take your little Precious right from you at any time!

[Shadoe Rage stares at Supernova, speechless. He clutches the AWA World Television title even tighter to his chest, turning away slightly to protect it from Supernova.]

SLB: Wow, that is quite the resume, Supernova. What do you have to say to that, Shadoe Rage?

[Rage's mouth quivers.]

SR: He smells funny. And his face paint is stupid.

SLB: What?

SR: (regaining his composure) It doesn't matter what he's done in the past. We're talking about 2015. We're talking about 2015 and Supernova, you're going to be standing across the ring from the greatest wrestler in the AWA, the World Television champion, Sensational Shadoe Rage. You can say all the stuff you did in the past, but you never did that before. And let me tell you. It's a special kind of Hell facing me for 10 minutes. So you keep bragging. It'll only make it sweeter for me when I beat you at Turner Field in front of a sold out crowd. So wow, man, wow... (cradles the title protectively) You want to die at Turner Field, Supernova, then that's fine by me. You can't take this from me. You can't take this from me. She's mine, do you hear me? Mine! Goodbye!

[Rage flees the scene, stage left, leaving Supernova with Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

LB: Oh my, you just heard it hear, fans... Supernova, Shadoe Rage has said he will defend that World Television Title against you in Atlanta!

S: [slight laugh] I knew he would, Lou! I may not like the way the man conducts business in the ring, but he's not one to duck any challenge! Even so, I hope he's ready to find out what it's like to experience the heat coming right at him! Like I said, Lou, I'm the man who is wild and crazy enough to get the job done!

[He turns to the camera with a crazed look in his eyes.]

S: TURNER FIELD, HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!

[He then lets loose a howl and walks off the interview set.]

GM: Wow! How about that, fans? The challenge has been issued for our big show coming up in Turner Field down in Atlanta as Shadoe Rage will defend

the World Television Title against Supernova in what should be an outstanding showdown!

BW: I'm not the world's biggest Supernova fan but if Rage is worried about losing his title, he oughta be REAL worried about what's gonna go down in Atlanta, daddy.

GM: Absolutely. Fans, coming up next, we've got a very special treat as some old friends have arrived here in Dallas to help us celebrate this Seventh Anniversary Spectacular! Take it away, Mark!

[We crossfade over to the backstage interview area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and as you said, by my side here are two familiar faces-

[Before Mark Stegglet can continue, the camera widens out to show the two members of AWA's first National Tag Team champions, Kentucky's Pride. City Jack's looking as well as he could for a man nearing his 50's - even slightly slimmed down but still... well, around City Jack size. Beside him is Tin Can Rust, looking about the same as when the AWA last saw him a couple years ago - a grimace and gruff look.]

CJ: "Familiar faces"? Naw, naw, Mark, we ain't not "familiar" nothin'! We're family! We're A-W-A family!

[Rust nods along in agreement.]

MS: Well, sure, you're AWA alumni, family then - welcome back on AWA TV City Jack and Tin Can Rust!

CJ: Not just any AWA TV, Mister Mark Stegglet - one seventh anniversary of AWA TV! One fourth anniversary of the Crockett Coliseum! One.. well...

[Jack pauses, looking around the backstage area.]

CJ: You know... this here place? It -

[City Jack looks over at his one time Kentucky's Pride team mate.]

CJ: What is it, huh? Ain't feelin'... Ain't just feelin' like it was.

MS: What do you mean? Not feeling like...?

[Surly as ever, Rust steps in.]

TCR: What he saying is it ain't feeling right. It ain't feeling like the old AWA. Least none that either Jack nor I done wrestled in.

[Jack gives a short shake of the head to Rust.]

CJ: Naw, naw, naw, naw, I never done meant it wasn't right, but it is... well, different. Shoot, this place ain't the same A-W-A that me and Rust ran right through early on. Ain't the same place we all got them tag titles. Ain't the same place...

[The big man from Liberty looks around again as he pauses and gives a brief sigh.]

CJ: This sure is the same building that had it, but this ain't the same place that saw my last match ever...

[City Jack looks away for a brief moment.]

CJ: Shoot, if I had my druthers, me and Rust? We'd strap on our boots and march down that ring and give them young bucks Air Strike a run for them WORLD belts now...

TCR: And that's it, Jack, right there. Ain't the same place no more.

[Both Rust and Jack shake their heads, almost in unison until Jack breaks it off with a jolt of enthusiasm.]

CJ: Naw! It better now! This here's a WORLD organ-i-zation now! Why this young man right here -

[Jack puts an arm around Stegglet's shoulder.]

CJ: When we were doin' our thing here, this youngin' was nothin' but a forgotten boy tryin' to chase down the Cuban Assassins and Kendell Stantons of the world. But now? Man, you got the lead role interviewin' here!

[As Jack lets go, Stegglet sort of lets out a proud smile.]

CJ: And that's really it. It's different - not like we knew. But the AWA done grewed up, got better, got bigger. This here's the BIG time!

[Rust begrudgingly nods.]

CJ: You know, I... I just wish Rust and I, that we were twenty years younger... Heh -

[Jack backhands Rust's midsection.]

CJ: Hehe, Twenty pounds lighter! But... Just wish we could experience it all ourselves. You know? Put a little Kentucky Pride back in that there mixed up whole worldwide locker room...

TCR: Now Jack, I ain't done myself... but... But I see what you saying. Not our place no more, but it's a place that could be certain to use a bit of home to mix it up back there.

[Jack nods and waves his index finger in agreement.]

CJ: Arlight! Well... Yes! That is a mighty fine idea -

MS: Wait, what is?

CJ: Mister Mark Stegglet, been a pleasure, but we best be off.

[Jack shakes Stegglet's hand, before winking to the camera and walking off. Rust follows suit, but instead of shaking Stegglet's hand just gives the confused interviewer a crooked look as we fade out.]

We fade back to the locker room area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing.

LB: Ladies and gentlemen, the Brass Ring Tournament is well under way, and my guest at this time will face Frankie Farelli in a hotly contested quarterfinal match up in just a few moments. A former World Tag Team Champion, a former All-American from the University of Miami, ladies and gentlemen, welcome in Brad Jacobs!

[The crowd inside the arena roars as the Big Dog strolls to the interview area, a plain white shirt worn over his red wrestling attire.]

LB: Brad Jacobs, welcome to the AWA's Seventh Anniversary Spectacular.

BJ: Sweet Lou, can you feel it? Can you feel the tension, can ya feel the excitement? Seventh Year Anniversary, new AWA National Champion being crowned, Brass Ring tournament comin' to an end. It don't get much bigger than this, my man, it don't get much more important.

An' you might not know this, Lou, lotta people forget. But Brad Jacobs ain't no wet behind the ears rookie now, this ain't my first barbecue. Todd Michaelson found my behind workin' on South Beach, selling ellipticals an' dumbbells outta my man's garage, doin' sprints every morning on the sand. I was hopin' for one more shot at the league, prayin' that the big man upstairs would set me up with one more contract, so I could pay off my mama's bills an' move her out the hood.

But as you all know by now, it took me until 2014 to live that dream. It took me six years to figure that problem out.

[Jacobs nods to himself, measuring his worlds.]

BJ: Michaelson gave me a plane ticket an' a phone number, an' as soon as I touched down in Dallas, Texas, I got shipped right to the Combat Corner. Didn't find no crib, didn't find no car, didn't even set down my garbage bag filled with clothes.

Combat Corner. Right now.

[The former DT at The U snaps his fingers for emphasis.]

BJ: First thing I seen when I walked in?

AWA National Title. An' it was shiny, it was expensive an' I said, "Damn, how can I get me one o' them?"

Next morning, I'm up at six doin' Hindu squats an' this man gets in my face an' says, "Son, if that ain't why you here, you need to get with the program or get the hell out. We breed champions." He was pointin' at the National title. Every time we closed up shop, after liftin' til we couldn't lift no arms an' runnin' til we was callin' dinosaurs, that man would gather us all around an' say, "Did you get closer to that strap today? Did you get closer to bein' the National Champion?"

Y'see I thought he was talking to the class, but I was the one who need to hear it. Because I walked in with a big ol' attitude. I walked in still carryin' a BCS Championship ring from 2001, still carryin' an All-American plaque from 2005. I was loaded, dog, I had more hardware than Home Depot. An' I thought I was somebody. I thought I was someone special, an' I figure it was only a matter of time until this Big Dog was carryin' that Big Belt.

But see, the big man upstairs, he works in mysterious ways. He only gives ya what you can handle. An' he didn't give me nothin'. I wasn't ready for that strap, I wasn't ready for that responsibility, I could barely take care of my own damn self. An' I thought I would win that Big Gold, an' the work would be over. I'd sit back, put my feet up an' watch my wallet get fat.

Heh. I wasn't ready.

[Jacobs shakes his head back and forth, disappointed in himself.]

BJ: That was six years ago. Six years I been chasin' that strap, six years ago I been waitin' to give an answer. That man's name who got up in my face, that lead instructor, named Clayton Shaw. An' how lucky was I that he popped his head in the door a few weeks ago, an' I was able to say, "Hell yeah I'm ready. Hell yes I'm closer!"

An' it took hard times, it took dark times, it took every obstacle my Lord could throw at me before I woke myself up an' figured it out. It took me physically kickin' Larry Doyle out my life before it hit me.

When you a champion, when you a leader, when you swear to these people that you will NEVER let them down, that you will ALWAYS have their back, it don't matter what strap you holdin'. It don't matter what bling you rockin'.

You don't have down time, there ain't no vacation days, the work NEVER ends! You got to give your blood, your spirit and yo' LIFE to be champion! That's the price you pay, THAT's what it takes! An' Frankie Farelli, that's why we different.

I ain't never stopped workin' since I got into this sport, an' you ain't never started.

[Jacobs pauses, scowl so deep it might have been carved.]

BJ: Every time you walk out, every time you open that ugly face, every time you wave them rings aroun' and tell my people that you better than them, every time you talk down my sport because you some REAL athlete, it's an insult to me, it's an insult to this sport an' it's a open hand slap across the face to everyone who pays they hard earned money to come see your entitled, punk ass!

You walk aroun' talkin' about you earned this an' you deserve that, you got to be treated different because you different then everyone else.

Only thing you earned from these people is hate, an' only thing you gettin' from me is a fat lip after I knock yo' damn lights out. It is a PRIVILEGE to walk to that ring, it is a HONOR to bust your behin' for these people, but you think you doin' us a favor walkin' around with that fake spray tan oompa loompa an' wastin' our time every week. Well I'm 'bout to return that favor by puttin' these five knuckles upside your head until I knock that look off yo' face, or knock ya front teeth out.

[The fans are cheering their heads off as Jacobs keeps rolling.]

BJ: I _love_ this sport. An' I love an' respect EVERY man, woman an' child that puts down they hard earn cash to support us. An' I will be damned if I let some clown make it a joke. I didn't work this hard to let THAT happen. I didn't rehab two ACL's, I didn't live in Japan for a year, I didn't come ALL THIS WAY to let you talk down to my people an' bring down my sport, son.

I have learned the hard way what it takes to be a champion, I have taken the long route to that gold, an' I know it's about to be the hardest I ever worked to grab that brass ring. But that's the way it's GOT to be, that's the way it NEEDS to be, an' I accept that.

I'm ready now. Hard work NEVER scared me.

But we both know you terrified of it, Farelli. You probably lookin' around witch a hand out, waitin' for a silver platter to be dropped in yo' lap. But all you about to find is a man lookin' to end a six year search. All you gonna find is one Big Dog on a treasure hunt, with a map that goes right over yo' broken body.

An' from one "real" athlete to another, from a man who got jus' as much hardware an' jewelry as you do, lemme tell ya this...

[Jacobs gets up close to the camera and peers in.]

BJ: The Lord works in mysterious ways, but Brad Jacobs don't. These people deserve better than you, this sport deserves better than you an' that title deserves better than you, an' they about to get it.

An' _this_ Big Dog about to have his day. I'ma grab that Brass Ring an' win that National Title. But first, I'm takin' out the trash.

[Jacobs turns, storming out of view as the fans inside the Crockett Coliseum cheer and Lou Blackwell shakes his head.]

LB: Big Bad Brad is looking to make history here tonight in Dallas and I, for one, would NOT want to be Frankie Farelli. In fact, we've got some REAL interesting information about the 2014 Rookie Of The Year from some of his former teammates. I can't talk about it here but if you call the hotline at 1-900-505-5500, you won't believe what you hear. Kids, get your parents' permission before calling! Now, I'm told that poor Mark Stegglet drew the short straw and he's standing by with Frankie Farelli right now! Mark?

[We crossfade over to the interview platform, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with "First String" Frankie Farelli and Cheerleader Chastity Chamberlain.

Frankie Farelli is a thickly-built man with short blonde hair and a gleaming smile. He's wearing a red Ohio State Buckeyes Starter jacket, red trunks with cream trim (with a small cream-white number 73 in the upper right corner), cream boots with the Ohio State logo on the side, red knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. As always, his hands are adorned by his precious 2004 Super Bowl ring, and his 2002 NCAA National Championship ring. The fans loudly boo the despised former NFL star.

Chamberlain is a tall, leggy, busty blonde who looks like she belongs on a centerfold. She wears a cheerleader outfit in Ohio State Buckeyes colors (red, cream, white). She carries around her pom-poms, and also has a large white bullhorn over her back, slung over her shoulder by a strap.]

MS: Thanks, "Sweet" Lou. With me now is a man who is about to take on the biggest match of his wrestling career, "First String" Frankie Farelli. Ever since arriving in the AWA, Mr. Farelli, you've been trying very hard to anger our fans and wrestlers with your claims that football players are much tougher than wrestlers. But your first round opponent tonight was no stranger to the gridiron himself, on top of a number of accomplishments here in the world of professional wrestling. I refer, of course, to Brad Jacobs.

[Farelli nods.]

FF: Yup. It makes sense, don't it? Who else would get to a tournament than a guy who was good enough to play football? Make no mistake about it, I got a bit of respect for Brad Jacobs. They let him in at the U, and unlike here in Texas, they've won some things down at the U.

But it's been a while, ain't it? Last time Miami was in the big game... huh, wonder what happened?

[Farelli unsubtly lifts his 2002 National Championship ring up to the camera as he scratches his head.]

FF: Oh, riiight. I was there! THE Ohio State Buckeyes stomped them so bad that the program never recovered! They ran to the ACC and haven't done squat since. They didn't even make a bowl game in 2007... ha ha ha, how bad is that? And who was there at that time? Brad Jacobs. So yeah, he played football... but I dominated. And he went on to go play fake football up in Canada, with their 55-yard lines and three downs... you gotta be pretty desperate to go play phonyball up in the C, but I give him credit for trying. It still makes him ten times the man as these non-athletes running around the AWA, and hundreds of times better than these nerds in the crowd.

Now, I know he's real proud of how he pulled himself off the streets. I got nothin' bad to say about that, because I had teammates in the NFL that I fought alongside, and who I called brothers, that did the same. He should be proud of that. He should be proud that he got to wear the cleats and proud that he got to wear the U, even if he was a failure in the end. But you know what he did, Nerdly?

MS: My name is not Nerdly.

FF: Your name is what I tell you your name is. You never wore cleats. You never put on a helmet. Brad Jacobs earned the right to be respected... until he quit. He quit on football and did the unthinkable. He became a WRESTLER.

MS: Wait, wait... so did you!

FF: NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I ain't a wrestler, I'm a football player here kickin' heads in and proving that football players are way tougher than wrestlers! And Brad Jacobs coulda done it too. Granted, he didn't have the credibility I do. I mean, he never even made the NFL. If he was at least drafted, I could give him that much credit. But anyway, he shoulda spent the last few years doin' what I do. Telling these fans and these wrestlers that they're losers who couldn't hack it in a REAL man's sport.

But no, he committed the worst sin: he IDENTIFIED with them! He identifies himself as a wrestler, can you believe that?! That's treason. That's the worst thing. Brad Jacobs is proud of comin' from nowhere, from the gutter... so proud that he dove right back in the gutter the first chance he got! He blew his chance at football greatness. He quit!

Jacobs, I respect who you were... but not who you are! It makes me sick to see you turn your back on the sport that made you. Wrestling didn't get you educated. Wrestling didn't get you off the street. But wrestling's what is gonna put you back! When I put you down to get at that Brass Ring, that National Title, and you once again blow your chance at whatever second-rate greatness wrestling coulda gave you... where you gonna go then? Basketball? Soccer? You got a track record of quitting and you're tellin' kids they can make it off the street. What're you gonna tell them when you end right back up where you started?

It's funny, you know? After you sold out, you somehow started talkin' like you owe somebody something. Jacobs, did you forget how you got out? You stepped all over everyone in your way! You smashed people on the football field and stood on the backs of the fools who thought you were a charity case. I can see it in the ring with you. The tiniest bit of THAT Brad Jacobs is left. But it wasn't enough to make it in the NFL, and...

[Farelli flashes the Super Bowl ring.]

FF: You're about to see a man who had what it took to get to the mountaintop. I'm gonna remind you, Jacobs. I'll take my time with it. You need to remember who you used to be. A football player! Someone who commanded respect! The only people you owed were your teammates and yourself. Heck with those kids on the street! Let them get a football and rise up if they're worth anything and let them fail if they ain't. When you see me pull that faceplate off the National Title, you'll remember. You'll remember what's really important in life.

Winning. Only winning. Only ever winning, and don't ever forget it again. THE Ohio State University is about to put down the U one more time, and once again, they'll never recover. Chastity, spell it out for him. Gimme a W.

CC: W!

FF: Gimme an I.

CC: I!

FF: Gimme an N.

CC: N!

FF: Gimme an N.

CC: N!

FF: Gimme an I.

CC: I!

FF: Gimme an N.

CC: N!

FF: Gimme a G.

CC: G!

FF: Tell em', Chastity. What's that spell?

CC: FRANKIE!

FF: Got it in one. Now it's your turn, Brad. Gimme a W.

[Beat.]

FF: No, I'll just take it from ya.

[With that, "A New Game" by Tom Hedden of NFL Films starts up, and the fans boo loudly as Farelli and Chamberlain start the trek down the aisle.]

MS: Frankie Farelli with a lot to say towards and about Brad Jacobs, but the time for talking is over. Our first round battle is now... let's go to Gordon and Bucky!

GM: The only positive for Frankie Farelli I can derive from that is that he is focused on his opponent, and probably won't be taking him lightly. Other than that, Farelli couldn't be more mistaken if he tried.

BW: About what? The fact that Brad Jacobs was a failure as a football player and turned his back on the sport that got him off the streets? I'm pretty sure those things happened. Jacobs definitely is the kind of guy to turn his back on someone; ask Larry Doyle.

GM: Farelli is mistaken about the fact that Brad Jacobs' football career has anything to do with anything! Bucky, this is a first round match for the Brass Ring tournament and the AWA National Title... with stakes like this, why is Farelli still obsessed with football? Look at this!

[The crowd continues booing Farelli and Chamberlain, as they have stopped in the middle of the aisle and turned around to the big screen, which is showing Farelli's entrance video. Like most people, Farelli's entrance video consists of clips of him in action. Unlike everyone else, though, none of those clips are of him wrestling... it is entirely composed of highlights of his football career. Worse, this special edition of his entrance video is comprised exclusively of highlights of Farelli from the 2003 Fiesta Bowl, where his Buckeyes beat the Miami Hurricanes for the national championship. Frankie is enjoying shots of him pancaking, throwing, and leveling various Hurricanes in that game... so much so that he has stopped his entrance entirely and is just watching. He occasionally shushes the crowd because he wants to watch this in peace. The longer he does this, the angrier the crowd gets.]

BW: What's wrong with it? Frankie is just taking some time before his match to enjoy scenes of him whipping some Miami Hurricanes like a bunch of pansies, because that's what he's about to do.

GM: Are you calling Brad Jacobs a pansy?

BW: No, I wouldn't. I said "LIKE a pansy". As in, Farelli is going to beat him so decisively that one would think he is a pansy, even though he is not. Was that spelled out enough for you, Gordo, or do I need to get Chastity over here to spell it all.

GM: No...

BW: That's a GREAT idea. Chastity! Come over here!

GM: Please, for the love of all that is holy, do NOT start that.

[Finally, referee Ricky Longfellow has to come down the aisle and tell Farelli that he needs to get to the ring. Farelli frowns and shouts at him, but complies. Though he keeps sneaking looks back over his shoulder as he goes. When he reaches 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...]

#THERE ARE SEVEN KNOWN WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

#YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS THE EIGHTH

[The thumping bassline of "It Takes A Nation" by Ice Cube screams to life in the Crockett Coliseum and the crowd erupts in cheers! Brad Jacobs stalks out onto the entrance platform.]

GM: There he is, fans. One-half of the former World Tag Team Champions in the Blonde Bombers but tonight, he sets out to win his first piece of singles gold here in the AWA.

BW: I'm gettin' some deja vu right about now, Gordo. This is exactly what we just talked about with Hercules Hammonds. Former tag wrestler, out on his own, trying to make it. How'd that turn out for Hammonds?

GM: Our focus now is on Brad Jacobs and his quest to win the National Title, Bucky.

BW: If you dodged like that against Farelli, he would have sacked you flat, daddy.

[Jacobs has his game face on, sweat dripping off his scowling face as he stomps to the ring. Jacobs has on red bicycle style tights that go to the top of the thigh, with what looks like a patch depicting a pitbull standing up straight with his arms crossed on the each hip. He's got red kneepads, elbowpads and boots to match. Jacobs also has a thick industrial chain around his neck, and the chain sways back and forth as the former tag champ makes it to ringside. The Big Dog stomps up the ring steps and climbs into the ring, holding one hand up to the crowd and returning their praise, pounding his chest with an open hand as he prepares for battle.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow has drawn the assignment for this one, trying to get these two men back to their respective corners so he can ring the bell for this - our second first round matchup. The winner of this one moves on to face "Diamond" Rob Driscoll in the Semifinals.

[Jacobs drops the chain off to a waiting attendant as Farelli tugs on the top rope, staying loose as Chastity applauds. Phil Watson steps in the middle of the ring.]

PW: This contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a first round match in the Brass Ring Tournament! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... first, she is 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 man in the ring at this time to have ever accomplished anything that he has set out to do without having his hand held through the entire process...

[Jacobs grimaces, shaking his head as Watson continues.]

PW: ...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 takes a big step back from between Jacobs and Farelli.]

PW: ...not going to end up back homeless on the street after failing at yet another sport...

[That does it. Brad Jacobs comes tearing across the ring, narrowly missing Phil Watson who throws himself backwards, crashing down to the mat as Jacobs storms a shocked Farelli. Chastity lets out a yelp of surprise as she dives to the floor. Farelli is trapped in the corner as Jacobs unleashes right hand after right hand after right hand after right hand. The referee signals for the bell and then lunges towards the corner, trying to get Jacobs to back off...]

BW: GET HIM OFF THE MAN, REF!

GM: Farelli had this comin', Bucky! He had every single one of those blows to the head coming!

[Jacobs grabs Farelli by the arm, firing him across the ring, dropping to a knee from the effort put in as Farelli SLAMS chestfirst into the corner,

staggering backwards as Jacobs drops down, throwing his arm into a three point stance...

...and then rockets across the ring, throwing himself into a chopblock that sends Farelli flipping over Jacobs before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Jacobs gives a fist pump to the roaring crowd as he turns back towards Farelli who has scrambled to his knees, inching backwards as Chastity begs for Jacobs to back off but Jacobs rips Farelli off the mat by the hair.]

GM: Jacobs will not back down! He will not let up!

[Another whip sends Farelli slamming into the buckles, staggering out towards Jacobs who hooks his arms under Jacobs' own armpits, lashing out with his skull, headbutting Farelli between the eyes... again... and again... and again...

...and then uses the same grip to HURL the 281 pounder over his head, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: HOLY-

BW: Did I just see that?!

GM: You certainly did! We're watching two 280 pound beasts colliding in the center of the ring and so far Brad Jacobs is having his way with Frankie Farelli who just rolled right out to the floor! He's had enough!

BW: It's like diving out of bounds to avoid the hit. Farelli needs a moment to regroup. Chastity is right there with him, trying to calm him down, trying to get him back on track.

GM: Frankie Farelli came out here and intentionally tried to send Brad Jacobs into a rage and that's exactly what he- JACOBS IS GOING OUT AFTER HIM!

[The former World Tag Team Champion steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor where Chastity gives a yelp, running out of the way as Jacobs grabs Farelli by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: JACOBS PUTS HIM IN THE STEEL!

[Jacobs gives a shout, rushing towards Farelli...

...who ducks his head, THROWING Jacobs over the railing with a backdrop, causing him to crash down hard on the exposed concrete!]

GM: OHH! BACKDROP ON THE FLOOR!

[Farelli staggers back towards the ring, diving under the ropes... and waving for the referee to start his ten count.]

GM: Farelli's looking for a countout! He wants the win!

BW: Just like he should! Who gives a damn how you win it? He wants to go to the Semifinals. He wants to face Rob Driscoll! And if he has to get that big lug Jacobs counted out to do it, that's exactly what he's going to do!

[Farelli continues to wave a hand, taking a knee on the mat, shouting "COUNT! COUNT! COUNT!" at Ricky Longfellow who keeps the same speed of count.]

GM: The referee's count is up to three as these fans surrounding the ring are begging Brad Jacobs - imploring Brad Jacobs to get up on his feet, back in the ring, and keep this thing going.

[At the count of five, Jacobs uses the railing to drag himself to his feet. We can see a few fans leaning over, patting him on the back as he pulls himself over the railing, wobbling towards the ring where Farelli has retaken his feet...

...and dives on Jacobs with a clubbing forearm to the back of the head as Jacobs slides back in. Farelli continues to pound away on Jacobs from his knees as he tries to pound him into the mat.]

GM: Farelli drags Jacobs off the mat... big whip of his own...

[Jacobs hits the corner hard as Farelli drops down into his own three point stance, charging across the ring...

...where Jacobs sidesteps, hurling Farelli chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

[Farelli staggers back as Jacobs drops down, dragging him into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Chastity gives off a scream as Farelli just BARELY kicks out of the pin attempt!]

GM: Farelli escapes in the nick of time and-

[Farelli rolls to his knees, holding up his hands and shouting "TIME OUT!"]

GM: We saw this earlier, fans... we saw this "time out" stuff in the opening match. It didn't work then and-

[Jacobs stands in front of Farelli, fists balled up at the ready as Farelli slides to his feet, still holding up a hand as he waves for the house mic.]

GM: What is this all about now?

[Farelli takes a mic.]

FF: Hey... hey! It's obvious you got something left...

[Farelli nods.]

FF: Now let's see how much.

[He gestures for Jacobs to back up, pointing to the opposite corner.]

FF: Take a stance... show me what ya got!

[Jacobs shakes his head as Farelli nods. Jacobs looks back at the corner, the crowd cheering at the idea of the showdown. Big Bad Brad nods, backing off as Farelli tosses the mic back to Phil Watson.]

GM: It looks like we've got a showdown here... a little gridiron clash! Jacobs was a defensive lineman... Farelli was an offensive lineman... I think we're about to see what this particular clash looked like on the football field.

BW: Hey, and it's not the first time they've met on the football field either, Gordo. Farelli was playing some mind games with Jacobs earlier, getting the dates wrong on Jacobs' time at the U but the fact is, Farelli knows all too well that these two were on opposite sides of the ball at one point.

GM: And you can imagine that Brad Jacobs does as well. So, both men backing up... both men getting down into a three point stance...

BW: The goal here must be for Jacobs to get past Farelli... just like he'd have to do to get to the quarterback...

[The two are set... and then tear towards one another, barreling across the ring. They come together in a big collision, jostling one another, Jacobs trying to get past the other...

...but Farelli muscles him back, throwing him back down to the mat. The crowd buzzes in surprise.]

BW: Hah! No surprise there, Gordo! You're talking about an NFL Pro Bowler against some undrafted kid who had to play in Canada of all places! Do they even PLAY real football in Canada?!

GM: Jacobs climbing back up off the mat... and Farelli's laughing at him, Bucky!

BW: Of course he is! Jacobs actually thought he stood a chance there.

[Jacobs backs into the corner as a smirking Farelli shouts at him, "You want to try again, kid?"]

GM: They're going to go at it again here. Both men down... set...

[They charge one another again, tangling up with one another...

...and Jacobs HURLS Farelli down to the mat, charging past him into the corner to a BIG CHEER!]

GM: OH YEAH! THE QUARTERBACK IS TOAST!

BW: Oh, you're a real riot, Gordo!

[An embarrassed Farelli climbs to his feet, kicking the ropes in frustration. His face is red as he wheels back towards Jacobs whose fists are clenched and at the ready. Farelli sees the clenched fists, backing off with his hands raised...]

GM: Farelli wants no part of Brad Jacobs throwing those hambones right now, Bucky.

BW: I think he wants to do it again, Gordo.

[Farelli holds up a finger on each hand, signifying the tie. He gives a shout of "ONE MORE TIME!" to a nod from Jacobs.]

GM: They're tied at one apiece, dropping down now into position...

[Both men are down, both men are set, both men are ready. The crowd is roaring for the final showdown as they suddenly burst into motion, charging at each other. They collide in the center of the ring, jostling, pushing each other around in battle...

....when Jacobs suddenly recoils, grabbing at his eyes!]

GM: OHH! Farelli went to the eyes!

BW: Totally legal on the gridiron!

GM: IT IS NOT!

[With Jacobs blinded, Farelli throws himself at the back of the knee, taking Jacobs down off the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs gets clipped from behind!

[Jacobs goes down hard, grabbing at his knee as Farelli unleashes a series of brutal stomps on him with the crowd jeering and Chastity using her megaphone to give an amplified "YOU GOT HIM, FRANKIE! YOU GOT HIM! GOOOOOOOO FRANKIE!" that gets even more jeers.]

GM: Farelli stomping the man... sending Jacobs back towards the corner...

[Farelli drags Jacobs up by the arm, pulling him a few feet out from the corner, scooping him up in his powerful arms...]

GM: Wow! Look at the power on Farelli as he slams him down to the mat!

[He pulls Jacobs right back up, scooping him up and slamming him down a second time.]

GM: A second big slam... he's going for it again!

BW: These fans are shocked! Their hero is getting manhandled by the 2014 Rookie of the Year, daddy!

[Farelli lifts him up, spinning a full 360 before slamming him down. He flexes a single arm before dropping into a cover.]

GM: Farelli covers for one! He's got two! But that's all!

[Chastity immediately gets on the megaphone - "ONE! TWO! THREE! IS IT THAT HARD, DUMMY?!"]

GM: Chastity letting the referee have it but it looked like a fair count to me.

BW: Of course you'd say that. You're biased against Frankie Farelli.

GM: I have to admit it, yes. But can you blame me considering the complete lack of respect he has for our sport?

BW: You don't have to have respect when you're dominant.

GM: Oh, I greatly disagree with that but as Farelli pulls Brad Jacobs off the mat again... oof! Kneelift up into the midsection of the former tag team champion.

[He uses Jacobs' powerful arm to whip him into the ropes, scooping him up on the rebound, pivoting, and driving him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!!

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Jacobs again powers out, his legs kicking out easily without the benefit of being hooked.]

GM: Frankie Farelli with a rookie mistake there as he doesn't hook a leg, leaving Jacobs to easily kick out in time.

BW: Maybe but that powerslam took a lot out of him, Gordo.

[Farelli slaps his hands together three times quickly as Chastity says, "YEAH! YEAH! ONETWOTHREE, YOU IDIOT!" Longfellow throws a dirty look at Chastity and her megaphone as Farelli drags Jacobs off the mat by the arm, flinging him into the corner.]

GM: Whip to the buckles...

[Farelli comes tearing in, cocking his right arm back...]

GM: ZONE BLOCK!

[...but Jacobs sidesteps again, throwing Farelli chestfirst into the corner to avoid the running palm strike!]

GM: He missed and-

[As Farelli staggers in a circle, Jacobs scoops him up...

...and PRESSES HIM OVERHEAD!]

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

BW: HOLY- FARELLI'S ALMOST THREE HUNDRED POUNDS!

[Jacobs takes a step out of the corner, hurling Farelli down to the mat with the press slam!]

GM: OH MY STARS! BRAD JACOBS TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[The former tag champ balls up his fists, throwing them in the air, and then leans over, slamming them down on the mat, backing into the corner, crouching over...]

GM: Jacobs is setting up for the spear! He's calling for the spear!

[Jacobs waits until Farelli gets up off the mat, staggering in a circle...

...and then the former defensive lineman comes tearing across the ring, lowering his head...]

GM: SPEAAAAAAAAA-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ZONE BLOCK! ZONE BLOCK!

[The palm strike snaps Jacobs' head back, dropping him down to the mat. Farelli hooks a leg, rolling through into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Jacobs' shoulder comes flying off the mat!]

GM: JACOBS KICKS OUT!

[Farelli angrily slams his hands down on the mat, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers. The former Pro Bowler climbs to his feet, backing to the corner where he hops up to the second rope, slowly lifting his arms up over his head...]

GM: Farelli's looking to finish this! He's looking for the Touchdown!

BW: If he hits this, Jacobs won't wake up til Tuesday, daddy!

[Farelli waits... and waits... and waits as Jacobs pushes up to a knee, slowly raising his head towards the corner where the Rookie Of The Year sets to deliver his flying elbowstrike...]

GM: Farelli LEAPS!

[...and Jacobs PUSHES OFF the mat with both feet, THROWING HIMSELF into a spear that knocks Farelli out of the sky!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

[Jacobs collapses on top of Farelli, yanking both legs into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jacobs rolls off onto his back, barely able to lift his arm in victory.]

GM: Wow! What a hard-hitting, hard-fought battle by both of these men. You've gotta be impressed by what we saw out of both of them here tonight, Bucky.

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... moving on to the Semifinals...

BRAAAAAAAD JAAAAAAAACOBS!

[Jacobs sits up, breathing heavy as the crowd cheers for him.]

GM: Brad Jacobs moving on to the Semifinals where "Diamond" Rob Driscoll is waiting for him, Bucky.

BW: And even though Jacobs didn't go anywhere near the fifteen minutes that Driscoll did, he had a real tough battle with Frankie Farelli... I can't believe Farelli lost, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you can't... but perhaps that'll teach Mr. Farelli to have some more respect for the professional wrestlers that he encounters inside the squared circle. But Brad Jacobs is moving on to the Semifinals and these fans are certainly happy about that! Fans, throughout the night here in Dallas, we're going to be taking a look back at some of the AWA's greatest moments in the Lone Star State as our way of saying goodbye to the city that has been our home for so long!

[We crossfade to footage with the graphic "AWA'S GREATEST TEXAS MOMENTS." In the background, we see the exterior of the old WKIK Studios - the original home of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling. The shot cuts inside the building, showing a full studio full of fans waiting for the action. The sound of Gordon Myers' voice on that night is heard.]

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance. And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... _real_ professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are _live_ in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action."

[The footage changes to show some quick highlights of action from that night with the accompanying sounds we heard from the original AWA broadcast.]

We see Melissa Cannon in the ring announcing Keith Smith (now Kerry Kendrick) for the first AWA match ever.

The debut of the Russians as Vladimir Velikov and Kolya Sudakov rough up a pair of opponents, finishing them off with Velikov's flying kneedrop to the back of the skull.]

"This one is academic from here. One, two, and thank goodness, a three."

[The voice of Velikov replaces Gordon as a shot of Kolya Sudakov, a future National Champion at that point, fills the screen.]

"My mother Russia sent me to bring back the _real_ Kolya to the world. The man who broke bones and spirits... the beast who shattered spines and careers... the warrior who carried the blood of the Russian people in his veins and their hopes on his back."

[We cut again, this time showing Marcus Broussard speaking to the camera.]

"When I got this chance to compete in the AWA, I made a little promise to myself. Gone are the days of Marcus Broussard, zen buddhist philosopher. Gone are the days of Mr. Let Good Things Come To You.

Starting tonight, I'm taking everything I want. I'm not going to sit back and wait for luck, I'm going to create my own."

[As we go deeper into the show, we get glimpses of competitors like Calisto Dufresne, Clayton Shaw, Rick Marley, Tumaffi, and Kevin Slater.

A new shot shows Tin Can Rust winding up his right hand, cracking "Hotshot" Stevie Scott with a Tin Jaw Rocker, sending Scott flipping head over heels down to the mat as Gordon's voice returns.]

"Tin Can Rust has saved the day for yours truly and he's chased Stevie Scott clear out of the WKIK Studios thankfully!"

[Another sequence of shots showing "Spitfire" Buddy Lambert, "Ragin' Rebel" Ricky Royal, and future National Champion Ron Houston using his Fade To Black slam before we fade into the first Main Event in AWA history - "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater taking on "San Jose Shark" Marcus Broussard.

And then start to fade as the final words from Gordon Myers on that night are heard.]

"Fans, we're out of time! We'll see you next time... at the matches!"

[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: Last week, the world bore witness to the intense spectacle of El Gran Tigre taking on his hated rival, El Danado, in a match that pitted the hair of El Gran Tigre against the mask of El Danado!

[Clips are shown of the match, as the impressively pompadoured Tigre dives from the top turnbuckle onto the prone form of El Danado as he lie stretched out on the concrete at ringside. Then to clips of Tigre's face contorted in pain as Danado stretches him out with a surfboard.]

VO: It appeared that the vile El Danado would be unmasked, when a mysterious man appeared.

[El Gran Tigre is on the ropes, signaling to the crowd, when suddenly, from the stands, a man races forward. Dressed in a black body suit, with a black mask that has a red pentagram across the face, the man pushes Tigre from the top rope. A moment later, Danado lifts Tigre up, and the latter comes crashing down to the mat, defeated by the dreaded El Martinete.]

VO: This week, witness the heart breaking spectacle, as El Gran Tigre's head is shaved.

[Cut to the ring, where Tigre is forced to sit in a chair, tears streaming down his face as the triumphant Danado approaches with scissors in hand.]

VO: And we hear from the man who cost El Gran Tigress his hair, the mysterious Némesis!

[Némesis stands in the center of the ring, microphone in hand, tauntingly tossing locks of El Gran Tigre's hair towards screaming fans]

VO: All this, and much more on this week's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA!!

[We fade away from the commercial to the instrumental beginning of "I Believe I can Fly" by R. Kelly as we see Skywalker Jones and Buford P. Higgins making a long walk down the halls backstage at an unknown AWA event, followed by Jones' entourage of cheerleaders. As soon as they reach the curtains and step through, the screen is enveloped in bright white light, as the vocals begin, cutting to highlights of Jones in action.]

#I used to think that I could not go on#
#And life was nothing but an awful song#
#But now I know the meaning of true love#
#I'm leaning on the everlasting arms#

[We see Jones launching himself and soaring through the air with his coast-to-coast dropkick in extreme slow motion, flying across the entire ring and finally burying both feet into Brad Jacobs' face as the fans in the Coliseum all rise out of their feet cheering. The shot then fades out...]

#If I can see it, then I can do it#
#If I just believe it, there's nothing to it#

[...and fades into a shot of Jones climbing up the top rope, staring down at a prone Juan Vasquez. He takes a deep breath and shouts something to the crowd, before soaring off the top and flying through the air with a full one and three-quarter revolutions, before crushing the former AWA National Champion with a 630 degree senton, as the shot fades out...]

#I BELIEVE I CAN FLY#

[...we cut to a shot of Jones taking a running leap, easily clearing the top rope and diving onto The Lights Out Express...]

#I BELIEVE I CAN TOUCH THE SKY#

[...to a shot of Jones tightrope walking across the top rope and then leaping off with a shooting star press to the outside of the ring, wiping out The Hive and Queen Bee...]

#I think about it every night and day (Night and day)#

[...rapid shots of Jones hitting a standing shooting star press on various opponents...]

#Spread my wings and fly away

[...to Jones grabbing November around the waist and flipping off the top rope with his rival, crashing down to the canvas with his "Witness to Greatness" somersault belly-to-belly slam...]

#I believe I can soar#
#I see me running through that open door#
#I believe I can fly#
#I believe I can fly#
#I believe I can fly#

[...and finally we cut to a shot of Jones climbing up to the top rope and spreading his arms, basking in the cheers of the crowd as we freeze on the shot and it slowly fades to black and the words "SKYWALKER JONES RETURNS IN ATLANTA" appears on the screen, before we fade out.

Cut to live action backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with the World Heavyweight Champion. Ryan Martinez is pacing back and forth, a clearly distraught look on his face.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, just moments ago, the ambulance left with your father... much to his disagreement, I might add. You stayed behind, because you said you had something to say.

[The AWA's White Knight stops, turning towards Stegglet.]

RM: Yeah, I do have something to say.

Caleb Temple, I want you in a match, and I want it tonight.

[Inside the Crockett Coliseum, the crowd reacts loudly to what they just heard as Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

MS: Erm... champ, need I remind you that you are currently under a medical suspension?

RM: Mark, look into my eyes... do you think that matters?

[A look into the eyes tells us "uhhh, no."]

RM: Whatever it takes, I want to fight you tonight, Temple. I made a promise to the man you just jumped from behind that I'd put an end to you.

And like I told Hannibal Carver, I always keep my promises.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I have to wonder if Mr. Temple will accept. It seems clear that he's happy to keep playing his game and to keep you off balance.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: You're right, Mark. But here's the thing – I'm going to play your game, Temple. You won't come at me head on? You want to play mindgames?

Well, Caleb Temple, you can have it your way.

[Stegglet seems about to ask what he means when Ryan makes it clear.]

RM: You pick the match, Temple.

We're in Dallas. So if you want a Texas Death Match, we can do that. You can put a leather strap on my wrist and the other end on your wrist. You can do the same with a chain. You can get the ring crew to put a cage around the ring.

You can even send someone down to the Silver Star Ranch and bring back a truckload full of barbed wire, for all I care!

[Stegglet interrupts, panic in his eyes.]

MS: Wait a minute, Mr. Martinez, think about what you're saying!

RM: I'm not done. Maybe you think that's not far enough, Temple. Maybe you want to do it the way they used to do it back in the days of the Empire.

That's fine too.

I'm willing to bet that, since he's crowning a new National Champion tonight, Chris Blue is in the building. So you go find him Temple, and you tell him you want him to pull something out of his twisted imagination.

I bet that Mr. Blue even knows how to get his hands on that legendary cursed structure.

MS: You're talking about the-

[Ryan cuts Stegglet off before he can finish.]

RM: That's exactly what I'm talking about.

You pick, Temple. You name something, and tonight, I'll make sure you get it. Whatever you want ever, you can have. Because it ends tonight.

[The AWA's White Knight snarls as he speaks the last words.]

RM: Trust me.

[With that, Martinez steps away, leaving a dumbstruck Mark Stegglet in his wake. We abruptly fade back inside the Crockett Coliseum to ringside where both Gordon and Bucky look stunned.]

GM: I-

BW: Oh, let me start this one off, Gordo. I knew the kid was dumb. I ALWAYS knew the kid was dumb. But now? Now I know he's just flat out insane, Gordo! He's crazy!

GM: He's the World Champion!

BW: He's the World Champion who just happens to be dumb, insane, and crazy! Because there's no one... NO ONE... who you could claim to be a rational, sane, intelligent human being who would come out here under a medical suspension and say, "I WANT CALEB TEMPLE!" let alone is there someone would say, "I WANT CALEB TEMPLE AND I WANT HIM TO PICK THE MATCH!"

GM: It's a daring move.

BW: It's a stupid move. Because even if you never saw a single day of what Caleb Temple has done in his lifetime to EARN the nickname - The King of the Death Match - you know what he's done here.

GM: But he-

BW: No, listen to me, Gordo. You know that he's thrown fire in the face of the World Champion and not blinked an eye doing it. You know he's thrown the same man off an elevated platform and tried to break his spine and not blinked an eye doing it. And you know he's taken a steel chair to a Hall of Famer, tried to cave in his damned skull, and not blinked an eye doing it. Caleb Temple is a madman... and the one thing you do NOT want to mess with is the whim of a madman, Gordon. Caleb Temple was born in blood and baptized in violence and if Ryan Martinez wants to walk into his living, walking, breathing nightmare to face him, he's dumber than ANY of us ever thought.

GM: I... well, you raise some good points, Bucky. Ryan Martinez has issued a challenge to face Caleb Temple right here tonight at our Seventh Anniversary Spectacular in ANY match that Temple chooses... heck, I don't even know if Dr. Ponavitch will clear Martinez to compete here tonight!

BW: Does Martinez even give a damn? The guy's snapped, Gordo! Caleb Temple is deep inside his head and he's pulling the strings now, Gordo.

GM: Will Caleb Temple accept the challenge? We'll find out later tonight but right now, let's get back to our Brass Ring Tournament with the National Title on the line! We now know the first half of the Semifinals which will see "Diamond" Rob Driscoll taking on Brad Jacobs. But who will make up the other Semifinal? We are moments away from knowing part of the answer to that question, fans. Let's go backstage and hear from the two men in our next first round showdown!

[Cut back to the locker room where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Callum Mahoney, dressed to compete in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, under a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels.]

MS: Callum Mahoney, two weeks ago, a controversial win over Sultan Azam Sharif allowed you to qualify for the Brass Ring Tournament. In order for you to advance in the tournament tonight, you'll need to beat your first round opponent, the youngest son of the legendary Lynch wrestling family and hometown favorite, Travis Lynch. Will a lucky roll-up and a handful of tights be enough against such odds?

[Mahoney lets out a derisive snort.]

CM: A surprise roll-up and a handful of tights will keep most men down long enough for a three-count, as will breaking that pretty face with a well-placed forearm.

But, if you want to talk about lucky, Mark, lucky is having teen idol looks that all the girls will cheer for. Lucky is being born into a family whose name is synonymous with wrestling here in Texas. The Lynch name is known all across the nation, but nobody knows a thing about the Mahoneys... Not yet, anyway.

[Mahoney seems to bristle at that fact.]

CM: You see, my old man's a lot like Blackjack Lynch, only on a much smaller scale. Working the fun fairs all across Britain and the continent, he knew how to put on a show. He knew how to make people stop in front of his stand and watch and listen. He knew the patter. He knew how to get them hooked and, much like Blackjack, he knew how to get them to hand over their money.

And, much like Blackjack, my old man made sure that he walked away on top. Nobody could win any of those games he ran. Much like, Blackjack, my old man was an outright conman.

[Is that pride or disdain in his voice? You be the judge.]

CM: Unlike Blackjack Lynch, however, my old man was not interested in building any sort of legacy; it was just an ordinary job to him. It allowed him to buy food for his family and it kept his children fed. I lived off of his earnings and I grew up off of those same earnings, till I grew big enough and strong enough to get into the business myself.

Only this Mahoney wasn't interested in running fun fair games that nobody could win and duping the ones who did not know better into handing over their money for a chance at getting a stuffed toy or some other cheap trinket.

This Mahoney used his two hands and what strength he had to earn a living and worked his way up, setting up stands, manning the rides and eventually stretching out loudmouths and drunks who overestimated their ability to stay vertical and underestimated the efficacy of your basic armbar.

[Mahoney gives a jerk with his hands as if he's applying that dreaded armbar.]

CM: So, tonight, just like every other night since I've worked the fairs, I'm not going to have the fans nor any sort of family legacy behind me. I'm not going to have the bells-and-whistles, I'm not going to have the patter, and I'm not going to be running any sort of con.

Sure, you're not some random nobody who stumbled off Brighton Pier, Travis, so I know you'll give me some semblance of a fight, but, eventually, one way or another, I will take you down and I will hurt you and I will beat you.

[Holding out his right forearm in front of him.]

CM: And I might even make some girls cry along the way by finishing what Cain Jackson could not.

[Mahoney drives his forearm into the palm of his left hand, letting out a loud "WHAP!"...

...as we cut to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED AT THE SILVER STAR RANCH." As we fade up, we see Gordon Myers sitting upon a black leather recliner as Travis Lynch paces in front of what is obviously a trophy case. He runs his right hand through his wavy dirty blonde hair as Gordon begins.]

GM: Fans, I have been invited here today by the Lynch family to their ranch here in Texas so that I could get some words with young Travis as he prepares for what many would say is the biggest night of his career. Travis, I may as well start this with the question on everyone's mind... what are the extent of the injuries you suffered in your match with "The Beast" Cain Jackson?

[The camera pans back to Travis, and the fans watching can see the beige color self-adhering bandage under his trademark super smedium T-shirt. He pulls the T-shirt off, revealing the bandage which covers his shoulder and upper portion of his arm. As Travis places his T-shirt over his right shoulder, the remnants of a deep purple bruise can be seen along his jaw line.]

TL: Well Gordon, as you can see I'm battered and bruised from the lapdog's assault on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, but let's not give Cain Jackson all the credit. If one half of his Dopey Duo, Alex Martin, hadn't pulled Cain Jackson out of the way so that I ran hard into the steel ring post... I'm not sure I would be wearing these bandages right now. The bruise...

[Travis motions to his jaw.]

TL: And the sudden waves of pain that come with it... well, I might still have those as that big boot caught me clean.

[Travis cups his jaw with his hand for a moment, before slowly shaking his head to the side.]

TL: I can't lie, Gordon, I was seeing stars for a few moments after Supreme's lapdog tried to dislocate my jaw...

[Travis smirks but it is quickly replaced by a wince.]

TL: But not nearly as many as him after the discus punch caught him.

GM: No question about it, Travis. That discus punch picked up the most important win of your AWA career, as it propelled you into the Brass Ring Tournament and a shot to claim the AWA National Title. But before we talk about that I have to ask what we're you thinking when Team Supreme flooded the ring and began to put the boots to you.

[Before answering the question, the Texas Heartthrob grabs the black T-shirt from his shoulder and puts it back on, surely to the disappointment of all the ladies watching.]

TL: Honestly Gordon, only Jack and Ma popped into my mind. As the boots were driven into my shoulder and my ribs, I felt guilty for not being there for Jack... and then I could only picture Ma's face as she watched another one of her boys suffering in the ring.

[Travis pauses and exhales deeply.]

TL: But when the Dopey Duo pulled me to my feet so I could look into Supreme Wright's eyes... I saw his disappointment in his lapdog, the realization that his "Beast" is only good for countin' the lights in the Crockett Coliseum... well, that brought joy.

Supreme's surrounded himself with clowns and yes men, so he believes the world revolves around him. He's delusional enough to believe everyone should bow before him. But it doesn't and we don't. The aura he may have had... it's fallen further than the temperatures in Boston.

He ran for the hills like the yellow-belly he is when Bobby and Michael came runnin' to my aid. He's afraid... afraid that Jack is goin' to take his position on the card... afraid that like Dave Bryant, he will be forgotten and never get his rematch for the title... and he should be!

[Travis turns his back to his camera and looks at the many trophies in the case.]

TL: Supreme Wright reminds me a lot of Callum Mahoney honestly.

GM: How is that, Travis?

TL: Tell me what Mahoney earned here in the AWA, Gordon.

GM: Well, he earned his spot in the Brass Ring Tournament ...

TL: By pulling Sharif's tights. A desperate man pulls the tights... It doesn't show fire, desire, or self respect. Three traits you need to have to be a champion. The only trait I've seen Mahoney show is a lack of respect to others and to himself.

GM: Callum Mahoney seems to respect himself just fine, Travis. In fact, I've heard him say it more than once.

TL Mahoney is self-confident, there's no doubt about that. But he's a man who spits upon his own past because he feels he's owed more. How is that a man who respects himself?

GM: I'm not sure I'm following you, Travis.

[Travis continues to look at the trophies.]

TL: You see these, Gordon. I EARNED each one of these. From Junior High, to High School, to College... each one of them I earned. My sweat, my tears, my blood earned these trophies and I'm proud of each one of them. I wouldn't smash one into the back of another man just to prove a point... sitting in this case they prove the only point I want to make. I EARNED THEM!

[Travis turns around and once again looks at the camera.]

TL: Each one of them defines just a little piece of me and helped to mold me into who I am today. Without them, yeah I'm still a Lynch, but I'm not the Travis Lynch standing in front of you. So Mahoney, when you spit on your trophy by driving it into the skull of Sharif, you spit upon yourself and every one who held that trophy before you. And it makes me sick!

[Travis is silent for a moment and Gordon finally breaks it.]

GM: I see the PCW Heavyweight in there as well, Travis.

TL: Just a replica, Gordon. The old man has the one Bruno Verhoeven set aflame... but you know, the wars I went through just to bring that belt back to the family though should tell Mahoney just how much I care about respect for legacies.

But I don't expect Mahoney to understand that. He's a damn bully willing to sacrifice anything to get what he feels he's owed... just like Supreme Wright. While Wright sacrifices others to achieve his goal. Mahoney sacrifices himself... his own past and his own self respect! Callum, I've dealt with bullies like you all my life. The guy who thinks he's tough but always picks on those smaller than him, cause they know in a fair fight they're not as tough as they are in their head.

GM: Without question, you're not smaller than Callum.

TL: Not at all, but it took years to get myself into this shape, Gordon. And there was a time when I was bullied, a time before I got into sports and built this collection...

[Travis motions back to the trophy case.]

TL: And I built this body. I told myself as I got older I would never become the bully since I know first hand what it was like.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: But don't worry Mahoney, I'll teach you about respect at Saturday Night Wrestling. I'll give you the same lesson as Cain Jackson. That I'm not just a pretty face. You see Mahoney, I know you grew up on the streets, fighting to survive and there's no question you're a tough son of a gun but I fought my entire life as well. I stuck up for those who couldn't defend themselves they

way I could. I'm tough as nails and can fight with the best of them. I just happen to look good while doing it.

[Travis smiles.]

TL: And by sticking up for people I made a lot of good friends. Friends, who will be in the Crockett Coliseum cheering me on as I reach for the Brass Ring to become the next AWA National Champion.

But you can't say that Mahoney, no you don't have friends. In fact you don't have anyone who respects you. The second that trophy slammed into Sharif's skull, the respect you had went right out the kitchen window. You may as well put on a tracksuit and join the clowns bowing down at the altar of Wright. 'Cause at the end of the night you're no better than Matt Lance or Alex Martin.

GM: That's a harsh comparison, Travis. As you've said, Callum is as tough as they come and with your shoulder in the shape it is... can you possibly survive his deadly armbar?

[Travis runs his right hand through his hair once again.]

TL: I'll answer that with a question for Mahoney.

[Travis looks directly into the camera.]

TL: Mahoney, how are you going to get close enough for that armbar when you got a discus punch comin' for you?

[The camera pans back a bit.]

TL: Gordon, when Saturday Night Wrestling ends, Callum Mahoney will know the meaning of respect and I will be the new AWA National Champion.

[The camera holds on Travis a moment longer before all fades to black...

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a first round match in the Brass Ring Tournament! Introducing first...

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play over the arena speakers, causing the crowd to start jeering. An athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. He stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney holds his arms up aloft and the jeers grow louder, which only causes him to regard the crowd with greater disdain, as he makes his way down the aisle. He stops midway, exchanging words with the fans. He threatens to backhand a one of the more vocal members of the crowd, but walks on, as we hear him tell the fan, "You're not worth it!"]

GM: The Fighting Irishman, the Armbar Assassin - Callum Mahoney is a man of many nicknames but if things go his way here tonight, one more name you'll be able to add to that list is AWA National Champion.

BW: I'm hoping I can add a name to the list - Breaker Of Lynches.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops the jacket to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[For the last time for a while, the opening to the classic "Tom Sawyer" by Rush begins to play throughout the Crockett Coliseum.]

#A modern day warrior
Mean, mean stride
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean, mean pride#

GM: We all know who is coming to the ring now!

[As Geddy Lee sings, the screams from the females in attendance begin to increase and nearly drown the song out.]

PW: Coming to the ring now. Hailing from Dallas, Texas. Standing six feet, three inches, and weighing in tonight at 252 pounds...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngest of the wrestling Lynch brothers. The cheers are nearly deafening as Travis makes his way down the elevated ramp way and somehow those screams and cheers seem to increase with each step. 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. His trademark chaps are missing as he's dressed in 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.]

BW: Did you say something, Gordo? I can't hear you over these women screaming for help from a scumbag!

GM: Bucky!

[Travis looks at the ring for a moment before jumping off of the elevated ramp and heading to the ring barricade.]

BW: Stench is running away! He knows he's no match for the Armbar Assassin!

