

# SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

MARCH 7TH, 2015

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! 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: With just two weeks to go until the big Anniversary Show - the final show in this very building for the foreseeable future - and that big Brass Ring Tournament with the National Title hanging in the balance, the tensions are sky high in the locker room here tonight!

[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 sunburst coat over a lime green dress shirt. He's opted for a bright white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at a new and improved "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, two weeks ago, the forces of evil struck hard at the AWA - bringing hero after hero crashing down at their feet.

BW: Martinez, Carver, Lynch, Air Strike... you name it. It was a bad, bad night to be the kind of guy that these idiot fans cheer for.

GM: It was so bad, in fact, that the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez, and the Iron Cowboy, Jack Lynch, are not even in the building here tonight!

BW: But you know who is? Caleb Temple. And my sources say he's got something to say to the so-called White Knight.

GM: This is a jam-packed show tonight as we have the final two Qualifying Matches for the Brass Ring Tournament with Sultan Azam Sharif taking on Callum Mahoney and Cain Jackson taking on Travis Lynch.

BW: We're gonna see the highlights of Hercules Hammonds versus Jericho Kai and Pedro Perez against "Big" Brad Jacobs too, Gordo.

GM: By the time this night is over, we'll know all eight competitors who will compete in the Brass Ring Tournament in two weeks' time. But the real question is - by the time this night is over, will the AWA have a new champion as we've got TWO big title matches here tonight?

BW: I'm callin' it right now, Gordo - we're gonna see the Lights Out Express regain the titles that they never shoulda lost when they put down Air Strike right in the center of the ring.

GM: That remains to be seen but what about our World Television Title match pitting Sweet Daddy Williams against the champion, Shadoc Rage?

BW: That fat oaf ain't amounted to a slug nickel around these parts in years, Gordo... I don't see that changing tonight.

GM: I, on the other hand, have all the faith in the world that the man from Hotlanta, G-A can take Shadoc Rage to the limit and beyond to win that World Television Title right here tonight, fans! It's going to be an exciting night of action and right now, let's head up to-

[The sounds of Korn and the Dust Brothers performing "Kick The PA" fills the Crockett Coliseum to a pretty big reaction considering the man that usually accompanies that song.]

GM: Now what is this all about?

[The camera shot changes, pulling back to a wide shot of the video screen that comes to life with the smiling face of the CEO of Empire Sports and once again, co-owner of the AWA, Chris Blue. The crowd reacts somewhat favorably considering Blue's recent actions.]

CB: Hello, Dallas!

[The crowd predictably responds in the positive.]

CB: Before the first match of the night gets underway, I have a very special announcement to make.

Two weeks from tonight, the AWA will be celebrating their Seventh Anniversary as a pro wrestling company!

[BIG CHEER!]

CB: And I know I speak for the rest of ownership when I say that we couldn't have gotten to where we are without all of you fans here in Texas.

[Another big cheer!]

CB: So, with that in mind, we're going to do whatever we can two weeks from tonight to make it a very special night for all of us... and for all of you. Which brings me to the Brass Ring Tournament which - thanks to me - is now also for the revived AWA National Title!

[More cheers.]

CB: After tonight, we will know seven competitors who have earned their way into the tournament by competing in matches and winning their spot. But... there will be an eighth participant... someone who did not earn their spot in that fashion.

Who will it be?

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: Couldn't tell you... yet. But I've got myself a comfortable chair back here in the locker room and I'm going to sit here... and I'm going to watch every single match... every single interview... every single moment of this show. I'm going to sit here and when I see the man who deserves that spot... I'll know it.

And when I know it? So will you.

So, good luck out there tonight... and show me what you've got.

[The image of a smiling Blue fades out as we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first... from Philadelphia, PA...

[The crowd jeers... loudly.]

PW: Weighing in at 243 pounds... the SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[The boos pick up for the preliminary wrestler as he climbs up on the second rope, jerking a thumb at his off-white "Dallas Sucks" t-shirt. He's wearing

stained jeans with holes in them. He's chomping on an unlit cigar as he hops down, laying the badmouth on the ringside fans.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a pregnant pause as the ring announcer waits...

...and then the roof nearly blows off the Crockett Coliseum as one of the most familiar theme songs in AWA history plays over the PA system and "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth brings the Dallas fans to their feet!]

GM: Oh my!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN  
VAAAAAAAAASQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZ!

[The curtain parts and out walks the two-time National Champion and Hall of Famer in his standard tracksuit. Vasquez grins at the wild reaction, pointing out to the fans, pounding a fist into his chest in salute.]

GM: You want to talk about starting off the show in a big way, one of the pillars that this company is built upon, Juan Vasquez is in the house!

[The fan favorite makes his way down the elevated ramp, slapping the hands reaching up towards him from the arena floor.]

GM: Two weeks ago, Juan Vasquez defied the critics who said he was bound for retirement. He says he's not going anywhere... and in fact, he's got his sights set on gold, Bucky!

BW: Hey, we were both at WrestleRock and I ain't about to say the man's got a point when he says the title was stolen from him but... well, if you had eyes that night, you know the story.

GM: Why, Bucky... are you ADMITTING that Juan Vasquez was wronged at WrestleRock?

BW: I wouldn't go that far but I can understand why he might have a beef at not being included in the National Title hunt. Just like Calisto Dufresne.

GM: Those two are certainly no strangers to one another and hearing them both express an interest in going after that title put a very interesting twist on the Brass Ring Tournament coming up in two weeks' time.

BW: And what a shockwave it would send through that tournament if Chris Blue picked one of them to take that coveted eighth spot!

[Vasquez steps through the ropes, shedding his tracksuit, keeping an eye on the Phighter who is pacing back and forth.]

GM: Vasquez getting ready for action and I'd have to check my notes but it seems like quite some time since we've seen Vasquez in action here on Saturday Night Wrestling so this is a real treat!

[The bell sounds as the Phighter stomps across the ring angrily, jabbing a finger into the chest of Juan Vasquez...

...and then yanking the unlit cigar out of his mouth, shoving it into Vasquez' face, grinding it up a bit as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

[Vasquez wipes his face, looking down at his hand...

...and then launches into an assault, throwing a series of right hands that sends the Phighter backpedaling across the ring to the corner where Vasquez switches to chops.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The referee steps in, forcing Vasquez back, but the hot-blooded fan favorite shoves back in, hammering fists into the side of the head, battering the Phighter relentlessly as he drives him down to a seated position in the buckles with his fist.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

BW: Vasquez wasn't too happy about the Phighter trying to embarrass him like that!

[He again gets backed off by the official but again comes back around him, grabbing the top rope and swinging his knee into the face of the Phighter once... twice... three times before breaking away, charging across to the opposite corner. He raises an arm, getting a cheer before barreling back across - the official leaping out of the way just before Vasquez SLAMS a running knee into the Phighter's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He grabs the Phighter by the ankle, dragging him out of the corner and drops into a cover, earning a two count before the Phighter kicks out.]

GM: Two count there for the Hall of Famer, trying to put the Phighter away early here...

[Vasquez pulls the Phighter off the mat by his unwashed black hair before drilling him with a headbutt, sending him falling back into the ropes. The

Hall of Famer smells his hand he used to grab the hair, making a disgusted face to the laughter of the fans.]

GM: Looks like the Phighter's gone a few... months... without washing his hair.

BW: I heard he's not going to wash his hair again until the Phillies win the World Series.

GM: That's... disgusting.

[Vasquez shakes off the bad smell, grabbing the arm of the Phighter, shooting him across the ring, dropping his head on the rebound to send the Phighter flipping through the air...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!

[The South Philly Phighter slams down into the canvas, rolling to his side to cradle his lower back. The former National Champion steps up, dropping an elbow down into the chest. He scrambles up, dropping a second elbow... then up to drop a third... then up to drop a fourth...]

GM: Elbow after elbow right down into the Dallas-hating heart of the Phighter!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, looking out at the cheering crowd.]

"ONE MORE?!"

[The crowd cheers, responding loudly.]

"ONE MORE!"

"ONE MORE!"

"ONE MORE!"

[Vasquez grins, swinging his arm around and around...

...and BURIES the elbow into the heart once again to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Vasquez trying to cave in the chest of the Phighter!

[The Hall of Famer climbs to his feet, smiling at the reaction of the fans as he leans down, pulling the Phighter up and rocketing him into the corner. Vasquez backs up, pumping a fist a couple of times, racing across the ring...

...and leaps into the air, driving both knees RIGHT into the turnbuckle as the Phighter just barely avoids it!]

GM: Ohh! The Phighter pulls himself out of the way!



[The Philly brawler grabs Vasquez by the arm, turning him back into the buckles and going on the attack, raining down haymakers on the skull of the fan favorite as the fans jeer wildly.]

GM: The Phighter's on the attack!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, he goes to whip him across but Vasquez reverses, sending the Phighter crashing into the buckles where he staggers out...

...and gets LAUNCHED through the air, flipping through the sky and crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: HIPTOSS SENDS 'IM FLYING!

BW: He got king-sized air on that one, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did and...

[Vasquez lifts his right hand to the air with emphasis, drawing a big cheer as the fist closes...]

GM: Vasquez is ready! Vasquez is set!

[And as the Phighter staggers up to his feet, Vasquez UNLEASHES the Right Cross, snapping the Phighter's head to the side, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[With the Phighter motionless on the mat, Vasquez steps in, settling into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Juan Vasquez with an impressive victory here to open Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: The South Philly Phighter had a heartbeat of offense in there but he really had a hard time getting out of the gate in this one.

GM: And if Chris Blue is back there waiting for someone to impress him and win that final spot in the Brass Ring Tournament in a couple of weeks' time - Juan Vasquez may have just punched that ticket, Bucky.

BW: He certainly could have. But I guess we'll have to wait and find out.

GM: Mark Stegglet's going to try and get some words from the former World Champion right now. Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet, catching up with Juan Vasquez at the top of the aisle. Juan stops and wraps an arm around Stegglet, grinning big as he turns and uses his free arm to wave to the crowd, as they respond with a loud cheer!]

MS: Juan Vasquez, it certainly is a rare sight to see you wrestling in the opening match of a wrestling card! Congratulations on the win!

[Juan takes his arm off Stegglet's shoulders and chuckles to himself.]

JV: Mark, I think it's been a pretty rare sight to see Juan Vasquez inside a wrestling ring, PERIOD.

MS: You've had some bad luck with injuries in recent years, but you seem like you're in perfect health now and ready to get back in the thick of things here in the AWA.

JV: That's one way to look at it, but you can look at the list of top contenders for the AWA World Heavyweight title, the top contenders for the Television title...and you won't see my name on any of them.

[There's some disappointed boos in the crowd, while another loud fan yells, "THAT'S BULL, MAN!" Juan shakes his head, pointing off towards the general direction of the voice.]

JV: No! That's NOT bull. I haven't done anything to deserve a ranking for anything. As far as I'm concerned, I need to work my way back to the top. I need to come out here day in, day out and bust my butt like everyone else, to prove to the boys in the front office, the Championship Committee, that fan sitting up there in row 28, seat 14!...

[Juan points to a preteen girl who screams excitedly and holds up a pink and glittery sign that reads "FUTURE MRS. CODY MERTZ" with an arrow pointing down towards her.]

JV: ...and most of all, to MYSELF, that I'm STILL Juan freakin' Vasquez.

Not Juan Vasquez, the Hall of Famer.

Not Juan Vasquez, former multi-time champion.

Not Juan Vasquez, star of the Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez with special guest star Juan Vasquez!

I want to know that I'm still capable of being Juan Vasquez...

...the wrestler.

[Juan nudges Stegglet with his elbow.]

JV: I'm sure you're familiar with his work, Steggy?

[Stegglet blinks in confusion for a split-second.]

MS: Oh yeah! Juan Vasquez...was pretty great.

[Juan frowns slightly.]

JV: And that's the key word, ain't it, Mark?

"Was."

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: I'm here to prove, that he still is!

[There's a small chorus of cheers from the crowd for that.]

MS: So does that mean you're gunning for the eighth and final spot in The Brass Ring Tournament?

[Juan doesn't even hesitate to answer.]

JV: Not a chance.

MS: But why? You said it yourself that you wanted an opportunity to regain the National Title that you feel you never fairly lost.

JV: 'Cause even if the temperature suddenly hit thirty-two degrees Farenheit down in Hades, I say I gotta' prove myself, I'm NOT gonna stand here and steal an opportunity away from someone that actually needs it. I ain't a young lion anymore, Mark. I've had my chances...hell, MORE than enough chances in my career to grab brass rings and I think I've done a pretty damn good job of it, too. But now? I gotta' prove myself the old fashioned way.

[Juan bends his knees, holding his hand just a few inches above the ground.]

JV: Where I'm starting this journey is at the very bottom, Mark.

[A grin.]

JV: But I promise you, I'm gonna' train, fight, live, breathe, think, focus and OBSESS over being the very best like I never have before! And no matter how high I have to climb and how far I have to crawl, I promise you...I promise THEM...

[He points to the crowd, who respond with loud cheers.]

JV: ...I promise THEM...

[He points directly towards the camera and to everyone watching at home.]

JV: ...and I promise myself.

[A beat.]

JV: Juan Vasquez WILL be back on top of the wrestling world!

[Vasquez turns, again raising his arms to a cheer.

A blinding light blasts across the screen, interrupting the feed of the match in progress.

Four words, clawed in blood, slowly begin dripping down the white screen.]

"THE HANGMAN IS REAL."

[As the letters dissipate the light fades but not before a loud, shrill scream echoes out – just for an instant – as the handheld like feed fades and we cut back to the interview area where Colt Patterson is standing with an award plaque in one hand and a microphone in another. He gets the cue from the production team and raises the microphone to his lips.]

CP: Fans, it's my honor and privilege to be the one to introduce these award winners. When I saw the ballot for 2014 Comeback of the Year, I knew we had a no-brainer decision on our hands. As much as you all want to hear me talk, I won't waste any more time in introducing the greatest tag team to grace the halls of the AWA, and the 2014 Comeback of the Year award winners...

...STRICTLY BUSINESS!!

[The crowd responds with jeers as "When Worlds Collide" by Powerman 5000 kicks in over the Crockett Coliseum PA system. The entryway curtain parts and from it emerges two AWA stage hands who are carrying a portable podium with them. They quickly set the podium up in front of Colt Patterson, who looks on slightly bemused. As the staff members scurry off, the curtain parts again from it emerges Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian.

Tucker is dressed to the nines, clad in a slim-fitting midnight blue tuxedo with a black bow tie. His blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail. Sebastian proudly sports a black tux, minus the bow tie. Clearly in his comfort zone with his collar left unfastened, Sebastian deposits his left hand within his pants pocket and shakes the hand of Patterson with his right.

The two men ignore the crowd response and head over to Colt Patterson, who hands the Comeback of the Year award to Tucker, who raises it in the air triumphantly. Sebastian raises his arms to the crowd, ignoring the boos, before Tucker hands him the award and hovers over the podium, his mouth coming very near the microphone protruding from it.]

AT: Man, this is a real honor. A long time comin', for sure, but an honor nonetheless. Mike an' I had a long road to get here, but the journey really makes the man, if you will. He and I had some decent success in the triple-

A of professional wrestling individually before we finally caught the eye of Chris Blue down in Los Angeles.

[Tucker nods in remembrance.]

AT: Blue told us that he didn't think we had what it took to make the big leagues by ourselves. That got to us a bit if I'm tellin' the truth, but he said he thought there might be some opportunity for us to get together and give it a shot as a tag team.

We weren't necessarily thrilled about it, but they don't call this guy "Money Driven" for nothin'...

[Tucker jabs a thumb towards Sebastian, who smirks in the background.]

AT: ...and he made it clear that we could make way more money in Los Angeles than we ever could in Delhi or Tampa, so we said what the hell. A year after that we're EMWC World Tag Team Champions, with wins over guys we were wide-eyed at meetin' a few months prior, like Thunder and Hardin, the Down Boys, The Epitome of Cool, Zokugun Sangai... The list goes on. A few months after that, the world announces that we've been voted the number one tag team in the world. Helluva whirlwind if I'm gonna be honest.

And when Mike Beeby got wind of what we were doin' down in Los Angeles, well... he made us an offer we just couldn't refuse. If you thought Chris Blue wrote big checks, Mike Beeby wrote checks that Warren Buffet would flinch at. You can ask Juan Vasquez if you think we're lyin'. We still get royalty checks FedEx'd in from Toronto every week.

[A chuckle from Tucker.]

AT: Suffice to say we didn't waste any time earnin' those checks either, becomin' UWF World Tag Team Champions, taking on guys like The Machines, Team Canada, the list goes on. After becomin' the only team to ever be voted the number one tag team in the world twice and with enough money to buy Google, we decided maybe it was time to go enjoy some of this wealth before we couldn't remember where we earned it after one too many chair shots.

So we took a decade off, layin' up in the lap of luxury and taking a well-earned vacation. But somethin' was missin', and that spark that all of you other Hall of Famers know about so well was still burnin'. So we came back to check out the lay of the land and we reached out to some of our old buddies from Los Angeles, only to find out they were runnin' the AWA!

[AWA pop from the crowd.]

AT: And so we decided to dust off the ole' boots an' see if they had any tread left on 'em. And the rest has been history. The only tag team to find success in the three biggest wrestlin' promotions of all time, and now we're finally bein' recognized for what we are:

HALL OF FAMERS! THANK YOU!

[Tucker waves at the fans as Sebastian walks towards the microphone.]

GM: Bucky, they do know that they weren't inducted into the Hall of Fame, right? They won the Comeback of the Year Award.

BW: They're practicing their induction speech, Gordo!

[Handing the award back to his partner now, Sebastian cannot help but smile at the crowning achievement.]

MS: Thank you, fans! Thank you all for finall-

[Cough! Hack! Unwavered, Sebastian clears the phlegm from his throat.]

MS: Thank you for firmly recognizing Andrew and myself as the cut-above California upstarts who grabbed this business by the short ones and took you all on the ride of your lives. Our proper place in the Hall is about as late as Van Strife's child support, but the important thing was always us getting to where we belonged most. So pull out your Polaroids guys and gals and document this history-making moment for the grandkids!

[Sebastian displays an even bigger smile now, once again raises his arms in celebration.]

MS: Like 'Drew touched on, our path here was a little rocky at times, but at the end of the day you can put our body of work up against any set of guys to every lace a set of boots. Anybody who's interested can comb through the annals of Portland, LA, Toronto, Dallas or any other rinky-dink umbrella promotion this business has since forgotten. You won't find another tandem who can say with any level of certainty they've been in half the amount of dogfights with the sport's best and lived to tell about it.

We'll refrain from having roll call of all the legends we put to pasture in our time, but it's no coincidence the majority of 'em are either on social security, dialysis or both.

Strictly Business, on the other hand?

[He unsightly scoffs.]

MS: If we weren't continually being spoon-fed the dependents of the relevant stars from the golden years in some feeble attempt to ramp up the turnstile count, we would surely have a couple other pieces of hardware in tow. But it's like Stonebreaker told us that time in Tokyo - charity work is always an important thing.

Almost as important as what 'ole Blue needs to remember most.

[Sebastian removes his hand from his pocket and holds it outward, eye-level.]

MS: That my ring size is a seven. Catch you at the afterparty, Colt?

[Sharing a chuckle, Strictly Business turn and depart. We fade to black.]

We open up to a pre-recorded scene inside somebody's house. It's a very nice house, with dark blue tiled flooring and cream colored walls. Lush ferns are plentiful, and there is a bit of wall art hung around here and there. The frosted windows allow in light but not much else... nonetheless, although it is probably dark outside, the darker shadows of snow on the windowsill reveals that we're somewhere North.

The main feature of the room is a Jacuzzi. Built right into the floor, the hot tub is probably a godsend for anyone living here in this time of the year. Lying back in the Jacuzzi with his hands behind his head in a relaxed position is none other than "First String" Frankie Farelli. Farelli, a thickly-built man with short blonde hair, is stripped to the waist (he's wearing blue swim trunks in the rare moments where you can see down through the churning surface of the tub. Lying crosswise, perpendicular to him, is Cheerleader Chastity Chamberlain. The bubbly buxom blonde is wearing two-piece swim attire as well, and is in the same relaxed position as Frankie. The tub is big enough so that their legs barely touch.]

FF: Ahhh, camera's here. Chastity, go get ready for the applicants. They ought to be here in a half-hour. We got a long night of tryouts ahead.

CC: But I'm so comfy... ahhhh bubbles.

FF: We gotta get this nerd cameraman outta here, because if the cheerleader applicants see that skeez, they won't be in the tryout frame of mind. Cameraner! Get outta the Head Cheerleader's way!

[The camera shuffles to the side a bit as Chastity sighs. She slinks up out of the hot tub and hustles off, wrapping a towel around her for warmth.]

FF: Ya see, cameraner, I invited you up here to Boston because the AWA fans need to get a small sample of absolute victory. In the NFL, I made so much money that I could have filled this pool up with diamonds instead of water if I wanted to. But money ain't what is important. Winning is the only thing that matters.

They tried to tell me I had to fly all the way down there so they could give me a Rookie Of the Year award. What a bunch of morons. I was a rookie in 2004. A National by god Football League rookie! After that, baby, you ain't a rookie at anything. Calling a seasoned veteran NFL player a rookie in wrestling would imply that I wasn't the best there was in this sport on the first day. They can mail me the trophy, or whatever it is. If it has a prize check with it, I'll overlook the insult, but otherwise, the next guy I get in with is gettin' the rookie treatment. I'll hang him in his locker by his jock strap. And since he's not man enough to be a football player, the jock

strap'll have plenty of excess room to hang him with. I'm not flying to Dallas just for that. I mean, Dallas? \*phhpt\*

This is the last show in Dallas, hopefully forever, because the AWA finally decided to be America's Team instead of Dallas' Team. And just like the Cowboys, they'll win if and only if they can keep the stars coming. They learned from the Cowboys' failure and realized that nobody wants to play home games in Dallas. When I found out I didn't have a match on this show, I decided to stay home instead of flying all the way to Dallas just to talk to people too ignorant to recognize greatness. They SHOULD be spending their Saturday Night obsessing over offseason moves, following trades and coaching searches, and watching footage from the combine to prepare for the draft. I need to show them that football is the only sport that matters, and that winners are born, not made.

That's why I plan to pick up the AWA National Title. I already won what really truly matters... an NCAA Championship with THE Ohio State Buckeyes, and the Super Bowl with the greatest dynasty in the history of the world, the New England Patriots, hallowed be thy name. And all in one month. If that's my January, the rest of my year is gonna be a victory lap here in the AWA. I'm gonna get that National Title because I want to fix the front plate of the belt on the shrine.

Look, it's better if I just show you. Follow.

[Frankie hops out of his hot tub, and hustles past the cameraman. The camera turns and follows down a hall to a set of ornate double doors. Frankie wipes his feet (because he is dripping wet) and turns to the cameraman.]

FF: Cameraner, you stay right there and use the zoom lens. You ain't worthy to step in this room. If you track your mud in there and get loser germs anywhere in that room, I'll beat you down like you were a Texas college football player tryin' to play in the Big Ten. You understand me?!

[The camera nods, and Frankie bows his head before opening the door. Behind the doors is a small room, with a single light... a spotlight that shines down on a hand-carved oak podium which is a shrine. The insignias of the Buckeyes and Patriots are there, and busts of Woody Hayes, Bill Belichick, and Tom Brady circle the center, where small silver pillars house the Super Bowl ring and the NCAA Championship ring that Farelli wears to every event.]

FF: I'm gonna have the best craftsmen in the world, the guys who made that for me back in 2005, come in and expand it for when my new rings come in later in the year. And I'll use the faceplate of the National Title as kind of a backing, under the real prizes, in the background to make the rings shine even more in comparison. They can make a new one, anyway, for me to wear around. Being a wrestling champion doesn't require a belt, just kicking the butt of any idiot stupid enough to think that he matters.



And once I'm the National Champion, even the rubes in Dallas would have to understand that I'm just better. Better than them, better than the wrestlers who couldn't hack it in the NFL, and better than that retard who jumped me at SuperClash. He got a fake win on me in a match that didn't count, but when it COUNTS... when everyone lines up and the snap gets it started, I dominate, baby. I'm gonna dominate the Brass Ring tournament, and I'm gonna dominate all wrestling.

Now get lost, skeez, because Chastity and me got some cheerleader squad hopefuls to dominate too. Hit the bricks, chump. This was the greatest moment of your life, seeing this room. You're welcome. Now out.

[With a sneer, Farelli lenspalms the camera away from his shrine room, and the clip ends as we fade to black.]

SCENE: Blissful suburbia, pre-dawn. The camera pans over a row of townhouses as the sun starts to creep up..

...and then the shrill sounds of an alarm clock pierce the tranquility, as the camera cuts to an alarm clock shaking and ringing incessantly. A hand lazily flops over and turns the alarm clock off, and a lady jumps out of bed, fuzzy pajamas on and curlers in her hair.

"Flight of the Bumblebee" by Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov plays as jump cuts from a hectic morning are shown: kids running around the second floor of their house in fast forward, trying on clothes and throwing them in the hall; the tired single mom packing lunches in the kitchen as an annoying Cocker-Spaniel dog tries to jump up eat one of the sandwiches; Mom shuffling the kids out the door to school and onto the school bus; finally the woman sits down at the kitchen table and grasps a cup of coffee as a deep voice from out of the shot plays.]

VO: Life got ya down?

[The woman nods dejectedly.]

VO: Too much work and not enough reward?

[Nod.]

VO: Valentine's Day didn't go the way you planned?

[This time the woman emphatically nods.]

VO: Well, it doesn't ALWAYS have to be like that...

[The woman skeptically turns her head to one side and makes a face.]

VO: You're just a tweet, an email or a phone call away from living the good life.

[From the woman's left, what sounds like a screen door opens and in two steps, Rob Driscoll enters the kitchen.]

RD: Hi folks, Rob Driscoll here for the AWA. For the past few months, I've been scanning the globe for a personal assistant. But not just any old paper shuffler, I'm looking for the Perfect Ten.

A lady with class, a lady with style, a lady who would look perfect walking next to the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling.

And for months now, I've been overwhelmed with faxes and emails and letters from women all over our great country, and from all over the world, begging to be the woman for the job.

[Driscoll puts his hand on the shoulder of the woman while looking at the camera, and she coyly covers her mouth to giggle.]

RD: And I'm here to tell you that the window is about to close. We have been going through boxes and boxes of resumes photographs, and the list is starting to dwindle. And I intend to announce my handpicked Perfect Ten to the world on Saturday, March 21, at the Crockett Coliseum, after I win the Brass Ring Tournament.

[The lady turns to smile at Driscoll and he warmly smiles in return.]

RD: So ladies, if you're on the fence, take the leap. Now's the time to send a resume and a glossy 8 by 10 inch color photograph to the AWA Home Office in downtown Dallas, Texas, care of Rob Driscoll, and she me what you got.

Maybe YOU could be chosen as the Queen of Diamonds.

Maybe YOU could be my partner in crime in the AWA's new Power Couple.

And maybe YOU could have your life changed. Just... like... \_that\_.

[Driscoll snaps his fingers and voila! The woman who a moment ago was a dejected looking single mom in flannel pajamas with curlers in her hair has been transformed into a sleek model wearing an evening gown, her hair did perfectly and with a brand new Gucci bag hanging off one arm. She is now standing next to Driscoll, turned sideways and leaning into the the man.]

RD: All it takes is an email, a fax or even a tweet. And you could be living the good life in no time flat.

Woman: Hurry ladies, because the competition's getting thick.

[Driscoll takes a quick peak at the back of the woman and smiles.]

RD: And that's just the way I like it. Send your package in today, and maybe you could be the Perfect Ten. Because after all, Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

[The girl shyly laughs as Driscoll smiles and nods approvingly, and the screen switches to information:]

"Send all packages to

AWA Offices  
1297 Wesley Lane  
Dallas, TX 75201

Care of Rob Driscoll. Make sure to include a resume, an application and a color 8 by 10 glossy photograph. Shipping and handling rates may apply."

[We fade back from commercial on Melissa Cannon standing in the backstage area of the building. She's dressed in a black form-fitting polo with the AWA logo stitched across the upper left chest and a pair of blue jeans.]

MC: Hey everyone, Melissa Cannon here with a special Brass Ring Update! As you know, two weeks ago, we saw Derrick Williams and Frankie Farelli - the 2014 Rookie Of The Year - advance to join "Diamond" Rob Driscoll in the field for the Brass Ring Tournament which is now just two weeks away. Tonight, we're going to find out the rest as we see two matches LIVE here in the Coliseum with the Sultan taking on Mahoney and Cain Jackson against Travis Lynch... but that's not all. Last weekend, there were two qualifying matches held at our live event shows and right now, we're going to take a look at some of the highlights of one of those encounters. First, let's hear from both men and then let's take a look at what went down!

[The words "Previously Recorded" flash across the screen as we open to a sold out house in San Antonio. There, we see Mark Stegglet standing atop the aisle with the massive Hercules Hammonds. The former AWA World Tag Team Champion is dressed in a sleeveless version his "EIGHTH, NINTH AND TENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!" t-shirt and gold wrestling trunks underneath. As the crowd cheers him on, Stegglet begins to speak.]

MS: What a tremendous reception for you here in San Antonio!

[Herc shrugs, before striking a pose, drawing another cheer from the crowd, as Stegglet shakes his head and smiles!]

MS: Hercules Hammonds, tonight you take on the challenge of Jericho Kai for a chance to enter the Brass Ring tournament. Your thoughts going into tonight's big match-up?

[Hammonds nods his head and laughs.]

HH: Well, lets take it back a couple days, Stegglet. Lemme paint dat picture for ya'. There I was, overhead pressin' Matt Ginn's Prius in my left hand and Hoefner's '78 Thunderbird on my right...and whatta' ya' know, but Buford calls me up!

MS: He called you?

HH: Yup. He was all, "HERC! You're fightin'...ZOMBIES! You're fightin'...VOODOO! You're fightin' EGYPTIAN GODS! Do ya' need some help, Herc!? Do ya' need back-up!? I'll get Jones to watch your back! We ain't gonna' let dem cast no spell on you, playa'!"

And ya' know what I said to him? I asked Buford...

"What's my name?"

[He suddenly points out to the crowd.]

HH: WHAT'S MY NAME?

"HERCULES!"

[A big grin forms on Hammonds on his face.]

HH: WHAT'S MY NAME?

[He then turns to another section of the crowd and points to them.]

"HERCULES!"

[He turns to Stegglet and leans in with sly look on his face, cooing.]

HH: Steggy....what's my name?

MS: ...Hercules?

[The big guy suddenly jumps up, yelling at the top of his lungs.]

HH: DAT'S RIGHT!

HERCULLLEEEES Hammonds! The strongest man in...

[He stops abruptly and points a finger to the crowd...]

"ALLLLLLL!!!"

[...and continues on without missing a beat.]

HH: ...the land! I don't need no back-up! I don't need no help! I'm the man dat can hold the weight of the world on his shoulders and not even break a sweat! And you're gonna' tell me dat I'm 'spose to be afraid of some hoodoo voodoo jive? Dat I'm 'spose to bow down to sum Egyptian gods?

MS: Well, Kai and his Walking Dead have been extremely dangerous. Just look at what they've done to The Hive...to BC...to Manny Imbrogno...

[Herc cuts him off, shaking his head.]

HH: No offense, Stegglet, but NONE of dem was Herc.

[He gets an intense look on his face.]

HH: Ain't no jackal got teeth sharp enough to be able to feed on these bones, Stegglet! Ain't no mummies got enough bandages to hold me down! Ain't a DAAAAMMMNNN thing Osiris or Anubis gonna' do to me but get a pyramid dropped on their head for tryin' to step to this!

[POP!]

HH: 'Cause while Jericho Kai's gods were busy inventin' Yugioh, Herc was chokin' out Cerebus and slayin' the Nemean lion! While they were forcin' people to build giant triangles out in the desert, Herc was was makin' Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons hot and bothered and whuppin' up on all nine heads of the Hydra!

[Herc throws his head back and shouts.]

HH: Jericho Kai!

JERICHOO KAAAAIIIII!!!

[His head snaps back down, eyes bugged out.]

HH: Brotha'! I'll tell ya' what, son! Ya' sat at the foot of Ra, ya' sat at the foot of Sutekh, ya' swam in the Nile river with Cleopatra, got into a schoolyard brawl with Moses and King Tut added ya' on Twitter! But I'll do ya' one better! I'll grab ya' by that raggedy ponytail, swing ya' over my head three times, send ya' flyin' past the Moon and the stars and drop ya' butt right in Mount Olympus!