GM: He is not! He's saying goodbye to his many fans here in the Crockett Coliseum!

[Travis hugs a few young fans and slaps the hands of others as he slowly walks to the ring.]

BW: Fans? Stench looks disgusted by these people!

GM: He is not, Bucky! I know the big boot from Cain Jackson bruised his jaw and it hurts when he smiles.

BW: So he says but I've heard the truth from Supreme Wright. Travis Lynch hates the fans and can't wait to get out of this state.

GM: I'm sure that's what Supreme Wright told you about himself, not Travis.

[As he nears the ring, a raven haired beauty reaches over the guardrail and pulls him closer. She screams "I LOVE YOU!" and kisses him on his cheek. As security separates her from Travis, he smiles ear to ear flashing his pearly whites for all to see.]

GM: That lovely lady's kiss healed Travis' jaw! Just look at that smile!

BW: I'm going to be sick.

[A grinning Travis steps up the ringsteps, turning to salute the cheering fans who know they may be seeing him for the last time in a long while. Still wearing the smile, Travis steps through the ropes...

...and Mahoney rushes forward, booting the middle rope up into the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Mahoney grabs the left arm of Travis, kicking it repeatedly before planting his knee on the shoulder...

...and DRIVING it down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: BREAKER OF LYNCHES!

[Mahoney flips Travis over to his back, planting his forearm on Travis' cheekbone as he attempts a cover, waving AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger to count.]

GM: Mahoney's going for it here!

BW: What the hell is Jagger doing?!

[A defiant Johnny Jagger shakes his head, waving his hands back and forth.]

GM: Jagger says no!

[Mahoney storms to his feet, grabbing Jagger by the shirt and backing him across the ring, shoving him into the ropes.]

GM: Look out here!

BW: Jagger should do his job and count the pin and he wouldn't have problems like this!

GM: He hadn't called for the bell and he wasn't about to considering that vicious and cheap attack by Mahoney!

[An angry Mahoney shoves a threatening finger in Jagger's face, bullying him back against the ropes. But Jagger holds his ground, pointing to the AWA logo on his referee's shirt, threatening to end the match before it even starts as Travis Lynch pushes up to all fours with his right arm.]

GM: This match hasn't even started yet and Mahoney has taken a cheap shot right out of the chute.

[Mahoney spins away from Jagger, stalking across the ring towards the kneeling Travis Lynch...

...who fires a right hand into the Fighting Irishman's midsection as he approaches!]

GM: Travis goes downstairs with the right hand!

BW: With the RIGHT hand, Gordo... you notice he's not throwing with his usual southpaw side.

GM: After that horrific kneedrop-type move to the shoulder, I'm not surprised.

[A right hand to the head of the doubled-up Mahoney sends the Armbar Assassin reeling as the crowd roars, cheering Travis up to his feet as Johnny Jagger signals for the bell. Lynch winces as he gets there, grabbing at his tender shoulder as he advances on Mahoney...

...who wheels around and JAMS his palm into the shoulder of Lynch, again knocking Lynch back down to his knees!]

GM: The palm strike connects - simple, effective, and brutal!

[Mahoney grabs Travis by the arm, twisting the arm into an armwringer before slamming the point of his elbow down into the shoulder once... twice... and a third time.]

GM: Callum Mahoney is making it quite clear what he's going after here, taking aim at the injured shoulder that Cain Jackson damaged two weeks ago.

[The Fighting Irishman straightens out the arm before throwing a hard kick into the armpit, causing Travis to crumple to the side, falling down to the canvas where Mahoney flips him onto his back, jamming his forearm into the cheekbone again.]

GM: Mahoney gets one! He gets two! But that's all! It's going to take more than that to put Travis Lynch down for a three count, fans.

BW: How much more? I want to give Mahoney a gameplan.

GM: I'm sure the former Catch Wrestling champion has his own gameplan, Bucky, and won't need your advice.

BW: Every little bit helps, Gordo.

[Mahoney grabs Travis' bad shoulder, shoving it back down to the canvas with impact. He plants his forearm on the cheek again, this time grinding it back and forth as he uses his right arm to keep Travis pinned down.]

GM: Oh, come on, ref!

[Johnny Jagger starts a count on the illegal move, an attack that Mahoney breaks off at four and change, climbing to his feet. Travis rolls away from him, trying to create some distance but Mahoney grabs a foot, dragging Travis towards him before dropping an elbow down on the back of the head!]

GM: Callum Mahoney stunned the fans of the AWA when he betrayed his team at SuperClash, breaking that Catch Wrestling trophy over the head of Sultan Azam Sharif. That one move signaled a significant change in attitude for Mahoney who has really been working his way up the Most Hated list in recent weeks, Bucky.

BW: Fans don't win you titles, Gordo. Lynch can have every single one of these desperate housewives and their training bra wearing daughters panting for him but that won't make his shoulder stop hurting and it damn sure won't put Callum Mahoney down for a three count.

[Mahoney pulls Travis off the mat by the hair, holding him steady before a stunning European uppercut connects, causing Travis to fall back against the ropes.]

GM: Hard shot by the Fighting Irishman... and look at this, Bucky!

[The crowd jeers as Mahoney wraps the injured arm around the top rope, twisting and pulling - really torquing the limb as the referee starts another five count.]

GM: He's got Travis tied up in the ropes... three... four...

[Mahoney breaks in time and then throws himself forward, slamming a knee into the trapped shoulder.]

GM: Ohh!

[He continues the assault, raining down elbows on the same shoulder as Lynch tries to get his arm free.]

GM: The referee's trying to back Mahoney away but he seems like he's willing to risk the disqualification to do more damage to that shoulder.

BW: Not the smartest strategy but so far, Jagger hasn't rung the bell so it's working.

[Mahoney grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Travis off the far side...

[...and the Irishman leaps into the air, driving his knee into the shoulder, sending Travis spinning away before he falls down to the mat facefirst.]

GM: High knee connects and down goes Travis Lynch again!

[The crowd in the Crockett Coliseum grows concerned as Mahoney steps over into a straddle, yanking Travis up by the hair and applying a straddle armbar.]

GM: Mahoney is the master of the armbar but this is not his coup de grace, fans. This one is designed to weaken the arm, to hurt the arm, to torment the arm. If he can get a submission out of it, he'll be happy to do so but it's that cross armbreaker that Travis Lynch needs to beware.

BW: It absolutely is. If Mahoney locks that on a healthy arm, it's the end of the night. If he gets it on a banged up arm, it might be the end of a career. Hrm. I like the sound of that.

GM: Bucky!

[Mahoney yanks back on the arm with an "ASK HIM, REF!" Johnny Jagger quickly obliges but Travis refuses to give up.]

GM: And while it is no shame to submit, you would have to imagine that Travis Lynch wouldn't quit here tonight in front of his hometown fans with so much at stake unless his arm was physically removed from his body!

BW: If that cross armbreaker gets hooked on, that very well might happen.

[The chants - the high-pitched chants - of "TRA-VIS! TRA-VIS! TRA-VIS!" fills the air in the Crockett Coliseum as the fans try to rally behind one of their favorite sons as he battles to survive this painful submission hold.]

GM: The fans are behind him! Travis Lynch hears them! Travis Lynch is fighting this hold!

[Lynch pumps his free arm, shaking his fist in rhythm with the chant as he tries to get up off the canvas...

...only to have Mahoney leap up, driving his hind quarters down into the small of the back!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: And that'll put Lynch right back down on his yellow belly in the armbar, Gordo!

GM: It certainly does. Mahoney felt that armbar slipping and he made Travis pay for it!

[Mahoney shakes his head at the jeering crowd, shouting "HE AIN'T GETTIN' OUT!"]

GM: Mahoney cranking on that arm again, really bending it in a way that it's not meant to bend.

BW: He'll break it, Gordo. He'll break the damn arm and not even care.

GM: I firmly believe that's true. The old Callum Mahoney might feel some remorse over doing something like that to win a match but this Mahoney is cruel and ruthless.

[Lynch again shakes his head, refusing to quit at Jagger's question. Johnny Jagger informs Mahoney who grits his teeth, yanking the arm again shouting "GIVE UP! GIVE UP!"]

GM: Mahoney's trying to wrench that submission out of Travis Lynch but the Texas Heartthrob refuses to give up!

BW: I'm almost happier that he's not giving up, Gordo. Every second he stays in this armbar, he creeps closer to an early - and overdue - retirement!

GM: You're too much.

[Again, the chant starts up... "TRA-VIS! TRA-VIS! TRA-VIS!"]

GM: Listen to these fans! It's deafening here in Dallas!

BW: SHADDUP! SHUT THESE PEOPLE UP!

GM: And it's working! It's working, Bucky!

BW: SHADDUP, MYERS!

[Travis pushes up to all fours, trying to lift his way up off the mat. Mahoney goes back to the well, releasing the arm, leaping into the air...

...and Travis rolls to his back, raising his knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mahoney's eyes go wide as his groin slams down on Lynch's raised knees and the crowd ROARS!]

GM: OH MY! THE IRISHMAN WILL BE SINGING SOPRANO TONIGHT!

[The Fighting Irishman staggers away, holding his groin as Travis uses his good arm to push himself off the mat, immediately grabbing at his left shoulder as he staggers towards Mahoney who gets to the ropes, grabbing the top...]

GM: Travis needs to get on track here... he needs to get some offense going here...

[The youngest of the Lynch brothers walks into a mule kick to the gut. Mahoney angrily spins around, swinging a haymaker...

...but Lynch brings up his left arm, cringing as he blocks the blow before throwing a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Right hand by Travis! And another!

[He backs off, shaking his right hand.]

GM: Like we said, Travis Lynch is a southpaw so throwing that right hand may not be the most natural thing for him. But he needs to- CLOTHESLINE!

[The crowd roars as the running right-armed clothesline takes Mahoney over the ropes, depositing him down on the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: OH MY! TRAVIS LYNCH LOWERS THE BOOM ON MAHONEY, SENDING HIM OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[Lynch falls back, pumping a right fist to cheers from the crowd as he stumbles into the far ropes, grabbing at his shoulder.]

GM: Travis Lynch is in tremendous pain, Bucky... trying to fight through that banged-up shoulder and arm. Between what Cain Jackson and Callum Mahoney have done to that arm, I'm surprised Travis is still able to use it at all.

BW: He's barely using it, Gordo. He used the off arm for that clothesline.

[The referee starts his ten count on Mahoney as Travis leans against the ropes, taking several deep breaths...]

GM: Travis trying to get a second wind as Mahoney tries to stir out on the floor...

[As Mahoney uses the apron to drag himself to his feet, Lynch comes tearing across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide...]

...and DRIVES his feet squarely into the face of the Fighting Irishman, sending him sailing backwards, crashing backfirst into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL HE GOES!

[Lynch rolls out to the floor, grabbing his shoulder as he advances on Mahoney who is hanging onto the railing, hanging on for dear life.]

GM: Travis is coming out after him, not giving up for a moment...

[Grabbing Mahoney by the hair with his right hand, Lynch drags him towards the ring, rocketing him headfirst into the ring apron before shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: But Travis puts him right back in... pulling himself up on the apron...

[A desperate Mahoney grabs Travis by the wrist, pulling the arm over the top rope...

...and drops down to his rear, snapping the arm down over the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

[Travis recoils back, grabbing his arm as he falls down to a knee on the apron. Mahoney grabs the arm, snatching it away from Travis to wrap it around the middle rope.]

GM: Mahoney's got him tied up in the ropes again! Big stomp to the shoulder... and again... and again...

[The barrage of stomps to the trapped arm has the crowd jeering wildly as the referee tries to get Mahoney to back off.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The Fighting Irishman angrily spins away, rushing across the ring, rebounding off the ropes...]

GM: Off the far side comes Mahoney...

[But as he comes back, he runs right into Travis slingshotting through the ropes to drive his right shoulder into the midsection. He straightens up, grabbing the top rope...

...and somehow manages to power his way over in a slingshot, dragging Mahoney down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Mahoney SLAMS his heels together on the ears of Lynch, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Whoa! How close was that, Bucky?!

BW: Too close. Mahoney needs to stop screwing around and hook that armbar!

GM: I'm sure he'd love to do exactly that.

[Both men try to scramble up, each trying to get there first but Mahoney beats Travis to his feet, throwing a boot to the gut before hooking a handful of hair, BLASTING him with a European uppercut!]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Mahoney grabs the left arm, twisting it around in an armwringer. He batters the arm, slamming his own forearm repeatedly into the trapped limb.]

GM: Mahoney's working over the arm, trying to soften it up for that cross armbreaker!

[He slowly twists the arm around again...

...and Travis front rolls through it, popping back to his feet and throwing a standing dropkick to send Mahoney sailing backwards, crashing down to the mat to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: TRAVIS FIGHTS HIS WAY FREE AGAIN!

[With both men down on the mat, the crowd is roaring, begging one of their hometown favorites to get back to his feet and finish off his opponent.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are stunned!

[As the referee starts a double count, it isn't long before both men are back to their feet.]

BW: Callum Mahoney still seems a bit fresher than Stench, Gordo. He was up to his feet a split second before Travis was.

GM: But can he take advantage of it?

[Winding up, Mahoney throws a right hand to the jaw of Travis. The Texan staggers before responding with a right of his own!]

GM: Mahoney with the right... and Travis returns fire!

[Soon, the crowd is roaring for the slugfest as the two brawl it out in the center of the ring!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans!

[Suddenly, Mahoney gouges the eyes, earning more jeers from the crowd as he hooks a handful of hair and DRIVES a European uppercut up into the underside of the chin once... twice... three times... and a fourth sends Travis falling back against the ropes.]

GM: Good grief!

[The fired-up Mahoney turns towards the jeering fans, dragging a thumb across his throat.]

GM: Mahoney says it's about to be over and I guess we're about to find out if he's right!

[Mahoney grabs the arm, shooting Travis into the ropes. Travis hits the far side, coming back towards the waiting Mahoney who throws a clothesline that the Texan ducks.]

GM: Ducks the clothesline... building up a head of steam here...

[And as Travis rebounds, he leaves his feet, throwing himself into a crossbody block!]

GM: CROSSBODY GETS ONE!! TWO!!

[But Mahoney rolls him off, breaking up the pin. The Fighting Irishman is quickly to his feet before Travis can get up off all fours...

...and KICKS the injured arm, sweeping it out from under Travis and dumping him facefirst down on the mat!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Haha! I love it! Simple but so brutal! He kicked the arm right out from under him!

[Mahoney stomps the arm a few times, pinning it down to the mat and dropping a knee down into the elbow joint.]

GM: Good grief... another out-and-out assault on the injured arm of Travis Lynch as Callum Mahoney continues to find new ways to punish and torment that arm.

[With the elbow pinned under his knee, Mahoney grabs the wrist, yanking up on it in another armbar.]

GM: Ahh! Look at the pressure on the wrist and elbow here!

[Mahoney screams, "QUIT!" at his trapped opponent as Travis claws at the canvas, searching for a way out of the punishing hold.]

BW: I'm with Mahoney here. I think Stench needs to give it up or he's risking permanent injury at this point. How much more can that arm take, Gordo?

GM: Like I said earlier, I cannot imagine a scenario where Travis Lynch would give up in this match. There's just too much at stake for him here in front of his hometown fans in the final time he'll be competing before them for quite some time.

[Lynch again refuses to quit, pulling at his own hair, burying his face in the canvas as Johnny Jagger asks again.]

GM: Travis Lynch still refusing to give it up and- well, I didn't expect that. Mahoney breaks the hold on his own!

[Still holding the wrist, Mahoney winds up and kicks the underside of the tricep... and again... and again...]

GM: Kicks, knees, armbars... you name it and Mahoney's found a way to use it in this one, dragging Lynch up off the mat now...

[Mahoney hangs on to the arm, looping it around Lynch's own throat while turning Lynch's neck onto the Irishman's shoulder...]

GM: We've seen this before, fans!

[...but Lynch is fighting it! He swings his free arm back, catching Mahoney's exposed ribs three times before Mahoney spins away, still holding the arm, yanking Lynch into a short-arm clothesline attempt that Travis manages to duck!]

GM: Lynch from behind!

[Mahoney spins but gets lifted by Travis' good arm, dropped down on his bent knee in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Mahoney gets caught and- Travis off the ropes!

[Building speed, Lynch leaps into the air, throwing his good arm solidly into the jaw of Mahoney, knocking him flat!]

GM: The flying forearm drops Mahoney... and Travis with a diving cover!

[Johnny Jagger dives down to the mat as well.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T- NO! NO! Mahoney slips out!

[Travis grimaces as he pushes up to his knees, grabbing at his injured shoulder as he slowly climbs back to his feet, looking out at the cheering crowd that is trying to inspire him to victory.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes left in the time limit of this first round matchup - the winner moving on to the Semifinals to face either Derrick Williams or Demetrius Lake.

[Lynch grabs a handful of hair, dragging Mahoney off the mat, marching him across the ring...

...and SLAMS him headfirst into the top turnbuckle! The crowd roars as Travis looks out to them and repeats the act, allowing them to count along as he does!]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch releases on the tenth one, allowing Mahoney to stagger out of the corner where he takes a big swing at the air...

...and collapses facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Down goes Mahoney and- Lynch covers again!

[Jagger is again down to count, slapping the mat once... twice... but Mahoney lifts the shoulder before the three count comes down!]

GM: Another two count for Travis Lynch...

[Lynch regains his feet, again grabbing his shoulder as he does...

...and lifts his right arm slowly into the air, holding up his fingers in the Iron Claw position to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE'S CALLING FOR THE CLAW!

BW: But he's calling for it with the right hand! He's going to try and do what his brother did at SuperClash, apply the Iron Claw - an illegal hold mind you - with the offhand!

GM: It is NOT an illegal hold... but you're right. He's sizing him up for that right-handed Clawhold. Travis Lynch will admit that his big brother Jack has the best Claw since Blackjack but his has been known to take opponents out as well, fans! But I don't believe we've ever seen him use the right-handed version of it!

[As Mahoney staggers up off the mat, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs...

...Lynch surges forward, wrapping his right hand around the skull of the Fighting Irishman to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED IN!

[Mahoney swings his arms, flailing about wildly...

...and then SLAMS his forearm into Travis' elbow joint, breaking the hold!]

GM: Oh! He couldn't hang on! Travis couldn't keep the hold applied and-

[Mahoney grabs the left arm, leaping up and attempting to scissor his legs around it as he falls to his back but Travis stays on his feet, trying to prevent his arm from being pulled into the deadly hold!]

GM: Travis is fighting it! Mahoney's going for the cross armbreaker but Travis is fighting it!

[The crowd is roaring, trying to cheer Travis on as Mahoney attempts to drag him down to the mat. The Armbar Assassin has his legs up in the air, trying to hook the arm as Travis fights to keep that from happening...

...and then suddenly flips over the top of Mahoney, hanging on to both legs in a double leg cradle!]

GM: WHAT?!

[The referee dives to the mat - slapping the mat once, twice, and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM! TRAVIS GOT HIM!

[Lynch promptly rolls out of the ring, throwing his right arm into the air as he leans against the ring apron.]

BW: HOW THE-?! He had a hold on the tights, Gordo!

GM: He did NOT!

BW: He certainly did! I saw it as clear as day from right here!

[Lynch is all smiles as he hangs onto his left shoulder, waiting for the official announcement.]

PW: Your winner of the match... moving on to the Semifinals...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The crowd ROARS in support for the Texas Heartthrob as he tiredly raises his right arm again, backing down the aisle away from the ring where a furious Mahoney is shouting at the referee.]

GM: A big win for Travis Lynch here in the first round and that means he's moving on to the Semifinals, fans! Travis Lynch is heading to the Semifinals-

BW: He'd better hope and pray that Demetrius Lake doesn't make it past Derrick Williams, Gordo... 'cause you better believe that the King would LOVE a chance to put another stinkin' Stench on the shelf.

GM: I'm sure he would. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's the in-ring debut of Apollo Prince so do NOT go away!

[The camera holds on Travis' celebration as we fade to black.

A white screen fills with a rising red sun. The sounds of "Bad Intentions" by Zomboy kicks in as a shot of Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion in a flowing red and white robe and matching sunglasses fills the screen. He points towards the camera, looking down over his tinted lenses as we break into a series of action shots.

Kenta Kitzukawa laying out a poor soul with a lariat that flips his opponent end over end before dumping them down to the canvas.

The face-painted War Pigs deliver their WMD finish, crushing their victim with the top rope clothesline into an inverted bulldog.

Yoshinari Taguchi lifting an opponent for a suplex, swinging them down so their legs hit the top rope, slingshotting them back up, and then dropping them down in an impactful Brainbuster.

The duo known as the Devil Dogs take to the sky with a doubleteam move - Koji Kawada sailing off the top with a frog splash as his partner, Sho Kanemoto comes right down after him with a Shooting Star Press.

Faces familiar to AWA fans - Violence Unlimited - fills the screen as Danny Morton holds up the Stampede Cup while Jackson Haynes shouts unheard threats at the camera.

We cut to a shot of VU in action as Haynes lifts an opponent for a powerbomb while Morton grabs the hair, swinging the victim down for even more impact before cutting to a shot of the Tiger Paw Pro logo. A voiceover sounds.]

“WRESSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYYY!”

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro...

TAYLOR/DONOVAN VS GOTO/TANAKA
FUJIMOTO/SAITO VS ANTONS
MAXIMUS VS TAGUCHI

...before we fade to black.

As we fade back up, we see the graphic that reads “AWA’S GREATEST TEXAS MOMENTS” again. This time, it is subtitled with “Memorial Day Mayhem - Ft. Worth, Texas - May 24, 2008.” We get a nice panning shot of the crowd in the Ft. Worth Convention Center as we hear Bucky Wilde’s voiceover.]

“Before this night is over, we're goin' to know exactly who the first AWA National Champion is. Eight men come in with a shot... only one man leaves with the gold, Gordo. It don't get no bigger than that!”

[We cut to highlights of the tournament to crown the very first AWA National Champion with the accompanying commentary from that night.

First, we see the monstrous Tumaffi walking down the aisle when suddenly Ricky Royal comes charging down the aisle behind him, leaping up on the big man’s back, hooking his left arm around the neck while pummeling away with his right arm as Gordon Myers calls the action.]

“RICKY ROYAL DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT! HE DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT TO BE INTRODUCED! HE DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT FOR TUMAFFI TO REACH THE RING! HE DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT FOR A SINGLE MOMENT MORE!”

[We dissolve deeper into the show as Rick Marley rushes towards City Jack but ends up caught in his massive arms, looking for the Metroboom. Marley responds with short right hands to the temple, creating some space as he races to the ropes, rebounding back towards City Jack...

...who uncorks a huge Metropill forearm, the impact of which sends Marley sailing backwards, crashing down to the canvas and falling out to the ring apron!]

GM: METROPILL! METROPILL ON TARGET!

BW: What?! I can't even hear you!

[With the deafening "CI-TY JACK!" chants in the air, we fade deeper into the show yet again showing the final bit of action in the first round showdown between Ron Houston and Marcus Broussard, both future National Champions as this match unfolds.]

As we join the action, Broussard is trying to drag Houston down to the mat, hoping to hook him in the Fujiwara Armbar taught to him by Jeff Matthews, the master of the same hold when Houston suddenly swings his body away from the pressure, hoisting Broussard up into a fireman's carry, the setup for Houston's own Fade To Black finish. It's Gordon Myers, Bucky Wilde, and former World Champion Adam Rogers with the call.]

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

AR: Uh oh... if he hits the Fade To Black, Houston's going to the semis!

BW: NO! GET OUT, MARCUS!

[With the roaring crowd cheering him on, looking for the Fade To Black that will send Ron Houston to the next round of the tournament, he starts to spin...]

"20 SECONDS!"

[But as he attempts to swing Broussard out into the Fade To Black, Broussard counters, landing on his feet and hooking the injured left arm again...]

GM: FUJIWAR- NO! HOUSTON'S BLOCKING IT! RON HOUSTON IS BLOCKING THE FUJIWARA!

AR: HE DOESN'T HAVE TIME FOR IT! IT'S PINFALL OR NOTHING NOW!

"10 SECONDS!"

GM: HE CAN'T GET HOUSTON DOWN! HE CAN'T GET-

"NINE!"

[The crowd explodes as Ron Houston executes the same counter as before, spinning away from the pressure and muscling Broussard up onto his broad shoulders for the Fade To Black.]

"EIGHT!"

GM: HOUSTON! HE'S GOTTA GO QUICK!

"SEVEN!"

[And quick he attempts to go, throwing a quick spin...]

"SIX!"

[Houston spins as quickly as possible, going halfway around...]

"FIVE"!

[Then the rest of the way...]

"FOUR!"

[But as he attempts to spin Broussard off his shoulders, his left arm gives way, causing him to lose his balance...

...and get pulled down to the canvas in a crucifix by the San Jose Shark!]

"THREE!"

GM: CRUCIFIX! ONE!!

"TWO!"

GM: TWO!

"ONE!"

GM: THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The triumphant Broussard celebrates his victory as Ron Houston looks on in shock before we fade again - this time showing the end moments of one of the Semifinals as a boot-wielding Ricky Royal is standing between Tumaffi who is standing on the apron and the downed "Hellion" Mark Shaw.

With Tumaffi and Royal tied up shouting at each other, Shaw drags himself off the floor, shoving Royal aside as he gets quickly to the apron, grabbing the front of Tumaffi's trunks...]

GM: What the-?

BW: LOOK OUT!

[With a powerful pull, Shaw yanks Tumaffi off the apron as hard as he can, causing Tumaffi to sail through the air and land _chestfirst_ on the barely padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd goes absolutely crazy as Tumaffi splats on the concrete floor, his injured chest crashing into the unforgiving floor. Shaw pauses for a moment, breathing heavily before rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Shaw's in! Tumaffi's out!

[We cut again, now to the Final match of the night with Marcus Broussard in the ring against Mark Shaw. A barrage of highlights from the tournament Final follows.

Marcus Broussard whipping Mark Shaw into the ropes, dropping down as Shaw is forced to hurdle over him to hit the far ropes before the San Jose Shark throws himself at the right knee, clipping the leg out from under Shaw.

Shaw raining down closed fists while standing on the middle rope as the Ft. Worth crowd counts along with each and every blow.

The powerful Hellion lifting Broussard up into the air for a vertical suplex... and then lifting his injured leg off the ground to relieve the strain on it, still managing to hold the San Jose Shark up before bringing him crashing down with what was essentially a one-legged vertical suplex.

Shaw hoisting a bloodied Broussard into the air, dumping him on the back of his head and neck with a Backdrop Driver for a nearfall.

And then, we go to live commentary of the finish as Shaw has pulled Broussard off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a standing headscissors, lifting a fist into the air as he nods to the cheering crowd.]

GM: He told me earlier tonight he had a new move! This could be it, Bucky! He said he wanted something no one knew about tonight in case he needed it!

BW: Secret weapons?! Marcus can't even move!

[With his opponent barely able to stand, Shaw hoists him high, slipping his arms under the now-outstretched arms of Broussard.]

GM: A crucifix powerbomb?!

[Shaw walks out of the corner, holding Broussard high above, the crowd roaring as he prepares to spike the San Jose Shark down to the canvas and win the National Title...

...but he takes one step too many out of the corner, his knee buckling underneath him, allowing Broussard to drop down to the canvas behind him.]

GM: Ohh! The knee gave out!

[The San Jose Shark, knowing he has one chance left, snatches yet one more page out of an old friend's playbook, wrapping his arms around the ample waist of the Hellion, charging forward...]

GM: Broussard's got him hooked...

[The two move in unison the few steps towards the corner, Shaw's face _slamming_ into the top turnbuckle...

...the actual metal buckle previously exposed by the Super Ninja.]

GM: Hard to the corner! WAIT - WHERE'S THE TURNBUCKLE?!

[The impact of hitting the metal seems to make Shaw go limp as Broussard uses the momentum to roll backwards, pulling Shaw with him into a reverse rolling cradle.]

GM: CRADLE!

[And with his last bit of energy, Broussard throws his body back into the most picture-perfect, breathtaking beautiful bridge that he's ever managed.]

GM: That's-

BW: NATURAL BRIDGE! IT'S ADAM ROGERS' FINISH-

GM: NO!!

[The referee dives to the canvas, raising his arm once...]

BW: ONE!!!

[Twice...]

BW: TWO!!!

[And yes indeed, thrice.]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: You just don't want to believe it!

GM: After all these weeks... after all we've seen tonight... after nearly thirty minutes of war between Mark Shaw and... and...

BW: Say it! Say it! You know you want to!

GM: Marcus Broussard is the National Champion?!

[The crowd is buzzing with shock and horror as Melissa Cannon makes it official.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen... after twenty-eight minutes and six seconds of hard-fought action... your winner of the match...

And the FIRST AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

[Wait for it...]

MC: MAAAAAARRRRRCUS BROUUUUUSSARRRRRRRD!

[The arena deflates, quickly devolving into a storm of booing fans, pouring their disgust all over the reviled villain as he sits up on the canvas, a look of near-shock on his face as referee Max Meekly lifts his hand high into the air...

...and puts the glittering, sparkling brand new AWA National Title belt into his outstretched hand.]

GM: Marcus Broussard has done it, fans! Marcus Broussard... I can't believe I'm saying this. But Marcus Broussard is the first man to hold the AWA National Title!

[Broussard celebrates with the title belt in hand as we crossfade back to live action to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: It seems like so long ago now, Bucky... but in many ways, it seems like it was just yesterday as well.

BW: We went to Sizzler that night, Gordo. We went to Sizzler.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Indeed. Fans, we'll be continuing the AWA National Title Tournament in just a few moments but right now, we're going to see the in-ring debut of a man - a man that many are quite excited about seeing debut here in the AWA. That man is... "The Amazing" Apollo Prince! Take it away, Phil Watson!

[The camera cuts to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing. Standing behind him is a young man pacing back and forth, dressed in brightly colored gear, wearing a pair of dark sunglasses and a headband.]

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, from Belmar, New Jersey, and weighing in tonight at 230 pounds... PAULIE ITALIANO!

[A mild reaction for the Jersey Shore native as he pumps his fist to music that only he seems to be hearing.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A gong is heard over the PA, as "Five Seconds" by Peeping Tom and Odd Nosdam starts playing over the PA.]

PW: ...he hails from Lake Havasu City, Arizona, and weighs in at 277 pounds.. 'THE AMAZING'... APOLLOOOOO... PRINCE!

[The curtains part, and out comes the six-foot-four frame of "The Amazing" Apollo Prince. Since this is Prince's debut, the crowd doesn't quite know what to make of Prince. The camera gets a closeup of the man, making his first appearance in an AWA wrestling ring tonight.

Prince notices the camera, and makes sure to show off his massive twenty-four inch arms before making his way down the ramp. Prince is clean shaven, and his platinum-blond hair is tied in a long ponytail. A teal and red feathered boa runs around his neck and down his front, barely covering a tie-dyed muscle t-shirt. You can see the reflection of the ring in his two toned red and green sunglasses, which look like something out of the mid-1980s.

Prince is chewing bubblegum the entire way to the ring, ignoring the the crowd the entire way. He doesn't even acknowledge the gutsy fans who reach over the railing, grabbing at his biceps.]

BW: Look at the size of those arms, Gordo! This guy's got a lot of victories in bodybuilding competition under his belt.

GM: Well, you're not going to win any matches in the AWA simply by flexing your muscles. There are a lot of powerhouses here in the AWA, Bucky. Only time will tell how Prince measures up to the competition.

[Once Prince reaches ringside, he quickly steps on the apron. He looks out over the crowd, and smirks. He steps through the ropes and struts to the corner, removing his feathered boa. He then carefully takes off his sunglasses and tie-dyed shirt, handing his gear to someone at ringside. Prince makes his way to the opposite corner from Italiano, and stretches against the turnbuckles. Tonight, Prince's wrestling gear is a pair of plain red tights, with black boots. He stares ahead at his opponent, flexing his pecs as the bell rings.]

"DING DING DING"

GM: Italiano looking to lock up, but Prince is offering his hand. After seeing that clip two weeks ago, I'm surprised at this display of sportsmanship.

BW: Maybe Prince respects Italiano's gym work? Italiano is pretty muscular after all. Just not on the level of Apollo Prince.

[Prince stares at his opponent, nodding his head, as if he's sincere about shaking Italiano's hand. Italiano looks out to the crowd, and looks back at Prince, and shakes his hand. Italiano looks to get out of the handshake, but Prince has other plans.]

GM: Okay... you can let go of the handshake at any time!

[Italiano's face contorts as the grip of Prince's handshake becomes way too painful. Italiano drops to his knees as Prince continues the grip on Italiano's hand.]

BW: Ha! Prince suckered the kid!

GM: He's probably crushing his hand into powder, come on!

[With one quick yank, Prince jerks Italiano to his feet, and flings him into the corner. Wasting no time, Prince rushes into the corner, crushing Italiano with a clothesline. Prince backs up as Italiano slowly stumbles out of the corner, and Prince drops him with a slow karate thrust to the throat.]

GM: Not exactly the most graceful of thrusts there by Prince.

BW: True, but look at the size of the man, Gordo. It doesn't need to be pretty to be effective.

[Prince strikes a karate pose as the crowd starts booing. He shrugs off the boos, and yanks Italiano to his feet by his ears. Holding on to the ears, Prince leaps up in the air, headbutting Italiano.]

GM: Prince drives his head into Italiano's... what now?

BW: He's not letting go of Italiano's ears!

[Prince still has Italiano by the ears, talking trash the whole way. Prince lets go of Italiano's ears, and quickly scoops him up, slamming him to the mat.]

GM: Big slam by the big man!

[Prince yanks Italiano back up, slamming him a second time. Wasting no motion, he yanks him back up, and slams him to the mat a third time.]

GM: Three straight bodyslams by Prince... is he going for a fourth?

BW: Indeed he is!

[Instead of simply slamming Italiano to the mat a fourth time, he effortlessly jerks Italiano up over his head.]

BW: No effort at all by Prince! He's got him up there on display!

GM: Indeed.. now what? Is he...

BW: He is! He's pressing him overhead.. twice.. three.. four times!

[After the fourth time, Prince simply slams him to the mat.]

BW: Dropped him like a sack of potatoes!

GM: Prince striking a quick double bicep pose, now he's stalking the youngster.

[More like showing off to the fans on each side of the ring. After showing off his pecs, Prince makes his way towards Italiano's feet. He looks out over the crowd, grins, and grabs Italiano's ankles.]

GM: Prince is yanking Italiano up... Giant swing!!

BW: If you want to show off how strong you are, Gordo, a Giant Swing is a good way to impress these people!

GM: He's up to five, six rotations.. seven... eight...

[Some fans are even counting along with the number of rotations!]

"9!"

"10!"

"11!"

BW: 12! 13! 14! 15!

GM: MY GOODNESS! Italiano is not a small man by any means but Prince is up to 18 rotations! 19! 20!

[After 20 rotations, Prince finally lets go of the Giant Swing, sending Italiano flying close to the corner. The dizzied Prince props himself up against the ropes, panting with a huge grin on his face. Shaking the cobwebs, he turns to see Italiano trying to climb to his feet.]

GM: Italiano barely able to get back to his feet after that Giant Swing. Prince is feeling the effects as well..

BW: But he's not the one that got flung halfway across the ring.

GM: Prince is stalking Italiano again, cocking it..

[Prince rotates his right arm, and gives it a nice flex before rushing Italiano, leaping forward and driving him back down to the mat with a devastating clothesline!]

BW: Imagine meeting the business end of that rock hard arm! How big is that thing? Twenty two inches?

GM: I've heard twenty-four.. it looks like Prince is setting up for something here.

[Prince is flexing his hands, waiting for Italiano to make his way back to his feet. The moment Italiano gets to his feet, Prince strikes, cinching in a full nelson!]

GM: Prince has got a full nelson locked in!

[Prince shakes Italiano around, trying to prevent the referee from getting a clear view of Italiano, who is trying to tap out.]

GM; Come on! Let the referee get a closer look! Italiano is giving up!

[Prince yanks Italiano back, and turns him away from the referee. Suddenly, he lifts Italiano into the air and starts swinging!]

BW: Whoa! Gordo! A swinging full nelson! I haven't seen that submission in years!

GM: Okay, this has become a very dangerous situation here!

[Italiano quickly screams that he gives up, and the referee calls for the bell!]

"DING DING DING"

[The moment the bell rings, Prince lets go, sending Italiano crashing to the mat.]

GM: Thankfully, Prince lets go before any serious damage can be done. There have been a good number of young men whose careers have been cut short due to that swinging full nelson.

[Davis Warren goes to raise Prince's arm, but Prince jerks it away, raising it into the air himself.]

PW: The winner of the match as a result of a submission.. "THE AMAZING".. APOLLLOOOOOOOOOO PRINCE!

GM: An impressive debut from the young man out of Lake Havasu City, Arizona. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is making his way to the ring to get a few words with the Prince. Take it away!

[Blackwell gets into the ring as Prince flexes for the booing crowd.]

LB: Apollo Prince, I must say, that was a very impressive debut for you tonight.

[Prince ignores Blackwell, as he continues to flex his muscles. Shaking his head, Blackwell goes to grab Prince's arm to get his attention, but Prince jerks it away.]

AP: Get your hands off my guns, "Sweet" Lou! "Sweet" Lou Blackwell! Take a good look!

[Prince strikes a double bicep pose.]

AP: These are the Weapons of Mass Destruction nations go to war over, brother. My opponent, my poor pitiful opponent tried to compete with his little pop guns but it just wasn't happenin'. I figure I'd give the dude a

chance, he's had a run of bad luck since he got here to the AWA, and brother, he's let the world know about it. I wanted to test how strong his fingers are because he's gotten plenty of workout typin' up his status updates to Twitter.

See, that's the difference between dudes like him.. and Gods like me. He works out, five hours a day on the internet, and I work out in the gym five hours a day, gettin' stronger and stronger as the days go on. It might impress the spray-tanned orange goblins he hangs out with durin' the summer, but brother, he wouldn't stand a chance with the chicks I get.

LB: If I may, I wanted to get a few words about why you've come to the AWA.

AP: Ya know somethin', "Sweet" Lou, my main man Marcus Broussard, he took one look at me and told me, "You're not human, you're a miracle." Well, it ain't every day that I'm humbled, but hearin' those words comin' from the mouth of a man like him, I knew my callin'. I've done Hollywood, I've done all I can in bodybuildin' and arm wrestlin'. He got my foot in the door in the wrestlin' business, and it's high time I stick around.

See, there's a lot of strong cats here in the AWA.. ya got guys like Brad Jacobs, The Gladiator, Cain Jackson, Brian James, an' Hercules Hercules Hercules Hammonds, that's his name, right?

LB: There's only one Hercules in his name.

[Prince smirks, and shrugs his shoulders.]

AP: Yeah, they're all big, they're all strong, but brother.. at the end of the day, there's one dude that's bigger and stronger than all of 'em, quite possibly put together.. and his name... is Apollo Prince!

[Prince strikes a double biceps pose, flicks sweat off his chest, and struts off camera.]

LB: Well, there you have it, folks, an impressive debut by "The Amazing" Apollo Prince, and Gordon... let's go back to you!

[Crossfade down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Lou. An impressive victory by a top notch physical specimen, fans... and someday, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to see Apollo Prince throw his hat into the ring to compete for the AWA National Title. However, tonight, we're down to five men who may walk out of Dallas, Texas with that prestigious title around their waist.

BW: You look at the history of that title belt... the first champion as we just saw a few moments ago was Marcus Broussard... followed by the big brawler Ron Houston... then the Mixed Martial Arts champion Kolya Sudakov... one of the all-time AWA greats in "Hotshot" Stevie Scott came next... and a Hall of Famer Juan Vasquez followed him... former World Champion Calisto

Dufresne was next and like it or not, the final man to wear that title was Mark Langseth - another Hall of Famer.

GM: Don't remind me. And I have to correct you, Bucky... the final man to wear that title... until tonight. Because after tonight, either Rob Driscoll, Brad Jacobs, Travis Lynch, Derrick Williams, or Demetrius Lake will be able to add their names to that list of legendary competitors as the next man to hold the AWA National Championship.

BW: I stand corrected... but do you honestly think Derrick Williams stands a snowball's chance in Phoenix of beating the King of Wrestling?

GM: I absolutely do... and I believe he does as well. We caught up with Derrick Williams moments ago and got his thoughts on this final first round showdown in the Brass Ring Tournament!

[We crossfade to Derrick Williams, wearing his maroon gear and an AWA T-shirt, standing by himself in the interview area in front of the AWA banner.]

DW: Demetrius Lake. The fan vote gives me probably the hardest draw of the tournament. First round, I go up against the King of Wrestling. Right away, I see it. Williams doesn't have a chance. Everyone's already drooling at Lake and Travis in the next round. And they might have a point.

[He rubs his hands, lowering his head for a tick, then nodding]

DW: He's got years on me, I can't outwrestle him, I might not be able to outbrawl him. I may be fully out of my league here. But... that's fine.

At this point, I'm used to it. Used to being counted out. Used to being overlooked. Used to being outmatched. I'm used to fighting from the bottom.

My whole life, I've been fighting from behind. Getting picked close to last as a kid, not good enough for the cut for football, being the 4 year backup in wrestling. Even when I stepped into the NEWA, I wasn't given a chance. Most common phrase I heard, "Ya ain' got it, fireballer."

[He lets that sink in a moment, before continuing]

DW: I stepped into AWA, and yeah, everyone knows how that goes, not even sure how I made it past Clayton Shaw's test, but I did, and here I am. Now, I'm going out there tonight to face Demetrius Lake. The King of Wrestling, a gifted athlete, everything I'm not. And there's not anyone in this building giving me a chance, including Lake.

Which helps me out. No one in this tournament is paying attention to me. And that's how I'm going to win. Because there's nothing for me to lose here.

I'm the underdog, fighting from behind. Some people have mentioned that I'm playing with house money. That's exactly where I need to be. I have nothing to lose in this match, everything to gain.

I lose, I lost to a World Title Contender. That's not exactly a knock on me. But if I win, I knocked Demetrius Lake out of the Brass Ring Tournament. I pull off the upset. That's what I'm out to do.

[Williams nods.]

DW: I said two weeks ago, I'm the dark horse, and now that I pulled Lake, I'm not even on the odds sheet. So, I do the unexpected, I do what no one would normally do. I spend the whole tournament playing out of a different playbook. Toss the conventions out the window, I'm out for one thing. To win.

Lake is going to come out, talk trash, act like he's already got this in the bag. And then, out I come. What Lake is going to fail to realize is that I'm not that kid that showed up here, and that I've learned a lot so far. I'm not the man that lost to Allen Allen, I'm better.

But go ahead Lake, do your thing. Come out into the ring, jaw with the fans as you get in the ring. Primp your hair, do your whole routine. You got this in the bag, right? The next fifteen minutes is just a formality. Work up that crowd, you don't need to worry about me.

[He "dusts off" his shoulder.]

DW: You won't see my boot clock you in the mouth, and won't know what's going on until it's all over. You're overlooking me, is what's going to lead me to beating you.

Since I stepped in the AWA, it didn't matter how I got knocked down, it mattered that I got back up. This... is the biggest match of my career. Tonight, I go out and dethrone myself a King. Then I do it all over again. Twice. Busy night, time to get started.

[Williams walks out of view as we slowly fade out to the in-arena interview platform where Colt Patterson stands next to one of the few men who dwarfs him. At six feet nine inches tall and three hundred seventeen pounds, "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake cuts an imposing figure. Garbed in a white ring jacket, blue trunks and boots with white kneepads and red monogramming on the trunks and boots, Lake has his hands on his hips and stares at the ring with a focused expression. He straightens out the black fedora that tops his round afro, and his face sports a conical beard and mustache. As always, the Crockett Colosseum boos him intensely.]

CP: Derrick Williams says it's going to be a busy night. I, for one, think he's in for a very, very short night at the hands of my guest at this time. King, I thank you for your time this week.

DL: You know you are welcome any time, Colt Patterson, because you are the only interviewer outside Bucky Wilde that tells the truth.

CP: The truth is, King, that you were originally not even IN the Brass Ring tournament. Somehow, the fans made a good decision and put you in... after voting you Most Hated. With the short turnaround time, have you had enough preparation and training time for the tournament tonight?

DL: Well, Colt Patterson, for a normal man that may well be the case. But I am the King Of Professional Wrestling and the finest ath-e-lete of the day. My regular training routine would prepare to fight two or three times on any given day, and I have intensified it this past week to be fully prepared tonight to win that AWA National Championship.

As far as the fan vote is concerned, it's no secret what happened and it proves me right everything I ever said about Mexas. The AWA has just gone national, and for the first time fans across the country are getting to see me on prime time television. You got fans now voting in Missourah, in the northwest, the northeast, we got fans up in Chicago and over in Los Angeles now, and in New York City. So when you take the vote out of the Mexan hands you see a more correct decision. If we went national earlier we would have got the Iron Claw banned in the fan vote last year much sooner than we did. So a lot more intelligent fans than these halfbreed halfwit Mexans are now here. But I'll speak on that later tonight. I have requested time to come out and make a proper eulogy for the Detson Center, because after tonight, they're gonna tear it down and put in a Wal-Mart.

CP: They're tearing down the Coliseum for a Wal-Mart?

DL: The landowners wanted a higher class of clientele.

[Colt nods, smiling at the punchline.]

CP: You know, King, you were focused on the World Heavyweight Championship before, which drew the ire of Dave Bryant. Are you able to shift focus and give it your all going for the National Title on short notice?

DL: Colt, I admit that my main concern is the World Championship, as it should be for any man with any caliber worth speaking of. But when you have a chance to obtain a prestigious championship like the National Title, you take it. Every title in the AWA, whether it's the World Television Title, the National Title, or the World Heavyweight Title is a prestigious award. And in the hands of the King Of Professional Wrestling, it would become THE most prestigious championship simply because I would be holding it. Some men wear the belt and some are worn by the belt. You take a look at Shadoe Rage and the way he is wearing his belt, and you take a look at Ryan Marktinez and the way he's being worn by his belt.

I wear championships. I add to them, they don't add to me. And it would be my great pleasure to get that National belt and wear it, like Marcus Broussard did. Like Kolya Sudakov did. Like Calisto Dufresne did. Like even Stevie Scott did before he got soft. I won't let it wear me such as the likes

of Ron Houston and Juan Valdez. And I won't let it fall into the hands of a bum, and we got some bums in this tournament... or in the case of some of 'em, we HAD some bums in this tournament.

CP: Oooh, do tell.

DL: You take a look at a Hercules Hammonds. He says he's the strongest man in the land, but how can he be the strongest when the best ath-elete in the world today is right here?

CP: Are you saying you're stronger than Hammonds?

DL: Of course. That man is strong, but he's stronger under the arms than he is in the arms. I could throw people around too if I was concerned about showing off like a circus act. If I threw a man at the moon, the next day NASA would be wonderin' how the moon got broke. But that's just one. How about a bum like Brad Jacobs? Now that's a real phony right there. He tells his sob story and he talks up givin' back to the community, and all the things the sponsors want to hear. He's the big tough street crook that got tamed. Whatta Uncle Tom. He probably makes good money bein' the network's pet colored boy.

[Colt grimaces, grabbing at his earpiece with a nod.]

CP: Demetrius, I don't think we can talk about that... even on The X.

DL: I am the King Of Professional Wrestling and I will speak on any subject I choose in any manner that I choose. If the network doesn't like it, they can send their pet and I'll get him spayed and neutered, no question about it. But there's bigger bums than that, and I refer to Travesty Lunch. I know there had to be a hometown ref involved with Travesty gettin' past the King Of Cowboys Cain Jackson. No doubt about it. I will make sure that debacle doesn't happen again. I will do to him what I did to Old Yeller, and put him to pasture for good.

CP: Yo mentioned some big names in the tournament, but before any of them, King, you gotta get past Derrick Williams in the first round.

DL: That boy? He had a chance to be somethin' someday. I see the potential in him, and a year or three years down the road he might have turned into a top contender. But what happened is Annabelle Carver got in his fool head, and he thought he could stand up to the King Of Demons. He's lost already, Colt. That boy is gonna die. I'll whip him real good, and if he's smart he'll claim a career-ending injury and go hide in Peru. Because I talked to Doctor Fawcett and he personally assured me that the King Of Demons was gonna end that boy.

CP: By the way, we got a lot of Kings in the AWA all of a sudden. What's your take on that?

DL: It takes a king to know a king, and I can assure you that KING Oni is the King Of Demons and Cain Jackson is the King Of Cowboys. But I am the

King Of Professional Wrestling and that makes this MY kingdom. That makes me the ruler in these parts, which Derrick Williams will soon find out. I will get me that National Title, and then I'll tell all Mexas a special goodbye right here tonight.

CP: But King... Dave Bryant is in the building, and the rumor is that he's still got his eye on you.

DL: The whole world has an eye on me at all times, and two whenever they can. But I will join the ranks of the National Champions and take that title up higher, and do what should have been done in the first place. I will unify the National Title and the World Heavyweight Title. We replaced one with the other when that fake king Langseth heard that the REAL King was coming and ran outta town. That was the line, and the line was broken, but I will repair it and that begins tonight.

Derrick Williams, boy, you already killed yourself deader than a doornail when you stepped to the King Of Demons. Now you're stepping to the King Of Wrestling and the only difference is that I choose not to kill a man. I let them live knowing they can't beat me. But Oni will kill you, boy, and if you're lucky he'll stop there. Best thing for you to do is jump into a Tiger Strike and claim that your career is over, and go back to Brooklyn because even demons have standards for where they're seen. And you get ready, Colt Patterson, because the King is just gettin' warmed up.

[The opening piano and drumline of "Mack The Knife" as rendered by Louis Armstrong starts up, and Demetrius Lake walks down the aisle at a leisurely pace. The big screen above the entrance shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius Lake glaring menacingly at the camera. The Tiger is in no hurry, taking his time to stop and jaw with some of the fans on his way down the aisle. The screen now shows clips of him in action, in and out of the ring.]

GM: I don't doubt that Lake is focused on the tournament, but I do strongly suspect that he is underestimating Derrick Williams tonight.

BW: Why?

GM: You heard him, Bucky. He seems to consider Williams an easy win.

BW: No, he did not say it would be easy. He gave that punk kid a lot more credit than I would have, saying he has potential. The fact is that Derrick Williams has done almost nothing, and Lake beat ten men in one night in Los Angeles.

GM: HE DID NOT! Lake's performance that night was unbelievable, but it gets more exaggerated every time he talks about it! And what matters is not what happened last year, but what happens here tonight.

[The fans continue to boo as Lake hits the ring, and enters by stepping through the ropes. He casually strolls around the perimeter of the ring, looking down on the fans and casting various threats, insults, and promises

about what he's about to do to his opponent. The music dies down is replaced by Tom Petty's "I Won't Back Down" which starts blaring on the PA to a good sized pop.]

GM: And here comes the so-called King's opponent!

[Williams enters the arena at the top of the stage, looking around wearing a white "AWA" T-shirt, maroon tights with maroon knee pads, and white boots with maroon trim. His wrists are taped with white tape, with the tape on his right covering his hand up to the fingers as well. He confidently walks toward the ring, raising a hand to fans on both sides of the arena.]

GM: Derrick Williams arrived here in the AWA late last summer, trying to break out of the pack as one of the hot young stars here in the hottest promotion on the planet. He struggled out of the gate but he had a hot streak towards the end of the year that he's carried into 2015. But this is a major test for the young star, Bucky.

BW: It's a failing test. It's one of those tests that you saw coming on the horizon in college and dropped out of the class so you didn't have to take it. That's what Williams should do right now. He should drop out of this match, call it a day, and hope that he never gets matched up against the King again.

GM: I highly doubt that's going to happen as Derrick Williams arrives at the ring, climbing through the ropes.

[Williams enters the ring, heading over to one corner, removing his shirt and stares across the ring, throwing his gaze at Demetrius Lake who hasn't even looked at Williams yet, preferring to jaw with the ringside attendant who has taken his hat from him.]

GM: Look at this! Lake's not even acknowledging that his opponent is in the ring, Bucky!

[An angry look flashes across the face of the disrespected youngster as he drops to his knees, rolling out of the ring.]

BW: Look. Williams took my advice. He's dropping out of the match, Gordo. He's realized what he's in for against the King and he's just going to head home. It's the smart move if you ask me.

GM: No one asked you and that's not what's happening at all!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Williams creeps a few steps and then breaks into a dash, running around the steel ringpost to be on the same side of the ring as where Lake has lowered to a knee, berating the ringside attendant as Williams approaches fast...

...and LEAPS into the air, driving both feet into the skull of the kneeling Lake with a dropkick! Big cheer!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lake grabs at his head, flapping an arm as he falls down to the floor, his legs swinging up into the air after him. The fans are still cheering as a fired up Williams drags him up by the afro, hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lake’s back in... and Williams is coming right after him!

BW: This is a sham! This is a travesty! Heck, this is a national tragedy, Gordo! To sneak attack a King like that... what kind of a human being would do such a thing?!

GM: One who has been overlooked and underestimated by the so-called King!

[Williams is quickly to his feet as referee Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

BW: What the...?! You can’t do that, Warren! The King’s still down!

GM: Davis Warren has started this - the final match of the first round - and Williams is stalking Lake across the ring as the King of Wrestling tries to get to safe harbor!

[Lake crawls across to the opposite side of the ring, trying to go through the ropes to the floor...

...but just as Lake grabs hold of the middle rope, Williams catches up to him, grabbing him by the foot and shaking his head to the cheering crowd!]

GM: Williams caught him, flipping Lake over now...

[But Lake is still holding onto the middle rope as Williams grabs the other leg, lifting Lake’s body off the mat. The King of Wrestling is protesting angrily as Williams lifts him higher. Lake reaches up, switching his grip to the top rope as Williams continues to dangle him off the mat...

...and now looks out to the cheering crowd!]

BW: No, no! Don’t do it!

[The crowd is roaring as Lake too pleads with Williams to let him go. Williams asks, “SHOULD I LET HIM GO?!” to a BIG REACTION! Lake’s eyes go wide as he realizes what he just did...

...and Williams yanks him away from the ropes, sending him high into the air before crashing down backfirst on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! The so-called King comes crashing down off his throne to join the rest of us mere peasants!

BW: That’s not funny at all, Myers!

[Williams is smiling as he pulls Lake off the mat by the arm, backing him up against the ropes...]

GM: The 23 year old out of Brooklyn, New York is on the attack.

[He whips the larger man across the ring, setting in position for his Spinebuster...]

GM: Williams sets for the Spinebuster!

[...but Lake sees it coming, grabbing the top rope to stop his return. He smirks at Williams, pointing at his brain. The crowd boos as he turns and does the same to him, turning back towards Williams...

...who comes rushing across the ring, taking him up and over the ropes with a running clothesline to an even bigger cheer!]

GM: OH MY! Derrick Williams is fighting like a man who has something to prove here tonight in Dallas, fans!

[With Lake down on the ringside mats, flailing about, the referee starts a ten count on him. But Williams quickly breaks it, stepping out on the apron.]

GM: Derrick Williams is coming on fast... perhaps thinking that his smaller size might allow him to press the pace and wear down the King of Wrestling.

BW: No one wears down the King!

GM: I don't know about that. At six foot nine and 317 pounds, Lake's stamina isn't exactly his strong suit.

BW: Tell that to Jack Lynch. In fact, tell that to the entire locker room who saw Lake DOMINATE the Cibernetico last summer, Gordo. That thing went two hours!

GM: Yes, but Lake wasn't in the ring for more than a few minutes at a time... and at SuperClash, they had the rest periods built into the Texas Death Match that gave both men an opportunity to recover. This could be a completely different ballgame for the Black Tiger as Williams pulls him up by the afro...

[...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the apron!

BW: He's holding the hair! He's putting his greasy mitts on that luxurious afro, daddy!

[Williams slams his face down into the apron again before shoving him under the bottom rope. The youngster rolls in after him, getting to his feet to find

Lake down on his knees, shaking his head and begging off with the crowd letting him have it.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is out here begging for mercy - after everything we've seen him do since arriving here in the AWA, he's got the gall to beg for mercy?!