[The crowd, perhaps swept up in Herc's energy and intensity, begin to chant...]

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

HH: And while ya' have your big debate with Zeus and Hera! While ya' try to explain to Jupiter and Juno why ya' backed the wrong pantheon! While ya' try to figure out how you're gonna' hitch a ride on the River Styx to get back to Earth...

[A big double bicep pose.]

HH: ...Herc is gonna' be right here, busy grabbin' dat brass ring!

[A huge roar can be heard from the crowd as Hammonds throws his arms into the air and walks off, leaving behind an otherwise speechless Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Holy cow.

[We fade from a slack-jawed Stegglet to black.]

A single light shines up through the dark. It harshly illuminates the sharp features of Jericho Kai. The strange man's face is cast in sinister shadow, illuminating those sleepy glassy doll's eyes of his. Jericho's expression is strangely calm, peaceful. A smile plays around the corner of his lips. The light flickers as if it were torchlight. The shadows dance. We have no sense of time or place. There is only the illumination of Jericho Kai. He dominates the screen.]

JK: I know your name ... I know the name of Hercules. Herakles. I knew the name when it was Shu and Khonsu in Kemet. A name of strength. The name of a true demi-god. The name of a man of valor, a man of power. The man who completed 12 impossible labors. A man who held the world on his shoulders and choked the mighty Antaeus to death. The name is one of greatness. And then it was given to you. The man who has turned a name of legend into a mere myth.

[Jericho draws a deep breath and exhales slowly. His eyes grow bright as he starts to speak.]

JK: Hercules. Hercules. Hercules. Say your name three times, right? Get the crowd excited, right? Have them sing along with you and dance along with you and celebrate along with you? Hercules. Hercules. Hercules. That doesn't make you a hero, man. That makes you a minstrel. Hercules. Hercules. Hercules. I know you from SuperClash. You managed to throw me over that top rope, didn't you, man. Hercules. Hercules. Oh Hercules. You're as physically strong as your legend.

But Hercules, that's where the comparisons end. You're drunk with your own power. Fooled by your own strength. You may be one of the strongest men physically in the entire world, but Hercules, poor Hercules, poor poor Hercules ... your spirit is weak. And that is why you will fail to win the National Title. You have no substance behind your raw strength. You have no purpose, man. You have no power. All you have is the roar of the crowd to fill that empty space in your chest where your weakest muscle lies ... your heart.

[Jericho's head tilts in defiance. His lips purse, waiting for the riposte that he knows cannot come.]

JK: We all know that National Title means nothing to you. How could it when nothing means much of anything to you? You're lost without your brain, your courage, your center. You're lost without Skywalker Jones. Now you're out here trying to strut and fret and play on this stage to the only thing that does matter to you, the love of these people. People, watch the

mighty Hercules and his feats of strength! Listen to him brag about throwing people to the moon. Listen as he tells a few shopworn and empty jokes to cut his opponents down. But don't look behind the curtain, people. Or you'd see a man who has no clue. Who has no purpose. Who just wants this National Title because he believes that you want him to wear it. He believes that it will keep you people entertained. Stop lying to the man.

Stop believing his lies. You don't care if he wins the tournament. He doesn't care. You just want to watch him throw men around. And that's all he wants, too. It makes you all feel good about yourselves. But it makes him feel good, too. It makes him feel like he has a purpose in this world. It makes him feel like he is doing something interesting with his life.

[Jericho's chuckle has no mirth. The camera tilts as he mocks so that it is no longer looking from under him but he is eye-to-eye with the viewer. The light casts him in even darker shadows, washing his face of human resemblance, making him look dead and alien. Jericho's fake laughter cuts off abruptly as he turns those heavy green eyes on the lens.]

JK: But you aren't doing anything interesting with your life, Hercules. You know it and I know it. You know you don't care about the title. You know you just want the spotlight. You know you want somebody to hold you by the hand and do the thinking, the feeling for you while you just throw things around. It makes you feel good not to have to test your courage. Not to have to test your brain. Not to have to test your heart.

[Jericho's arm seems to move involuntarily as he absent-mindedly reaches for his own heart, rubbing it and caressing it. The camera moves to frame Kai in profile, detaching the man from his words. The new angle is dissonant with the viewer as Jericho looks up, literally speaking over the viewer's heads.]

JK: I understand that lost feeling, Hercules. Hercules, Hercules, Hercules, I was lost for a long time too until the spirit of Ra visited me and I was reborn. I was reborn into something wonderful. I was reborn into someone with purpose. I have direction. And to me that National Title is an honor to the Gods who recreated me. It is an honor and a medium to spread my word. It means something. Aha wsir has saved me. And I can save you.

[Jericho's head snaps around to find the centre of the lens again. His focus and intensity is disconcerting. A feral grin twists his mouth, showing sharp canine teeth.]

JK: But you have to let go and admit to being empty, man. You have to admit that these people that cheer your name only leave you hollow inside. You have to admit that when the lights go off and you're alone ... all alone ... that you feel empty inside. Embrace that emptiness. Acknowledge your lack. Admit that however strong the flesh may be, the spirit is still weak.

And then my Masters will come to you. My Spirit will fill you and you will have purpose. Heed my words, Hercules. Let me save you. For if you disrespect me. If you disrespect my message. If you disrespect my abilities

in that ring, you will find that \_I\_ am your \_Neesus.\_ And your myth will be taken by the jackals. I'll save you, Hercules.

Hercules ...

Hercules ...

Hercules ...

[Jericho closes his eyes as he lifts his head to the heavens and communes with some unseen spirits.]

JK: I've come home.

[Fade out to a shot of the ring where the two men are standing in their respective corners. An unknown official stands between the two as the camera cuts to ringside, revealing Kai's entourage backing him in the corner - The Walking Dead, Poet, even the familiar face of BC Da Mastah MC and the familiar masks (dirty and torn) of The Hive.]

MS: Hello, everyone - and welcome to San Antonio, Texas to the special highlights of this Brass Ring Tournament Qualifying Match. Joining me in calling the action in this one is our own Colt Patterson. Colt, welcome to San Antonio!

CP: Stegglet, I ain't seen this much losers in one place since the last Lynch family reunion.

MS: You too? I thought just Bucky hated the Lynches.

CP: I think it got put into my last contract negotiation - yeah, here it is... "All AWA color commentators must hate the Lynches." It don't take much considering their old man's history with my old man.

[We cut back to the ring where Hammonds and Kai are engaged in a collar and elbow. Kai is struggling, pushing hard against the larger man who looks on with a grin...

...and HURLS Kai halfway across the ring, sending him skidding back into the corner before Hammonds strikes a big double bicep pose to the cheers of the crowd.]

MS: You know from the get-go that this one would come down to whether or not Jericho Kai would be able to overcome the overwhelming power of Hercules Hammonds, the second generation powerhouse out of Mississippi.

[Another cut takes us a little further into the match where another tieup is turned into a rear hammerlock by Kai. Hammonds struggles against the hold as Kai places his left hand on the back of Herc's head, leaning forward to whisper in his ear from behind...

...and Hammonds yanks his arm free, spinning around and glaring angrily at the grinning Kai.]



CP: You gotta love the mind trip that Jericho Kai lays on these mental midgets in there. Hammonds overreacting to that and completely gets thrown off his gameplan with just one move.

[And another cut deeper shows a downed Kai trying to get off the mat as Hercules Hammonds backs up against the ropes, pumping a muscular arm in the air...

...where Dirt Dog Unique Allah slips a hand around the ankle, preventing Hammonds from charging!]

MS: Look at that! He's got the ankle!

CP: And that's where having all these guys in your corner comes in handy, Stegglet. The Walking Dead really turns the odds in Jericho Kai's favor, I think.

[As Hammonds yanks his foot away, he stalks across, glancing back over his shoulder at Allah which allows Kai to bury a knee into the gut of the distracted Hammonds. He leans forward, lightly patting Hammonds on the back before leaping up, slamming a forearm down into the back of the head!]

MS: Kai connects and down goes the Tupelo Tower!

[Kai is laying the boots in on Hammonds as we cut to later in the match where Kai has Hammonds in the corner. He suddenly grabs Hammonds by the face, holding him steady as he stares into his eyes...

...and then breaks it off, spinning around to club the big man with a spinning backfist, snapping Hammonds' head back and causing him to slump down into a seated position against the buckles.]

MS: And here you're about to see that numbers advantage come into play again. That horrible woman Poet distracts the referee... and in comes Dirt Dog Allah...

[Allah crawls under the ropes, charging across the ring, leaping into the air to land a flying dropkick to the chest of the seated Hammonds! He quickly rolls under the ropes to the floor before Poet gets forced down off the apron and the referee returns to the match as we cut ahead again.]

MS: Things got worse for Hammonds when he got out on the floor as you'll see right here...

[With the official distracted by Jericho Kai, Hammonds is getting swarmed (pun intended) by the members of The Hive, clubbing him relentlessly and driving him down to the floor...]

MS: But eventually, the big man would be able to fight back!

[...and that moment comes right now as Hammonds stands up, absorbing blows from both Hive members. He reaches out, grabbing each by their torn mask-covered heads...]

MS: DOUBLE HEADSLAMMER!

[As their heads clash together, The Hive members fall backwards. Dirt Dog Unique Allah is next, racing down the ring apron, leaping off for a double axehandle...

...but Hammonds catches him, holding him over his shoulder...]

MS: Allah's trapped in the powerful arms of Hammonds!

[The big man HURLS him up and over, throwing him a few feet through the air before crashing down on the barely-padded floor to big cheers!]

CP: You gotta be impressed by a man like Hercules Hammonds. Such incredible power and explosiveness... and you know I don't impress easy, Stegglet. But it ain't over yet.

[Hammonds climbs back up on the apron as Kai approaches, throwing a right hand but Hammonds blocks it, connecting with one of his own that sends Kai scrambling backwards as the big man steps back into the ring.]

MS: Hammonds is in and-

[He lifts Kai in a belly-to-back suplex position...

...and THROWS him forward, sending him bouncing off the canvas to cheers.]

MS: The power of Hammonds would put him solidly in control for the next couple of minutes...

[We cut again showing a wobbly Kai getting pressed overhead in a gorilla press.]

MS: Hammonds has got him up!

[The big man walks around the ring with Kai, looking out at the cheering crowd...

...and then throws him over the top onto Henri LaMarques and BC Da Mastah MC as Poet screams in horror!]

MS: But like Colt says... it wasn't over yet.

[We cut one more time where Hammonds is scooping up Jericho Kai again for a slam...

...but Kai slips out, going over the top to hook in a rear naked choke!]

MS: The choke out of nowhere and Kai sunk it in deep as Hammonds desperately tried to escape!

CP: One guy desperately trying to choke the other one out and move on into the tournament and the other guy desperately trying to escape it!

[Hammonds tries to force his way out as Kai leaps up, wrapping his legs around Hammonds to try and hook a bodyscissors...

...but Hammonds LUNGES backwards, smashing Kai back into the buckles!]

MS: Hammonds counters to break the hold!

[The big man spins around, burying a boot in the stunned Kai's midsection, yanking him into a powerbomb position, lifting him up into a Canadian Backbreaker...

...and SWINGS him back down, throwing him facefirst to the canvas!]

MS: HAMMONDS HAMMER!

[Hammonds drops into a cover, getting a three count before the slower members of Kai's entourage can get into the ring to break it up.]

MS: He got him... but it wasn't over yet!

[Even as the bell rings, Hammonds finds himself being attacked by Henri LaMarques and BC Da Mastah MC. He's pummeled with forearms and elbows for a few moments before they shoot him in with a double whip...

...and take him off his feet with a double clothesline!]

MS: Hammonds was taken down... and look out below!

[BC hits the ropes, lumbering off...

...and DROPS all his weight down on the chest of Hammonds, crushing him underneath and leaving him laid out.]

CP: Haha! Let's see Hammonds get up and throw one of these guys to the moon, Steglet!

MS: After that, I'm not sure Hammonds is going to be throwing anyone for a while... and after the show...

[We cut ahead to after the show where Hammonds is being taped up by an AWA doctor.]

MS: We saw the damage done by the Walking Dead. With the Brass Ring Tournament coming up in two weeks, you have to wonder what kind of condition Hercules Hammonds will be in when he goes for the National

Championship. From San Antonio, I'm Mark Stegglet alongside Colt Patterson, now let's head back to Dallas for more Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X!

[We fade in on a pink, frosted heart-shaped mirror...

...that abruptly shatters into shards, falling to the floor as the sound echoes off concrete walls.]

"Don't take me seriously, huh? Think I'm a pushover?!"

[The camera pans to show Casanova stomping around the dressing room area. The shot is a little shaky, perhaps taken with a cell phone.]

C: Did you hear 'em last week, Mickey?

[The shot bobs up and down as the voice answers from behind the camera.]

MC: You know I did, baby.

[Casanova is fuming mad as he sits down on a folding director's chair - also pink - and glares through smudged makeup at the camera.]

C: The Internet - the home of the sickest... most depraved people you'll ever run across - wants to say that they don't take ME seriously, Mickey. They want to say that I was outgunned against Derrick Williams two weeks ago.

[The camera moves closer, zooming in on the angry face.]

C: They want to say that no one ever thought I stood a chance.

[He stands up in a hurry, knocking the chair over as he points into the camera.]

C: DON'T THEY KNOW WHO I AM?!

[Cherry eggs him on.]

MC: Tell 'em, baby... tell 'em all who you are!

[Casanova - who had turned away from the camera - jerks back towards it, his finely-plucked eyebrow arching upwards.]

C: I am the sleeping dragon. I am the one your mother warned you about. I'M THE ONE WHO GOES BUMP IN THE NIGHT!

[Casanova lets loose a nervous titter. He mouths "That okay?" at Mickey. The camera bobs again.]

C: I was content... I was happy to stand here with Mickey and look pretty. But you've crossed a line, world. You've taken two steps forward and when

you look behind you, there's a line... and that line says that you should respect me. It says you should fear me.

And most of all...

[His face contorts like he's going to burst into tears.]

C: IT SAYS YOU SHOULD LOVE ME!

[He spins away, rushing out of view as Mickey Cherry drops the phone, rushing after him with a "It's okay, Cass! It's okay!" and we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.

PW: Introducing at this time, accepting his Most Improved award as well as accepting the Feud Of The Year award on behalf of Jack Lynch... accompanied to the ring by MICHAEL WEAVER...

"BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR!!

[The opening guitar riff to "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult begins to play as the fans get to their feet in anticipation of the popular young grappler. The curtains fly open, and the crowd explodes with cheers as O'Connor makes his way out, side by side with Michael Weaver. O'Connor is fired up, pumping his fists and shouting at the cheering fans as Weaver raises one hand in a wave as he nods calmly at the fans. The two enter the ring, and Bobby is handed his Most Improved award by Phil Watson and grins from ear to ear. He stops to pose with the award for the collected photographers at ringside as Weaver applauds. He's then handed the Feud Of The Year award, and hangs his head. He shakes his head and puts his hand up towards the photographers... indicating he will not be posing with this particular award. He then asks for a mic from Phil Watson who happily obliges.]

BOC: First of all, I want to thank all the fans that voted for me. You've given me everything they'd ever need to get up every morning and lace my boots up... no matter what aches and pains are plaguing me. That you chose me over all the other deserving guys on the roster, it means the world to me. There's a long list of men in the back that have grown by leaps and bounds in front of all our eyes, so to win this award is such an honor. I promise to every last one of you right now: I will go above and beyond to learn and improve every time I step between those ropes, and continue to be someone you can proud to cheer.

[Bobby nods, smiling at his award as he crowd cheers. Then looks at the award in his other hand... and that smile quickly fades.]

BOC: But this one... this one is bittersweet to say the least. It's great to see this, because Jack earned it in spades. For one year he chased that snake in the grass. For one year he put up with his games and his insults. And at the end, it was Jack Lynch standing tall.

[The crowd cheers more loudly than before, as O'Connor and Weaver nod in agreement.]

BOC: It's only bitter for one reason. The King of Cowboys isn't here to thank you himself. He isn't here because he barely got to take a breath before just as one war finally ended... another one began.

Supreme Wright.

[HUGE chorus of boos as O'Connor continues.]

BOC: We have you to blame for that. Jack's moment in the sun has passed, and it is ALL your fault. I respect that you've mad it to the top of our sport much younger than most. Heck, most don't ever accomplish what you have.

But I don't respect what you've done. I respect the athlete...

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: ... but Supreme Wright the human being makes me absolutely sick to my stomach. It makes me sick that I am holding this award while Jack can't even properly home his newborn daughter because what you've done. It makes me sick because I was raised to believe that this was a sport based on respect. Not sneak attacks based on bitterness.

So, basically?

[O'Connor points a finger towards the top of the entranceway.]

BOC: Supreme Wright, I am challenging you to take me on. Anytime, any place. I know you're back there listening to everything I've said... so you will come out here and answer me NOW.

[The crowd pops HUGE for O'Connor, as all eyes turn towards the entrance.]

GM: Wow! Bobby O'Connor just called out Supreme Wright! But will Wright answer his challenge?

BW: Do you even have to ask that question!? Of course he will! When have you known Supreme Wright to ever run away from a fight!?

GM: Run away? Never. But he's certainly not above delaying or manipulating one until he has complete control of the situation.

BW: That's just what any smart person would do! Not everyone has to follow the standards of dumbness that guys like Martinez and O'Connor stumble through life with!

[There's no response at first, as the crowd begins to boo. However, just as O'Connor shakes his head and turns away, the booing ERUPTS to deafening levels, as the crowd sees Supreme Wright stepping through the curtains with Cain Jackson, Alex Martin, Matt Lance and a few unnamed members of Team Supreme following behind him. Wright stops at the top of the aisle, while his

students position themselves behind him, standing at ease in perfect formation.]

SW: Hello...

[A smirk.]

SW: ...Eric.

[The crowd responds with MASSIVE boos, as Wright smirks. O'Connor just shakes his head.]

BOC: I am NOT Eric. After all the damage you've done, you know that better than ANYONE.

SW: I really don't see a difference.

[In the background, we hear Alex Martin quip, "This one's still got a brain!" as Supreme continues on.]

SW: A pitiful lapdog willing to throw away his own career to protect his master?

That sounds like an "Eric" to me.

[Inside the ring, O'Connor seethes with anger and begins making his way towards the ropes, as Weaver tries to calm him down.]

SW: You already proved you were too stupid to exercise caution against Caleb Temple, when you threw yourself in front of The White Knight to protect him, so it shouldn't surprise me that you'd recklessly charge head-first into this.

But really, Mister...

[Supreme makes air quotes.]

SW: ..."O'Connor"...

[Matt Lance can be heard cackling, "ERRRRIC!"]

SW: ...you want to face me, anytime? Any place?

[Supreme gives a quick look behind him at his students, before turning back to O'Connor.]

SW: How about right now?

[The crowd roars HUGE, as Bobby quickly balls up his fists and holds them up in a fighter's pose.]

BOC: That is ALL I want! Enough with the talking, enough with the insults... come down here and take the beating you deserve!

[However, as fired up as O'Connor is, Michael Weaver holds him back.]

MW: Bobby, I know you want to make him pay for what he did to Jack. I know everyone here, myself included, wants to see that happen.

[Weaver gestures at the collected forces surrounding Wright.]

MW: But this smells like another trap to me. We saw what they did to Jack. Now's not the time to play into their hands again.

[Weaver points at Wright.]

MW: You like to pride yourself as a great wrestler, but more so... as a great teacher. How about I give you the chance to prove that by having one of your students face me in this ring tonight, without you standing by his side holding his hand?

[Wright shakes his head at Weaver.]

SW: It seems that one of you is capable of intelligent thoughts, after all. Unfortunately, Cain has a very important match tonight, but I think one of my other students will be more than ready to take you on...

"ME! I'LL DO IT!"

[We see Alex Martin step up from the pack, fired up and ready to go.]

AM: I saw what this guy tried to do to you! He came out swinging a chair acting like he was some sort of big shot! And now he's up here talking like he even belongs in this conversation! He's just some chump trying to milk his last name and his connections for his fifteen minutes of fame! Don't worry about it, Mr. Wright, I'll make sure this nobody won't ever bother you again!

SW: Fine.

[His expression hardens just ever so slightly.]

SW: Do NOT disappoint me.

[Martin gives a short nod, before Wright turns back to Weaver and O'Connor.]

SW: Will taking on Mr. Martin here be to your satisfaction, Mr. Weaver?

MW: Any fair fight will be to my satisfaction. Your man has a lot to say. He thinks that he knows me. He thinks his skills are enough to put me away.

[Weaver shakes his head as Bobby slaps a hand on his shoulder.]



MW: I guess we'll find that truth of that tonight.

[Both men lower their respective mics, glaring across the distance at each other.]

GM: How about that, fans? Michael Weaver's going to take on Alex Martin right here tonight!

BW: This dumb kid might be the ultimate of the dumb kids.

GM: Michael Weaver is a talented young competitor and I believe that Mr. Martin has his work cut out for him here tonight. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we've got tag team action that you will NOT want to miss!

[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: Tonight on SWLL Presents: Lucha Lucha Lucha, bear witness to the one of the most poignant moments in SWLL history, as La Fuerza says farewell to his fans.

[Cut to a shot of the ring as La Fuerza stands surrounded by SWLL wrestlers, holding a microphone as he bids adieu to the fans. There are numerous camera shots of audience members, grown men and women among them, in tears. The final shot is of a pair of children, a boy and a girl, tears streaming down their faces, hands clasped together, begging their favorite wrestler to stay.]

VO: And in the main event, a special Lucha de Apuesta match, as the legendary El Gran Tigre wagers his hair against the mask of his hated rival, El Danado.

[Two men stand in the ring. One, a grizzled veteran, his muscular body oiled and glistening under the lights. Despite his tough guy appearance, he has an improbably wild pompadour, perfectly coiffed and styled, dyed orange and black, like a tiger's. Nose to nose with El Gran Tigre is the hated El Danado, looking resplendent in his deep purple mask with gold eagle-like designs on the face.]

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

[Fade to black.

Fade back up and at the interview platform, we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by.]

LB: Fans, we're in the midst of an incredible night of action. Don't forget, still to come, our Main Event featuring the World Tag Team Champions Air Strike, defending the championships against the former champions, the Lights Out Express. That and much more to come, but with me right now... come on in if your would, Caspian Abaran.

[A short brownish-tan skinned Mexican man with curly dark brown hair, Abaran steps into view to the cheers of the fans. He wears bright yellow full length tights with intricate red and brown patterns on them. He wears red boots with a brown-and-yellow mirror of this pattern, and red-yellow-brown wristbands. Over this is one of the new AWA T-Shirts you can find on AWAshop.com. He claps his hands together and nods to the crowd.]

LB: Two weeks ago, you were set to compete in the very first matchup for the AWA here on Fox Sports X, but a very bitter man by the name of Kerry Kendrick spoiled the party for you.

CA: Yes he did, Sweet Lou. Kerry Kendrick, back in 2009, you were where I was a year ago. You were young and you were looking for redemption! You were embarrassed out of the AWA like I was embarrassed out of Mexico. I lost my mask when El Danado gave me El Martinete...

LB: That's a piledriver. You're fortunate to have returned to 100 percent, Caspian.

CA: There was hard, hard work, Sweet Lou, to back up that luck. My story is not a sob story. I am in exile, so I took the name of the exile prince. I will overcome. Kerry Kendrick, you seem to think that is your story. The exile who is going to redeem himself. And it CAN be your story, if you let it be.

But you will never earn redemption by stealing! You will never prove yourself by attacking from behind and taking what is not yours to take! You listen to me, Kerry Kendrick. If you truly want to show to the world your caliber, do not ever do what you did two weeks ago. I know the frustration of what you experienced. Maybe moreso, because... you must understand what the mask means to us in Mexico, Sweet Lou.

LB: It is everything! Your identity, your sense of self... they worship the mask in Mexico.

CA: I only worship one God, but the mask is sacred to lucha libre, in a way. That was taken from me, and my right to call myself a luchadore was taken away from me. I will earn it back here in America the right way, Kerry, and you can earn everything you lost so many years ago by doing the same. Face me, in the ring, with honor! You attacked me, you wronged me, and that means you have to answer to me. But it isn't too late, Kerry Kendrick, to be able to answer to the man in the mirror, and to tell him that you made your career the right way.

LB: Well, Caspian, I don't know how open the man is going to be to that idea. Kerry Kendrick is absolutely consumed with bitterness over what he has gone through in his career to date.

CA: But I am bitter too, Sweet Lou. I work at it. It's there, deep inside. It is inside all of us. That little seed. Bitterness for me. For some it is pride, or hate, or ego. You cannot give that seed good soil, you cannot give that seed water, you cannot let that seed grow. Kerry, listen to me. If you keep on this path, you will regret it in time. I have seen so many. Here in the AWA, you look around. Even many stars, you can tell they live with agony inside from what they let grow inside them. Look at Johnny Detson. Look at Supreme Wright. Look at Shadoe Rage. Do you think they are happy? Do you think when they leave the arena that they are satisfied with themselves?

Kerry, do not poison your soul inside. You will face me, and I will seek justice for what you did. But it can end there, if you let it. Or you will have a whole life of facing justice. And when you face down justice for so long, you will blink, man, you will blink. And what will be your life if you are dead inside?

LB: Thank you very much, Caspian Abaran. A challenge and a heartfelt plea to one Kerry Kendrick. That will be a match worth watching, fans.

[Abaran slaps a few fans' hands as he heads off, and he is accompanied out by cheers. We cut to Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: Who does he think he is?! That little twerp is saying that Detson, Wright, and Rage are unhappy? They make boatloads of cash and kick boatloads of something that kinda rhymes with cash.

GM: But all of them suffer from some kind of bitterness, or envy, or some driving negativity inside, Bucky. I think Caspian is questioning whether that is worth it.

BW: Ask Shadoo Rage's World TV Title if it is worth it. Or Johnny Detson's Steal the Spotlight contract. Or Supreme Wright's two World Title reigns.

GM: I suppose you could, or you could ask the men themselves, who would all adopt very upset expressions and make a variety of threats and angered statements in avoiding that question. I can't read minds, but I would guess that Caspian Abaran is not far off the mark. Kerry Kendrick has no guarantee of that level of success, but every guarantee of that level of internal strife if he follows that road.

BW: Well, ain't you some kind of shrink all of a sudden, Myers. Kerry Kendrick did what he needed to do two weeks ago. He made a statement, he made it early, and he made it loud. If this milquetoast punk Abaran wants to be a bleeding heart instead of going for revenge, then Kendrick'll give him a bunch of other bleeding parts to match. A real man avenges himself when he's wronged.

GM: Caspian Abaran is a young man of compassion, but make no mistake, Bucky. He wants a match with Kendrick, and he wants justice for what was done. We will see exactly how that transpires in the weeks to come. Fans, let's go over to the ring for tag team action!

[We fade back to the ring where the sounds of pigs squealing alongside some banjos being plucked before the PA system comes to life with "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" by Billy Currington to cheers from the crowd.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at Weight Unknown... they are Doctor Insidious and The Nefarious One!

[The jeers pour down on the two masked men who proceed to threaten the fans booing them.]

PW: And their opponents, making their way down the aisle... from Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at a total combined weight of 702 pounds... being led to the ring by Mable... BUDDY AND CHESTER...

THE WIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNCH!

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

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

GM: Hahaha! One of the crowd's favorite tag teams here in the AWA, the Wilde Bunch is here on The X!

BW: Wait. Did you hear that, Gordo?

GM: Hear what?

BW: It's as if a million remote controls were picked up in unison and the world's loudest "CLICK!" was heard as everyone switched over to see what the Weather Channel is doing.

GM: Would you stop?!

[The Wilde Bunch gets halfway down the ramp, pausing for a little square dancing do-si-do to a big cheer.]

GM: We caught up with the Wilde Bunch earlier today to get some comments from them.

[The ever-popular inset box with the Wilde Bunch and Mable visible appears in the corner of the screen as they continue to dance in live action. While they continue their entrance, the other them speak.]

COW: The AWA is on The X and while we don't quite know what that means, we know we wanna be a part of it!

BUL: That's right! Look at this face!

[Buddy holds Mable's snout up closer to the camera.]

BUL: Tell me that ain't a face made for TV.

[Mable snorts a few times as the Wilde Bunch laughs and the inset box vanishes to leave the full screen where Buddy and Mable are stepping into the ring as Chester heads down the ringsteps to the floor, a big smile on his face.]

GM: Bucky, it's your favorite part of the show...

BW: Oh, seriously?! I'm going to hire private security to keep this- ACK!

[Chester rushes around the ringpost, physically yanking "Uncle Bucky" out of his seat into a big sloppy hug. Bucky instantly tries to wiggle free but Chester is paying him no mind, shaking him back and forth and loudly exclaiming how good it is to see him.]

GM: Haha! I love a good family moment!

[A grinning Chester sets Bucky back down, giving him a back slap hard enough to throw Bucky over the announce table, wincing in pain. Chester pauses to shake Gordon's hand - a gesture that leaves Gordon also wincing in pain.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch is about to be in action against these two masked evil-doers and I've gotta ask, Bucky... have you had any conversations with your cousins in the last two weeks?

BW: You mean, since you tried to set me up for pain-filled agony by siccing these two morons on me? YES! YES I HAVE!

[The referee gets The Nefarious One and Buddy out of the ring - as well as Mable thankfully - before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: So, when can we expect to see the Wilde Bunch taking on Dichotomy?

BW: You think Dichotomy is afraid of these two?

GM: If they're not, I'm sure you won't have any trouble convincing them to sign on the dotted line, Bucky.

[As the announce team bickers, Chester O. Wilde gets into a collar and elbow, easily throwing Doctor Insidious down to the mat. Insidious leaps up, telling the referee that Chester pulled his mask. The referee shakes his head but asks Chester who also shakes his head, holding up his hand in the Boy Scout's oath.]

BW: First of all, I don't tell them what to do, Gordo. I'm an advisor... not their manager.

GM: So, when you were a manager, you told people what to do.

BW: I... well, stop putting words in my mouth, Myers!

[The two men come together in another collar and elbow. Doctor Insidious is pushing hard...

...and Chester sidesteps, causing Insidious to fall facefirst on the mat! The crowd laughs at the masked man, cheering as he rolls out to the floor, huddling up with The Nefarious One.]

GM: Look out here!

[Buddy U. Loney climbs down to the floor, marching over towards the rulebreaking duo. The Nefarious One shoves his partner aside, rushing at Cousin Buddy...

...who just watches as the masked man bounces off him, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Haha! You're gonna need a lot more - what's the phrase? - junk in your trunk to make a dent against a big hoss like Buddy Loney!

BW: Junk in your trunk? What's gotten into you?!

GM: Hey, I can be hip... I can be with it. Just because I don't know what a springing twisting shooter press is, I'm not the country bumpkin some folks make me out to be.

BW: I don't even... my world is collapsing around me.

[Doctor Insidious rolls back in, wanting no part of Buddy Loney...

...and runs right into Cousin Chester who drops him with a shoulder tackle of his own to more laughter from the crowd. Chester grins as he pulls the masked man up, scooping him up into his powerful arms.]

GM: Chester scoops him up... and Chester SLAMS him down!

[Chester hits the ropes, swinging his right arm around and around...

...and leaps up into a big elbow, crashing down on the sternum of the smaller man!]

GM: What an elbowdrop!

[Cousin Chester climbs up off the mat as Doctor Insidious rolls across the ring, diving to tag his partner who looks less than eager to come in...

...so Chester reaches over the top, bringing him in with a hiptoss that sends him sailing high into the air before hitting the mat!]

GM: Cousin Chester brings in the Nefarious One the hard way...

[Chester pulls the masked man up, shooting him into the Wilde Bunch's corner before charging in after him, connecting with a big running clothesline before he slaps his partner's hand, holding the masked man in place as Buddy stomps across the ring, backing into the far corner...]

GM: Buddy Loney creating some distance...

[With a loud "MOOOOOOOOO!", Buddy rushes across the ring, spinning around...

...and THROWS himself backwards into a corner hip attack!]

GM: OHHHH! FOUR HUNDRED PLUS POUNDS CRUSHES HIM IN THE CORNER!!

[Cousin Chester grins as Buddy walks back out to the middle of the ring, swinging his arms out in front of him...