BW: He's a king! How often do you see a King down on his knees, Gordo?! Williams should be praising the heavens for such a moment!

GM: We have no Kings here in the United States of America and this piece of... this guy would do well to remember that!

[Williams looks down at Lake, shaking his head, fists balled up and at the ready. He turns, looking at the crowd.]

BW: Don't look at these idiots! If you're gonna do something, do it!

[While Williams looks around, Lake dips a hand down into his trunks.]

GM: What's he-?

BW: Don't mind that! Nothing to see here!

[Williams spins back, burying a boot into the sternum. He nods as he pulls Lake up off the mat...

...and the bigger man lunges forward, shoving Williams back against the turnbuckles, snaking an arm around behind him.]

GM: What in the world is...?

[Lake abruptly breaks out of the corner, pointing frantically as Williams reaches behind him, yanking the object that Lake stuck down the back of his trunks into view.]

GM: What did-

BW: Williams has a foreign object! He tried to hit the King with it!

GM: He... he what?! No! That's not what happened at all!

[Lake is again pointing, angrily insisting that Davis Warren disqualify the weapon-wielding Derrick Williams who throws the weapon aside, shaking his head. The referee looks questioningly at both men...]

BW: Ring the bell! This one's over!

[...and Davis Warren waves it off, calling for the match to continue!]

GM: No! The referee says no! The weapon wasn't used so-

[As Demetrius Lake pitches a fit, Derrick Williams storms in on him, throwing his shoulder into the gut and driving Lake back into the corner. The crowd cheers as Williams repeatedly slams his shoulder into the midsection of Lake, causing the Black Tiger to recoil in pain from every shot.]

GM: Williams is all over him in the corner, showing off some aggression that we haven't seen much of from the youngster from Brooklyn. New York, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I don't think the kid's got a chance in this one but even I recognize that he's got some skill and he knows he's got nothing to lose here tonight. No one expects him to beat Demetrius Lake so you might as well go for broke, daddy.

[The referee forces Williams to step back, signaling that he has to let Lake out of the corner...]

...which is all the delay that Lake needs to duck down, yanking the legs out from under Williams in a double leg, shoving him back into a jackknife cradle as he slips his feet over the middle rope!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Williams manages to kick out of the leverage-assisted pin, sending Lake off of him. The fan favorite rolls to his side, pointing to the shaking middle rope but the referee points at his own eyes, shaking his head.]

GM: The referee's telling Williams he can't call it if he doesn't see it!

[The New York native spins to shout at the official in frustration, backing Davis Warren across the ring as Demetrius Lake climbs up off the mat, throwing his arms over his head for a double axehandle, stomping across the ring...]

...and Williams BURIES a right hand into the midsection, doubling up Lake who hops a few times, grabbing at his gut!]

GM: Williams goes down low on Lake!

[Grabbing the big man from behind, Williams hoists him up high, holding him there, making him think about it...]

...and brings him CRASHING down in an atomic drop that sends Lake rushing towards the ropes, tumbling over the top, and crashing down to the floor with a shout!]

GM: LAKE GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[Derrick Williams pumps a fist, giving a shout of triumph as he steps through the ropes, going after the downed Black Tiger.]

GM: Again, Derrick Williams is going after him!

BW: This kid's REALLY showing some aggression. He's not giving Lake a second to think, to breathe, to regroup.

[Williams pulls Lake off the floor, pointing towards the ringpost.]

GM: He's gonna put him in the post!

[Williams kneels down, stepping off the apron...

...and gets CRACKED with a lifting European uppercut by the six foot nine inch Lake!]

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Lake grabs the dazed Williams off the apron, lifting him up across his body in slam position...

...and DRIVES the Brooklyn native kidney-first into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WILLIAMS GOES HARD INTO THE POST!

BW: That aggression backfired on him, Gordo! He kept pushing and pushing and pushing and Lake drew him right into his web like the King of the Spiders that he is!

GM: He's the King of Spiders now too?!

BW: Demetrius Lake is the King of whatever he damn well pleases, daddy!

[With Williams sprawled out on the floor, Lake taunts the fans as he allows Williams to push up to all fours...

...and then leaps up, dropping down to a knee with a clubbing forearm to the small of the back!]

GM: Big clubbing forearm by the big man - the former three-sport athlete, the former star defensive lineman at MSU!

[Lake stomps the kidneys a few times as Davis Warren shouts at him to get the fight back inside the ring. The Black Tiger looks up, shouting "SHUT UP, MR. REFEREE!" before pulling Williams off the mat by the arm, taking aim...

...and HURLING him spinefirst into the steel ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LAKE PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[The King of Wrestling drops to a knee, taking a breath as he glares out at the jeering fans. The referee again insists for the Black Tiger to get back in the ring. The Missouri native obliges, rolling under the ropes...

...and then rolling back out, laughing as the referee is forced to start his ten count again.]

GM: Lake breaks the count, dragging Williams off the railing...

[He scoops Williams up, pressing him slightly up and DROPS him throatfirst across the railing!]

GM: OHH!

[Williams falls to the canvas, grabbing at his throat, coughing violently as Lake stands over him, shouting "GET UP, BOY! GET ON YOUR FEET!"]

GM: Demetrius Lake is taunting the young man now, really giving him a hard time verbally as the youngster tries to get to the second round of this tournament.

BW: The second round? It's the Semifinals, daddy! Williams is trying to get one win away from the Finals of this tournament!

[Lake drags Williams off the ringside mats by the hair, pulling him towards the ring, shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Williams is back in... Lake up on the apron...

[A desperate Williams pushes up off the mat, throwing a haymaker to the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Williams is fighting back! He's got Lake in trouble on the apron!

[But Lake reaches out, raking the eyes.]

GM: Oh! Eyegouge!

[Grabbing Williams by the hair, Lake runs down the length of the apron, slamming Williams headfirst into the top turnbuckle. Lake steps into the ring, throwing a few stiff backhand blows to the side of the head before hooking Williams under the arm...]

GM: Look out here!

[Lake sends Williams flying high through the air, sending him crashing down in a heap on the mat!]

GM: High hip toss by the so-called King of Wrestling and...

[With Williams down on the mat, Lake stands over him, dropping his three hundred plus pounds down in a knee on the lower back... and another... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: Repeated knee drops down to the back!

BW: I love the way Lake delivers these, Gordo. He doesn't jump... he just drives that knee down into the back over and over again.

[After a half dozen kneedrops, Lake backs off, watching with a smirk as the referee checks on the downed Williams. The Black Tiger turns his back...

...and the camera very obviously catches him loading up his tape-covered thumb.]

GM: THERE! THERE! HE LOADED THE THUMB AND THE WHOLE WORLD SAW IT!

BW: Huh?! What are you talking about now, Myers?!

GM: You saw it! You had to have seen it!

BW: I saw nothing and I'd testify to that!

[Lake comes back in towards Williams, dragging him up off the mat, pulling him into a side headlock...

...and sticks the thumb into the throat, grinding it in a few times before letting a gasping Williams fall to the mat. The referee lunges in, demanding to check the thumb as Lake backs off, wrenching his arm around behind him.]

GM: Davis Warren wants to check the thumb! He wants to check the thumb!

[Lake sticks his hand down the back of his trunks before pulling it back out, allowing the referee to check the taped thumb. Warren finds nothing of course and backs off to check on the coughing Williams...

...which allows Lake to pull the object from the back of his trunks, leaning down to tuck it into the front of his kneepad.]

GM: He put it in his kneepad! Surely you saw that!

BW: I... he adjusted his kneepad, Gordo! Stop jumping at shadows! Not everything is some kind of conspiracy.

[The Black Tiger rushes in on the rising Williams, SLAMMING his knee into the lower back, causing Williams to pitch forward into the ropes, draped over the middle.]

GM: And right to the back with the loaded kneepad!

[A nodding Lake slips his knee into the back of Williams' head, pushing his throat down on the middle rope!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking him, fans!

[The referee's count quickly gets to four before Lake backs off, giving a hop before he runs to the far ropes, rebounding back towards Williams...

...and leaps up slightly, driving his knee down into the back of the neck, driving the throat into the ropes!]

GM: Ohh! High impact move by Lake, throwing Williams down...

[The Black Tiger settles into a lateral press, shouting "COUNT HIM!"]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! But Williams is out at two!

[Lake angrily pulls Williams up by the hair, hammering his fist into the temple a few times before shoving him back down, settling into another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! He's out again!

[The King of Wrestling gets to his feet, turning his attention on Davis Warren, backing him across the ring to the corner with a threatening point.]

GM: Lake's losing his focus here. He thought it was a three count and he's letting Davis Warren have it!

[With Williams using the ropes to climb to his feet, Lake spins, charging across the ring, leaping up for a high knee with the loaded kneepad...

...but Williams pulls himself clear, causing the knee to slam into the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Williams slips in behind the dazed Lake who hobbles backwards towards him, lifting him up into the air...

...and drops him down in an atomic drop, shooting Lake facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: BIIIIIG ATOMIC DROP!

[Lake stumbles out, clutching his tailbone as Williams lifts him over his shoulder, turning out to the center of the ring and dropping him in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: And one the other way!

[The Black Tiger's eyes are wide, clutching his groin as Williams drops back into the ropes, storming back with a big clothesline!]

GM: The clothesline takes him off his feet and-

[Williams grabs the kneepad on the downed Lake. The King of Wrestling starts shaking his head, waving his hands...

...and Williams yanks the kneepad off, causing the foreign object to fall down to the mat. A quick kick sends the object out of the ring as Williams throws the kneepad aside.]

GM: Lake's weapon is gone! If he's gonna win this thing, he's gotta do it on his own!

[Williams drags Lake off the mat, hammering away with right hands, knocking Lake back against the ropes. He leans down, grabbing an arm...]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

[...and shoots Lake across with an Irish whip, sending him into the ropes.]

GM: Lake off the far side...

[Williams sets, ready for the spinebuster...

...but Lake again sees it coming, throwing his lanky leg up into a big boot to the mush, knocking Williams backwards, crashing down to the mat!]

GM: What a counter! Lake caught him going for the spinebuster again!

[The King of Wrestling "dusts off" his shoulders, giving a shout at the jeering fans before he runs to the ropes, rebounding back with a bellow as he charges in on Williams...

...who pops up to his feet, hooking Lake around the upper thighs, lifting him up into the air, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

[Williams dives across, hooking the near leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

[Williams leaps up, thrusting his arms up into the air in celebration...

...when suddenly Davis Warren yanks the arm down, pointing to the ropes where Demetrius Lake's foot is resting!]

BW: NO, NO, NO! FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[Williams drops to his knees, burying his face in his hands.]

GM: He thought he had him! The world thought he had him but Demetrius Lake got his foot over that bottom rope in time, fans! He got the foot on the ropes and the match continues with just over four minutes remaining in the time limit of this first round showdown!

[The New Yorker climbs back to his feet, shaking his head as he argues with the official.]

GM: Lake... Lake's rolling out on the apron.

BW: Smart move. Get some time to rest and recover.

[Williams is reading Davis Warren the riot act as Demetrius Lake takes a knee on the apron...

...and starts digging into the side of his boot.]

GM: What the-?! What's Lake doing?! What's he doing?!

[The Brooklyn youngster turns from Davis Warren, stalking across the ring. He leans over the top rope, grabbing two hands full of afro, dragging him up off the apron...

...when Lake suddenly spins, lashing out and DRIVING his thumb into the side of Williams' throat!]

GM: TIGER STRIKE! TIGER STRIKE!

[Lake swings his hand back, throwing something to the floor before he lunges through the ropes into a lateral press...

...catching both his feet on the middle rope, hooking them for more leverage on the cover!]

GM: NO! NO! NO!

[The referee hits the mat once... twice... and a third time!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: LAKE WINS! LAKE WINS! LAKE WINS!

GM: Oh, would you be quiet?! Demetrius Lake broke just about every rule in the book but... yes, yes he has won this match. He has defeated Derrick Williams to move on to the Semifinals.

BW: Williams gave it all he had but in the end, Lake was just too much for him.

GM: You mean a Tiger Strike with a foreign object was too much for him!
You mean a cover with his feet on the ropes was too much for him!
Demetrius Lake has one again soiled the sport of professional wrestling!

BW: Soiled?! He's the King, daddy!

GM: If he's the King, I want no part of his kingdom. Fans, Derrick Williams was robbed in my personal opinion. Absolutely robbed. But it'll go down in the record books as a victory for Demetrius Lake. And now, the so-called King of Wrestling is moving on to the Semifinals.

BW: And in the perfect stab to the heart of these idiots in Dallas...
Demetrius Lake's path to the National Title is gonna run right over that piece of garbage Travis Lynch! I love it!

GM: The Black Tiger may regret winning this match when Travis gets his hands on him.

BW: You mean his hand. That left arm is pretty much useless at this point.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, the Semifinals are set. It'll be "Diamond" Rob Driscoll taking on Brad Jacobs in one match and Travis Lynch meeting Demetrius Lake in the other! I can't wait for that and everything else coming tonight as part of this Seventh Anniversary Spectacular!

[Fade to commercial.

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.

The shot then changes to a nondescript, undisclosed location. There we see about three security guards standing by a door as they are obviously assigned to the room. Inside the room, we see Johnny Detson sitting behind a desk. Standing behind him to his right is Eric Somers, black suit, black tie and holding his briefcase between his crossed arms. Detson smiles and begins to speak.]

JD: Dallas, Texas... Hello! When I heard that the AWA would soon be leaving the city of Dallas for a long... long... long time well it couldn't have come soon enough.

[Detson's grin gets wider as the crowd boos as they watch on the screen.]

JD: And unfortunately due to the actions of a certain individual and the inaction of the front office to do anything about it, I will not be attending this farewell show.

[Detson shakes his head, most of the crowd cheers the news but Detson can't hear them.]

JD: But people, the fault of that lies squarely with one Hannibal Carver! His complete disregard for the rules and regulations of modern society should have every single person wonder if they should risk their life coming to an AWA show! Hannibal Carver is a menace; he has tried to attack me on numerous occasions... without success.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: And for what? Have I done something wrong to Hannibal Carver?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Is it for little old Eric? Did Eric Preston ask to be avenged?

[Again, Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Do the people what to see their future World Champion maimed by this lunatic?

[Detson shakes his head over the deafening cheers of the crowd.]

JD: The answer to all of these questions is, of course, no. But you see folks, Hannibal Carver is jealous of Johnny Detson. Jealous of my success; envious of my reputation; and, above all else, desperate to stay relevant.

[Detson nods in agreement with his own thought.]

JD: Hannibal Carver is trying to steal my spotlight! Which is ironic seeing how I won the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash while Hannibal lost in New York City to my good friends, the Dogs Of War. You see, I earned the right to become the future World Champion, while Hannibal stole his spot in line. Hannibal Carver is jealous of everything I have EARNED! He is jealous of me, or maybe he's just inspired by me. After all, I am VERY...

[Detson picks something up off the desk and holds it up in front of the camera. It is the plaque awarded to Eric Preston last SNW for Most Inspirational.]

JD: ...inspirational!

[Laughing, Detson buffs the plaque with the sleeve of his shirt.]

JD: But whatever the reason, the unprovoked attacks and tyranny of Hannibal Carver must end! Poor Calisto Dufresne has been mercilessly attacked twice now without any provocation what so ever! I mean, the man

fought side by side with Hannibal Carver to end the Wise Men and this is the thanks he gets. The man is the RIGHTFUL National Champion and more importantly my Chief Strategic Advisor to the World Championship! Causing his brain trauma does no one, especially me, any good!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: And that poor production assistant. What was his name, Eric?

[Detson looks over at Eric Somers but Somers doesn't say a word.]

JD: Well, his name is no longer important because he was fired for drinking on the job! A drink YOU forced him to have! That man had ten kids to support, I think, and now, because of you he's jobless.

[Detson starts to get a little red in the face.]

JD: Actions have consequences, crimes have punishment but you wouldn't know anything about that because you apparently have free reign. I had to hire more security, not because the big man can't do his job.

[Detson throws a thumb over to Somers.]

JD: And certainly not because I'm scared of you, but rather scared of what I might do to you for all the injustice you've caused me! These people aren't here for my protection, they're here for yours!

[Detson stops for a moment. The red slowly drains from his face as a smile slowly forms. The plaque he's been holding goes face down on the desk, with his other hand he holds up a single finger.]

JD: But I'm a generous man, compassionate if you will. I'm willing to forgive and forget. And as the Steal the Spotlight winner and future World Champion, I consider this matter finished.

[Detson nods.]

JD: I also apologize that your stupid friend got in the way of what we are both trying to do... end Ryan Martinez. If I could do it all again... I would have still aimed for that dumb kid's head. So let's call this whole thing off. You destroy Martinez and anyone who tries to stop you and I pick up the pieces and assume my rightful place as your World Champion!

[Detson smiles wide.]

JD: Because why fight when we have so much in common? You want to beat up Ryan Martinez. I WANT you to beat up Ryan Martinez. You want to...

[He pauses, thinking.]

JD: I want...

[He again pauses before shrugging.]

JD: Well, that's really the only thing. But it should be enough.

[Detson shrugs.]

JD: And to the people of Dallas, even though we are never coming back to this hell-hole city...

[Detson laughs as the crowd tries to boo him right off the screen.]

JD: ...you should not be stuck celebrating Anniversaries and the past, when the best...

[Detson reaches behind him and pats the briefcase Somers is holding. A smirk forms on his face.]

JD: ...is yet to come!

[With a smirking Detson sitting back in the chair, propping his feet up on the desk in the safety of his hidden space, we fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: That guy... what a coward! He's hiding, Bucky... he's HIDING from Hannibal Carver!

BW: And rightfully so! How many times, Gordo? How many times will the AWA allow Carver to assault Johnny Detson and his associates without some kind of punishment? He should be fined. He should be suspended. And instead, he just keeps attacking.

GM: If Johnny Detson would just sign to face Carver one-on-one in the ring, all those attacks wouldn't be necessary. If Detson wouldn't try to incite Carver with his words and his actions like two weeks ago when he STOLE Eric Preston's Most Inspirational Award, these attacks wouldn't be necessary, Bucky.

BW: Are you saying that Carver is JUSTIFIED in what he's done?

GM: I don't know that there's ever a COMPLETE justification for assaulting someone outside the confines of a wrestling match but one can certainly understand why Hannibal Carver would be upset and would be looking for payback. Mark my words, Bucky... sooner or later, we WILL see Hannibal Carver take on Johnny Detson inside that ring and then... then there will REALLY be hell to pay. Fans, the Brass Ring Tournament is in full swing here in Dallas as part of our Seventh Anniversary Spectacular! The Semifinals are set as Brad Jacobs will take on "Diamond" Rob Driscoll and Demetrius Lake will meet Travis Lynch. But before we get to that...

[The electric beat of "Room A Thousand Years Wide" by Soundgarden pumps over the PA. The fans cheer as Michael Weaver strides out from behind the

curtain, rotating his shoulder blades to limber up. Weaver is six feet tall with a slightly bulky wrestler's physique. He has short dirty-blond hair which is slightly curly, and a mustache with some stubble. He wears a tan two-strap singlet, black boots and kneepads, and red wrist tape. The fans cheer louder for Weaver than ever before due to his recent winning ways as he marches confidently down the aisle, focused on the ring.]

BW: What's he doing out here?

GM: Michael Weaver is not scheduled to compete tonight, but after his impressive win over Alex Martin, these fans are more than happy to see him!

BW: These fans also cheer for Scumbag Travis and his increasingly crippled brothers, so take what they think with a grain of salt.

GM: Bucky!

[Weaver steps through the ropes and raises a single arm to the crowd. He nods at Phil Watson, who hands him the microphone.]

MW: Last time I laid out a challenge to prove my skills in this ring amidst a war, because I am not a soldier. I am a professional wrestler. When others are looking to send people to the hospital, I am looking to prove I am the better man where it matters... in the squared circle.

[Weaver nods calmly as the crowd cheers this last statement.]

MW: Which is exactly what brings me out here now. I proved I had what it takes to succeed last time, and I'm willing to do the very same again. Last time it was Alex Martin... tonight I will face any member of Team Supreme that wants to match their skills with me.

So, to any of you in the back...which of you wants to prove that the training they've received makes them a better man than me?

[The crowd cheers as Weaver awaits Team Supreme's response.]

GM: What a bold challenge from Michael Weaver! He wants to take on another member of Team Supreme!

BW: It's idiocy is what it is! He wins one match and suddenly he thinks he can take on the world? I think we've finally met the dumbest kid of all, Gordo!

GM: Weaver handled himself extremely well against Alex Martin despite a severe numbers disadvantage and I believe he'd be a tough match-up for any member of Team Supreme...

[Just then, "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, as the crowd erupts with a massive deluge of shocked gasps, deafening boos and

panicked outrage as they see Supreme Wright himself, stepping through the curtains, dressed to wrestle.]

GM:oh no.

BW: If there was ever a time to say "Be careful what you wish for, this is it!"

[The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion is alone, without a single member of Team Supreme following him. He wears a black tracksuit with gold trim and carries a microphone in his right hand. Stepping through the ropes, Weaver takes a cautious step back as Wright gives an amused smirk.]

SW: "Any member of Team Supreme"?

[Hesitantly, Weaver slowly nods. Wright smirks.]

SW: Thanks to you, Mr. Weaver, it became painfully obvious that the training my students were receiving wasn't adequate or sufficient for the level of skill I expect them to be at. That's a mistake that I've made sure to correct, but there's still one lingering problem that needs to be taken care of.

[Supreme points a finger at Weaver.]

SW: YOU.

You say you're not a soldier? That you're a professional wrestler?

[An unsettling grin forms on Wright's face.]

SW: Well, that makes two of us.

So why don't we have a match right now. While you may have found Mr. Martin's skill to be lacking...lets see if the training that I'VE received makes me a better man than you.

[Weaver pales a bit at the thought of facing Wright, but slowly nods his head, as Wright removes his tracksuit.]

GM: Michael Weaver laid out the challenge, but I think he never expected THIS to happen.

BW: That's what he gets for shooting his mouth off! If Wright leaves him with the ability to talk or think after this match is over, he should consider himself lucky!

[As the two approach the middle of the ring, the bell sounds...]

"DING DING DING"

[Wright raises his right arm, as the two circle each other. He paws at Weaver, but the rookie slaps his hand away each time. Suddenly, Wright lunges in...]

GM: And there's the lock up!

[It's much like an amateur wrestling bout, as the two technicians struggle for position. In a flash, Wright drops down and takes Weaver down with a drop toehold. He quickly floats over into a side headlock as the two get to their feet, as Supreme quickly follows up with a headlock takedown. However, Weaver quickly counters, by scissoring Wright's head.]

GM: Supreme Wright was a former All-American wrestler at the University of Indiana and has been considered one of the finest technical wrestlers in the world for several years now. Michael Weaver is an accomplished technician himself, but the experience gap is definitely huge between the two.

BW: If it was any bigger, it'd be KING Oni!

[Wright doesn't stay in the hold for long, twisting his body around and forcing Weaver into a sitting position. He then performs a headstand, breaking out of the hold and getting back to his feet!]

GM: And Wright escapes the headscissors!

BW: With EASE. Weaver thought he'd be schooling another rookie, but Wright ain't just gonna' take him to school, he's takin' him to college, university and graduate school!

[Wright grins at Weaver, shouting: "THAT ALL YOU GOT!?", before slapping Weaver right across the face!]

"OHHH!"

GM: Oh my!

BW: That's what Wright thinks of your training, kid!

[With Weaver stunned, Wright grabs him in a rear waistlock, lifting the Missouri native into the air and dropping him onto the mat with an amateur wrestling-style takedown!]

BW: That's two points, daddy!

[Wright quickly spins around, grabbing Weaver into a front facelock. He struggles with Weaver on the canvas for a moment, before suddenly spinning to the side with the facelock still applied, maintaining control over Weaver with a neckbreaker-like takedown!]

GM: Wright showing off more of his amateur wrestling background right there.

BW: They call that a Gator Roll, Gordo...and Weaver has no answer for it! If Weaver thinks he can go hold for hold with the best mat wrestler in the world today, he's dumber than he looks!

[With the both of them lying facedown on the canvas, Supreme applies greater pressure to the front facelock, but Weaver quickly drags himself to the ropes, managing to get a foot beneath them. The referee calls for a break, as Supreme releases the hold and both men get to their feet once more.]

GM: Weaver manages to get to the ropes and breaks the hold. I think Michael Weaver's doing an admirable job keeping up with a former World Champion.

BW: You would, Gordo. Just wait until Supreme takes it into second gear. Weaver's barely holding it together as it is!

[Weaver slaps his hand on the mat in frustration. He gets back to his feet and the two prepare to lock up once again...]

GM: Side headlock by Wright...pushed off into the ropes...a hiptoss-BLOCKED!

[Weaver suddenly spins behind Wright...]

GM: NO! Weaver with a backslide! One! Two-No! Only two!

[As Weaver rolls through, he is quick to his feet and charges in at Wright...]

GM: An inside cradle...again, only two!

SMACK!

[Heel pop!]

GM: OH! A vicious European uppercut drops Weaver!

BW: What'd I tell you?

[Weaver, clearly not expecting the blow, rises to his feet instinctively, only to be doubled over by a knee to the midsection from Wright. The former World Champion grabs Weaver around the waist, lifting him up and over with a picture-perfect gutwrench suplex.]

GM: Textbook gutwrench suplex by Wright and the pin...no, Weaver gets the shoulder up!

[Wright pulls Weaver to his feet, booting him in the gut. He tries to take Weaver over with a vertical suplex. However, Weaver hooks his leg around Wright's blocking the move.]

GM: Suplex attempt blocked...again...No! Weaver slips out and lands behind Wright, going for a German suplex... No! Blocked by Wright...right into a drop toehold!

[However, Weaver uses his momentum to roll through back to his feet and stopping right in front of the ropes. Wright charges in, only for Weaver to side-step as the former World Champion hits the ropes chest-first and bouncing back right into a schoolboy roll-up!]

GM: Weaver rolling to his feet...Wright charges...OH! Schoolboy roll-up by Weaver! No! Only two!

[The two once again pop up to their feet, this time with Wright swinging a forearm at Weaver. Weaver ducks under the blow and catches Wright with a vicious European uppercut as he spins around!]

GM: Weaver ducks...OH! He caught Wright right on the chin with that one!

BW: Weaver doesn't hit nearly as hard as Wright, but anyone that catches it under the chin like that would be stunned!

[Weaver hooks his arms around Wright's waist and pops his hips, before tossing the former World Champion over his head...]

THUUUDD!

GM: AND A BIG BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX BY WEAVER!

[Wright quickly takes a powder, rolling out of the ring. He clutches at his back, glaring at Weaver back inside the ring.]

GM: Weaver with a big suplex on Wright and I don't think he was ready for it! Michael Weaver is surprising a lot of people here tonight!

BW: I wouldn't put too much stock in that, Gordo. A master of the ring like Supreme Wright's got this under control. It was just a lucky shot.

GM: I wouldn't be too sure about that.

[Wright makes a dismissive wave of his hand at Weaver, as the crowd showers him with taunting jeers. He walks around the ringside area before climbing back onto the apron and stepping back into the ring.]

BW: Weaver might've got in that lucky shot, but now his momentum's all gone, Gordo. He let Wright just take his sweet time getting back into the ring.

GM: I really can't disagree with you there, Bucky. Weaver probably should've pressed his advantage there. That might be his inexperience coming into play.

BW: Against a man as dangerous as Wright, you need to take any opening you can get!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE GONE BY. THERE ARE FIVE MINUTES LEFT."

GM: And as we hit the halfway mark into this match, neither man has sustained the advantage for long.

[For the umpteenth time in this match, Weaver and Wright prepare to lock-up. Wright manages to back Weaver into a corner, where he makes a clean break...only to quickly double Weaver over with a boot to the midsection! Heel pop!]

GM: OH! A cheap shot by Wright!

[Wright proceeds to smash a forearm shot to the side of Weaver's head. And another...and another...shot after shot connecting, until Weaver drops to the mat!]

GM: Wright's just unloading on Weaver! He's lost it!

BW: If anything, he's found it, Gordo...the key to victory! He's gonna' pound this kid into paste!

[Pulling Weaver back to his feet, Wright whips him across the ring, following in with a stiff European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH!

[As Weaver stumbles out of the corner, he falls right into Wright's waiting arms. The former World Champion grabs Weaver into a front waistlock and suddenly pivots around, before tossing Weaver over his head with a belly-to-belly suplex right into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! A VICIOUS SUPLEX RIGHT INTO THE CORNER!

BW: That might do it!

[Dragging Weaver out of the corner, Wright drops down for the pin, hooking the leg.]

GM: One! Two! Th-NOOO!!! Weaver barely lifts the shoulder!

[Looking annoyed, Supreme proceeds to tie up Weaver's legs, before grabbing hold of them and his opponent's head. He rocks back, before dropping down onto his back and yanking Weaver into the air, bending him at an ungodly angle with a bow-and-arrow submission!]

GM: A BOW-AND-ARROW! Weaver's screaming in agony!

BW: Of course he is! The human body ain't supposed to bend that way!

[Weaver refuses to submit, shaking his head furiously. Finally, Wright releases the hold, when it becomes evident he isn't going to win the match with the move. He gets back to his feet and stomps at Weaver's back a few times, before pulling him up...]

GM: Wright whips Weaver into the ropes...NO! Reversed!

[Showing off his agility, Wright RUNS up the turnbuckles right before he hits the corner and then somersaults over Weaver as he charges in. To his credit, Weaver raises his foot to stop himself from colliding with the corner and pushes off, pivoting around and charging back at Wright, who also runs towards him...]

GM: OH! A dropkick right to the knee by Weaver takes Wright down!

[...diving low and aiming his feet right at Wright's right kneecap. The blow sends the charging Louisiana native flying into the air as he's upended, landing onto the canvas hard as he holds his knee in pain.]

GM: And as much as Supreme Wright dominated the last few minutes of this match, Weaver's completely changed the complexion of this match.

[Weaver gets to his feet and doesn't waste anytime, grabbing Wright's right leg and dropping an elbow down onto his leg...]

GM: And an elbowdrop right to Wright's leg! This can severely impair his mobility.

[Pulling Wright to his feet, Weaver continues his assault on the former Champion's knee, lifting him up into the air and dropping him into a kneebreaker!]

GM: Weaver continues to target Supreme Wright's knee and I can't help but think that this is being done to limit Wright's considerable athletic advantage by keeping him down on the canvas.

BW: Hey, Supreme Wright knows two thousand and one ways to twist a man into a pretzel and make him cry "Uncle!" Takin' away his legs might only leave him with a thousand!

[Still holding on, Weaver gets back to his feet and sticks his foot onto Wright's upper thigh. He hops into the air, before flipping forward, snapping the leg hard!]

GM: OH MY! That might just tear someone's knee apart!

BW: Listen to Wright...he's in some serious pain here. I don't care who you are, legs aren't meant to bend that way.

[Weaver stays on his knees and stares at Wright, contemplating his next move. He pulls Wright to his feet...]

SMAAACK!

[...but takes one hell of an European uppercut to the jaw for his troubles!]

GM: Oh!

[Wright quickly follows up, hitting Weaver with a forearm from his right arm and then another from his left. He then spins around, smashing home an elbow to the side of Weaver's head and then spins right back into the other direction, taking Weaver off his feet with an ungodly roaring elbow!]

GM: OHHH!!! What a combination from Wright! He's dragging Weaver back to his feet...

[Wright wraps his arm across Weaver's chest and then lifts Weaver up as if going for a side slam...]

GM: ONE-ARMED BACKBREAKER BY SUPREME WRIGHT!

[...but driving him down onto his knee!]

GM: OH! But it was right on the right knee that Weaver was working over!

"NINE MINUTES GONE BY. ONE MINUTE REMAINS!"

GM: One minute left in this match! And Michael Weaver may be on the verge of victory here! He's fought evenly with a former two-time World Champion for nearly ten minutes and I don't think anyone ever believed that was possible!

BW: I sure as heck didn't!

[Wright rolls to the side, holding his knee in pain. Clutching his back, Weaver gets to his feet and sees Wright down on the canvas. Seeing his opening, Weaver stalks Wright, lifting his arms into the air, as the crowd roars!]

GM: And as we're fast approaching the time limit, Weaver's calling for it! He's going for the Weaver Lock!

BW: No way! Turn around, Supreme!

[MASSIVE FACE POP!!]

GM: THE WEAVER LOCK!! MICHAEL WEAVER HAS IT LOCKED ON!!!

BW: NO HE DOESN'T! WRIGHT'S FIGHTING IT!

[Wright blocks the hold from being fully applied, trying valiantly to break free, but Weaver holds on tight, hoping to cinch in his trump card and pull off the mother of all upsets...]

GM: Wait, what's Wright doing?

[Having dragged Weaver towards the nearest corner during his struggle, Wright lifts his legs and pushes his boots into the middle turnbuckle, kicking off it and flipping over backwards...

...making a clean escape as he somersaults over Michael Weaver's head...

...and lands behind Weaver, locking on the rear naked choke!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A COUNTER!! SUPREME WRIGHT HAS MICHAEL WEAVER IN A REAR NAKED CHOKE!!!

BW: I LOVE IT!

[Weaver struggles, but there's no escape. Remembering what Wright just did to escape, Weaver tries to do the same, lifting his legs and placing both boots into the turnbuckle...

...but as he does so, Wright pulls him off and then lunges backwards...]

"THUUUUUUDDDDDD!!!!!!!!!!"

[...dropping Weaver on his head with a suplex!]

GM: Oh no.

BW: That didn't look good, Gordo.

GM: Michael Weaver might be knocked out cold. He's not moving after that devastating suplex.

"THIRTY SECONDS! THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

[Getting back to his feet, Wright sees Weaver's unmoving form and...grins. He immediately pulls Weaver to his feet and hooks him for a suplex, lifting Weaver up into the air until he's completely vertical...

...and DRILLING him into the canvas with a Brainbuster! MASSIVE BOOS!]

GM: DAMNIT, THAT'S ENOUGH!

BW: A Brainbuster and a beauty, Gordo! There ain't no doubt Wright was sendin' a message with that one!

[As the crowd boos, Supreme Wright drops to his knees, placing a hand on Michael Weaver's chest as the referee mercifully counts to three.]

"DING DING DING"

GM: This match is over, but Michael Weaver needs some medical attention. He hasn't moved since he took that suplex on his head...NO!!! GET AWAY FROM HIM!!!

[The crowd proceeds to ROAR with boos, as Wright locks in a rear-naked choke...

"THUUUUUUDDDDDDDD!!!!!!!!!!!"

...and throws Weaver onto his head with yet another suplex!]

GM: Supreme Wright is a madman! He should be fined! He should be suspended! He-

BW: He's gonna do it again, Gordo!

[However, as Wright bends to pick up Weaver off the canvas for more punishment, the crowd suddenly ERUPTS with cheers, as they see Bobby O' Connor running down the aisle like a bat out of hell. Wright immediately slides out of the ring before O' Connor can reach him, backing away with a smirk on his face as a furious O'Connor points a finger and shouts angrily at him.]

GM: Thank goodness for Bobby O'Connor! Thank the stars this young man was here tonight to keep an eye on his good friend's back... but... Michael Weaver is hurt, Bucky. He's going to need some medical attention out here right now.. let's... let's get out of here and give the medical team time to work...

[We fade to another one of the AWA's Greatest Moments in Texas - this one marked November 26th, 2009 from the Dallas Memorial Auditorium - the site of the inaugural SuperClash event. The footage is from the National Tag Team Title Match that night that pitted the champions, Kentucky's Pride, against their rivals, Adrian Freeman and Calisto Dufresne. As we join the match in progress, we see a bloodied City Jack yanking the future World Champion off the mat before cracking him with a haymaker to the jaw. A few big hooking blows follow before Jack fires Dufresne across the ring...

...and BULLDOZING him with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[City Jack pumps his arm up in the air...

...and BLASTS the eye area with the Metropill!]

GM: OHH! Metropill to the eye!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Jack throws him down to the mat and quickly yanks him into a seated position. He slaps his elbow before dropping down to a knee...

...and SLAMS that elbow into the eye!]

GM: Payback! IS! HELLLLLLLL!

[With a roar, Jack raises the arm up, elbow pointed down and repeats the blow... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye...]

GM: IT'S EYE FOR AN EYE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING AT SUPERCLASH!

BW: You talk about Kentucky's Pride being old school... well, right now City Jack is going Old Testament, daddy!

GM: Another one! And another! And another! And another!

[Dufresne's head rolls back limply, unable to defend himself as Dr. Bob Ponavitch takes a lonnnnnng look from out on the floor...

...when suddenly a lunging Adrian Freeman breaks up the assault!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Adrian Freeman may have just saved Calisto Dufresne's career!

[With Jack stunned, Freeman dashes towards the ropes...

...only to have Tin Can Rust reach up and yank the top rope down, sending Freeman toppling over the ropes and out to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Jack gets to his feet slowly, looking out over the crowd. Nodding his head to their roars, he slaps his meaty forearm one more time as he leans over to pull Calisto Dufresne back off his knees...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a stunned reaction as a giant fireball lights up the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, sailing out of the hands of Calisto Dufresne and squarely into the injured eye of City Jack!]

BW: FIREBALL! FIREBALL!

[City Jack collapses to the canvas SCREAMING in agony as he clutches at his eye. Seizing the moment, Dufresne dives atop Jack, quickly taking the mount and in a flurry of motion, starts throwing everything he's got at the eye - fists, hammerfists, elbows - anything that will land.

He's an absolute non-stop sea of activity as he continues to pound and pummel his arch-rival.]

GM: He burned him! He burned City Jack and now-

BW: And now he's beating the hell out of him, Gordo! He's beating that eye right out of his skull!

GM: Jack's trying to cover up... Jack's trying to protect himself... he's screaming in agony... my God, I can smell the burned flesh from here and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd falls silent as the referee leaps up, waving his arms back and forth. A stunned Dufresne backs off, looking down in disbelief at City Jack, fists still balled up and covered in City Jack's blood. The referee quickly moves to Melissa Cannon's side and with a nod, she raises the mic.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match as a result of a submission...

[Dramatic pause.]

MC: Annnnnd NEW AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

"THE LADYKILLER" CALISTO DUFRESNE
AND
ADRIAN FREEEEEEEEEEEEEMAN!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Adrian Freeman rolls under the bottom rope, barely able to stand as he moves towards his partner who is still glaring at City Jack. After a moment, Marty Meekly arrives with the two title belts, handing them over to the new champions.]

GM: This can't be true. It can't be!

BW: It is! We've got new champions!

GM: By submission?! City Jack quit?!

BW: Did he have a choice? He'd been burned and was having an eye that barely works just absolutely beaten! I said it earlier - the title or your eye - and I think City Jack has chosen wisely.

[Adrian Freeman is absolutely ecstatic, clinging the title belt to his chest as he hops to the midbuckle. Dufresne stays stoic, the title belt slung over his shoulder as he stares at his bloodied and burned enemy as we fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

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

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

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

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

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

And as we return from the commercial, the camera focuses on the man standing in the middle of the ring. And not just any man, but a bonafide legend. A man who has dominated the ring for decades. A man familiar to at least three generations of Texas wrestling fans. And yes, he's older now, his black hair mostly silver now. His legendary physique gone soft near the middle. But his eyes are still clear, and there's still a ferocity in his fifty-something year old frame.

Blackjack Lynch is in the ring, once again.]

BJL: The AWA is leavin' Dallas, and they ain't comin' back for a long while.

[His voice is legendary, gravelly and as rough as sandpaper. It's a voice that has called down the thunder and rallied fans for so long that even the youngest fans in the audience react instinctively to it, hanging on his every word, straining to catch every nuance the grizzled elder speaks.]

BJL: And they ain't just leavin' this arena behind. See, two years ago, I made a promise to my darlin' wife, Henrietta Ortiz Lynch. I promised that if she let me join my boys in takin' on them Bullies, that I'd never be so far away from home that I couldn't get back in time for a late supper. My wife and my whole family had to spend a lotta years with my only presence in the home comin' from the TV. I don't regret goin' on the road. I hadda put food on their plates, even if I couldn't be home to enjoy it. But old Blackjack ain't cut out for the road no more.

So when the AWA leaves Dallas, they're leavin' me too.

Two weeks ago, Hamilton Graham came out here and said he ain't done yet. He said he could lace up his boots and take it to any kid who wanted to get in the ring with him. Well, that's a nice story, and maybe Graham is tough enough that he could give it a run.

But my time is over now, and I'm man enough to accept that I had a great career fightin' in front of you incredible fans. I ain't got no bitterness over nothin' that happened to me durin' my time in the ring. I've seen more of the world than I ever coulda dreamed of, and it's been my honor and privilege to stand up for Texas, and for all of you great people out there.

My career is over though, and it's time for Blackjack Lynch to be called by his new name – "grandpa." Because right now, seein' my grandbaby's eyes light up means more to me than winnin' another title.

The AWA is movin' into the future, and unlike Hamilton Graham, this old relic knows when it's time to get off the stage.

But before I go, there's somethin' I need to say to one Supreme Wright...

[There's a twinkle in Blackjack's eyes, and the fans react with a muted rumbling, as they wait to see what the legendary wrestler wants to say to the former World Champion.]

BJL: There's blood in your future, boy.

[The genial, elder statesman pose that Blackjack had adopted thus far vanishes instantly, replaced by the intensity that won over so many fans for so many years. Blackjack's face is red, his grip on the microphone is tight enough that his knuckles have gone white. Eyes narrowed, his voice drops to an even lower octave, the sandpaper quality of his voice growing even harsher and more pronounced.]

BJL: It don't matter where you go, or how many two bit thugs you put between yourself and my oldest. You might think you're safe. But all you're doin' is providin' for a temporary stay of execution.

Travis already took out Cain Jackson. He took that man you call 'The Beast' down, and he barely broke a sweat doin' it. What do you think that means, when a Lynch can clear away the man whose only purpose is protectin' you?

It means you're in deeper trouble than you think, Wright.

You made a big mistake, tryin' to use my boy as some kinda pawn in your scheme. And that mistake was thinkin' that a Lynch is nothin' but a tool. You jump on a Lynch so you can get to Ryan Martinez?

And here I thought you were supposed to be some kinda tactical genius.

God ain't never made a Lynch who was second fiddle, and God ain't never made a Lynch that can be plowed through. You didn't attack a steppin'

stone, you signed your damn death warrant. You heed my words, Supreme Wright...

[The camera zooms in on the face of Blackjack Lynch, and there's murder in his eyes.]

BJL: Jack Lynch is comin' for you, Supreme Wright, and hell is followin' with him.

Your sins are gonna follow you right outta Texas, Wright. And every time you turn around, you're gonna have my boy on your heels. You don't understand what you've done. And by the time you've realized the magnitude of your mistake?

Well, it'll be too late to save yourself, son.

As the Man in Black said, there ain't no grave that hold a Lynch down, and there ain't no scheme that's gonna keep ya safe. You started this, Wright, you remember that, you remember that this is what you wanted.

I won't be there at ringside. But you can be damned sure I'll be at home, my grandbaby on my knee, as she watches her daddy show you what happens when you mess with a Lynch.

It ain't gonna be pretty, but if you're last name is Lynch, it'll be damned satisfying.

Mark my words. This is the beginning of the end for you, Supreme Wright. When Jack Lynch is done with you, then you're gonna finally live up to your own legacy. But when my boy gets his hands on you...

You're gonna be as washed up and crippled as your granddaddy. And in time, ain't no one gonna remember you, just like no one remembers your no-account father!

As the champ says, you can count on that.

[An angry Blackjack Lynch drops his microphone then, and makes his way out of the ring, as the fans cheer on the legend for what might be the very last time. We cut to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Wow! Some strong words for the former World Champion by the Texas legend himself, Blackjack Lynch, Bucky.

BW: Old Yeller sure does talk a good game but the fact of the matter is, Team Supreme is more than a match for Jack Lynch and his stinkin' running buddies. And how DARE that piece of garbage run his mouth about a legend like Roosevelt Wright!

GM: Like I said, strong words for Wright... and for the rest of the Wright family, I suppose as well. But Jack Lynch is still out of action, nursing the arm and shoulder injury he suffered at the hands of Supreme Wright almost

a month ago now. Could he back at Turner Field in Atlanta for our first SNW on The X on the road? Only time will tell but this man we heard from earlier tonight? He WILL be there.

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where the fiery cruiserweight known as TORA is standing in a black and gold Tiger Paw Pro DOJO t-shirt with long black slacks with a gold stripe running down the side. He is all business as the camera comes up.]

T: Things don't always work out the way you plan in this business.

[He jerks a thumb at his chest.]

T: When I decided to leave my home in Japan - my brothers in Tiger Paw Pro, the first place to give me a shot - to come to the AWA, I had stars in my eyes. I had seen the shows... watched the matches... I knew what I was getting into and I just couldn't wait.

I wanted to be the guy in the Main Event of SuperClash, flipping off the top onto someone, earning my spot in the highlight reels forever.

But it didn't happen... yet.

[TORA raises a hand, pointing into the camera.]

T: But it will, Brian James. I believe that. I truly do. I believe that because I believe in myself. I believe that because the fans believe in me too.

Who believes in you, Brian? Lau? Your dad? Mr. Claw?

[TORA shakes his head.]

T: I'd love to stand here and run down a man like Tiger Claw but I can't. When I was a kid, growing up and watching this business that I've loved for as long as I can remember, I sat and I watched Tiger Claw. I watched a man who no one gave a chance to. A man who they tried to put in a ridiculous costume in Portland and call a ninja.

[TORA grimaces with disgust.]

T: I watched that man who was smaller than his running buddies - the greats like Thunder, like Hardin, and like your father. He was smaller than just about everyone he ever got in the ring with. But he was tough. He believed in himself. And he had the skill to back up every word he said.

[The light heavyweight chuckles a humorless laugh.]

T: Sound familiar? I idolized that man... and I told myself that if I ever got to the big time, I'd be the same way. I'd defy the odds. I'd challenge the expectations. I'd outreach the limitations. I'd be the best that I could be.

And then I met you... and you said all the right things. You told me how you didn't want to be your father... how you were embarrassed by the things he did. You told me how Tiger Claw had trained you.

[He smiles.]

T: I was so jealous. I wanted to be you so badly.

We had it all planned out, didn't we, Brian? We were going to be the best tag team in the world... and someday, we'd go our separate ways to become the singles champions we both knew we could be. And we could see the writing on the wall... we could see that we'd have to meet in the ring. And we knew... we just KNEW... that it would be amazing.

[Finger quotes hit the sky.]

T: "2016 Feud Of The Year."

[Another shake of the head.]

T: Maybe you're right, Brian. Maybe I am naive. Maybe I am the proverbial dumb kid. But I believe... and when I'm through with you, you're going to believe to.

You're going to believe that a man can fly... and you're going to believe it just a split second before that man comes crashing down on your chest.

When I came here, I saw stars... and I can't think of a better way to finish this thing between you and I than to be standing on the top rope, tilting my head back at Turner Field, and looking up at all the stars in the sky.

[He throws his head back, looking up.]

T: And then...

[TORA turns his gaze back to the camera.]

T: We'll give them all a highlight to remember.

[He throws his hands up to his face, creating a "mask" out of his fingers as we fade back to live action to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Hello, fans... I'm here at the interview area backstage and with me at this time is a man who earlier tonight got a victory over Hercules Hammonds-

[That'd be Rob Driscoll, sauntering into the shot.]

MS: -and now looks to punch his ticket to the finals. Rob Driscoll, your victory over Hercules Hammonds might not have been the cleanest of efforts, but it moves you on to the next round.

RD: Stegglet, the human body is a wondrous thing. And if my leg happened to spasm at a crucial moment and swing back away from my body, I'm not about to apologize for it. I'm not a doctor and I don't play one on TV.

I don't play ANYTHING on TV, because what I am is a pro wrestler of the highest order. A champion from the cradle. The man who sets the standard for the sport of professional wrestling, and one thing you learn when you're paying your dues is that a drag bunt looks like a line drive to left in the paper, and a win is a win. There ain't no section for comments or style points, the only column that matters is the win column.

And I just filled mine up. One win keeps me on the right path, and I'll give Hammonds his due. He's a physical specimen and he's stronger than an ox, but I just put the first mark in his loss column, and like I told him it would be, the pleasure was ALL his.

Now Stegglet, do me a favor. What do you notice about my ring attire?

[The interviewer quickly looks at Driscoll's boots and tights and shrugs.]

MS: Different colors?

RD: Well, guess who won the pony, excellent work.

Y'see I came ready for bear tonight. I came ready to go the distance. Three sets of tights, three sets of boots, three shiny, silky, sequined vests. And let me tell ya something, junior, these aren't boots you pick up at Foot Locker. Meticulously made, hand crafted leather, individually perfected to the HIGHEST of standards. You're looking at a couple grand thrown down for these boots.

[The camera looks down right quick.]

RD: Brad Jacobs, you are looking at a man who has invested himself. From day one, I have spent money I didn't have, I have made promises I couldn't keep and I made bets I couldn't afford to lose, because to make money you gotta SPEND money, kid. To get rewards you gotta take risks.

I've never been afraid to go all in on myself, because I knew I had the guts to back it up and the skills to see it through. And every time I cashed in, I reinvested those funds in ME. Because the goal has ALWAYS been to be the best wrestler in the world, to capture that elite status I was born to be in. To be the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling, to talk the talk and then walk the walk. That's ALWAYS been my goal.

[Driscoll points at himself, then at the camera.]

RD: And Jacobs, looking at you, I'm not sure what your goal is. National Champion, tag champion, Pied Piper, Nobel Peace Prize, I can't tell from here. You're so worried about taking care of everyone else that you don't leave yourself much time, and buddy, let me tell ya, I know ALL about those

knee surgeries. I know all about the rehab. That ain't a gangsta lean you walk with, pal, that's a LIMP. And I'm the type of guy who won't think twice about putting you on injured reserved permanently if that's what it takes.

If I've gotta tear that knee up right in the middle of your yard, in front of your dogs and cats and hoodrats, I'll do it with a smile on my face, my man. I'll cut ya down to size, one swing of the axe at a time, and I'll be sure to grab the tights when I pin ya, just in case.

[The determined Driscoll flashes a half smile at the camera, but stays in his train of thought.]

RD: I made this decision a long time ago, big man. When I spent the money I didn't have, when I made the promises I couldn't keep.

I will do WHATEVER it takes to get to the top. And if that means ending your fairy tale here in Texas, your fund for at risk kids be damned, that's what I'll do. If that means performing a public dissection of your anterior cruciate ligament, I'm game. And if that means winning by the skin of my teeth and getting the hell out of dodge, it's all gravy to me. The end will ALWAYS justify the means.

And the pleasure will surely be yours...

...but that title is going to be mine.

[We fade away from a determined Rob Driscoll to yet another part of the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing.

LB: Brad Jacobs, moments away from your semifinal match against Rob Driscoll, how do you respond to a few of the comments directed toward you moments ago?

[Jacobs steps into the screen, finishing a bottle of water and then throwing it off screen.]

BJ: Well Sweet Lou, lemme tell it to ya straight. Demetrius Lake may call hisself the King of Wrestling, but we got so many Kings up in this piece that it don't matter. King of Wrestling, King of Cowboys, King of Monsters, King of Mufflers, King of Pancakes, you name it. None of it means nothin', because everybody with a google and whiteboard is callin' hisself King of Somethin'.

But las' time I checked, we are living in the U-nited States of America. My country ain't got no King, my country ain't got no Queen with her wooden teeth. This is the land of the free and the home of the brave, dog, one nation under the big man, with liberty and justice for all. We pay taxes, we can speak freely, we can assemble wherever we please, an' every four years we elect ourselves a President.

An' if we don't like him? In four years, we can vote his ass out.

[Jacobs throws on thumb behind his back, and the Texas crowd, no doubt full of Republicans, cheers in kind.]

BJ: That's America, jack, that's where we at. An' you can call yourself king, queen, rook, pawn or whatever you like, but nex' time I see you I'm putting five knuckles upside your head an' I ain't stoppin' til you headed to the hospital. An' you know who gonna pay them medical bills?

Obamacare. Named after our President. So shut ya mouth, Steppin Fetchit, 'fore I gotta do it for ya.

[And as the crowd cheers, Jacobs stops for a moment.]

BJ: And Rob Driscoll, boy I seen your type before. Jus' like school on a Sunday... no class. Always talkin' about your life, 'bout your destiny. This is what you was born to do an' this is who you was born to be. Well this ain't damn career day at Crockett Coliseum. No one writin' an essay about what they wanna be when they grow up.

Stop worryin' about where you GONNA be, an' startin' thinkin' about where you is, right now.

In case it ain't clear, let me fill you in. You lookin' right down the barrel at the Big Dog around these parts. Brad Jacobs, live an' in color, an' you about to be walk in my yard, with a few thousan' of my cousins and nephews hollerin' for me to knock you back into private school.

[Jacobs points to the crowd, who gets loud on cue.]

BJ: An' all the book learnin' in the world ain't gonna help ya when a fight breaks out. You got a lotta nice moves, Driscoll man, you probably a YouTube sensation. Probably got a million comments, I'm sure. But you open up every wrestling book you got, go ask Marcus Broussard an' Hamilton Graham an' they'll tell ya somethin' you already know.

There ain't no counter for gettin' ya front teeth knocked out by a right hand. There ain't no reversal to gettin' three ribs broken from a spear. An' I ain't worried about lettin' you know my game plan, because it ain't exactly a secret. I'm gonna beat ya up. I'm gonna throw you around.

An' we 'bout to find out if you can stop it. Me an' about five thousand dogs around the yard-

[POP!]

BJ: ...we're bettin' you can't.

The glory will go to the Lord.

[Jacobs points to the sky and looks up for a split second.]

BJ: An' my love an' respect will ALWAYS go to my people.

But the belt is comin' to ME. Hallelujah, hallelujah.

[And as Jacobs walks out of view, we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a Semifinal match in the Brass Ring Tournament! Introducing first...

PW: From Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing 243 pounds... he is the self proclaimed "Crown Jewel of Wrestling"...

"DIAMOND" ROOOOOBBBBB DRISCOOOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLL!

[The breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams hits the Crockett Coliseum as the lights dim and the big screen shows stars shining brightly in the night sky. The entranceway fills up with smoke as the man walks out, and the whole place comes down in boos.]

#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 walks 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 blue tights with the ram's head on the back in silver, with 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 blue and silver sequins, an image of a diamond on the back.]

BW: Rob Driscoll has been waiting a long time for this moment, Bucky. He's fought through some of the slummiest territories still running, trying to get to the big leagues for this moment.

GM: Well, I think the moment he really wants comes later in the Finals if he can knock off Brad Jacobs here in this match which, I assure you, will not be an easy task.

BW: Absolutely not. Jacobs beat Pedro Perez and the 2014 Rookie of the Year, Frankie Farelli, to get this far. My money's on "Diamond" Rob but Jacobs knocking off Driscoll is a very realistic possibility.

[He walks to the ring with a purpose, climbing up on to the apron and wiping his feet off, and then expertly climbing through the ropes. He gravitates toward the middle of the ring and runs his hands down the front of his body, showing off the goods to each side of the ring before ditching the vest.]

PW: And his opponent...

#THERE ARE SEVEN KNOWN WONDERS OF THE WORLD...

#YOU ABOUT TO WITNESS THE EIGHTH

[The thumping bassline of "It Takes A Nation" by Ice Cube screams to life in the Crockett Coliseum and the crowd erupts in cheers! Brad Jacobs stalks out onto the entrance platform as Phil Watson makes the introduction.]

PW: And his opponent! From Miami, Florida... weighing 282 pounds...

BRAAAAAAD JAAAAACOOOOOOOOOOOOB BBBBBS!

[Jacobs has his game face on, sweat dripping off his scowling face as he stomps to the ring. Jacobs has on red bicycle style tights that go to the top of the thigh, with what looks like a patch depicting a pitbull standing up straight with his arms crossed on the each hip. He's got red kneepads, elbowpads and boots to match. Jacobs also has a thick industrial chain around his neck, and the chain sways back and forth as the former tag champ makes it to ringside. The Big Dog stomps up the ring steps and climbs into the ring, holding one hand up to the crowd and returning their praise, pounding his chest with an open hand as he prepares for battle.]