...and starts shaking his hindquarters back and forth!]

GM: What is he...?!]

BW: He's twerking! That fat fool is TWERKING, Gordo!

GM: What is... forget it, I won't even ask.

[The Nefarious One stumbles out of the corner into a back mule kick to the gut, doubling him up. Buddy turns to face him, grabbing an arm to whip him into the ropes. As the masked man rebounds, Buddy shoves him skyward, catching him on the way down in a fireman's carry...

...and FALLS back in a crushing Samoan Drop!]

GM: PIG IN A BLANKET!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: That's what he's calling that!

BW: I... I... this...

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Buddy sits up, a big grin on his face as the music starts up again.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch pick up the win on The X, and Buddy and Chester are having a grand old time here in the AWA!



BW: I have never, ever been more embarrassed in my entire life. Fans, you gotta believe me, I may not like you but I want you to know that I am not like these two idiots! I want nothing to do with them... I'm getting sick to my stomach, Gordo, what're they doin' now? I can't watch. I can't watch them drag my name through the mud.

GM: Buddy and Chester are dancing to the music, Bucky. Dosey-do and round they go!

BW: Fox is gonna can us, Gordo. They'll show a special called World's Most Sickening Car Wrecks, but this is gonna be too revolting even for them...

[As Buddy, Chester, and Mabel dance around the ring (OK, Buddy's holding Mabel so she's not really 'dancing') the fans clap along to the music. And then the music cuts abruptly. It takes Chester and Buddy a moment to figure that out... Chester stops in mid dosey-do before Buddy does, causing the four hundred men to bump into him and make him stumble forwards comically. The two men look around in confusion.]

GM: Someone has cut the music on the Wilde Bunch. That seems rather petty.

MG: I believe that we have all seen quite enough.

[That would be the voice of Matt Ginn, and the crowd boos as Ginn and Mark Hoefner, the team known as Dichotomy, steps through the curtain. 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 bluish-purple polo shirt with a Pi symbol on the right chest, black slacks, and brown dress shoes. The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. He's wearing a very dark grey T-Shirt with a yellow box similar to a Mario question box (but featuring a Pi symbol instead of a question mark), black cargo pants, and old combat boots.

The duo stops near the interview sections at the top of the aisle, and are roundly booed by the crowd. They have a microphone, and Ginn continues to use it.]

MG: This is now a nationally-broadcast sporting event. It is no longer a regional broadcast viewed primarily by the same lowbrow bumpkins that watched Andy Griffith leading in and Fly Fishing With Orlando Wilson leading out. These people here that attend the Crockett Colosseum in Dallas, for instance. As the national audience can see, they are the lowest common denominator. Very uneducated, poor personal hygiene... the sort of rube that would be entertained by corpulent hillbillies dancing with a pig.

[BOOOOO!]

MH: Hey, zip it! We're here because these two fat homely slobs have been embarrassing Bucky Wilde for months! He can't help it if he got all the good

genes in the family, and all his brother and sister were left with was each other... if you know what I mean.

[Buddy scratches his head and asks Chester what he meant. Chester shrugs, perplexed.]

MH: So we're going to spell it out for you idiots. You, in the ring. Tooth and toothless. Stop ogling your pig and look up here.

[That got Chester and Buddy's attention.]

MH: You spent all of two weeks hassling Bucky Wilde to get us to sign a match with you. He's not our manager! But you two feebs couldn't understand that, so maybe you'll understand this.

You are dirty, filthy, illiterate morons and you are an embarrassment to Bucky Wilde. He is a legend, and you backwards bumpkins have done nothing in your lives but pick lint out of your navels... and probably the random bat that flies in there mistaking it for a cave. The only way anybody can tell the difference between you and your pig is the pig smells better. You don't deserve a match with us, or with anyone that has any self respect.

[The boos continue, and the Wilde Bunch are getting angry. Chester and Buddy head to the ropes, and step through, heading in Dichotomy's direction.]

MG: I see that simple language isn't simple enough for your comprehension. We are NOT going to wrestle you. You can clearly see that we aren't dressed for competition.

MH: And they are?

MG: Point. It's likely that they do not know how shoes are supposed to work.

[The referee is now trying to keep the Wilde Bunch from advancing on Dichotomy. One guy wouldn't have a prayer of stopping COW and BUL under ordinary circumstances, but since it is a referee, the two hillbillies stop and pay heed. They are very obviously torn by their anger over this slander and their respect for the rules.]

MG: I expect you both to furnish your resignation, as the AWA is now too sophisticated to allow for your presence. You are unwanted. The national audience has no desire to see a pair of obese imbeciles lumber about the ring. They expect to see athletes. Wrestlers. Men like Mr. Hoefner and myself. You have wasted the Fox Network's time and money. And if you persist in this, you will learn that we speak the truth when the more sophisticated crowds outside Texas and the lower Mississippi delta boo you in every arena in the country.

[This claim, or as much of it as the Wildes understand, seems to take the Arkansas natives aback. They share a glance as if wondering whether that might be the case. The fans boo even louder.]

MH: Get lost! Go to some other territory where they play to middle school gyms in front of a hundred stupid rednecks just like you. This is big time now, and you're stinking up our ring and tanking our ratings!

MG: And just so you're both aware, or as aware as you can manage considering your intellectual deficiencies... your Uncle Bucky hates you.

[Uh, oh. Chester slaps Buddy in the chest and yells...]

COW: THEY'RE LYIN' ABOUT UNCLE BUCKY!

[Pause for that to sink in.]

BUL: NO ONE TALKS BAD ABOUT UNCLE BUCKY!

[And they charge! Dichotomy hightails it as the two angry hillbillies give chase to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, my! Bucky, your nephews really must think highly of you to take all that abuse of themselves and then to go on the attack once they thought you were being impinged upon.

BW: Don't even joke about that! I was hopin' that Dichotomy would take the match on, because they'd beat those idiot nephews of mine in three minutes flat. But they ain't gonna sink that low. And that's probably the right call. Dichotomy are wrestlers, and my nephews... ain't.

GM: Yes, they are. They are undefeated in the AWA, how can you say they aren't wrestlers?

BW: Because wrestlers are athletes. Who wear athletic attire, are professional, are highly trained, and possess great skill. Oh for four, Gordo, oh for four. Chester and Buddy are big strong dumb rednecks who just fight. They're plenty dangerous in a fight. But this is a sport. Maybe they should go to GFC, I hear you ain't gotta be too smart to fight there.

GM: In any case, Dichotomy with a disgusting verbal attack on the Wilde Bunch. Absolutely uncalled for.

BW: YOU called for it, Myers! You got it all started two weeks ago! Don't ever say anything that happens there is uncalled for, because i know you gotta look in a mirror some time. Don't act like bein' an announcer means you don't affect what goes on in wrestling. You been called on that too many times. At least I learned to embrace it, daddy. And Dichotomy reaped the benefits. They're the smartest men in wrestling, and if they had to dirty their hands against my nephews, it'd be a shame. But I guess I'd feel okay about it after they humiliated them.

GM: You really are too much. Fans, it's the final matches of the Brass Ring Qualifiers here tonight and right now, let's go to Mark Stegglet who was in Oklahoma City recently to witness Brad Jacobs taking on Pedro Perez from the Dogs Of War!

[Crossfade to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED."]

MS: Folks, we are LIVE here in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma for an Empire Video Exclusive, as we are minutes away from a gigantic match between Pedro Perez and Brad Jacobs to see who qualifies for the Brass Ring Tournament. And with me right now, to give us a few words, is the Big Dog himself, Brad Jacobs!

[At the mention of his name, the crowd bursts into applause and the Big Dog walks out to the interview platform, wearing his red ring gear with a green and orange "The U" shirt over top, sleeves cut off. Jacobs nods at Stegglet and rubs his hands together as the interviewer begins.]

MS: Brad Jacobs, you are just a few minutes away from a qualifying match against Pedro Perez to enter the Brass Ring Tournament. What's going through your mind as we head to the critical hour?

BJ: What's going through my mind, brother, is how quickly things can change. Just a few months ago, I was being led around on a string by a sorry man, holding my family's life over my head. If I didn't do what he say, he'd take it out on them.

And now here I am in Oklahoma City, in a room filled with big dogs-

[The fans cheer, and some bark, at their acknowledgement.]

BJ: -an' it's on like a pot of neck bones in just a few minutes. The biggest dog of 'em all, the big man upstairs, He had somethin' in mind for Big Jake. He wanted to see just how much of a man I was, just how much I could bare, what kinda soul that lied deep inside.

An' baby I musta passed the test, because the big man took care of Big Jake. What He found out, what Larry Doyle found out, what Dave Bryant found out, an' what Pedro Perez about to find out is that this train RUNS on soul power! You ain't gotta QUESTION what I got deep inside, you ain't gotta ASK what kinda man this Big Dog is, because I weathered the storm, I held my head high, an' now here I am. Proof that when you live right, when you do right and you stay the course, somethin' good gonna happen to you. The prayers of the faithful NEVER go unanswered!

But Pedro Perez, you wouldn't know nothin' about that, would you?

[Jacobs quiets down and gets serious, hands on hips as he points at the camera.]

BJ: I knew you once, young boy, you not much younger than me. We trained together, we sweat together, we worked together. An' maybe we ain't that

different, because we both done some things that we ain't about to tell Mama over dinner. But somewhere along the way, I righted the ship, dog. Big Jake got straightened out and started bustin' the right teeth, started crackin' the right heads.

I started to realize that my actions don't jus' reflect on me, they reflect on all the people who put time and energy into me, all the people who helped a brutha up when he was down.

I fought an' I struggled, but I got what I needed. I found my way.

But you, not so much. You still lost, you still wandering, you so far from the light you 'bout need a map. An' just like the big man provided for me, He provided for you too.

[Jacobs takes two steps forward and is in full on scowl.]

BJ: Because he sent me here to Oklahoma City to whup some sense into your ignorant ass!

[The crowd EXPLODES at that as Jacobs continues on.]

BJ: Who you think you kiddin', boy, you think you foolin'? You ain't foolin' NOBODY, son, we ALL on your track! We all know your game! You was cheated, you was screwed, someone took your spot?

JOIN THE CLUB! WELCOME TO THE WORLD!

Ain't no one feel SORRY for you, ain't no one feel BAD about you. That's called livin' life, son, that's called get knocked down and scrapin' your behind off the street. Standin' up and bein' a man, that's what it's all about. But you wouldn't know NOTHIN' about that.

Hidin' behind your boys, runnin' up on people from behind like you in a dark alley. Punk, I dealt with gangs and thugs and wannabe gangbangers my whole LIFE. I been fightin' with people like you since I was old enough to walk to school. And the same thing always hold true... you get a bunch of 'em together at once, they'll give you trouble.

But you find one of 'em alone... without their boys to hide behind...

[Jacobs cracks his knuckles.]

BJ: An' they sing a different tune in a minute. They CAN'T handle theyselves, they NEED someone else to fight they battles, THAT'S why they joined a gang.

Well take a look around you tonight, punk. Your boys ain't gonna be nowhere near that ring. It's just me and you and a few thousand of OKC's finest-

[Hometown pop!]

BJ: -watchin' this Big Dog beat your ass all up an' down my yard. If you think, for one minute, that I'ma let someone like you stand between me an' that Brass Ring Tournament, between me an' that National title, then boy I got a bridge to sell ya. It takes a MAN to hold that title, it takes a MAN to represent everything good about the AWA.

You ain't EARNED that chance yet, you ain't EARNED that responsibility. I'm not gonna stand here an' tell ya I have either, but it's a challenge I'm ready to face. It's a responsibility I'm ready to live up to. It's a way of life I'm ready to lead.

But YOU-

[Jacobs points the finger one more time.]

BJ: -you wouldn't know nothin' about that. And in a few short minutes, you ain't gonna have to worry about it. Because I'll either beat some sense into ya, or beat the stupid out of ya but I'm goin' to the Brass Ring Tournament.

And this Big Dog is gonna have one HELL of a day.

[We fade away from Jacobs to a shot of the ring where Brad Jacobs and Pedro Perez are standing and circling one another as Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

MS: The bell sounds to start this one as Pedro Perez of the Dogs Of War is taking on Brad Jacobs... and you can see that Perez does have Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker out at ringside with him.

CP: This one should be very interesting, Stegglet. The Dogs Of War are lights out as a team - they were my pick for Tag Team Of The Year for 2014 - but as singles, they've struggled at times. It'll be interesting to see if Perez can turn it on with the stakes so high in this one.

[The two men collide in a tieup in the center, Perez jockeying for position as Jacobs easily marches him back against the ropes...

...and breaks clean to the cheers of the crowd and the mocking laughter of Perez.]

CP: And that's the kind of garbage that Brad Jacobs can't afford if he wants to win this match... this tournament... and that National Title. He needs to show that killer instinct that made him a champion before and without "Hollywood" Larry in his corner, I don't know that he can do it.

[We cut further into the match where Perez has Jacobs down in the corner, viciously stomping him. The referee steps in, backing Perez away...

...which allows Isaiah Carpenter to flip Jacobs over, pulling down on his head to use the bottom rope to choke him. The crowd is jeering loudly but Carpenter breaks just before the referee turns around.]

MS: The numbers game playing a factor in this one, Colt.

CP: It always does. Three men are gonna beat one man every time - no matter how big and tough the one man is.

[We cut again, this time showing Perez whipping Jacobs into the corner.]

MS: Perez coming in after him!

[The wild-eyed Puerto Rican throws himself into a dropkick, stunning Jacobs in the buckles. He pops up, wrapping both hands around the throat and choking the big man as the referee counts again.

We cut again, deeper into the match as Jacobs goes falling through the ropes outside the ring. Pedro Perez gets backed up by the official who doesn't see Wade Walker grab Jacobs from behind, holding his arms as Carpenter pounds away at him...

...when Jacobs suddenly yanks his arms free from Walker's grasp, overpowering the Dogs of War's big man. Walker looks stunned as Jacobs runs over Carpenter with a clothesline. He wheels around, ready to strike Walker...]

MS: PEREZ FROM THE BLIND SIDE!

[The hot-blooded rulebreaker comes charging across, diving through the ropes towards Jacobs...

...who pivots, snatching Perez out of the sky, twisting and DRIVING him down on the barely-padded floor with a powerslam!]

MS: HOLY-! What a move by Jacobs!

[Jacobs pops up as Wade Walker rushes him, sidestepping and causing Walker to slam into the ringside steps!]

MS: Jacobs avoids Walker as well!

[He pulls Perez up, hurling him under the ropes into the ring, lunging through and diving into a cover, getting a near fall before Perez fires a shoulder up.

We cut again, this time showing Perez hammering away on Jacobs by the ropes.]

MS: And by this point in the match, the referee had seen enough of the Dogs Of War, ejected Carpenter and Walker from ringside which left Pedro Perez all alone in a one-on-one encounter with Brad Jacobs.

[Perez' hammering blows knocks Jacobs down to a knee as Perez backs off, pumping a fist, dashing to the ropes...

...and runs right back into a devastating spear!]

MS: OH! BIG SPEAR OFF A KNEE!

[The crowd is ROARING for the impact from such a short distance. Jacobs literally pushed off a knee to throw himself into the spear tackle. He pops up, throwing his arms apart as he pulls Perez into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...]

MS: JACOBS GETS HIM UP!

[He holds him there for a moment before twisting to the side, driving him down with a thunderous slam!]

MS: JACOBS HAMMER CONNECTS! ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jacobs climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in triumph as the ring announcer makes it official.]

MS: Brad Jacobs is your winner and he's movin' on to the Brass Ring Tournament two weeks from this Saturday night!

[We fade away from the pre-taped footage to show Bucky and Gordon at ringside.]

GM: And with that victory, we're getting closer and closer to knowing the full field of eight who will walk into this very building two weeks from tonight and battle their way towards the newest prize with a very strong lineage - the AWA National Title. One man out of eight will add their names to a list that includes men like Marcus Broussard... like Juan Vasquez... like Stevie Scott. But who will it be? It's tough to bet against Brad Jacobs after what we just saw, Bucky.

BW: You put your money on Jacobs if you want but I'm still torn between Driscoll and Farelli, Gordo.

GM: The night and the quest to fill the final spots in the Brass Ring Tournament will continue right after this quick break so don't you dare go away, AWA fans!

[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...]

The word "BEFORE" appears on the screen in large block letters. The screen fades to a hallway of a high school in Anytown, USA. A cheerleader slams her locker shut, and turns, coming face to face with a scrawny blonde kid with coke bottle glasses. The poor kid is wearing a very noticeable retainer as well.]

Cheerleader: Oh, what do YOU want?

Kid: [stammering, with a pronounced lisp.] C-C-C-Candy.. if it wouldn'th throuble you, I'd, I'd, I'd like to askth you if you wanth to goth to th' prom with me?

[Pause. Candy doubles over in laughter as the poor kid stares down at the floor.]

Candy: What makes you think I'll go to the prom with YOU?

Kid: I.. I.. I..

Candy: You ain't even in my league. Besides, I've already got a date to the prom! You should know him! All state linebacker, Big Bronco Brutekowski! You better beat it before he breaks your leg like he did to those two quarterbacks at Homecoming.

[Suddenly, a shadow looms on the poor kid.]

Candy: Well, speak of the devil!

[A hulking kid enters, towering over the kid by a good foot. The kid is wearing a varsity letter jacket with a white "A" on it. He is a good looking and strong young man, with a square jaw and a military buzzcut. He grabs the poor nerd by the collar and slams him against the locker.]

Bronco: Yeah, NERD! Beat it, before I beat you!

[Bronco drops the nerd to the floor, and leaves arm in arm with Candy, laughing the whole way. The kid is shaken, but not hurt. He stands back up and looks off screen.]

Kid: You'll thee! You'll all thee! I'll drinkth my milthk and get all big and sthrong and bigger than you Bronthco! Yeah!

[Fade to another black screen. The word "AFTER" appears on the screen in large block letters. The screen fades to a mailbox in front of a modest ranch-style house. The name on the mailbox reads "BRUTEKOWSKI". We go inside, and a dumpy looking woman is seen polishing a worn down football trophy. The woman is standing in next to a television, which is turned on. The woman turns to the TV and sighs. It's showing an arm-wrestling match. One of the men on the TV is a large guy in a camouflage trucker hat. The other man has long, flowing blonde hair and wearing a bright red shirt, with a gold cross around his neck. Both men grip each other's hands, and stare into each other's eyes with a burning intensity. The referee holds onto the grip.]

Announcer on TV: The world Arm Wrestling Champion, Apollo Prince is up against what could actually be his toughest test yet! Joe Don Christopher is undefeated in his own right, and this is something we've all been looking forward to since the match was signed earlier in the year!

[A bell rings! The referee lets go of the two men, and the moment the referee lets go, the match comes to an end! The blonde in the red shirt jumps in the air, raising both arms in triumph!]

Announcer: My goodness! Apollo Prince with another amazing performance! Who can beat this monster of a man??

[The woman stares off screen, and the camera pans around where a man is asleep on a couch. The man is in his underwear, wearing a worn out varsity jacket, with the letter "A" peeling off of it. The man, who is an adult version of Bronco Brutekowski is snoring really loudly as the camera pans back to the woman, who is none other than Candy, from earlier.]

Candy: I coulda had Apollo Prince..

[Candy sighs as she goes back to polishing the trophy. Suddenly, a loud bang is heard off screen. Candy's eyes go wide.]

Candy: Oh.. mah.. gawd.

[The camera pans to the doorway, as the front door has been beaten down. Standing in the doorway is Apollo Prince himself, wearing the same outfit he wore on the television, only we can see a pair of red jeans and black boots. Prince is carrying two cartons of milk.]

AP: Pardon me, guys!

[Candy jumps onto the couch, startling her husband awake. Bronco looks slackjawed as Prince opens one of the cartons of milk.]

AP: I tell ya, brother, ya really let yourself go. I told ya, man, I told ya I'd be bigger an' stronger than you, ha!

[Prince dumps the milk on Bronco, and tosses the empty carton aside.]

AP: You could drain all the damn cows in the world, an' that wouldn't even be one one-thousandth of the amount of milk ya would need to get a perfect body like this.

[Prince flexes for the camera, and flashes a smile with perfect pearly whites. He then hands a carton of milk to Candy.]

AP: Milk would do your body good, sister.

[Prince lets out a laugh, then leans over from behind the couch, putting his massive arms around Bronco and Candy.]

AP: It's all good! I see you're watchin' Fox Sports X! Well, my friends, don't the change that channel! In two weeks time, brother, th' thousands of people in that arena and the millions watchin' at home will have their lives changed forever! Apollo Prince.. is comin'!

[The camera fades on the image of the grinning Prince as Bronco and Candy look really uncomfortable.]

We fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from The Underground, weighing in at 354 pounds, GARTH GNARLY!

[Little response from the crowd to the newcomer standing in the ring. Gnarly has a full beard and a lion's mane of blonde hair that cascades well past his shoulders, with a thick streak of black right down the center. He wears a black singlet that goes into camo pants, wrists taped up from first knuckle to mid forearm and black combat boots over his faux-tigues.]

GM: Garth Gnarly here is a larger competitor, who's been a regular on the live event circuit as of late.

BW: He's a large one, Gordo, probably why his opponent asked for this match.

[And we don't take long to find out who his opponent is as the music is replaced by Tom Petty's "I Won't Back Down", drawing cheers from the crowd]

PW: And his opponent, from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 265 pounds, here is DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[Stepping through the curtain is Derrick Williams, a well built, tanned young man. He's wearing dark blue tights tonight with matching kneepads and white boots with blue trim. He's started to taking to taping his right hand up, knuckles to wrist with white athletic tape, with just his wrist taped on his left. His brown hair falls few inches down his head, ending in natural curls. He walks to the ring with an air of seriousness, but still taking some time to raise his hand out toward the fans, acknowledging them as he enters the ring, immediately going into his pre-match ritual of checking the ropes and some last minute stretches waiting for the bell to ring]

GM: Like you said Bucky, Williams asked specifically for this match after seeing Gnarly wrestle at one of our live events. He's been talking about trying to wrestle men bigger than himself, and at Williams' 265 pounds, that's not an easy task.

BW: You know Gordo, he denied that he's more worried about KING Oni than his spot in the Brass Ring Tournament, but facing Gnarly here after Casanova last week, it seems he's REAL worried about the KING.

[The bell rings and we're underway, with Gnarly running in and beginning to pelt Williams with right hands]

GM: Gnarly starting off strong here with rights into the young Williams, pushing him back into the corner. Continuing the clubbing blows...

[The referee gets in between after counting to four, forcing a clean break. Gnarly growls as he lumbers back to the corner to take a few more shots and...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

GM: Oh my, Gnarly just walked into a right hand punch from Williams there... and another... Williams going to work now, grabs Gnarly...

[Williams slips in behind Gnarly, wrapping his arms around the bigger man's torso...]

GM: Look at this! Williams trying to get up and under...

[But Gnarly's not going for the ride, yanking Williams into a side headlock before jamming a left hand between the eyes, dragging him down to his knees, hanging onto the headlock.]

GM: Derrick Williams, as successful as he's been as of late, is still just a young man when it comes to life inside the squared circle as he showed right there by trying for a suplex so quickly out of the gate.

BW: So, you're saying he's just another dumb kid?

GM: Those are your words, not mine.

BW: Darn right they are... now could you tell the Trademark Office that?

[Gnarly uses the headlock to drag Williams out to the middle of the ring, cranking down on the hold, wrenching the neck.]

GM: The referee's right there, checking to see if Williams wants to give it up which I find highly unlikely, Bucky.

BW: Hey, you never know. Gnarly ain't a small dude in there, Gordo. He's a pair of ribeye dinners away from 400 pounds so it ain't like Williams is gonna have a walk in the park against him.

[Williams throws a short forearm to the ribs... and a second... and a third. He wraps his arms around the body again, trying to muscle him up into the back suplex. He grits his teeth, hooking his hands together...]

GM: Look at this, Bucky!

[The young man from New York gives a shout of effort, straightening his legs as he lifts Gnarly up off the mat. The big man's eyes go wide...

...until he slams a fist into the bridge of the nose, forcing Williams to set him back down on the mat. Gnarly cackles loudly, earning jeers from the crowd as he cranks on the headlock again.]

GM: Garth Gnarly is keeping the smaller man within reach and he's making him suffer in those powerful arms.

BW: What was it you wanted me to look at, Gordo?

GM: Oh, never mind.

[Gnarly uses the headlock, dragging Williams towards the corner, turning him around into it...

...and SLAMS his elbow back into the side of the head! With Williams pinned against the buckles by Gnarly's weight, he delivers elbow after elbow after elbow...]

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

[The referee steps in, counting to four as Gnarly backs off, arms raised. He moves slowly back in, absorbing a kick to the gut by Williams.]

GM: Williams goes downstairs! Trying to fight back!

[But a well-placed haymaker between the eyes sends Williams back, arms slung over the top rope. Gnarly grabs an arm, nodding his head at the jeering crowd...]

GM: Irish whips him across!

[Williams hits the corner hard as Gnarly drops back against the buckles, nodding his head. He breaks into a sprint, charging across...]

GM: In comes Gnarly...

[But the young New Yorker uses the top rope, pulling himself out of the way and causing Gnarly to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: He missed! He missed the charge in the buckles!

[Gnarly staggers back as Williams swoops in behind him, wrapping his arms around the torso. He uses his leverage, lifting while twisting, and dumps him down on his back.]

GM: Ohh! Nice move by Williams! He's been looking for it since the get-go and he refused to give up on it until he landed it!

[Williams climbs up to his feet, taking a few deep breaths, measuring his downed opponent before he drops an elbow down on the chest!]

GM: Big elbow by Williams!

[The youngster climbs back to his feet, taking aim and dropping a second elbow down across the chest!]

GM: Two in a row for young Derrick Williams who has gotta be looking ahead to two weeks from tonight when he'll step into that Brass Ring Tournament, battling seven other men to be the first man to hold the revived National Title.

[As Williams climbs back to his feet, Gnarly does the same. Williams balls up a right hand, catching him on the chin and sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Big right hand!

BW: ILLEGAL right hand, Gordo. Call it true!

GM: Well, it was... I'll admit that... but it was also effective.

BW: Of course it was! That's why it's illegal!

[Williams squares up, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest. A second one follows as Williams leans in, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Gnarly!

[Gnarly sets for a backdrop as Williams comes back fast, leaping up...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Gnarly slams his heels together on Williams' head, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Oh my! He almost got him right there!

[The bigger man is slower to get up, allowing Williams to get to his feet first, slamming a pair of forearms down across the shoulderblades, keeping him doubled up...

...and POPS him with a stiff kneelift that straightens him up!]

GM: OH MY!

[Williams dashes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off to build momentum...

...and runs right into a one-armed lift by Gnarly who spins around, giving a "DOOOOOOOOO!" to the crowd before DRIVING him down with a side slam!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Wow! And what would it do to the momentum of this kid to lose two weeks before the Brass Ring Tournament?

GM: Gnarly with the cover - he's got one! He's got two!

[But Williams slips out from under the 354 pounder who pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official. He grabs a handful of hair, slamming his fist into the forehead... and again... and again... and again...]

BW: That's right, Gnarly, get him, lay into him!

GM: You were just yelling about closed fists being cheating!

BW: Turnabout and all that, Gordo! Besides, they're effective, right?!

[Gordon sits silent as Gnarly drags Williams up, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Williams back in the corner - in the wrong part of town...

[Gnarly stumbles in, lumbering into a sloppy avalanche!]

GM: Ohh! Not a lot of technique on that one but-

BW: But you don't need a lot of technique to throw 350 pounds at someone!

GM: You certainly don't.

[Williams nearly collapses out of the corner but Gnarly shoves him back in.]



BW: You gotta wonder if Williams is regretting this decision right about now. He wanted this fight with a big man so he could get ready for his inevitable showdown with KING Oni. But with every move this big man hits him with, you gotta think his chances of winning the Brass Ring Tournament and the National Title gets smaller and smaller.

[Gnarly grabs the arm, looking for another whip...]

GM: Gnarly shoots him across again, into the buckles...

[The big man starts across again as Williams hits the buckles, rebounding out...]

...and THROWS himself into a running leaping clothesline like he's been shot out of a cannon! Big cheer!]

GM: OH MY! WILLIAMS WITH THE BIG COUNTER THERE!

[The crowd is rallying behind Williams as he pushes up to all fours, breathing heavily from the tough matchup so far.]

GM: Derrick Williams knew he had to do something and he had to do it fast... and he did it! He hits that big clothesline and now he's gotta find a way to follow it up, Bucky.

BW: He definitely does as visions of KING Oni are dancing through his head.

GM: Those aren't visions - those are nightmares.

BW: This is nothing compared to what the KING has in store for him.

[Williams struggles back to his feet, pulling Gnarly off the mat by the hair. He swoops in behind him, again giving a shout of exertion as he gets the bigger man up...]

...and drops him down on a bent knee with an atomic drop!]

GM: Atomic drop by Williams!

[He spins Gnarly around, lifting him from the other side...]

GM: And an inverted Atomic drop on the other side!

[Williams pumps his right arm a few times before hitting the ropes, bouncing back out...]

GM: Clothesline! A big clothesline connects to stun the big man!

BW: But it didn't take him down! Gnarly's still on his feet!

[Williams shakes his head in disbelief, charging to the ropes a second time...]

GM: Another clothesline...

[And again Gnarly holds his ground, this time giving a roar as he does.]

BW: Oh yeah! The big man says do it again! He wants Williams to throw that clothesline at him again!

[Williams nods, charging to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Here we go again!

[But Gnarly reaches back with a haymaker...

...and Williams drops down, sliding between the legs of the bigger man, scrambling up to his feet as Gnarly wheels around...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!

[Williams uses Gnarly's attempt at a haymaker against him as he deftly lifts, pivots, and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: HE GOT IT ALL!

[Williams hooks the leg, diving across as the referee drops to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... DERRIIIIICK WILLLLLLLIAMS!

[Williams pushes up slowly off the mat, tiredly raising an arm in triumph to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Derrick Williams picks up the win with that spinebuster! A very impressive move considering the size of Garth Gnarley.

[The referee raises Williams' hand as he points to the cheering fans, thanking them for their support.]

GM: A nice victory for the young New Yorker... and let's take a look at the replay, Bucky.

[We fade to a replay marked "THE MONSTER ENERGY DRINK MONSTER SLAM OF THE WEEK!" where Williams connects with a clothesline.]

BW: Big clothesline there by the kid, throwin' 'em better than Hansen and Slater, his teachers, ever did but Gnarly was taking them and asking for more.

[Gnarly does indeed signal for another one before Williams hits the ropes.]

BW: And here comes Tricky Derricky Williams, pretending he's gonna be a man and throw another clothesline... sliding down between the legs of Gnarley, popping back up...

[The big man spins, throwing a big off-balance bomb...

...that Williams ducks as he leans over, hooking Gnarley around the thighs, muscling him up...]

BW: You can see the leverage... you can see him using his opponent's momentum to get him up, twisting around... and he drives him down to the mat! Great impact even if you can't respect how he got into it.

[Gnarley hits the mat just before Williams wraps him up.]

BW: The referee counts one... counts two... and counts three for our Monster Energy Drink MONSTER SLAM of the Week.

GM: You're unbelievable.

[We cut back to live action where Williams is making his way back down the ring ramp, arms held up in the air.]

GM: And another win for Derrick Williams, keeping his momentum up for the Brass Ring tournament in two weeks' time. Fans, let's go backstage to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell with a very special guest!

[We go to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

LB: All right, fans, a lot has been going down in the AWA ever since our move here to The X! We already know about a major event scheduled for April 12 at Turner Field in Atlanta, and there's already talk about potential matches for that card! You can find out more by calling my hotline at 1-900-505-5500! Kids, be sure to get your parents' permission before you call!

[And that's when the AWA wrestler known as The Gladiator walks onto the set. The Gladiator wears his Roman gladiator helmet and is dressed in his wrestling trunks and boots. He growls as he walks onto the set and starts pacing back and forth behind Lou.]

LB: Hold on a moment, fans... Gladiator, you are not scheduled for a match tonight, but I can tell you are... dressed for combat, as it were. Would you care to tell the fans why?

[Gladiator stops his pacing and starts his screaming.]