GM: Brad Jacobs knows what it's like to be in the big match environment. Brad Jacobs knows what it's like to wear an AWA title - he was one-half of the very first World Tag Team Champions as you may recall.

BW: Hey, I had Big Bad Brad's back for a long time now. You don't need to remind me of his resume. But tonight, I think all of Brad's fans out there - those young punks looking to get a selfie with him to sell on Craigslist - are going to be crushed when Jacobs goes down.

[The two men are in their respective corners, getting talked to by the official - Ricky Longfellow - who does a quick pat-down on both men, checking for any foreign object. He gives final instructions before backing out to the center of the ring...

...and waving for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we- GO!

[The crowd ROARS as Brad Jacobs comes storming across the ring, catching a surprised Rob Driscoll with a right hand... and another... and a third that sends him spinning back towards the corner. He grabs hold of the top rope, swinging a foot back in a mule kick...

...but Jacobs catches the foot, pulling Driscoll a few feet out of the corner by it.]

GM: An awkward position for Rob Driscoll right here and-

[Jacobs YANKS the foot, pulling Driscoll's legs out from under him and sending him crashing facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: And Driscoll goes down hard to the canvas here in the early moments of this one... and he's right out to the floor, trying to regroup after Jacobs' barnstorming him at the outset of- OH MY!

[The crowd roars as Jacobs reaches over the top, grabbing a handful of hair, yanking Driscoll off the floor and back up on the apron. A desperate Driscoll reaches in, raking the eyes of the former World Tag Team Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Driscoll goes to the eyes and he wastes no time in a blatant violation of the rules, fans!

[With Jacobs stunned, Driscoll decides to go for the homerun early, moving to the corner where he starts to scale the ropes...

...but Jacobs recovers quicker than he expected, moving to the corner to meet him!]

GM: UH OH!

BW: The eyes, Robbie! Go back to the eyes!

[With the crowd roaring as Jacobs holds Driscoll up top, he LIFTS and flings "Diamond" Rob halfway across the ring with a massive slam!]

GM: WOW! WHAT A SLAM OFF THE TOP BY BRAD JACOBS!

[Driscoll rolls to a knee, reaching back to grab at his lower back, grimacing in pain as Jacobs stalks towards him, nodding towards his cheering fans. He pulls Driscoll off the mat by the back of the trunks, yanking him into a driving forearm into the kidneys!]

GM: Brad Jacobs taking aim at the lower back of Rob Driscoll after that big slam off the top...

[A second forearm has Driscoll hunched up in pain before Jacobs grabs an arm, spinning him around a full 360 before LAUNCHING him backfirst into the turnbuckles, causing the ring to shake with the impact of Driscoll's 243 pounds hitting the corner before he staggers out...

...and gets sent skyward, crashing down to the canvas from a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY BRAD JACOBS!!! And in the opening moments of this one, this match is ALL Brad Jacobs, fans!

[With Driscoll down and in pain, Jacobs backs up to the corner, holding both of his powerful arms up in the air...

...and then swings forward, slamming his fists down into the canvas before taking up a crouched position...]

GM: Jacobs is calling for the Spear! He's calling for the Spear!

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

[The crowd is buzzing - roaring with anticipation as Jacobs sets up to potentially end the match in shockingly short fashion. Jacobs nods, waiting and watching as Driscoll tries to stir back to his feet off the mat...]

GM: Does Driscoll know he's there? Does he know what's waiting for him?

BW: If he doesn't, this one may be done before my coffee cools down, daddy!

[As Driscoll gets to his feet, slowly staggering in a circle, Jacobs comes barreling across the ring towards him...]

GM: SPEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAR!

[...but Driscoll is ready, throwing himself into the air, leapfrogging over the Spear attempt as Jacobs sails past him. Driscoll quickly spins, running in behind Jacobs, hooking a waistlock, driving his chest into the buckles...]

GM: ROLLING REVERSE CRADLE!

[But Driscoll does not opt for the Adam Rogers-patented Natural Bridge, instead opting to hook two hands full of trunks!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

[The referee counts once... twice... and is on his way down for a third when Jacobs manages to kick out despite the tights being held!]

GM: Whoa! That was TOO close, fans!

BW: "Too close?!" For the love of all things, can you PLEASE try to show a little less bias, Myers?!

GM: Hey, Rob Driscoll tried to cheat his way into the Finals of this tournament and I think it would be a crying shame if he's able to do so. So, yes... I think nearly winning the match with two hands full of tights is TOO close and I won't apologize for saying it!

[Driscoll backs off, measuring Jacobs as the bigger man gets back to his feet. He quickly moves in, hooking a side headlock...]

...and snapping him over lightning quick to the canvas with a headlock takeover!]

GM: Wow! Nice execution on the side headlock takedown by Driscoll, trying to ground his opponent here.

BW: Which is a brilliant strategy because all of Jacobs' muscles does him no good when he's flat on his back on the mat, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not. A great point there, Bucky.

[Driscoll cranks on the headlock, pushing Jacobs over onto his shoulders as the official dives to the mat.]

GM: One! Two!

[Jacobs forces his way out, breaking the pin.]

GM: Just a two count there as Driscoll tries to leverage him over onto his shoulders.

[Driscoll plants his feet underneath himself, pushing Jacobs back onto his back.]

GM: Jacobs forced back down for one! For two!

[But this time, Jacobs wraps his arms around the waist, rolling Driscoll back onto his shoulders!]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[They roll back the other way, breaking the pin. Jacobs quickly gets his legs under him, forcing his way back to his feet.]

GM: Both men back off the mat now... look at this!

[The crowd cheers as Jacobs powers Driscoll straight up into the air, holding him high...

...and THROWS Driscoll a few feet away, breaking the hold.]

GM: That'll get him out of it!

[The former defensive tackle hits the ropes, rebounding back to drop Driscoll with a running shoulder block!]

GM: Oho! Big tackle takes Driscoll off his feet!

[Jacobs hits the ropes again, charging back to throw a big clothesline that Driscoll manages to duck under, running to the ropes himself, bouncing off...

...and running right into Jacobs who is standing still, another tackle taking Driscoll off his feet!]

GM: Another big tackle! Jacobs didn't even budge!

[Driscoll pops up off the feet, fire in his eyes as he throws a big knife-edge chop across the chest...

...and gets a smile from Jacobs in response!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Driscoll opens fire, throwing a second chop... then a left cross... then a right jab...

...and Jacobs shakes his head, wagging a finger at Driscoll who backpedals!]

GM: No effect!

[Suddenly, "Diamond" Rob breaks to the ropes, rebounding back towards Jacobs...

...who hoists Driscoll off the mat, spinning around, and DRIVES Driscoll down with a spinning powerslam that'll make you dizzy to even watch!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Driscoll fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Driscoll slips out the back door!

[Jacobs claps his hands together as he drags Driscoll off the mat by the hair, winding up a big right hand...

...and Driscoll sticks his finger in the eye of Jacobs!]

GM: Oh! Another cheapshot!

[Driscoll grabs Jacobs from behind, hooking a handful of trunks...

...and HURLS him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHH! DRISCOLL PUTS HIM INTO THE POST!

[The Ohio native grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top to land on the ring apron. He grabs Jacobs' muscular arm by the wrist, stretching it out...

...and SWINGING it into the steel!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Driscoll drops off the apron, grabbing the arm again, winding it up...

...and SLAMS it into the post a second time!]

GM: That arm is being violently assaulted by Rob Driscoll! He's trying to completely incapacitate it!

BW: This is exactly what he did in the first round, Gordo. He was against a powerhouse - a beast of a man who can throw people around like nothing - and so he went after the arm. He went after the arm to disable the big power moves. He went after the arm to take away his offense. And that's exactly what he's doing now.

[Driscoll rolls back under the ropes, steering Jacobs out of the corner, turning him back into the buckles.]

GM: Big right hand... and another!

[The big whip follows, sending Jacobs across the ring into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Jacobs hits the corner... and Driscoll coming in after him...

[Charging in from corner-to-corner, Driscoll throws a dropkick at the shoulder of Jacobs!]

GM: Hard shot to the shoulder!

[The Ohio native quickly grabs the sore arm, wrapping it around the top rope, opening fire with a series of overhead elbows to the shoulder, landing blow after blow as the referee orders him out of the corner.]

GM: Driscoll continues to go after the arm and shoulder, trying to set Jacobs up for that Queen City Clinch that was taught to him by a man named Pete Sheffner, a former NEWC Heavyweight Champion.

[Driscoll backs off at the referee's instructions, holding his hands high as the referee checks to see if Jacobs can continue...

...and then Driscoll charges back in, throwing another dropkick to the shoulder!]

GM: A second running dropkick in the corner!

[Shoving Ricky Longfellow aside, Driscoll grabs the arm again, pulling Jacobs out of the buckles. He tugs him out to the center of the ring, hooking his right arm around the face as he goes for the chickenwing on the left arm...

...but Jacobs throws a quick back elbow to the side of the head, a second one spinning Driscoll away!]

GM: Oh!

[Jacobs runs to the ropes, rebounding back, stretching out his right arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[...but Driscoll leaps up, hooking the right arm, throwing his legs up to scissor the left arm, dragging Jacobs down in a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Jacobs kicks hard, shifting his weight to roll to his knees...

...where, with a massive roar of effort, he stands up, still holding Driscoll in the fireman's carry!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The former World Tag Team Champion falls back, DRIVING Driscoll down into the canvas!]

GM: SAMOAN DROP! HE CRUSHES HIM UNDER HIM!

[Jacobs stays on his back, hooking a leg as Ricky Longfellow dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Driscoll kicks out again, breaking the pin!]

GM: Driscoll's out at two, saving his shot at the Finals and the National Title!

[Jacobs sits up, wincing as he grabs at his left shoulder. The Floridian climbs up off the mat, looking out at the fans encouraging him to finish off Driscoll and cash his ticket to the Finals.]

GM: Jacobs drags Driscoll back up again, whipping him into the corner...

[As Driscoll hits the buckles, Jacobs storms across after him...]

GM: CRUSHING SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[The former tag champ backs off, swinging his right arm a few times...

...and BLASTING the stumbling Driscoll with a standing lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CLOTHESLINE TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[Jacobs drops to his knees, diving into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Driscoll's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Wow! How close was that!

BW: Too close.

GM: Oh, now it's okay to say it's "too close"?

BW: Hey, I've never claimed to be the bastion of broadcast journalists. I'm not the self-proclaimed "Dean of Professional Wrestling." I can cheer for whoever the hell I want, Myers!

GM: Brad Jacobs thought he had him there. He's asking the referee right now but it was only a two count.

[Jacobs climbs to his feet, dragging Driscoll up by the hair...]

GM: He pulls him back up...

[...and hooks "Diamond" Rob's arms under his armpits.]

GM: Uh oh!

[A fired up Jacobs slams a headbutt into Driscoll's forehead again and again, growing more fierce and more aggressive with every blow landed. After a half dozen headbutts, he shoves Driscoll aside, sending him down to all fours...

...and coming up with a trickle of blood coming from his forehead!]

GM: Jacobs split his own head open with those headbutts!

BW: He split open Driscoll as well!

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll lifts his head up, revealing a stream of blood coming from his head for the cheering crowd.]

GM: Driscoll's busted open! Jacobs is busted open!

[Jacobs pulls Driscoll off the mat by the back of the trunks, yanking him into a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...but Driscoll snaps an elbow back, catching Jacobs flush on the ear, breaking the hold! The blow spins Jacobs away from Driscoll who charges from the back, leaping up to drive a knee into the back of Jacobs, sending him crashing forward into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs hits the corner!

[Driscoll drags Jacobs down into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Jacobs kicks out hard in time, breaking up the pin attempt. Driscoll dives on him, knocking Jacobs back down to the mat, pinning him under his 243 pounds as he hammers away at the cut forehead with his knuckles!]

GM: Driscoll's opening fire on the cut!

[The Ohio native batters the cut, trying to increase the flow of blood coming from his opponent's head as the referee shouts at him, ordering him to back off.]

GM: Come on, Ricky! Get him off the man!

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll climbs up off the mat, crimson on his knuckles as he backs off, hands raised. The referee kneels down, checking to see if Jacobs can continue as Driscoll stalks around him, balling up his fist...

...and dropping down to his knees, driving his fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Fistdrop connects!

[Still kneeling, Driscoll hammers the cut forehead again, earning the ire of the official who dives in, forcing him back. Driscoll backs up against the turnbuckles, raising his hand again as the referee turns to check on the bloodied Jacobs who has pushed up to all fours, blood dripping from his wound down onto the canvas.]

GM: Jacobs is down and bleeding profusely. Ricky Longfellow, the official for this match, is right there to check and see if he can continue.

[As Jacobs shoves up to his knees, blood streaming down his face, Driscoll moves in, pulling Jacobs' head back, battering the cut forehead again and again and again...]

GM: He's pounding the cut again!

[Driscoll drags Jacobs off the mat by the hair, pulling him around and driving him headfirst into the turnbuckle before spinning him back into the buckles. He reaches back, using a snapmare to take Jacobs down into a seated position on the mat.]

GM: Driscoll to the corner...

[He rushes forward, grabbing the back of Jacobs' head and SNAPPING his neck down before sending Jacobs falling back to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! And a cover!

[The referee counts one... two... but Jacobs powers out!]

GM: Two count again!

[Driscoll angrily gets to his feet, stomping the forehead repeatedly.]

GM: Driscoll continues to hammer Jacobs, continues to stomp and batter him, trying to make the blood pour from the skull of the former tag team champion!

[The referee forces Driscoll back again as he leans in to check on Jacobs.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is taking a long look this time, trying to determine if-WHOA!

[The crowd "OHHHHs" as Jacobs shoves the official, climbing defiantly to his feet. He balls up a fist, slamming himself in the heart with it and shouts, "THAT ALL YOU GOT, BOY?!"]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: You gotta hand it to Brad Jacobs! The man has shown up here tonight to fight!

[Driscoll's eyes go wide, shaking his head in disbelief before he charges back in...

...and eats a right hand that knocks him down to the mat!]

GM: Down goes Driscoll!

["Diamond" Rob scrambles back to his feet before eating a second right hand.]

GM: Up he comes and down he goes again!

[Driscoll is right back up, rushing back in...

...and ends up scooped up in the powerful arms of Jacobs who holds him there for a moment before DRIVING him right back down in a standing spinebuster!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT IMPACT ON THE SPINEBUSTER!

[Jacobs drops to a knee, jackknifing the legs and leaning forward into a high-leverage cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, I thought he had him, Bucky!

BW: I... wow.

GM: Jacobs is right back up, wiping the blood from his eyes, looking out at this capacity crowd that has really taken him to heart over the past six months or so! They are solidly behind this young man as he drags Rob Driscoll up off the mat...

[Jacobs steadies Driscoll up against the ropes, blood dripping down the face of the rulebreaker as well. The big man from Florida starts swinging his right arm around and around, winding up for a big haymaker...]

GM: The Hand of God is comin' for "Diamond" Rob Driscoll!

[...and plants a big kiss on the fist before he BLASTS Driscoll across the face, sending the Cincinnati native sailing over the top rope, somehow hanging onto enough of the ropes to land on the apron!]

GM: The right hand connects! He sent Driscoll all the way over the top and down to the apron and-

[The crowd roars as Jacobs signals for the Jacobs Hammer by lifting his powerful right arm straight up in the air...

...and slamming his right fist down onto his open left palm!]

GM: He's calling for it, Bucky! He's calling for the Hammer!

[The bloodied Jacobs leans over the ropes, dragging Driscoll off the apron. He pulls him into a front facelock over the ropes, slinging Driscoll's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's got it set... HE LIFTS!

[But as Driscoll goes sailing up into the air, Jacobs' left arm and shoulder gives way, allowing Driscoll to fall to his knees behind the former World Tag Team Champion!]

GM: Driscoll slips out!

[Lunging forward, Driscoll manages to secure the crossface with his right arm while applying the chickenwing with his left, clasping the hands together!]

GM: QUEEN CITY CINCH! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN DEEP!

[Driscoll uses the hold to pull Jacobs away from the ropes that he's reaching for before leaping up, scissoring his legs around the torso, and dragging Jacobs down to the mat!]

GM: WOW! Now it's REALLY in deep!

[Longfellow kneels down next to Jacobs, repeatedly asking if he wants to submit to the hold that is devastating his already-hurting shoulder. Jacobs refuses, shaking his head and screaming "NOOOOO!" to the cheers of the fans!]

GM: Jacobs is hanging on! He's refusing to give up!

BW: He's gotta give up! You either lose this match or you lose that arm! You lose the match and you live to fight another day. If Driscoll rips that shoulder to pieces, Jacobs may be looking at a major surgery tomorrow morning!

GM: Big Brad is hanging on for dear life... but he's too far from the ropes. He can't get on the ropes. His only chance is to power out of this hold and with that left shoulder banged up as it is, I'm not sure that's possible at all, Bucky!

BW: It's not! Ring the bell! Ring the bell!

[Jacobs again refuses to give up, shaking his head as Driscoll cranks back on the crossface, constricting the flow of blood to the brain as Jacobs tries to use his free arm to fight his way out.]

GM: Jacobs with an elbow to the ribs... another one... but Driscoll is determined! Driscoll is hanging on!

[The free arm slows to a stop as Jacobs again shakes his head... slower this time...]

GM: Jacobs is fading inside this hold! Could it be too much, fans? The pain to the arm and shoulder! The loss of blood! Could this be the end for Brad Jacobs?

[Jacobs lifts his free arm straight into the air, giving a shout as he tries to stretch towards the ropes again, unable to use his legs thanks to the bodyscissors...]

...and the arm drops, his eyes closing as the referee lunges in, lifting the arm once...]

GM: Jacobs may be out! The arm drops once!

BW: If it drops three times, it's over!

GM: Longfellow checking again, lifting the arm...

[The arm goes high... and then drops flat.]

GM: That's twice!

BW: One more! Come on, kid!

GM: The arm is raised again!

[Longfellow holds it straight for a moment before releasing...]

...and then signals for the bell as the arm drops to the canvas!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got it! Driscoll got it!

[“Diamond” Rob Driscoll releases the hold, pushing Jacobs’ unconscious form aside as he takes a knee on the mat, bowing his head as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... moving on to the Finals of this tournament...

“DIAMOND” ROOOOOOOOB DRISSSSSSSCOLLLLLLLLLL!

[The fans jeer loudly as Driscoll raises a blood-covered arm, using the other hand to wipe blood from his own face. He slowly climbs to his feet, grabbing at his lower back as he looks out at the jeering crowd with a smirk on his face.]

GM: Rob Driscoll and the Queen City Cinch scores a victory here in the Semifinals over a very game Brad Jacobs and with this win, he’s moving on to the Finals to face either Demetrius Lake or Travis Lynch!

[Driscoll raises his arms with a shout, stepping back through the ropes and making his way down the entrance ramp.]

GM: That means that one-half of our Finals is set, fans. Rob Driscoll has made it to the Finals - he will be fighting for the National Championship. And now Travis Lynch will battle Demetrius Lake to see who he will face.

BW: I called it, Gordo! I called it! Robbie Driscoll is reaching out - stretching out as far as he can - and he’s gonna grab that Brass Ring and become the new AWA National Champion in the process - cementing his name alongside men like Broussard, Scott, and yes, even Vasquez as one of the all-time greats in AWA history, daddy!

GM: That is a distinct possibility but he’s got one more match to get through before he can... and you can’t take away anything from the effort of Brad Jacobs, coming around now.

[A bloodied Jacobs sits up on the mat with the aid of the referee. His face is covered with confusion as he looks at Longfellow who explains what happened.]

GM: I think Brad Jacobs doesn’t even know that the match is over, Bucky.

BW: When you come around from being knocked out like that, you’re always a little fuzzy on the details, Gordo.

GM: Ricky Longfellow having to deliver the bad news and... oh, look at the reaction of Jacobs.

[A crest-fallen Jacobs buries his bloodied face in his arms, still sitting on the mat as his fans throughout the Crockett Coliseum start to cheer for him.]

After a few moments, he looks up, nodding at the reaction as the referee goes to help him get up. He gives a shake of his head, waving Longfellow away.]

GM: Look at this guy... getting up all on his own, not allowing Ricky Longfellow to help him back to his feet...

[Jacobs stands in the middle of the ring, hands on his hips as he soaks up the cheers of the capacity crowd. He gives another nod, lifting a hand in thanks before he steps through the ropes, making his way back up the aisle.]

GM: Brad Jacobs has been eliminated from this tournament but it was one heck of a night for that young man and I think 2015 could be a big year for him, fans. We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have more Brass Ring Tournament action!

[The camera holds on the bloodied Jacobs as he makes his way back up the aisle towards the locker room and we fade to black.

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade to black.

Suddenly, the video quality of the entire program seems to take a turn for the worse. Until now, The X has been in 16:9 digital widescreen. Now it seems to be in 4:3, ripped from a low-grade VHS tape, full of scanlines. Unevenly spaced white block letters appear over a solid green background.]

CAPTION: [И теперь специальную презентацию.]

CAPTION: [Быть в покое.]

CAPTION: [Это только коммерческий, направленных против American Wrestling Association.]

[Fade to what looks like a smoky warehouse in black and white. Most of what follows is shot in silhouette, lit by a large picture window in the background. Most of the scene is comprised of what looks like what would happen if a wrestling ring was constructed from memory: the ropes are too loose and spaced slightly too close together, it looks slightly wider than it is deep, turnbuckles are misshapen, etc. A very enthusiastic male voice narrates in Russian.]

V/O: Narody nashego obshchestva, pozhaluysta, uchastiye tesno!

[Jump cut to a body flying, or more accurately, being flung through the air.]

V/O: V techeniye dvadtsati trekh let, my stroili do etogo momenta!

[Jump cut to another body flung from the opposite direction.]

V/O: Rodilsya v posledniy den' sovetskoy imperii: moguchiy Zharkov podnimayetsya v oppozitsii k dekadentskoy imperialistov Kto by mog podumat' chtoby pobedit' nas!

[Three quick cuts to the three bog-standard wrestlers collapsing to the mat.]

V/O: Ni odin chelovek ne mozhet vyderzhat' yego Pushka!

[Cut to a very large silhouette delivering a crucifix powerbomb to a smaller silhouette.]

V/O: Tsar' Bomba bol'shoy Moshchnosti Bomby kogda-libo zadumannykh!

[Quick tracking shot of at least half-a-dozen people out cold in the ring.]

V/O: Vse te, kto khodit v k Gorynch predstavit na vykhod!

[Cut to a middle-aged man-- the same person who announced the arrival of Maxim Zharkov on the last show-- watching from ringside.]

V/O: Jackson Hunter znayet bol'she ob amerikanskoy bor'by, chem vse ;
chto proiskhodit, kogda Zharkov vstupayet v boy?

[Pan up to the massive silhouette of what must be Zharkov.]

JH: [off-screen] "Lights out, tovarisch."

CAPTION: [Оплачивается сообщение от Магаданской консорциума.]

[Back to your regularly scheduled digital widescreen presentation as we fade back up to live action. A panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd fills the screen as they cheer at being on television for one of the final times. The camera comes to a halt on a section of fans waving placards for their favorites. Among the clever (and not-so-clever) signs, we see a "LIVE ON THE X!" with the letter "X" in glittering silver... a "WE LOVE YOU, CODY!" inside a giant red heart... a large poster of Travis Lynch with "MARRY ME, TRAVIS!" written at the bottom across his boots... a "WHO DA KING?" sign with pictures of Oni, Cain Jackson, and Demetrius Lake on it... and right next to them...

...well, that boy don't look quite right.

He's pale - sickly pale - his jet black hair hasn't been combed for days as he stands stiffly straight up, a sign held overhead.

"THE HANGMAN IS REAL."

We abruptly cut to black and that most familiar of music incites a fevered, venomous reaction.]

O Fortuna

Velut Luna

Statu variabilis

BW: Listen to these people! Is this the most hated individual in professional wrestling history?

GM: Without a doubt, and he's earned every ounce of that hatred. The things that this piece of trash has done over the years... the lives he's destroyed... he's beyond reprehensible.

[As the sound of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" fills the air, a single spotlight hits the top of the aisleway as the image of a single silver cross on a black background fills the video screen.

A figure steps into the light, and is silhouetted as the crowd erupts. He begins to walk slowly towards the ring. The figure... is Caleb Temple.

He is wearing black tights and silver-buckled boots, and his dark, stringy hair hangs in damp straggles over his pale face, utterly devoid of emotion. Around his neck, no longer hangs the silver crucifix, long since passed to his daughter. In its place, the bleached white finger bone which was once attached to the hand of Casey James. A memento of the most Hellish structure in professional wrestling.]

BW: Why would Ryan Martinez want any of this?

GM: Because he's a Champion and he has the heart of a Champion!

BW: He's a boy scout, and Caleb Temple is a bad, bad man! Ryan Martinez might have a million dollar heart, but if he thinks he can survive a war with this monster, he has a ten cent brain!

[The King of the Death Match slides into the ring, dark smile on his face as he absorbs his surroundings.]

CT: Ryan.

[POP!]

CT: Earlier tonight, you said – and I quote - "You pick the match, Temple."

[He chuckles softly.]

CT: Well, I'm nothing if not accommodating.

You want me in a match, right here in this building, tonight?

[MASSIVE POP!]

CT: Sometimes... when you wish for something so hard... the danger is, Ryan... that you might just get it.

I accept.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of Caleb Temple vs Ryan Martinez sending the Crockett Coliseum out in style.]

GM: OH MY!

[Temple smirks.]

CT: Tonight, you'll get Caleb Temple in a match.

[POP!]

CT: Falls Count Anywhere.

[BIGGER POP!]

CT: No Disqualification.

[HUGE POP!]

CT: ...against Bobby O'Connor.

[The crowd reacts - a mixed reaction, a confused reaction even.]

GM: WHAT? NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT RYAN MARTINEZ MEANT!

BW: Caveat Emptor, Gordo!

[Temple exits the ring, utterly oblivious to the abuse and trash being hurled his way.]

GM: Caleb Temple is a rat! A filthy, sneaky rat! He's taken Ryan's challenge, and he's twisted it like he's twisted everything else he's ever been involved with.

BW: Mel Brooks said it best. Sometimes it's good to be the King.

GM: This man is no King. He's barely even human. Caleb Temple has accepted the challenge... but he wants to face Ryan Martinez' good friend Bobby O'Connor instead!

BW: Now, the question is... will Bobby O'Connor accept?

GM: Oh, you know he will!

BW: Then he's dumber than I thought... and that's a remarkable thing, Gordo.

GM: We're going to dispatch our cameras right now to try and track down Mr. O'Connor and while we do, let's hear from one-half of our second Semifinal matchup - Travis Lynch!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Melissa Cannon is standing.]

MC: Thanks, Gordon... and in just a few minutes, the Semifinals of the Brass Ring Tournament will come to an end as the King of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake, faces off with my guest at this time... Travis Lynch!

[As Travis enters to stand next to Melissa Cannon, a loud chorus of high pitched shrieks can be heard. Travis smiles at Melissa as he steps into the camera's view.]

MC: Congratulations on advancing to the Semifinals, Travis, but the question right now is - with the condition your arm is in, will you be able to continue?

TL: Melissa, I signed a waiver with the AWA Championship Committee when I had a busted orbital bone just to get my hands on Alexander Kingsley at SuperClash. So if you think for a minute that I'm gonna to let this shoulder stop me from showin' the AWA that tonight is MY TIME, then you don't know me at all, Melissa.

You see the Lynches have been in the AWA a long time now. And in that time, people have wondered when I was gonna to step up and finally show what I'm made off. Well, the wait is over! Tonight is that night, even if my shoulder was limp and dragging behind me, nothin' is stoppin' me from gettin' into that ring.

[The Dallas faithful cheer loudly.]

TL: You hear those fans out there, Melissa? Well they can feel it and more importantly, I can feel it! Tonight, is my time to shine!

[The crowd in attendance cheers loudly.]

TL: And there isn't a damn thing that's gonna to stop me! Cain Jackson and his size fourteen boot couldn't do it. Callum Mahoney's armbar didn't break me ... When tonight ends, I will be the new National Champion, that's a guarantee, Melissa!

MC: For that to happen though, Travis, you first have to get through the King of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake.

TL: Demetrius Lake, yeah let's talk about him. Let's talk about the man who only got into the tournament because he was voted in. Unlike Brad Jacobs, unlike Hercules Hammonds and Derrick Williams, unlike Rob Driscoll and Callum Mahoney ... unlike myself, Lake lucked himself into this tournament!

Too bad for him, his luck just ran out! Demetrius Lake doesn't have the best track record when he faces off with the Lynches. You and all these great fans saw what happened in Madison Square Garden to the King.

[Melissa nods her head.]

TL: And tonight, history is gonna repeat itself as Demetrius Lake will once again be beaten by a Lynch ... more importantly by ME!

[The reaction from the fans is deafening.]

TL: You see Melissa, everyone knows the storied history between Jack and Demetrius Lake, but what no one knows is how I've studied Lake for a lifetime. Saint Louis, DC, Florida, San Francisco or Australia ... it didn't matter where they were tanglin', I was always the person Jack called.

You see, King...

[The sarcasm is really thick as Travis says King.]

TL: I've spent years gettin' an education in how to beat you, from the world's biggest expert in kickin' your tail.

Everything you got Lake, I know how to beat. You may be an ahem "finely tuned ath-e-lete", but there's nothin' you can do that I'm not prepared for... there's nothin' in your bag of tricks that I don't know.

MC: So you're saying Demetrius Lake should be worried he may not advance in the Brass Ring tournament.

TL: Oh, you're damn right Lake should be worried, Melissa. But his arrogance won't let him. He thinks I'm the runt of the Lynch litter, the young pup who's nothin' to fear. So he's overlooking me, Melissa. Just like Cain Jackson, he's thinkin' about who's next. He's thinkin' about Driscoll.

[Travis pauses and runs his right hand through his damp, wavy dirty blond hair.]

TL: And that's your mistake, Lake! I'm right here and I'm not gonna anywhere but to the Brass Ring finals! I've heard you run your mouth, how you're gonna put me down like Old Yeller ... but runnin' your mouth about me is all you do. You haven't stepped to me since I knocked your tail into the second row of this very building with the discus punch!

[Travis rubs his left shoulder.]

TL: And don't think for a minute that this arm can't throw another one. I've thrown thousands of discus punches Lake, and the next one I throw may not send you into the second row but it will shut your fat mouth once and all as it breaks your jaw!

It's gonna break your spirit, Lake ... hell it's gonna knock you back into reality. And more importantly, it's going to be my break into the finals!

Finals that I deserve to be in! I've fought and bled to get to this moment ... to get to MY moment! Lake, you're not takin' this from me... hell I know you

can't take it from me! Tonight, I'm breakin' the drought and I'm finally winnin' championship gold in the AWA!

Tonight's been years in the makin' for me, Lake, and by God I'm ready for it. I'm ready to knock you from your pretend throne to take what I know I deserve!

Look at me Lake ... you know what Driscoll, you should too... take a good long look at me. I am Travis Lynch, and I WILL BE THE AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION!

[The crowd ROARS as Travis storms out of view, leaving Melissa standing behind.]

MC: Travis Lynch is a man determined to make history tonight in front of his hometown fans! But in order to do it, he's gotta get through one of his family's biggest rivals who is standing by with our own Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We cut back to the interview position, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the alleged King Of Professional Wrestling, Demetrius Lake. Having showered and changed his attire since his previous match, Lake is now wearing orange trunks and boots with dark brown monogramming and kneepads. He hasn't redonned his ring jacket, but does have his fedora over his wet hair. Lake is still in the process of taping his thumb with an angry look on his face.]

MS: Thanks, Melissa. With me now, a man who had at least three foreign objects on his person in his first round match and had to use all of them, Demetr-

DL: DON'T YOU GET SMART WITH ME, TV ANNOUNCER! Everybody saw that lowdown Derrick Williams cheat his way through that match! He attacked me before the bell, he had a weapon in front of the referee, he used constant closed fists and that referee let him get away with everything! He should have been disqualified on a number of occasions, but he was not, and due to that now I'm comin' into two more matches all sore. My back is sore from that spinebuster, my ribs are sore, my head is sore, but you know what's the most sore of all?

MS: Obviously not your vocal cords.

DL: I will slap you right in the face, TV Announcer. The most sore thing is gonna be Travesty Lunch, because he's a sore loser! I am the King and I would beat that man half to death with stab wounds on me if that is what I had to do. You see, TV Announcer, all these little girls in the crowd come to cheer the pretty boys. There ain't no mystery to it. You got some pretty boys runnin' around here the likes of Air Strike, the soon to be former champions once a couple of real men get their hands on them. They can't get lucky twice. You got some more pretty boys, like TORA... until Brian James gets hold of him one more time. He won't be pretty no more after that. And you got other pretty boys that come and go.

MS: I suppose you'll tell us that Travis Lynch is just another pretty boy.

DL: He used to be, at least by the low standards of Mexas and the Lunch family. But he got uglier up from all them fights after he beat up that poor girl Sunshine. The last time I saw a face like Travesty Lunch, I ignored the zoo sign and fed it a banana. You can see he's got lumps all over his body. He looks like a bag full of cottage cheese with all them lumps.

MS: Those are called 'muscles'.

DL: THESE are muscles, TV Announcer, and you'll know it when I slap you right in the face and your jaw falls to the floor where it belongs. Travesty Lunch mighta run out Sunshine, but he's still a scumbag. And I can't wait to give him the beating he has long had coming for that and so much more. He hit me one time with that illegal closed fist of his...

MS: Why is it that every time a Lynch hits you with a finishing move, you call it illegal?

DL: IT'S A CLOSED FIST, FOOL! A man that would strike another man with a closed fist in the context of a professional wrestling match has no honor or morality at all, and I'm tired of it! Travesty Lunch got his face beat in so many times he looks like the Elephant Man's uglier cousin, and given his last name he might BE the Elephant Man's uglier cousin, but that don't justify his use of the closed fist. I'll finish what was started and cripple the man's left arm. He'll at least get one benefit; when someone asks how he is, he'll finally be tellin' the truth when he says he's 'all right'.

MS: Good grief.

DL: I cannot allow a Lunch to get hold of a championship as prestigious as the National Title. It cannot be allowed, and as the King I will put an end to it myself. When I get done with Travesty, his left arm'll be about broke off, he'll have twice as many lumps as he already did, and the only part of his body that'll still be good as new is his brain... because in twenty-seven years it's the one thing he never used. He'll be in a wheelchair just like his cripple brother little Jimmy, and for the rest of his life, every time he walks down the street, people'll stop and scream. They'll turn their eyes from lookin' at that hideous thing. The first thing people'll ask him won't be 'how are you doing', but 'was anybody else hurt in the accident?'

MS: And you're accusing me of getting smart with somebody?

DL: TV Announcer, if I ever got smart with you, how would you know?

MS: Okay, we're done here. Gordon, Buc-

DL: I'll tell YOU when we're done! Travesty, you listen good. I put little Jimmy back in the chair when he had the nerve to get up out of it without my permission. I put Old Yeller into assisted living. And your big brother is scared to even think about me because he knows that he was given our last

match as a gift from a referee. For the first time in your life, you better show some sense and stay in the back! Don't you come out here and embarrass yourself any more than you already did when you slapped around a woman on live television on multiple occasions. Or you're gonna go from #ScumbagTravis to #BodybagTravis, no doubt about it.

Bucky Wilde, back to you.

[Lake drops the mic, and we cut up to the arena as Lake's music once more begins to play. He heads down the aisle, still moving gingerly from the damage he took in the first round. He occasionally stops to hold his back and yell at the fans for "putting Derrick Williams up to his cheating ways".]

BW: Thanks, King! Everything he said was absolutely correct.

GM: The only thing he said that was correct is that Travis hit him one time with a Discus Punch. He didn't have to hit him twice, did he?

BW: Ha ha ha. You and Stegglet are getting too big for your britches, Gordo. One of these days, Lake'll pop him one. Why would he worry about it, the referees are just gonna give him bad calls no matter what. We both know that Williams should have been DQed in the first three minutes for having a weapon in his hand in front of the ref. Then Lake wouldn't have taken ten minutes of punishment.

GM: Lake was trying to get an easy way out of taking damage in an early round, but he failed. Both men sustained quite a first round beating, but Lynch's shoulder injury is certainly a concern.

[The King Of Wrestling enters the ring, and raises his arms to the cheers of the fans. He then starts jawing with Davis Warren about not letting his opponent use the closed fist as the music changes to the rock classic "Tom Sawyer" by Rush as the Crockett Coliseum crowd ERUPTS into a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: Oh my!

[After a few moments, the curtain parts as Travis Lynch strolls through the curtain to an even louder reaction.]

GM: Wow! I can barely hear myself in this roaring temple of professional wrestling in downtown Dallas! This place that was born in a gesture of love and respect for the wrestling world that came before us, that was baptized with the blood of the AWA competitors who have struggled for so long to take this company to the top of the world, and now stands as one of the greatest spots for professional wrestling action that has ever existed! But in this temple, Travis Lynch - and the Lynch family - are king!

BW: Ugh. I feel sick already.

[The youngest of the Lynch wrestling family strides into view, holding his right arm up in the air. He tugs off his shirt, tossing it into the crowd and

revealing a mass of heavy white bandaging around his left shoulder and arm. He strides down the aisle with confidence and purpose, every step taking him closer to what he believes in his destiny on this night.]

GM: Travis Lynch is coming to the ring and he's coming for a fight with the one man - perhaps more than any other - that has been the biggest thorn in the side of his family in years!

[Demetrius Lake hops from foot to foot, waving his arms back and forth in front of him, staying loose as Lynch steps through the ropes, looking to charge him but being held back by the official who plants two hands in his chest. Lynch points threatening at Lake who waves him forward as the Crockett Coliseum crowd roars for the showdown!]

GM: You could cut the electricity in the air with a knife, fans! These two are ready for action as referee Davis Warren tries to keep some control. We've had some issues tonight with matches starting before the bell and he's trying to prevent that from happening again it appears.

[As the referee forces a fired-up Travis back to his corner, Phil Watson steps to the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is the last Semifinal in the Brass Ring Tournament! The winner of this match will move on to the Finals to face Rob Driscoll for the AWA National Title!

Introducing first... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... he is the King Of Professional Wrestling... "THE BLACK TIGER"... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped. At this point, Davis Warren walks over and demands a search of the "Black Tiger" who is outraged at the suggestion. The crowd cheers loudly as Lake stomps around angrily, demanding silence, and trying to refuse.]

GM: The referee wants to check Demetrius Lake and I don't blame him after what we saw out of Lake earlier tonight!

[Lake is shaking his head but a threat of a disqualification forces him back to the corner in a huff. The referee pats him down, going from the boots on up as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Dallas, Texas...

[HUGE HOMETOWN CHEER!]

PW: Weighing in at two hundred and fifty-two pounds... he is the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch throws the right arm up, hookin' those horns as the crowd roars. He points again across at Lake as the referee moves to check Lynch for weapons, patting the shoulder tape and working his way down.]

GM: Both men being checked by-

[The crowd ROARS with jeers as Demetrius Lake turns, leaning over to grab at his Fedora sitting atop the ringpost. He dips into the band on it, pulling something out and stuffing it down into the front of his trunks.]

GM: Wait a second! Ref! Hey, ref!

BW: Quiet down, Myers!

GM: Lake just loaded up a weapon into his tights! He waited until the referee had searched him and then stuffed a weapon into the front of his tights!

BW: I didn't see that.

GM: Of course you didn't.

[The referee steps back to the middle of the ring, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, this match - this Semifinal match - is underway and you've gotta keep an eye on Demetrius Lake and that weapon in his trunks, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, this is a family show!

GM: Bucky, I... what is WRONG with you?!

[Lake edges from the corner, trying to approach the left side of Travis Lynch. Lynch sidesteps, trying to turn his right side towards Lake.]

GM: And I don't think it'll be any surprise to learn that Demetrius Lake is trying to get himself into position to go after that heavily-taped left shoulder and arm...

[Lynch continues to sidestep, trying to get in the right position to defend himself as the much-larger man edges to the left side, inviting Lynch to tie up with him.]

GM: Lake's calling for the collar and elbow but Lynch is not about to oblige him.

BW: Coward.

GM: You could argue that but you'd be dead wrong. It's a smart move for Travis Lynch to not expose his injured arm and shoulder to that cold-blooded Demetrius Lake.

[Lake inches closer, throwing a jab at the left shoulder as Lynch spins it away. The Black Tiger smirks, stepping closer to throw another jab, but Lynch spins away again...]

GM: Travis Lynch trying to keep that left arm back as Lake tries to get at it. A game of cat-and-mouse here.

[The King of Wrestling lashes out again...

...but Lynch returns fire this time, throwing a right jab to the chin!]

GM: Oh! Lynch caught him!

[Lake recoils, grabbing at his chin as he backs off towards the corner, angrily kicking at the ropes as he complains about the clenched fist. The referee turns, reprimanding Travis for it.]

GM: Travis did throw the closed fist. He can't argue that.

[Lake steps out of the corner, inching closer and closer, throwing a hooking right at the shoulder...

...but Lynch spins away, throwing a right hand of his own to the jaw!]

GM: Oh!

[Lake again falls back, rubbing his jaw as he shouts at the official, gesturing about the closed fist again. Lake slams his arms down on the top rope, turning to shout at Lynch who smiles, waving Lake towards him in response.]

GM: Travis isn't backing down, Bucky. He may be a one-armed man in this match so far but he's not backing away.

BW: He should. He should back right out of the building, out of the city, and out of the state of Texas... just like the AWA is!

GM: Now, I wouldn't go that far. The AWA may be leaving Texas for the time being but we already know we'll be back in the fall for SuperClash in Houston at Minute Maid Park. That's something for our fans in Texas to be looking forward to for sure.

[Lake again marches in, shouting at Lynch as he gets closer... and closer...

...and then throws another right hand, Lynch spinning away from the attack!]

GM: Right hand! Another! And a third's got Lake on the ropes!

[Lynch winds up, throwing a fourth right hand that sends Lake sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the floor in a heap, limbs all akimbo as he flails his legs in the air for a few moments. The crowd roars as Travis hits the top rope with his right hand, shouting at Lake to get back into the ring to continue the fight.]

GM: And that was a long way down to the floor for the Black Tiger, Bucky!

BW: There's no way someone should treat the King like that, Gordo!

GM: Perhaps not but that's exactly what Travis Lynch just did, sending Demetrius Lake all the way over the top rope and down hard to the floor below!

[Lake rolls to a knee, turning to shout at some ringside fans giving him a hard time. He pulls up off the mat, approaching the ringside barricade where a young lady is swinging a "I HEART TRAVIS!" sign back and forth...

...and snatches it away from her, drawing big jeers from the fans!]

GM: Oh, come on! That young woman worked very hard on that!

BW: Seriously? I've seen better pieces of artwork come out of a pre-schooler!

[The Black Tiger gives the fan a hard time before electing to rip the sign in half, throwing it angrily down to the ringside mats as he gets even more jeers...

...which brings an angry Travis Lynch out of the ring, dropping off the apron, walking around to end up behind Demetrius Lake!]

BW: KING! KING, BEHIND YOU!

[Lynch grabs Lake, lifting him with one arm into a side waistlock...

...and drops him down on a bent knee with an atomic drop, sending Lake sailing forward, toppling over the ringside barricade to crash down in a heap just beyond it in the front row!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE FRONT ROW GOES DEMETRIUS LAKE!!

[Lynch pumps his right fist, drawing more cheers from the ringside fans as he approaches the railing.]

BW: You see, if Lynch wasn't a complete idiot, he'd roll back into the ring right now, take the countout win, and move on to the Finals.

GM: He's too proud to do that. He wants to pin Demetrius Lake in the center of the ring.

BW: I want clouds made of marshmallows and rainbow dreams. It ain't going to happen either.

GM: You want rainbow-

BW: Shut it, Myers!

[The Texas Heartthrob leans over the railing, using his right arm to grab a handful of afro, hauling Lake up off the floor...

...when the Black Tiger reaches up, raking his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! He goes to the eyes and-

[And promptly grabs the left arm, lifting it straight up before SLAMMING it down on the steel barricade! Lynch howls with pain before collapsing down to the ringside mats, grabbing at his injured limb.]

GM: LAKE GOES TO THE ARM!

BW: Of course he did! The King of Wrestling proving to all these moronic fans that HE rules Texas, not the stinkin' Stenches! He lured Travis into a trap and went right after that arm at his first opportunity!

[Lake is laying the badmouth on the fans as he steps over the railing back inside the ringside area. He leans down, pulling Travis up by the arm, twisting it around into an armwringer, pulling the arm into a hammerlock...

...and SENDS him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! And the Black Tiger is wasting no time in going after that arm now that he's landed the first blow!

[The Black Tiger rolls Lynch under the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He climbs through the ropes, pursuing Lynch as he tries to crawl away to earn a breather. Lake grabs the back of the trunks, pulling Lynch off the mat...

...and Lynch fires back an elbow to the temple!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by Travis Lynch!

[Travis dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Lake who swings his leg up, catching the incoming Lynch on the bandaged shoulder with a boot!]

GM: Lake caught him coming in and-

[A big windup double axehandle catches Lynch across the shoulder, sending Travis falling to his knees, dropping down over the middle rope. A sneering Lake stalks in, planting his shin on the back of Lynch's neck, pushing his throat into the middle rope!]

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

[The referee starts his five count as Travis struggles to get free, trying to push back enough to get his windpipe off the rope.]

GM: These fans are falling quiet. They're obviously concerned for Travis Lynch as Lake continues to take the fight to him!

[As the referee's count hits four, Lake drags Lynch off, twisting the arm around into an armwringer before leaping up, driving a forearm down into the injured shoulder!]

BW: Three hundred plus pounds comes crashing down on the shoulder... and you know that's gotta do even more damage to that limb. Travis Lynch should be giving up and going home to that sow Henrietta to nurse him back to health!

[Lake grabs the wrist with both hands, wrenching on the arm and shoulder as he looks out at the jeering fans...

...and slowly turns the arm over with another armwringer, causing Travis to fall down to his knees, wincing as he cries out in agony.]

GM: Lynch is down and- again with the leaping forearm to the shoulder!

[Davis Warren falls to his knees, checking to see if Travis wants to give it up. The fans plead with Lynch to keep going as he shakes his head, refusing to quit.]

GM: Travis Lynch refusing to give in! Refusing to give up!

BW: Refusing to be a rational, intelligent human being... but I guess those qualities were drummed out of him at conception.

[Lake angrily drags Lynch back up, staring him in the eye.]

"YOU WON'T GIVE UP?!"

[He slowly twists the arm around again, Travis again dropping to a knee as Lake leaps up, dropping a forearm down on the twisted arm and shoulder...

...and then hooks his fingers under the white tape around his shoulder, yanking and tearing!]

GM: He's... he's ripping the tape off of Travis' shoulder!

[Lynch tries to stop him but Lake responds with a series of overhead elbows down on the shoulder... a half dozen hard blows to the shoulder which frees him up to finish ripping the tape off the shoulder, leaving remnants behind.]

GM: That protective tape has been ripped off and-

[A smirking Lake loops a strand of tape around the throat of Travis, yanking his head back in a chokehold as the referee quickly starts counting. Lynch tries to get his fingers underneath the tape, trying to prevent the chokehold as the referee's count quickly gets to four.]

GM: Lake lets go because the referee-

BW: Because Warren was counting fast! That was a fast count! Admit it, Gordo!

GM: I'll admit it... but Lake's lucky he wasn't disqualified for using a weapon right there.

BW: Hey, that's a weapon that Travis brought into the ring!

GM: It was protective tape!

[Lynch is down on all fours, coughing violently as Lake argues with the official and then shoves Lynch down to the mat, pinning his shoulder down with his boot...

...and drops a knee into the shoulder, not leaping - just dropping!]

GM: A knee down into the shoulder!

[Lake pushes up to his feet before dropping down again.]

GM: A second knee to the shoulder!

[The big man from Missouri drops knee after knee down into the shoulder as Davis Warren continues to check on Travis Lynch who is still shaking his head, screaming a refusal to give up.]

GM: That arm... that shoulder has got to be practically useless for Travis Lynch right now, fans. Demetrius Lake is quite literally in a match with a one-armed man right now.

BW: And somewhere in the locker room, Team Supreme is loving this. They started this, Gordo. They caused all this.

GM: Well, they certainly started it two weeks ago but the match with the Armbar Assassin, Callum Mahoney, played a major role as well.

[Lake grabs the arm, dragging Lynch up off the mat...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Travis throws a second one, sending Lake stumbling back a step.]

GM: Travis is fighting back! Travis Lynch continues to fight back!

[Lynch rears back the right hand again...

...and Lake throws himself forward, slamming an elbow down on the left shoulder, cutting off the attack. He grabs Lynch by the trunks...]

GM: Lake cuts him off... OHHH!

[...and HURLS him shoulderfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Good grief!

[Lynch staggers back towards Lake who grabs the arm, twisting it around again...]

GM: Lake applies the armwringer again and... what's he-?!

[The crowd groans as Lake uses the armbar to LIFT Lynch up into the air, dropping him over the top rope with the trapped arm SNAPS down on the top rope. Lake keeps hold of the arm, causing Travis to hang off the apron, his arm in a bad way as he grabs at his elbow repeatedly...

...and then lets go, allowing Lynch to slump down to the floor!]

GM: Good god almighty! He might've snapped Travis' arm with that!

[Lynch is wailing in pain out on the floor, grabbing at this elbow as Lake is reprimanded by the referee.]

GM: The referee is threatening to disqualify Demetrius Lake!

BW: For what?!

GM: A deliberate attempt to injure his opponent!

BW: Deliberate? Of course it was deliberate! Whaddya think, he FELL into it?!

GM: You know what I mean, Bucky.

BW: What I know is that Demetrius Lake is dominating this snot-nosed Lynch kid and all of you are trying to find a way to STEAL his rightful place as the AWA National Champion from him!

GM: His RIGHTFUL place?!

BW: Who better? Who else has the kind of name and reputation to go alongside names like Dufresne, like Langseth, like Broussard? The King of Wrestling, daddy! That's who!

[Lake steps through the ropes, standing tall on the apron as he stares down at the hurting Travis Lynch. He steps off, stomping down on the shoulder as Lynch cries out in pain again.]

GM: We're not even ten minutes in this one and Travis Lynch is in a situation where he needs to find a way to fight back right NOW or he may lose this match, Bucky.

BW: He may lose his arm. Demetrius Lake may take it back to his throne room and mount it on the wall!

[Lake stomps the shoulder a few more times as the referee shouts at him to get the fight back into the ring. He leans down, dragging Travis up by the arm, twisting it around...]

GM: Lake with the armtwist... big whip!

[But as he tries to whip Travis towards the ringpost, Lynch manages to reverse it...

...and sends Lake CRASHING into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE POST GOES LAKE!!

[Lynch grabs a handful of trunks, shooting Lake under the ropes into the ring. He winces as he drags himself up on the apron, stepping back through the ropes. He falls to his knees, balling up his fist to pound the King of Wrestling with right hands down between the eyes!]

GM: Lynch is pounding him-

BW: With closed fists!

GM: Yes, with closed fists! The man has one arm working! What choice does he have?! What weapons does he even have left to use?!

[Lynch drags Lake off the mat by the afro, marching him towards the corner where he SLAMS him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the corner!

[Lake tries to stagger back but Lynch keeps going...]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[...and lets go, causing Lake to stagger backwards, taking a big swing at the air before crashing facefirst down to the mat. Lynch pumps a fist as he falls back against the buckles, waving for Lake to get back to his feet!]

GM: Travis Lynch has got Lake reeling! Travis Lynch is trying to put together a comeback here!

[Lynch swings his right arm around, loosening up as Lake struggles to a knee, staggering up to his feet...

...and Lynch comes barreling in, leaping up to land a flying clothesline!]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE!!!

[The Texas Heartthrob throws himself across the prone Lake!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Lake's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Ohh! Lake's out at two!

[Lynch angrily slams his right hand down into the mat before swinging a leg over Lake's torso, taking the mount as he balls up his fist and opens fire!]

GM: Big right hand! And another! Lynch is battering Lake down into the mat!

[Lake's head bounces off the mat with every blow landed to the skull by the popular fan favorite, the crowd roaring for every shot as the referee implores him to back off and break up the beatdown!]

GM: The referee's counting! Travis needs to be careful here... whoooooa. He breaks at four and a half. That's too close, fans!

[Travis gets to his feet, fire in his eyes as he looks out at the cheering fans, walking around and pumping his fist. He gets back to Lake as the six foot nine Black Tiger drags himself up to his feet, getting a big boot into the midsection!]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs with the boot!

[He winds up with the right hand, throwing it at the skull!]

GM: Big right hand... and another!

[Lake is dazed, his arms windmilling as he tries to keep his balance. Lynch backs off into the ropes, giving a war cry as he goes into a full spin, balling up the fist...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The right-handed Discus Punch connects, sending Lake flying through the air, crashing down to the canvas as the crowd EXPLODES! The Texan stumbles towards him, diving into a lateral press!]

GM: TRAVIS COVERS! ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[But Lake's shoulder comes flying off the mat!]

GM: No, no! He couldn't get him!

BW: It was the right hand, Gordo! Travis Stench, the scumbag that he is, is a southpaw! The right hand wasn't enough to knock Lake down for a three count!

GM: I believe you're right, Bucky! The Discus Punch has claimed many a victim but the right hand didn't have enough behind it!

[Travis angrily slams his right hand down on the mat, looking up at Davis Warren who signals that it was only a two count. Lynch slowly gets to his feet, wincing as he grabs at his left shoulder...

...and then grimacing as he raises it up into the air!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Lynch is gonna throw the left?!

[He nods at the roaring crowd, stepping back near the ropes as he watches Demetrius Lake try to get off the canvas. The left arm comes down by his side, his fingers wiggling with anticipation as the Black Tiger pushes up to a knee, trying to get to his feet...]

GM: Lake's trying to get off the mat but Travis is waiting for him!

[As Lake gets to a vertical base, Lynch goes into a spin, swinging his left arm...

...and then suddenly pulls up, grabbing his shoulder in pain, doubling up. A surprised Lake lunges forward, grabbing the arm into a hammerlock as he scoops Lynch up off the mat...]

GM: OHH! HAMMERLOCK BODYSLAM!

[Lynch cries out as his arm gets slammed down underneath him. The Black Tiger lunges into a cover, demanding that Davis Warren count his opponent down.]

GM: Lynch down for one... for two... for- no! Up at two!

[Lake scampers to his feet, grabbing the left wrist...

...and drops a heavy leg down across the arm!]

GM: Lake continues to attack the arm and shoulder of Travis Lynch!

[The King of Wrestling climbs back to his feet, arrogantly planting a foot on the chest of Travis Lynch and ordering Davis Warren to count.]

GM: No chance of this... and yes, Lynch is out at two to the surprise of no one.

BW: The King looks pretty surprised.

[Lake angrily stomps the shoulder... and again... and again... and again. He waves his arms in a dismissive gesture as he plants his boot on the chest again.]

GM: Seriously?

[The referee again counts to two before a weary Travis lifts his shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only. I don't care what Demetrius Lake thinks of the Lynch family. He's gotta respect Travis more than that. He's gotta know that he won't get a pin like that.

[Lake leans over, dragging Travis to his feet, walking him over towards the corner where he scoops him up, slinging him over his shoulder...]

GM: Powerslam coming up, I think...

BW: I don't think so, Gordo!

[Lake takes three big steps and DROPS Travis down in a shoulderbreaker...

...but he hangs on to him, not letting go as he stands back up, lifting Lynch up with him.]

GM: The shoulderbreaker had to do some damage and- ohh! Another one!

[Lake's about halfway across the ring now as he lifts Lynch right back up into position, taking a few more steps...

...and DROPPING him down in a third shoulderbreaker!]

GM: That's three!

[He pulls him up again, standing close to the corner...

...and lunges forward, smashing his back into the buckles before hanging Lynch upside down, dangling in the corner.]

GM: Lynch is in serious trouble now as Demetrius Lake has him hanging in the tree of woe... striding across the ring to the opposite corner...

[The six foot nine Lake lumbers across the ring, giving a loud bellow as he tears across...

...as the athletic Texas Heartthrob does a full body situp, ending up seated on the top rope as Lake SLAMS into the empty buckles!]

GM: OHH!

BW: I hate to admit it, Gordo, but even I'm impressed by that! How in the world did Lynch pull that off?!

GM: I have no idea!

[Lynch wheels around, standing on the middle rope as Lake staggers back. The Black Tiger comes charging back in but runs right into a raised boot from Lynch!]

GM: Lake hits nothin' but shoe leather, fans! He got drilled with that boot and he's in a daze!

[Travis stands tall on the middle rope before leaping off, catching Lake flush with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY GETS ONE!! HE GETS TWO!! HE GETS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Lake slips out the back door!

BW: With that banged up left arm, Travis couldn't hook a leg and Lake was out of there much easier than he should've been, Gordo!

GM: You're absolutely right.

[Slowly pushing up off the mat, Travis reaches down to drag Lake up with him...

...but Lake suddenly grabs Travis' arm, wrenching it behind him into a hammerlock!]

GM: Oh! Quick movement by the Black Tiger and-

[Lake suddenly lifts Travis up, holding him high in the flying hammerlock as Travis cries out in pain...

...and Lake shoves him out, causing Travis to CRASH down on his own arm!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[The Black Tiger dives into a cover, tightly cradling a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[At the last moment, Travis rips his arm free from underneath him, just BARELY getting the shoulder up to the relief of the Texas crowd.]

GM: Travis slips out but how much damage was done to that injured arm when all his weight came crashing down upon it?!

BW: How much damage has been done to his arm all match long - heck, all NIGHT long - and he's still going?! I hate this family with every fiber of my being and... well, I'm a little bit... no, never mind... I can't say it.

GM: You already said it!

BW: I move to have that stricken from the record!

[Lake pulls Travis off the mat by the hair, throwing a cross-armed thrust to the throat that sends Travis falling back against the ropes, clinging to the top with his right arm, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Lake's got Travis in a bit of a daze here on the ropes.

[The self-professed King Of Wrestling raises his right arm in the air, extending his thumb out...]

GM: He's calling for the Tiger Strike!

BW: If he hits it, Travis Stench is done, Gordo!

[Lake swings his arm around and around, calling his shot as Lynch clings to the rope, trying to stay on his feet...]

GM: Travis can see it coming but he can't do a thing about it! He can't even move that left arm, Bucky!

[The Black Tiger opens fire, lunging into the Tiger Strike...

...but Travis ducks his head, throwing himself into Lake, lifting him up over his right shoulder, dropping him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Inverted atomic drop!

[Travis falls back into the ropes, springing off...

...and CRACKS Lake upside the head with a flying forearm!]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit with Lynch fighting back, giving it everything he's got in this war to get to the Finals to face "Diamond" Rob Driscoll with the revived National Title on the line!

[With Lake down on the mat, Travis drops to a knee, clutching his shoulder, wincing in pain.]

GM: Lake's down... Travis is down... but the Texas Heartthrob is clenching his teeth, trying to choke down that pain, trying to force all that pain away for a moment...

[Lynch pushes back to his feet, grabbing his left shoulder, shaking his head fiercely as the crowd cheers him on. He nods his head, slowly at first... then faster and faster as the crowd grows louder and louder...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh! Travis slapped himself across the face!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring for their determined hero as he appears to be gearing up for one big move - one killer shot to finish off the King of Wrestling and take his place in the Finals of the Brass Ring Tournament!]

GM: Travis is fired up! These fans are fired up!

BW: WHAT?! I CAN'T EVEN HEAR YOU!

[The reaction of the Crockett Coliseum fans is borderline deafening as they cheer Lynch to his feet where he stands, waiting for Lake to stagger back up off the mat. As the Black Tiger gets up, Lynch moves into a full spin...

...and CONNECTS with the left-handed Discus Punch, sending Lake flying through the air, landing on the back of his head and neck before rolling over onto his stomach!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

[But Lynch cries out on impact, falling to his knees, burying his face into the canvas as he clutches the left shoulder.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is down! He's not just down - he's OUT, fans!

BW: But can Lynch take advantage of it?! He called down the thunder and used the one move that he knew would take Lake down and out... but he may have finished HIMSELF in the process, Gordo!

GM: Lake is down! Lynch is down! The only people standing are these fans here in Dallas trying desperately to inspire Travis Lynch to crawl over towards Demetrius Lake and make that cover!

[Lynch is flat on his stomach, trying to choke down the pain again, dragging himself with his healthy arm towards the King of Wrestling who has rolled onto his back.]

GM: Lynch is crawling! Crawling with his fingers, his fingernails, his teeth - whatever it takes to get him across that ring and make the cover!

BW: I don't think he can get there before Lake gets out of the ring!

[Travis pulls himself another inch or two as Lake rolls over to his stomach again. The Texas fans are roaring for their hometown son as he drags himself even closer.]

GM: Lynch is a couple of feet away... so close he can taste the fruits of victory!

[Lake rolls to his back again as Travis pushes up to his knees using both arms, wincing in pain as he does...

...and throws himself into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: NO! NO! FOOT ON THE ROPES! LAKE GOT A FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[Travis simply rolls off Lake onto his back, breathing heavily as he hangs onto his left shoulder, grimacing with every single movement no matter how slight it might be.]

GM: Demetrius Lake saved himself with that foot on the ropes and Travis Lynch is heartbroken! He thought he had him after that Discus Punch and he might have if it hadn't taken so long to take advantage of the blow!

[With the fans continuing to roar, Travis Lynch sits up on the mat, still clinging to his left shoulder as he tries to catch a second wind. Nearby, Lake has finished his roll out of the ring, landing out on the floor on his feet. His head is down on the apron, also breathing heavily as Lynch rolls to a knee...

...and LUNGES through the ropes, wrapping the fingers of his right hand around the skull of Demetrius Lake!]

GM: CLAW!! THE IRON CLAW IS ON!!!

BW: Right hand! Right hand!

[With Lake trapped in the hold, he dips his hand down into the front of his trunks and opens fire...]

GM: OHHH! HE USED THAT DAMN FOREIGN OBJECT!

[Lynch collapses backwards from the loaded right hand, dropping to the mat as Lake quickly turns, tossing the weapon aside as the referee comes over to investigate!]

GM: There! It's right there on the floor, Davis!

BW: Shut your hole, Myers! Quit being a troublemaker!

[With Lynch down, Lake pulls himself up on the apron, trying to mimic his victory from the first round, slingshotting himself through the ropes and hanging his feet on the middle rope for more leverage as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: NO!

[...and then pulls up, having spotted the feet on the middle rope! He leaps up, waving his arms as Lake abruptly breaks the pin, glaring at the official. He stares at him for several moments before advancing on him!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: You tell 'im, King!

[Lake is certainly reading Davis Warren the riot act as he backs the much-smaller man into the nearest corner.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is shouting at Davis Warren, screaming at him for breaking off that count on Travis Lynch!

BW: And rightfully so! The referee had one job in that situation - count to three!

GM: That's not true at all! He saw the feet on the ropes and he HAD to call it, Bucky!

[An irate Lake shoves the official back into the corner, getting shoved back in response...

...right into a dazed Travis Lynch who reaches up with his right arm, dragging Lake down into a schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sound of the bell as Demetrius Lake kicks out IMMEDIATELY after the three count comes down. Travis bails from the ring, rolling out to the floor as Lake springs to his feet, screaming and shouting at

anyone in sight. Davis Warren also bails from the ring, raising the right arm of Travis Lynch out on the floor as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... moving on to the Finals...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch smiles at the announcement, staggering back down the aisle as Davis Warren hustles out of Dodge as well, Lake leaning over the ropes and yelling at both men!]

BW: This is a travesty, Myers! An absolute travesty! Demetrius Lake had this match won and that piece of garbage Davis Warren put his hands on him! A referee has NO cause to do that! None!

GM: Well, I tend to agree with you there, Bucky... but Lake put his hands on Warren first. So, by the letter of the rulebook, Warren would have been within his rights to disqualify Lake anyways.

BW: By the letter of the... you're unbelievable, Myers. When it's your favorites, you're totally irate but when it's someone you don't like, you bend over backwards trying to find ways to excuse them getting cheated, robbed, and swindled out of what they've got coming to 'em!

GM: I have to call 'em like I see 'em, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure you do. I'm surprised you can see anything at all with those glasses on.

GM: Fans, the Finals of this tournament is set - "Diamond" Rob Driscoll will meet Travis Lynch with all the gold and glory on the line. That'll come later tonight but as both men prepare for the Finals, we've got some business to take care of! We'll be right back after this!

[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: Last week, the world bore witness to the intense spectacle of El Gran Tigre taking on his hated rival, El Danado, in a match that pitted the hair of El Gran Tigre against the mask of El Danado!

[Clips are shown of the match, as the impressively pompadoured Tigre dives from the top turnbuckle onto the prone form of El Danado as he lie stretched out on the concrete at ringside. Then to clips of Tigre's face contorted in pain as Danado stretches him out with a surfboard.]

VO: It appeared that the vile El Danado would be unmasked, when a mysterious man appeared.

[El Gran Tigre is on the ropes, signaling to the crowd, when suddenly, from the stands, a man races forward. Dressed in a black body suit, with a black mask that has a red pentagram across the face, the man pushes Tigre from the top rope. A moment later, Danado lifts Tigre up, and the latter comes crashing down to the mat, defeated by the dreaded El Martinete.]

VO: This week, witness the heart breaking spectacle, as El Gran Tigre's head is shaved.

[Cut to the ring, where Tigre is forced to sit in a chair, tears streaming down his face as the triumphant Danado approaches with scissors in hand.]

VO: And we hear from the man who cost El Gran Tigress his hair, the mysterious Némesis!

[Némesis stands in the center of the ring, microphone in hand, tauntingly tossing locks of El Gran Tigre's hair towards screaming fans]

VO: All this, and much more on this week's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA!!

[We fade back to this week's edition of Saturday Night Wrestling on The X and right back to the graphic promoting the AWA's greatest moments in Texas. This one is marked "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING - FEBRUARY 3, 2010. As we join the action in the WKIK Studios, Juan Vasquez is carrying a plaque to the ring as the crowd roars. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, the AWA National Champion, is standing near the announce podium, fuming mad. Vasquez rolls under the ropes, Wrestler Of The Year plaque still in hand as he shouts at the Southern Syndicate, waving them towards the ring.]

GM: Well, how 'bout it, guys?

ATTSBW: Shaddup, Myers! We run this show! We do what we want! We-

[Suddenly, Waterson is interrupted by another suit jacket being thrown down on the announce table.]

HSS: I'll do it! You think you can throw down a challenge at my feet and walk away, boy?!

[Scott shows some fire, slamming his hands down on the broadcast table, and then kicks the podium over, turning red in the face as he points at Vasquez who nods his head, waving the Hotshot into the ring...

...and off he goes, the Hotshot breaking into a full sprint, charging to the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[The Hosthot pops up to his feet, arm already reared back to throw but Juan Vasquez is waiting for him, having set the plaque aside as he throws a right hand of his own, popping the National Champion on the jaw!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[A few more right hands from Vasquez put the Hotshot on the ropes where Vasquez approaches...

...and RIPS Scott's shirt open, sending buttons flying everywhere before he uncorks a hard knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Ohhh! What a chop!

[Grabbing Scott by the hair, Vasquez drags him out to the center of the ring, snapping off an uppercut that knocks the Hotshot down to a knee. Waterson springs up on the apron, shouting at Vasquez...

...but before Vasquez can level him, Waterson jumps back down, having served his purpose as the Hotshot races across the ring, connecting with a leaping knee that knocks Vasquez through the ropes and out to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: Ohhh.... now look out!

[The rest of the Southern Syndicate swarms Vasquez, rocking him with stomps and kicks. Raphael Rhodes drops down to the floor, strangling the life out of Vasquez and at a shout from Scott, they fire the Number One Contender back into the ring where it's Scott's turn to rip the shirt off of Juan Vasquez' back!]

BW: This has turned into a tuxedo match, daddy!

[Scott reaches down to his pants, undoing his belt.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Is Stevie taking his pants off?

[Nope. Instead, the champion winds up with the leather belt, swinging it down across the back of Vasquez!]

GM: Ohh! He lashed him with the belt!

[The Hotshot is scowling as he loops the belt around the throat of Juan Vasquez, yanking back on the belt, strangling the air out of Vasquez!]

GM: He's choking the life out of Vasquez! He's choking the-

[With Vasquez down on the mat, turning bright red and choking against the leather belt, his hands start searching the canvas...

...and they find what he's looking for!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT HIM WITH THE PLAQUE! VASQUEZ HIT HIM WITH THE PLAQUE!

[The Hotshot sails backwards from the impact, hitting the canvas...

...and Vasquez leaps atop him, battering his skull with right hands as quickly as he can throw 'em.]

GM: Vasquez is all over him! He's beating the life out of the National Champion!

[We cut a little deeper into the action where Raphael Rhodes has tackled Vasquez down to the mat, allowing Adrian Freeman and Calisto Dufresne to batter Vasquez relentlessly...

...when suddenly the crowd goes nuts with nervousness.]

GM: MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA!

BW: Get the checkbooks out 'cause Mizusawa is about to collect!

[The Asian giant steps up on the ring apron, slinging his leg over the top rope as the Syndicate backs away, leaving Vasquez on his knees before the giant.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: We're going to see the Second Anniversary Show early!

[Mizusawa steps forward, glaring down at Vasquez. Outside the ring, Louis Matsui is shouting instructions to his giant who slowly reaches down, ready to grip one side of Vasquez' head with each hand...

...but loses his focus just long enough for Vasquez to SMASH his fist right in the groin of the giant!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Mizusawa shows pain perhaps for the first time in the AWA, crumpling backwards and falling into the corner as the crowd erupts for Vasquez!]

GM: VASQUEZ FLOORED THE GIANT!!

[Springing off his knees, Vasquez spins around and DRILLS Raphael Rhodes with a right hand!]

GM: OH YEAH!!

[The crowd erupts as Vasquez charges the Syndicate, fists flying in every direction when suddenly...]

GM: PRESTON!!

[The Combat Corner graduate comes charging out of the locker room, racing to the ring where he quickly scales the top rope...

...and takes flight with a picture perfect cross body, wiping out a stunned Raphael Rhodes!]

GM: HE LEVELS RHODES!!

[We cut again just as Simon Rhodes hits the ring, attacking Eric Preston from behind...

...and when we come back, we find a bloodied Stevie Scott down on his knees by the announce position, Juan Vasquez in hot pursuit, dragging Scott up by the hair. Vasquez screams just before he SMASHES Scott's face onto the toppled announce podium!

We cut again as back inside the ring, Adrian Freeman has managed to get Corey Lawson down on the mat, twisting the leg in a spinning toehold while Bailey Fitzgerald trades right hands with Calisto Dufresne. Raphael and Simon Rhodes have Eric Preston cornered, battering him with chops and kicks to the body as Brent Maverick comes charging from the locker room, heading straight to the ring where he tackles Simon Rhodes down to the mat, rolling around in a brawl with the Rhodes brother.

Back by the announce position, Vasquez has the mysterious Seishuki in his grasp, hurling him through the air in a hiptoss, sending him crashing in a heap to the concrete floor. The Number One Contender lets loose a loud bellow as he turns back to Stevie Scott who is still trying to crawl away with the aid of Ben Waterson...

...and Vasquez heads straight for him, shoving Waterson down as he drags the Hotshot up by the hair, and SMASHES his bloody face into the WKIK Studios wall!]

GM: OHHHH!

[We cut back to the ring where the brawl continues, showing the Samoan Hit Squad joining the action.]

GM: We've got the Samoans out here as well! And they're going after Freeman!

[Corey Lawson uses the moment to roll out to the floor, clutching his leg, as his partner, Bailey Fitzgerald mounts the middle rope, raining right hands down on Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: I can't keep this all straight, fans. We hope you can follow along with us but this is nuts!

[The giant, still holding his nether regions, gets back to his feet and doesn't look happy as he stalks across the ring, grabbing a Samoan with each hand...

...and SMASHING their heads together in a noggin knocker!]

GM: Ohhh!

[But the Samoans aren't having any of that, shaking off the effects, and SMASHING the giant with a double headbutt that sends him falling

backwards over the top rope to the floor! Scola and Mafu leap from the ring, going after the giant...

The camera cuts to the announce area where Vasquez is dragging Scott around by the hair, smashing his face into anything in sight. He walks beyond the wooden wall where the AWA logo hangs...

...and comes sailing back the other way, courtesy of Kraken and a mighty Uraken!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Vasquez crumples in a heap on the concrete floor, Kraken standing over him triumphantly...

...and a quick cut shows Raphael Rhodes and Eric Preston trading blows, brawling up into the bleachers ringside at the WKIK Studios!]

GM: Look at that! Get out of their way, fans!

[Preston's big looping haymakers have Rhodes backpedaling through the bleachers, trying to escape the youngster's enthusiastic brawling. The crowd roars, trying to get out of the way but still dying to get a good view of the fight as Preston batters Rhodes closer and closer to the edge of the bleachers. He rushes towards Rhodes who backdrops him...

...but not off the bleachers, merely sending him crashing down hard on the steel!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Rhodes drops down to a knee, battering Preston up near the top of the bleachers as we cut back inside the ring where Dufresne and Freeman are each holding an arm of Brent Maverick as Simon Rhodes batters him.]

GM: Brent Maverick is getting pummeled by the Southern Syndicate! He's just absolutely getting hammered by them inside the ring and-

[The crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: BISHOPS! BISHOPS!

[Cletus Lee Bishop and Duane Henry Bishop come sailing from the locker room, racing past all the chaos on the floor with only one target in mind...

...the National Tag Team Champions!]

GM: THE BISHOPS HIT THE RING!!

[And that's enough for Dufresne and Freeman to flee the ring...

...and actually flee the building, running out through the emergency exit doors, rushing from the WKIK Studios!]

GM: THE BISHOPS CLEAR OUT THE CHAMPS!! BUT THEY'RE GOING AFTER 'EM!!

[The crowd roars as the Bishops go out the emergency doors as well, in hot pursuit of the National Tag Team Champions!

A quick pan shows Eric Preston back on his feet with Raphael Rhodes smashing him with headbutt after headbutt to the back of the skull. Grabbing him by the hair, Rhodes drags him closer to the edge of the bleachers.]

GM: Oh my god! Get them down from there! Somebody get them down from there!

[A quick cut shows Juan Vasquez getting back to his feet, catching a fleeing Stevie Scott by the hair, dragging the bloodied National Champion away from the entrance curtain, flinging him back towards Gordon Myers and the announce area.]

GM: Whoa! Fans, I... fans, I need to get out of here. I'll try to keep talking but if the- whoa!

[Myers retreats as Vasquez bursts into view, kicking Stevie Scott squarely in the side of the head, knocking him back down to the concrete floor. The Number One Contender drops down to his knees, grabbing the champion by the hair...

...and SMASHING his face into the concrete!

The camera quickly cuts again, this time to Preston and Rhodes where Preston lunges forward, grabbing Rhodes by the legs, hoisting him up in the air in a double leg takedown, and DRIVING him down on the bleachers to the roar of the crowd! Preston pops back up to his feet, letting loose a loud war cry as he looks out over the crowd...

...and spots James Monosso slinking in from the locker room area, heading towards Juan Vasquez who continues to pummel Stevie Scott on the floor. Preston stands up, races towards the edge of the bleachers, stepping up onto the railing.

He pauses, looking out over the Studios, and shouts down at Monosso, drawing his attention...

...and LEAPS off the perch, sailing through the air, and crashing down onto Monosso with a cross body block, taking both men out of the equation as they hit the concrete! The crowd EXPLODES in reaction to the death-defying move, even drawing Vasquez' attention who sees what young Preston risked to save him.

Shaking his head, Vasquez drags the bloodied Scott up by the hair, pointing at the downed Preston.]

"YOU! YOU CAUSED ALL THIS! THIS IS ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!!"

[Dragging Scott back towards the AWA logo, Vasquez SMASHES his face into the wooden wall again. He holds Scott up, shaking his head at him...

...and does it again, leaving a bloody streak where Scott's face drags along the wall. The National Champion attempts to slip down to the ground but Vasquez refuses to let it happen, dragging Scott up again, spinning him around, and SLAMMING the back of his head into the wooden set wall, causing Stevie to slump down the wall, barely able to stand as he clings to the wall.

A furious Vasquez backs away, still screaming at the National Champion, gesturing wildly at Preston... at the downed Lawson and Fitzgerald... at Brent Maverick...

...and with a blood-curdling anguished scream, Vasquez rushes forward as fast as his battered body will allow, THROWING himself into a spear tackle aimed squarely at the ribcage of the National Champion.

He connects, knocking the wind out of the Hotshot, whipping his head forward and sending blood flying as their bodies slam into the wooden wall that makes up the set for Saturday Night Wrestling in the WKIK Studios...

...a wall that without warning, suddenly collapses backwards from the impact of the spear tackle!

The crowd erupts in cheers at the sight of the wall collapsing, then fall to a hush as both men are completely unmoving from the impact. The brawling elsewhere in the studios stop as everyone rushes towards the fallen wall, looking to help. A desperate and shocked Ben Waterson is screaming, screaming bloody murder at anyone all around as he tries to get to his charge. AWA officials flood the scene, looking to finally regain some control...

...when slowly, someone emerges from the wreckage.

It's Juan Vasquez. Covered in splinters, dust, and blood - some of which now belongs to him - he looks right into the nearest camera, lifting a weary arm to point at the camera. The camera zooms in on Vasquez, close enough to catch his weakened voice.]

"The war... has just... begun."

[And we fade to black.

We open to the locker room, where "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor stands in front of his locker, wrapping his wrists with tape. He nods, acknowledging the presence of the camera.]

BOC: Normally I'd be standing in front of an AWA backdrop right now with Mister Stegglet. But this is no normal interview because this is no normal night. This is the end of an era, that is only making way for an even bigger and brighter future. This company has been at the top of the wrestling world for a long time now...

[O'Connor looks around at the locker room.]

BOC: ... but we could always still fool ourselves into thinking it was the same small business that my family came up in, that I was born into. But just one look at the start of this show with the million dollar intro, and you know that's not the case anymore. The future has never been more exciting, the road we're about to tread on is not one that many have had that chance to take.

And it's only too fitting that the man holding the reigns is not only my good friend... but the man that nearly the entire locker room has looked to during the lean times. Whether it was the Wise Men trying to run every decent man out of town or Supreme Wright using his flunkie-- I mean his students to get his way... there was Ryan. Fighting the good fight and leading by example. And in the end, leading us to the promised land. So everyone tuned into our big debut on the big time network...

[O'Connor's cheeks turn red with anger.]

BOC: ... and a madman stole that moment. Not just from Ryan, but from all of us. From me. From every man that works his tail off in that ring. To every single fan that pays their hard earned money for the greatest show that money can buy.

[O'Connor stares directly at the camera.]

BOC: THAT is what you did, Mister Temple. THAT is what you took from all of us. So when you came out tonight, when you called me out? Everyone in the back knew I had to be scared for my life. A fair number told me to just make a quick exit out the back door and save my skin. But that isn't my style. I will face you in that ring. I will fight you up and down the ramp. I will fight you all over every square inch of the Crockett Coliseum for this one final time before we all hit the road. But it won't be begrudgingly. It won't be because I have no choice.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: It will be because I can not WAIT to get my hands on you. It will be because I would give ANYTHING to pay you back for what you've done. Does that surprise you? Probably. You probably have heard the talk. I hear it as clearly as anyone but I never take offense. The talk about how I am too nice. That I am too innocent for this sport. I can understand how that would be the impression so I've never even bothered to argue the point. Because none of them saw me on my way here. The brawls I threw myself into one hundred percent to just get noticed in this great sport.

But don't be fooled... and don't for one second think tonight is a night off for you. Don't think for one second I am some kind of cakewalk for you to make some kind of evil statement to Ryan Martinez. Ask Hamilton Graham. Ask Terry Shane. Ask any number of men that have wronged me AND wronged this sport what happens when you cross me.

Nobody expected me to get a pinfall victory on a legend like Mister Graham. He has been a thorn in the side of my family for longer than I can remember... but I would be some kind of fool to call him anything less than a legend. He may not respect me even after I darn near knocked his head off and pinned him clean in the middle of that ring... but you can bet the farm on the fact that he remembers my name. And that he will NEVER take me lightly again.

Terry Shane knew me for nearly my entire life. He didn't, however, know to never mistake my kindness for weakness. I know I said to ask him as well... but really, you can't. He's nowhere to be seen. Because he thought I was nothing but a steppingstone... just like you do. I taught him better, though. He will NEVER make that mistake again.

[O'Connor closes the door to his locker.]

BOC: I am Bobby O'Connor. I try my best everyday to be the best man I can be. To be the best son. The best grandson. The best friend. I'm sure these are all foreign concepts to you, Mister Temple. Because there's that saying about old dogs and new tricks. Even though you are several years my senior, I WILL teach them to you tonight. If I have to drag you all over the great state of Texas, you WILL attend that class.

I am not foolish enough or filled with enough bravado to stand here and attempt to boast that I will beat the hide off of you. Your own personal history in this sport speaks for itself, and it speaks volumes. To not be impressed with everything you've accomplished in that squared circle is to not have a brain in your head. So I am not going to say I will beat you, I will not say I will win tonight. But I will pour every bit of my heart and soul into fighting you... all over this building and up and down every street in Dallas if I have to. Because win, lose, or draw, tonight?

[O'Connor nods, raising a fist to the camera.]

BOC: You will know you were in there with an O'Connor.

[Fade out, as we cut to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Some strong words there from Bobby O'Connor and I think it's quite obvious that he knows what he's getting into here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Does he? Does he really? O'Connor talks like he does but I beg to differ, Gordo. This kid is going to be taking on a guy who used to go through barbed wire, thumbtacks, and broken glass for giggles! A guy who thought

blowing up his opponent OR HIMSELF was a fun way to spend a Sunday night! Caleb Temple is the most demonic entity this business has ever seen - bar none - and Bobby O'Connor is kidding himself if he thinks he can stand toe to toe with such a beast.

GM: That remains to be seen... but right now, let's head to the ring for some non-tournament act-

[Before the words can finish coming out of Gordon's mouth, a loud buzz ripples over the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

GM: What's going on now?

[Gordon and Bucky are both looking around with confusion until the camera cuts to a higher elevation shot that reveals a group of people heading through the crowd that is swarming around them.]

GM: What is this all about, Bucky?

BW: I can't quite tell from where we're standing, Gordo... maybe it's-

[The camera zooms in to reveal GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris making his way down through the crowd. He's in a red and black GFC t-shirt with the title belt slung over his shoulder. Surrounding him is a mixture of security and "personal entourage", all working to keep the fans at bay as they head towards their destination.]

GM: Rufus Harris, the GFC Heavyweight Champion is in the building... and I can't say that I'm happy about that.

BW: Not a fan of the Rottweiler?

GM: As a fan of combat sports, I absolutely am. Harris is one of the best Mixed Martial Arts competitors in the world - that title he's carrying is proof of that - but even you have to admit that his attitude leaves much to be desired, Bucky. It was just a few short weeks ago that he went to a comic book convention where some AWA competitors were appearing and tried to cause a disturbance.

BW: He challenged 'em all to a fight, Gordo! And not a one of 'em stood up to him!

GM: Well, my interpretation of that footage is quite different than yours it appears, Bucky. I saw plenty of AWA guys who were willing to fight this man in the parking lot if they had to. Thankfully, event security didn't let it come to that but this man is a terrible representative of the GFC with his attitude, Bucky.

BW: You gotta have an attitude to be a fighter - whether it's in the Hexagon or right here inside the pro wrestling ring. Harris has definitely got that... and he's not afraid of anyone, Gordo. He's called out Ryan Martinez... Hannibal Carver... Supreme Wright... you name it.

GM: Called them out for what?! I still don't know what this guy is doing here. He's not an AWA competitor so he's not climbing inside an AWA ring or those gentlemen certainly aren't going to be following him back to the Global Fighting Championship company which appears here every weekend on The X. In fact, two weeks from tonight, the AWA will be pre-empted while the GFC comes to the airwaves for a very special Battle Night event.

BW: Our old friend Kolya Sudakov will be on that show, trying to earn himself a shot at Harris' title.

GM: Kolya Sudakov's on the show as is Kid Shinzaki - an excellent welterweight from Japan. Benito Ortega takes on Peter Wilton. Jackson Jones collides with Steven Miles. And don't forget that big Welterweight title fight with Mason Cotton challenging for the gold! It'll be one heck of a night of fights and of course, the AWA will return to Saturday Night - actually, Sunday night... it's a special edition of the show - the week after for a special night of our own - that big Turner Field show which I'm told the AWA President Landon O'Neill will be addressing in just a few moments... but now, look at this... this guy is going to sit in the front row!

[Having made his way to the front row, Harris sneers at the fans in his way as he makes his way to a ringside seat. His security takes up positions at either end of the row as Harris sits down, pulling a box of popcorn and a cup of beer into view.]

BW: No big deal. He's just here to watch the action. It's not the first time he's done this, Gordo.

GM: No, but it's the first time since he made himself a target for the AWA locker room. I'm not sure I like the looks of this, Bucky. Fans, we're going to keep an eye on this but right now, let's go to the ring for some non-tournament action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a Introducing first... from Leicester, England and weighing in at 172 pounds...

COLIN "BOMBER" HARRIS!!

["Rule Britannia" begins to play as the slender English youngster makes his way out to the ramp. He waves at the crowd who give him a slightly warmer reaction than the last time he was seen in the AWA.]

GM: We haven't seen Harris in some time, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, last time he got waffled by a steel chair so that Hannibal Carver could smoke a cigar and talk about how he was going to send Terry Shane to the hospital!

GM: Well, obviously we never like to see that sort of thing happen to a young grappler just trying to make his way in the sport. Hopefully he fares better this time around.

BW: Don't hold your breath.

[Harris enters the ring, nodding at the crowd as he stands with his hands resting on the straps of his blue and red singlet as he awaits the arrival of his opponent.]

PW: And his opponents... from underneath Fawcett Manor, weighing in at 302 pounds and accompanied by his handler "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett...

THE LOST BOY!!

[The drumroll intro of Audioslave's "Man or Animal" is heard, and as the song kicks in The Lost Boy comes flying out onto the ramp, stopped only by the leash attached to the collar around his neck held by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett.]

GM: Oh my! The Lost Boy is here, and he is just about frothing at the mouth!

BW: He was never playing with a full deck before, Gordo... but with Fawcett holding the reigns he's looking crazier than ever!

GM: Literally holding the reigns, as he's leading him to the ring like an unruly dog!

[The Lost Boy howls, nearly charging at the fans to his left until Fawcett admonishes him with the large rawhide bone he holds in his free hand. The Lost Boy looks from the bone to Colin Harris in the ring, nodding his head vigorously.]

BW: I think Fawcett just told him Harris is dinner!

GM: This man seemed to be on the right path with the good advice he was getting from Travis Lynch... but that all seems to be ancient history at this point.

BW: The only path Travis Stench ever sent anyone to was lovesick girls crying to a nunnery, Gordo!

[The Lost Boy crouches just outside the ropes as Fawcett unhooks the leash from the collar around his neck.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The opening bell sounds as Fawcett orders his latest charge to attack... and I have to wonder what led The Lost Boy to the "Doctor"?

BW: It's like I told you when he showed up with Oni, he's a true collector of oddities... and it don't get much odder than The Lost Boy, daddy!

[The Lost Boy enters the ring, charging at Harris who he quickly rams backfirst into the corner. He rears back to clobber the young grappler from England.]

GM: Harris ducks and rolls out of the way... and The Lost Boy seems more interested in the top turnbuckle!

BW: Just a little snack before the main course, Gordo!

[Indeed, as The Lost Boy begins tearing at the turnbuckle while licking his lips. Which gives Harris his chance to mount some offense.]

GM: Dropkick to the back of the big man! Colin Harris taking over with a series of forearm and knee strikes!

BW: He's just going to make him angry!

[With The Lost Boy bent over in pain, Harris slaps on a side headlock. He lets out a cheer as he points to the mat.]

BW: Harris with a bulldo-- NO!

[The Lost Boy throws Harris off of him mid-move, sending the much lighter man flying off his feet and flat on his back on the canvas with a thud.]

GM: And now he's right on top of him with a blatant choke!

BW: He's got until five, Gordo! A fact that his handler is making him all too aware of.

[Fawcett slams the bone on the ring apron in perfect time with the count of four... allowing The Lost Boy to go back to the choke with the count broken.]

GM: Fawcett clearly has taught his charge how to cheat, highly doubtful he's taught him any of the finer points of society however.

[Finally, The Lost Boy is threatened with a disqualification, so Fawcett calls him over to the corner. He pats him on the head as he points at Harris with the rawhide bone and shouts instructions to his animalistic charge.]

GM: Both men to their feet and Harris initiates a tie up... and The Lost Boy is biting him! Sinking his teeth right into the arm of Colin "Bomber" Harris!

BW: Just a little snack before dinner!

[Not even waiting for the ref to admonish him, The Lost Boy whips Harris to the ropes.]

GM: Reversed by Harris! Ducking his head, looking for a back body drop here perhaps!

[But instead The Lost Boy slams on the brakes as he rebounds, sending Harris hard to the canvas with a headbutt to the back of the neck.]

BW: Wham! He telegraphed so bad even this nutball saw it coming!

[The Lost Boy lets out a howl and charges to the corner, scrambling up to the second rope like a gorilla and leaps off.]

GM: And another headbutt! He flew off that second rope, and Harris is as still as a stone!

[A count of three later and a smiling "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett enters the ring with leash and rawhide bone in hand.]

PW: Your winner by pinfall...

THE LOST BOY!!

GM: An impressive, if not exactly technically sound, return to action for The Lost Boy, Bucky.

BW: Who needs technique when you can knock people out cold with that melon?

GM: You may have a point there. Let's head back to the ring where our colleague Colt Patterson has joined the winner and his manager for some reactions to the conclusion of this bout.

[We cut back to the ring, as Colt Patterson steps through the ropes as Fawcett hooks the leash back onto the collar around The Lost Boy's neck.]

CP: Doctor Fawcett, you--

[Just then The Lost Boy growls, lunging for Colt. Colt jumps back a step with his fists raised as Fawcett pulls back on the leash. He then hands the rawhide bone to The Lost Boy, who then crouches at the "Doctor's" feet... happily gnawing on the bone.]

"D"HF: There, there. That's a good boy.

[Fawcett pats The Lost Boy on the head as he looks up at Colt.]

"D"HF: My sincerest apologies. He just gets a little... excited at times such as these.

[Colt shakes his head.]

CP: That's quite alright, takes a lot more than that to ruffle my feathers. You have to be happy with the way that match turned out, this being your first time out here managing The Lost Boy.

[Fawcett grins darkly.]

"D"HF: Indeed I am, Colt. I knew all along he had the ability inside. He merely needed the proper hand to guide him away from the confusing lies told by that awful young man.

CP: You're talking about Travis Lynch, I assume?

[Fawcett nods sadly.]

"D"HF: One and the same. That awful Lynch filled his head with lies... promises that he never truly intended on making a reality. All so that this dear boy would stop proving himself to be Lynch's physical superior. Then, when he made it so The Lost Boy was completely dependent on him?

[Fawcett covers his eyes with his left hand, feigning tears. The crowd isn't buying it however, and boos him loudly. Colt looks around with a scowl, shooshing them.]

"D"HF: He abandoned him! Left him out in the cold! Much like humanity itself has abandoned him. Out of fear, out of a lack of understanding. But most of all...

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: ... out of jealousy. For this is true perfection. With none of the physical weakness of the modern man. A genetic line that has never been altered that reaches back to the days when history was a concept of the future. A time when a creature such as this blazed the trail for what would one day be known as the human race.

He was lost... but is now found. Found by one such as I who knows his true potential. Knows that to teach him to forget his true self and embrace modern weakness is a crime most foul. Those that used him shall pay, mark my words. But first?

[Fawcett grins as he looks down at The Lost Boy tearing the rawhide bone apart.]

"D"HF: Dinner.

[Fawcett and Colt laugh as The Lost Boy continues to tear the bone to pieces as we cut back to Gordon and a chuckling Bucky.]

BW: I told you that Stench was no good, Gordo.

GM: You're not actually buying into that garbage that just came out of Fawcett's mouth, are you?

BW: Of course! Why would the good Doctor lie?!

GM: I can think of a few hundred reasons but we don't have time to go into all of them because right now - via satellite - we've got a very special appearance as the new AWA President Landon O'Neill is joining us from his office in New York City!

[We cut to a split screen shot that has Gordon and Bucky on the left and a grinning and well(spray)tanned O'Neill on the right. He nods, showing off his bleached white teeth.]

GM: Mr. O'Neill, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[O'Neill nods.]

LON: Thanks, Gordon. It's my pleasure to be a part of a truly historic night there in Dallas. I wish I could be there in person as planned to present the National Title to the winner of the tournament but the work of running the biggest promotion in the land requires my full focus here in New York City.

[The shot changes to just one of O'Neill, sitting behind a dark wooden desk with a large window behind him revealing glimpses of the NYC skyline.]

GM: Mr. O'Neill, I understand you're joining us here tonight to make a few announcements since you couldn't be here in person to do it.

[The newest AWA President nods enthusiastically.]

LON: That's right, Gordon. As everyone knows, this is the final show in Dallas, Texas for the AWA for the foreseeable future...

[The crowd back in Dallas jeers loudly. O'Neill "winces" jokingly, lifting his hands.]

LON: Now, now... I know that's disappointing news. But you'll be pleased to learn that I can officially announce and promise right here and now that the longtime tradition known as Homecoming will continue to live on! The AWA WILL return to Dallas sometime this fall!

[Big cheers inside the building!]

LON: But right now, I want to turn my focus to Turner Field in three weeks' time. This is a big night for the AWA - the first official SNW "on the road." We've had Saturday Night Wrestling on tour before... but for the first time, we're a full-fledged touring company year round! We wanted to make a big splash for the fans... for the locker room... and for our network partner at The X... and I think we're going to do exactly that.

[O'Neill lifts his hands, "speaking with" his hands as he talks.]

LON: Now, let's look at some of the matches on that show...

[The camera shot switches to show O'Neill off to the side as a graphic showing Turner Field appears to his right.]

LON: "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno has been trying to free his friend, BC Da Masta MC, from the clutches of the Walking Dead for quite some time now. In Turner Field, he gets his chance when he goes one-on-one with Jericho Kai with every single member of the Walking Dead BANNED from ringside! In fact, when informed of this match, Mr. Imbrogno asked that I play the following video... roll it.

[We cut to a prerecorded segment.

We're outdoors, and it is a partly cloudy day. Wherever this is, it is in front of a building with a sandstone-colored facade and a classic architectural style. There is a nearby pine tree providing shade, and seated on a bench here is "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno.

Imbrogno's muscular build fills his hunter-green tweed Mensa jacket (with elbow patches!) well, and he wears brown slacks and matching leather shoes. His shoulder-length brown hair and trimmed beard adorn a face that is quite solemn in demeanor. He pulls for a Kindle, and recites his latest poem.]

MI: From time immemorial mankind has sought an explanation
A meaning to our life and place and state.
Cro magnon to homo sapiens and every intermediate derivation
Has struggled to find our eternal fate.

Gods and myths and metaphors filled the gap for quite a time
And in truth there still is much we do not know.
But one thing clearly stands; a human being in his prime
Does not exist for one man's evil puppet show.

Jericho Kai claims that his belief is all that matters
And that anyone who disagrees will fall.
He left my best friend BC's mind and life in baleful tatters
And somehow made him a tortured hollow thrall.

Kemet has long been debunked and the Egyptian gods disproven
Due to certain specific claims that faith has made.
Our sun is neither sapient nor head of an institution
Of beings that rule in a perverse masquerade.

But Kai will not hear logic nor will science stay his hand.
He desires power and invokes a dead god's name.
Three weeks from now in Turner Field his claims will cease to stand
For I will personally disprove his godhood claim.

Beaten and defeated, where will your gods be, Kai?
I will reach my friend at long last with the facts.
Jericho Kai has based his philosophy on a lie,

And free will is something that no one redacts.

Freedom is the one true state, and to steal that's profoundly wrong
For creatures of every species, class, and phylum.
But not for you, Jericho; your crimes prove where you belong...

[The camera zooms out to reveal the building that Manny's seated in front of. The sign reads "PEACHFORD PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL".]

MI: ...your new home. A lunatic asylum.

[Imbrogno thumbs off the Kindle and stands up.]

MI: The poetry has concluded. I go to make arrangements. The staff here is very interested in hearing all about your gods, Jericho, and you will be sharing the tales of domination and woe for a long, long time to come.

I will see you at Turner Field.

[And with that, he walks off as we fade back to AWA President Landon O'Neill who smiles at the camera.]

LON: That one should be very heated!

[The graphic changes.]

LON: We've got tag team action planned when The Wilde Bunch takes on Dichotomy!

[Another change of graphic.]

LON: Earlier tonight, we heard the challenge... and now it's official, Supernova will take on Shadoe Rage with the World Television Title on the line at Turner Field!

[Big cheer inside the Coliseum! O'Neill grins.]

LON: I thought you might like that one. I REALLY think you'll enjoy this one, fans. Our friends from Tiger Paw Pro will be sending over a special match for all their American fans on The X - a WrestleGalaxy showdown for the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown when Noboru Fujimoto puts the title on the line against Yoshinari Taguchi! And if that's not enough, it's time for LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA as well as SouthWest Lucha Libre will be sending the top trio in all of Mexico - Los Infernos - that's El Caliente, Super Solar, and the man of a thousand masks, Mil Caras - taking on Perra Punky, El Hijo Del Diablo, and Salvaje Guerrero in a lucha libre tradition - a trios match!

[The fans inside the Coliseum continue to cheer.]

LON: And perhaps best of all... in Turner Field, we're going to be presenting a TRIPLE MAIN EVENT!

In Match #1, we're going to see the former World Champion Supreme Wright take on Bobby O'Connor! After what happened earlier tonight, Mr. O'Connor IMMEDIATELY demanded the match for Turner Field and Mr. Wright accepted.

[BIG CHEER!]

LON: Main Event #2 will see Johnny Detson FINALLY have to get inside the ring with Hannibal Carver!

[BIG CHEER!]

LON: And in the big one, the very first televised World Title defense for Ryan Martinez as he takes on a former World Champion... Dave Bryant!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

LON: It's going to be one heck of a night in Atlanta... a night so special, we thought it deserved its own name - this night will go down as The Duel On The Diamond! Remember, fans... it's going to be a special Sunday night show in Atlanta... Saturday Night Wrestling comes to Sunday Night! Fans, I promise you, you will not want to miss this new beginning for the American Wrestling Alliance! So join us in Turner Field if you can - right after the Atlanta Braves take the field for action of their own - or if not, right here on The X for all the stars of the AWA galaxy and then some!

[Gordon's voice breaks in.]

GM: Big announcements... HUGE announcements all around... and The Duel On The Diamond has turned into one major event, Mr. O'Neill. Thank you for joining us!

[O'Neill nods.]

LON: It was my pleasure, Gordon... and I wish everyone in Dallas a great night and I hope they enjoy the rest of the show!

[The image of O'Neill fades out, leaving Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: The AWA President with some very big news right there about the next time we'll be coming to you fans here on The X. Turner Field. Sunday night, April 12th - The Duel On The Diamond! And you can bet that the two men in our next match are hoping to be a part of that big night as well. Phil Watson, take it away!

[Crossfade to the ring as the grating electric sounds of "More Human Than Human (Remix)" by White Zombie starts up over the PA, and the fans boo.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Oakland, California... weighing in at two hundred nineteen pounds... "THE ANARCHIST" MATT ROGERS!

[Watson's intro takes us through the opening segment, and when the main melody of the song is heard, Rogers steps out from behind the curtain. Matt Rogers has pale skin, long black hair, a mustache, and pointed goatee. He is slight of build, and has a few tattoos on his arms and chest. He wears long black tights with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, and heavily taped wrists, forearms, and fingers. He's also sporting a black leather jacket with red and white bandanas wrapped around the shoulders and an intricate skull design stenciled on the back in red paint. His head is down as he walks, as if he's heading down the street and doesn't want to be bothered. Some of the lights are dimming and undimming in time to the music, giving a subtle effect.]

A quick camera cut shows Rufus Harris sitting in the front row, munching on some popcorn as he nods his head at Rogers' entrance.]

GM: Well, Matt Rogers is here, Bucky Wilde, and frankly...this one could get really uncomfortable, really quickly.

BW: What, you think our guest out there in the front row isn't just here to watch, Gordo?

GM: I don't know, but what I do know is that... that person has had a whole lot to say, and hasn't done a whole lot of backing it up. He could be looking for a chance to do that tonight, and the last thing we need on our last night in Dallas for a while is a riot.

[Rogers gets to the ring, rolls under the bottom rope, and pops up to his feet. After a moment of glaring down, he lifts his head and stretches his arms out wide, giving the fans an arrogant look as he absorbs their boos. He holds this pose for a couple of seconds before walking to his corner, ignoring the referee as he goes past.]

GM: Matt Rogers looking pretty confident out here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Of course he does! Even if you're walking into a fight with a man that outweighs you by a hundred and thirty pounds, you better still come out like you believe you're winning, Gordo, or you're gonna wind up a wet spot on the canvas.

GM: That's a...good, if somewhat disgusting, point.

[Suddenly, the rumbling bass line of "Ritmos Satanicos" by Brujeria hits, and with it comes a solid amount of cheering from the crowd.]

BW: Here we go!

[Wasting no time, Kraken emerges from the back, stalking quickly down the aisle, making a rumbling beeline towards the spot where Harris is seated.]

GM: Oh my goodness... I hope security keeps this from turning ugly, we do NOT need this kind of incident tonight.

[Moving faster than it looks like should be possible, the Robfathah sort of runs from the back, getting between Kraken and his intended destination, shaking his head and pointing towards the ring, clearly telling his charge to focus on business.]

BC: Whoa! I wouldn't have thought Christie could move himself that quickly, Gordo.

GM: Neither would I, Bucky, but I'm glad he found it in him, because I don't know if Kraken will listen to any other voice than the Robfathah's.

[Kraken glares over the head of his rotund manager at Harris who stands up, waving Kraken towards him. Kraken again takes a step towards him before Christie manages to get his focus, finally moving back towards the ring as Phil Watson makes the announcement.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Cripple Creek, Colorado! He stands six feet, four inches tall and weighed in today at three hundred and fifty-four pounds...he is...

KRAAAAAAAAAAAKEN!!

[Kraken rolls into the ring, coming to his feet very quickly for a three hundred a fifty four pounder. He stares across the ring at Matt Rogers, who, to his credit, doesn't look intimidated in the slightest. Kraken, features nearly unreadable under that odd mask, nods in seeming approval as referee Davis Warren motions for the bell.]

[DING, DING, DING!]

GM: And this one's underway! Matt Rogers looks like he's approaching this one very cautiously, Bucky, as he hasn't moved too far from his corner yet.

BW: That's a good strategy. You don't rush into a fight against a man this much bigger than you unless you're trying to get your butt kicked!

GM: Indeed! Rogers and Kraken finally close, and they lock up!

[Rogers quickly finds out this is a bad idea, as he's quickly shoved to the ground by the much larger Kraken.]

GM: I'm not sure a test of strength and leverage is something Matt Rogers wants to get into here, either, but he's back up and demanding another lockup! Kraken obliges -- oh my!

[Gordon's reaction was prompted by the fact that, just before the two locked up, Matt Rogers spun around and kicked Kraken in his prominent gut!]

BW: There we go! Use your brains and those educated feet, Rogers, that's the only way you're getting out of this one!

GM: That kick to the gut doubled up Kraken, and Rogers follows it up with a pair of kicks to the leg! Kraken almost seems staggered, and Rogers is following him into the corner, kicking that leg all the while!

[Rogers, having driven the bigger man into the corner, takes off running, hits the ropes...and blasts Kraken with a leg lariat in the corner!]

GM: What a move by Rogers!

BW: He's taking it to the big man, Gordo! This is how it's done!

GM: Rogers is trying to pull Kraken out of the corner now with an Irish whip and...uh oh.

BW: No! That's not how it's done, you aren't whipping him out!

GM: Kraken has hooked the top rope, and Rogers tries to whip him out again to no avail! He keeps his grip on that top rope as Rogers tries for a third time -- oh my!

[Kraken, having had enough of this, suddenly grabs Rogers by the throat and spins him into the corner!]

BW: Get out of there, Rogers!

GM: I think he'd love nothing more, but Kraken is hitting him with that barrage of body punches, and Rogers doesn't seem like he's in any shape to go anywhere right now!

[Kraken hooks the "Anarchist" and whips him hard into the corner, rumbling in after him...]

BW: AVALANCHE! That could be all!

[Rogers stumbles out of the corner, falls, and Kraken is clearly looking for a pinfall...

...except he stops, glaring up at a certain spot in the front row, barking words that can't be rewritten here.]

GM: I don't know if Rogers would've kicked out of that pinfall attempt, Bucky, but Kraken is clearly distracted by ... well, by that man sitting in the front row.

BW: Just say his name, Gordo, we can't just pretend he isn't there. Rufus Harris' trash talking is so loud that they can probably hear it in Houston!

[Indeed, and Kraken is yelling back, and unfortunately, has taken his eye off of Matt Rogers as a result. The Robfathah is pounding the edge of the mat, trying to get his charge to refocus, when suddenly Rogers crashes into him with a dropkick to the back of the head!]

BW: Rogers just drove his feet right into the back of the Kraken's head, and he's stuck against the ropes!

GM: Rogers is working over Kraken's midsection with those kicks, now...left, right, left, right, and he follows up with another hard spin kick that doubles him over -- and follows THAT up with a high kick to the head!

[A staggered Kraken is easy prey for Rogers to whip him across, scoring with another leg lariat, taking the big man down to the mat!]

GM: Rogers goes in for a pinfall attempt, one, two...no! Kraken kicks out.

BW: This would be a huge win for Rogers, Gordo! Stay on him!

GM: Rogers is trying to muscle Kraken to his feet, Bucky, and he's not having... much success.

[Rogers figures out fairly quickly that picking the big man up is not something he's doing anytime soon, so instead he steps back and kicks him hard in the ribs!]

GM: Harsh soccer-style kick to the ribs there! That brought Kraken nearly up... and a second hard kick to the ribs has Kraken up to a knee!

BW: Rogers takes a few steps back to get a running start -- BURNING WIZARD!

GM: That kick nailed Kraken right on the button, and Rogers goes for another pin -- but Kraken again kicks out! That was a pretty close near-fall, but Kraken manages to avoid getting pinned. You have to wonder how distracted he is by Harris' presence, Bucky.

BW: Maybe...or maybe Matt Rogers is just being overlooked, Gordo!

GM: He's making a good showing here tonight, Bucky, and he picked a heck of a night to do it! Rogers looks a little frustrated, arguing about the count with Davis Warren.

[Rogers is holding up three fingers in Warren's face, who adamantly insists that it was only a two.]

BW: Rogers isn't a fan of referees in general, I bet he likes 'em even less if he thinks they're slow-counting him, daddy!

GM: Davis Warren's counts are very consistent...and Rogers is about to have a bigger problem on his hands, Bucky!

BW: Oh, no. Turn around, Rogers!

[Kraken has used the time Rogers has spent arguing with Warren to get back to his feet, leaning on the ropes a little bit to assist him.]

BW: The big man is wobbly! If Rogers can hit his finish, he can walk away a winner tonight, Gordo!

GM: He seems to think the same thing, but he's still got a few more words for Warren as he goes back to work on Kraken-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd gasps as Kraken, dazed and in trouble, UNCORKS a spinning backfist that drills Rogers in the temple, knocking him motionlessly down to the canvas.]

GM: OH MY! Rogers might be out cold after that! Kraken covers!

[The referee drops down, slapping the mat once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Kraken scores another victory!

[Christie applauds as he takes his spot on the apron, turning slightly to glare at Rufus Harris who is mockingly applauding the victory while continuing to run his mouth.]

GM: Rufus Harris, the Global Fighting Champion, is really running his mouth out here. There aren't many men on the planet who would intentionally try to get under the skin of a near four hundred pound man but Rufus Harris appears to be one of them.

[Kraken rolls under the bottom rope to the floor, allowing the referee to raise his hand...

...and locking eyes on a smirking Rufus Harris who glares at Kraken, nodding his head.]

GM: Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this one, fans. We need help out here now... we need security... we need officials... we need anyone who can get between Kraken and Rufus Harris right now!

[Kraken steps forward as Christie drops down off the apron, again trying to get in front of his charge, trying to keep him back as Kraken fires off some words of his own. The censor at The X is having a rough night as we get several seconds of silence to keep things family friendly. The Crockett Coliseum crowd is roaring, cheering the two men on to throw down at ringside.]

GM: Rob Christie is trying to keep these two apa- well, he was trying to keep them apart.

[Having sparked a nerve on Christie, the Robfathah wheels around and opens fire on Rufus Harris as well. Harris throws his head back, barking like

a madman as Christie points aggressively, shouting as Kraken steps around him, moving closer to the ringside barricade.]

GM: Guys, whoever can hear me in the back... I don't know what the heck you're waiting for but-

[Suddenly, Kraken LUNGES forward, shoving Harris firmly in the chest, sending the surprised GFC Champion stumbling backward, falling back over his own chair to a ROAR from the Crockett Coliseum crowd!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Harris comes flying up off the ground, obviously embarrassed as suddenly a sea of AWA officials and security arrive on the scene, trying to get between the two brawler. Harris' personal security rushes into view as well, shoving fans out of the way as Harris is screaming loud enough for the cameras to pick up.

"YOU'RE DEAD, FAT MAN! YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!"

Christie continues to shout back at him as Kraken tries to wade through the bodies in front of him, looking to get his hands on Harris again. The GFC Champion is trying to come over the barricade as AWA security and Harris' personal security attempt to restrain him.

The crowd "OHHHHHHHHHs" as Harris spits over the railing, catching Kraken right in the face!

Kraken throws a pair of AWA officials aside, trying to get closer to Harris who continues to try and get over the railing...

...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.

And as we come back, we get the graphic for AWA moments in Texas once again as we see footage that's marked "SuperClash 2 - November 25th, 2010 - Fair Park Coliseum - Dallas, Texas." We begin with a behind-the-

scenes footage of Juan Vasquez preparing for the Main Event with his voice heard over it.]

"I've been dreamin' about this day for one year.

Juan Vasquez doesn't run from fights. Juan Vasquez faces every single challenge, conquers every obstacle and he wills...he _wills_ his way through it all!

A lot of people in this sport like to tell you that there ain't anybody more dangerous than a man with nothing to lose."

[A soft chuckle.]

"That's a load of crap.

The most dangerous man, is the one with _everything_ to lose.

If I lose tonight, if I fail...there ain't any more chances. There ain't no hope. There ain't ever gonna' be a better and brighter tomorrow. If I lose...

...it's all over.

I've literally put _everything_ on the line.

Tonight, it ain't about the Southern Syndicate and the AWA. It ain't about Calisto Dufrense, Adrian Freeman or even that devil, Ben Waterson.

It's about what began last year and what ends tonight.

It's about you and me, Stevie Scott.

[The still of Vasquez fades and is replaced by Stevie Scott standing alongside "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson. Stevie Scott's voice is heard.]

"Juan Vasquez just told the entire world that he HAS to win this match.

Juan Vasquez doesn't have the slightest clue about what it means to REALLY have to win a match.

Juan Vasquez is the epitome of someone who has had a silver spoon shoved down their throat for their entire career, Dane.

He's a man who has been welcomed with open arms by fans and promoters alike wherever he's gone - Los Angeles, St. Louis, Canada - you name it, he's been a top star there.

Me? I've bounced around from territory to territory, getting the occasional cup of coffee in the big leagues to make the idiots laugh at the bottom of the card.

Until now."

[A fade to a shot of Stevie Scott betraying Sweet Daddy Williams.]

"I saw what had to be done... and I did it. I led that pathetic sap Sweet Daddy Williams down a primrose path... I made those fans give a damn about me, cheering and screaming their hearts out for me... and then I buried the knife in all of their hearts and took the National Title.