G: A TRUE GLADIATOR IS ALWAYS PREPARED FOR COMBAT, BECAUSE A TRUE GLADIATOR NEVER KNOWS WHEN THE MOMENT FOR COMBAT WILL BE UPON HIM! I DO NOT SIMPLY SEEK WHATEVER BATTLES I AM PRE-

DESTINED TO ENGAGE IN, BUT ANY POTENTIAL BATTLE THAT LURKS ON THE HORIZON, FOR THERE IS NO TELLING WHEN JUPITER AND JUNO WILL GIVE THE SIGN THAT THE MOMENT IS UPON ME TO FACE THE NEXT CHALLENGE IN MY JOURNEYS IN THESE LANDS!

[He goes back to pacing behind Lou, who keeps turning to Gladiator as he talks.]

LB: Well, one thing was certain, you were definitely prepared for combat when you accepted the open challenge against Frankie Farelli at SuperClash. But I'm sure you saw that Farelli took it upon himself to take Kyle Houlder's place in the Brass Ring tournament and, once again, upstage Cesar Hernandez. I've got to ask you, Gladiator, what you thought about...

[Gladiator stops his pacing long enough to interrupt Lou at that point.]

G: FRANKIE FARELLI ISSUED HIS OPEN CHALLENGE TO ANYONE, AND I ANSWERED THE CHALLENGE AS JUPITER AND JUNO COMMANDED ME, AND I HAD PROVED THAT A TRUE GLADIATOR WILL RISE TO SUCH A CHALLENGE AND EMERGE VICTORIOUS! BUT WHAT FRANKIE FARELLI DID WAS NOT ACCEPT AN OPEN CHALLENGE ISSUED, BUT AMBUSHED THE GREAT CESAR HERNANDEZ WHEN HE EXPECTED A DIFFERENT BATTLE BEFORE HIM! THERE IS NO HONOR IN AMBUSHING ANOTHER... ONLY IN ACCEPTING A CHALLENGE WHEN ISSUED, AND COMING OUT FACE TO FACE AGAINST ANOTHER, DOES A TRUE GLADIATOR EMERGE! FRANKIE FARELLI CONTINUES TO PROVE HE IS NOTHING BUT A SCOUNDREL, DESERVING OF NO ACCOLADES, BUT ONLY OF FALLING BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THOSE WHO TRULY DEMONSTRATE THE MEANING OF HONOR!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snarl SNORT!

[...that happens, as now Gladiator grunts as Lou continues.]

LB: Well, this begs the question as to why you, Gladiator, have shied away from challenges such as the Brass Ring Tournament and Steal the Spotlight. Why would you not want to take such a challenge at this time?

[Gladiator's response is not as loud this time.]

G: As I told you at SuperClash, Lou Blackwell, my journey starts at the bottom of the mountain, where I push that boulder up the mountain to the top! My journey here has not reached the top yet, so I remain patient! When I have reached that moment when it is time to pursue greater accolades, I will know when it is! But for the moment, my focus is where Jupiter and Juno guide me, and they have let it be known that another battle with Frankie Farelli looms, and this time, I will ensure only out outcome...

[Now his voices rises again.]

G: HIS DEEEEEEEEMIIIIIISSSSSSE!!!!

[Gladiator lets the last syllable hang as he walks off the set.]

LB: All right, fans, The Gladiator sounds like he wants another shot at Frankie Farelli! I'm sure we all look forward to that encounter! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back so don't go away!

[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.]

The shot fades up to the back where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing in the interview area]

LB: Welcome back, fans... and at this time, I'd like to bring in Derrick Williams, still rolling along heading into the Brass Ring Tournament.

[Williams enters, wearing his ring gear from earlier with an AWA T-Shirt on, smiling.]

LB: Now Derrick, you have the Brass Ring Tournament coming up, and, well, other issues.

DW: Yes Lou, other issues. Let me start by addressing the 514 pound gorilla in the room. KING Oni, I'm on his list. Him and the 230 pound grub in his Mohawk are playing mind games with me. Let me let you two in on a secret, yes, you are in my head. I do have a bit of looking over my shoulder to see if there's a monster coming out of my closet. I mean, Oni bruised two of my ribs at SuperClash, broke four of Kevin's. He's something that I have to deal with. Him and I are going to come to a head. I invited it, and really, I'm not that hard to find.

[He shrugs before continuing]

DW: And it's hard, because right now, I need to focus on what's in front of me. The Brass Ring Tournament. There's a lot of guys in this tournament. Guys I'd love to get my hands on, like Driscoll, Farelli, and Mahoney. Guys I respect, like Jacobs, Sharif, and Herc. This is my chance to shine. I stood here two weeks ago and said, this is my year. This is when I break out. I am not the Derrick Williams of six months ago, wide eyed and losing to Allen Allen. You know what I did with my time off, Lou?

LB: Well, I did hear you headed up to Boston.

DW: That's right Lou, I went up to Boston, and I trained. And I worked out, and I tweaked my moves, and I went crawling around the not-so-finest drinking establishments with Hannibal Carver, and I watched tapes, and I went out drinking some more. And I asked around, and I figured out how to get better. I figured out how to stay within myself. I'm not a pushover anymore. I'm a threat. I'm the dark horse in this tournament. And I'm ok

with that. Sometimes, being the one that's overlooked gives me the advantage. Because I know Driscoll is too consumed by himself to care. I was a one year varsity wrestler in high school so I don't even rate with Farelli. It's like that. It's because people don't care, that I can win. And that's what I'm going to do.

[He balls up his fist]

DW: Lou, I'm going to come to this Coliseum in two weeks, in the Tournament, and I'm going to study every other guy in this thing. I'm going to come in here, and I'm going to win. I'm going to push myself harder than I ever have, and I'm going to grab that Brass Ring set up. And when the Anniversary Show is over, Derrick Williams will have arrived. Then, I deal with my own personal demon.

[He smirks]

DW: Thank you, Lou.

[Williams nods and heads out of the area.]

LB: Thank you Derrick Williams... now let's head back down to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Houston, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds... Joseph Puckett!

[Puckett raises a hand to a few cheers. He's got messy black hair and a fairly muscular build that has come together nicely since the last time we saw him. He's wearing baggy black pants and a t-shirt that reads "Sam Houston State University" across the front.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mr61JbHOyTo>), and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.]

PW: From Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a toothy smile as he waves to the fans, jogging confidently down the aisle. He fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of the aisle.]

GM: The Mexican superstar, Cesar Hernandez, is here on The X, fans!

BW: I'm surprised he'd even show his face here after he was humiliated by Frankie Farelli two weeks ago. I figured he'd be like the rest of his people and trying to find a mask to cover his ugly face.

GM: My broadcast colleague notwithstanding, listen to this ovation for Cesar!

[It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing gold trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and gold lining and trim. Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, as he greets and urges on the fans on each side.]

GM: As you mentioned, Bucky, Cesar Hernandez suffered a disappointing ambush loss to Frankie Farelli two weeks ago and I understand he went right back to the office and demanded to get back on the horse here tonight.

BW: That horse better be careful or it'll end up as part of Taco Tuesday's special.

GM: Would you stop?

[Referee Davis Warren signals both men that he's calling for the bell and does so to start the match.]

GM: Here we go! A one-on-one encounter between these two... and there's a nice handshake, a show of respect as this one gets underway.

BW: Gordo, it feels like it's been a long time since we've seen Joseph Puckett in action.

GM: It has actually. Joseph Puckett took a long time off - almost a year after James Monosso broke his teeth - and then suffered a shoulder injury shortly after that. But the time off looks to have done him well as he's dropped some weight, put on some muscle, and looks ready for action here again tonight...

BW: Oh yeah! He was the guy who Monosso busted up his teeth!

GM: Yes, unfortunately, Mr. Puckett will be wearing that mouthguard for the rest of his career due to that injury as they come together in a collar and elbow tieup...

[The two men jostle one another, trying to push the other around before Hernandez spins out into an armtwist, grabbing the wrist as Puckett winces, grabbing at his shoulder.]



GM: That surgically-repaired shoulder getting a test in the early moments of this one as Hernandez comes down across it with an elbow... and a second elbow... and a third elbow...

[Pulling the wrist, Hernandez takes him down with an armdrag, quickly moving to apply a kneeling armbar.]

GM: Armdrag to the armbar and so far, this is textbook Cesar Hernandez action. Hernandez is a twenty-year veteran of our sport and used to be a big star in Houston and San Francisco in the late 90s.

BW: Can we not talk about his history?

GM: I'm just saying that Hernandez has gotta be looking forward to SuperClash VII which will be in Houston this year, Bucky.

BW: Well, he's probably also looking forward to Copa de Trios this summer in his native Mexico... but I'd rather watch him get smacked around then talk about what makes him happy.

[With Hernandez cranking on the arm, Puckett again grabs at his shoulder, trying to find a way off the mat. He rolls to his side, pushing up to his knees which forces Hernandez up to his feet...

...and Puckett lunges forward, picking the leg, and pulling on it, toppling Hernandez down to his back!]

GM: Whoa! Nice single leg by Puckett to turn things around on Hernandez!

BW: I saw the shirt before the match. This kid's got an amateur wrestling background, right?

GM: He sure does. Puckett was an amateur wrestling star at Sam Houston State University...

[Having released the arm, Hernandez rolls to all fours where Puckett hooks a rear waistlock, hanging on for dear life as Hernandez sits out...]

GM: Puckett hanging on as Hernandez looks for a way out. This is a good test for that arm and shoulder to see if he can get what they call riding time in the amateur ranks.

[Hernandez repeatedly tries to escape, going nowhere as Puckett hangs on with the tenacity of a bulldog. As they near the ropes, Puckett takes to his feet, gritting his teeth as he powers the Mexican superstar up into the air, throwing him down to the mat with a waistlock takedown!]

GM: Oh my!

[Puckett throws his head back, giving a quick howl as Hernandez scrambles to the ropes, nodding his head as he takes a knee and the fans applaud.]

GM: Very nice exchange by both men so far in this one.

BW: Gordo, how embarrassed would Hernandez be if he dropped a fall to this loser?

GM: Bucky! Joseph Puckett's got a fine background in-

BW: Sure, sure... but he also got his jaw jacked by Monosso.

GM: So did a lot of people. That doesn't take anything away from his talents inside the squared circle. As we've seen recently with men like Matt Rogers and Kerry Kendrick, a former status as a preliminary wrestler doesn't mean you're doomed to that status for life. Perhaps that time away was exactly what Joseph Puckett needed to get his career on track.

[Hernandez slowly climbs to his feet, keeping an eye on Puckett who is waving him forward to the center of the ring.]

GM: Hernandez edges off the ropes... and here we go again!

[They go back to the collar and elbow with Puckett taking the arm this time, twisting it around.]

GM: Puckett with the armtwist... but Hernandez reverses with ease!

[Hernandez hangs on to the arm, nodding to the crowd as he twists it around a second time!]

GM: Another armtwist. Hernandez really working the limb here.

[Holding the wrist, Hernandez slowly twists it again, causing Puckett to front flip over to his back to avoid his shoulder being ripped out...

...and the Mexican superstar drops a leg down on the arm before applying a short-arm scissors!]

BW: Hernandez has been wrestling the same match for twenty years. His strategy is simple. He goes for the arm to take away your offense... goes for your legs to take away your balance... and then looks to hit that Misil de Jalisco or that figure four leglock. Either one generally spells curtains... unless I'm managing you and then you know it's coming and you're ready for it.

GM: At which point, Cesar slaps the figure four on you!

BW: I said we weren't gonna talk about his history!

GM: Tell me what that felt like, Bucky.

BW: You keep up with this and I'm gonna SHOW you what it felt like, Gordo.

[Puckett grimaces as he rolls to a knee, still trapped inside the short-arm scissors. He refuses to submit as the referee asks, planting his feet underneath him...]

GM: What is he...? Look at this, Bucky!

[Puckett shows off some impressive upper body strength as he lifts Hernandez up into the air, holding him high...

...and then falling back in a ring-shaking suplex!]

GM: Oh my!

[The Houston native regains his feet, shaking out his limb as he grabs the stunned Hernandez off the mat, whipping him into the ropes, and EXPLODES into an impactful clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[Puckett again throws back his head in a howl as he grabs the rising Hernandez off the canvas, hooking the rear waistlock once more. He sets his feet again...

...but Hernandez is ready this time, using a drop toehold to take him down to the mat!]

GM: Counter!

[With Puckett down, Hernandez quickly wraps up the leg in a spinning toehold...]

GM: He's going for the figure four!

[...but Puckett knows it's coming and uses the flat of his foot to shove Hernandez off!]

GM: Whoa! Puckett saves himself right there, climbing back to his feet...

[As he gets there, he gets dropped with a running cross body.]

GM: Cross body gets one! It gets two!

[Puckett kicks out, rolling Hernandez off of him. He quickly gets back up as Hernandez does the same, leaving his feet with a dropkick!]

GM: Oh my! Impressive dropkick by the 41 year old Hernandez!

[Puckett is shaken now, rolling out to the floor where he angrily slams his hands down on the canvas. Hernandez climbs to his feet, a big grin on his face as he uppercuts the air with an "OLE!" that the capacity crowd echoes.]

GM: Haha! Cesar Hernandez is certainly one of the most popular men in the entire AWA locker room as you can hear by that reaction.

[Hernandez waves Puckett back into the ring as the Houston native takes a long walk out on the floor, trying to clear his head. He's still fuming as he gets up on the apron, pulling himself back in, stomping into another collar and elbow, pushing Hernandez back against the ropes...]

GM: Puckett coming on strong as the ref calls for a break...

[Puckett steps back, burying a right hand into the breadbasket of Hernandez.]

GM: Big shot to the gut! And a second one! So much for the clean break.

BW: Hey, I like this side of Puckett. Take it to him, kid!

[The Houston native grabs the arm, whipping Hernandez across the ring, going for a clothesline...]

...but Hernandez ducks under, hooking the arm as he goes by, swinging the other arm back to hook the second arm.]

GM: Hernandez hooks him from behind... down to his knees... BACKSLIDE!

[He drags him down to the mat, pinning his shoulders to the canvas.]

GM: ONE! TWO! HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hernandez again jumps up, a big grin on his face as he raises his arms in triumph. A disgruntled Puckett rolls to his butt, looking up in shock at the official who holds up three fingers.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez with a nice win here tonight to get back on track after that disappointing loss two weeks ago.

[Puckett gets back to his feet, hands on his hips as he glares at Hernandez who offers a post-match handshake...]

...and Puckett accepts to cheers from the crowd before leaving the ring, obviously disappointed in the loss.]

GM: A nice showing for Joseph Puckett but Cesar Hernandez takes the win, trying to put together a winning streak here in 2015 and get himself in position to challenge for a title. Fans, let's go backstage to Colt Patterson!

[We cut to the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing by with Johnny Detson, Calisto Dufresne, and Eric Matthew Somers. Detson is wearing a chocolate brown suit with a matching brown tie and white button down shirt. Dufresne is clad in a light gray three-piece suit with a white

collared shirt and jet black tie. A white pocket square peeks out from his breast pocket and his blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail. Somers is dressed in a black suit and black tie and in his grasp is a briefcase.]

CP: I'm here with the three men that beat Hannibal Carver down like a dog last Saturday Night. And Johnny, I think we deserve some answers as to how this actually took shape!

[Detson is nonchalantly wiping the sleeves of his suit before looking up at Colt.]

JD: How? Why? I don't know you about you, Colt, but when I look at my future World Title, all I see is certifiable lunatics around it. Drunkards, bible thumpers... a real delusional lot.

[Shaking his head, he continues.]

JD: Now Colt, I haven't had a drink in nearly eighteen years... I haven't picked up a Bible in twenty-five, so what Johnny Detson, Steal the Spotlight winner and future World Champion, needed was a plan. I'm a man who is carrying the golden goose under my arm. A contract - a contract that said I could call my shot... I could make my pick... I could take my best chance at the World Heavyweight Title whenever I wanted.

[Detson looks over at Dufresne and nods.]

JD: Many have tried and many have failed. On one hand, you have Supreme Wright who cashed it in at the right time and the right place and changed his life for the better... he became the World Champion. On the other, you have Terry Shane who waited... and waffled... and waited some more and choked like a dog on a bone when he took his shot. This is a once in a lifetime chance and I just couldn't decide when to do it. Do I go first? Do I sit back and wait and see if Martinez can survive Caleb Temple... if he can survive Hannibal Carver...

I knew I needed help... and I knew I needed advice. I needed the advice of a man who had climbed this particular mountain before and had stood taller than them all...

[Dufresne bows deeply to the camera as we can hear rabid boos from inside the Coliseum.]

JD: And when the Ladykiller, and RIGHTFUL National Champion, agreed to advise me, I knew I needed something else. I needed strength... I needed power... I needed muscle. I needed someone who could watch my back to keep me safe from back-jumping lunatics like Hannibal Carver.

So, Calisto went out and secured a man who knows the AWA better than most. He was here for a long while and he knows the players... he knows the game... he's rough.. he's ready... and he's the only guy I trust to watch my back.

[Patterson turns to Somers.]

CP: Eric Matthew—

[Detson holds up a finger, cutting him off.]

JD: That's Eric Somers. All you need to know for now is that a former champion such as he would only associate with the best!

[Detson smugly points to himself.]

JD: And it pays... well... to associate yourself with the best. So until I decide to make the match that makes me the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, I've placed my contract, in that briefcase.

[Detson points to the briefcase.]

JD: And I've placed that briefcase in the possession of this man...

[Detson reaches up and grabs the shoulder of Somers.]

JD: So I doubt all those jealous people out there will be able to get to it. As Hannibal Carver can attest to.

[Detson is loving himself as he smirks and mocks a Hann-i-bal chant, pumping his fist as he mouths the words.]

JD: So Colt, it's obvious what I did. SuperClash... Steal the Spotlight... gave me the right to make a match. An opportunity. I'm telling you here and now that match WILL be for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship. So as a future leader of this great sport, I formed an exploratory committee of the best brains and brawn that could be found. Because that, Colt, is how you turn an opportunity like I have...

[Detson smirks as he stares straight into the camera.]

JD: ...into a certainty.

[And with that, the trio walks off.]

CP: Now that is a man... or men... with a plan. Gordon, Bucky... back to you at ringside!

[We crossfade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Thanks, Colt. So, Johnny Detson's put together a group to protect that Steal The Spotlight contract. Eric Matth- I apologize, Eric Somers, is the muscle and Calisto Dufresne is the brains, I suppose.

BW: Johnny Detson's got brains for days but Dufresne's been in the AWA since Day One. He knows the lay of the land. He knows the game and he knows the players in it. If I was trying to size up when and where to make

the biggest move of my career, there'd be no one better I'd want giving me advice.

GM: And once again, it sounds like Calisto Dufresne has set his sights on regaining the title he believes he never lost - the AWA National Title.

BW: Of course he never lost it! Westwego was a sham and everyone knows it, daddy!

GM: But I don't see Dufresne making any effort to get into the tournament. It seems like he'd prefer to sit back and wait for the winner.

BW: As he should. He's the uncrowned champion and he doesn't need to wrestle three matches in one night to prove it. Soon enough, there'll be a champion and that's when he'll strike... and that's the kind of brilliant thinking that Johnny Detson is counting on.

GM: Fans, on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, Supernova announced he was setting his sights on the World Television Championship, and at a recent live event in Oklahoma City, he faced a very tough challenge.

BW: Yeah, I'm not the guy's biggest fan, but give him credit -- he's taking on some of the best wrestlers around today as he puts himself into contention. At that event, he faced "The Anarchist" Matt Rogers!

GM: That's right, Bucky, and we are going to show you some highlights of that match. As you will see, Rogers took Supernova to the limit. Let's go to those highlights, as called by Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson!

[A graphic then appears on the screen, featuring images of Supernova and Matt Rogers, side by side, their names beneath the images, with the LIVE EVENT HIGHLIGHTS header above them.]

We then cut to footage of the start of the match, with Rogers and Supernova circling each other, and then about to lock up, only for Rogers to duck underneath him. He then signals to the fans that he's too smart for that.]

MS: Matt Rogers not wanting to get into a battle of strength with Supernova, and the fans not liking that a bit.

CP: Well, that's smart wrestling by Rogers. He knows Supernova has a strength and size advantage on him, so he needs to use his smarts and quickness to keep Supernova at bay.

[Supernova turns to Rogers, who points a finger at him, as Supernova motions to him to come forward.]

MS: Supernova beckoning Rogers, telling him to bring it on.

CP: Hey, Rogers is just picking his spots, Stegglet. He's not going to try matching strength with him.

[Supernova then approaches Rogers, and it appears they will lock up this time, but again Rogers ducks underneath, shaking his head as fans now heckle him.]

MS: Rogers not winning any fans, and certainly not making Supernova his fan.

CP: And why should he, Stegglet? The name of this game is to win matches, not to play up to the fans like that idiot Supernova does.

MS: I'm not sure, though, if this is a good idea on the part of Rogers to antagonize Supernova. We've seen what happens when you get him fired up, Colt.

CP: Yeah, well, he's got to be able to catch Rogers, and Rogers has that quickness that makes him tough to catch, Stegglet.

[The two wrestlers go to lock up a third time, and once again, Rogers ducks underneath Supernova's attempt, but as he brags to the crowd, Supernova suddenly spins him around, then starts nailing him with forearm smashes.]

MS: Hold on, look at this! Supernova isn't going to wait for Rogers to lock up with him!

[Supernova starts quickening the pace of his forearms, rocking Rogers until he falls to the canvas.]

CP: Yeah, sneaking up from behind Matt Rogers is the only way he can take him down!

MS: Supernova staying right on top of Rogers... he's dragging him up and sends him into the ropes...

[Supernova then drops Rogers with a clothesline, after which Rogers rolls under the ropes and out of the ring.]

MS: What a clothesline by Supernova! And Rogers deciding he needs to get out of there!

CP: Well, I don't blame him... Supernova was building momentum and he needed to break it quickly!

[Rogers holds the back of his neck in pain, looking up at the referee and admonishing him for letting Supernova come up from behind on him.]

MS: Matt Rogers not particularly pleased that Supernova got the drop on him.

CP: I don't blame him... he went in there with a game plan and Supernova threw him off it. Now he needs to regroup and get that game plan back on track.



[As Rogers walks around outside the ring, he turns to some heckling fans and yells at them, "Shut up!" But that draws his attentions away from the ring, and Supernova approaches the ropes, grabbing the top strand.]

MS: And look at this!

[Supernova launches himself over the ropes with a pescado, flooring Rogers as the fans cheer.]

MS: Supernova launching himself over the ropes and right on top of Matt Rogers!

CP: Now, is this the type of wrestler who the kids should be looking up to, Stegglet? That's twice he's snuck up behind Rogers to attack him!

[Supernova then pulls Rogers to his feet and sends him underneath the ropes, back into the ring.]

We cut to later in the match, with Supernova pressing Rogers overhead, Rogers shaking his head as the face-painted wrestler holds up his smaller foe.]

MS: He's got Rogers up overhead... and what a slam by Supernova!

CP: Supernova's been in control of the match early... Rogers has to find some way to break this momentum, or Supernova's gonna have a win in the books.

[Supernova cups his hands and howls to the crowd, before going back to Rogers, who is pulling himself up in the corner.]

MS: Now Supernova has Rogers cornered... now kicking Rogers in the midsection!

CP: Is he already setting him up for the Heat Wave?

[Indeed, Supernova whips Rogers into the opposite corner, then measures up.]

MS: How impressive would it be if Supernova pulled off the win this quickly...

[Stegglet trails off, though, as Supernova comes flying in with the attempted corner splash, but Rogers drops out of the way and Supernova hits the buckles hard.]

MS: He missed it! Rogers saw it coming!

CP: I think that's a mistake by Supernova. It's way too early to be going for the Heat Wave against a competitor like Rogers. Now Rogers needs to capitalize!

[As Supernova slowly turns around, Rogers unleashes a series of hard, martial arts kicks to the midsection and ribs, then grabs Supernova and delivers a headbutt.]

MS: And it's Rogers now in control, and Supernova is dazed... Rogers now leaping onto his shoulders...

[Rogers then takes Supernova over with a rana, then quickly runs off the ropes to drop a leg across Supernova's chest.]

CP: And now the quickness of Rogers is coming into play... nice rana takedown, nice legdrop off the ropes, and he's got Supernova in trouble now!

[Rogers raises his arms and shouts at the crowd, drawing boos.]

MS: And now Supernova needs to find a way to break this momentum.

[We cut to later in the match, with Rogers having taken Supernova off his feet after a rolling Koppou kick. Rogers goes for the cover, but only get two.]

MS: Two count only, and Rogers thinks he had three.

CP: Well, that was very close to three. I think he's got a legitimate complaint about a slow count.

MS: And now, Supernova getting to his feet... and Rogers takes him right back down!

[Rogers, upon seeing Supernova getting up, quickly strikes with a leg lariat, then points toward the corner.]

CP: Looks like Rogers wants to finish this off!

MS: Rogers going to the top rope... he has back turned to Supernova. This is a very risky move.

CP: Yeah, but if he hits it, it's over, Stegglet!

MS: Rogers up top and now...

[Rogers flips backwards off the top rope for a moonsault headbutt attempt, but Supernova rolls out of the way and Rogers falls to the canvas.]

MS: Nobody home!

CP: Well, like you said, it was a risky move, Stegglet, but the question is, who will make it to his feet first?

MS: The referee putting the count on both men... Rogers looks like he may have hit his head on the canvas.

[Rogers tries to pull himself up, but holds his head, as Supernova rolls to his knees.]

MS: And the referee's count is up to five... but it looks like Supernova is going to reach his feet before the 10 count.

CP: Yeah, and so is Rogers, although he doesn't look in good shape after missing that headbutt from the top.

MS: Supernova has Rogers... a pair of hard forearms... Rogers now with a kick and...

[The fans cheer as Supernova manages to block the kick attempt, now holding Rogers' legs as The Anarchist is now begging off.]

CP: Supernova saw that kick coming... now what's he doing with him?

MS: He spins him around and grabs him... and look at that atomic drop!

[Rogers grimaces in pain after having his spine dropped across Supernova's knee. As he turns around, Supernova hits him with a clothesline.]

MS: And Supernova takes Rogers right back to the canvas!

CP: Whoa, he hit him hard, too! And now Supernova has the momentum in his favor again!

MS: Supernova now bouncing off the ropes... and there's a big splash!

[Supernova goes right into a cover, but Rogers gets the shoulder up just before the referee's hand hits the mat a third time.]

MS: And almost a three count, Colt!

CP: Well, you have to give some credit to Matt Rogers... Supernova got all of that splash and Rogers still had the presence of mind to get the shoulder up.

[We cut to later in the match, in which Supernova has Rogers trapped in the corner again, and then is about to whip him out of the corner.]

MS: Supernova looking to finish this one off and... look out!

[Rogers reverses the Irish whip, forcing the referee to drop and dodge Supernova as he comes in his direction.]

CP: Whoa, he almost hit the referee!

MS: The referee just got out of the way and...

[As Supernova turns back to Rogers, the crowd groans as Rogers connects with a mule kick right to the groin.]

MS: And Rogers caught him low!

CP: And the referee never saw it! I love it, Stegglet... Rogers saw the opening and took it! Now he can finish this goof off!

[Rogers brags to the crowd, who boo him, as the referee is back to his feet, noticing Supernova down on his knees in pain, and questioning Rogers, who professes innocence.]

MS: Matt Rogers caught Supernova low with that mule kick, and the referee did not see what happened!

CP: This is Rogers' chance... can you imagine what an upset this would be? It would have to put Rogers right at the front of the line for a shot at the World TV title that Supernova wants!

MS: Rogers now measuring up Supernova...

[Rogers runs forward, spinning in mid air and extending a foot toward Supernova, but somehow, the face-painted fan favorite manages to catch him by the foot and surprise Rogers, spinning him around and driving him into the canvas while still holding the leg.]

MS: WAIT A MINUTE! Supernova just blocked the Scythe Kick!

CP: WHOA! How did he manage to do that?!

MS: And now Supernova tying up the legs... HE'S GOT THE SOLAR FLARE LOCKED!

[Rogers struggles as Supernova ties him up, managing to turn him over into his patented Texas Cloverleaf.]

CP: Look at that, Stegglet! I can't believe he countered the Scythe Kick, and now he has the Solar Flare locked in the center of the ring!

MS: Rogers trying to fight it off, but he's too far from the ropes!

[After a few seconds, Rogers finally signals to the referee he can't take any more, and the bell sounds, drawing loud cheers.]

MS: And that's it! Matt Rogers has said he's had enough!

CP: I gotta admit it, Stegglet, I'm impressed with that!

[Almost immediately after the bell sounds, Supernova releases the hold, pain still etched on his face from the earlier low kick.]

MS: What a big victory for Supernova... I'm still amazed how he managed to counter that Scythe Kick, Colt!

CP: Well, I gotta admit, Stegglet, that I didn't think Supernova had the ring smarts to come up with a counter like that... maybe it was luck, maybe it was skill, but either way, that was a big move that allowed Supernova to lock on the Solar Flare and get the win! I don't like him, but I'll give him this: He earned that victory!

[Supernova slowly walks to the corner, but has enough in him to cup his hands and howl to the crowd, who respond with cheers.]

We now cut to the Crocket Coliseum where Mark Stegglet is standing on the podium alongside Supernova, who wears his Superova T-shirt, now available at AWAShop.com, and has his face painted black and yellow.]

MS: Supernova, we just saw the highlights of your hard-fought victory over Matt Rogers. Certainly a big win as you continue your quest to be the World Television Champion!

S: Mark, I gotta admit it, that Matt Rogers is one tough customer, and he was that close to beating me! But I never expected that the road to the TV title was going to be an easy one! I know I have to take on the best there is, if I want to prove myself a worthy contender!

MS: You know that the competition is really heated for that title belt... last time, you saw what happened between Shadoe Rage and Donnie White. Those two were ready to tear each other apart!

S: Well, when you have two guys who just don't like each other, and you put the TV title on the line, you better expect some fireworks! And you can bet there will be a lot of fireworks whenever I get my shot at the belt, because you know me well enough, Mark, that I can get a little wild and crazy when the moment calls for it!

[He turns to the crowd momentarily, cups his hands to his mouth and howls, drawing cheers.]

MS: Well, later tonight, it will be Shadoe Rage defending that title against Sweet Daddy Williams. Supernova, do you have any thoughts about that match?

S: You know, Mark, I've known Sweet Daddy Williams for some time now... he's been a mentor to me, and to a lot of guys in that locker room. When I first came here, he was one of the first people who showed me the ins and outs of the AWA and what to expect here. I've got nothing but respect for him, and I want to wish him the best of luck in his match tonight!

MS: And what if he were to win the title? What then would happen with your quest for the title?

S: Mark, Sweet Daddy knows that I want to be the best out there, just like he does, just like everyone else does. Now, if he wins tonight, I'll be one of the first to congratulate him, but I'll also let him know that I'll be waiting for him in that ring at some point, and he would expect no less! Because

everyone knows, when you are the champion, you've got to take on all comers!

MS: So what if Shadoe Rage emerges victorious? You've seen how dangerous he can be, Supernova.

S: Hey, I know that Shadoe Rage can be a little off the edge, a little bit crazy, but at the same time, he knows exactly what he's doing in that ring, and that he can cause some serious damage to any opponent! But that's exactly the same with me, and whether it's him or my good friend Sweet Daddy walking out with that belt tonight, the champion is gonna be feeling the heat coming right for him!

[Supernova turns to work up the crowd, who cheers in response. He howls again as he departs the podium.]

MS: Supernova with his sights set on the TV champion, whoever that will be after tonight is over! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Sultan Azam Sharif taking on Callum Mahoney 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](http://AWAshop.com).

Up at the interview platform, we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by with the erudite exemplar of intellectual sophistication, "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno. Imbrogno possesses straight, shoulder-length brown hair, a trimmed beard, and a muscular build. He is wearing a forest-green tweed blazer with brown leather elbow patches and the mensa emblem on the crest.]

LB: Alright, joining me at this time, a man who just might be the most intelligent man in professional wrestling, "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno. Manny, you've had a run-in or two with the likes of Jericho Kai. I don't know what to make of him; if I can be frank, he gives me the creeps.

MI: Jericho Kai claims to worship idols whose existence have long since been debunked. Mankind has examined the sun and found it to be a mass of hydrogen and helium undergoing thermonuclear fusion. Its name is not Ra, Kemet, Aten, or any of the multiple derivations that numerous splinter groups have assigned to it over the years. He speaks of being taken by the jackals, but those are merely small crepuscular mammals of the *Canis* genus.

So to answer your unspoken question, Lou Blackwell, Jericho Kai is a man with one primary weapon: words. His words have bedazzled many into feeling an aura of supernatural presence. His words have somehow cowed my best friend, BC, into a subservient state. For three months I have been trying to find him and speak to him. I felt it superfluous to go through Kai to learn what happened to BC, as Jericho Kai is either suffering from a delusional disorder or is a perpetrating a scam for some twisted end. I need to speak with him, as he is showing signs of schizoaffective psychosis, possibly as far as Ganster syndrome, and he needs help.

But I was unable to locate him. So it seems I'll need to deal with the initiator first.

LB: Look, I don't pretend to know the psychiatric jargon you're using, Manny, but are you saying that Jericho Kai is mentally ill? And somehow, these Walking Dead, if you will, that he's associating with are also sick in the head?

MI: Do not be so flippant regarding mental illness, Lou. I do not know what Kai is doing to these people. No method of inducing this type of psychosis has ever been clinically proven, but there are many cases of anecdotal evidence that suggest that certain disorders can be formed with long-term ideodynamic hypnotic induction, or via the use of psychological torture. If any of this has happened, Jericho Kai should be convicted of multiple felony counts of torture and would be up for a life sentence, or even execution per Texas state law if it occurred here.

LB: That's about as serious a charge as I have ever heard made, in or out of the sport.

MI: And since the local law enforcement seems to be beguiled in some way, I will have to collect the evidence myself. And that means getting my best friend back so that he can be healed, and testify against this madman. Lou, I am in no mood for poetry today, but I composed a simple one to summarize my intent.

Zombies are a thing of fiction.  
Imaginary like Kemet and Amun.  
So let us end this long affliction.  
Kai versus Imbrogno: one on one.

LB: Finally, that's something I understand... a challenge! Manny Imbrogno, I thank you very much; let's go back to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at ringside.

GM: At long last, Bucky, I hope we can get Kai versus Imbrogno without the Walking Dead around.

BW: And I think Manny's gonna find out that it don't matter if the pantheon Kai talks about is real... HE darn sure is, and he's the jackal that Manny's gotta deal with. For a guy that's so smart, he picked a dumb fight.

GM: Or perhaps Jericho Kai did, when he believed that he could victimize all of those wrestlers... BC Da Masta MC as well as the Hive and Charles Rant... and not make enemies.

BW: Victims? They walked out, they attacked Manny, and they walked back with Kai. Where I come from, that's called 'free will'. Unless you're saying you believe in zombie mind control.

GM: Sometimes I'm not sure what to believe with men like Jericho Kai. But a challenge has been issued and... well, it remains to be seen if Jericho Kai will accept! Right now, let's go backstage where Colt Patterson has tracked down a special guest. Colt?

Fade up to the interview area backstage where Colt Patterson waits, standing beside a lean middle-aged caucasian man-- he has a badly receding salt and pepper hair that has been shorn very short, matching nicely with the week-old stubble covering his chin and upper lip. He wears a drab, cheap unbuttoned suit and tie, a clipboard tucked under his arm.]

CP: We're back here on The X and... Bucky, Gord... if you guys don't know who this guy beside me right now is, you're in for a real treat. This is Jackson Hunter, and I've been picking his brain ever since he came in to the building today, and his pro wrestling IQ is off the charts. Jax, you've got to tell everyone about this prospect that you found.

JH: Well, Colt, you and I are in kind of the same position: we've both been in that ring and left the better parts of our lives between those four posts. And



when I first left the business of pro wrestling almost seven years ago, I thought I had made my imprint on the business and had changed it for the better. But I sat and I watched as wrestler after wrestler stepped into the ring-- the place that I had consecrated with my blood, sweat, and spinal fluid-- and make a damn mockery of everything that I stood for.

CP: Which is?

JH: Entrance music does not help you win championships. Your ring attire won't earn you a submission victory. Is this the ultimate victory of the free market of wrestling? For god's sake, there are wrestlers out there who spend more time coming up signature taunts than actually improving their game! And believe me, I've tried to rectify the situation, Colt. I told myself, "I have to come back and fix this before every wrestler spends more time looking for re-tweets than belts!" But I can't go any more.

[He taps his shoulder...]

JH: Rotator cuff!

[...Points to his leg...]

JH: MCL strain. Achilles tear.

[...Up to his neck...]

JH: Fused vertebrae.

[...Pats his chest.]

JH: High blood pressure and auto-immune disorder. I am on enough medication that my blood violates the Geneva Convention.

CP: So if you can't change the world of wrestling in the ring, what did you do?

JH: I did what I never thought I'd ever do, Colt: I prayed. I prayed to the Deity or Deities of Wrestling to send us someone who would come to make all things right. And I got a miracle, ladies and gentlemen. In the middle of the night, from the other side of the world, I found one man untouched and unspoiled by wrestling in the 21st century. Very soon, all the AWA will witness the dawn of the Last Son of the Soviet Union. From Russia with hate...

[He looks down the barrel of the camera, fully aware of the effect of a dramatic pause.]

JH: Maxim... Zharkov.

[Fade up at the interview platform, Mark Stegglet is standing by with the reddish-brown bisht garbed form of Sultan Azam Sharif. Sharif's head is draped by a white kaffiyeh, ringing his neatly trimmed short black hair and

mustache. He has a weather-worn, battlescarred complexion that gives him a very formidable demeanor. He is carrying a large Iranian flag with him, as usual... a normal person would struggle to move that monster, but Sharif has no difficulties with it. Under his other arm is tucked a neatly folded blue cloth.]

MS: Sultan, we're moments away from your big opportunity to face the man who betrayed you at SuperClash, the Irish armbreaker Callum Mahoney. This battle has been a long time in coming.

SAS: You know dot is right, Mistair Mork Steggallut, it vas May twenty-four two-tousun fourteen. Brossels Bejoom, dot is vere pro wraistling capitol is for Europe, dot is vere dey hod deh SupairClosch for Europe.

MS: You mean the All-Catch Night Of Legends.

SAS: Ogzackly! Un I hof finals motch vid Collum Muchoney vere he beat me for shampwonship trophy. I diddunt hof deh trophy, but I hod deh belt.

MS: The fans may need some clarification, Sultan. In All-Catch Championship Wrestling, their championship is defended at the biggest show of the year, the All-Catch Night Of Legends, in a tournament. The winner gets the title belt AND the trophy. The trophy is only awarded at the tournament, while the belt is awarded to the champion at any title change in the year, just like here in the US. But there is only one tournament trophy, making the trophy somewhat like the Stanley Cup. The winner of the tournament every year gets it as well as the All-Catch Championship.

SAS: Vatevah you said about dot cup, I diddunt know about who Stonley's Cup is, but Collum Muchoney vas All-Cotch shampwon just like vas deh Sultan. But I defend title ven I vin it, un not leave territory vid it like did Collum Muchoney. He say dot he vont ravenge on Mistair Cain Jocksun un dot is why he hit me vid trophy. But dot was four months ago un he nevair go to get ravenge on Mistair Cain Jockson! So I know dot he vas look for oxcuse to hit me!

MS: Why do you think he wanted to hit you?

SAS: Because he know dot All-Cotch promotairs, dey vont me to wrastail him to get bock dot trophy. They call him un call him to come back un dafend All-Cotch shampwonship. He leave deh belt in Belgoom at All-Cotch headquartair, but he took dot trophy ven he hod to give it bock! You don't get to keep trophy if you leave territory! Un den All-Cotch promotairs, dey talk to Mistair Hiroshi Tokata from deh Tigair Pro.

MS: You worked there right before coming back to the AWA, correct?

SAS: Dot is right, un ven I come here to A-dubva-A, Mistair Hiroshi Tokata tell me to get dot Tigair Paw belt from dot jehbronie Fushimoto! But Fushimoto go bock to Japan ven he see me come, because he know dot I am deh real! Deh shootair! Un he vas not deh real so he go bock to Japan un bringbock dot belt!

MS: You're saying that Fujimoto was concerned that you would injure him because you're a better mat wrestler than he is and you would try to injure him so that you could get the belt back?

SAS: Mistair Mork Steggallut, you are ontollEgunt AmerEcun, YES dot is vat he vas afraid of. But I would hof shallunge him to shampwonship motch un not try to injair him because I would just beat him anyvay un vin dot belt from Fushimoto. Mistair Hiroshi Tokata got his belt back anyvay, so he tell All-Cotch promotairs: "You call deh Sultan un he vill get dot trophy bock!". So ven All-Cotch promotairs call me, dey say "Sultan, ve vant you get dot trophy bock". Un I tought dot Collum Muchoney, who is deh real, would dafend against me because he is deh real un he vasn't going to be esscared like vas Fushimoto. But den he smosh deh trophy on my head!

MS: If I have this right, you are claiming that Callum Mahoney knew you were going to challenge for the All-Catch trophy, so he planned to break that trophy on you going into the match at SuperClash?

SAS: If he diddunt do it there he would hof do it! But now, Collum Muchoney, dot vas deh biggest mistake you made! You disraspec all Europe ven you smosh deir trophy instead of honair deh trophy by dafend it against me! Un now you said you vant A-dubva-A Nashnal shampwonship! But vat, you going to leave A-dubva-A vid dot Nashnal shampwonship like did dot phony jehbronie Mork Lonset! I would hof rip dot jehbronie's face off Wall Of deh Fame but for Mistair Bubby Taylor ask me nicely to not do it! But he diddunt ask me to not rip off your face! I vill not let anotheir jehbronie shame deh A-dubva-A by disraspec Nashnal shampwonship!

Un so you know, Collum Muchoney, I gunna do it for all European peepell dot you disraspec ven you broke deh beautiful All-Cotch trophy! All deh Iranian peepell, beautiful Iranian peepell dot you disraspec ven you hit me in head! So I not gunna just hang Iranian flag above ring.

[Sharif holds up the folded blue cloth that he has been carrying. It is a very thick bundle folded into a triangular shape.]

SAS: I also hof European flag! Un dey gonna put dot up above ring so you ramembah! Ven you look up at lights, you gonna ramembah how you get dere on your bock! Dot is how to teach raspec! You not gunna get a Bross Ring or a Nashnal shampwonship or anything excep humility un traction! CAMARAMAN, ZOOM!

[Sharif throws a quick double bicep before marching off screen.]

MS: There goes Sultan Azam Sharif, who is fired up about finally getting his hands on Callum Mahoney. Gordon, Bucky, let's go back to you.

GM: Thank you, Mark. The issue between Mahoney and Sharif is quite personal...

BW: No, it ain't. That's what Sharif is too dumb to understand. Callum Mahoney is all business. If this was personal, Sharif wouldn't have walked out of SuperClash with both arms intact. And if Sharif insists on making it personal, he might not leave town with both of 'em on tonight.

GM: That is a credible threat in many cases, Bucky, but in this case it presumes that Callum Mahoney can out-matwrestle an Olympian. That seems unlikely.

BW: And that's where you show just how sheltered you are, Gordo. Sharif is a wrestling machine, yes. But Mahoney had to learn how to wrestle in order to survive; if he didn't win, he didn't eat. It's like the difference between learning how to shoot a gun on a target practice range or in a war zone. Olympic shooters learn on the range, while combat vets learn in the field. I know who I have my money on when the bullets fly.

GM: Your analogy is flawed, but I understand what you are trying to say. I am taking nothing away from Callum Mahoney. He has defeated Sharif in the past and will attempt to do so again. What I am saying is that he will need more than his armbar to do it. Fortunately for Mr. Mahoney, he does possess more than just an armbar. But it is very difficult to defeat a man of high caliber twice in a row, particularly when they are supremely motivated.

BW: Both of them are, Gordo. Mahoney wants that Brass Ring, that AWA National Championship. He wants it bad. Sharif thinks he'll randomly leave with the belt because he left All-Catch with their title, but he's an idiot. Mahoney left the All-Catch belt behind and the trophy was his for a year because he won the tournament.

GM: Not only did the rules stipulate that the trophy itself had to stay in All-Catch territory, but the fact that he smashed it over the Sultan's head showed exactly how much respect he had for that piece of property. In any event, that will be a very hotly contested clash coming up in just a few moments. Right now, let's go backstage to "Sweet" Lou who is standing by with the Armbar Assassin!

[Cut backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by in front of an AWA banner.]

LB: It's the American Wrestling Association Awards Night here on The X, but my sources tell me that some of our athletes have not been too happy about the results of the voting by the AWA Galaxy, including one big name who is outraged at having been left off the ballots. I've got the scoop on the AWA Hotline. 1-900-505-5500. Calls are \$1.99 for the first minute and, kids, be sure to get your parents' permission before calling.

[As Blackwell shills the hotline, the number flashes on the bottom of the screen. While it does so, Callum Mahoney, who has a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over his ring attire, which consists of a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, walks into the frame.]

LB: Callum Mahoney, from your words two weeks ago, it seemed like you thought you were done with Sultan Azam Sharif, but it turns out that you'll need to get past the Sultan tonight in order to qualify for the Brass Ring tournament. What are your thoughts as you head into that match?

CM: Sharif is a strong man, Mister Blackwell. I expect he'll probably be throwing me around all over the ring and then some when we face each other tonight. But for all his strength, Sharif can't seem to throw off the baggage of history. For all his strength, Sharif remains saddled with the weight of the past. He can rattle off his credentials till he is red in the face, it will not change the loss he took at my hands in Brussels. I did not need to knock him out by smashing a trinket across the back of his head then. All I needed was my armbar. Tonight, history will repeat itself, by armbar or by any other means necessary.

Sharif, you want to humble me to restore the pride of all Europe? You want to break me in the name of the Iranian people? That's just more baggage for you to carry. I don't need that kind of expectation, Mister Blackwell. I don't need to have my hands full bearing flags. I fight for me. I fight for my future.

Sharif, like I said, at SuperClash, in that Steal the Spotlight match, I broke a trophy. Next time around, I break your arm. Tonight, I make damn sure that, after this match, I'm done with you.

[And with that, Mahoney turns and walks out of the shot, leaving Blackwell behind.]

LB: Two men will enter but only will walk out with one of the final spots in the Brass Ring Tournament! Let's find out who as we go back down to the ring to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and it is a Qualifying Match in the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: 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!"

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.]

GM: The Fighting Irishman certainly earned these jeers he's getting here in the Crockett after his horrible actions at SuperClash when he betrayed his own team - shattering that trophy over the head of Sultan Azam Sharif.

BW: Oh, boo hoo. I'm so sick of hearing about that stupid trophy. If it means that much to Sharif, he should go down to the local hobby shop and buy a new one.

GM: That's not the same thing!

[Phil Watson continues as the loud vocal open to "Saz O Avaz" begins (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=df6x9AgAW-Y>) to play.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A huge billowing Iranian flag is thrust through the entranceway, followed by the bisht-draped form of Sultan Azam Sharif. The crowd cheers his arrival, though as always there are some who boo because they will never cheer an Iranian. Sharif's reddish-brown bisht and white kaffiyeh (with plain black agal) shrouds his entire form in flowing fabric as he heads down the aisle. He waves his enormous flag in his left hand with pride, and signals "Number One" with his right hand.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Shiraz, Iran... weighing two-hundred fifty-one pounds... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[As Watson says his name, the Iranian superstar steps through the ropes, taking great care with his large flag. He waves his huge flag a bit more before handing it to a ring attendant. Sharif quickly disrobes, dropping his bisht to the canvas and flinging his kaffiyeh into the crowd. He then flexes his well-developed musculature at the nearest camera. Scarred in many places, the former Olympian and Asian Games champion has neatly cut black hair, a meticulously groomed mustache, and a solid physique. He wears a loose white sirwal (pants), tucked into a pair of shiny gold boots with curled hooked toes, reminiscent of galesh. A shiny gold sash around his waist and white wristbands complete his attire.]

GM: This is gonna be a good one if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Hard-hitting, good technique, submission skills up the wazoo. This is gonna be a hot one...

[With both men ready for action, AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger speaks to both men and signals for the bell...]

GM: Here we go!

[Sharif quickly lunges forward, dropping to a knee for a single leg but pulls up as Mahoney is ready to strike.]

GM: This'll be an interesting contrast in styles between the amateur background of Sharif and the street fighting, bar room brawling style of Mahoney.

[A few more moments of circling ends in a collar and elbow tieup. Sharif slowly shoves Mahoney back across the ring, using his power to back him into the corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

GM: The referee laying a count on Sharif who steps back...

[Mahoney throws a quick right that Sharif is anticipating, blocking it before CLUBBING a forearm down across the sternum to a big cheer!]

GM: Oho! Mahoney trying to get the cheap shot in but Sharif was ready and let him have it!

[Mahoney grimaces as Sharif backs to the middle of the ring, rubbing his chest as he reaches back, tugging at his own hair.]

GM: Mahoney's saying that Sharif pulled the hair, Bucky.

BW: Yep, I saw it.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Sharif denies the rules infraction to Johnny Jagger as Mahoney stalks out, lunging towards the distracted Sharif, locking up again... but Sharif quickly pulls him into a side headlock.]

GM: Headlock applied by Sharif, trying to slow Mahoney down...

[The headlock forces Mahoney down to a knee as the Fighting Irishman reaches up, grabbing a handful of hair to yank Sharif's head back.]

GM: There's the hairpull!

[The referee forces his hand free as Sharif shakes his head, squeezing tighter on the skull. He switches his grip into a cravate, twisting the neck of

Mahoney who gets up on his tiptoes to relieve the pressure before getting snapmared down to the mat.]

GM: Snapmare takes him over... Mahoney back up as Sharif hits the ropes...

[Rebounding back, Sharif slams a shoulder into Mahoney, knocking him back down to the mat to cheers. The Iranian strikes a double bicep pose, shouting "CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT!" to no one in particular.]

GM: Sharif to the ropes again, coming back...

[But Mahoney is ready this time, lowering his shoulder and throwing himself at Sharif, lifting him up onto his shoulder, carrying him around the ring...

...and drives him back hard into the buckles, snapping Sharif's head back!]

GM: Nice counter by Mahoney... and here we go, unloading in the corner with boots to the midsection!

[The referee steps in, backing Mahoney off, ending the barrage of kicks to the body. Sharif staggers out towards Mahoney who is waiting to PASTE him with a European uppercut that snaps his head back again, sending Sharif stumbling backwards away from him.]

GM: Hard shot by the Irishman!

[Mahoney grabs Sharif by the arm, twisting it around before pulling him into a double underhook. Sharif tries to fight it but Mahoney muscles his way into it, locking his hands...

...and takes him over with a butterfly suplex, bouncing Sharif off the canvas!]

GM: Excellent execution on the suplex!

[Mahoney rolls into a cover, planting his forearm bone squarely on Sharif's cheek, pushing his head down to the mat for a two count before Sharif powers out.]

GM: A quick pin attempt out of the gate gets a two count for Mahoney who, from that, you'd have to believe wants to end this match quickly.

BW: Hey, with a fifteen minute time limit and stakes this high, you gotta try to end it whenever and however you can. If it's a pin, great. If it's breaking a guy's leg with a chair and getting a countout, cool.

GM: What?!

BW: Anything goes when the stakes are this high, Gordo.



[Mahoney climbs to his feet, backing off as Sharif quickly comes to his. Sharif stalks towards Mahoney who backpedals, trying to keep the fight on his terms. But Sharif lunges at him, burying a knee into the gut.]

GM: Oof! That'll take the wind out of you. There is some serious dislike between these two men after what happened at SuperClash... and especially after we heard about some of the history between them and that Catch Wrestling trophy earlier from Sharif.

BW: Oh, baloney. Anyone can spin a tale to make it sound like they're the hero in it. Look at the Stenches. Whenever it's Jack Lynch Story Hour, he and his stinkin' family always sound like the big heroes... the ones who were wronged when you can't walk into a locker room in this country and find someone who Blackjack didn't put the screws to at one time or another.

[Sharif lands a clubbing forearm between the shoulderblades that echoes through the building as Mahoney staggers away from him. But the Iranian follows, using a snap mare to take Mahoney over again.]

GM: Elbow drop on target there... and this time it's Sharif with a cover.

[The former Olympian echoes Mahoney's pin style, jamming the forearm into the cheekbone to get a two count. He yanks Mahoney up to a seated position before hooking in a rear chinlock.]

GM: And now it's Sharif trying to take some of the mustard out of Mahoney with this chinlock.

BW: It's a smart move. Mahoney's younger... he's more athletic... he's carrying a bit less weight. Sharif should try to take some of the stamina out of him to even the playing field a little bit.

[Mahoney grabs at the arm, trying to free himself. He gets a little bit of air between the arm and his neck when Sharif stands up...

...and KICKS him between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Good grief!

[A second and third stomp follow, causing Mahoney to crawl underneath the ropes, his torso dangling off the apron as Sharif steps out on the apron, measuring him...

...and drops off, slamming a forearm down across the back!]

GM: Another clubbing forearm connects!

[Sharif grabs hold of Mahoney, lifting his torso off the apron...

...and eats a stiff palm strike to the nose!]

GM: Ohh!

[But Sharif shakes it off, slamming another clubbing forearm down across the back!]

BW: Gordo, this is a fight! These two are beating the heck out of each other!

[Sharif again grabs the hair, lifting Mahoney's torso off the apron...

...and SLAMS him down sternumfirst on the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Mahoney promptly rolls to his back, reaching up to grab the red mark on his chest...

...which serves as a bullseye for Sharif who takes aim and CLUBS another forearm down across the chest!]

GM: He's beating the heck out of him out there - just like you said!

[Sharif drags Mahoney off the apron to the floor as the referee's count reaches four.]

GM: Both men out on the floor now... you've gotta beware the double countout here...

[Sharif winds up, ready to deliver another blow but Mahoney cuts him off with a knee to the gut.]

GM: Mahoney goes downstairs! We've got a fight on the floor and- ohh! Forearm uppercut and a beauty!

[The Iranian stumbles backwards, falling back against the ringpost as Mahoney takes a breather for a brief instant before grabbing Sharif by the hair, smashing his skull into his rival's!]

GM: Headbutt!

BW: Oof! I could feel that one from here, Gordo.

[Mahoney grabs Sharif, spinning him around by the trunks and hurling him under the ropes. He crawls in after him as Sharif tries to get up...

...but lunges into a single leg, trapping the leg and pulling him down to the mat. He crawls over him, jamming his forearm into the cheekbone with his left arm while smashing his right forearm down between the eyes a few times until the referee counts him off.]

BW: You gotta love when these guys get down and dirty. That forearm being smashed into the face... into the cheek, just grinding it back and forth. I can't tell you how much that hurts, Gordo.

[Mahoney settles back in, jamming the forearm into the cheekbone again, pushing down with the free arm as he screams "QUIT! QUIIIIT!"]

GM: I don't know if I've ever seen someone submit to something like this but... if it hurts as badly as you claim, Bucky, Sharif might not have a choice in the matter.

[Sharif counters by grabbing the wrist that's applying the simple crossface, shoving up hard on it...]

GM: Look at the power of Sharif! He's fighting out of this!

[...and he rolls Mahoney right over onto his back into a grounded overhand wristlock!]

GM: Oh my! Submission hold applied by Sharif - out of nowhere!

[Sharif jabbars something at Mahoney, perhaps imploring him to quit in his own... special... way.]

GM: Sharif's got him down, pushing on that arm, bending the wrist and elbow back as he tries to wrench a submission out of him and earn his spot in the Brass Ring Tournament two weeks from tonight!

[The Iranian leans in, shouting as he tries to apply more pressure...

...when Mahoney swings his legs up, hooking them around Sharif's head, yanking him out of the hold and into a headscissors!]

GM: Whoa! Mahoney with the counter now!

[Sharif kicks out, freeing himself. Both men are in a scramble, trying to beat the other one to a vertical base. Mahoney gets there first but as he moves in, Sharif buries a boot into the gut!]

GM: Sharif caught him coming in... forcing him back to the corner...

[He grabs the arm, whipping him across.]

GM: Corner to corner whip... in comes Sharif!

[But Mahoney sidesteps, using a handful of trunks to add extra momentum and sends Sharif flying between the buckles and CRASHING shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER BY MAHONEY!

[Sharif hangs onto the ropes as he falls through them, landing on the apron. Mahoney backs off, measuring the Iranian as he uses the ropes to pull himself back up, grabbing his shoulder.]

GM: You've gotta wonder what kind of damage was done to the shoulder by hitting the steel like that and-

[The Irishman comes tearing in towards him, throwing a hard-hitting clothesline that sends Sharif flying off the apron, crashing down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Mahoney clubbed him like he owed him money, daddy!

[Mahoney backs up, waiting to see if Sharif's going to be able to get up and beat the count.]

GM: And it looks like the Fighting Irishman would be satisfied with a countout win here if he can get it.

BW: Like I said, Gordo... when the stakes are this high, you take the win however you can get it. If it has to be a countout, it has to be a countout.

[The referee's count is up to three when Sharif starts to rise on the floor. Mahoney swears under his breath as he steps out on the apron, dropping off the floor where he approaches the dazed Sharif, lifting him up on his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: What's he doing now? He's got Sharif up on his shoulders out on the floor and-

[Mahoney steps over, making sure Sharif's upper body is in position...

...and then shoves him up and off, dropping him chestfirst down on the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mahoney backs off as Sharif crumples to his knees...

...and then waffles him with a big kick to the chest, knocking Sharif flat on his back on the floor!]

GM: Mahoney showing that killer instinct that many felt he lacked at times over the past year or so. Showing his true colors at SuperClash may have really opened up the world for the Armbar Assassin.

[Mahoney pulls Sharif up off the floor, throwing him back into the ring. He steps through the ropes himself, measuring him...

...and DRIVES his forearm down into the cheekbone! He stays on him, grinding the forearm back and forth before he shoves Sharif down, ordering a count.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But Sharif again powers out at two to cheers from the Dallas crowd. Mahoney is swiftly up, burying stomp after stomp into the chest of Sharif!]

GM: Come on, ref! Back him up!

[The referee does exactly that, backing Mahoney halfway across the ring but he nudges past him, running in to boot a rising Sharif in the side of the head, knocking him right back down.]

GM: Oh!

BW: That might've knocked him out, Gordo!

[Mahoney drags Sharif off the mat by the arm, twisting it around. He turns his back, yanking down hard on the arm to jam the elbow joint against his shoulder, sending Sharif collapsing down to his knees...

...where a disrespectful push kick to the back of the head puts him facefirst back down on the mat.]

GM: There wasn't even any force behind that kick. That was Mahoney taunting Sharif... just mocking him...

BW: Ordinarily, I'd approve but we've passed the halfway point in the time limit for this one so Mahoney needs to pick up the pace and find a way to finish this guy off.

[The Irishman drags Sharif off the mat, whipping him into the ropes, dropping his head for a backdrop...

...and getting a boot to the mush for his efforts!]

GM: Oh my! Sharif with the counter!

[Mahoney straightens up from the kick, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as he rushes at Sharif. Sharif catches him, spinning to face the ropes...

...and HURLS him up and over with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: And the tide is starting to turn in this one!

[Mahoney rolls to his knees, grabbing at his lower back as Sharif approaches him from behind...

...and rakes his fingernails down the back, causing the fans to cheer and Mahoney to hop up and down in pain!]

BW: Blatantly illegal! Ring the bell! Call the DQ!

GM: That would certainly be within the referee's discretion but Johnny Jagger seems content to let it go.

BW: Of course he does! How much oil money do ya think Sharif slipped him?!

GM: BUCKY!

[With Mahoney on the retreat, Sharif hits him from behind with a forearm smash to the shoulderblades that sends Mahoney falling forward, his head and neck set up on the second rope. Sharif's eyes light up as he dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaps up, landing on the upper back!]

GM: Goodness!

[Mahoney bounces back on the canvas, clutching at his back again as Sharif raises his right leg, stomping down hard into the lower back...]

GM: He's calling for it! He's calling for the Camel Clutch!

[...but Mahoney feels it coming, rolling swiftly to his back, reaching up with both hands to VIOLENTLY rake both of Sharif's eyes!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!

[Mahoney hooks the head, rolling Sharif into an inside cradle, hooking a handful of trunks as the referee drops down.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner - moving on into the Brass Ring Tournament...

CALLLLLLLUUUUUUM MAHOOOOOOONEEEY!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Mahoney rolls from the ring, throwing his arms up in triumph as he quickly makes his way back up the aisle before Sharif can recover.]

GM: Sharif was robbed, Bucky! Mahoney stole this one and you know it!

BW: Hey, like I said, Gordo... you do whatever it takes when the stakes are this high and that's exactly what happened. Sharif had the match in his

hands, hesitated, and Mahoney was willing to dig deeper than Sharif was to win it.

GM: That's disgusting. That's not what happened at all, Bucky. Mahoney went to the eyes... then he had a handful of trunks. He broke just about every rule in the book!

BW: Who cares about the rulebook? You know what book I care about? The win-loss record book and this one goes down as a win for the Irishman!

GM: Unbelievable. This one's far from over in my book, fans, but right now, we've got to take a quick break - don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

A white screen fills with a rising red sun. The sounds of "Bad Intentions" by Zomboy kicks in as a shot of Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion in a flowing red and white robe and matching sunglasses fills the screen. He points towards the camera, looking down over his tinted lenses as we break into a series of action shots.

Kenta Kitzukawa laying out a poor soul with a lariat that flips his opponent end over end before dumping them down to the canvas.

The face-painted War Pigs deliver their WMD finish, crushing their victim with the top rope clothesline into an inverted bulldog.

Yoshinari Taguchi lifting an opponent for a suplex, swinging them down so their legs hit the top rope, slingshotting them back up, and then dropping them down in an impactful Brainbuster.

The duo known as the Devil Dogs take to the sky with a doubleteam move - Koji Kawada sailing off the top with a frog splash as his partner, Sho Kanemoto comes right down after him with a Shooting Star Press.

Faces familiar to AWA fans - Violence Unlimited - fills the screen as Danny Morton holds up the Stampede Cup while Jackson Haynes shouts unheard threats at the camera.

We cut to a shot of VU in action as Haynes lifts an opponent for a powerbomb while Morton grabs the hair, swinging the victim down for even more impact before cutting to a shot of the Tiger Paw Pro logo. A voiceover sounds.]

"WRESSSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYY!"

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro before we fade to black.

We fade in from black on a parking lot. AWA Field Reporter Melissa Cannon is standing out in front of a glowing neon sign, wearing a black AWA polo and a pair of blue jeans. She smiles as the camera goes live.]

MC: Hello, fans... I'm AWA field reporter Melissa Cannon here with you in a spot quite familiar to... well, some AWA fans for sure but more likely, half the locker room...

[She gestures behind her as the camera pulls back to reveal the full neon sign that reads "THE RUSTY SPUR."]

MC: Now, with the AWA just a few weeks away from pulling up stakes on heading out on the road, I'm doing some work for future video release - checking out some of those old AWA Texas haunts like WKIK Studios and the like. And how could I hit up the Texas hotspots without stopping right here at the Spur? Plus, we've got an old friend that I'd like to catch up with.

[Cannon gestures towards the door, leading the cameraman through it and into the bar. The bar is much as we've seen it before - dark and dirty with an assortment of customers scattered throughout. We can see a few pinball machines in one corner. A pool table or two in the distance. A dartboard on the wall. As the camera pans across the bar, we see bottle after bottle and tap after tap before coming to rest on a simple cut of wood that lays across a dusty countertop. A meaty right hand clenches and releases the base.. tiny divots and cracks run up the handle betraying a hidden history of violence that the smile of it's owner attempts to keep hushed under the camouflage of a smile. His iceberg blue eyes narrow in amusement as he chuckles slightly.]

Man: Haven't seen you in \_ages\_, Melissa.

[The camera pulls up to reveal former AWA competitor, Rusty Spur Owner Curt Sawyer. He runs his hand through his brown beard.. his shaggy brown hair hanging wherever the hell it pleases. Behind him, flickering faintly, is a neon red sign reading "The Buck Stops Here".. below it, an autographed picture of Bucky Wilde imbibing one of the many drafts on hand at the ol' Rusty Spur and assortment of current and former AWA competitors litters the walls. Melissa responds..]

MC: Hey Curt... it's been a while for sure. You look...

[Melissa eyes our disheveled host up and down. His attire consisting of a pair of beat up jeans and a basic v-neck t-shirt.]

MC: ...well.

[Gulp. Sawyer appreciates the effort. His eyes lower to the axe handle in front of him before he tosses it on the counter behind him... almost as if it was rude to have it in a lady's presence.]