I was big time. I was Main Event. I was the National Champion. I was the greatest wrestler in the world.

I went from being a nobody to being THE man, Juan Vasquez.

Everywhere you go... title or not... your name makes you the man.

Here... in the AWA... in the house the Hotshot built... this belt makes me the man. This belt means everything to me.

At the end of the day, it means I'm the best wrestler in the world, Vasquez... and you're not. No matter how much they tell you elsewhere that you are. No matter how many awards you win. No matter how much fan mail you open.

I'm the best. Not you.

You tell the world you HAVE to win tonight?

I NEED to win."

[We crossfade to a shot of Vasquez jogging down the aisle in his white tracksuit... dissolving into Stevie Scott standing at the top of the aisle in a breathtaking white and silver robe that stretches all the way down to the floor. The robe is covered in feathers and sparkles under the arena lights.] A shower of golden sparks begin to fall from about ten feet above the entryway.

And then to Michael Meekly speaking to both men, gesturing out to the floor where official outside-the-ring enforcer Alex Martinez is standing.]

GM: Michael Meekly reminding both champion and challenger that Alex Martinez is a licensed official for this match. He has been empowered to count pinfalls, check for submissions, disqualify - anything power that an official would typically have, Martinez has got it here tonight. Jim Watkins wanted him to be ready for anything.

[The sound of the bell goes as we cut to a shot of Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez - champion and challenger - standing toe to toe in the middle of the ring. Scott's mouth is running a mile a minute until Juan Vasquez lashes out with a headbutt to break up the verbal barrage.

We cut deeper into the match where Vasquez is battering Scott with haymakers in the corner before Michael Meekly physically drags him out of

the corner. A verbal showdown between the AWA's Senior Official and Juan Vasquez ends in Vasquez shoving past the official, charging across the ring...

...right into a superkick on the chin!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: HEATSEEKER!! COVER HIM, CHAMP!!

GM: Stevie Scott with the Heatseeker out of nowhere! Juan Vasquez was distracted by the official and he ran right into the Heatseeker!

[Vasquez rolls out to the floor as we cut ahead into the match...

...to a series of offensive assaults from Stevie Scott - a punt kick to the ribs, a whip into the turnbuckles, a hiptoss out of the corner, wrapped up with Scott lifting Vasquez into the air, dropping him facefirst with a gourdbuster!]

GM: GOURDBUSTER!

BW: And it was a beauty! This might be it, Gordo!

GM: Another cover by Scott - one! TWO!

[But Vasquez again slips a shoulder out at two. An angry Stevie Scott glares at the official, holding up three fingers but the AWA's Senior Official waves him off...

...as we cut deeper into the match where Juan Vasquez comes charging towards the Hotshot, connecting with a running clothesline that takes them both over the barricade and into the crowd!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE FRONT ROW HERE IN DALLAS, TEXAS! THE NATIONAL TITLE MATCH HAS SPILLED INTO THE CROWD IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT, BUCKY WILDE!

BW: Oh, I can believe it. I'm not even sure this building can hold this rivalry, Gordo!

[The cameraman rushes to the railing, focusing down to show Vasquez sprawled out on the concrete floor, both hands wrapped around his midsection as he grimaces in pain. Stevie Scott is laid out a couple feet away, barely moving on the floor as the AWA fans all around them roar their approval for the big move as we fade deeper into the match again...

...just as Juan Vasquez is perched up top, waiting for the Hotshot to rise to his feet.]

GM: VASQUEZ OFF THE TOP!!!

[In the move that cost him the National Title back in April, Vasquez connects squarely on the chest of the champion with a high cross body...

...but just like in April, Scott rolls through the move, grabbing a handful of tights just out of the official's view as he dives to the mat to count.]

GM: THIS IS HOW HE LOST THE TITLE!!

BW: COUNT! COUNT!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But loud shouts from a desperate Alex Martinez outside the ring grabs the referee's attention...

...and at Martinez' urging, he spots the hooked tights and waves off the pin count, shouting at Stevie Scott!]

GM: Yeah! Martinez saw the tights being pulled and he made sure that Michael Meekly saw it too! Stevie Scott's not gonna pull a fast one to win this one, Bucky!

BW: That Martinez better watch where he sticks his seven foot nose or Stevie might just kick it square off his face!

GM: Stevie Scott had the trunks hooked - just how he won the National Title for the second time back in April - but Alex Martinez got the referee to stop counting - oh, and Stevie's hot!

[The pissed-off National Champion approaches the ropes near Martinez, leaning over to scream and shout at him...

...and a well-placed high knee to the back by Vasquez sends the Hotshot tumbling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OUT TO THE FLOOR AGAIN!!

[Vasquez backs off to the far ropes, waving an arm - a sign for Stevie Scott to get to his feet and an equal sign for the crowd to go crazy. As the National Champion staggers up, Vasquez propels himself across the ring at top speed...

...and TORPEDOES himself between the top and middle rope, diving atop a stunned Stevie Scott! HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! ONE HELL OF A DIVE BY JUAN VASQUEZ TO THE FLOOR!

[With both men sprawled out, we fade again...

...as Stevie Scott is delivering right hand after right hand to the dazed challenger until one such haymaker is ducked, allowing Vasquez to hook his rival around the upper body with his left arm, jamming his right thumb into the side of the throat!]

GM: SPIKE! THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE IS ON!!

[The crowd erupts at the sight of the hold that has defeated Stevie Scott on two occasions being applied. Vasquez grits his teeth, pushing hard on the thumb as Scott struggles against the hold, his arms pumping and flailing as he tries to find his way free.]

GM: He's got him trapped in the Assassin's Spike! Can he hold on to it?

BW: Get to the ropes, champ! Get out of it!

[Scott moves slowly step by step across the ring...

...and wraps his arms around the top rope, screaming for a break. The break doesn't come right away, forcing the referee to step in to try and break up the hold... which allows Stevie to lash out backwards with a mule kick to the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! STEVIE GOES LOW ON VASQUEZ!!

[We fade again, showing both men struggling to get up off the canvas.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez reaches his feet and UNCORKS a right cross to the jaw that snaps Scott's head back, sending him falling back onto his rear in the corner.]

GM: Down goes the champ! The champion got rocked with that right and he's down in the corner!

[A fired-up Vasquez approaches the corner, lifting his boot to place it against the face of the Hotshot...

...and rakes the leather of his boot across the face!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That's illegal too! This Vasquez is the worst cheater I've ever seen!

GM: Another one! He's ripping the skin right off Stevie Scott's face with those.

[Vasquez scrapes his boot across the face of the Hotshot over and over again, ripping into the flesh of Stevie Scott. With the National Champion dazed and in agony in the corner, Vasquez backs off across the ring...

...and points right at the waiting Scott with both hands before breaking

into a full sprint!]

GM: HERE! HE! COMES!

[At the "COMES!", Vasquez launches himself into the air, DRIVING both feet squarely into the face of his rival!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! HE DROVE HIS FEET INTO THE FACE OF THE CHAMPION!!!

[Vasquez rolls to his feet, leaning down to drag his opponent a few feet out of the corner. He quickly steps to the bottom rope, leaping backwards with a quick moonsault!]

GM: Ohh! Bottom rope backflip!

[The Number One Contender grabs his ribs, wincing as he gets to his feet. Shaking off the pain, he steps up to the middle rope, leaping backwards again...

...and crashing down across the chest of his rival!]

GM: That's two!

[Vasquez slowly pulls himself to his feet using the ropes. He points to the crowd who roar as he steps up to the second rope, visibly in pain as he places a foot on the top rope...

...and springs off, backflipping onto the Hotshot's chest!]

GM: BACKFLIP OFF THE TOP!! HE GOT IT ALL!!

[The challenger pops up off the moonsault, grabbing his ribs with both arms, and then lunges forward to apply a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[HUUUUGE ROAR OF SHOCK!]

GM: MY STARS, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! HE GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

[A frustrated Vasquez pushes up to his knees, shaking his head back and forth. He shouts at the official who holds up two fingers. Vasquez again shakes his head as he climbs to his feet, watching Stevie Scott roll under the ropes to the floor...

...as we fade again to where Vasquez is depositing Scott on the top turnbuckle, facing away from him. He takes a few steps back, grabbing his ribs before shaking it off, heading back in where he steps up to the second rope, wrapping his arms around the champion's waist.

Vasquez braces himself, trying to lift Scott into the air again but after a bit of a struggle, he sets him back down, clutching his midsection...

...and getting a hard back elbow to the bridge of the nose, sending him sailing off the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He floors Vasquez and-

[Without a second of pause, Scott steps up to the top rope...

...and leaps backwards, flipping through the air and CRASHING down across the torso of a stunned Vasquez!]

BW: STEVIESAULT!! HE NAILED HIM!!

[Scott reaches back, hooking both legs with his arms.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE- NO! NO! NO!!

[The crowd ERUPTS with relief as the referee springs to his feet, holding up two fingers.]

GM: It's only a two count! Stevie Scott hit the Steviesault but he only gets a two count for it! I don't know how... I don't know how in the world Juan Vasquez got his shoulder off the mat in time!

[We fade again to deeper into the match where a desperate Stevie Scott LASHES OUT with a Heatseeker under the chin of Michael Meekly, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SUPERKICKED THE REF! THAT SON OF A-

[Scott smirks as the crowd jeers wildly at his actions.]

GM: He did that intentionally - a blatant assault on an official! This guy wants to be disqualified! He knows the title is in jeopardy and he wants out, Bucky!

[Cue the outside-the-ring enforcer Alex Martinez who stands up on the apron, stepping over the ropes into the ring, pointing at "Hotshot" Stevie Scott who grins in response. Martinez raises an arm to signal for the bell...

...but Vasquez pushes up to his knees, shaking his head back and forth!]

GM: He's... my stars, he's begging Alex Martinez! He's begging Alex Martinez not to call for the bell! He's begging him not to disqualify Stevie Scott!

[The Hotshot glares at Vasquez and then turns his gaze to Martinez.]

"DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! DO YOUR JOB, MARTINEZ!"

[The seven footer stares at the Hotshot for a moment... then out to the roaring crowd... then down to Vasquez...

...and then waves his arms, calling for the match to continue! We cut a little deeper into the match where Ben Waterson is standing on the ring apron, metal briefcase in hand. Stevie Scott grins, lifting his hands to receive it...]

GM: I can't believe this! The officials are down... Waterson's here... not again! This son of a- they're going to steal Juan Vasquez' career from him, damn it!

[Waterson tosses the steel case into the air towards Stevie Scott whose hands are raised to catch it...

...but he watches helplessly as the case sails over him, landing in the waiting hands of Juan Vasquez.]

GM: WHAT?!

[Scott's eyes go wide as Vasquez stands before him with the briefcase. The National Champion turns around, looking at Ben Waterson who smirks...

...and nods.]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The metal briefcase is SMASHED down over the skull of a shocked Stevie Scott, a blow that knocks the National Champion flat on his back. Vasquez quickly tosses the briefcase back to Waterson who drops down to the floor, hiding below the level of the squared circle as a still-hurting Martinez drops down on all fours to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[We cut one more time to Juan Vasquez hugging the National Title belt close to his chest, kneeling on the canvas as we fade back to live action.

We cut over to the interview platform, where Colt Patterson is standing by with the tag team known as Dichotomy.

The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He's wearing a black polo shirt with an unfinished Death Star stitched onto the right chest, dress shoes, and black slacks.

The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. He's wearing a black T-Shirt with a hexagon in the shape of a Trivial Pursuit piece, each wedge featuring one of the symbols of a house of Westeros. Navy cargo pants and black boots round out his attire.]

CP: Alright, I'm here with Dichotomy, and gentlemen, it sounds like you gotta get your hands dirty next month at Turner Field for Duel On The Diamond, because you're signed to fight the Wilde Bunch. Gotta say, I feel bad for ya. You're gonna need to get vaccinated.

MG: Indeed. It was inevitable, though. When we wanted a televised match for months on end, we got none. But after proving ourselves to be the True Number One Contenders by defeating the Surfer Dudes, SkyHerc, and Brian James and his albatross... now there is a team that we do not wish to fight. So of course the matchmakers signed it immediately. That's typical.

MH: They keep on disrespecting us. They fly in some painted-up freaks from Japan to try and break in line in front of us, while we gotta wallow in the muck with the REAL pigs around here. But that's fine. They say pigs always return to their slop no matter how much you wash them off, so I guess you'll know where to find them after Turner Field: back in the middle of nowhere on the pig farm. They'll never step in the ring again once they have to face REAL athletes.

MG: It's disgusting. How can those unwashed, uneducated, backwards simpletons be allowed to compete?! Mr. Patterson, during my studies, I have become acutely aware of the types of disease and parasitic organisms that thrive in the sort of environment those two walking bacterial incubators provide. They've clearly never so much as brushed their teeth, and they likely think that soap is only a television genre. Which they probably would consider high art if they were intelligent enough to operate a television.

CP: I hear ya. I hope the AWA fumigates the Crockett Coliseum when we go on the road.

MH: They should demolish it. These people are just like the Wilde Bunch. If they've ever been to school in their lives, they either never got past the third grade or it was one of those schools that offer classes like Remedial Scribbling and AP Naptime. Which half of them probably flunked anyway. Look at that idiot over there with that sign.

[This sign reads "I LUV U AIR STRIKE" and is waved by a young woman.]

MG: U is a letter, not a word, you ignoramus. 'Love' has an o and an e and is an abstract concept with no basis in reality. And you don't love them nearly as much as the promoters who keep protecting them from us!

MH: Look at that one up near the front.

[The camera now pans up front to a large "DALLAS IS AWA CONTRY 4EVER" banner and the group of fans waving it.]

MH: C-O-U-N-T-R-Y. Like in "This country is garbage." and "People who live out in the country are dirty useless pigs." Only vapid adolescent girls spell words using numbers. And the AWA is never, ever coming back here. They're leaving you behind, don't you get it? The AWA doesn't want to be here anymore! Dallas is a backwater pigsty masquerading as a city. Houston's embarrassed that people mention you in the same breath as them because you're both in Texas. No wonder you cheer the Wilde Bunch... you're all JUST LIKE THEM!

MG: Indeed. Short of intellect, bereft of any redeeming quality. You people will not be missed. And neither will the Wilde Bunch... we will see to it.

CP: Fellas, I do gotta ask one thing. You're not takin' them fat ugly pigs lightly, are you? They may be stupid, and smell worse than a dead skunk, but they're big strong guys who could do some damage if they hit you or fall on you.

MG: Obviously. So we won't allow them to do either of those things. Their mass and their physicality are certainly enough to carry them past other imbeciles. I suppose their fellow denizens of the lowest common denominator would think them dangerous. But we see two utterly vacant buffoons who primarily endanger themselves with idiotic behavior, morbid obesity, and sky-high cholesterol levels.

MH: But we got a weight loss plan for the whole AWA, Colt. The tag division's about to get about seven hundred pounds lighter.

[With that statement, Dichotomy marches out to the boos of the fans as we crossfade back to the locker room area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing between two hulking beasts of humanity - Hammer and Scythe, The War Pigs. A grinning Richard E. Lee is standing right behind an edge Blackwell, tapping his rolled up newspaper on Blackwell's shoulder.]

SLB: Joining me right now are the challengers in tonight's World Tag Team Title showdown - the War Pigs. Gentlemen-

[Scythe interrupts.]

S: FEE FI FO FUM... I smell gold in the air and I've come to get me some!

[Blackwell shakes his head as Lee steps forward, bumping Blackwell aside.]

REL: You near-sighted toad, Blackwell... the World Tag Team Titles, you say? The World Tag Team Titles? This isn't JUST about the AWA World Tag Team Titles... although they'd look pretty good on us, don'tcha think?

[Hammer nods, slapping a hand across the chest where the title belt would rest if it was over his shoulder.]

REL: But it's about the reason we came back to the AWA to begin with! It's about the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles! It's about the titles that

GUARANTEE that those puffed up cowards, Violence Unlimited, will have to get back inside the ring with the Dominion of Domination, The War Pigs. Ain't that right, Hammer?

[Blackwell extends the mic in front of Hammer's face]

H: BLACKWELL! When you see the marquee that says the War Pigs are takin' on Air Strike... what do you think?

SLB: I don't-

H: PAIN! SUFFERING! BLOOD! GUTS! ABSOLUTE CARNAGE! That's what I see, Blackwell! I see two little men coming at us like a pair of flies trying to bust up a picnic... but this picnic don't end until dessert. You know what's for dessert?

SLB: I-

H: Tell 'em, Scythe!

[Scythe cackles as he yanks Blackwell's arm towards him.]

S: When we travel around the world, it's always tough to find the right food to keep our bodies jacked and loaded for battle, Blackwell! So, last Christmas, we asked Santa for somethin' useful. None of those socks... none of those iPads... none of those lumps of coal neither.

What do you get for the War Pigs who got everything?

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

S: A BIG OL' BLENDER!

SLB: A... a blender?

S: An industrial-sized blender! So, tonight... when we're finished winning BOTH sets of tag titles, we're gonna take what's left of Aarons and Mertz and toss 'em both into our blender. I'm gonna take this little piggy...

[Scythe holds up his pinkie finger.]

S: ...and I'm gonna hit PUREE! Oh, it'll be messy, Blackwell. The bones will grind, the eyeballs will POP! And when it's all said and done, we're going to have a lovely cream filling for AIR STRIKE PIE! I'm gonna carve up a slice for me... one for Hammer... you want one, Richie?

[Lee grimaces, holding up his hands.]

S: Richie's on a diet so he don't get none. But the biggest piece of all, we're gonna save that for you, Blackwell. We're gonna come back here and shove it RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT!

[Blackwell looks like he's gonna vomit.]

S: And then you'll know the same taste that Air Strike's about to know.

SLB: What's that?

S: The taste of defeat. See you twerps in the ring.

OHHHHH LOOOOORRRRD YEAAAAAAAAAH!

[The trio strides out of view, leaving Lou Blackwell behind.]

SLB: The War Pigs looking to make a...

[He gulps.]

SLB: ...most unusual Anniversary dessert for the AWA here tonight. Now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the Double Crown Champions!

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the dual tag team champions, Air Strike. Cody Mertz stands to his left while Michael Aarons paces in the background. The champions are wearing their normal green and white ring gear.]

MS: We are moments away from this championship match in which the champions Air Strike are facing the team that made a surprising return last time here on SNW, the War Pigs...

[Aarons stops pacing and cuts Stegglet off.]

MA: Let's just stop with the formalities, Stegs, okay? The War Pigs come down here and attack us during our match with Lights Out two weeks ago. They think they were wronged in some way because the Tiger Paw Pro champs...

[Aarons points back and forth between himself and his partner.]

MA: ...defended that championship in Tiger Paw Pro. So yeah, we did walk in their house! We did step in their yard! We did all those things, and we beat you!

[Aarons shakes his head with disgust.]

MA: But now you come here to Dallas, Texas and say you want another shot at the titles... that you want to go on and face Violence Unlimited and make them see the light?

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: Well boys, if you wanted another shot, all you had to do is ask... Air Strike hasn't ever really been in the request refusal department. So title match?

[Snapping his fingers, Aarons then continues.]

MA: Done. But we're not your stepping stone there, jacks. You want to look past us and go play everybody's favorite game of where in the world are Haynes and Morton "on tour" this week. Well, then we got a big problem with that!

[Mertz leans over as Aarons paces away.]

CM: We've been telling the world over for months now that we aren't too hard to find. Whether it be Saturday Night Wrestling or Wrestle Galaxy, we've been defending both titles with the honor and respect they deserve.

We know the War Pigs; we've fought the War Pigs. They took us to the very limit and that same hard fought battle is the same battle we expect tonight. But Hammer, Scythe... expect the same.

[Mertz stares straight at the camera.]

CM: We are the champions. We have proven night after night – match after match that we belong. The Lights Out Express didn't think so, Violence Unlimited same thing. The two of you want to talk about what happens after you beat us, but the thing is you haven't yet. So we'll tell you the same thing we told everybody else – if you want to try we'll be in the same place we always are. In that ring. Ready for battle. Ready to defend. Ready to fight. Anytime, anywhere. War Pigs, Violence Unlimited, Lights Out Express, or anyone else.

[Mertz and Aarons exchange a fist bump.]

MA: That's right. And since this is the last time in a long time we are going to be here in Dallas Texas. We want to make sure the crowd that made us gets to see a show. So we're going to give them the high-flying...

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: They're gonna get the death defying....

[Aarons wraps an arm around the shoulder of his partner.]

MA: They're gonna get the tag team redefining, Teenage Dream Team, Dual Tag Team Champions of the world, Air Strike. And what's good for these fans, is gonna be bad for Hammer and Scythe!

[The duo exchanges another fist bump as they walk off towards the ring.]

MS: It's time for that Double Tag Team Title match, fans! You wanted a special night as the AWA says goodbye to Dallas... well, you're getting it! Phil Watson, take it away!

[We 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 for both the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown!

Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[The ripping guitar serving as the trademark intro for Black Sabbath's "War Pigs" begins to play over the PA system. As the sirens wail, so do sirens on either side of the entranceway as the video screen lights up with a siren of its own. Ozzy's voice cuts like a knife through the buzzing crowd.]

#GENERALS GATHERED IN THEIR MASSES
JUST LIKE WITCHES AT BLACK MASSES
EVIL MINDS THAT PLOT DESTRUCTION
SORCERERS OF DEATH'S CONSTRUCTION
IN THE FIELDS THE BODIES BURNING
AS THE WAR MACHINE KEEPS TURNING
DEATH AND HATRED TO MANKIND
POISONING THEIR BRAINWASHED MINDS
OH LORD YEAH!#

[As the lyrics and guitar launch in tandem, the curtain parts and Richard E. Lee strides into view, a huge grin on his face as he spreads his arms wide. After a moment, the mountains of muscle, Hammer and Scythe, stride into view on either side of him to a mixed reaction from the capacity crowd.]

PW: From DEEEEEEEEE-TROIT, MICHIGAN... at a total combined weight of of 555 pounds... accompanied to the ring by their manager Richard E. Lee... they are Hammer... Scythe...

THE WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRR PIIIIIIIIIIIIIGS!

[There is a surge of cheers for the face-painted duo as they march down the aisle. Hammer is the bigger of the two, nearing three hundred pounds as he marches down the aisle in plain black full-length tights and boots with a silver war hammer airbrushed down the side of his pants. His hair is cut into a tight-to-the-scalp mohawk and his face is slathered in red and black facepaint in the shape of a spider.

Scythe is slightly smaller (just barely) with the lack of a barrel-chest that his partner has but is definitely more defined in his physique. He wears matching tights and boots with a silver scythe down the leg of his pants. His hair is carved into a reverse mohawk with his facepaint in red and white, shaped like a bird of prey's talons around his face.

Richard E. Lee rounds out the ensemble, a decent-sized individual. He looks every bit the part of the former wrestler that he is, sporting what appears to be a good physique under his black "WAR PIGS = CARNAGE" t-shirt. He slaps a rolled-up newspaper into the palm of his other hands a few times as he walks the ramp with his charges.]

GM: The War Pigs are one of the most intimidating teams on the planet, Bucky.

BW: I'm just glad they decided to keep the spikes at home tonight.

GM: Bucky, of course, is referring to the solid silver spiked shoulderpads that these two have been known to wear on occasion for that little extra fear to be struck in the hearts of their opponents. Longtime AWA fans will remember Hammer and Scythe from their time here in the Alliance but they've made the biggest names for themselves in Japan where they and Violence Unlimited are numbers one and two... decide on the order yourself... when it comes to American tag teams and have been that way for quite some time.

BW: There will be no question who is number one and who is number two if the War Pigs return to Japan as the new Double Crown Champions, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. Violence Unlimited may carry the titles but if Hammer and Scythe can win here tonight, they'll be the champions and that will set up perhaps the biggest showdown in Japanese tag team wrestling in years. Of course, we're going to see one of the biggest Japanese singles encounters in three weeks at Turner Field for Duel On The Diamond when Noboru Fujimoto defends the Global Crown against Yoshinari Taguchi. That's a rematch that many Japanese fans have been waiting a long for and we can't wait to bring it to you here on The X!

[The trio enters the ring, marching across to mount the midbuckles as they look out at the crowd who responds with a mix of cheers and boos.]

GM: The fans here in Dallas are likely to be solidly behind the champions here tonight but you can hear more than a few of them are pleased to see the War Pigs back in the States as well.

BW: The AWA has some of the most knowledgeable fans in the world, Gordo... you can bet that a lot of them are familiar with the Pigs' exploits overseas too.

GM: Absolutely.

[The music fades as Sabre and Hammer jump down, moving to their corner to discuss strategy with Richard E. Lee...

...and the fans ROAR as the sound of "Can't Hold Us" kicks in over the PA system!]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 420 pounds...they are the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions and the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

MICHAEL AARONS and CODY MERTZ...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[As the pop music continues to blast, the Double Crown Champions burst into view to a big cheer. Mertz and Aarons are dressed as we saw them moments ago, slowly making their way down the ramp as they slap every outstretched hand they can find.]

GM: The Double Crown Champions continue to rack up the frequent flyer miles, fans, with constant trips between Japan and the States to defend both sets of championships.

BW: And all that travel has gotta be wearing on them, Gordo. They just didn't look as sharp two weeks ago against the L-O-E as we're used to seeing them.

GM: They may be tired, they may be weary, but they continue to bring the fight week in and week out against any opponent who signs on to face them.

[As they reach the ring, both men walk down the steps to the floor, continuing their path around the ring, trading high fives, fist bumps, and hugs with the cheering fans.]

GM: You talk about two men who will be sad to see the AWA leave Texas, these two have really become the darlings of the fans here in Dallas and the Crockett. This is where they got their start in the Combat Corner... this is where they won the World Tag Team Titles. Air Strike is certainly going to miss these fans.

BW: That's really touching. Who knows, Gordo? The War Pigs may leave 'em here in a hospital bed so they can stay in Dallas indefinitely.

[Aarons and Mertz finally reach one another, trading a high five before they turn towards the ring, pulling themselves up on the apron where Scythe shouts a warning at them. Aarons and Mertz step through the ropes, fists at the ready in case they get attacked but referee Ricky Longfellow keeps the challengers back as does Richard E. Lee who is talking a stream of suggestions as he backs his men back into the challengers' corner.]

GM: Hammer and Scythe showing some rare restraint here. They are well known for their tendency to attack an opponent before the bell but right now, they're sitting back and watching as Air Strike salutes these roaring fans here in Dallas, Texas for the last time in a while.

[The champions settle into their own corner, speaking for a bit as the referee moves over to talk to them.]

GM: Some final instructions being given to Air Strike before these two teams go to battle over both sets of tag team titles.

[Richard E. Lee exits the ring, walking down the steps as Hammer follows him out onto the apron. Across the ring, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons share another fist bump before Aarons steps out on the apron.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Cody Mertz starting off with Scythe here in this one...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the bell!

[Scythe wastes no time in bullrushing Mertz back into the ropes, stepping back to throw a pair of right hands into the midsection, doubling up the much-smaller man.]

GM: Scythe may be the smaller member of the War Pigs but he's got a lot of weight on Cody Mertz, just powering him back to the ropes with ease.

[The War Pig slams a forearm down on the shoulderblades. A second one drops Mertz down to his knees as Scythe grabs a handful of hair, sneering as he drills the smaller man between the eyes.]

GM: Scythe just overwhelming him...

[He grabs Mertz by the throat...

...and deadlifts him off the mat, holding him up in a two-handed choke for one and all to see.]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

BW: Hence the counting, Gordo.

GM: The count to three... to four...

[Scythe throws Mertz a few feet away, sending him bouncing off the mat. He slaps himself across the chest, ignoring the protesting official as he stalks after Mertz who tries to crawl away, desperate to create some space and get back on track.]

GM: Scythe staying on the champion, dragging him up by the arm...

[An Irish whip sends him across the ring but Mertz ducks a clothesline attempt on the rebound. He bounces back again, leaving his feet with a crossbody that topples the off-balance Scythe!]

GM: Crossbody connects... but Mertz rolls right off! No attempt at a cover!

[Mertz scrambles to his feet as Scythe climbs off the mat. Mertz throws a dropkick, catching Scythe on the chin!]

GM: Big dropkick scores on Scythe! And a second one!

[The 195 pounder goes up for a third dropkick...

...but Scythe slaps it away, sending Mertz down hard to the mat. Scythe shakes off the effects of the dropkick, raising his right arm, aiming for an elbowdrop...]

GM: Elbow!

[Mertz rolls out of the way, causing Scythe to slam down on the empty mat. The crowd cheers as Scythe sits up, grabbing his elbow as Mertz again scrambles up, hitting the ropes...

...and DRILLS Scythe between the eyes with a basement dropkick!]

GM: GROUND FLOOR - DROPKICK CITY!

[Scythe falls back to the mat, rolling to all fours, pushing up off the mat as Mertz rushes him, flipping through in an Oklahoma Roll!]

GM: OKLAHOMA ROLL!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Scythe powers out of the pin attempt, sending Mertz sprawling.]

GM: Cody Mertz is a blur of motion in there, moving quick, striking quick, and trying to get a pin quick!

[Mertz pops back up, hitting the ropes again. He rebounds back towards the rising Scythe, leaving his feet for another crossbody attempt...

...but Scythe catches him, holding him across his chest!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Scythe brings the smaller man down HARD across a bent knee in a backbreaker, shoving him off to the mat. He marches to his corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Here comes the Hammer off the tag, the big man of the War Pigs.

[He grabs Mertz by the throat, pulling him up off the mat, choking him with one hand as he pushes him back towards the neutral corner, shouting at him all the while.]

BW: Did Hammer just say he's going to rip off Mertz' head and stuff it up-

GM: Yes, yes he did.

BW: Just checking!

[The referee shouts at Hammer to get Mertz out of the corner.]

“OH, I’LL GET HIM OUT OF THE CORNER!”

[Hammer’s response is punctuated by hooking Mertz under the arm and around the head, HURLING him out of the corner with a high-lifting biel throw, sending Mertz bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a throw!

[With Mertz down on the mat, Hammer shouts at the official to “stay out of my face!” as Longfellow backs up, watching as Hammer stalks across the ring. Mertz pushes up to all fours as Hammer grabs him from behind, pulling him up by the back of the trunks, yanking him up to his feet...

...and BLASTS him with a double axehandle to the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Down goes Mertz again!

[Hammer stands over the downed Mertz, doing the belt gesture a few times to a mixed response as Richard E. Lee shouts, “Stay on him, brother! Don’t let him up!” The big man nods as he pulls Mertz off the canvas by the arm, flinging him into the ropes. Hammer crosses his arms, hitting the ropes and charging back towards Mertz...]

GM: Hammer off the ropes!

[The powerhouse flings his arms wide as he connects with a shoulder tackle, sending Mertz sailing into the air, spinning once before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Incredible!

BW: Mertz and Aarons may have bitten off more than they can chew here tonight, Gordo.

GM: The War Pigs certainly look impressive so far - perhaps trying to send a message back to Japan where they hope Violence Unlimited is watching.

BW: Oh, you better believe that Morton and Haynes are watching, Gordo. They may act like they don’t care but those two are students of the game and watch everything from anyone they may face someday.

[Hammer slowly approaches Mertz as he crawls towards his corner where Michael Aarons is waiting with his arm outstretched.]

BW: This could be the night, Gordo. This could be the night where Air Strike’s travel and crazy hectic schedule catches up with them.

GM: Any man who has ever laced the boots will tell you that anyone can lose on any given night, Bucky.

[The larger member of the War Pigs drags Mertz off the mat by the back of the trunks, tugging him into a side waistlock.]

GM: Back suplex coming up...

[Mertz gets lifted into the air for the suplex but uses his momentum to backflip over the top, landing on his feet behind him. A quick leap allows him to hop up on the shoulders of Hammer.]

GM: Mertz with the counter!

[He spins around Hammer to face the other way, taking the big man down with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! What a move out of Cody Mertz!

[With a stunned Hammer down on the mat, Cody Mertz rolls to his knees, turning towards Michael Aarons who is standing on the bottom rope, stretching out his arm. An order from the referee forces Aarons to step down on the apron, still reaching...]

GM: Mertz is trying to get to the corner and make that tag!

[But Hammer is back up, rushing towards Mertz, booting him square in the face, folding him back over his own legs as Hammer sneers at the downed champion.]

GM: And just like that, Hammer cuts off the tag. We're pretty early in this match but so far, the War Pigs are really showing that textbook tag team strategy, cutting the ring in half...

[Dragging Mertz up by the hair, Hammer throws him back into the neutral corner, burying kick after kick into the midsection. He grabs Mertz by the arm, shooting him across, sending him bouncing out of the buckles as Hammer barrels across, leaping slightly...

...and DRIVES a double axehandle blow into the chest!]

GM: OHHH! THE RUNNING SLEDGE CONNECTS!

[The blow causes Mertz to fully flip over, doing a full 360 before crashing back down to the mat where Hammer covers.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mertz lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin count as Hammer glares at the official before getting to his feet, dragging Mertz off the mat by the hair and throwing him bodily into the turnbuckles.]

BW: And rightback into the corner of the War Pigs... there's the tag to Scythe...

[Hammer lays in a heavy blow to the midsection as Scythe steps in, shoving Mertz back, laying in a brutal knife-edge chop across the chest. Mertz crumples to his knees as Hammer steps out to the apron.]

GM: The War Pigs are completely dominating Air Strike at this point of the match. We're over five minutes in and Michael Aarons is desperately calling for his partner to get across the ring and make the tag, Bucky.

[Mertz is down on his knees, arm stretched out towards his partner who is half a world away from him essentially...]

...and Scythe grabs the arm, violently yanking Mertz off the mat to his feet, dropping him with an impactful clothesline!]

GM: OHH! Short-armed clothesline by Scythe!

BW: Nearly took Mertz right out of his boots.

[Richard E. Lee nods with approval from outside the ring, gesturing with his rolled-up newspaper at the downed Mertz. Scythe gives a nod before leaping into the air, throwing his legs out and dropping a fist down sideways into the skull of Mertz!]

GM: Big leaping fistedrop... and a second one connects as well!

[Scythe rolls into a confident cover, pressing his hands down in the chest of Mertz as the referee delivers a two count before Mertz' shoulder comes up.]

GM: Another two count for the War Pigs and you can't help but thinking that perhaps they might've had the three if Scythe hadn't settled for that arrogant cover, Bucky.

BW: Maybe, maybe not... but right now, the War Pigs are in complete control of this one so you can excuse a little arrogance.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The 265 pounder drags Mertz off the mat, pushing him back against the ropes, whipping him across before hitting the ropes himself, building up some speed before throwing himself into the air, dropping Mertz with a flying shouldertackle!]

GM: OHH! The flying shoulderblock takes him down! Scythe showing an incredible amount of athleticism right there, Bucky.

BW: Scythe is 265 pounds... 265 pounds and he moves like that? Incredible.

[Scythe stands over the downed Mertz, laying in some hard stomps to the jeers of most of the Dallas crowd.]

GM: And the fans seem to be turning a bit on the War Pigs here, starting to rally behind the World Tag Team Champions - the Double Crown Champions actually.

[Leaning down, Scythe drags Mertz off the mat, backing him into the ropes a second time.]

GM: Here we go again perhaps.

[Scythe fires Mertz across, backing into the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Scythe coming back...

[...but as he leaps for a second tackle, Mertz drops into a baseball slide, causing Scythe to sail over him, crashing down on the canvas as Mertz pushes up to a knee, looking towards his corner!]

GM: Mertz is near the corner! For the first time, Mertz is near the corner!

[The El Paso, Texas native throws himself towards his corner, stretching out his torso and arms to full extension...

...and SLAPS the outstretched hand of his partner!]

GM: TAG!

[A big cheer goes up as Michael Aarons slingshots himself over the top rope into the ring, charging across, leaping into the air and driving a forearm smash into the rising Scythe!]

GM: Flying forearm on Scythe!

[Aarons climbs off the mat, scrambling up to throw a dropkick to the chest of Hammer, knocking him off the apron.]

GM: Hammer goes sailing as well! Michael Aarons is a house of fire as he pulls Scythe up, shoots him in...

[The Carson City native ducks his head, launching Scythe up into the air, sending him crashing down in a back body drop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY MICHAEL AARONS!

[Aarons pops back up, pumping a fist as Hammer climbs up on the apron, trying to get back in the ring as the referee steps in his path, trying to keep him from getting back inside the ring...

...and Aarons gestures towards Mertz who steps in, measuring for a split second, and throwing a double dropkick alongside his partner, knocking Scythe down to the canvas before Mertz rolls back out to the floor!]

GM: Scythe down again!

BW: Off the illegal doubleteam!

[Aarons drags Scythe off the mat, lifting him up before dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Aarons to the ropes, bouncing back...

[The popular fan favorite leaves his feet, throwing himself backwards at high velocity to connect with a back elbow!]

GM: OHH! What a shot! Scythe goes down like a ton of bricks and Aarons crawls into a cover! He gets one! He gets two! He- OH!

[The crowd groans as Scythe PRESSES Aarons off him, throwing the 225 pounder through the air a few feet away. The shocking kickout doesn't seem to bother Aarons though as he gets right back to his feet, greeting the rising Scythe with a backhand chop... then an overhand slap chop to the chest...]

GM: Aarons firing shots in on Scythe-oh! Scythe goes downstairs with a knee to the gut!

[He grabs Aarons by the hair, marching him across the ring, looking to slam him headfirst into the top turnbuckle...

...but Aarons raises a boot into the buckle, blocking the shot. He throws a back elbow into the mush of Scythe, grabbing him with both hands...]

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE CORNER!

[Scythe staggers out as Aarons hops up on the midbuckle, giving a shot before leaping off.]

GM: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[The War Pig again does down hard, grabbing at his face from the middle rope dropkick as Aarons springs up, pumping both fists, shouting "COME ON!" at the capacity crowd which is roaring for the young team. Aarons gives a nod, measuring the rising Scythe as he dashes to the ropes...

...and Hammer PULLS DOWN on the top rope, causing Aarons to tumble over the top rope to the floor to big jeers from the Crockett Coliseum crowd!]

GM: OHHH! HAMMER LOW BRIDGED HIM AND AARONS HITS THE FLOOR HARD!

BW: HAH! He had that one comin', Gordo!

GM: Had it coming?!

BW: Of course! Aarons was the one who attacked Hammer when he was out on the apron so Hammer is completely justified in returning the favor! And oh, look at this, Gordo!

[The crowd is buzzing as Hammer lifts Michael Aarons off the ringside mats by the hair, hoisting him up with ease for a vertical suplex. The referee is immediately on his case, reading him the riot act as he holds... holds... holds...]

GM: Good grief! Look at the power!

[...and finally drops back, rattling Aarons' spine with a suplex on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's it, Gordo! Aarons might be done right there... and Hammer at the order of Richard E. Lee wisely puts Aarons back into the ring before he gets back on the apron. You don't want no countout here, daddy!

GM: You certainly do not. The titles - neither title - can change hands on a countout or a disqualification and the War Pigs are certainly gunning for those titles here tonight, fans.

[Scythe drags a stunned Aarons off the mat, pulling him into a front facelock. He slowly - very slowly- turns him over, looking out on the crowd with Aarons' neck positioned against his shoulder...

...and drops down to his butt, jolting the spine of Aarons. He again rolls into a cover, planting his palms on the chest of Aarons as the referee drops down to count.]

BW: We've got new champions!

[But the count only gets to about two and a half before a resilient Michael Aarons shoots the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: No, we do not, Bucky!

BW: I can't believe he kicked out of that, Gordo.

GM: These two young men in Air Strike have repeatedly proven that they can defy expectations and make believers out of anyone. They've beaten the Lights Out Express, Strictly Business, Violence Unlimited to name a few. If they add the War Pigs to that list tonight, you would have to say that Air Strike is truly becoming the greatest tag team - bar none - in our sport today.

BW: I'd say the two championships they hold proves that they already ARE the greatest tag team in our sport. But it also makes them the biggest target in the world of tag team wrestling. If they can get past the War Pigs here tonight - which doesn't look good for them right now - they've still got the L-O-E waiting on the horizon who almost had them beat two weeks ago... they've got a whole crop of other teams as well. The Reles Boyz, Dichotomy, maybe even my idiot nephews just to name a few.

GM: Scythe drags Michael Aarons off the mat, flinging him back into the War Pigs' corner.

BW: Which is NOT where he wants to be, Gordo.

[Scythe lands a couple of boots to the gut before tagging Hammer. He rains down some forearms to the head and neck as his larger partner steps in and takes Scythe's place, throwing a big forearm to the chest to stand him up.]

GM: The War Pigs doing a number on Aarons in the corner...

[Hammer suddenly turns, rushing across the ring, and BLASTING Cody Mertz with a forearm that knocks him off the apron!]

BW: Haha! I love it!

[He wheels around, barreling back across, throwing his arm up and out into a massive clothesline in the corner, crushing Aarons against the buckles!]

GM: OHHH!

[Hammer grabs Aarons by the hair, marching him out to the center of the ring where he ducks down, lifting him up...

...and PRESSING him skyward!]

GM: HAMMER WITH THE PRESS! HE'S GOT AARONS WAY UP HIGH!

[He walks around the ring, showing off Michael Aarons to the masses...

...and takes a little too long as Cody Mertz slides back in, charging in on an unsuspecting Hammer, throwing himself into another dropkick, causing Hammer to stumble back...]

GM: DROPKICK BY MERTZ!

[Aarons falls down on top of Hammer as Mertz takes up a spot to prevent Scythe from coming in.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Hammer presses Aarons off just as Scythe did earlier, breaking the pin as Scythe doesn't even budge, sneering at Mertz with a look that says "Did you really think you'd beat us like that?"]

GM: Mertz exiting the ring now-

BW: After illegally coming in!

GM: Hey, you said it was great when Hammer attacked Aarons for Aarons attacking him!

BW: That was different!

GM: How?

BW: That was payback.

GM: So was this!

BW: Stop trying to confuse me, Myers! We've got a match to call!

[Gordon sighs heavily as a dazed Aarons lands a few forearms to the back of the rising Hammer. He grabs him around the head with his left arm, throwing a barrage of stiff forearms to the right temple, trying to stagger the big man with the crowd cheering him on.]

GM: The kid's fighting back! Michael Aarons showing that he's still got some fight left in him!

[With Hammer staggered, Aarons breaks to the ropes, bouncing off and coming back fast...

...and running right into a picture perfect spinning powerslam, PLANTING Aarons into the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

BW: That might do it!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS with relief as Cody Mertz comes lunging in, driving a forearm down into the back of the head of Hammer, breaking the pin.]

GM: Mertz makes the save!

BW: Come on, ref! You gotta keep some control here!

GM: The official certainly is trying but with the stakes as high as they are, it's going to be a hard one!

[An agitated Scythe steps in to come after Mertz, charging at him. The two men collide in a slugfest, battling back away from Hammer who slowly climbs up off the mat, dragging Michael Aarons with him. An irate Hammer HURLS Aarons over the top rope, sending him crashing down hard to the

floor as he turns his focus towards Cody Mertz who is brawling with his partner.]

GM: Mertz is in trouble and he doesn't realize it!

[Hammer lives up to his name with a double axehandle to the base of the neck, jerking Mertz back towards the middle of the ring. He shouts something to Scythe who nods as he steps out to the apron.]

GM: What in the...?

[Hammer leans over, elevating Mertz up into the electric chair lift.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd is buzzing as Scythe starts to climb the turnbuckles. Richard E. Lee is ecstatic at ringside, shouting at his charges to "BREAK HIM IN HALF!"]

BW: They're fixing to stir up some of that Air Strike Pie, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely disgusting but you may be right as Scythe steps to the second rope, waiting for Hammer to get into position for their signature move - the WMD!

[With the crowd on their feet, Scythe takes flight, hooking his massive arm around the head and neck of Aarons, sailing through the air...

...and DRIVING the back of his head into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THEY GOT IT! THE WMD CONNECTS!

BW: COVER HIM!

[Scythe rolls over, applying a cover on the downed Cody Mertz...

...but the referee waves it off!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: MERTZ ISN'T LEGAL! MICHAEL AARONS IS THE LEGAL MAN!

[Hammer grabs the referee by the shirt, backing him up into the ropes, shouting at him as Michael Aarons drags himself up on the apron, climbing up to the top rope as Scythe pushes himself off the mat, shouting at Hammer and the official...

...and then slowly turns right as Aarons comes sailing off the top rope, catching him flush across the chest, sending him stumbling back!]

GM: CROSSBODY! CROSSBODY!

[The referee ducks under Hammer, diving to the mat and has already hit the mat once before the bigger Hammer has a chance to respond, breaking towards the cover!]

GM: TWO!

[Hammer hurdles over the downed Cody Mertz...

...who desperately throws himself at his legs, dragging him down to the canvas as the referee raises his hand to hit the mat again.]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Aarons rolls to his knees, throwing his arms triumphantly up into the air as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winners... and STILL Double Crown Champions...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAIRRRRRR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[Mertz drags himself to his knees, grinning at his partner as Aarons climbs to his feet, walking across to pull Mertz up into an embrace. The Dallas fans are on their feet for the popular duo who have just been through hell in an effort to keep their titles as Richard E. Lee looks disheartened down at ringside.]

GM: Air Strike went to hell and back but in the end, they are STILL the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions and they are STILL the AWA World Tag Team Champions and man, what a night it must be for them! This is the final night for quite some time that they will appear in front of these Dallas fans and... you can see it really means a lot to them.

[Mertz balls up his fist, pounding it into his heart before pointing out to the ringside fans.]

GM: Cody Mertz telling these fans how much they mean to him... Michael Aarons on the opposite side of the ring doing the same. These two men may not have the titles physically with them, Bucky, but they are champions all the same.

BW: It was a big win for them. A great win. They beat one of the best teams in the world so they should be proud of that... but I think you're starting to see cracks in the shell of Air Strike, Gordo. They were physically overwhelmed in this one and if the War Pigs had hit the WMD on Aarons instead of Mertz, we'd have new champions right now.

GM: You're probably right but this sport can change greatly based on one or two moments in a match and I think that's what just happ-

[Suddenly, "Kundalini Express" by Love and Rockets erupts over the loudspeakers which draws an onslaught of boos from the crowd.]

GM: What in the world are they doing out here, Bucky? They had their shot at the titles two weeks ago and-

BW: And these War Pigs who just blew their shot right now cost the L-O-E- their shot when they barnstormed the ring! The AWA likes to talk about settling "unfinished business", Gordo, well, this is the absolute definition of just that!

[Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Donnie White stand in the entrance portal at the top of the ramp. The Lights Out Express are surprisingly dressed for battle as Strong has on his short ring tights underneath his black, gold, and white track jacket. Anderson is even more prepared, track jacket nowhere to be found, as he sports black ring tights from waist to boot with white knee pads and gold boots. The third member of the triform, the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White, has a hooded gold duster, sleeves removed, entrenched around his body with mid-length white trunks with gold and black trim.]

LS: Wow, that was quite the performance you two punks put on out there. High flyin', death defyin', constantly remindin' us of your third rate gymnastics and tumblin' skills that my sister use to do in grade school and then runnin' around the ring for fifteen more minutes before you wore those two SLUGS out and collapsed on top of them.

GM: That is NOT how this went down.

BW: That's basically what I saw.

LS: Now that trickery may have worked on that swine in the ring, heck, we know it does because we remember beatin' them from pillar to post back in Japan last year but just like that candied bacon being rolled out of the ring right now, we ain't concerned with the past...

...all we care about is what's happenin' right now.

[Michael Aarons leans against the ropes, shouting out towards the Lights Out Express and Cody Mertz puts his arm in front of him and tries to pull him back to little avail.]

LS: Oh, we see you Michael [playfully waves], I can't really hear you that well but more times than not most of us tune you out anyway and just listen to Cody quote Spider-Man's dead uncle. However, there was one thing that you said awhile back that I did hear, in fact I wrote it down so I wouldn't forget it.

[Strong reaches into his trunks and pulls out a crumpled napkin, calmly unfolds it, and clears his throat.]

LS: Ahem... You said, now let me make sure I get this right, "if you want a shot at us, come find us!"

[Anderson leans towards Strong and whispers something into his ear.]

LS: You'll have to excuse me, Aaron here has just informed me that it was in fact Cody who said that, soooo, let me retract my original statement and instead correct myself when I say that apparently I tune you out all the time, Michael. This certainly puts a damper on my follow up lines so Michael, if you could please step aside and allow me to talk to Cody, I would greatly appreciate it.

[Aarons half steps through the ropes and Mertz again pulls him back in.]

LS: It's for your own good, Michael! Fact is, us takin' you boys only half seriously has also been for your own good when really all we've ever had to do was say abracadabra, snap our fingers, step into the ring, and squash you two like the worthless bugs that ya are. Since Cody seems to welcome a fight anytime or anywhere and Michael seems to have a little spruce left in em'...

...I'd say now seems to be a great time to take back the titles that belong to us. Now we don't mean to put a damper on what has otherwise been a great evenin' for ya so we'll make this quick.

Gentlemen?

[Strong turns to White who nods, and then to Anderson who does the same.]

LS: How 'bout it? You two think you can defend those titles one more time tonight?

[Aarons shouts out "BRING IT ON!"]

LS: I thought you might say that.

[A smirking Strong drops the mic as the L-O-E starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: What in the world, Bucky?! It looks like we've got another World Tag Team title match happening RIGHT NOW! I think Michael Aarons' just let his emotions get the best of them as tangling with the former champs isn't something you just wake up and walk into let alone after going toe to toe with the likes of the War Pigs just moments ago!

BW: Dumb kids thy name is Air Strike!

[Mertz and Aarons are having some words in the ring, discussing what just happened as Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Donnie White huddle up on the apron...

...and suddenly Mertz breaks into a sprint to the ropes, bouncing off as Aarons races towards the opposite set of ropes.]

GM: What the...?

[Aarons ducks down, backdropping Mertz over the top rope onto the pile of three competitors to a HUGE CHEER from the capacity crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Aarons excitedly pumps a fist, waving for the referee to ring the bell as he climbs the turnbuckles from the inside, stepping up to the top rope as the L-O-E collectively gets back on their feet...

...and Aarons HURLS HIMSELF from the top, wiping out all three with a plancha onto the elevated ramp!]

GM: AARONS WIPES THEM OUT AS WELL! AIR STRIKE IS COMIN' FROM THE SKY FOR THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS!

[A fired-up Aarons pulls Lenny Strong off the mat, throwing him through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The match has begun and we don't even know who the Lights Out Express are putting in there! Is it Strong and Anderson? Strong and White? White and Anderson?

BW: That's their decision to make and how great would it be if Aarons tried to pin a guy who wasn't even in this match!

[Aarons steps back through the ropes, backing a staggered Strong up into the corner. He hops up to the second rope, raising a closed fist to the sky...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Aarons hops down off his perch, grabbing Strong by the arm.]

GM: Big whip sends Strong from corner to corner... Aarons charging in after him...

[With several feet to the corner, Aarons leaps into the air, looking for a flying forearm smash...

...and gets KNOCKED OUT of the sky with a forearm smash by Strong who reached up and drilled him!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a shot out of Lenny Strong!

BW: LIGHTS... OUT!

GM: It very well could be as Strong attempts a cover! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Aarons tiredly lifts a shoulder, breaking the pin.]

GM: Michael Aarons is trying to save the tag team titles for himself and Cody Mertz! These two young men just went through a grueling battle with the War Pigs only to accept this impromptu title challenge from the Lights Out Express!

[Strong climbs up to his feet, throwing a glance outside where Cody Mertz, perhaps still trying to recover from the WMD, is still down on the ramp. Donnie White is up on his feet, dropping down off the ramp as Aaron Anderson moves to the corner.]

GM: It looks like it's going to be Anderson and Strong trying to regain the titles they lost back in September at Homecoming here tonight as Donnie White takes his place on the floor. Keep an eye out for him.

BW: He hasn't done anything.

GM: Yet.

[Strong drags Aarons off the mat, walking him back into the challengers' corner where he tags in the Axeman.]

GM: Aaron Anderson in off the tag.

[With Aarons in the buckles, Anderson and Strong take turns throwing forearm shots to the head - one for the Axeman, one for the Knockout Kid - battering Aarons back and forth to the jeers of the crowd and the consternation of the official.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get one of them out of there!

[At the count of four, Strong backs off, raising his hands as the official forces him out of the ring. The Axeman grabs Aarons by the arm, shooting him out halfway across the ring...

...and then yanks him back, throwing him into the same set of buckles he started from!]

GM: Aarons hits the corner hard... and there's another tag...

[Strong comes back in, each man grabbing an arm on the champion, pulling him out of the corner...

...and THROWING him back in!]

GM: Ohh! That'll shake the spine of Michael Aarons from head to toe!

[Aarons winces in pain as he gets pulled from the corner again, holding him a few feet out...

...and then VIOLENTLY throwing him back to the buckles again!]

GM: Two hard shots to the corner... and look at this...

[Strong and Anderson take Aarons over in tandem, dropping him with a double snap suplex!]

GM: High impact doubleteam suplex by the Lights Out Express!

[Anderson exits the ring as Strong attempts a cover.]

GM: Strong gets one! Strong gets two!

[But Aarons lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only... and Strong stays right on him, dragging the smaller man off the mat...

[He again tags Anderson back in.]

GM: And another tag - the challengers working very well here.

[A double whip sends Aarons across the ring, bouncing off the ropes as Anderson and Strong join hands, attempting a double clothesline...

...but Aarons front rolls under it, popping to his feet, leaping to the second rope...]

GM: Wow!

[As Anderson and Strong turn, Aarons springboards, twisting around with a crossbody that topples the challengers to a big cheer!]

GM: AARONS TAKES 'EM DOWN... AND HE'S CRAWLING FOR THE TAG!

[Cody Mertz, finally taking his spot on the apron, is leaning over the top rope, stretching out to make the tag...]

GM: Mertz is there! He's ready! He's waiting!

[Aarons makes a lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd cheers as Mertz comes barreling in, charging across and leaving his feet with a split-legged dropkick that sends both a rising Anderson and Strong back down to the mat. Strong rolls out of the ring as Mertz pumps his fist, dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Mertz off the far side... coming on fast...

[He HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes, throwing himself into a tope on Strong!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Mertz slowly climbs to his feet, raising an arm at the cheering crowd as he pulls himself back up on the apron. He slaps the top rope twice, measuring Anderson as he tries to get back up...]

GM: Mertz... SPRINGBOARD!

[The smaller member of Air Strike sails through the air, landing on the shoulders of Aaron Anderson, looking for a rana. He swings backwards, looking to take the Axeman down...

...but Anderson holds his ground, clenching his teeth as Mertz dangles off him...]

GM: ANDERSON HOLDS FIRM!

[Anderson uses his upper body strength to pull Mertz back up into the rana position...

...and then shoves his legs up and off, sending him parallel to the mat, and BLASTING him with a European uppercut!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Anderson knocks him out of the sky! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Mertz' shoulder flies up off the mat!]

GM: MERTZ KICKS OUT! MERTZ KICKS OUT!

BW: How the... the guy got hit with the War Pigs' WMD! How the heck is even still conscious, Gordo?!

GM: We're getting a glimpse at the tremendous heart... the tremendous will... the tremendous fighting spirit of the Double Crown Tag Team Champions right here and now in Dallas, Texas!

[Anderson angrily gets up to his feet, grabbing Mertz by the hair, hauling him up to his feet. He shoves him back into the ropes, clubbing him with a

forearm smash to the jaw on the rebound, knocking him right back into the ropes.]

GM: Cody Mertz looks like he's out on his feet, fans! He looks completely dazed and Michael Aarons is out on the apron now looking a heck of a lot better!

[Anderson pulls Mertz off the ropes, throwing a glance out to the floor where Donnie White is standing. The Axeman gives a nod as White runs around the ringpost, shouting at Michael Aarons who turns his focus onto the Atomic Blonde.]

GM: What's he...?! We've got a verbal confrontation between Aarons and White out on the floor and... Anderson's lifting-

[The crowd buzzes as Anderson muscles Mertz up into an electric chair lift while the referee goes to try and break up the White/Aarons confrontation. Lenny Strong suddenly pulls himself up on the apron, dipping into the front of his tights...]