CS: It's great to see you too, Melissa.

[Sawyer smiles.]



CS: I'll have to tell June you stopped by, she'll be tickled pink knowing you were here. She'll be upset to have missed you... but with the pregnancy, and the kids, it's tough for June to get in here these days. Not really a place for a lady in her third trimester if you know what I mean.

[With the tension cut, Melissa continues.]

MC: Tell June I'll stop by and see her real soon but Curt...

[She jerks a thumb over her shoulder at the camera.]

MC: I'm here on business.

[Curt grins.]

CS: Figured.

MC: You know the AWA is leaving town in a few weeks?

CS: Heard about it. Just what I need... less customers.

[Sawyer looks around his bar at the less-than-jam-packed interior.]

MC: Well, I'm out on assignment, getting footage and doing some looks back at some of the Dallas places that have been a part of the AWA over the years... and while I was here at the Spur, I thought we'd play a little "Where Are They Now?"

[Sawyer shakes his head.]

CS: Melissa, I... well, I don't mind one bit walking down memory lane. Truth be told though, it's gonna be a short walk. Because when you ask what I've been up to, well.. you're looking at it.

[Sawyer, perhaps nerves, perhaps old habit... perhaps simply because it needs to be done... grabs a damp rag and begins to clean the counter as he continues.]

CS: June's pregnant again... this'll make five. Love her and the kids with everything I have in this beat up ol' body... BUT if you thought handling that locker room was a tough job...

[Smirk.]

CS: Try survivin' one day in the Sawyer household.

For that matter...

[Curt Sawyer looks up as the door to the Rusty Spur swings open.]

CS: Well, I'll be...

[The camera pans over to show none other than AWA co-owner and founder, Combat Corner Head Trainer, and mentor to Curt Sawyer... Todd Michaelson. Todd, a bit surprised to see Melissa there walks over and gives her a friendly hug before turning to Sawyer and shaking his hand from across the bar. He throws a glance at the camera.]

TM: Should I even ask?

[Melissa starts to explain but Todd waves a hand to cut her off.]

TM: It's fine. I'm sure whatever you're doing, it's got nothing to do with me so if you don't mind, I'll be-

[Todd starts to step out of the camera's view when Sawyer slides a full glass down in front of Michaelson.]

CS: Actually, Todd... you got a second?

[Michaelson looks over his shoulder at Melissa and the camera.]

TM: You okay with this?

[Sawyer shrugs.]

TM: Alright, shoot, Curt.

[Curt looks up at Todd, his face growing more stern... he wants to say something... but can't. He grabs a glass and pours himself a bourbon, hoping to find the courage at the bottom of it.]

CS: You know, I made a promise to June that I wouldn't have this conversation next time I saw you, Todd.

[The co-owner looks concerned.]

TM: What conversation? Everything okay?

[Curt's eyes meander into his drink below. He's clearly uncomfortable. Proudful men usually are, and Sawyer lacks nothing in the pride department.]

CS: Nah, Todd. Everything ain't okay.

[Sawyer takes a swig, emptying the glass in one motion. He refills and continues.]

CS: Bills are pilin' up, Todd. The Spur... she ain't been doing so well. She's been great when you boys are in town, but with the schedule these days and with the news of the expansion... I'm happy for you, I am... but...

[Todd nods in understanding.]

CS: ...and June's pregnancy... the kids... the cost of keeping this place open. Sometimes, Todd... sometimes...

[Sawyers voice weakens.]

CS: ... sometimes it feels like I'm drownin'.

Drownin' in debt.

Drownin' in fear of how I'm providing for my family tonight, let alone tomorrow.

Drownin' in the idea that I'm bringing a kid into a world where I can't even rub two pennies together... let alone nickels.

Now I know it didn't work out last time... but... ah... the hell with it...

[Sawyer pauses... finishing off his second drink to muster the courage as Michaelson looks on concerned.]

CS: ... I think I need to give fighting another shot.

[Todd eyes Sawyer for a minute, taking a sip or two himself. He throws a glance at the camera.]

TM: You sure you want to talk about this in front of-

CS: Got nothin' to lose but pride, Todd.

[Todd nods, taking another sip.]

TM: Curt... if it's about the money you know I've always been there for you. We can work something ou-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[That's the sound of Sawyer bringing his massive fist down on the counter.]

CS: I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR CHARITY, TODD!

[Sawyer holds his hands up apologetically. He regains his composure.]

CS: I'm sorry... I'm... I'm sorry, Todd. It's just... things've been tough. What I MEANT to say was... look, I appreciate your offer to help. You've always been there for me, June, and the kids. But I'm not looking for a handout. A man's gotta provide for his family himself. And while I appreciate it... a Sawyer EARNs what he gets, Todd.

[Todd's face grows stern.]

TM: It's not charity, Curt. It's one friend helping another friend. Listen, I saw how this ended last time. First hand, if you'll remember correctly. You

weren't ready and that was MY fault. I was there with June when you went under the knife. I had to explain to your kids why you were laid up in the hospital and how I was the one who might as well have put you there.

[A shake of the head.]

TM: Not sure I can be responsible for that again, Curt. Not sure I can look them in the eyes and tell 'em I put their father in a wheelchair or... or...

[Sawyer sees that his friend is just looking out for him. He could be mad... but what good is that when a friend's just trying to protect you. Curt smiles.]

CS: Or worse.

Listen, I know I don't know an armbar from a crowbar.

I know I eeked my way through the Combat Corner.

I know that if you had it to do again you wouldn't have graduated me.

I know you well enough to know that you're about to lecture me on the virtues of patience. How I need to go back to the Corner and learn the basics... that there's a time and a place to make my comeback and how this isn't it.

[Todd nods slightly in agreement as he sips his drink again.]

CS: But I'm 35 years old, Todd. I've got four kids with another on the way. We don't even have medical insurance, Todd. I blink and those kids are going to college. How do I pay for that? With the medical bills from my last attempt hanging like a noose around my neck. With the debts I have squeezing my throat tighter and tighter. How do I give June the life she deserves? Running the Rusty Spur? Doing something else?

What else am I qualified for, Todd?

I don't got any skills.

All I got... are these...

[Holds up his fists.]

CS: ... and this...

[Pats a meaty finger into his chest... his beating heart laying inches beneath the surface.]

CS: ... all I got is this one last shot... this one last chance to do what I can to provide for my family. To give them everything they deserve.

[Todd holds up a hand to stop Sawyer, but he continues.]

CS: I'm beggin' you, Todd.

Man to man.

This shot... it's all I got... don't make me beg.

[Todd interrupts. His face wears "I already regret this decision " like a cologne.]

TM: Well... who am I to stand between a man and his dream. Okay, Curt... you win. I'll set something up. Let's talk about this more later... for now...

[Sawyer grabs a bottle and pours Todd another, followed by one for himself.]

CS: ... for now... let's just have a drink. Let's enjoy catching up. Because...

[Sawyer reaches across the bar and pats Michaelson's shoulder in appreciation.]

CS: ... lord knows I've got some work to do.

[With that, appearing to have gotten what they came for, the AWA crew cuts out and we fade back to live action - to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

GM: Curt Sawyer apparently on his way back here to the AWA, Bucky.

[Bucky is silent except for some slight whimpering.]

GM: Bucky?

[The camera cuts to ringside where Bucky is dabbing at his eyes with his tie.]

GM: Bucky, are you crying?

[Bucky nods, still whimpering.]

BW: It's just... it's all so sad! He's had such a hard life! He's... he's...

[Bucky throws the tie down, glaring at the camera.]

BW: He's a pathetic chump just like the rest of the pathetic chumps here in Dallas! Man alive... you want another reason why I couldn't be happier that the AWA is finally getting out of this steel hellhole and going to REAL cities with REAL arenas? You look at Curt Sawyer. Crying because he's got bills to pay. Crying because he knocked up his wife again. Crying because Bucky Wilde stopped going to the Rusty Spur and went to Cowboy Bob's where they know how to appreciate a man like me.

GM: Plus, they comped you for life.

BW: Shut it, Gordo! You take a guy like Curt Sawyer... you take a guy like... pick one, any of the Stenches... and that's why this company is going to improve so much in two weeks' time when we broadcast from this building for the very last time.

GM: Bucky, you sicken me at times, you know that?

[Bucky shrugs, grinning. Gordon shakes his head as he looks back at the camera.]

GM: Fans, I'm being told we have a video to play. I have no information as to who is on it, but here we go...

[The view of the arena fades out, and we open up to a shot of a window overlooking New York City. The megalopolis is covered in snow, but the skyline is unmistakable. The sky is white with high clouds, above even the very tops of the mammoth skyscrapers dotting the landscape.

But the more interesting thing we're looking at is the man in the foreground. He is a familiar presence to AWA fans, and yet perhaps a surprising one to see here. Short, bald, a bit pudgy, wearing a nice black dress shirt and wine-colored tie.

It is the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes, and in his right hand is the AWA Manager Of The Year plaque. Percy is seated at a desk in front of the window, facing the camera, so that the cityscape is his backdrop. He's fiddling with a pen in his left hand as he speaks.]

PC: I suppose I should appreciate the irony.

The fans that so desperately wanted me gone, that cheered so loudly for the men who abused their power to remove me, have decided to award me the Manager Of The Year plaque. Perhaps they think they're rubbing it in. Or... perhaps they're starting to see that I was right all along.

The very things I was condemned for doing are the things that the AWA ownership has done for years upon years. The very tactics they used to depose me are tactics I have been castigated for using myself. Hypocrisy reigns, hypocrisy reigns. Why should I expect the fans to be any different? There's no morality to their moralizing, merely mindless whims and childish wish-fulfillment. The fans and the men who operate the AWA are alike in that way. No other industry in the world would accept that kind of leadership. And to think... I could have saved it from what is to come.

Let me be clear: while I hate the obsession that people have with the past in this sport, I don't hate this sport. On the contrary. I want wrestling to thrive. You are being fed the illusion that, with the Wise Men... with ME out of the picture that the sport is now thriving. They will keep this illusion up for as long as possible, just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned. But that time will end.

This buyout that I signed removed me from the AWA. Banned me from AWA television, with this exception apparently. Forbade me from taking up AWA managerial contracts, for a lengthy period of time. But that time, too, will end.

You seem to believe that different rules apply to the AWA's ownership. You truly believe that, as do Martinez, Bryant, Supernova, and the like. We had to gain victory after victory against them. Slowly. Over a long period of time. And when the needle finally, after years... YEARS... shifted in our favor? You got to reset everything after just one win? Do you really believe that the AWA was the victim here? Do you know what they've done? They are like the church executing Galileo, like the bigots who shot Dr. King, like the lobbyists who block every attempt at removing the nation's dependency on oil. They have their little world and they will burn the rest of it to keep things the way they want it. They will kill this sport to preserve their profits. But their time, too, will end.

My short-sighted ex-colleagues may be back to square one, but never Percy Childes. For now, I'm going to sit back and watch for a while. As I said, I want wrestling to thrive. But I am a man of vision, such as no one in the AWA front office has ever been. I foresee events on the horizon that will make you wish that you had given me a chance. Nothing that I'm responsible for, mind you. But you just do not see the biggest threat to the long-term security of the sport of wrestling. When Todd Michaelson gave me my release...

[Percy idly gazes at his pen as he mentions Michaelson.]

PC: He certainly had misidentified that threat. He couldn't possibly have seen it.

Because his room had no mirror.

The demons that you have all made deals with will be far less amenable to the long-term security of the sport than I am. And when wrestling finally realizes that it needs me, I will be there. And so only one question remains. A question to which I have not yet decided the answer.

Will I come to save it... or to bring these times to an end?

[Childes sits back, and turns to gaze out the window as we fade back to the arena. Myers is aghast while Bucky seems bemused.]

GM: I... can't believe what I just saw. How did anyone in production think showing that was a good idea?

BW: I dunno what you're so shocked about, daddy. Percy Childes won the Manager Of The Year, so he got to give an acceptance speech. He's workin' for other territories right now, a couple of 'em in the northeast, but I think he made it crystal ball clear that he'll be back someday.

GM: It won't be soon, thankfully. The buyout saw to that, though I shudder to think at what was conceded to that delusional megalomaniac. In any event, let's move on.

BW: Yup. Bury that head and ignore what you don't like, I'm sure it'll go away. That works so well.

GM: Fans, coming up nex-

[Not so fast, Gordon. Whatever the venerable announcer was about to say is drowned out by a massive roar from the crowd. Why? Because the curtain has just parted.

And Alex Martinez is stalking down to the ring.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Oh my god!

GM: The former World Champion, the Hall of Famer... ALEX MARTINEZ IS IN THE BUILDING!

BW: How in the world is that even possible, Gordo?! After what we saw at SuperClash, how the heck is even still walking?!

GM: You can never, ever, count out Alex Martinez. He's spent almost two decades entering one war after another! You saw what happened at SuperClash, but you can see the man right here, live and in living color. Maybe Alex Martinez truly is immortal!

[Immortal or not, the Last American Badboy moves with determination, his scarred face locked in an intense expression. The seven footer, in blue jeans, black t-shirt and black leather jacket, ignores the fans as they reach out to touch him. His focus only on the ring.]

GM: But I've got a better question, Bucky... why in the world is he here tonight?

BW: I'll give you three guesses and the first two have nothing to do with Walter Warren or The Rave.

[Once he's on the apron, one long leg and then the other goes over the top rope, as he moves to the center of the ring.]

AM: Backstage, there's a half dozen lawyers listenin' to a dozen doctors tell two dozen insurance adjusters that I ain't supposed to be here, and that the AWA ain't covered for what might happen to me.

And I don't give a good god damn 'bout none of that!

[The cheers are loud, but Alex Martinez remains unmoved.]



AM: Ever since they wheeled me outta MSG, I've spent my days dealin' with a headache that only gets worse as the seconds tick by. I've dealt with a back that ain't interested in bein' straight, eyes that won't focus properly, and a knee that feels like its bein' held together by a couple of rubber bands.

And I don't give a damn 'bout none of that either!

[Martinez draws in a breath, exhaling slowly. As the camera zooms in, it's obvious that the big man is suffering physically. And yet, as it has so many times in the past, that famous Martinez spirit, that indomitable will that, more than his physical gifts, has carried the man to multiple World Titles and the Hall of Fame is on display. Like the current World Champion, the "fire" burns within the heart of Alex Martinez. And unlike his body, that seems unlikely to fade anytime soon.]

AM: I'm here for you, Caleb Temple.

[The crowd ROARS in response - a mixture of boos as Martinez speaks of his deadliest rival and cheers for the idea of the seven footer destroying the King of the Death Match once and for all.]

AM: This is the second time you came at me through my family. This is the second time you've done your best to destroy me.

But this is the last time anyone ever hears from you.

[The crowd cheers again!]

AM: I'll be damned if I'm gonna sit by and watch as you try to take from my boy the things you took from me. It'll be a cold day in hell that I'm drawin' breath and you're targettin' my son. You want your revenge, Temple? You want to fight a Martinez?

Well, you come out and you try to do somethin' to this Martinez!

[The Dallas fans EXPLODE at the idea of that.]

AM: This is between us. It don't involve no one else. You and me? We're gonna finish this, once and for all. I'm callin' you out, Temple. And if you turn out the lights?

You're gonna learn that there's worse things than you in the dark.

[Martinez tosses the microphone down, and stands in the middle of the ring, arms wide open, waiting. When suddenly...

...the lights dim as the sound of a pack of snarling, barking, and snapping attack dogs is heard.]

GM: Oh no.

[The spotlights begin to swirl, coming to rest on three separate parts of the crowd as KISS' "War Machine" kicks in to boos from the capacity crowd.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are here and-

BW: And that's nothin' but bad news for the Hall of Famer, Gordo.

[The trio known as the Dogs Of War - Wade Walker, Pedro Perez, and Isaiah Carpenter - make their way down the aisles, wading through the fans in the Crockett Coliseum towards the squared circle. Clad in their usual midnight blue ring gear, they clear the barricade, each taking up a spot surrounding the ring. Alex Martinez looks... not entirely surprised... as he balls up his fists, ready for a fight as Pedro Perez raises the house mic, tapping it a few times to make sure it's on.]

PP: When they call your son a "dumb kid", I thought it was just a clever marketing ploy. Little did I know that the level of dumbness just flat out runs in the family.

[Martinez sneers at Perez, waving him into the ring.]

PP: You just don't learn, do ya? I know we hit you pretty hard back at SuperClash so maybe you've forgotten... but we laid you out. We put you on a stretcher. We put you in a meat wagon. We left you to spend your holidays sucking turkey through a straw.

[Perez grins.]

PP: And yet... you come back.

[Martinez can be heard off-mic shouting "FIGHT'S NOT WITH YOU!"]

PP: Oh, that's where you're wrong. You may have showed up here tonight thinking that you could relive your youth and show all these people what happens when Senior Citizens Collide...

[The crowd "OOOOOOHs" at the verbal jab.]

PP: But you showing up here tonight is an insult to the Dogs Of War. It's a slap in the face.

[Perez pulls himself up on the apron as Carpenter and Walker do the same.]

PP: And it's a slap that needs to be answered for.

[The Dogs are about to step into the ring when, with a slight smirk on his face, Alex Martinez bends down, reaching to pick up the microphone he just dropped.]

AM: Feel better now? Feel like ya got somethin' off your chest?

You want me to say it? Sure, I'll say it. Ya kicked my ass. And ya did it in a way that few people have ever done. Ya did it better than Jeff Matthews ever could. Ya did it better than Craven ever did.

Ya got somethin' over me, Dogs. Enjoy that for as long as ya can.

And maybe I oughta hook it up with you three again. Maybe, I oughta try and redeem myself after goin' down at SuperClash. But thing is? Big and bad as ya three are?

I ain't here for ya, and I ain't interested in ya either.

But...

[Martinez smirks slightly.]

AM: I figured ya might come out and try somethin' like this. So before I booked my flight and got on the plane, I made myself a phone call. Wanna know who I called?

There's a group of men out there. They ain't easy to get ahold of.

But if you've got a problem... if no one else can help...

[A decent-sized part of the crowd starts to cheer as Martinez grins.]

AM: ...and if you can find them, then you just might be able to hire...

[A pause, as the smirk on Martinez' face grows wider.]

AM: THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!!

[There's a decent-sized reaction for that as Perez looks around in confusion.]

BW: WHO?!

[The words that we just heard from Alex Martinez are heard over the PA system - the legendary introduction to the theme from the A-Team. As the music kicks in, the cheers pick up as Martinez steps out of the ring, walking up the ramp as the puzzled Dogs Of War step inside the ring.]

GM: Bucky, I'm surprised. You're usually so up to date on all the goings on in the wrestling world but you haven't heard of the Soldiers Of Fortune?

BW: WHO?!

[Gordon chuckles as the curtain parts and a camo-wearing trio bursts into view to cheers.]

GM: These men will be familiar to AWA viewers but as of late, they've really been making a name for themselves throughout the independent scene by wrestling as a group known as the Soldiers Of Fortune.

[The first one to step to the front is easily recognizable as former AWA competitor and current AWA office worker "Stars And Stripes" Clayton Shaw. Shaw has an American flag on a metal flagpole hanging over his camo-tanktop shoulder as he snaps to attention, speaking into a headset mic.]

CS: SECRETARY OF DEFENSE CLAYTON SHAW REPORTING FOR DUTY!

[Shaw chomps on an unlit cigar as the smallest man of the group steps up just behind him, snapping to attention. AWA fans will identify him as Jeff Jagger. He is in an army camo t-shirt with his last name stamped in bright white block letters across the chest. He's also wearing brown pants and camo boots.]

JJ: PRIVATE JEFF JAGGER REPORTING FOR DUTY!

[The biggest man of the group, a burly, barrel-chested man in an imposing physical presence. He stands about six foot five and creeps close to the three hundred pound mark. He maintains a military high-and-tight, is clean-shaven, and has brown eyes. Notable is his face, as he has a prominent nose and jaw that resembles John Wayne. His ring attire consists of camo fatigue pants and black combat boots, as well as taped hands and a single red, white, and blue elbow pad. He steps forward.]

?: CAPTAIN JOE FLINT REPORTING FOR DUTY!

[Isaiah Carpenter is pointing at the trio, obviously concerned at this surprise. We cut back to Shaw who grins.]

CS: I love it when a plan comes together.

[On cue, we see a fourth man, wearing a camo headband and trunks crawl out from under the ring. He pulls himself on the apron, scaling the turnbuckles...]

BW: IT'S SCOTTY MAYHEM! SCOTTY MAYHEM!

GM: That's General Mayhem to you!

[Mayhem leaps off his perch, slamming a double axehandle down to the back of the head of Isaiah Carpenter, sending him sailing towards the ropes, flipping over the top and crashing down on the ramp.]

GM: Ohh! General Mayhem connects and-

[Mayhem springs up, throwing an arm up in the air to cheers as Wade Walker charges him...

...and Mayhem low bridges him, pulling down the top rope and sending Walker sailing over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

[Pedro Perez rushes Mayhem, pulling him up and eating a stiff jab to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...

...before an overhead elbowsmash crashes down between the eyes, knocking Perez down to the canvas!]

GM: I'd say that the Soldiers Of Fortune have accepted the Open Challenge of the Dogs Of War!

BW: The Open... what?! No! This isn't a match! This is an ambush!

GM: Something that the Dogs Of War know plenty about, Bucky!

[Joe Flint and Jeff Jagger come marching down the aisle as Clayton Shaw follows them. Jagger pulls Carpenter up off the platform, joining with Flint in a double whip into the ropes outside the ring...

...and LAUNCHES him high into the air, sending him crashing down on the elevated wooden ramp with a double backdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHATTA MOVE OUT OF THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

BW: This isn't fair at all! This isn't- what the heck is this referee doing out here?!

GM: Davis Warren is-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Yes! The match is official! It's underway!

BW: What?! This is a sham - a travesty... a miscarriage of justice even!

[Clayton Shaw walks down the steel steps to the floor, taking his spot in the corner as Jagger and Flint take up positions on the ring apron and Mayhem pulls Perez up by the ear before pasting him with a right hand, sending Perez falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are - to date - undefeated in six man competition and you better believe that the Soldiers Of Fortune would love to change that here tonight.

[Grabbing an arm, Mayhem shoots Perez from corner to corner, bouncing him off the turnbuckles into a back elbow, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: With the exception of Joe Flint, who has been a major superstar here in Texas for quite some time, these three men are all familiar to AWA fans.

Scotty Mayhem, Jeff Jagger, and Clayton Shaw... the Secretary Of Defense himself.

BW: Joe Flint is... he's a former PCW Champion!

GM: He certainly is. He was one of the most popular competitors in PCW history and was one of the guys that the AWA wanted to bring here when they bought PCW but he decided to take some time off to raise his kids... but as of late, Joe Flint has been on the comeback trail and imagine what a spark that comeback would get if they win the six man tag here tonight!

[General Mayhem pulls Perez off the mat by the hair, dragging him back to the corner where he slaps the hand of Jeff Jagger.]

GM: Private Jagger in the ring...

[Pulling Perez out to the middle of the ropes, whipping him across. On the rebound, Jagger takes him down with a drop toehold as Mayhem bounces off the adjacent ropes, dropping an elbow down on the back of the head!]

GM: Nice doubleteam right there leaves Jagger in there with Perez.

[Jagger is all smiles as he pulls Perez off the mat.]

GM: This has to feel good for Jeff Jagger. I know that the young son of the AWA's Senior Official has been wanting to find his way back to the AWA for quite some time now and to be back inside this ring has to be a great moment for him...

[A knife-edge chop bounces off the chest of Perez, sending him falling back into the corner where Jagger slaps the hand of Joe Flint. A BIG cheer goes up from the Dallas crowd as the man known as "The Duke" steps into the ring.]

GM: Captain Joe Flint... The Duke... Captain USA... call 'im what you will but this moment - his debut inside an AWA ring - has been a long time in coming...

[The near-three hundred pounder rockets Perez across the ring...

...and throws himself into a shoulder tackle, knocking Perez flat with it to cheers!]

GM: Perez looks like he got hit by a tank!

[In the Dogs Of War corner, Carpenter and Walker finally have made their way up on the apron, shouting encouragement to Pedro Perez as Flint lifts him up, scooping him into the air, and slams him down.]

GM: Big slam by Flint!

[He pulls Perez up by the hair, scooping him up and slamming him down.]

GM: A second slam.

[The crowd cheers as Flint lifts him off the mat, hoisting him up a third time. He spins around, showing him off to the crowd before slamming him down a third time!]

GM: A third big slam by the Duke and Pedro Perez is reeling!

[Perez rolls from the ring, dropping to a knee out on the floor as Captain Joe Flint steps out on the apron, leaping off with a clubbing forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: And if you want to take the fight to the floor, Captain Joe Flint will oblige. He's a former United States Marine Corps wrestling champion so he's got that strong amateur background... but he was also trained for the ring by former World Champion Hamilton Graham himself, Bucky.

BW: A stain on Hamilton Graham's reputation for sure.

GM: I don't know about that now.

[Flint grabs a handful of Perez' hair, rifling him into the ring apron to cheers from the ringside crowd before shoving him back into the ring.]

GM: Flint puts Perez back in...

[As the big man from South Carolina pulls himself up on the apron, Isaiah Carpenter rushes him, throwing a right hand that Flint blocks...

...and then throws a right hand of his own, causing Carpenter to sail backwards, falling into the ringpost.]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Flint steps through the ropes...

...and Perez rushes in, leaping into a dropkick to the side of the head on Flint, sending him falling back through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Perez sends him down to the floor...

[A stunned Perez reaches up to slap the hand of Isaiah Carpenter who quickly steps up to the second rope...

...and leaps backwards, twisting around into a crossbody to take Flint off his feet!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF CARPENTER!

[Carpenter pushes up to his feet, throwing his arms up in the air as he stumbles back into the ring apron. The crowd is pouring jeers down on the

Dogs Of War as Carpenter drags Flint up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Carpenter puts Flint back in... up on the apron now...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Carpenter propels himself into a front somersault...

...and DROPS a leg down across Flint's chest!]

GM: Somersault legdrop from the outside in!

[Carpenter scrambles into a pin attempt, earning a two count before Flint powers out.]

GM: Two count only for Carpenter, dragging Flint up...

[He shoves Flint back into the corner, lunging into a one-handed chokehold on Captain USA.]

GM: Choke in the corner!

BW: You sure about that? Looks like a nerve pinch to me.

GM: Oh, I'm sure.

[Flint struggles for air as the referee forces Carpenter to step back...

...and Pedro Perez loops the tag rope around the throat, choking the air out of Flint!]

GM: Perez with a blatant breaking of the rules out on the apron!

[As the referee turns back around, Perez lets go, allowing Flint to slump out of the corner towards Carpenter who throws a hard backfist to the side of the jaw, knocking Flint down to a knee. Carpenter backs off, measuring him...]

GM: Ohh! Hard thrust kick to the side of the head puts him down!

BW: Flint may be regretting this comeback right about now, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Carpenter launches into a brutal series of stomps, holding the top rope as he stomps Flint into the mat. The referee backs him off as Wade Walker drops down, dragging Flint's upper body under the bottom rope.]

GM: Wade Walker getting involved now... and look at Carpenter here!

[With a shout, Carpenter hurdles over the top rope, swinging a forearm down into the throat of Flint!]



GM: OHHHH!

[Flint coughs violently, clutching at his throat as Carpenter grabs the nearby cameraman, pulling the lens towards him.]

"The Dogs Of War can beat any six man team! Any in the world! Bring 'em all in, AWA! Bring 'em from Japan... from Mexico... from Europe! Bring 'em all and we'll beat 'em all!"

[Carpenter shoves the cameraman away.]

BW: You heard 'em, Gordo. The Dogs Of War are ready for anyone and everyone in six man action.

GM: You gotta believe the Dogs Of War have their eyes set on Mexico this summer and Copa de Trios... this whole year may be about that night to them.

BW: I wouldn't doubt it, Gordo. They truly believe there is no six man tag team better than them... and if they can prove it on that night when the best trios in the world are coming to Mexico, they're going to do exactly that.

[Carpenter pulls himself up on the apron, moving towards the corner as Flint rolls back into the ring, still coughing as he pushes up to a knee.]

GM: Carpenter's heading up top again and- FLINT'S UP!

[The crowd roars as The Duke stumbles towards the corner and BLASTS Carpenter with a right hand, crotching him up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Flint caught him! He caught him going up top and-

[Reaching up, he pulls Carpenter down with a double handful of hair...

...and SWINGS him facefirst down into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! CARPENTER FACEPLANTS ON THE CANVAS!!

[Flint drops to a knee after the faceslam, breathing heavily as the roaring crowd cheers him on, imploring him to tag either General Mayhem or Private Jagger out on the apron. Out on the floor, Clayton Shaw is clapping his hands overhead in rhythm, getting the crowd roaring...]

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

[The chant seems to inspire Flint who pumps a fist, matching the rhythm of the crowd as he climbs to his feet, staggering across towards his corner as Carpenter slaps the hand of Pedro Perez.]

GM: Perez back in and-

[The crowd ROARS as Flint makes a diving tag!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES JEFF JAGGER!

[Jeff Jagger catches Perez coming in with a flurry of short chops. He boots him in the gut, hitting the ropes...]

GM: Running neckbreaker!

[Jagger applies a cover on Perez, earning a two count before Perez slips out. Private Jagger out of North Carolina climbs to his feet, booting Perez in the gut...]

GM: Jagger hooks him... and snaps him over with a hard suplex!

[Jagger climbs to his feet, marching to the corner and tagging in Scotty Mayhem.]

GM: General Mayhem with the tag... and swiftly to the top rope, standing tall with his arms to the sky...

[Mayhem leaps from the top, extending his leg...]

GM: JACKSONVILLE JAM CONNECTS!

[Mayhem flips over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Wade Walker is quickly in, smashing a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades of Mayhem to break the pin. The referee forces Walker back as Mayhem staggers up off the mat, pointing a threatening finger at the Dogs' corner.]

GM: Mayhem wants the- THERE HE GOES!

[Mayhem storms the other corner, showing off his hot temper with a leaping right hand to Wade Walker that stuns the big man. He wheels to smash an elbow into the skull of Carpenter, knocking him off the apron.]

GM: Mayhem's going to take 'em all on!

BW: That's the worst idea he's ever had, Gordo.

GM: Mayhem is all over Walker in the corner!

[The referee tries to extract Mayhem from his tieup with Walker, both men throwing bombs at this point as Pedro Perez kneecrawls into the picture, popping up off the mat...]

...and leaps up, hooking his hands around Mayhem's face and pulling him back onto his raised knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans at the high impact shot out of Perez...

...and then groans even louder as Isaiah Carpenter gets back on the apron, slingshotting over the topes, crashing down in a splash on the racked Mayhem!]

GM: OHHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

[Carpenter rolls out as Perez straightens up, slapping the hand of Wade Walker.]

GM: The tag is made to the big man...

[Walker steps in, pulling a dazed Mayhem off the mat, lifting him up effortlessly into powerbomb position as he backs into the corner...

...and then charges out, leaping up into a running sitout powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A running basement dropkick out of Jagger breaks up the pin...

...and brings in Pedro Perez, charging maniacally across the ring, going over the top rope with a clothesline that takes them both over the top, crashing down on the wooden ramp!]

GM: DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN! WHAT A DANGEROUS MOVE OUT OF PEREZ!

[Wade Walker climbs back to his feet, dragging Scotty Mayhem off the mat...

...when Mayhem lands a desperation haymaker, lunging backwards to tag his partner!]

GM: The tag is made! IN COMES THE DUKE!

[Captain Joe Flint comes in swiftly, greeting a stunned Wade Walker with a series of three big haymakers. He grabs Walker by the hair, swinging his right arm around and around, the crowd "OHHHHHHHHHHHHng" as he does...

...and then LANDS a devastating punch with the impact of a freight train, sending Walker falling back down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot out of Joe Flint!

[Flint pulls Walker off the mat by his muscular arm, powering him into the corner with an Irish whip, rushing in with a big clothesline!]

GM: HOWITZER CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS IN THE CORNER!

[He turns around, whipping him across again, charging in after him...]

GM: A SECOND ONE! CAPTAIN JOE FLINT ROCKS WADE WALKER!

BW: The Dogs are in trouble, Gordo! This match came out of nowhere, caught them completely by surprise, and they've yet to get on track!

GM: The secret to beating the Dogs Of War in my estimation is to isolate them - to take away their ability to work as a unit and so far that's exactly that has happened in this one!

BW: This is all Martinez' fault!

GM: A third whip... and Flint's unloading with the Heavy Artillery, coming in a third time...

[But Walker dives out of the way, causing Flint to hit the corner just as Carpenter grabs the top rope, swinging his right leg up to kick Flint flush in the face!]

GM: OHH!

[Walker rushes the ropes, building a head of steam as he rebounds back...

...and SPEARS the dazed Joe Flint!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR BY WADE WALKER!!

[Walker grabs the stunned Flint, crouching down to muscle the near three hundred pounder up into an electric chair lift as Carpenter steps up top...]

GM: What are they...?

[Carpenter leaps into the air, bringing his knee up into the skull of Flint, knocking him backwards as Walker falls back, driving him down into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Walker flips over, applying a two-handed press cover as Carpenter rushes across, throwing a single-legged dropkick to the face of Scotty Mayhem, knocking him off the apron as the referee counts to three.]

GM: Ahhh, the Dogs Of War win it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Walker pushes off of the downed Flint, climbing to his feet as "War Machine" begins to play again. Isaiah Carpenter is all smiles as he joins his partner in the middle of the ring, raising his arms as he points to Walker who is stoic as he stares out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: The Dogs Of War made the Open Challenge two weeks ago and the Soldiers Of Fortune accepted it here tonight. Unfortunately, this one didn't go quite the way that the Soldiers wanted it to go.

BW: "Unfortunately." Listen to yourself, Gordo. What kind of biased announcer are you?

GM: Well, I think we'd all like to see the Dogs Of War taken down a peg, Bucky.

BW: Speak for yourself. The Dogs Of War should be inspiring guys like Jagger and Mayhem.

GM: How do you figure that?

BW: Walker, Carpenter, and Perez were thrown aside by this company. They were told they weren't worth anything. They were told they'd never make it. And here they are, the most dominant six man tag team in the history of our sport, Gordo. They should be an inspiration to young talent who think they'll never break through.

GM: If it wasn't for their tactics, they might be but-

BW: But nothing. You heard Carpenter. Anyone the AWA wants to put in front of 'em, they'll knock 'em down... and I can't wait to see who's going to be next, Gordo.

GM: Fans, we'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

A white screen fills with a rising red sun. The sounds of "Bad Intentions" by Zomboy kicks in as a shot of Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion in a flowing red and white robe and matching sunglasses fills the screen. He points towards the camera, looking down over his tinted lenses as we break into a series of action shots.

Kenta Kitzukawa laying out a poor soul with a lariat that flips his opponent end over end before dumping them down to the canvas.

The face-painted War Pigs deliver their WMD finish, crushing their victim with the top rope clothesline into an inverted bulldog.

Yoshinari Taguchi lifting an opponent for a suplex, swinging them down so their legs hit the top rope, slingshotting them back up, and then dropping them down in an impactful Brainbuster.

The duo known as the Devil Dogs take to the sky with a doubleteam move - Koji Kawada sailing off the top with a frog splash as his partner, Sho Kanemoto comes right down after him with a Shooting Star Press.

Faces familiar to AWA fans - Violence Unlimited - fills the screen as Danny Morton holds up the Stampede Cup while Jackson Haynes shouts unheard threats at the camera.

We cut to a shot of VU in action as Haynes lifts an opponent for a powerbomb while Morton grabs the hair, swinging the victim down for even more impact before cutting to a shot of the Tiger Paw Pro logo. A voiceover sounds.]

“WRESSSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYYY!”

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro before we fade to black.

We open up from commercial to the interview area, where a loudly booing crowd is heaping scorn upon the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake. Lake is wearing a yellow ring jacket with purple trim, yellow trunks and boots with purple kneepads and monogramming. The tall rangy black man sports a round afro which is freshly cut and a mustache and beard. His beard is trimmed down a bit, so it's more pointy than conical and better groomed. Lake is yelling at the fans to shut up as "Sweet" Lou Blackwell starts the interview.]

LB: I can not believe this! Demetrius Lake, come on in here. I thought you said you had a crushed trachea!

[As Sweet Lou requests, Lake "comes on in"... right up in Lou's personal space with a mean glare. Lou wilts slightly under the King Of Wrestling's intimidating visage.]

DL: Are you tryin' to say I didn't?

LB: With all due respect, Lake, a crushed trachea is a life-threatening injury that kills most people within minutes and takes upwards of a year for a recovery. And even a recovery often leaves the victim far less than 100%. I did my homework on this, Lake.

DL: Then you flunked the class, Mr. TV Announcer, because you just didn't know that I am a superstar ath-e-lete. I am not like you, or these Mexas bums we got here in this crowd. My body is a fine tuned machine, and when the doctors saw how I aggressively rehabilitated my injury and recovered in record time, they signed the clearance papers right away. As a matter of fact, I intensified my rehab eleven days ago, and got the clearance on Thursday. That's why I am the ath-e-lete of the day, because I can do what you people can't. What you call a life-threatening injury is a minor obstacle for a man like me. The doctors said I was a medical marvel, the finest human specimen ever seen.

[The fans boo the blatant lies.]

LB: That's impossible.

DL: A superstar ath-e-lete does the impossible every day, but you wouldn't know that, TV Announcer. The only time you ever impressed anyone is when you went back for fifths at the Chinese buffet. I can assure you that if I had the same arm injury that Jack Lunch got, and justifiably so, from Supreme Wright, I would have been back in action three days ago because of my rigorous training instead of goldbricking like that bum. But now I am back, and it's time for me to get my shot at the World Heavyweight Championship. But first, since the man was victorious in Steal the Spotlight, Johnny Detson has to get his shot as is only fair, and Supreme Wright should get his rematch, as is only fair. Now, it's lookin' like Wright might bide his time, as a true confident champion he knows that he could take that belt from Ryan Marktinez at any time...

LB: Why do you call him Marktinez? What does that mean?

DL: It means he's a marked man, TV Announcer. Detson will get him, or Wright will get him, or Temple will get him, or I will get him. Either way, he'll be got, no question about it. But first, I'll set back and set myself up as it seems that some people just don't get the picture. I see that you got somethin' for me, Mr. TV Announcer. Why don't you show that to the TV camera?

[Blackwell reaches off-screen and is handed a plaque by a technician. He seems leery of doing this, as he is clearly concerned about how Lake will react, but goes ahead and shows it off. It is the AWA Year-End Award for the Most Hated Wrestler.]

LB: I don't mind telling you, Demetrius Lake, I'm not sure how you're going to take this. But the AWA Galaxy, if you will, has voted you the 2014 Most Hated Wrestler.

[Lake smirks as he takes the plaque. The crowd cheers a bit as to them, this is an insult towards Lake. The King seems to see it differently, based on his body language.]

DL: But you know what this really is, TV Announcer? What this plaque really means?

LB: Go on and enlighten me.

DL: It shouldn't read Most Hated. It should read Most Envied.

[BOOOOO!]

DL: SHADDAP! That's what it is, the Most Envied Man In Wrestling. Take a long look at me, TV Announcer and all you fans watchin' on national television. Six-nine. Three hundred seventeen pounds of muscle, and speed, and every athletic gift that God had to give. I am the greatest

athlete in wrestling, trained by the best wrestler in wrestling history, and the crowned King Of Professional Wrestling. And since wrestling is the Sport Of Kings, that makes me the King Of All Sports. So of course the AWA fans are jealous. I know that these Mexas fans all turn green with envy when I walk down the aisle. I am the man they wish they could be, but they can't never be me.

Young. Strong. Agile. Vigorous. You know who ain't none of those things no more? Dave Cryant.

[BOOOOOOO!]

DL: He came out here two weeks ago when I was still hurt, and took advantage.

LB: Still hurt?! He made you scream!

DL: Of course I screamed, TV Announcer! Let me put you in that Rusty Crab and see if you don't scream! I admit it. When Dave Cryant sucker punched me with the microphone and dazed me to get that ol' Rusty Crab on, what with my trachea injury slowing my reflexes like it did, it was a tremendous amount of pain. The adrenaline flowed inside and when that happens, people do the impossible. Women can lift cars offa babies when the adrenaline gets flowin'. So yellin' out ain't all that surprising. If he hadn't let go when he did, I would have used that adrenaline to bust right out of there.

But I knew I was hurt. That yelling just hurt the injury more, which is why I stepped up my rehab so I can get in the ring with Dave Cryant. You know why he did that. You know it is because he, like all these bums here in Dallas, is jealous of the King. He knows that the sands are runnin' out of the hourglass. He can feel his power oozin' on out through the wrinkles in his skin. Now, a super ath-e-lete like myself wouldn't need to worry about losin' anything for ten years past where Dave Cryant is. But the man is rebellin' against Father Time. And Father Time remains undefeated, even though Hamilton Graham busted both his eyebrows open and took him to the time limit draw.

LB: You're saying he attacked you out of jealousy? What was he jealous of?!

DL: He is jealous because he looks at me and sees a man with the whole world in front of him. In my hands. While it's all behind him. He was a World Champion and one of the best, no doubt about it. I take nothing away from the man and what he accomplished. But he's angry about bein' overlooked?

Why do you think everybody overlooked you?

[BOOOOO!]

DL: It's because we all see the elephant in the room, Dave Cryant. The elephant in the room is that you feel that tug of old age startin' to wear you



out. And you still have, I'd say, ninety percent. Maybe as much as ninety-two, ninety-three. But you need a hundred fifty to beat The King Of Professional Wrestling. And after what you did to me when I was hurt, like a coward, I will slap twenty-five percent right off the side of your face!

[Lake pantomimes slapping someone in the face as the fans jeer this affirmation.]

DL: WHAP! I'll flatten out half your wrinkles and the other half'll double in depth. You'll look like you used a waffle iron as a pillow. And then you'll realize that you shoulda hung on like you were and took the slow decent. Age gracefully. Let the new generation have their day, and pick up them paychecks. But no, you're gonna get your arms tired out tryin' to punch out fate. As a man once said, there's always some fool tryin' to skate uphill. I thought you were wiser than that, Dave Cryant, I really did. But I guess wisdom don't necessarily come with age, does it?

LB: I can't believe that, Demetrius Lake. Dave Bryant was the World Heavyweight Champion less than six months ago!

DL: It might as well have been six years ago. He don't deserve a rematch. I used to respect that man, but to come at me and try to embarrass me out of jealousy? I will whup him in center ring, I will slap him directly in the face to show my disdain for him, and I will pin him in front of the world to prove to all the dummies like yourself, TV Announcer, and all these Mexan inbred fans, that I am the King Of Wrestling and the World Heavyweight Champion to-be. No doubt about it.

LB: I see that tonight you have a handicap match. Is that to prove your championship credentials?

DL: No, no. I wanted two men to warm up on because one man is not enough. I give Dave Bryant the credit that even at ninety percent, he is not a man you just go in with when you have any ring rust. I am not like the bums you're used to around these parts who don't need to maintain themselves because they're slobes to begin with. A fine tuned athlete must be in top form to maximize their potential. I was hopin' for a warm up match of Bobby No Honor and Travesty Lunch, so I could whup them in a handicap match to warm up for Dave Cryant, but Supreme Wright assured me that he was going to rid the world of those two egg-suckin' dogs.

LB: Oh, I'm sure that's what happened.

DL: That is EXACTLY what happened. Don't you get that tone with me, TV Announcer. Maybe I'll get you in there tonight with these other two bums and I'll be like Fox Network was for every Thursday of the past decade: goin' up against Two And A Half Men.

LB: I'll pass on that.

DL: All you need to pass is that microphone over to me and walk away the next time, Mr. TV Announcer. You're what Dave Cryant is scared to become. Once you're off the screen, nobody misses you.

LB: Hey!

DL: It's a sad irony, TV Announcer... that day'll come sooner because he thought he'd get in the face of the Most Envied Man In Wrestling.

[Lake taps the plaque and again displays it to the camera.]

DL: And I know you didn't get a vote, Cryant, because right about now, knowing you have to face the King... nobody envies you.

[Lake peels back and starts walking down the aisle as "Mack The Knife" starts playing over the PA.]

LB: I can't believe the things that this man says with a straight face! Gordon, back to you.

[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. A similar glare is found on Lake's face in the foreground as he makes his way down the elevated aisle of the Crockett Coliseum. 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. The fans are booing about as loudly as they can.]

BW: Who does Lou Blackwell think he is, Jason Dane? Throw it to the host of the show, dummy! Me!

GM: Be that as it may, this capacity crowd bitterly hates Demetrius Lake. And I can see why he won the Most Hated Wrestler Of The Year award. He started a full-fledged riot in Denton last year, and came close to doing the same in a number of other locales.

BW: By that standard, Ryan Martinez should be the TIME Magazine Most Hated Man Of The Decade winner. But I agree with the King. Anyone who bothers to actively hate you and send that in on a poll is obviously jealous. Jealousy is the only real reason to hate someone.

GM: So you're jealous of Cesar Hernandez?

BW: Let me rephrase that. Jealousy is the only real reason to hate someone you've never met.

[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 opponents, who are already there. They are two very small men with mid length blonde hair, pasty white skin, and

jorts. They have yellowish-tan work boots with pulled-up athletic socks (with blue stripes). The music dies down, and Phil Watson begins the introduction.]

PW: The following contest is a handicap match, set for one fall and a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, the tag team to my right... from Anderson, South Carolina... at a total combined weight of three-hundred eighty pounds... ANDY AND WILL, THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[There are cheers for the Blue Brothers, in the hopes that they can pull the upset due to the numbers.]

PW: And their opponent... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... he is the King Of Professional Wrestling... "THE BLACK TIGER"... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake, still in his jacket, raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped. His right hand is still clutching his plaque. He shows it around proudly, loudly telling the fans that it means they are all jealous of him and they admit it.]

GM: This man was indeed embarrassed two weeks ago by the former Heavyweight Champion Of The World, Dave Bryant, and he feels the need to beat two men to get some of his reputation back.

BW: Reputation? Gordo, he was not only gruesomely injured, but still had to be cheated by bad refereeing at SuperClash ! And then while still injured, he was ambushed and hit with a foreign object two weeks ago. What exactly is missing from the King's reputation?

GM: You expect me to believe that he suffered a crushed trachea on Thanksgiving, had it for two months, and then after the last Saturday Night Wrestling suddenly healed?

BW: What, are you a doctor now?

GM: The Blue Brothers attacking!

[As Lake takes off his ring jacket, the Blue Brothers run across the ring and nail him from behind with a jumping axehandle/running headbutt to the back. He staggers into the ropes and referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the bell.]

BW: Yet another cheap shot! Everyone is jealous of the King and everybody resorts to cheap shots with him!

GM: You have got to be kidding. The Blue Brothers are both hammering away the best they can... OH! Lake with a huge jumping forearm to crush Andy Blue right to the mat! And a knee to Will Blue staggers him for a scoop and a slam.

BW: Now this is a real man. One guy wasn't enough for him, Gordo. Taking on two at once is the sign of a legend.

GM: Considering WHICH two he chose, Bucky, it just shows me that he's adept at smoke and mirrors. The Blue Brothers have courage, but are still two undersized young men who want to be wrestlers but who don't know how. Their only win that I recall was due to outside interference. You have to have a bare minimum of ability to be able to deal with a man like Demetrius Lake, no matter how many of you there are. This is still a mismatch and Lake knows it. He just wanted to be able to brag about beating two men.

[While Gordon calls out Lake's misdirection tactic, the "Black Tiger" hoists up Andy Blue and throws him out of the ring violently. Having isolated Will, the man from Kansas City backs him up into a corner, and sends him skyward with a huuuuge hip toss. The one-hundred eighty-one pounder goes soaring through the air, crashing to the mat, and skidding into the opposite corner. Lake then marches around the ring telling the heavily jeering crowd to shaddap and pay respect.]

BW: You sure go out of your way to put down Demetrius Lake, Gordo. I thought TV Announcers were supposed to build up hype for wrestlers. That's what you tell me whenever I tell the truth about a guy and you don't like it. So do as I say and not as I do... I see how you are.

GM: You and Lake went to the same school for propaganda, didn't you?

[Lake kicks Andy in the face as he tries to get back in, sending the poor kid back out. He then gathers up Will, bends him back in the corner, and administers a loud front chop to the chest. He repeats the process before Longfellow can get him back. This makes Lake back off, and while Longfellow checks on Will, Lake dips into his trunks for a foreign object. The crowd wildly protests.]

BW: The King adjusting his waistband.

GM: He's going for a foreign object to load up his thumb, and you know it! He's destroying these two, and still feels a need to do this! I know that you'll just say "he doesn't need to but he wants to", Bucky... either way, this is appalling. What kind of human being does this?!

[As Lake gets the thumb loaded up, Andy Blue rushes him from behind and lands a pretty good kick to the spine. Lake drops to his knees, and yells for Longfellow. The referee goes to Andy and admonishes him... this isn't a handicap tornado match. That lets the "Black Tiger" go right for Will and jam him in the throat with the foreign object to the boos of the fans.]

BW: These are karate nerve thrusts, for your information!

[The Tiger shields his left hand from Longfellow as Longfellow returns, and chokes Will with his boot on the mat. After Longfellow applies a count, Lake

breaks, and backs off of Will while Longfellow checks him. That lets him walk right up to Andy and jam him in the throat with the loaded thumb as well!]

BW: KIIII-YAH!

GM: WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?! Andy Blue is not the legal man!

BW: He's already backjumped the King twice. Demetrius made sure he wouldn't do it again.

GM: Lake drags Andy Blue in the ring... oh, bro-THER.

[After pulling in Andy, Lake backs away. Longfellow turns around to see Andy Blue in the ring, and runs over to get him out... which lets Lake get Will in the throat with the weapon AGAIN. The fans are irate and throwing things.]

BW: Ha ha ha ha... this is great. I almost feel bad for Longfellow.

GM: For what, missing these alleged perfectly legal karate thrusts?

BW: I'm glad you agree with me, Gordo.

[And it worked so well the first time, Lake does it again. This time, he boots Will out onto the apron and starts choking him with the bottom rope. Longfellow comes over, counts Lake off of Blue, and then puts a count on Will to get back in the ring. To the surprise of approximately zero people, Lake goes over and nails Andy in the throat with the weaponized thumb again, and drags him in the ring again.]

GM: This is getting ridiculous.

BW: This is getting hilarious.

GM: Lake toying with everyone here.

[Lake pulls up Andy, grabs his arm, and wraps it around his own head. He then yells for the referee and pretends that Andy has him in a side headlock. Longfellow rushes over to get Andy off of him, and Lake "counters" with a back suplex so that Longfellow won't notice that Andy is in too much pain and lost breath to be headlocking people. Dutifully, Longfellow gets Andy out of the ring while Lake goes and jams Will in the throat with the foreign object once more.]

BW: This is why he is the King Of Professional Wrestling. Demetrius Lake has everyone in the palm of his hand without even trying. And then, on top of that, his size, strength, agility, conditioning, and everything else.

GM: But you're not going to do this to Dave Bryant, Bucky.

BW: Why not?

GM: Why not?! Bryant is as wily and dangerous as they come. He's got natural god-given talent that you only see in the rarest of people. He's a multiple time World Champion, former World Television Champion, and has a laundry list of championships and accolades a mile long. He will not fall for this kind of manipulation. It has been tried, and failed.

[Finally, Lake stows the foreign object, drags Will into the ring, and throws him into his own corner so he can tag in Andy. Andy Blue enters, hurting from the previous onslaught and holding his throat with one hand. This leaves him easy prey for a clubbing clothesline to the head, from the same side as his arm is holding his throat... a blow he can't defend.]

BW: But you're forgetting something.

GM: What's that?

BW: The size, strength, agility, conditioning, and everything else I talked about. Dave Bryant has lost a step. You know it, I know it, and the world knows it. I think SuperClash showed Brad Jacobs take some of it right out of Bryant. Lake's gonna take even more, daddy. And Lake won't fall for any of Bryant's tricks, either.

[Meanwhile, Lake picks up Andy, backs into the opposite corner, and delivers a backbreaker. He holds him on the knee, stands with him, and repeats while taking a big step forward. He does so again, and walks across the ring with repeated punishing backbreakers, crunching poor Andy Blue with each step. The crowd can see that he's just torturing these poor kids now, and they loudly boo and chant:]

Crowd: NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS!  
NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS!x

[This gets under the King's skin, and he drops Andy before finishing the sequence of going corner to corner so he can yell at them. He storms around the ring, holding his ears and shouting.]

GM: Demetrius Lake despises that chant, Bucky. He can make all the excuses in the world. Deep inside, HE knows what he did at SuperClash, and it is killing him.

BW: Which is why I wouldn't want to be Dave Bryant right now. And why Dave Bryant didn't think this through. He thinks Lake demanded a title shot because of a sense of entitlement? Gordo, Lake can't get back at Jack Lynch for what happened at SuperClash, but you know what he can do? He can erase the specter of allegedly quitting from his own heart. And the World Heavyweight Title will do that. That title washes your regrets away clean. Bryant shouldn't WANT to be in Lake's way. But now he is, and he embarrassed and humiliated him on top of that.

GM: And speaking of Jack Lynch, I notice that Lake had no desire to talk about winning the Feud Of The Year as well.

BW: No one should comment on that.

GM: I see.

[Lake stomps to the Blue corner and lobs Will Blue over the top rope like he was throwing a grenade. Lake is now clearly very angry as he sends Will off the ropes, and thumps him in the forehead with a devastating big boot!]

GM: Regardless of Lake's humiliation at the hands of Jack Lynch and Dave Bryant, that does not justify the illegal tactics and ruthless brutality we're seeing here, and that we will no doubt see when Demetrius Lake steps into the ring with Dave Bryant. Lake now savagely attacking both men, either of whom can easily be pinned right now. The "Black Tiger" has Andy Blue up now... AND BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEXES HIM ONTO HIS OWN PARTNER!

BW: And you gotta think, that's near five hundred pounds coming down on Will Blue. That's almost a full Oni. He's done, daddy.

GM: He was done already, and Lake isn't finished! Going up to the top turnbuckle! No man of his size moves like this, save maybe Willie Hammer.

BW: And here it comes... \_BIG CAT POUNCE\_!

GM: Lake smashing both Blue Brothers, and it's ov... why is he not going for a pin?!

BW: Because of these stupid fans!

Crowd: NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS! NO MAS!

GM: The self-professed King is being whipped up into a frenzy by the crowd! He's not pinning anyone after his finishing move, but is just beating on these men! Clubbing forearm blows to the face of Andy Blue as he lays atop his brother.

BW: Blame the fans, daddy. They wanna call Lake a quitter? I don't see him quittin' now, do you?

GM: He needs to stop before he maims somebody!

[Apparently, Ricky Longfellow comes to that conclusion, and rebels in a subtle way. As Lake drops to his hands in order to drive repeated kneedrops into Will Blue, Longfellow drops down and makes a pin count since the King is hovering over his man and making periodic contact with the knee. He counts the three quickly and rings the bell. Lake looks up at Longfellow in annoyance, but then decides that it isn't worth his disdain and spits on Will instead.]

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

BW: Well, that's one way to do it. I guess technically that can be thought of as a pin.

GM: Ricky Longfellow with a good decision for the well-being of these young men. Demetrius Lake will boast about dominating a handicap match, but he chose very easy competition, and I don't know how that is supposed to prepare him for the likes of Dave Bryant.

BW: It's a warm up, daddy, and it looked to me like the King was just gettin' warmed up.

GM: Let's get the official word.

PW: The winner of the match... the King Of Professional Wrestling... "BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Boos resound throughout the Crockett Colosseum as lake stands with both hands in the air. He waggles his index finger at the camera in warning. "That'll be you, Dave Cryant!", he proclaims as "Mack The Knife" starts anew.]

GM: Highly unlikely.

BW: I'll say this, though. Whoever wins between Bryant and Lake has to get a title shot, right?

GM: I would say so, though Bryant shouldn't need to clear any obstacles. Should he do so, however, it would be impossible to deny him any longer. And I daresay, after what we saw two weeks ago, it would not be in Lake's best interest to be caught in the Iron Crab again. That hold seemed very effective on him.

BW: As it is on everyone. But the trick is doin' it when you're not cheapshotting a man with a weapon.

GM: Lake just spent a huge chunk of that match cheapshotting two men with a weapon.

BW: Prove it.

GM: \*sigh\* Fans, let's go over to Colt Patterson at the interview platform.

[Gordon's disappointment gives way to Colt Patterson's enthusiasm as he stands on the platform, mic in hand, a grin on his face.]

CP: Right now, coming out to talk with me is the first man to qualify for the Brass Ring Tournament and someone you'd have to say is a favorite. "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, come on out here!

[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.]



#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#

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll walks out to the interview platform, dressed in pressed grey pants, shiny black wing tip shoes and a long sleeved royal blue shirt, left open at the collar to show off a gold chain. Driscoll makes a point to show his Rolex to the camera, then brushes his hair back as he steps onto the interview platform. A handshake turns into a manly bro hug with Patterson, and then Driscoll holds his hands up as the music dies down.]

CP: Rob Driscoll, the man of the hour, we're two weeks out from the Brass Ring Tournament.

RD: You got that right, buddy. And you're looking at the odds on favorite to win the Brass Ring Tournament. The horse you put your money on, the hand you go all in on, The Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling. The diamond that shines like NO other.

Rob Driscoll, live and in color, setting foot in the Crockett Coliseum for the last time as a civilian. Y'see, the next time I set foot in this rat trap, you all are in for a treat, probably one you don't deserve.

[Patterson chuckles as the fans boo.]

RD: Because the next time Rob Driscoll sets foot in the Crockett Coliseum, it's a proving ground. It's time to walk the walk, after all this time of talking the talk. The Brass Ring Tournament. The AWA National Title. It is the hot topic of our sport. Everybody wants to be in it, and everybody wants to win it.

Calisto Dufresne, former National champion, he wants the gold back.

Juan Vasquez came down off the mountain top, set the stone tablet down and said he wants to wear that gold one more time.

Supernova couldn't win it then, and he can't win it now, so he folded up shop and left. Next thing you know, Stevie Scott will be throwing his name in the hat, old man Broussard will try to make a run at it, and I have it on good authority that Ron Houston went on break from his job at the Taco Bell drive through line in Omaha, just to make a call and see if he could get in the tournament.

Well sorry boys, but the brackets are closed, and there can only be one winner. And you ALLLLL are in for a treat. Because in two weeks' time, right here in the Crockett Coliseum, the best professional wrestler walking today will put on an exhibition for the ages. If ya wanna take notes, Derrick Williams, the class will be free of charge.

If ya wanna see how a real man does it, Frankie Farelli, lock up your lady or better still, leave her home. Because when the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling wins three matches in one night, when he walks the walk and talks the talk, when he laces up the tassled boots and fastens the AWA National title around his waist, she ain't gonna wanna hang around with the JV. She's gonna wanna graduate to the varsity, and brother, you're looking at the captain of the team.

[Driscoll points at himself and laughs.]

RD: The bottom line is, whoever it may be, Brad Jacobs, Hercules Hammonds, even Farelli and Chip Williams. All great athletes in your own right. All guys who could lay their claim as a notch above the rest, and could probably win this tournament if I wasn't in it.

But if your name is across from mine and ya get the butterflies, don't feel bad.

[Driscoll smirks at the camera.]

RD: Who could blame ya? You gotta wrestle the man who sets the standard in professional wrestling today. You gotta wrestle THE elite athlete in our sport today, the man who's been a million places and ROCKED 'em all. You name it, I've been there. You name it, I shut it down. You name it, I lit it up. Everywhere I've gone I have left my mark like a wolf, and the one proving ground left is the AWA.

Maybe the stars aligned, maybe the Irish eyes are smiling, or maybe things happen for a reason. But I have led this race EVERY step of the way, I have led at the quarter pole, I led at the half mile marker and now the one true stud of professional wrestling is headed to the finish.

Fellas, I hope the consolation prizes and the class participation trophy makes ya feel good, because you're all wrestling for second place. I saw it, I wanted it and dammit I WILL grab the Brass Ring in two weeks' time, I WILL etch my name on the list of great AWA National champions and show ya ALLLL how it's done, with the class and style that ONLY I bring to the dance.

[Patterson nods with pride as Driscoll continues.]

RD: It's a cliché in wrestling, everyone always claims to be the future, and I say let the others worry about the future.

"Diamond" Rob Driscoll is the here and the now, and in two weeks' time the sky is the limit. To win that tournament, to claim that title, to take my place on the list of the great men to hold that belt, and to erase 'em all in one night, it's everything a man could ever want. The old saying is that the title doesn't make the man, but the man makes the title.

And this man, right here-

[Thumb hook.]

RD: -is going to take that title to a place it's never been before.

Because I'm not just grabbing that Brass Ring, I'm not just winning that gold belt and I'm not just leaving with the girl. In two weeks' time, I'm gonna make history and change the landscape of our great sport, all in one night. I'm gonna show EVERRRYBODY how it's done, and show ya what a real Power Player looks like.

The power is gonna shift. The game is about to change!

And the pleasure will be all yours.

[Driscoll leaves as the fans shower him with boos, and Patterson applauds.]

CP: When you have that man in your interview, there ain't much else to say. Stegglet, take it away!

[We open backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Michael Weaver and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. Weaver is wearing a dark blue AWA logo t-shirt over his usual tan singlet, while O'Connor is wearing a green and white flannel shirt and faded blue jeans.]

MS: Thanks, Colt. Michael, tonight you have a big test in one Alex Martin. You know he will be looking to make a big statement for Supreme Wright and Team Supreme as a whole.

MW: That's absolutely correct, Mark. He will no doubt be trying to make an example of me. That's on my mind, but it is not my mindset or my game plan. I know I got into this mess myself with a steel chair in my hands, but I am not in a gang or the army. I am a professional wrestler, and I am out here to compete and win... not to take anyone out of competition to help win some war.

MS: You must know that if things don't go their way, however, that Team Supreme is likely to get involved.

MW: Absolutely. Which is why I will not be alone.

[Weaver nods at O'Connor, who begins to speak.]

BOC: That's right, Mister Stegglet. I never asked Mike to get involved in this, but I'm glad he did. This is not his style, anyone that's ever met him knows that much.

MW: Bobby helped me out not long ago when I was in a bad situation with Lake, and I knew I owed him one when I saw everything happening last time around. But Bobby is right, I am not as fiery tempered as a lot of the other guys around here.

[Weaver nods at O'Connor.]

MW: But that doesn't mean I won't step up for a friend when the time is right.

Alex Martin, I would not even for a second think that I am going to have an easy time of it tonight. Your credentials, learning at the feet of Supreme Wright... well, they speak for themselves. I hope you give me that very same respect, as a fellow athlete in the very beginning of your pro career. You have an incredible teacher... but I have the Weaverlock, passed down to me from my father. Some people say it is the most devastating sleeper hold this sport has seen.

[Weaver nods.]

MW: I guess we'll find out the truth of that tonight.

[Weaver nods calmly at Stegglet as he and O'Connor walk off.]

MS: Two young men with a ton of prove here tonight, only time will tell who walks away with the bragging rights. And that'll happen right after this quick break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

...we fade back up to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! Earlier tonight, we heard a challenge from Michael Weaver, calling out any member of Team Supreme. Young Alex Martin answered the challenge, Bucky, setting up a big confrontation.

BW: Really, Gordo? Really?

GM: Since you saw it all happen, I take it you're expressing disinterest rather than asking if it really happened.

BW: Oh, no, not disinterest. But Michael Weaver ain't done nothin'. He's a preliminary wrestler. It just happens he's Pat Weaver's kid and grew up with Bobby O'Connor and some of the Lynch brats. He's a nobody hanger-on.

Maybe they were all equals when they were kids, but Weaver fell into the short end of the gene pool when it comes to athleticism. Alex Martin is six-seven, an athlete, and is being trained by Supreme Wright himself. Not much of a challenge.

GM: Bucky, Michael Weaver has racked up several victories on house shows since we returned from the break. Just seven days ago in Houston, he used the Weaverlock to put away the veteran Mister Sadisuto. And two days before, he got a similar win in Corpus Christi against "Anarchist" Matt Rogers.

BW: Who beat him the next night in a return bout in Galveston. Yeah, yeah, he's gotten better, but still. He's jumpin' on Team Supreme now, daddy. That's like wading in the kiddie pool one day and jumping off the cliffs in Fiji the next. Just you watch.