GM: Strong's... he's going for something here!

[He pulls out a second elbowpad, yanking it over the one that was already on his arm...]

GM: Strong's got- that's that loaded elbowpad!

BW: Prove it!

[Strong steps up to the top rope, swinging his right arm around once to loosen up...

...but as he does, Mertz hammers the forehead of Anderson, dizzying him enough to drop backwards and SPIKE Anderson on top of his head with a reverse rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[A shocked Strong is caught off-guard as Aarons comes charging down the apron, leaping up to the second rope and DRILLING Strong with a forearm of his own, sending the challenger sailing off the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: AARONS KNOCKS STRONG FROM THE TOP ROPE!!

[But as he does, the referee turns his focus on that, forcing Aarons to back up the apron...

...which allows Donnie White to scale the top turnbuckle in a single bound, standing tall before leaping off...]

BW: FLYING MOHAWK!

[And DRIVING his skull into the prone Cody Mertz!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[White grabs Aaron Anderson by the arm, flipping him over on top of the motionless Mertz before bailing out of the ring before the referee spots him!]

GM: NO, NO, NO!

[The referee spins around, diving to the mat and hitting it once.]

BW: MERTZ IS DOWN!

[Aarons ducks through the ropes, desperate to save the titles as the referee slaps the mat again.]

GM: AARONS IS IN AND-

[But as he makes the lunge to try and break up the pin, the referee's hand comes down for a third time!]

GM: AHHH! I can't believe it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as the referee makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match...

[Pause.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

THE LIGHTS OUUUUUUUUT EXPRESSSSSSSSSS!

[Donnie White is the first one in, jumping up and down like a wildman, pumping his arms like crazy as the fans pour down boos from all over the Crockett Coliseum!]

BW: They did it, Gordo! They did it! The L-O-E have regained the titles!

GM: I can't... this is terrible, Bucky!

BW: Anderson and Strong and White are the new champions!

GM: Well, I don't know about that. Donnie White was NOT one of the team members of record for this match-

BW: He helped them win the titles!

GM: That doesn't make him an official champion!

BW: Says who?!

GM: We'll have to wait for an official ruling on that but... my stars, we've seen new World Tag Team Champions crowned here tonight.

BW: We've got new Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions as well, Gordo!

GM: That's another thing that is an assumption on your part. My assumption is that Tiger Paw Pro chooses to sanction their own titles matches and seeing as though the Lights Out Express forced their way into this match, I doubt that our friends in Japan will agree to do that. Air Strike may still be their champions.

BW: That's not fair!

GM: Nothing about this situation is fair, Bucky. This makes me sick. Air Strike was...

BW: What?! Aarons accepted the match! They could've walked away but they wanted to be fighting champions and all that garbage. Now look what it cost them, daddy.

GM: It cost them the World Tag Team Titles they worked so hard to capture in the first place. Fans, the celebration is on in the ring. Aarons and Mertz... they're barely conscious at this point but Aarons is distraught, tending to his fallen partner. Anderson and Strong are back in there with White celebrating the win and... whether we like it or not, we do indeed have new World Tag Team Champions in the Lights Out Express for the second time.

BW: I love it!

GM: Of course you would. Let's go backstage to Colt Patterson!

[We fade back to Colt Patterson standing in the interview area standing alongside former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of indigo blue jeans, a navy blue collared shirt with white polka dots and a brown herringbone blazer. His eyes are shaded by a pair of tortoise shell framed sunglasses, which hide his eyes, but clearly not his displeasure. His lips are pursed in a thin line as he stares ahead, waiting for Colt Patterson to begin.]

CP: I'm here with the TRUE National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Before we get to the injustice being carried out around us tonight, any thoughts on this being the final show in the foreseeable future here in the House That Calisto Built?

[Dufresne looks over at Patterson for a moment and then simply snatches the microphone from him.]

CD: The House That Calisto Built? When this dump was built, Calisto Dufresne had not yet seen his moments of glory. He had not yet been crowned National Champion. He had not yet been crowned World Champion. So, no. This rat hole was built on the backs of lesser stars like Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

As far as I'm concerned, good riddance.

[Dufresne spits to emphasize his point.]

CD: No, the house that Calisto built is the ivory tower that the AWA suits sit in now, tossing down their decrees from above with no respect for the man who put them there! Before Calisto Dufresne was running the show, this place had one concession boy selling my merchandise and could barely keep the lights on.

But starting with one fateful night in July, four years ago, Calisto Dufresne took this place to heights that Stegglet and the boys could never have imagined. We went from one popcorn girl and tumbleweeds going by in the aisles to sold out arenas all over the world, Pay Per View and cable TV! Because of _me!_

[The Ladykiller jabs a thumb towards himself, getting more and more animated.]

CD: _I've_ been here since day one! _I've_ been a part of every SuperClash! _I've_ had titles stolen from me! _I've_ been the one who wakes up with a bad back when rain is on the way!

[Quietly.]

CD: And this is how you repay me?

[Dufresne waves his arm towards the ring.]

CD: With a tournament to give some no-name punk _my_ title? You want me to sit here happily and beat Hannibal Carver from pillar to post every week while a bunch of wild dogs tear themselves apart over _my_ property? I don't think so.

Calisto Dufresne doesn't recognize this Brass Ring Tournament. The winner is not the National Champion, he is merely an usurper to my throne.

And whomever that may be at night's end, much like the Crockett Coliseum...

[A casual shrug from Dufresne.]

CD: ...will be dead and buried.

[On that note, Dufresne simply drops the microphone and turns on his heel, leaving the Coliseum where he found so much of his glory, in his wake as we 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.

We come back on the AWA's Greatest Moments in Texas graphic for footage marked "November 28th, 2013 - SuperClash V - American Airlines Center" where we come up to find the closing moments of World Television Champion Dave Bryant challenging World Champion Calisto Dufresne. As we join the footage, we see Calisto Dufresne hook the front facelock, dragging Bryant out to the middle of the ring for the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT...

...when suddenly Bryant ducks down, yanking Dufresne's legs out from under him with both arms!]

GM: Double leg... BOSTON CRAB!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Bryant turns the World Champion onto his stomach in the center of the ring, leaning back in the Boston Crab!]

GM: There it is, Bucky! The Iron Crab that was once used by "Iron" Brett Bryant to such great perfection!

[Dufresne is screaming in pain, shouting at the official as Bryant leans back, trying to bend the back into a submission!]

GM: It's locked in the center of the ring! Dufresne's got nowhere to run! He's got nowhere to hide!

[The World Champion is clawing at the canvas as Bryant slowly lowers himself to a knee, turning up the pressure on the back of Dufresne!]

GM: Dufresne's screaming in pain! The back is being bent in a way it's just not meant to go! Bryant's kneeling down now, increasing the leverage! He's screaming at the official to check Dufresne.

[The kneeling Johnny Jagger asks Dufresne again but gets a refusal!]

GM: Dufresne's trying to hang on! He says no!

[Bryant grits his teeth, nodding his head as the crowd roars, standing on their feet cheering him on.]

GM: The American Airlines Center is deafening! These 20,000 fans are on their feet, screaming their lungs out for the underdog who fought so hard to get here! The man hunting for redemption... for the glory that has eluded him since the early days of his career! Can Dave Bryant do it? Can he become the first ever AWA double champion? Can he become the World Heavyweight Champion on the biggest night in AWA history?!

[Jagger asks again, flattening out to get right into Dufresne's face who again screams "NOOOOO!"]

GM: The World Champion is fighting with all he's got! He's got no allies coming to save him! This is just sheer will keeping him in this match at this point. He's trying to fight down the pain, trying to hang on and find a way to keep that title around his waist!

[Bryant leans back again, nearly toppling over on his bad knee as he bends Dufresne, and delivers a loud "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Johnny Jagger is checking again and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jagger springing to his feet, waving his hands at the timekeeper!]

GM: HE GAVE UP! MY GOD, WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Jagger taps an exhausted Bryant on the shoulder. The veteran collapses to his knees, shoving Dufresne's legs aside as he falls to the mat, dropping his forehead down to the canvas.]

GM: After a grueling half hour of action, Dave Bryant got that Iron Crab locked in and Calisto Dufresne had no choice but to give it up! We've got a new World Champion, Bucky!

[The crowd is on their feet, causing permanent hearing loss for many in their midst as they salute the new World Champion. Bryant is still down on the mat, his body heaving as he lies facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: The emotions of the moment are getting to the new World Champion! He's fought for so long and so hard to get to this moment. Think about where he was when he came back to wrestling in the summer of 2012 to where he is now! What a moment! What a moment in the life of Dave Bryant!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees as the referee steps in, handing him the World Title belt. The crowd ERUPTS once more as Bryant embraces the title belt, clinging to it like a drowning man with a life preserver. The AWA's

Senior Official helps him off the mat, helping him up to his feet where Bryant thrusts the title belt over his head into the air!]

GM: Dave Bryant has done it, fans! He's shocked the world here tonight in Dallas to become the new AWA World Heavyweight Champion! He's also the first man to ever wear TWO AWA titles at the same time but that's a situation to be settled another day because right now, the Doctor of Love is on top of the world!

[The camera falls on Calisto Dufresne who is down on the mat, clutching his lower back in pain. Bryant steps up to the middle rope, a title belt in each hand, thrusting them into the air as bursts of fireworks explode from the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment for these fans in Dallas! What a moment for those of you watching at home! What a moment for the entire AWA! And most of all, what a moment for the brand new World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant!

[Bryant stands on the buckles, tears in his eyes as he holds his title belts aloft. Confetti begins to fall from the rafters, creating a snow blizzard effect as the cameras peer through at the new World Champion.]

GM: It's been an incredible night for all of us here in the American Airlines Center, fans! One of the wildest, craziest, most exciting nights in AWA history and I can't think of a better way to wrap up 2013 than to celebrate the crowning of TWO new champions here tonight in the AWA's hometown of Dallas, Texas! Wow!

[The wide shot of the American Airlines Center crowd continues to show the massive celebration underway until the sounds of "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One kicks in over the PA system, meaning the arrival of only one man.]

GM: And here comes the man who hopes to be the first to challenge the new World Champion for his title!

[The winner of tonight's Steal The Spotlight contract steps into view, clapping his hands as he walks down the aisle towards the ring. Bryant, surprised by his arrival, drops down off the ropes, turning to face the incoming Number One Contender...

...as we fade a little deeper into the action where Supreme Wright is now standing in the ring with the new World Champion, mic in hand.]

SW: Finally, the AWA can finally have a World Champion it can be proud of!

[A grin crosses Bryant's face as the crowd roars with approval. He slowly raises the title belt high into the air. Wright slowly raises a hand, lifting one finger to point at Bryant.]

SW: And as the man that will be your next challenger for that title...

[Dramatic pause.]

SW: I just wanted to be the first one to congratulate you.

[Supreme extends his hand towards the World Champion, as Bryant nods and goes to shake Wright's hand...]

GM: A nice show of sportsmanship out of Wrig-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to have Supreme throw a high kick that catches him right in the side of the head!]

GM: OH! OH!!! OH MY GOD!

BW: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?!]

[Wright stares down at the fallen World Champion, still clutching the mic in his hand.]

SW: ...and the last.

[He allows himself a chuckle as Bryant rolls to his back, grabbing at his temple where the high impact kick landed.]

SW: You see, Mr. Bryant, I was given an interesting bit of information by Mr. O'Connor earlier tonight.

It turns out that in exchange for allowing additional teams into the Steal The Spotlight match tonight, the Championship Committee had to agree to a stipulation from Chris Blue.

[The crowd starts to buzz with concern, not liking the direction this is going.]

SW: And that stipulation, was that the winner of the Steal the Spotlight contract could cash in...

...at ANY TIME and ANYWHERE.

[The crowd roars with disbelief at that revelation! Cut.

He turns to the referee and the timekeeper.]

SW: Ring the bell.

[The crowd collectively gasps at Wright's cold-hearted statement to the referee as he throws the mic aside. Referee Johnny Jagger steps up to Wright, shaking his head. Jagger and Wright seem to be arguing about the title match when Wright suddenly rushes forward, punt kicking the skull of the rising Bryant into the middle of next week!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That might be it right there! Fans, I... are you sure? Okay, fans... we're getting word from the back that Karl O'Connor, the AWA President, has confirmed that Wright is telling the truth. This title shot is officially underway!

[Johnny Jagger seems to be getting the same news as he steps back and waves to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Supreme Wright has decided to cash in the guaranteed match contract he won earlier tonight! He's going for the World Title against a man who just went through hell for a half hour!

[Wright leans down, dragging a limp Bryant off the mat by the hair, ducking down to sling him across his shoulders.]

GM: He's got him up. This isn't right, Bucky. If you ask me, this isn't right. No one should be winning a title like this... especially not the biggest title in the sport.

[Wright paces around the ring, heading out to the center where he flings Bryant up and over as he falls to his back, jamming his knees up into the midsection of Bryant!]

GM: OHHH! FAT TUESDAY!

[Wright shoves Bryant off his lifted knees and down to his back. The crowd starts to turn on Wright a little bit, booing the Combat Corner graduate as he climbs to his feet, looking down at the new World Champion.]

GM: Wright got that big move but it looks like he's decided not to cover!

[We cut again, showing Wright delivering Fat Tuesday for a second time. He slowly climbs to his feet, looking down at a motionless Dave Bryant. He points to the official, raising a lone finger.]

GM: Oh god, he says he's going for one more!

[Wright leans down, this time raising Bryant up into a torture rack backbreaker. He walks him out into position...

...and then flings him up and over, raising the knees for an impactful backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it, fans.

[Wright drops to his knees, applying a cover on the motionless Bryant.]

GM: One. Two. I can't believe it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

[Wright gets immediately back up, waving to the referee who runs to fetch the fallen World Title belt, handing it to Wright.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[The former Combat Corner student rises to his feet, thrusting the title belt over his head with both hands.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

SUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright stands in the middle of the ring, title belt raised over his head with both hands. The crowd does not seem pleased at this turn of events despite a decent amount of fans still cheering for Wright. He stands still, the title belt held in the air.]

GM: Dave Bryant made his dream come true right here tonight but Supreme Wright just turned it into a nightmare, fans! We're way out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[With Bryant laid out on the mat, Wright stands with the title belt aloft, ignoring the jeering fans... ignoring the cheering fans... even ignoring Dave Bryant as he stands, arms raised over his head...]

...and we fade to black on the new World Heavyweight Champion!

Back to live action, we cut backstage where a camera is trailing behind "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian and Andrew "Flash" Tucker, better known as Strictly Business. Sebastian shields a throwback "RC Cola" charcoal tee beneath a royal blue sport coat, pairing his ensemble with studded designer jeans and chestnut Gucci loafers. Tucker is clad in a gray half-zip Ralph Lauren sweater with a red gingham collared shirt underneath and a pair of blue jeans, his blond hair spilling over his shoulders. We appear to be catching up with the duo in the middle of a discussion as they enter the locker room.]

AT: You're not kiddin', Mikey. I heard a couple o' these guys in here the other day arguin' about whose dad could beat up the other's dad. They were gonna actually come to blows over it. I tried to tell them that we had beaten up both their dads on multiple occasions, but they didn't wanna listen.

MS: The young bucks thinking they know it all?

[Sebastian offers an unsubtle roll of his baby blue peepers.]

MS: Shocking. I recall Jin Tao not being real big on the listening skills either.

[Tucker shakes his head in disgust, walking towards a duffel bag sitting on a bench in front of a locker. He casually starts to go through it, pulling out a long rod like object from the bag and looks at it quizzically.]

AT: Take this, for example. What the hell is this?

MS: Isn't that one of those gadgets for taking pictures of yourself for Instagram or whatever it's called? Vitrone was telling me his youngest has a field day with hers on the last couple rows of the school bus.

AT: You think you'd ever see Brody Thunder carrying around a damn selfie stick to take photos of himself and post 'em on Twitter? These kids are ridiculous.

MS: No respect for the pillars of this sport. The ones who blazed the trail. You think any of these tikes know a thing about Mota hitting the ring with with a damn IV drip in tow? They don't give a gee-whiz the wars we waged. But hey, let's make sure we let all of social media know about the time we moved from Bubble Tape to Big League Chew...

[The exasperated duo turn and walk past the camera as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Fans, we are now just moment away from the Finals of the Brass Ring Tournament and the match to determine who will be the new National Champion. That title has a lot of history - it was the very first title created in the history of this company - and on a night when we celebrate the Seventh Anniversary, it seems only fitting for this title to come back. The title had a long and distinguished history until Mark Langseth soiled it... tonight, we take the first step towards redeeming that which was lost. Earlier this week, we asked a former National Champion to address that title and what it means. Let's hear from them now...

[Fade to black.

Close up of the refurbished AWA National Title in someone's hands.]

VO: The AWA National Title.

[The camera zooms back to see that it is Marcus Broussard holding the gold. The San Jose Shark wears a charcoal grey suit with thin pinstripes, open at the color. He holds the title reverently in his hands, and steals a glance at it before continuing.]

MB: It all started here.

Before there was television deals, big arenas and a World Title, there was a group of men who decided that the time for a revolution was at hand. Men

who had seen our sport bastardized and prostituted enough. Men with honor and dignity, men who had a vision.

And that vision centered around this championship belt. The man who held this title is the man who would lead a wrestling renaissance. To be the AWA National Champion meant that you were a pillar of a new golden era in wrestling. You were a cornerstone of the AWA. There was no, and there is no, greater honor.

[Broussard sneaks another look at the title, pride mixed with emotion.]

MB: Being the first AWA National Champion is the highlight of my career, and the moment that made my career. I cannot tell you the amount of pride and joy that I carried the title with, and the determination and intensity that I defended it with. Did I fly right by the rules all the time? Certainly not.

But keeping this championship was worth it. It is something worthy of dirtying one's hands.

Seven years later, nothing has changed. As the man who main evented the AWA's first show, as a pillar upon which this rock was built, I could not be more pleased that my title has returned. Because the man who wins this title gets to write his name next to mine. Next to Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, Kolya Sudakov, and yes... even Ron Houston.

[Broussard grins. Even Sharks can laugh.]

MB: More importantly, the man who takes this gold home will be the pillar upon which the NEXT generation of the AWA is built on. You will be the cornerstone of not just a wrestling renaissance, but a wrestling institution. My ilk brought wrestling back from the dead.

Your ilk will move wrestling forward to heights not yet seen.

Other sports give out crystal trophies, brass cups or green jackets. My sport gives out golden belts.

My company gives out THIS belt. The belt that brought wrestling back. The belt that I wore.

[Broussard very pointedly folds the title up, and thrusts it forward to the camera.]

MB: Cherish it. Defend it. Live up to it.

There is no greater honor.

[We fade from the very first AWA National Champion to Colt Patterson standing by in the locker room.]

CP: I'm back here in the locker room area, moments away from tonight's main event where we will crown a NEW National Champion, and look who's standing next to me.

[The camera pans over to Rob Driscoll, hands on hips, all done up in a gold wrestling outfit.]

CP: Champ, I've been calling you Champ since the moment you walked in this place, and tonight's the night you make it stick. Talk to me.

RD: Colt Patterson, my older brother from another mother, you've had faith in me from the moment my plane landed. And the Stud of Professional Wrestling is about to go out and live up to his name.

[Patented Driscoll thumb hook.]

RD: I have led this race every step of the way, like I told you I would, so there should be no one surprised that I'm standing here at the finish line. But how shocked was I when Travis Lynch got a quick one two three on Demetrius Lake and punched his ticket to the finals?

Not shocked at all.

Every time I go near someone's hair or use a closed fist, I get the book thrown at me and some fake tough guy in stripes reading me the riot act. But when a Lynch is in trouble, especially in Texas, all rules go out the window and it's by any means necessary.

[Driscoll slows down and holds up his index fingers.]

RD: Travis Lynch, I escaped this Godforsaken hellhole of a state. I made it out. And there's no heat between us, my man, that's all bygones. Let the grandparents duke it out. Until I signed my name on the dotted line, I didn't know you...

...but we all know you. We all know that you have never eaten a sandwich that your Mom didn't make, you've never driven a car that your old man didn't pay for, and you've never had a girl that your brother didn't test drive beforehand. You've had everything in your life handed to you, on a silver platter, but the gravy train just got derailed. Your yellow brick road just took the detour into my reality.

I have laid claim, from the very moment I walked into the AWA, as the best wrestler on planet Earth. I have talked the talk, I have walked the walk, I have backed up every claim and I have cashed every check. And now that we're at the finish line, I will be damned if I let a Lynch stand in my way.

[Driscoll shakes his head as the crowd buzzes.]

RD: Brad Jacobs wanted a fairy tale ending, and what he got was left in a pool of his own blood, blacked out from the pain. Hercules Hercules Hercules wanted to throw me to the stars and swim with Sailor Moon, but he ate the

pin, one two three, and now he's having trouble moving his neck. And now as I head to the finish line, ready to lay claim to that National title, I can't help but notice that your arm ain't working too well.

So I ask you a question...

What do you think I'm gonna do to you to win this National Title? You've heard of an Ear, Nose and Throat doctor, well you're looking at an Arm, Shoulder and Neck doctor. I've worked on 'em my whole life, and I've made a fortune doing it. And when I get you in that ring, Travis Lynch, the doctor is in.

I may look like a million dollars, I may dress in designer suits and drive a fancy car, but that's all because I've done the dirty work to earn it. I've never been afraid to sweat, I've never been afraid to bleed and I've never been afraid to press my advantage. And when you get in that ring with me, I'm gonna give you three options:

You can submit from the pain, you can pass out from the pain or you can get rushed to emergency surgery for an arm facing the wrong way. I will cross every line, I will sink to every depth, and as God is my witness I will put you on the shelf for good, deep in the heart of Texas, if that's what needs to be done. That title is worth more to me than your career and if I have to take you out in front of your jobless, toothless, tactless Texas brethren-

[The crowd erupts in boos as Driscoll sneers.]

RD: Then good for me. That's a bonus.

I have done everything on my own terms. I have called EVERY shot along the way. And here's one more.

Whether he gets smart and forfeits the title, or he keeps being stupid and I rip it out of his broken arm... Rob Driscoll will beat Travis Lynch and etch his name into history.

The pleasure...

[Driscoll looks directly into the camera.]

RD: ...is all yours.

[Driscoll walks out of view, leaving Colt Patterson behind.]

CP: That right there is a man who just might be destined for gold. We're about to find out but before we do, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is with Travis Lynch. Your move, Stegglet.

[We crossfade to another part of the building where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage.]

MS: Thanks, Colt. Fans, in a just a few minutes either the man they call "Diamond" Rob Driscoll or my guest at this time, Travis Lynch...

[The cheers from with the Crockett Coliseum are nearly deafening as the camera pans to reveal the youngest of the wrestling Lynch boys. Travis is attired in his wrestling gear, the classic white trunks with a yellow and black stripe across the top, white knee pads and white wrestling boots. His left shoulder is once again covered in white protective tape.]

MS: ...will be crowned the AWA National Champion!

[Travis runs his right hand through his dirty blonde hair, a smile upon his face as Mark Stegglet mentions the AWA National Championship.]

MS: Travis, you've picked up two impressive victories here tonight to earn your spot in the finals of the Brass Ring Tournament, but can your shoulder hold up? I heard rumors the AWA medical staff is strongly recommending that you pull out of this match with-

[Before Mark can finish his statement, Travis begins to shakes his head and speaks.]

TL: Stop right there, Mark. As I told Melissa earlier, no matter what the AWA medical staff recommends I'm walking to that ring in the middle of the Crockett Coliseum and walking out the AWA National Champion!

MS: As we heard a few moments ago, Rob Driscoll is going to make sure that that doesn't happen.

TL: Rob Driscoll... the man they call "Diamond" was out here earlier bragging to you how he spends money to make money. How he reinvests into himself, spending thousands on boots, tights and sequined vests.

[Travis shakes his head side to side.]

TL: Driscoll, it's not about how much you spend on your ring attire that makes you a champion. It's about what you do in the middle of that ring .. sure you got past Hercules Hammonds and Brad Jacobs, two tough men ... two former tag team champions ... and that's the key, Driscoll. You got past two men who've always had someone watchin' their back. Someone who could come into the ring when the goin' got to tough for them. But now you're comin' face to face with a Lynch, and they don't come no tougher than us!

Driscoll, you're steppin' into the ring with a man who's stood on his own for the past year. I've turned down help from Jack and the old man as I've taken on every beast and monster, that blonde harpy threw at me. My blood was spilled ... my larynx was nearly crushed, my orbital bone was shattered and yet here I stand!

Even tonight, while the old man was in the back watchin' ... while Jack was home with the lovely Adeline, my beautiful niece Jamie and Jimmy ... they

all watched as I took on two of the toughest sumbitches the AWA. They watched as Mahoney tried to dislocate my shoulder, but I still advanced to the semi-finals. They watched as I took on Lake with one arm and watched as the self proclaimed "finest ath-e-lete" in the AWA tried to rip my arm off just to beat me with it. AND YET I STILL STAND DRISCOLL!

I've fought through all the pain tonight ... 'cause I know I'm just three seconds away from becoming the AWA National Champion. Three seconds away from seizing my moment three seconds away from making it my time!

[Travis pauses.]

TL: Driscoll, you want the AWA National Championship to make yourself some money ... to continue buying those thousand dollar boots, those oh so pretty sequin vests.

You view the fifteen pounds of gold as a pay day bonus but to me Driscoll, the AWA National Championship is the start of a legacy. Winning this belt tonight proves that I'm more than just a pretty boy... it shows the AWA and the rest of this business that I'm a warrior!

You want the money and the fame the belt will bring but I want it to be part of history, Driscoll. I want the name Travis Lynch to be mentioned with the likes of Marcus Broussard, Kolya Sudakov, Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott. I want to forge a legacy like my old man's! And Driscoll, that starts tonight!

[Once again, Travis pauses for a brief moment.]

TL: Tonight has been three years in the makin' Driscoll and there's no way I'll let you steal it from the five thousand fans here, who want to watch me win the AWA National Championship ... you won't steal my moment Driscoll ... you won't steal the AWA National Championship from me.

Driscoll, there may be those who believe you when you say you're the Diamond. But boy, you're steppin' into the ring with the crown jewel of Dallas!

[The cheers once again erupt inside the Crockett Coliseum.]

TL: Tonight, is the AWA's last night in Texas for a while, so I guarantee you these fans will have a Texas memory they will never forget. Me, standing in the center of the ring with the AWA National Championship belt held high above my head!

[The camera lingers on Travis for a moment before we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is the FINAL MATCH in the Brass Ring Tournament!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: The winner of this match will be the NEEEEEEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first... from Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing 243 pounds... he is the self proclaimed "Crown Jewel of Wrestling"...

"DIAMOND" ROOOOOBBBB DRISCOOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLL!

[The breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams hits the Crockett Coliseum as the lights dim and the big screen shows stars shining brightly in the night sky. The entranceway fills up with smoke as the man walks out, and the whole place comes down in boos.]

#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 walks through the smoke and stops at the top of the entrance way, throwing his hands out and looking up at the heavens, mouthing something to himself as he lets the crowd get a look at his getup for the match: glossy looking gold tights with the ram's head on the back in black, with gold boots and kneepads. Each boot has "RD" on the outside calf written in black cursive scripts, and over top is a silky sequined vest, golden fabric with sequins glistening in the spotlight, an image of a diamond on the back.]

BW: Rob Driscoll is draped in gold for the finals, Gordo. He bought and paid for those duds a long time ago, before a night like tonight was ever a thought in anyone's mind. This is a man who has sought out moments like this his whole career.

GM: Driscoll doesn't lack for confidence as this match rolls around, and you've got to think that for him, getting to the finals of this tournament isn't enough.

BW: In life, there's first place and first loser. We all know where the Crown Jewel wants to be at the end of the night.

[He walks to the ring with a purpose, stepping on to the apron and wiping his feet off, and then expertly climbing through the ropes. He gravitates toward the middle of the ring and runs his hands down the front of his body, showing off the goods to each side of the ring before ditching the vest. Driscoll backs into a corner and lets the referee give him last minute instructions, nodding his head but never looking at the referee, instead choosing to focus on the task at hand as the music shifts.]

"Tom Sawyer" by Rush BLASTS over the PA system to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... from Dallas, Texas...

[HUGE HOMETOWN CHEER!]

PW: Weighing in at two hundred and fifty-two pounds... he is the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNCH!

[After a few moments, the curtain parts as Travis Lynch strolls through the curtain to an even louder reaction.]

GM: Goodness! The ear-splitting reaction from these fans truly is something else, Bucky!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Oh, never mind!

[The youngest of the Lynch wrestling family strides into view, holding his right arm up in the air. He tugs off his shirt, tossing it into the crowd and revealing a mass of heavy white bandaging around his left shoulder and arm. He strides down the aisle with confidence and purpose, every step taking him closer to what he believes in his destiny on this night.]

GM: Travis Lynch heading to the ring for what is arguably the biggest match of his career, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I'd say there is no argument about it, Gordo.

GM: Travis Lynch is one victory away from the major AWA championship that he feels will finally put him on the page as being more than the youngest Lynch brother!

[Lynch steps into the ring, throwing a right hand up to point threateningly at Driscoll who smirks in response. The referee forces a fired-up Travis back to his corner as Driscoll steps forward, encouraging Lynch to come at him as the referee wheels around to cut him off too, forcing them back into the opposing corners.]

GM: The tension is sky high here. These two know what's at stake. They know what they've had to do here tonight to get to this point... and they know that they could be mere moments away from becoming the first man to hold the AWA National Title in three years!

BW: That title became inactive when Mark Langseth pulled off the Westwego Incident, walking out of the company with that title. Three years later, it is back and one of these men are going to add their name to the Roll Call of Champions who've held that title... men like Broussard, Vasquez, Scott, Sudakov...

[The official waves both men to the center, going over some final instructions for the match as the sold-out crowd is buzzing with excitement over what they're about to see...

...and as soon as Johnny Jagger signals for the bell, Rob Driscoll and Travis Lynch come together in a collar and elbow tieup!]

GM: Here we go! One fall to a finish for the AWA National Title!

[Lynch's usual power advantage is negated by the shoulder injury as Driscoll easily backs him up against the ropes.]

GM: The referee's right there, calling for a break...

[Driscoll steps up, arrogantly smirking as he strikes a double bicep pose to the jeers of the crowd and the annoyance of Travis Lynch. Driscoll struts around the ring as Lynch fumes up against the ropes.]

GM: Travis Lynch doesn't look too pleased with the antics of Rob Driscoll - can't blame him for that.

BW: Hey, when you're the best, you can act however you want.

GM: I'm not sure if you've ever said anything I disagree with more... besides, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll is NOT the best... not yet at least.

[Lynch marches off the ropes, ignoring the referee as he dives into a one-armed tieup. Driscoll is caught a little off-guard, trying to regain his balance...

...but gets HURLED down by Lynch, landing on his back and flipping over, rolling to his knees with an embarrassed look on his face.]

GM: Oh my! Now that's strength right there! He did that with one arm!

[Driscoll slowly gets to his feet, glaring at Lynch. He barks at him from across the ring, threatening him with an angry point. Lynch simply smiles, waving him forward to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Here we go again, fans!

[Driscoll edges out, extending his right arm, trying to get to Lynch's injured left arm...

...and then lashes out, jabbing a finger into the eye!]

GM: Ohh!

[The rulebreaker grabs Travis by the hair, pulling his head back and slamming him facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Facefirst into the buckles!

[Driscoll spins him around, shoving him back into the turnbuckles where he starts laying in boots to the midsection. The crowd is jeering Driscoll's aggressive actions as the referee starts his five count.]

GM: Driscoll backs off at the count of four... ohh!

[The crowd jeers even louder as he lunges in, cracking Lynch with a stiff straight right hand to the jaw, knocking him down to a knee. The referee reprimands him for the closed fist as he pushes past him, pulling the Texan up, shoving him back against the buckles in a chokehold!]

GM: A blatant choke in the corner! The referee's counting again!

[Driscoll again breaks at four, leaving a gasping and coughing Lynch up against the buckles, hanging onto the top rope.]

GM: Bucky, I'm a little surprised that Driscoll hasn't gone for the arm yet. That injured arm and shoulder has gotta have a bullseye painted on it.

BW: Sometimes you gotta do certain things to create openings for other things, Gordo.

[Driscoll storms back in, grabbing the injured arm, twisting it around in an armwringer as Lynch cries out in pain. "Diamond" Rob shoots him across with an Irish whip, charging in after him...

...and runs right into a raised boot!]

GM: OHH!

[Lynch falls back in the corner as Driscoll staggers out of the buckles towards the center of the ring. The Texan storms in after him, leaping up...]

GM: CROSSBODY CONNECTS!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Driscoll rolls Lynch off of him, breaking the count as he scrambles up to his feet...

...and charges towards the rising Lynch, leaping up to drive a knee into the middle of the back, sending Lynch pitching forward into the ropes where he topples over the top to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! Driscoll takes him over the top to the floor!

BW: And "Diamond" Rob ain't wasting any time here, Gordo. This is the third match of the night for him - he survived Hercules Hammonds AND Brad Jacobs - so he wants to finish it as quickly as he can.

[Driscoll slingshots over the top rope, landing on the apron. He measures the rising Travis Lynch, leaping off with a well-placed elbow driven into the shoulder!]

GM: And now Rob Driscoll's going for that shoulder!

[Driscoll again grabs the taped up arm, twisting it around in an armwringer, dragging him down the length of the apron, stepping around the ringpost...

...and YANKS Lynch shoulder-first into the steel!]

GM: Good grief!

[Lynch collapses against the post, his face etched in pain as Driscoll grabs the arm, stretching it out...

...and WRAPS it violently around the post!]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, get them back in the ring!

[Lynch slumps down to his knees, grabbing his taped shoulder as Driscoll rolls back into the ring, waving for the referee to count.]

GM: Rob Driscoll telling the official to count Travis Lynch out.

BW: Why not? A countout is as good as a pinfall here. If Lynch gets counted out, Driscoll walks out with the gold.

[Driscoll is waving his arm, ordering the official to count faster. Senior Official Johnny Jagger counts at the same speed, earning the ire of Driscoll who is shouting at him from a few feet away. Jagger turns, breaking his count to return verbal fire at Driscoll. A frantic Driscoll shouts, pointing to the floor.]

GM: Driscoll made a mistake there! He got the referee's attention and the referee ended up breaking his count!

[The referee turns to start the count again... back at one... as Driscoll covers up his head, shouting "I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!" at the official as he angrily steps out to the apron, raining down stomps to the skull of a rising Travis Lynch, putting him back down on the floor.]

GM: Driscoll hops down off the apron... going after that arm again...

[He lifts the bandaged arm towards the ceiling...

...and SLAMS the elbow down on the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch collapses down to his back, clutching his arm in pain as Driscoll stands over him, staring down at the Texas Heartthrob.]

GM: Rob Driscoll continues to attack the arm, over and over in an attempt to put the National Title around his waist.

[Driscoll stomps the elbow a half dozen times before rolling back into the ring, waving for the referee to start the ten count again.]

GM: And “Diamond” Rob is again hoping for that countout to finish this one.

[Johnny Jagger starts his ten count as Rob Driscoll stands against the ropes, waving his arm to count faster.]

GM: Driscoll’s again shouting at the official to count quicker. You would think he’d have learned his lesson, Bucky.

BW: You would think Johnny Jagger would learn to count faster!

[Driscoll continues to wave his arm, counting at a ridiculous speed as the fans let him have it, jeering his every movement.]

GM: The count is up to three... now to four...

[A weary Travis Lynch uses his good arm to pull himself up with the aid of the ring apron as a frustrated Rob Driscoll breaks to the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and catches Travis Lynch FLUSH in the face with a baseball slide dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch collapses in a heap as Driscoll sits on the ring apron, grinning arrogantly at the jeering crowd. He hops off, putting the boots to Lynch’s shoulder again, driving the shoulder down into the barely-padded floor as the referee reprimands him from inside the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch is in some serious trouble out on the floor!

[The fans are all over Driscoll for attacking their favorite as he drags him off the floor by the arm, slamming his elbow down into the shoulder a few times...]

GM: Driscoll with the whip...

[But Travis manages to reverse it, sending Driscoll sailing into the steel ringside barricade!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

[The crowd ROARS for the big crash into the railing! Lynch collapses to a knee as a wincing Driscoll leans against the steel.]

GM: Travis Lynch managed to reverse that whip, saving himself from another major blow!

BW: But can he take advantage of it, Gordo? He's not moving too well out there!

[Lynch pushes up off the floor, staggering towards Driscoll who is still leaning against the railing...]

GM: Travis Lynch who celebrated his birthday just days ago would love to win the title here tonight and REALLY celebrate his birthday in a big way.

[As the Texan approaches, he balls up his right hand, throwing a haymaker into the jaw.]

GM: Big right hand!

[Lynch winds up, landing a second one!]

GM: Another right hand!

[Lynch grabs Driscoll by the hair, dragging him towards the ring where he launches him under the ropes back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Lynch puts him in... pulling himself up on the apron...

[With a shout, Travis points to the corner...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: He's going up top!?

GM: This is desperation, Bucky! This is a man who is hurting and he knows that if he doesn't finish this one quickly, that shoulder could be his undoing!

[Lynch steps up to the second rope, using his good arm to drag himself up. The Texan puts his foot on the top rope, stepping up to the perch...]

GM: Travis is standing tall! Listen to the roar of the crowd!

[The Texas Heartthrob leaps off the top, sailing through the air...

...and BURIES the point of his right elbow into the heart of his opponent!]

GM: FLYING ELBOW OFF THE TOP!

[Travis rolls over, applying a lateral press, using his good arm to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost had him! Travis Lynch went for it all and he almost won the National Title right there!

[Lynch rolls to his knees, burying his face in his hand as the referee informs him it was only a two count.]

GM: Two count only off that flying elbow off the top by Travis Lynch and these fans are on fire, Bucky! They thought he had it won right there!

BW: These fans should LITERALLY be on fire for cheering for this piece of Texas trash! SCUMBAG!

GM: Bucky!

[The Texan drags Driscoll off the mat with his good arm, using the one arm to whip Driscoll into the ropes.]

GM: One-armed whip... RUNNING CLOTHESLINE!

[Travis dives across the downed Driscoll again!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Driscoll lifts the shoulder again!]

GM: Another two count! Travis Lynch is half a count away again from winning the National Title!

[A frustrated Travis swings a leg over the downed Driscoll, taking the mount and rearing back with his big right hand.]

GM: Right hand to the skull! Another!

[The referee drops to a knee, warning Travis against the closed fists as the Texan batters Driscoll down into the mat.]

GM: Travis has got him down! Travis is letting him have it!

[Climbing back to his feet, Travis pumps a fist with a "YEAH! COME ON!" to the Texas fans who roar in response. He leans down to grab Driscoll...

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The shoulder comes FLYING up off the mat just in time to break the pin!]

GM: Wow! That time it was Rob Driscoll who was a half count away from winning the National Title!

[Driscoll scampers up, beating Travis to his feet, throwing himself into a double axehandle aimed at the shoulder. He yanks him into a front facelock, holding tight as he slams his knee up into the injured arm and shoulder repeatedly!]

GM: Driscoll's going right back after the arm...

[He breaks off the attack, leaving Lynch down on a knee as Driscoll charges to the ropes behind him, rebounding back at top speed...

...and runs right into a backdrop that sends him WAAAAAY up into the air, flipping over before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP!

[Lynch falls into the far ropes, waving for Driscoll to get up, shaking out his muscular right arm...]

GM: He's setting for that right-handed Discus Punch!

BW: It wasn't enough to beat Lake but will it be enough to finish off "Diamond" Rob?!

GM: Lynch is ready! He's set! He's- HE SPINS!

[And as Driscoll gets to his feet, Lynch UNCORKS the right-handed Discus Punch, connecting solidly with the jaw of Rob Driscoll, sending him sailing up into the air...

...OVER the top rope where he crashes and burns out on the arena floor to a HUGE ROAR from the Crockett Coliseum crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A SHOT OUT OF TRAVIS LYNCH!

[The Texan collapses against the far ropes, wincing as he grabs at his left shoulder. The look of frustration on his face is apparent as he stares down at Driscoll laid out on the floor.]

GM: Travis Lynch hit him but Driscoll didn't go down inside the ring where Travis could take advantage of it!

BW: Brilliant move by Driscoll!

GM: Are you saying that was on PURPOSE?! He got knocked into the middle of next week!

BW: Nothing this man does is an accident, Gordo.

[Lynch slumps to his knees, dropping down to roll under the ropes to the floor...]

GM: And where Rob Driscoll made every effort to take the countout early on in this one, Travis Lynch has decided to go out after him and get this win in the center of the ring!

[The Texan leans down, pulling Driscoll up...

...but Driscoll hooks the front of Lynch's trunks, pulling hard...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[The crowd is all over Driscoll as he climbs up off the mat, yanking the Texan back by the trunks...

...and HURLING him shoulderfirst into the steel a second time!]

GM: Good grief!

[Driscoll ignores the jeering crowd and protesting official, pulling him back by the trunks a second time...

...and uses the same handful of trunks to DRIVE him into the steel again!]

GM: MY STARS!

BW: Three times, Gordo! Three times Travis Lynch has hit the steel post just now!

[Driscoll spins Lynch around, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. "Diamond" Rob rolls in, applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Lynch's shoulder flies up off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: No, no! Two count only for Driscoll as well!

[An irate Driscoll gets up, stomping the raised shoulder repeatedly, driving it back down to the mat...

...and leaps up, dropping a knee down on the same shoulder as Travis cries out in pain!]

GM: Kneedrop RIGHT on that shoulder... and Driscoll covers again!

[He grinds his forearm into Travis' cheekbone, applying another lateral press to earn another two count.]

GM: Travis powers out again! What heart out of this young man!

BW: What are you going on about now?

GM: Travis Lynch has shown tremendous heart all night long, Bucky. Most competitors would have dropped out of this tournament a long time ago but Travis keeps coming out and fighting, essentially with only one arm!

[Driscoll hauls Travis up by the arm, twisting it around into another armwringer before whipping the Texan into the corner. Travis loops his arms around the top rope, staying on his feet...

...and Driscoll runs from corner to corner, throwing a dropkick into the shoulder of Lynch!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Driscoll grabs Lynch by the arm, pulling him out of the corner, twisting the arm around again...

...and quickly trying to hook in the Queen City Cinch!]

GM: QUEEN CITY CINCH! QUEEN CITY CINCH!

[Lynch swings up his healthy arm, blocking the arm from applying the crossface even as Driscoll chickenwings the bad limb.]

GM: The hold is half on here, fans! The crossface isn't on but the chickenwing is! The arm continues to be tormented while Travis tries to fight off the hold from being sunk in!

[The Texan uses his good arm to fire off a quick series of back elbows, breaking the chickenwing...

...and then spins Driscoll around, dragging him down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch stays on his knees, grabbing his bad shoulder in pain.]

GM: I think he might've had him there, fans... but that shoulder is too banged up. It wouldn't let him keep him down for a three count!

[Driscoll rolls to his feet, moving in on the still-kneeling Travis...

...who buries a right hand in his gut!]

GM: Travis goes downstairs!

[With Driscoll doubled up, Travis unloads with a right hand to the temple that sends him spinning away...

...and Travis drags him down into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Driscoll kicks out, breaking up the pin. He scrambles off the mat again, delivering a hard punt kick to the ribs of Lynch, cutting him off before he can

get up. He angrily grabs the arm, stepping over into a straddle armbar, yanking the injured limb!]

GM: Armbar locked in! Travis is in trouble!

[Lynch cries out as Driscoll yanks on the arm, reaching down with his off-hand to rip and tear at the bandaging around the left arm and shoulder.]

GM: Driscoll's tearing off the tape, trying to tear the shoulder just as much!

BW: Lynch is done! Ring the bell!

GM: Referee Johnny Jagger is right down there... right in the face of Travis Lynch, checking to see if he can continue...

[Lynch defiantly shakes his head as Driscoll yanks the limb back, putting extreme pressure on the injured shoulder.]

GM: Travis Lynch refuses to quit!

BW: It may not matter. Brad Jacobs refused to quit too and that one ended with him passing out!

GM: That's an excellent point as Travis Lynch tries to find a way to hang on and get out of this armbar.

[Travis extends his free arm, reaching across the ring, trying to find a way to get to the ropes which will grant him his freedom...

...but Driscoll's having none of it, yanking Travis off the mat by the arm, and DRIVES him down in a single-arm DDT!]

GM: OH!

BW: That'll pop a shoulder right out!

[Driscoll promptly flips Travis to his back, diving across him, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The shoulder POPS up off the mat at the last second!]

GM: KICKOUT! TRAVIS KICKS OUT!

[The crowd cheers with relief at Travis narrowly escaping the pinfall. Driscoll angrily pounds his fist into the mat before climbing back to his feet, shouting at Johnny Jagger, backing him across the ring as the AWA's Senior Official repeatedly points to the AWA logo stitched on his chest.]

GM: Better be careful, Driscoll! If you lay a hand on Johnny Jagger, Travis Lynch is going to win that title!

[Driscoll grabs two hands full of Lynch's hair, dragging him off the mat. He hammerlocks the injured arm, ramming Lynch shoulderfirst into the turnbuckle, watching as Travis staggers back...

...and Driscoll secures the Queen City Cinch!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT! HE'S GOT THE CINCH LOCKED IN!

BW: The Queen City Cinch is about to deliver championship gold to "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, Gordo!

GM: Travis is desperately trying to grab the ropes, just out of his reach, stretching out...

[But Driscoll hangs tight, refusing to let Lynch get to the ropes!]

GM: Driscoll's got him right where he wants him, trapped in the confines of the Queen City Cinch taught to him by former NEWC Heavyweight Champion, Pete Sheffner!

BW: Hang on, kid!

GM: Travis is fighting it! Travis throwing that elbow back... once... twice... three times...

[But Driscoll grits his teeth, hanging on with all he's got. He lifts his left leg, trying to pull it around the waist of Lynch.]

GM: He's trying to get the legs up to hook that bodyscissors like he did to Brad Jacobs! If he does that, there'll be no escaping the hold for Travis Lynch! There'll be no way out of-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Travis leaps up, kicking off the top turnbuckle with both feet, rolling through the hold into a pinning situation!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE- NO! NO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee leaps up, holding up two fingers, holding his hands just inches apart!]

GM: How close was that, Bucky?!

BW: Close don't count, Myers! Stench couldn't get the job done!

[Travis, freed from the hold, rolls to his knees, wincing as he pushes himself up off the mat. Driscoll does the same, rearing back a right hand...]

GM: Big right- blocked!

[The block of haymaker with Lynch's injured arm seems to shock "Diamond" Rob who recoils in disbelief before being DRILLED with a right hand to the skull, sending Driscoll staggering back into the corner.]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Lynch mounts the midbuckle, raising his right hand.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, grabbing the dazed Driscoll by the arm, using one arm to whip him across the ring, sending Driscoll crashing into the buckles, staggering back out...]

GM: DRISCOLL HITS HARD!

[...and stumbles RIGHT into a haymaker between the eyes! Lynch drops to his knees, covering him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN THE SHOULDER COMES UP!

[Lynch drops his head down to the mat, pressing his forehead into the canvas as he slams a balled-up fist down over and over. He throws his head back, the crowd trying to cheer the frustrated fan favorite on as he climbs back to his feet...

...and raises his right hand in the shape of the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Lynch is calling for the Iron Claw!

[He crouches down, waving a hand for the downed Driscoll to climb back up off the mat. Lynch nods his head at the cheering fans, his hand at the ready to apply the most fabled submission hold in the state of Texas!]

GM: He's ready! Driscoll staggering up off the mat and-

[As he does, Lynch HOOKS the Claw, sinking his fingers into the skull!]

GM: IRON CLAW! TRAVIS HOOKS THE IRON CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the signature hold being applied, Driscoll's arms pumping wildly as he tries to find an escape from the devastating hold. He suddenly starts waving a hand towards the ring...]

GM: Driscoll's in trouble! He's trapped in the center of that ring inside the Iron Claw and- wait a second!

[The Crockett Coliseum fans begin to buzz as someone comes hurdling over the barricade, pulling themselves up on the ring apron...]

GM: What in the...?! Who is that?!

[A hooded sweatshirt is on, hiding the identity of the interloper as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger signals for security, moving to intercept the person before they can get into the ring.]

GM: Is that a fan or-

[The Iron Claw forces Rob Driscoll down to the mat, Travis holding tight as he tries to get a pin. The fans are jeering loudly as the official is tied up with the person on the apron...]

GM: Come on, ref! He's got the man pinned!

BW: The ref's tied up and he can't- he can't count him, Gordo!

GM: I can see that but... look, one... two... three... four... he's got him beaten, Bucky!

[...and suddenly, Travis breaks the hold, glaring as he stomps across the ring towards the ring apron.]

GM: Travis had him!

[Travis grabs the referee by the arm, swinging him around and shouting at him. Jagger protests, pointing to the hooded individual on the apron who Lynch abruptly grabs by the arm...]

GM: Uh oh! Whoever this is, they just cost Travis Lynch the National Title and he's not-

[Lynch shakes the person by the arm which causes the hood to fall back...

...and the crowd to ERUPT in a shocked reaction!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: SHE'S BACK!

[But it's not the young lady you might be expecting to cost Travis Lynch his biggest moment.

It's the former Wise Woman herself.]

GM: MISS SANDRA HAYES IS ON THE APRON! WHY?! WHY?!

BW: She's the Perfect Ten! She's gotta be!

GM: She's WHAT?!

BW: "Diamond" Rob promised the Perfect Ten would join him here tonight, the woman he's been scouring the globe for and he found her! The perfect blend of beauty, brains, and power!

GM: Lynch is shocked! Travis Lynch is shocked, fans!

BW: Step back, Sandra! He's not above hitting a woman!

[Lynch backs off, shouting at Jagger to get her out of the picture.]

GM: Sandra Hayes is arguing with the referee, bickering with Johnny Jagger and Travis Lynch and-

[As Travis gets up in her face again, she casually throws her purse through the ropes, sending it bouncing over to a rising Rob Driscoll who grabs the leather bag.]

GM: Wait a second! Driscoll's got the purse! Driscoll's got that Gucci bag in his hands!

[Travis angrily turns away from her, shouting at the referee to get her down so the match can continue...

...and walks RIGHT into a full-swing with the Gucci bag, smashing it right into Travis' temple!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Texan drops like a rock as Driscoll spins, throwing the purse out of sight as he collapses into a cover! Sandra squeals, pointing out the pinfall to Johnny Jagger who spins around, diving down to the mat.]

GM: NO! NO!

[Jagger slaps the mat once... twice... as Sandra Hayes jumps up and down with joy on the apron...]

GM: NOOOOOO!

[...and a third time to the deafening jeers of the sold-out Crockett Coliseum crowd!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: He got him! He got him! Rob Driscoll's won the National Title!

[Driscoll sits up on the mat, throwing his hands up in the air as a grinning Sandra Hayes steps through the ropes, running and dropping down to her knees to embrace Rob Driscoll from behind!]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes has returned! We haven't seen her since SuperClash and-

BW: And man oh man, does that woman know how to make an entrance, daddy!

GM: Rob Driscoll... damn it, Travis Lynch had this won! Travis Lynch had the National Title in his grasp! He had Driscoll pinned with that Iron Claw in the center of the ring until-

BW: Until the Perfect Ten arrived and Travis couldn't resist trying to lay her out too!

GM: That's not what happened! That's not what happened at all! He had the title won and... that bag... that damn Gucci bag... it was loaded with something! It had to be!

[Driscoll climbs to his feet with the aid of Miss Hayes, draping an arm around her as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

[The crowd is jeering heavily, empty water bottles being flung into the ring by the irate Texas crowd.]

PW: ...the Brass Ring Tournament...

[A wadded up napkin bounces off Sandra's face as she swats at it angrily.]

PW: ...and the NEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

"DIIIIIIIIAMONNNNNNNND"
ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOB
DRIIIIIIISSSSSSSCOLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Driscoll's grin gets even bigger as he spots Johnny Jagger coming towards him, carrying the glittering piece of gold in his hands. Driscoll nods, waving for the belt...

...and then Miss Sandra Hayes steps in Jagger's path, shaking her head as she snatches the title away from him!]

GM: Rob Driscoll has done it! Rob Driscoll is the National Champion, fans.

[Hayes plants a big kiss on the face of the title belt before holding it high over her head...

...and then strapping it around the waist of the new champion who couldn't have a bigger smile on his face as the near-riotous crowd continues to roar their disdain for what they just witnessed!]

GM: These fans are irate! Their hometown son, Travis Lynch himself, had this title won. It was a moment they wanted... a moment they NEEDED to see as the AWA prepares to leave Dallas and Rob Driscoll and that... that...

BW: Careful, Gordo.

GM: ...that spoiled little brat, Miss Sandra Hayes... they ROBBED these fans of that moment! They're... these fans are letting them have it as they celebrate this title win and- ugh. I can't believe what I'm seeing. Fans... I'm sick of this. Let's go to commercial so we don't have to see any more of it.

[On Gordon's cue, we hold for a few more moments before fading to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

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

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

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

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

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

We fade to the AWA's Greatest Texas Moments graphic package one final time for footage marked "September 13th, 2014 - Homecoming - Crockett Coliseum" where we're in the latter stages of last year's Rumble match. As we join the action, Juan Vasquez is smashing Johnny Detson with headbutts, trying to knock Detson off the apron to the floor. Ryan Martinez comes walking towards the action, moving to help Vasquez...

...but gets grabbed from behind by Carver who swings him around, hooking him for a T-Bone suplex...]

GM: OHHH! SUPLEX INTO THE CORNER!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Carver climbs to his feet, looking out on the crowd who is showering him with a mixture of cheers and boos for the suplex. With a shrug, he starts stomping Martinez into the canvas...]

GM: Carver's stomping the hell out of the AWA's White Knight, the man who led our team to victory in Cibernetico!

BW: You think Carver gives a damn about that? He's had it out for Martinez for months now and now he's getting his chance to do something about it!

[A half dozen more stomps land, leaving Martinez barely moving on the canvas as Carver spins around, looking across the ring where Juan Vasquez is busy trying to knock Johnny Detson off the apron...

...and Carver strikes!]

GM: Carver is going to help send Detson to the floor and-

[The crowd GROANS as Carver goes into a spin and BLASTS Juan Vasquez in the back of the head with the Mind Eraser!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow slumps Vasquez forward and makes it easy for Carver to lean down, lifting him up and dumping him to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! Juan Vasquez has been eliminated by Hannibal Carver! BW: We're down to the three!

[The attack on Vasquez allowed Detson to roll through the ropes back into the ring where a furious Carver pulls him up, battering him back against the turnbuckles with right hands. He grabs an arm, whipping Detson across so hard that Detson collapses upon hitting the turnbuckles.]

GM: Carver's a machine in there right now, driven by his frustration and anger over what happened to Eric Preston at the Battle Of Los Angeles.

[Carver kneels down on a prone Detson, viciously pounding his skull with a clenched fist.]

GM: Man alive, those shots are brutal!

[After about a dozen punches to the head, Carver peels Detson up off the canvas, shoving him back into the ropes...

...and picks up the steel chair left behind by Demetrius Lake.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: You do NOT want Hannibal Carver inside that ring with a steel chair!

[The crowd is buzzing as Carver grabs the chair by the legs, whacking it into the canvas a few times to warm up...

...and then pulls it back over his head, taking aim at the skull of the former World Champion as he stalks across the ring towards him!]

GM: HE'S GONNA DO TO DETSON WHAT DETSON DID TO PRESTON!

[But before Carver can club Detson over the head with a concussion-causing blow, Ryan Martinez comes tearing out of the corner, throwing himself at Carver...]

GM: SPEAR!! SPEAR ON CARVER!!

[Martinez flings the chair aside, taking the mount on Carver and pounding him with fiery right hands to the head!]

GM: Martinez on Carver! Martinez on Carver!

[With the chair on the mat, Johnny Detson staggers across to retrieve it, lifting it over his head as he stumbles towards Ryan Martinez...

...who wheels around, catching him with a right hand in the midsection!]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs on Detson! Those two were numbers sixteen and seventeen in this match so they've been in there for almost a half hour now, battling it out to try and win a spot in the SuperClash Main Event!

BW: They came in at sixteen and seventeen... now they're down to the final three! One of these three men will meet Supreme Wright in the Main Event of SuperClash VI for the World Heavyweight Title.

GM: And the other two will have to dream about what might have been!

[Martinez again kicks the chair aside, pulling Detson into a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster! Martinez is going for the Brainbuster on Johnny Detson in the middle of the ring!

[He takes a few moments to prepare himself, sucking wind into his weary body... ...and LIFTS!]

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

BW: CARVER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The steel chair SMASHES into the back of Martinez, forcing him to set Detson back down on the mat...

...which allows Detson to grab a handful of trunks, HURLING Martinez over the top rope!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS GONE! MARTINEZ IS GONE!!

[But just like Detson before him, Martinez manages to grab the top rope with both hands...

...and uses his upper body strength to pull himself back over the ropes onto his feet inside the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: HOW DID HE DO THAT?!

[A shocked Detson charges at him from across the ring...

...and Martinez sidesteps, HURLING Detson over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: DETSON IS ELIMINATED!

[Carver, still holding the chair, rushes at Martinez from the blind side...

...but Martinez ducks down, backdropping Carver over the ropes!]

GM: Carver- OVER! NO! HE HANGS ON AS WELL!

[Carver flings the chair down, reaching over the ropes to grab Martinez by the hair, pulling him towards the ropes. He delivers a hellacious headbutt, tugging the White Knight into a front facelock...]

GM: Carver's gonna suplex Martinez to the floor! We're down to the final two!

[But as Carver lifts him, Martinez struggles and flails about, battling back down to his feet. He slips out, drilling Carver with a forearm shot to the jaw. Carver hangs on to the top rope, using it to propel himself forward to land a forearm of his own!]

GM: I'm not sure Martinez wants to trade blows with Hannibal Carver!

[Carver grabs Martinez by the hair, charging towards the corner with him...

...but Martinez lifts the leg, putting his foot on the turnbuckle to block the head slam. The counter allows him to grab Carver by the head...]

GM: OHHH! MARTINEZ PUTS HIM HEADFIRST INTO THE POST!!

[With Carver dazed, Martinez breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes, springing back...]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[But Carver ducks down, avoiding the head kick...

...and then uses the middle rope to swing himself into a shoulder drive to the midsection, causing Martinez to stumble back, giving Carver enough space to step back into the ring.]

GM: We're down to these two men - Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez - battling it out to see who will go on to SuperClash VI to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title!

[Carver grabs Martinez by the hair from behind, pulling him straight up...

...and SLAMMING his forearm into the back of the head repeatedly, landing a half dozen blows before letting go, allowing Martinez to stagger across the ring, falling chestfirst into the ropes.]

GM: Martinez is in trouble now. Carver's got him on Dream Street and he's looking to finish him off with that Mind Eraser!

[The Boston Brawler measures his man, slapping his forearm into his open palm a few times as he tries to get in the right position...

...and then goes into a full spin, winding up with the right arm!]

GM: MIND ERASER!

[But Martinez ducks it, sending Carver sailing past him...

...which allows Martinez to duck down, lifting Carver up into an electric chair!]

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

[Martinez staggers out away from the ropes, looking to drive Carver back with the Knight's End...

...but Carver has other ideas, driving the point of his elbow down repeatedly between the eyes!]

BW: Those 12 to 6 elbows are illegal in the world of MMA but legal as can be here in the AWA, daddy!

[Martinez' eyes glaze over at the repeated elbow strikes to the head as his knees start to buckle beneath him...]

GM: Martinez is trying to stay on his feet as Carver lands elbow after elbow after elbow!

[The White Knight stumbles back, falling faster as he loses his balance...

...and falls right back into the ropes, tumbling over the top with Carver up on his shoulders!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Martinez has the presence of mind to let go, grabbing onto the rope as Carver plummets off his shoulders...

...and CRASHES down on the floor as Martinez is left dangling from the ropes, his feet just barely off the concrete!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Martinez lets go, falling down in a heap on the floor as the crowd ROARS in celebration!]

PW: Here is your winner of the 2014 Rumble...

RYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAN MAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers once again as a weary Martinez slumps back against the ring apron. A pair of AWA officials make their way over to him, checking his condition.]

GM: He entered the ring at number seventeen and lasted over a half hour to win this, the 2014 Rumble! Ryan Martinez, the AWA's White Knight, conquered the Wise Men at the Battle Of Los Angeles... and in just over two months' time, he'll now go to SuperClash VI where he will attempt to conquer Supreme Wright and become the World Heavyweight Champion! What a year for this young man, Bucky!

BW: He's done it... but now he's gotta live with the fact that he's done it... and from what we saw earlier tonight, Supreme Wright is ready for Ryan Martinez. That man does not like to lose and in the Cibernetico, he lost to Ryan Martinez. He was pinned by Ryan Martinez. And if that happens at SuperClash VI, we're going to have a brand new World Champion, daddy!

GM: Martinez being helped back into the ring by the referees... he's barely able to stand at this point, celebrating his big win. These fans here in Dallas are overjoyed. The first AWA show they've gotten to see live since back in May and what a show it has been, fans! We're way past out of time. As always, we'd like to thank WKIK for letting us go as long as necessary to bring you all the great action. For Mark Stegglet, Colt Patterson, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon My-

BW: Not yet, Gordo! Check this out!

[The cheers for Martinez turn to a mixture of jeers and concern for the young lion as the curtain parts one more time on this Homecoming night, leading to a stream of Team Supreme members walking into view...

...and then forming a makeshift aisle for the champion of the World who strides into view, lightly tapping the title belt around his waist.]

GM: THE CHAMP... IS... HERE!

[The World Heavyweight Champion walks with purpose down the ramp, not hesitating as he reaches the ropes to step right through them, striding right up to Martinez who is in the center of the ring barely able to stand...

...and stares dead in the eyes of the man who he will be facing in the middle of the most famous arena in all of sports, Madison Square Garden.]

GM: This is a showdown, fans! This is a sneak preview of what you're going to see LIVE on Pay Per View in just over two months' time!

[Wright slowly lifts the World Title belt as both men's gazes drift from one another, locking on the glittering golden title belt as we fade to black.

When we return from commercial, the fans are booing as the King Of Professional Wrestling himself is back in the ring. Demetrius Lake is showered again, and back in street clothes including dress pants, a white collared shirt, and a brown-and-red tie. An extremely large cardboard box is in the ring next to him. He looks unhappy as the fans jeer him. Lake has the house mic and starts up immediately.]

DL: SHADDAP!

[The fans get louder, naturally.]

DL: I know all you Mexans just love it how I once again got cheated in favor of one of your worthless Lunch boys, but before I begin I would like to congratulate Rob Driscoll on winnin' the National Title against the one-armed bandit Travesty Lunch tonight. I'm sorry that a bunch of know-nothin' fools are gonna claim you didn't earn it because you whupped on a one-armed Lunch boy who got nothin' left, but you can also tell them you had to fight the referee too. Because that's how it goes here in Dallas Mexas.

[The gloating over Travis' loss is drawing the hatred of the crowd, as does the accusation of hometown bias.]

DL: It's reasons like that why the AWA finally has made a good decision in followin' the path that Percy Childe laid out when he took over last year. He started the ball rollin' for the AWA to get out of town, and the one sensible thing they did when they stole it back from him is to follow that plan. That's why, tonight, I am here to personally preside over the official shutdown of the CrockOfIt Coliseum.

That's right. Several of us have said it, but it seems like you bums don't understand. We are NEVER comin' back to this hellhole. The CrockOfIt Coliseum is bein' tore down, and it's all because of you low-class Mexas bums that been stinkin' up our reputation for five years.

GM: That's a lie! We're going to be all over the country, but this is still our home and we will come back to do shows! Just not the-

[Lake points down at the broadcast table.]

DL: I see you movin' your lips, Mr. TV Announcer! Don't you be spreadin' your lies! Don't be tellin' these bums they got any hope of ever seein' a real superstar ath-e-lete again! They blew it! They coulda smartened up and turned from the hometown local yokels. But they wanted to cling to them fantasies. They wanted to believe that Mexas boys could be elite. They got a bunch of referees paid off with Old Yeller's percentage cuts he gets from all his old Mexas territory bums. You saw it tonight how I had Travesty Lunch pinned in the middle of the ring! But it all ends now. It all ends now.

We tried to give this place a chance. Percy Childes tried to get the provincial stink offa it when he renamed it the Detson Center. And at first I thought it was a crime that they ignored that legal name change, but the more I thought about, the more I realized that nobody would want this dump named after them, especially once the only good management this company ever had was forced out illegally.

But enough about the CrockOfIt Coliseum. It's gettin' tore down for a Wal-Mart, because the property owners took one look at peopleofcrockettcoliseum.com and was so embarrassed that Wal-Mart looked real good in comparison. Let's talk about the brighter side. Let's talk about the AWA's history. It wasn't all bad. Just the Mexas part of it.

[BOOOO!]

DL: You had the National Championship, thankfully back in the hands of a real champion!

[More boos as Lake gloats over Travis' loss.]

DK: Let's run down the list. We had Marcus Broussard. He was a real champion. We had Kolya Sudakov. He was a real champion. We had Stevie Scott, before he decided to go soft. He was a real champion. We had Calisto Dufresne. He was a real champion. That's a lineage. That's a line to be proud of. Even though we had some bumps in there like Ron Houston, the phony King, and Juan Valdez. We had a strong lineage come through this building, all in front of you fans. You didn't deserve it, but you got it.

And then we moved up to the World Heavyweight Championship. We had Calisto Dufresne again. We had Supreme Wright. But I notice we have a few more bumps in the road. A few more closet champions, paper champions, whatever you want to call them. You have the AWA stand accused of referee funny business on a number of occasions. It's a jumble,

and it needs to get sorted out so that we can have a lineage to be proud of again. We got Ryan Marktinez runnin' around with claims like he deserves to be a champion because he lucked out one time. It seems like, with those few exceptions, the World Champion line has been more along the lines of what Dallas Mexas is normally worth: not quite the best.

[BOOOOOO!]

DL: I need to get this situation under control. I could take that belt any time, any where. Johnny Detson can do the same, except he has that serial killer Annabelle Carver tryin' to stab him with a rusty tetanus-ridden shiv. He needs to take care of that first. Supreme Wright could do it, but he is takin' his time to clear the path first. So I wanted to get in there and get it done.

But then here comes part of the problem himself, Dave Cryant. He was a top wrestler once upon a time. If you consider all the wrestlers in the sport, he still is, but he's not on top of his game anymore. He's gettin' old. Slowin' down. You all saw a referee hand him the World Heavyweight Title back last summer. Supreme Wright run him to the very end, and he has never been the same. I admit that he could still beat ninety-nine percent of everybody that laces boots. But not the King. And he knows it.

This is the mark of desperation and jealousy. And that is why I need to grab that World Title, if Detson or Wright won't, as soon as possible to get control of the AWA's reputation. We can point here to Dallas, we can point at the CrockOfIt Coliseum, and we can say that was holdin' us down. Because it was. But if we don't get the belt back in the hands of one of the top stars, then we might just as well stay.

[Beat.]

DL: No, we definitely should leave anyway, because this is the armpit of the entire world.

[BOOOOOO!]

DL: And to ceremonially signify that we're movin' on past our shackles, I have made arrangements for a funeral pyre. We're gonna burn up our embarrasin' past right now. Get that barrel in here, I ain't gonna burn the ring.

[That last sentence is directed to some arena workers, who are pushing a steel drum in through the ropes. Lake sets it up as the crowd boos in anticipation of what he's going to burn.]

DL: Earlier in the day, I took the liberty, as is my right as King Of Professional Wrestling, to pull down them World Championship banners.

[Lake kicks over the cardboard box, causing the big banners that are normally hanging from the rafters to spill out over the mat. Now the crowd is irate!]

DL: No, no, don't worry. I ain't gonna burn the banner of anyone who deserved to be a champion. I gave them their banners earlier. But the rest of these bums got to burn. Marktinez. Monosso. And I'm gonna start with Dave Cryant, who embarrassed the AWA and himself when he tried to keep the championship out of the hands of the King.

[As the crowd continues to revolt and chant "BRY-ANT!", Lake reaches down and picks up the Dave Bryant World Championship banner. He starts stuffing it into the barrel, and from his pocket produces a small container of lighter fluid.]

DL: He was a world champion level wrestler at one time. But when you go down the list of top champions, both National and World, Dave Cryant shows that he learned nothing from those who came before.

Because you know whose example he shoulda followed? The first AWA Champion. Marcus Broussard. He was a world champion level wrestler, but at the first hint of slowin' down, he got out. He got out because he looked down the line at the superstar ath-e-letes such as myself linin' up, and got himself a cushy job scoutin' talent. That was a smart man who did not disgrace the sport by hangin' on. You should have done the same.

Or he could have followed the path of Kolya Sudakov. He was a young man, but he lost a half-step and what did he do? He used his fame to get into a lesser sport. He's whuppin' on bums who could never make it in professional wrestling, gettin' the big checks, and you could have done that too, Cryant. You probably still can even at your age, because I ain't seen an mixed-up martial artist yet that could handle this sport.

Or maybe he could have been like Stevie Scott. Once he had his run, he settled in on bein' the class clown. Kowtowed to all these bums so they'd pay to see him, and show up once a year or so. Come to think of it, that's Juan Valdez, too, once he finally came to terms with the fact that he was a bum and nobody liked him except the less intelligent fans like we got here in Mexas. Spent last year hidin' from the Wise Men and comin' out afterwards, showin' he's smarter than he looks. You coulda done that.

Or he could have at least followed the example of the biggest thief in wrestling history. Langseth. Not only did he steal Hamilton Graham's spot in the Hall Of Fame for no reason, he stole the National Championship. And he knew there was a true King in wrestling that might come down and clean him out, so he went home and stayed there. And took the payoff to get the belt back, which was another mistake. They shoulda given me his home address instead. But the thief was smart, you got to credit him there. You could have at least bailed out when you had the chance.

You can still do any of those, Cryant. The door's wide open. Don't let it hit you in the rear end on your way out! Because otherwise, the example you'll follow?

[Lake picks up the James Monosso banner and shows it to the camera.]

DL: The man who held on and held on until a younger man crippled him and put him in a wheelchair forever!

[BOOOOO!]

DL: It's time to put all this to rest, and shut down the CrockOfIt Coliseum by burnin' up the one thing they love more than anything down here... their self-delusion.

[From his other pocket, Lake produces a lighter. The crowd stands and boos... but the pitch changes entirely as Dave Bryant rushes down the aisle, looking absolutely furious.]

GM: DAVE BRYANT HAS SEEN AND HEARD ENOUGH! As have we all!

BW: The door's the other way, dummy! Did you hear nothing that the King said?!

GM: Demetrius Lake is bailing out! Dave Bryant wasn't going to let Lake run him down and burn these banners!

[Bryant stands in the ring, pointing down at Lake and inviting him in. Lake shakes his head and holds up two fingers to indicate the number of matches he's already wrestled tonight.]

BW: What a coward Dave Bryant is. Attacking a man who has already wrestled two matches!

GM: What a coward Demetrius Lake is! Trying to get at somebody by burning a monument to his greatest professional achievement instead of challenging him to a... LOOK OUT!

[As Lake is about to leave, Bryant reaches down into the steel drum to pull out his banner. That's when he makes the mistake of underestimating Lake's speed. The "Black Tiger" rolls into the ring, after reaching into his pocket, and when Bryant looks up after retrieving his banner, he gets decked right in the face by Lake with a pair of brass knuckles!]

GM: OH NO! IT WAS A TRAP!

BW: Ha ha ha ha... I told you you went the wrong way, dummy!

GM: Lake on top of Bryant, and hammering him with a pair of brass knuckles! Someone has to stop this!

BW: I didn't see anybody rushing to stop Bryant when he had the Iron Crab on Lake a few weeks ago!

GM: Lake stomping away with those hard soled dress shoes now! And... oh, no.

[Despite having a small cut above his eye and clearly being knocked senseless for the moment, Bryant scrambles up to his feet through sheer will. Lake pushes him into the ropes, hits him with the knuckles again, and then pulls the middle rope up over Bryant's shoulders to tie him up in the ropes! The former World Champion is helpless as Lake winds up for a huge Tiger Strike, and nails him in the windpipe with it!]

BW: TIGER STRIKE! And now maybe Bryant'll know how it feels to have a crushed trachea!

GM: Don't be absurd. Lake standing in front of Bryant... slap! What disrespect!

BW: He said he'd slap his face on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, Gordo. You think the King would lie?

GM: Pathologically. Bryant struggling to break free, but he hasn't got his wind. And now... oh, not this! Not now!

[Having put Bryant in a position to watch, Lake picks up the banner. The "Doctor Of Love" hurls enraged invectives as his championship banner is stuffed back into the steel drum. The boos are venomous as Lake flicks open his Zippo lighter and drops it in as Bryant shakes himself free. Bryant dives forward... too late. The lighter-fluid soaked cloth goes up immediately as the "Black Tiger" rolls out of the ring. A look of shock, hatred, and anguish is on Bryant's face as he helplessly watches the monument to his biggest success burn.]

BW: That's gonna be you if you don't back off, Bryant.

GM: This... Bucky! The World Title meant everything to Dave Bryant! It still does! That banner was a lasting memorial that he had achieved his life's goal! It's his life's work, in a sense, and this cretin just burned it in front of him!

BW: Pretty sure he can buy a new one.

GM: That's not the point! This is a much bigger slap in the face than the slap in the face! Dave Bryant is practically apoplectic with rage right now! He's rolling out and going after Lake, but he's long gone.

BW: Well, if he ever wants to fight the King, better do it now after he's fought twice already.

GM: I cannot believe what I just saw! What a disrespectful way to 'close' the Crockett Coliseum! These fans are livid and so am I!

[The camera cuts down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. The play-by-play man is absolutely fuming.]

GM: This night... in all honesty... has NOT turned out the way that the fans in Dallas have hoped, fans. We saw Travis Lynch ROBBED of the AWA

National Title by Rob Driscoll and Miss Sandra Hayes. We saw the Lights Out Express practically STEAL the AWA World Tag Team Titles from Air Strike. And now this... this embarrassment.

BW: So long, Texas! Don't let the door hit ya where the Good Lord split ya!

GM: You'd have to believe these fans will be counting down the months, the weeks, the days until the AWA returns right here to Dallas this fall for Homecoming and then to Houston for SuperClash VII on November 24th at Minute Maid Park for the biggest night of the year!

BW: You're talkin' like the door is closed, the lights are out, and we're ready to go home, Gordo. We got one more thing left. One last parting gift for these idiot Texas fans to go with their Lee Press-On Nails and Turtle Wax... and that's the King of Death Match beating Bobby O'Connor into a bloody pulp.

GM: The Main Event is on... the Main Event is coming... and for the final time here in the Crockett Coliseum for the months to come, let's head back to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and will be conducted under NO DISQUALIFICATION FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE RULES!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The opening guitar riff from "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult is heard as the crowd gets to their collective feet. The drums kick in, and the popular young third generation brawler runs out onto the ramp to a large ovation. He raises his fist to the air and lets out a loud yell to a sizable reaction from the crowd.]

PW: From Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing in at 265 pounds...

BOBBYYYYYYYYY O'CONNNNNNNNORRRRRR!

[O'Connor nods, saluting the fans as he stands at the top of the aisle...

...and Caleb Temple comes storming at him from behind, blasting him with a forearm shot to the back of the head, knocking him down to his knees!]

GM: OH! Temple's not gonna wait! Caleb Temple has come for Bobby O'Connor and this fight is gonna start right now, fans!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell before jogging up the ramp to the top of it, ready to count a pinfall if needed.]

GM: The bell sounds... we're underway... and the referee is ready for this No Disqualification Falls Count Anywhere match!

[Temple pulls O'Connor up by the hair, wheeling him around and SLAMMING him facefirst into the metal structure around the entrance curtain.]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the steel!

[O'Connor stumbles back into a thunderous clothesline from Temple, knocking him straightaway down to the wooden ramp...

...and Caleb Temple gets the crowd buzzing early as he grabs hold of the steel structure and starts climbing!]

GM: What in the-?! What in the-?!

BW: CALEB TEMPLE IS HERE! THIS IS THE _REAL_ CALEB TEMPLE! He's not some flunky to a higher power - Caleb Temple IS the higher power! Caleb Temple IS the King of the Death Match! And THIS is exactly why Caleb Temple is the most feared and most dangerous man in the history of our sport!

[Temple continues to climb, step by step up the steel structure, ending up about nine feet up in the air as he turns around, sitting on the top of the frame as he looks down manically at Bobby O'Connor who is starting to get up off the ramp...

...and Temple LEAPS!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Temple wipes out O'Connor with a dive off the structure, knocking both men flat out on the ramp as the crowd salutes the daredevil dive!]

GM: TEMPLE DOVE OFF THAT METAL FRAME ONTO BOBBY O'CONNOR! A SUICIDAL DIVE ONTO A SOLID WOOD RAMP!

[Temple pushes up to his knees, a gleeful look on his face as the camera swoops around him.]

BW: Man oh man... this man is home, Gordo. Caleb Temple never feels more like he belongs than when he's dishing out carnage to somebody! Bobby O'Connor may not have known what he was getting himself into but he certainly does now!

[The Hall of Famer stands tall on the ramp, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as he turns towards the downed O'Connor, dragging him up by the hair...

...and hooks a handful of trunks!]

GM: NO, NO, NO! THIS IS WHAT HE DID TO MARTINEZ!

[But O'Connor is ready, throwing an elbow back to the mouth, sending Temple reeling away.]

GM: Thank the maker for that! Bobby O'Connor was a split second away from being thrown off that wooden ramp - that elevated ramp - just like his good friend Ryan Martinez was!

[O'Connor doesn't let up, coming right after Temple with a right hand... and another... and another. Temple retreats from the blows, staggering down the elevated ramp towards the squared circle as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: They're headed for the ring and quite frankly, I'm a little surprised by that!

[Temple drops to a knee as O'Connor approaches, throwing a big boot into the face of the King of the Death Match.]

GM: Oh! O'Connor caught him flush with that! Bobby O'Connor may be a kid... he may be a nice guy... but this is the Bobby O'Connor we heard about when he came to the AWA! THIS is the Bobby O'Connor that they called "Bunkhouse" all over Missouri!

[Grabbing Temple by the hair, O'Connor takes a few big steps and HURLS him over the top rope, throwing him down onto the canvas where he hits hard!]

GM: O'Connor puts him inside the ring... and the referee is running right behind them, keeping up every step of the way because he knows he needs to be there - wherever they are - to count that three!

[O'Connor steps through the ropes into the ring, the crowd cheering him on as he approaches Temple who has slid up against the ropes, holding up an arm...]

GM: Is Temple trying to beg for mercy?

BW: I don't-

[O'Connor hesitates...

...which is what Temple was hoping for, lunging forward to hook the front of the tights and YANKS O'Connor facefirst through the ropes, spilling out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY! O'CONNOR GOES OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[The referee steps closer to Temple...

...and gets shoved back to the corner where Temple steps in, yanking the referee's leather belt from around his waist!]

GM: Uh oh! Temple's got the ref's belt!

[Leaning through the ropes, Temple loops the leather belt around the throat of O'Connor, pulling back hard on it!]

GM: He's choking him! Temple's choking him with that leather belt!

[Temple sits down on the mat, planting his foot against the back of O'Connor's head, getting more leverage as he pulls back on the leather strap!]

GM: O'Connor's being strangled by this maniac and we're just - what? Mere minutes into the match!

BW: Temple don't get paid by the hour, daddy!

GM: I suppose not but- look at this!

[O'Connor spins into the pressure, getting the belt off the throat and onto the back of his neck, pulling Temple's legs to drag him out to the floor where he pushes him back against the apron, hammering away with short right hands to the head...]

GM: O'CONNOR'S ALL OVER HIM! O'CONNOR'S ALL OVER HIM!

[The crowd is ROARING for the barrage from the fired up O'Connor who breaks away, grabbing Temple by the hair...]

...and HURLS him over the top of the steel barricade, sending him sprawling into the front row of fans!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[O'Connor is burning mad as he approaches the railing, rubbing at his throat as the ringside fans try to scatter, giving the two warriors room to operate. He climbs over the railing at the end of the row, stepping into the mass of humanity that is cheering him on, snatching up the closest steel chair at the end of the row. He slaps it down on the railing a few times, causing a sharp "CLANG!" to ring out through the Crockett Coliseum...]

...and rears back with it as Temple rises!]

GM: CHAIR!

[The steel seat SMASHES across the back of the rising Temple, pitching him over the front row and into the second!]

BW: He got him on the back but that was INCREDIBLY close to the back of Temple's head, Gordo!

GM: I don't think Bobby O'Connor would do that intentionally but perhaps he should! He's facing a man who has tried to end the career of one of

O'Connor's best friends TWICE! He's facing a man who has tried to ruin the careers... the lives of some of the all-time greats in the history of our sport over the years. Alex Martinez, Jeff Matthews, Chris Courtade, Casey James, Adam Rogers - some of the best in the world who've been absolutely tormented... punished... and haunted by this madman!

BW: You're endorsing Bobby O'Connor doing to Caleb Temple what you crucified Johnny Detson for doing to Eric Preston?!

GM: The difference between Caleb Temple and Eric Preston is the width of the Grand Canyon, Bucky!

BW: Tell that to James Monosso!

GM: I'm saying that there are many in this business - wrestlers, executives, fans, even family members - who would say that Bobby O'Connor ending Caleb Temple here tonight would be a service to all of humanity!

[O'Connor throws the chair down, stepping up on the front row of seats. He raises an arm up in the air, soaking up the cheers from the crowd as Temple uses the seats to push himself up, climbing up on the chairs as well to throw a lunging punch to O'Connor's head!]

GM: Big right hand by Temple!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor staggers back before throwing a right hand of his own, catching Temple flush on the jaw, knocking him back a few inches.]

GM: O'Connor returns fire! We've got a slugfest between two men standing on steel chairs!

[The crowd surrounding the brawl is roaring as the cameras attempt to keep the action in their shot. Temple throws another right hand... and O'Connor fires back!]

GM: Back and forth they go, trading heavy shots and-

[O'Connor snaps off a jab... and another... and another, staggering the King of the Death Match before CRASHING an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending Temple sailing backwards and SMASHING down onto the steel seats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TEMPLE GOES CRASHING DOWN ON THE CHAIRS!

[The Hall of Famer is sprawled out on the seats of the chairs, a pain-filled expression etched on his face as O'Connor stands over him, giving a shout to the roaring crowd.]

GM: These fans in the Crockett are solidly behind Bobby O'Connor as he takes the fight to the King of the Death Match!

[O'Connor steps over into the next row, dropping down to grab a handful of Temple's hair, hammering him with right hands to the skull as the surrounding fans cheer him on.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor has managed to do more than hold his own in this No DQ Falls Count Anywhere affair with Caleb Temple so far, Bucky.

BW: I'll give him that. He's putting up a heck of a fight but it ain't over til it's over, daddy.

[The Missouri native breaks away, picking up another chair as Temple crawls down the seats to the end of the row, falling off into the floor. O'Connor pursues, the crowd roaring as he wades through the seats trying to get at the Hall of Famer once again.]

GM: Temple using those chairs to drag himself to his feet...

[O'Connor clears the seats, still holding the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"IHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and BLASTS Temple across the back with it, sending him staggering up the aisle past row after row of steel folding chairs. A fired-up O'Connor continues to pursue, carrying the chair with him as AWA security rushes ahead of them, trying to clear a path as the fans race to encircle the raging battle!]

GM: Get those fans out of there before someone gets hurt!

[Temple staggers all the way to where the seating changes to wooden bleachers, climbing the steps with O'Connor following behind him. A half dozen steps up, Temple spins around, throwing a boot into the face of the climbing O'Connor!]

GM: Ohh! Temple caught him coming up the bleachers!

[The chair clatters down onto the floor as Temple grabs O'Connor by the head, smashing his face down into the metal handrail before pushing his throat down on the same railing, the Hall of Famer pressing his forearm down on the back of the neck!]

GM: He's choking him on that railing!

[The referee is right there to ask for a break but has no power to call for one in a No Disqualification match.]

BW: He could choke him until the referee counts to a hundred and five, Gordo! This is No DQ! Anything goes!

[Temple drags O'Connor off the railing, lacing his leg between the Missouri native's...

...and SNAPS him back onto the wooden steps, the back of O'Connor's head smashing into one courtesy of a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Good grief!

[O'Connor rolls over onto his stomach which proves to be a bad call as Temple grabs him by the hair, lifting his head off the wooden step...

...and SMASHES his face down into it!]

GM: O'Connor's face bouncing off the solid wooden staircase here in the bleachers of the Crockett Coliseum!

BW: And the beauty of this match is that he could pin him up there if he wanted to!

GM: He certainly could!

[Temple stands up, measuring O'Connor...

...and STOMPS the back of his head, smashing his face into the wooden step!]

GM: Absolutely vicious!

BW: Temple is showing the world that you don't have to give him barbed wire, thumbtacks, and C-4 to be the most dangerous man that you'll ever meet inside the squared circle!

[O'Connor rolls onto his back, his scar tissue-covered forehead haven been opened up. A flash of something approaching joy goes through Temple's eyes as he drags O'Connor into a seated position, standing behind him and rifling closed fists down into the head, the knuckles opening up the cut more with every blow!]

GM: Caleb Temple's all over him! Trying to bust that cut wide open and Bobby O'Connor's in some trouble right now, fans!

[The crowd groans as Temple leans over, sinking his teeth into the bloody wound to rip the flesh even more.]

GM: He's biting him! What kind of a sick, sadistic son of a-

BW: Easy there, Gordo. You might be protected by management from the Average Joe on the AWA roster but I don't think Caleb Temple plays by anyone's rules but his own!

[Dragging the bleeding O'Connor up off the wooden stairway, Temple drags him a few more steps up before delivering a hard right hand that sends

O'Connor wobbling back down a row of seats, fans scattering in every direction as Temple winds up and fires again!]

GM: Big right hand after big right hand from the Hall of Famer!

[O'Connor staggers back, blood trickling down his face as he finally falls back against the metal railing at the end of the row. Temple's eyes gleam with excitement as he wraps his hands around the throat of O'Connor, shoving him back over the railing in a chokehold!]

GM: He's trying to shove him off the bleachers! He's trying to throw him over that railing, Bucky!

BW: They're... what do you think, Gordo? Ten feet up in the air? Fifteen?

GM: It's hard to tell from our vantage point. Fans, our cameras are doing the best they can in keeping you in the loop on this one but as the falls most certainly do count anywhere, we could lose the shot at any time. If that happens, we'll do our best to re-establish it as soon as possible!

[Temple's eyes are wild as he strangles O'Connor over the railing, trying to shove the young man down onto the unforgiving concrete floor!]

GM: O'Connor's trying to fight Temple off with one arm while hanging onto that railing with the other and-

[The crowd cheers as a desperate Bobby O'Connor digs his fingers into Temple's eyes, raking hard!]

GM: Oh! O'Connor is forced to go to the eyes to save himself and-

[O'Connor grabs a blinded Temple from behind, spinning him around...

...but Temple lashes out with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat, sending O'Connor staggering backwards towards the railing again.]

GM: O'Connor goes to the eyes, Temple goes to the throat! What a battle these two are having - the final battle inside the Crockett Coliseum! What a way to wrap up our Seventh Anniversary Spectacular, fans!

[Temple measures O'Connor, backing down the row...

...and comes barreling towards him, stretching out his arm and throwing his weight behind a clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLI- AHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ERUPTS and then falls silent as Caleb Temple's clothesline carries too much momentum, causing both men to topple over the railing, flipping through the air, falling ten feet plus down down down...

...and SMASHING to a halt on the cold, hard concrete floor inside the Crockett Coliseum!]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

BW: It might be over right there, Gordo!

GM: It might be! Referee Ricky Longfellow is rushing down the steps of the bleachers, trying to get down there to check on both of those men as quickly as he possibly can, fans!

[Longfellow is hauling ass down the bleachers, jumping down to clear the last couple of steps. He sprints around the corner, baseball sliding to a stop to check on both competitors who are laid out and motionless on the concrete floor as he arrives.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor is down! Caleb Temple is down! The madman from Trinity, South Carolina put his own body on the line to try to deliver hell unto Bobby O'Connor's body!

[Longfellow kneels next to O'Connor, leaning over to speak to him as the crowd buzzes with concern for the downed young man.

And abruptly cut to a shot backstage where a group of AWA fan favorites are huddled around a monitor watching the action. Ryan Martinez, the World Heavyweight Champion, is amongst them and currently has his face buried in his hands, muttering "Get up, Bobby... come on, brother..."]

GM: An obviously distraught Ryan Martinez looking on backstage.

BW: He should be distraught. This is on him, Gordo!

GM: It... what?! Ryan Martinez challenged Caleb Temple! HE wanted to face him tonight! It was Temple who pulled the bait and switch for Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Yeah, but O'Connor wouldn't be involved with this at all if Martinez would've taken Temple up on his offer.

GM: That's ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous!

[Martinez is looking up at the screen now, Sweet Daddy Williams patting him on the shoulder.

We cut back to the live shot inside the arena where the referee has moved to check on Caleb Temple who is flat on his back, looking up at the lights.]

GM: This isn't what we wanted to see out of this one, fans.

BW: It's not? I'd say we're sending the Crockett out in style, daddy!

[The downed Temple slowly pushes up on an elbow to the jeers of the crowd, rolling over and throwing an arm across the chest of the still-downed fan favorite!]

GM: TEMPLE COVERS!

[A reluctant Longfellow drops down, raising his arm...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[O'Connor's shoulder comes flying off the concrete floor, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: NO! Two count only! O'Connor lives to keep fighting!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo. I thought he was done for sure.

[An irate Temple sits up, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers to the King of the Death Match. The Hall of Famer winces as he pushes himself to his feet, dragging the bloody O'Connor with him, dragging him towards a set of closed doors near the back of the seating area...

...and uses O'Connor's bloody head to bust down the doors, sending O'Connor sailing through them!]

GM: OHH! They're heading out of the arena bowl and into the concourse area... the area where the concession stands, the bathrooms, and all that are. I'm a little turned around here but-

[Temple disappears through the doors as well, the referee rushing in behind them. The camera appears stuck, shooting from a distance.]

GM: The... I'm being told our camera is out of cable. We're getting another camera into position as quickly as we can, fans. We're trying to get another cameraman over there to follow the action.

[We sit there and stare at the doors for a few more moments, the crowd jeering their inability to see the action...

...until we abruptly cut to a new shot, showing a cameraman running down a hallway, shoving past fans to catch a glimpse of Temple smashing O'Connor's face into a wall, leaving a bloody smear on the white paint.]

GM: There we go... we can see the action again...

[O'Connor staggers away from Temple who pursues, following the Missouri native as he tries to get a breather. Temple catches up to him, smashing his face into the wall again!]

GM: Caleb Temple is using every square inch of this building as a weapon, trying to injure Bobby O'Connor who - believe it or not - has a date with the

former World Champion Supreme Wright at Turner Field in three weeks' time.

BW: If he survives this.

GM: Absolutely.

[Temple delivers a hard kick to the torso, sending O'Connor falling back over a table covered with AWA t-shirts. The Hall of Famer snatches a shirt off the table, wrapping it around O'Connor's throat to strangle him with it!]

GM: He's choking him! Temple's choking him again!

BW: By this point, I'd think you would stop being surprised when that happens. I'm sure this ain't the last time that Caleb Temple will be choking O'Connor tonight!

[Temple continues to choke him with the shirt, absorbing a few blows to the body. A few more moments pass before Temple pulls the shirt free.]

GM: It's a Ryan Martinez shirt!

[An agitated Temple spits on the shirt before throwing it aside, following a coughing O'Connor as he staggers away again.]

GM: Temple continuing to attack and-

[O'Connor suddenly wheels around, blasting an incoming Temple with a right hand. A second one stuns him enough for an overhead elbow to send Temple falling back towards the wall...

...and O'Connor charges him, lowering his head!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: OHHHHH! HE TACKLES HIM INTO THE WALL!!

[O'Connor backs off, falling to a knee as Temple arches his back in pain, dropping down to all fours, leaving a body-sized dent in the wall!]

BW: They're gonna tear this place down!

GM: I hope not! The Combat Corner kids will be really upset if they destroy the future home of their school!

[The bloody O'Connor pushes up off the floor, grabbing a handful of hair on the kneeling Temple, battering him with right hands before dragging him up...

...and SLAMMING him facefirst into the dented wall!]

GM: Ohh! O'Connor takes his turn to smash Temple's face into the wall!

[Temple slumps back against the wall, breathing heavily as O'Connor balls up his fist, throwing a right to the gut... then a left... then a right... then a left...]

GM: O'Connor's lighting him up! He's pounding the ribs of Caleb Temple!

[The fired-up O'Connor changes his stance, opening fire with knife-edge chops to the chest, leaving red welts on the chest of the King of the Death Match as the Missouri native hammers him repeatedly, giving a shout to the nearby fans as he spins away from Temple!]

GM: These fans have flooded the concourse, cheering on O'Connor as he beats the heck out of Caleb Temple all over this building!

[Temple staggers away, trying to get some distance from O'Connor who is stalking after him...]

GM: Look out here... they're getting close to the concession stands...

BW: Maybe one of 'em can grab a hot dog for me.

[O'Connor sidesteps as Temple picks up a glass mustard dispenser off the counter, hurling it at "Bunkhouse" Bobby, causing it to shatter as it hits the floor, leaving mustard everywhere as O'Connor grabs Temple by the hair and SMASHES his head down into the metal counter!]

GM: Ohh!

[He drags Temple up by the hair, slamming his face down again!]

GM: O'Connor again sends him down into the counter!

[He pulls Temple a few feet away...

...and then spins around, HURLING Temple over the counter and into the concession stand area!]

GM: HOLY-

[O'Connor leaps up on the counter, moving through into the same area as concession workers go scattering. He moves in on Temple...

...who suddenly spins around, whapping O'Connor across the ribs with a broom handle!]

GM: Ohh! Temple caught him coming in and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An overhead blow with the broom handle cracks it in half as O'Connor slumps down to his knees...

...and Temple yanks O'Connor's bloody head back by the hair, exposing the cut forehead.]

GM: No, no, no!

[Temple lifts the broken broom handle...

...and DRIVES the splintered edge into the forehead, driving it back forth, digging into the bloody flesh!]

GM: AHHH! He's digging the splintered wood into the cut!

[O'Connor screams in pain as Temple's bloodlust shines through, repeatedly stabbing at the forehead with the splintered wood before finally throwing it aside.]

GM: Finally, he lets up... and he's going for a cover, fans!

[Ricky Longfellow hurdles the counter, dropping down to the concrete where he slaps the floor...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[...but the bloodied fan favorite lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Two count only! O'Connor's out at two!

[Temple throws a leg over the downed O'Connor, hammering away with a closed fist on the cut forehead, smashing his knuckles into the wound over and over and over again...]

GM: The blood is absolutely pouring down the forehead of Bobby O'Connor!

[The King of the Death Match climbs to his feet, looking around for his next weapon of choice...

...and suddenly snatches something off the table, leaning down to stuff it into his boot.]

GM: What did... what did he pick up right there?

BW: I couldn't tell but I'm guessing it ain't good news for Bobby O'Connor.

GM: I'm guessing you're right about that.

[Temple retrieves the fallen O'Connor, dragging him deeper into the room where he again slams his head into a door, shoving the fan favorite through it.]

GM: Where in the...?

[A loud noise is heard beyond the door, a shout followed by a series of thuds. As the cameraman comes through, we find Caleb Temple standing atop a flight of stairs with the bloodied O'Connor laid out at the bottom, sprawled out on the landing.]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: Did he throw O'Connor down the stairs?!

GM: It certainly looks that way... and if he can get down there fast enough, that might be it for Bobby O'Connor, fans!

[Temple makes his way down the staircase, dropping into a lateral press on the landing as the referee rushes down behind him, jumping over both men to get to a place where he can count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, the bloodied O'Connor lifts a shoulder up to break the pin!]

GM: Incredible! What heart! What guts on display by Bobby O'Connor!

BW: That should've been it, Gordo. The referee was totally out of position and O'Connor got too long to recover before he started counting!

GM: How could you possibly get into position to count any faster?! Ricky Longfellow is doing an outstanding job with this very tough assignment if you ask me!

[Temple glares at the referee as he gets up off the floor, kicking O'Connor a few times in the ribs, forcing him to roll towards the door that leads into the next area. A few more kicks makes O'Connor roll through the doorway to lead into a loading dock area.]

GM: Where in the world are they going now?!

[The cameraman follows Temple through as the King of the Death Match looks around at his new surroundings, pulling O'Connor off the floor by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: The crowd back inside the Crockett roars as Temple hits the metal dumpster!

[O'Connor staggers towards him, again balling up his fists and throwing rights and lefts to the body. He grabs a handful of Temple's hair, yanking his

head back as he delivers a series of short right hands to the forehead of the King of the Death Match!]

GM: O'Connor's hammering away at Temple and- OHH! He drives him facefirst into the side of that dumpster!

[Wheeling around, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor grabs Temple by the hair, dragging him towards the edge of the loading dock platform, looking off of it...

...and HURLS him into the back of a production truck, sending him flipping through the air before he crashes down inside of it!]

GM: Temple goes sailing into that truck... and O'Connor's going in after him...

[O'Connor looks around before grabbing a heavy crate on wheels, rolling it into position...

...and then charges towards a kneeling Temple with it, smashing it into his skull!]

GM: OHHH!

[With Temple laid out inside the truck, O'Connor hops over the crate, diving into a cover as the referee drops down to the floor of the truck.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHH! SHOULDER UP!

[O'Connor slams a hand angrily into the crate, shoving it aside as he drags Temple up off the floor of the truck, slamming his face down onto the rolling crate, leaving him sprawled across it...

...and then shoving the crate, pushing it into the wall of the truck, smashing Temple's head into it!]

BW: Man, this is a fight, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is. The battle raging all over the Crockett Coliseum and then some as O'Connor drags Temple up by the arm...

[A big whip sends Temple crashing into the wall of the truck trailer, staggering back to O'Connor who reverses course, sending him into the opposite wall before Temple slumps down against it, breathing heavily.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor is desperately trying to find a way... trying to find some way to finish off Caleb Temple here tonight... and perhaps for good.

[Something deeper in the truck trailer catches O'Connor's eye as he starts to make his way back in...

...and we cut to the group of fan favorites watching the match. Ryan Martinez looks no less distraught than he did earlier, running a hand through his hair as he watches Temple and his good friend do battle.]

GM: And again we see Ryan Martinez, the World Champion, looking very concerned for his friend.

[Suddenly, the fan favorites give out a cheer as Bobby O'Connor comes staggering back into view...

...a metal ladder on his shoulders with his head tucked between the middle rungs.]

GM: What in the-?! O'Connor's got a ladder! He found a ladder inside that truck and-

[As Temple starts to stir, O'Connor goes into a spin, essentially delivering an airplane spin to the ladder...

...which sends it BOUNCING off the skull of Caleb Temple, causing him to stumble backwards towards the exit of the truck!]

GM: What a shot with that ladder!

[Pulling the ladder down from his shoulders, O'Connor takes aim...

...and SLAMS the ladder up under the chin of Temple, sending him sailing out of the truck and back down on the concrete of the loading dock platform!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! Temple may be out after that!

[O'Connor throws the ladder down off his shoulders, moving swiftly to attempt a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN, CALEB TEMPLE GETS THE SHOULDER UP! UNBELIEVABLE!

[The bloodied O'Connor rolls to his knees, staring at Ricky Longfellow who insistently holds up two fingers. He shakes his head as he climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Temple up with him...

...and the King of the Death Match sticks a thumb in the eye, gouging away and leaving O'Connor blinded and reeling!]

GM: Cheapshot by Temple! And he's... wait a second!

[The crowd begins to buzz louder as the Hall of Famer spins away from O'Connor, turning back towards the truck and slamming half of the back door shut, revealing a metal ladder that is permanently attached to the back of the truck, allowing someone to access the roof of the trailer...

...and starts climbing it!]

GM: Where... where the heck is he going?!

BW: With this guy, who knows, Gordo!

GM: Temple is climbing that ladder... heading up to the top of this truck trailer in the loading dock down below the Crockett Coliseum!

[As the temporarily-blinded O'Connor rubs his eyes clear, he looks up and finds Temple headed up the ladder...

...and decides to follow him!]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: This is NOT the best idea that Bobby O'Connor has ever had, Gordo!

GM: It's certainly not!

[With the Missouri native in hot pursuit of the King of the Death Match, we cut back to that shot of the fan favorites watching the match. Ryan Martinez has come out of his chair now, looking anxiously at the screen as his good friend chases his enemy up on top of a semi-truck.]

GM: O'Connor's going after him and Ryan Martinez can't believe it!

[Martinez turns, about to chase after him by he's stopped cold by a few of the other wrestlers. Sweet Daddy Williams leans in, shaking his head. "You promised him, kid," can be heard from the Hotlanta native's mouth as a frustrated Martinez nods, turning back towards the monitor where Temple has reached the top of the trailer, getting back to his feet as O'Connor approaches...

...and BOOTS him between the eyes!]

GM: OH!

[The blow causes O'Connor to hang on tighter to the ladder as Temple drives a second boot down between the eyes!]

GM: He's trying to kick O'Connor off the ladder and down onto the concrete!

[Temple drops to his knees, grabbing the bloodied O'Connor by the hair, and SMASHING his face into the back of the truck trailer!]

GM: OHH! HANG ON, BOBBY!

[That's exactly what the third-generation brawler is doing, hanging on for his life as Temple slams his face into the vehicle a second time. O'Connor is clinging to the ladder, blood pouring down his face as Temple steps back, digging into his boot...]

GM: He's going into the boot! We saw him put something there earlier and-

[The crowd inside the Crockett Coliseum watching on the big screen reacts as the cameraman catches a clear shot of Caleb Temple...

...with a fork in his right hand!]

GM: Oh no... oh no! Somebody needs to put a stop to this!

BW: No one can! It's No DQ! This is perfectly legal, daddy!

[A sadistically grinning Temple settles down to a knee, leaning forward to grab O'Connor by the hair, pulling his bloody face back as he raises the fork above his head, bringing it down towards the forehead...

...but O'Connor lets go of the ladder with his left hand, bringing it up to block the fork attack!]

GM: O'Connor's fighting it! He's trying to fight off that fork and-

[Pushing back against the sharp weapon, O'Connor manages to pull himself another step up the ladder, leaning his torso slightly over the edge of the top of the trailer...

...and hooks his right hand around Temple's ankle, ripping it out from under him! A big cheer goes up inside the arena!]

GM: O'Connor takes him down and-

[Throwing the fork aside, O'Connor clambers into a mount position, balling up his fists and letting them fly into the skull of the King of the Death Match!]

GM: Big right hand! And another! Bobby O'Connor is taking out all that anger and frustration on the Hall of Famer in one of the most dangerous places that he could do it!

[The battering continues for several moments before O'Connor peels off of Temple, dragging him by the arms further onto the trailer as the referee reluctantly climbs up the ladder after them.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is up there too!

BW: He's gotta be! The Falls Count Anywhere stipulation is in effect ANYWHERE! If they get up in the rafters, he's gotta follow and count the pin!

GM: Don't give Caleb Temple any ideas please.

[O'Connor drags the dazed Temple up off the top of the trailer, scooping him up into his arms...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and SLAMS him down on the roof of the truck trailer, sending a wail out of Temple's mouth as O'Connor drops down into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NO! TEMPLE KICKS OUT!

[O'Connor shakes his head in disbelief at the official as he gets back to his feet, looking around to figure out his next attack. He pulls Temple up, dragging him into a side headlock...]

GM: What is he-?! Oh my god!

[Getting a running start, O'Connor charges about a half dozen feet before leaping up...

...and DRIVING Temple's face down onto the top of the truck trailer with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG!

[He rolls the King of the Death Match onto his back, diving across again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHHHH!

BW: And now it's Caleb Temple showing the resilience - showing that it's going to take everything that Bobby O'Connor's got in him and THEN SOME if he wants to beat the Hall of Famer at his own game here tonight in Dallas!

[O'Connor grabs a fleeing Temple by the hair, lifting his torso off the top of the trailer...

...and SLAMS his face down on top of it!]

GM: Temple goes facefirst down on the trailer top again!

[A weary and blood-soaked O'Connor climbs to his feet, giving a shout as he drags Temple up by the hair, holding him with his left hand as he drives an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Big elbow!

[A second one follows right after it, leaving Temple wobbly and potentially out on his feet for the third one!]

GM: Elbow after elbow down between the eyes of the Hall of Famer!

[He ducks down, scooping Temple up again, slinging him back over his shoulder...

...but Temple floats over the top, throwing a hard knee up into the lower back of O'Connor, wrenching him back into an inverted facelock and DROPS him on the back of his head with a DDT!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: That might do it, Gordo! That might be enough!

GM: It might be but we've thought that several times tonight in this war of attrition between these two men!

[Temple climbs back to his feet, the referee imploring him to cover... but Temple shakes his head in defiance.]

GM: Caleb Temple is NOT going to cover here!

BW: Why not?!

GM: I have no idea... he's pulling O'Connor up now... the kid can barely stand on his own as Temple walks him across the top of this truck, heading over towards the front of-

[The crowd ROARS as Temple heartlessly just HURLS O'Connor off the front of the trailer, sending him flying off the edge.]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[The cameraman rushes to the edge to reveal Bobby O'Connor...

...who luckily only hit the top of the extended truck cab, rolling down on top of the main part of the cab. Temple grimaces, obviously having hoped to inflict more damage than that as he steps down onto the cab himself.]

GM: That lunatic tried to cripple O'Connor right there! He tried to finish him off like he tried to finish off Ryan Martinez when he threw him off the stage, Bucky!

BW: No one ever said Caleb Temple is a nice guy, daddy! The man will hurt you, he'll make you bleed, and if the mood strikes, he'll try to end your career!

[Temple puts the boots to O'Connor, forcing the fan favorite to roll down the windshield onto the hood of the truck. The King of the Death Match scrambles down after him...

...and drags him with two hands full of blood-soaked hair into a standing headscissors!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[A quick cut back to the fan favorites watching the match shows Ryan Martinez burst out of his chair, shoving Sweet Daddy Williams aside as he rushes through the Crockett Coliseum, trying desperately to get to wherever the Falls Count Anywhere match has ended up!]

GM: Martinez is coming to help his friend!

BW: He'll never get here in time, Gordo!

GM: Temple's setting for a piledriver and-

[Ricky Longfellow gets up in Temple's face, protesting the idea of the potentially career-ending move. Temple throws O'Connor back down on the hood of the truck, grabbing the official by the hair...]

GM: NO, NO, NOOOOOOOO!

[...and HURLS Longfellow off the hood of truck, throwing him down onto the unprotected concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHH! What a- that vile son of a bitch!

BW: GORDO!

GM: He just THREW a referee down onto the concrete! He should be fined! He should be suspended!

BW: He may be all of that but he damn sure won't be disqualified... and now no one is going to stop him from delivering this piledriver on the hood of the truck!

[Temple turns back to O'Connor, looking to finish the job as he pulls him back into the standing headscissors...]

GM: He's got him set! He's got-

[...but O'Connor suddenly stands up, falling to his knees after backdropping Temple through the air...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and RIGHT DOWN on the windshield that shatters into a spiderweb underneath him!]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

[O'Connor spins, throwing himself over the downed Temple...]

GM: O'Connor with the cover... but there's no referee!

[O'Connor angrily counts the pin himself.]

BW: He can count all night, Gordo! It's only legal if a referee does it and Ricky Longfellow ain't gonna be counting nothing but a hospital bill for the next little while!

[The bloodied Missouri fan favorite climbs up to his feet, hands on his hips as he surveys the scene. He shakes his head before turning to grab Temple, trying to drag him up but Temple stays down, barely moving.]

GM: He's trying to get Caleb Temple up but Temple may be out after shattering that windshield with his body!

BW: Are we going to have to pay for that?

GM: We've got bigger concerns at the moment as O'Connor insistently drags Temple up.

["GET YOU, YOU PIECE OF GARBAGE!" is heard out of O'Connor as he pulls Temple up, trickles of blood coming down the back of the King of the Death Match as "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor pulls him close... and says "This one's for Ryan."]

GM: O'Connor's got him up... he says this one's for Ryan Martinez as he- oh no!

[The crowd begins to buzz as O'Connor drags Temple into a front facelock.]

BW: He's going to brainbuster him on the hood of the truck?!

GM: It certainly looks that way!

[But the exhausted Temple slumps down to his knees. O'Connor angrily goes to lift him back up...

...and Temple SLAMS his arm up into the groin of O'Connor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY TEMPLE!

BW: NO DQ!

GM: It wouldn't matter if there were disqualifications - there's no referee to call it!

[The cameraman moves closer, catching a glimpse of a grinning Temple down on his knees on the hood of the truck...

...and then suddenly, Temple acts, coming to his feet, grabbing a handful of tights, and HURLS O'Connor off the hood onto a closed metal dumpster a few feet away!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! O'Connor goes SLAMMING down on top of that closed metal dumpster! Temple threw him just like he did to Ryan Martinez... just like he did to the World Champion and O'Connor is in some serious trouble here, fans!

[Temple rises to his feet, a demonic grin on his face...

...and then starts to climb again.]

GM: What the... where the hell is he going?!

BW: He's going back up on top of the truck! He's going back up on that trailer!

GM: I can see that but why?!

[Temple pulls himself up onto the top of the trailer...

...and then slowly turns around, looking down at the prone and sprawled out O'Connor!]

GM: Oh my god... don't tell me- he wouldn't!

BW: Oh no?

GM: Caleb Temple is standing up on top of this truck trailer some... what? Fifteen feet in the air?!

[Temple steps closer to the edge of the truck, looking down some ten feet or more at the prone and unmoving O'Connor, spreading his arms and tilting his head back to the heavens...]

"NOOOOO!"

[The voice rips him out of his trance, turning towards the entrance of the loading dock to see the World Champion.]

GM: Ryan's there! The champ's come to stop this!

[Martinez quickly scrambles towards the prone O'Connor, trying to get there before Temple can-]

GM: NOOOOOOOOOOO!

[A grinning Temple gives Martinez the slightest of winks...

...and then LEAPS off his perch, sailing through the air, plummeting through the sky towards his prone foe!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, THEY WENT THROUGH THE DAMN DUMPSTER!

[The cameraman rushes around to get a shot as Ryan Martinez reaches the dumpster, screaming "BOBBY!" as he pulls himself up onto it. The camera shot does the same, showing both Temple and O'Connor laid out and motionless inside the metal dumpster after going THROUGH the metal lid and down into it.

Martinez spins towards the way he came, "GET A DOCTOR! GET PONAIVITCH NOW!" He turns back, throwing himself into the dumpster, shoving Temple aside as he drops down next to his friend. He goes to help but pulls his hands back, unsure of what to do... unsure of what injuries he might make worse by moving O'Connor's head... neck... spine...]

GM: Fans, I... I don't think any of us expected this night to end like this. Bobby O'Connor just went through that dumpster after one of the damndest fights we've ever seen. I don't... he could be seriously injured right now. Ryan Martinez, the World Champion, tried to save him... tried to help... but he couldn't get there in time.

[Voices can be heard from off-camera as we start to see more AWA officials flooding the scene.]

GM: We're trying to get help down there as quickly as we can.

BW: Who won the match?!

GM: Who cares?! At this point, Bucky Wilde, who in the hell cares?! This is... this is terrible. Fans... it's been our distinct honor and pleasure to broadcast from Dallas, Texas for the past seven years and... you can see the medical team arriving now... I... well, for the final time from the Crockett Coliseum, we wish you good night... and we'll see you at the matches.

[The shot holds for several moments, a sea of people surrounding the dumpster, trying to figure out what to do next. Martinez is kneeling next to his friend, the lightest of touches on Bobby O'Connor's arm as he speaks to him, trying to re-assure him that all will be fine while the expression on his face speaks the mountains of uncertainty we're all feeling...

...as we fade to black.]