GM: And you know that Bobby O'Connor, Jack Lynch, and Ryan Martinez will be watching and pulling for...

BW: Ryan Martinez doesn't have any friends. Supreme Wright is wastin' his time if he's trying to hurt Ryan Martinez. I'm not gonna tell him that though; I think what he's doing is great! A public service. He'll win Most Inspirational this year in a landslide.

GM: \*sigh\* Let's go to the ring.

[We see that Michael Weaver and "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor are already in the ring, and the fans are cheering quite loudly. Naturally, the more popular O'Connor is drawing most of the cheers, but still, it is a much bigger reaction than most preliminary wrestlers get. Weaver is rotating his shoulder blades to limber up for the upcoming match. The Missouri native 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.]

GM: Fans, as you can see, Michael Weaver is as ready as can be tonight... but while we were taking a commercial break the cameras were rolling backstage--

BW: Which you saw if you have the AWA All-Access App!

GM: Indeed, but for our fans that don't...

BW: Can you believe Blackwell has a hotline in this day and age? When there's already an app that the WORLD is on?

GM: ...let's roll that footage!

[Cut backstage moments ago, where Weaver and O'Connor are walking down the hallway on their way to the entranceway.]

BOC: Excuse me.

[When Bobby comes face to face with "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, walking back from the ring. Driscoll stops in his tracks and sneers at O'Connor, then turns to Weaver and speaks.]

RD: Tell your chaperone to watch where he's going next time. These shoes cost more than your old man's hospital bills.

[With a laugh, Driscoll continues on his way as O'Connor lunges for him with a swing of his fist.]

MW: Now's not the time, Bobby.

[O'Connor balls his hands into fists, taking a deep breath.]

BOC: You're right, Mike. One battle at a time. Let's go.

[We cut back up to the ring, as Phil Watson and head referee Johnny Jagger are both just now entering.]

GM: What an attitude Rob Driscoll has! He had nothing to do with what O'Connor and Weaver were doing, but just had to run his mouth.

BW: That's a winner's attitude. Back down from nobody, jack.

[\*DING\*]

PW: The following special challenge match is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit!

Introducing first, already in the ring... seconded by "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor...

[A loud cheer is elicited there.]

PW: ...from Joplin, Missouri... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds...  
MICHAEL WEAVER!

[The fans cheer for Weaver, and then the opening to "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy plays over the PA...]

#Some legends are told...

#Some turn to dust or to gold...

#YOU WILL REMEMBER MEEEEEEEE... FOR CENTURRRRIIIIIIEEEEEES!

[At this point, members of Team Supreme begin to file through the curtain to the boos of the crowd. They form a line on each side of the aisle, about five long, and then two men step through the curtain. Alex Martin throws the curtains aside, stepping through with Matt Lance right behind him.]



Tall, lanky and muscular, but still growing into his own body, Martin is a babyfaced, handsome kid that doesn't have that battle hardened or weary look of most ring veterans. His black hair is cut into the style of a faded fauxhawk, making him the type of guy that the girls of tumblr would drool all over. He wears the signature red and black tracksuit of Team Supreme. As he strides down the aisle with exuberant confidence, Lance slaps him on the chest and pumps him up with words of encouragement, telling him that he will "destroy this guy". The crowd boos them the whole way down.]

GM: There is Alex Martin, ready for his first televised matchup. At least, he'd better be. I cannot imagine that Supreme Wright will tolerate failure.

BW: I can't imagine him failing. Supreme Wright would never let this happen if Martin wasn't ready.

GM: If Wright cared so deeply, I would think that he'd be here. Cain Jackson's absence is understandable, given his own priority on the Brass Ring. But Wright's name and reputation as a trainer are about to be tested.

BW: Which is why he has all the confidence in the world, Gordo.

[Martin does the intimidating step over the top rope, wincing as maybe he is not quite tall enough to do that comfortably. Lance climbs in after him, and starts demanding that the fans cheer his running buddy as Martin thrusts a defiant fist up in the air. He then proceeds to tell anyone who will listen that he will annihilate Michael Weaver... particularly Weaver himself. Weaver's facial expression is a quirked eyebrow and complete unimpressed stoicism. His arms cross like a parent listening to the excuses of a wayward child.]

GM: At least his partner is confident. And in all fairness, if Supreme Wright is half as good as a trainer as he is a wrestler, Alex Martin can have all the assurance in the world of a fine career. I just question whether Wright has the priorities to be an effective trainer.

BW: Gordo, the man lives, eats, sleeps, and breathes wrestling! How can you even say that?

GM: That's not the priority I mean. He is entirely self-absorbed, Bucky. He spends every minute of every day focusing on how HE can be the best and regain the title. To be a good trainer, you have to prioritize the development of others. I'm not convinced Wright does that. I'm not convinced that he doesn't keep his Team around strictly for his own benefit, and not about theirs.

BW: Then Alex Martin'll have to show you different. You'll see.

PW: His opponent, now in the ring... accompanied by, and a member of, Team Supreme... from Dallas, Texas... weighing two-hundred forty-five pounds... ALEX MARTIN!

[Martin jumps up and down, pumping his arms. He intentionally/inadvertently brushes by O'Connor, who clenches a fist in case he tries something.]

GM: Martin may want to watch that. Weaver has brought some backup!

BW: That's not fair! There's no team there! Weaver's not on Team O'Connor, or Team Lynch, or Team Anything!

[Weaver throws some shadow punches and stretches a bit, focused on the match at hand, keeping a wary eye on Martin and Lance. Martin and Lance are pointing O'Connor out to referee Johnny Jagger and demanding that he be ejected for lack of a manager's license. Jagger asks Lance for his manager's license, and Lance frantically points to the Team Supreme logo on his jumpsuit. Bobby shouts that he's willing to leave if everyone else at ringside does, and Lance kicks the ropes angrily.]

GM: It looks like Martin will have to decide whether to lose his entourage, or risk Bobby O'Connor at ringside. There are ten young athletes allegedly from Team Supreme here.

BW: "Allegedly"?

GM: Bucky, I have no idea who any of these people are. I have no confirmation that Supreme Wright trains so many people.

BW: Are you calling Supreme Wright a liar, Gordo? Or saying that he was wrong?

GM: I am saying that I don't know! Be that as it may, the music is done, and Jagger is checking Alex Martin... oh, dear.

[Jagger finds a foreign object on Martin's person pretty easily. Martin and Lance immediately start begging Jagger not to disqualify Martin. We can hear Martin say "I thought I left that in my OTHER trunks!" as Jagger slowly shakes his head. If you can read lips, you can see him mouth one word in resignation: "Rookies."]

BW: Man, that's embarrassing. I hated when guys I managed misplaced things and forgot they were in their trunks. Then the ref would think they were cheating. So I really empathize with Alex Martin right here.

GM: I am sure you do. Jagger now checking Weaver... oh!

[As Jagger lifts Weaver's foot, Martin dashes over and uses his huge reach advantage to pop him in the face. Jagger calls for the bell as Martin goes on the attack.]

GM: CHEAP SHOT!

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

BW: That's how ya do it. When your opponent gives you an opening, pounce!

GM: That was not an opening given by an opponent, and you know it. Martin kicking away at Weaver. Roughhouse tactics by the Texan, though to be honest, he does not sound Texan to me, Bucky.

BW: It figures that Martin is dominating the match and you want to do a vocal analysis. Big right hand and Weaver is down!

GM: Alex Martin resorting to fisticuffs early against Weaver, who is a relatively complete wrestler as far as his skills go. It may be a good move considering Martin's athletic gifts. Choking Weaver with his boot now, but Johnny Jagger won't put up with that.

BW: He also has a big reach edge, bein' six-seven. He's kinda built like Matt Ginn. That's probably who he should talk to about usin' that height to his advantage since nobody does that quite as well as Ginn does.

GM: If Martin is going to employ roughneck tactics in his career, though, he may be better served to fill out. He seems... what is he doing?

[Martin goes around as if asking the crowd what they think. Lance is shouting in advice: "COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE! COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!"]

BW: Taking his time. Control the pace and you control the match.

GM: He looks lost to me. Weaver gets up, and Martin kicks him again. Irish whip in... and a back body drop by the tall Texan!

BW: He needs to get a bit higher and snap it a bit more to take advantage of the height. But he'll learn with time. And the expert tutelage of Supreme Wright.

GM: Martin applies a half nelson on the mat. Is he... is he actually attempting the Cobra Clutch Crossface?

BW: If he is, it's over.

GM: Weaver easily reversing the half-nelson into a hammerlock. It is far, far too early to try a move like that. Even Wright wouldn't have been able to get it on that quickly.

BW: Is that a dare? Because he'll take you up on it.

GM: It is not a dare. Supreme Wright is more intelligent than that, Bucky. Weaver pulls Martin with the hammerlock, and using it to position the kid from Dallas. Oh!

[Weaver hoists up Martin using the hammerlock. The crowd oohs, as a flying hammerlock is visually impressive and pretty much a guaranteed

broken arm if the opponent doesn't get out. But Weaver is not strong enough to keep him up. He uses his knees to dip low and pushes Martin up, and then Martin comes back down. He repeats the process a couple of times, putting brief bouts of extreme pressure on the shoulder and elbow.]

BW: If Weaver could hold him up in that, it'd be a flying hammerlock. But he ain't strong enough and it'd be too early to keep him up anyway.

GM: True, but each little lift is an incredibly painful jolt. Martin screams out each time. But he's not relenting looking for a way out... goes behind!

[The go-behind counter is predicted and instantly countered by Weaver, who snatches him in a side headlock and takes him down with it right away.]

BW: Look, if you know anything about Supreme Wright, you know his guys are used to pain. He stretches these guys twelve ways to Sunday on a daily basis, daddy. They're inured to pain.

GM: That much I believe. Weaver with a second consecutive side headlock takedown. Pulls his man up again, and a third! Repeated side headlock takedowns to wear down Alex Martin. A simple tactic, great fundamental wrestling, and very effective.

BW: Ah, but a beautiful back arm Parisian takedown gets Martin out of the hold.

GM: That was just a hair pull! Martin yanked the hair of Weaver to throw him off the side headlock! Now denying it to Jagger... hey!

[And that is when Lance enters the ring and hits Weaver with a stomp. The fans boo loudly! He then bails as Bobby O'Connor comes sliding under the bottom rope to cheers.]

BW: O'CONNOR IS IN THE RING! DQ HIM, REF!

GM: Jagger missed the interference by Matt Lance! Now he is restraining Bobby O'Connor! Bobby is pleading that there was interference... oh, come on!

[Now there is plenty of interference, as three unnamed Team Supreme guys run in the ring and start pounding on Weaver with hammerfists! They slide out quickly, and Jagger misses it all. Bobby doesn't care... he circles the outside of the ring to go after those guys. The crowd gets up for that, and Bobby starts whaling on the three unnamed Team Supreme 'disciples'. He picks one of them up and scoop slams him over the guard rail into the small aisleway that fans use to get to and from their seats, and rams another one chest first into the apron. The third catches a bionic elbow that sends him flipping backwards over the rail atop his stablemate.]

BW: HEY! O'Connor is bullying those kids! Come on, Bobby, be a star!

GM: But this is distracting Jagger even more! Here comes three more of them from the other side of the ring!

[Two of the three interlopers rush Weaver with a double clothesline, and the third follows with a jumping elbowdrop immediately as he lands. They then all scatter from the ring as Martin slaps on a chinlock just in time for Jagger to turn around.]

GM: What kind of nonsense is this?! Team Supreme is playing with fire trying these stunts with head referee Johnny Jagger. He's GOING to catch them if they keep pushing their luck.

BW: Oh, sure, blame the victims. There are three guys laid out where Bobby O'Connor violently assaulted them! Some wholesome nice guy he is!

GM: Martin pulls up Weaver, and an atomic drop! That dazes the young Missouran... off the ropes, and what a leaping leg kick!

[It was a float kick, with Martin swinging up the plant leg first before bringing it down to drive the kicking foot in. The maneuver was delivered with a lot of enthusiasm, but Martin has to recover his balance after hitting it. He proceeds off the far ropes, and drops a knee on the chest before standing and bragging to the fans. Lance is chiding O'Connor outside the ring: "In your FACE! In your FACE!". Bobby just glares.]

BW: That was a beautiful combo, daddy. Martin should be down there for the cover, though.

GM: He's trying to decide what to do next... that is NOT a sign of a well-schooled wrestler.

[Lance shouts out suggestions: "450 SPLASH! NO, WAIT, DO THAT THING SKYWALKER DOES WITH THE FLIPPING!" Even Martin isn't that insane, so he picks up Weaver instead... and gets wrapped in an inside cradle.]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE! One, two, and he almost got him!

[But Weaver does not release the cradle just because Martin kicks out. He keeps the head wrapped and converts it into a half-nelson, then twists him around into a double underhook as he stands, and lifts... holding him vertical in the butterfly suplex position!]

BW: Oh, man. That ain't good. His old man did that one, too.

GM: DELAYED BUTTERFLY SUPLEX! Weaver spiking Martin to the mat, and all of that interference was not enough to keep Weaver down.

BW: Martin's already gettin' up, but the blood rushing to his head on the delay has made him dizzy. He shoulda waited!

GM: A flying headscissor takedown... oh my!

[After using the old school no-spin flying mare, Weaver keeps the head scissored, flips Martin onto his chest with it, and uses the headscissors to bend Martin's neck WAY back, in an almost crossface-style hold.]

BW: Alex needs to get out of that, because that's a choke and a lot of damage to the neck. Come on, Jagger!

GM: Johnny Jagger checked the choke immediately and there was not one applied! Headscissor neck crank, I guess you would call it, and this is a legitimate submission threat! But that pain tolerance you spoke of is serving Martin well here as he won't relent.

BW: I bet Supreme taught him five ways out of this, you watch.

[A Team Supreme member starts climbing the top rope. Bobby, naturally, rushes over up onto the apron and grabs him. He puts the TS member on his shoulder and starts to carry him off, when another TSer grabs his ankle and tries to pull him off the apron. So Bobby hits him with the nearest object... the guy on his shoulders, in what is essentially an Alabama Slam off the apron onto another human being. The crowd pops loudly for that, but Jagger is over to get him off the apron as he looks down, seemingly hoping he didn't just kill somebody.]

GM: The blatant interference is getting absurd.

BW: I agree, Weaver should be disqualified for O'Connor constantly getting on the apron.

GM: And here comes more of them. Of course.

[Two more Team Supremers enter the ring and approach Weaver. One runs off the ropes to elbowdrop him in a bid to break the hold, but Weaver breaks it off himself and avoids the attack. The other one grabs him in a headlock and starts slugging him, so Weaver picks him up and atomic drops him. But instead of letting go, he then lifts him again and brings him down on the knee of the OTHER Team Supreme member, slowly getting up from the missed elbowdrop! The man on one knee looks up in shock as he has accidentally inverted atomic dropped his own teammate... so he never sees the mule kick coming. Weaver smashes him in the face as he almost dismissively turns his back on the duo. Lance and the three remaining mooks pull those guys out frantically as Jagger turns around.]

BW: And now Weaver with an attack on these students! These kids ain't ready for AWA level action! They're just watching to learn from masters like Alex Martin!

GM: Jagger saw them in the ring! He's warning Lance that he'll throw them all out, and Weaver trying to urge him to... OH!

[As Weaver makes the plea to Jagger, Martin grabs him from behind, turns him around, pushes him up into the air by the underarms, and brings his right arm around in a clubbing-style lariat as Weaver falls back to his feet.

Without his feet planted on terra firma, the blow flattens Weaver like a shot from a cannon. The fans boo as Martin points at them all... he told them he would annihilate Michael Weaver!]

BW: He threw Weaver up in the air and lariatd him down to Earth! That oughta prove he's from Texas.

GM: Bucky, just because you can throw a lariat doesn't make you Texan.

BW: Don't lie!

GM: Alex Martin needs to follow up here. He is stomping away, but seems to be looking around while doing so.

[Lance shouts a new suggestion now that Jagger is back with the match: "CATTLEBUSTER! NO, WAIT, SKULLPUMP! NO..." He snaps both fingers with a Eureka moment. "SKULLPUMP CATTLEBUSTER!" Martin ponders that for a moment before picking up Weaver.]

BW: This is either going to be the greatest move in wrestling history or the worst. I have no idea which.

GM: Martin with a front facelock... no, turning Weaver into an inverted facelock... no, he can't decide... he's trying to lock him in a side facelock? How bizarre.

[Lance keeps yelling ideas: "FIREBOMB!" Immediately and without hesitation, Alex pulls up Weaver, hooks his head and arm, and drives him to the mat with a hard Uranage slam!]

BW: Well, that wasn't a Firebomb, but that might well do it!

GM: Martin for the cover... ALMOST! Weaver gets the shoulder out at two and a half!

BW: Wow, Martin can't believe that one, daddy. He thought that was it!

[Martin steps up to Jagger and argues that he must be counting too slow because it was impossible to kick out of the Firebomb. Jagger's response: "That wasn't a Firebomb, kid." Martin seems shocked and horrified. He then turns back to Weaver and takes it out on him with repeated stomps.]

GM: Martin is frankly fortunate to have had so much interference helping him in the match, but he will have to finish it out himself. Weaver is up, and Martin with an inverted atomic drop! Runs to the ropes... LOOK OUT!

[Attempting to repeat the same combo as before, Alex throws himself into the float kick only for Weaver to take a step towards him, get inside his kick range when he jumps, and push him high up into the air with Martin's own momentum... blasting him in the chest with a hard European Uppercut when he comes down!]

BW: OH, NO!

GM: That had to take all the starch right out of Alex Martin! Weaver pulls him up... abdominal stretch... AND SUPLEXES HIM OVERHEAD! A devastating overhead suplex out of the abdominal stretch, and here comes Lance!

[Yep, Matt is up on the apron, and Jagger rushes over. The three remaining Team Supreme guys run in the ring, and try the same double clothesline-elbow pattern as before... only to get violently cut off by Bobby O'Connor, who flips one of them all the way over with the Butcher Block! The crowd explodes as he continues off the far ropes. Weaver grabs the trailing guy (who would have hit the elbowdrop) and whips him cross-ways to the direction that Bobby is running as he barrels off the far ropes, comes back, and Butcher Blocks the second Team Supreme member into oblivion. He keeps running off the ropes again, and Weaver (who just leapfrogged the last remaining TS guy) grabs his arm as he comes back to dosey-do him into the right direction to destroy the last guy with a third Butcher Block, sending him over the top to the floor atop of the guys Weaver took out earlier.]

BW: OH, COME ON! HOW BLATANT IS THAT?!

GM: Bobby O'Connor hasn't touched Alex Martin!

BW: Bobby O'Connor is a bully! Jagger is just letting this happen!

GM: Jagger is making the ejection sign, and Bobby is just helping!

[Then Bobby stops running, grabs one of the guys he just leveled, and throws him atop the three guys he took out at the start of the match to keep them down, while Weaver grabs the other and throws him over the top rope into Matt Lance! The fans cheer the pratfall...

...but Alex Martin hooks him from behind into a rolling cradle!]

GM: Martin with the rollup! Jagger's actually going to count that?!

[And he pulls the tights once Jagger can't see it!]

GM: HE HAS THE TIGHTS!

[The fans scream in protest... but Weaver rolls through at the last split second to reverse it!]

BW: He pulled the tights too hard! Weaver used that extra pull to roll him back, but he didn't hook anything so Martin just rolled on out of the reversal.

GM: By design, Bucky... look!

[Martin gets back to his feet after Weaver lets him go from the rolling reverse cradle. He stands up... facing opposite from Weaver, leaving him wide open for the Weaverlock to be applied!]



GM: WEAVERLOCK! THE LEGENDARY SLEEPER OF PATRICK WEAVER IS APPLIED BY HIS SON!

BW: You only got time for one move in this! One attempt to escape or counter, and if it don't work...

[Martin tries to think of a way to counter... and loses the opportunity very quickly. He slumps back as his consciousness flees into the night.]

BW: ...that happens. I can't believe Jagger is gonna let this happen after all that Bobby O'Connor interference.

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

GM: Alex Martin is out, and Michael Weaver is your winner! Team Supreme with a major setback here... and what will Supreme Wright think about this?! His students got shown up in a major, major way!

BW: Well, the eight guys O'Connor beat up were novice trainees, Gordo.

GM: But Alex Martin is supposed to be one of Supreme's top students! He looked lost out there without Wright or Cain Jackson telling him what to do! Let's get the official word.

PW: Here is your winner, by way of a knockout... MICHAEL WEAVER!

GM: Weaver with his first televised win, and Bobby O'Connor raising his hand in victory to the approval of these great fans!

BW: O'Connor stealing what little spotlight his gopher hanger-on buddy gets. What a guy.

GM: I think Michael Weaver is going to prove himself more than just a hanger-on... especially now that he has mastered that Weaverlock. He now has an equalizer that can defeat anyone in the AWA. Anyone, Bucky Wilde.

BW: Oh, I know. His old man showed me that move once or thrice. But he's gotta put it on first, daddy.

GM: Fans, let's go from one next generation star to a pair of 'em - Sweet Lou is standing by with Next Gen!

[We go to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing to his right is Julie Somers, the manager of Next Gen. She is dressed in a red T-shirt with the words "Next Gen" printed on it in white lettering, and white shorts. Next to her is one half of Next Gen, Howie Somers, who is dressed in a navy blue singlet with "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, and next to Howie is his partner, Daniel Harper, who wears a white singlet with "Next Gen" on it in navy blue lettering.]

LB: Fans, joining me at this time are Next Gen, one of the new arrivals to the AWA tag team scene - a tag team division that continues to improve and may get even better with the addition of a new international duo currently in negotiations. I can't talk about it here but call the Hotline at 1-900-505-5500 for all the details! \$1.99 for the first minute, 99 cents each additional minute - kids, get your parents' permission before calling and now, on to Next Gen...

First, I'd like to talk to the manager, Julie Somers, and ask you one thing: Last Saturday Night Wrestling, your uncle, Eric Matthew Somers, came out to join Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne in an assault on Hannibal Carver... did you know anything about your uncle casting his lot with those two?

JS: Sweet Lou, one thing my uncle always taught us is to always follow your own mind, your own path, above all else. Now, do we like what he's doing? Of course not! But whatever his reasons, it's not our place to say anything about it, just like it's not his place to say anything about the direction we take. He can go his way, and we'll go ours.

[She turns to the camera.]

JS: And tonight, I guarantee you that these two gentlemen are going to do themselves proud! It's only the first step, but it's an important step, as these two seek to prove they are destined to be the best tag team in the AWA. No disrespect meant to the current tag team champions, Air Strike, as they have earned their spot, but these two intend to earn theirs the same as Air Strike has! It starts tonight in that ring, Lou!

[She then puts a hand on Lou's shoulder, which Lou is quick to brush off.]

LB: Whoa, excuse me... I'm a married man.

[Julie just smiles as Howie speaks up.]

HS: Hey, it's all right, sir... Julie just thinks of you as a friend, that's all.

LB: [briefly looking back at Julie] Well, I appreciate that, but I do need to be impartial in my duties here. [Turning back to Howie] Now, Howie, I understand that you tried to find a new partner when you were wrestling in New England for a couple of years... what are you expecting tonight now that you will be teaming with Daniel Harper?

HS: That's a fair question, sir. You know, I spent a couple of years trying to find another partner, but I just didn't seem to click with anyone. Then along came Daniel... you know, when we were younger, coming to the shows and watching our elders before us wrestle, we'd get together backstage and spend some time doing our own wrestling matches, and we bonded at that point. Now, I know it's Daniel's first time stepping into the ring, and he's got a few things he needs to learn.

[To which Daniel just nods.]

HS: But when the two of us are together, I just feel a connection developing already. We're gonna find out tonight, though, just how good we are together, but I'll tell you this, sir... I feel something special coming together.

LB: Thank you, Howie... oh, and by the way, I appreciate your politeness, but you can call me Lou. [Turning to Daniel] It's your first match of your career tonight, Daniel... I hope you don't mind me asking if you have the butterflies in your stomach right now.

DH: Lou, I understand why you'd think that, but when Howie says he feels something special developing, I couldn't agree more! Tonight is my chance to make that good first impression, for the two of us to make that first impression as a team, and show the world we are going to do our families proud, while at the same time, build our own legacy! I've been watching AWA shows at home, I'm a fan of so many of the wrestlers, and now to get the chance to wrestle here on The X and take my place alongside some of the best in the business...

[He pauses to take a deep breath.]

DH: Yeah, I admit I'm nervous, but at the same time, I can't wait to get out there and prove we belong here in the AWA!

LB: I'm sure a lot of people will be interested to see what you can do. As you are aware, there are a lot of great tag teams in the AWA... you already mentioned Air Strike, and then there's...

[Suddenly, Lou's attention is drawn off camera, and for good reasons. "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt, the Longhorn Riders, have made their way onto the set. They are both dressed in blue jeans, white dusters, Harley Davidson T-shirts and motorcycle helmets. Pete particularly appears to be in a foul mood, while the look on Jim's face shows he's all business.]

LB: Wait a minute... the Longhorn Riders are here... Pete and Jim Colt, if you would pardon me, but I'm conducting another interview right now... you need to wait your turn to...

PC: You keep your mouth shut, little man! Me and my brother Jim are getting fed up, because you talk about all these great tag teams in the AWA? Well, where are they?! My brother and I haven't had a match in months, and you know why?

LB: I don't think you have any...

PC: [ignoring Lou] It's because they're cowards! Dichotomy, Strictly Business, The Walking Dead, Air Strike, the Lights Out Express... they're all scared to death of us! They're already giving the Express a match for the titles, which Air Strike doesn't even have with them any more, and they're denying us a match?! There's no reason for it, other than these other teams being cowards! Somebody better give me an explanation now!

[The members of Next Gen do not look pleased, as Julie looks annoyed, Howie has narrowed his gaze, and Daniel looks visibly upset. He steps over toward the much larger Pete Colt.]

DH: Hey, if you want a match so bad, Howie and I are standing right here! We're not afraid to take on any team in the AWA, and if you want to wrestle so badly, then I'm sure you can take the place of the team we're set to face in a few minutes, and we'll take you on tonight!

[Howie steps in front of Daniel, putting his arm in front of him.]

HS: Calm down, Daniel... easy there. Let them talk... I've seen their kind before.

LB: Hold on... if we can get a little bit of control here...

[Julie reaches for the mic, drawing Lou's attention, so he holds it out toward her.]

JS: If you want to get some control here, let's do this: I'm sure we can arrange to face our opponents tonight another time, if these Longhorn Riders are so impatient for a match. I can go right back to the office and get the match changed right now!

LB: Whoa... you heard it right here... Pete and Jim, it sounds like you have a team right here who wants to take you on!

JC: Now, slow down a minute, Lou... yeah, my brother's right that we're tired of teams running and hiding from us, and I'll give these guys credit for showing some guts by challenging us... but since we've haven't had a match in...

[He starts counting with his fingers, but stops at three, and waves it off. That prompts Daniel to turn to the camera and mouth, "He can't count that high." Jim Colt doesn't notice it, though.]

JC: Well, it's been a while since we've wrestled, and on top of that, we've never seen these two wrestle before, so we need time to prepare. So these punks can wrestle their match tonight, we can watch them try to get a win. Then we'll get our own match for the next show, beat some five and dimers up, and then we'll be ready to beat these two into the ground!

DH: Yeah, I'd like to see you try that.

[Howie steps in front of Daniel.]

HS: Not now, Daniel... if they want to wait a few weeks to face us, then we'll let 'em.

PC: [snickering] Kid's got a spine, I'll give him that... something lacking from the rest of the tag teams!

JC: Come on, Pete, let's go get ourselves a seat and we'll see if these punks are any good.

[The Longhorn Riders depart, as Lou shakes his head. Howie appears to have gotten Daniel to settle down, although neither of them look happy.]

LB: Those two clearly got failing grades in Miss Manners' class. [Turning back to Next Gen] I am sorry that happened, Julie.

JS: Not your fault, Lou, but if the Longhorn Riders want to play the waiting game, that's just fine! Once our match tonight is done, I'll get to work on the contracts for a match with the Riders in the future. [She turns to Daniel and Howie.] But right now, we need to get focused on our opponents tonight, and show everyone what the Next Gen is all about.

[She then motions with her hand to off camera.]

JS: Gentlemen, to the ring!

[She then leads Howie and Daniel away from the interview set.]

LB: All right, fans, we're about to see Next Gen in the ring for the first time, and it sounds like it may not be long before they get the Longhorn Riders in the ring! We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, the in-ring debut of Next Gen!

[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 fade back up to just outside the rear entrance of the Crockett Coliseum with the text "MOMENTS AGO" flashing on the bottom of the screen.]

GM: Fans, just moments ago, a camera crew that was out front shooting some footage for an upcoming AWA DVD release notified us that we had a late arrival here in Dallas.

BW: It better not be any of my ex-wives, Gordo!

[A black pickup truck pulls up, and a production assistant is quick to run up to the driver side door. He waves his arms in there, shouting...]

PA: You can't park that here! This is for lo--

[... and then stops dead in his tracks, as the door opens and out walks who else but Hannibal Carver. Carver glares at the production assistant, dressed in a black bomber jacket unzipped to showcase a white "I'D RATHER DIE IN MY FORD THAN BE BURIED IN A CHEVY" t-shirt, black jeans and black combat boots.]

HC: What're yeh, a damn valet?

PA: N-no, I'm ah...

[Carver shakes his head impatiently as the young man struggles to spit out a complete sentence.]

HC: Well hell, yeh are now.

[Carver tosses him his car keys.]

HC: Keep it close by and keep it running, kid.

PA: R-running?

HC: I ain't gonna be long.

[Carver charges past the production assistant, nearly barreling him over as we fade back to the ring, where Phil Watson stands in the center of the ring. Two men are already there, two Hispanic men with thinning black hair, mustaches, cowboy hats and red wrestling trunks, kneepads and boots.]

GM: Hannibal Carver has arrived here at Saturday Night Wrestling - we'll talk more about that later but right now, it's time for tag team action here at the Coliseum!

[Watson begins.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Puerto Rico, at a combined weight of 460 pounds... here are Carlos and Diego... LOS VAQUEROS!

[The two Hispanic men raise their arms to the crowd to no reaction.]

GM: Los Vasqueros, a veteran tag team who has been around for some time.

BW: Yeah, they've been in Puerto Rico and Florida for some time, Gordo.

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year then plays, as the fans' attention is drawn to the entranceway.]

PW: And their opponents, from Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, respectively, at a combined weight of 495 pounds... accompanied to the ring by their manager, Julie Somers... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[The members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots. Their manager, Julie Somers, is dressed in a red shirt with "Next Gen" printed on it in white lettering, and white Spandex shorts.]

GM: And here is one of the latest additions to the tag team ranks of the AWA! I'm looking forward to what these two can do.

BW: Well, you've got Daniel Harper, who is wrestling his first match ever, and while Howie Somers has been doing this for a few years, it's his first time teaming with Daniel. They've got a lot to prove, and that's why I can't believe they are already accepting challenges from teams like the Longhorn Riders!

GM: The Longhorn Riders had no business interrupting their interview, and Next Gen has made it clear they are not going to be intimidated by anyone, even if they are just starting out as a team.

[Julie stands between the tag team partners, her hands on her hips and a slight smile on her face, with Howie to her left and Daniel to her right, each putting a hand on her shoulder and with slight smiles as well, then each raising their other arm above their heads. The trio then makes their way to the ring, where Julie is the first to slide under the ropes, followed by Howie and Daniel climbing onto the apron and ducking between the ropes. Inside the ring, Julie again stands between Howie and Daniel, the three each spreading their arms to the sides, before extending them toward themselves, thumbs pointed toward the "Next Gen" each has printed on their attire.]

GM: These youngsters take a lot of pride in being the next generation of wrestlers in their families.

BW: Well, it takes a lot more than that to prove yourself in the AWA.

GM: True, but let's not forget we've seen several next-generation wrestlers make their mark quickly in AWA. Ryan Martinez is the perfect example of that.



BW: Yeah, but a better example would be Supreme Wright, who I definitely believe is the best wrestler in the world today. But either way, Gordo, these two have got a long way to go before they get to the level of guys like Wright and Martinez.

GM: I won't argue with that, Bucky.

[Julie has ducked through the ropes and taken her place outside the ring, as Daniel steps onto the apron, where Howie has a quick conversation with him, before turning to face Carlos, who has stepped forward to start things off for Los Vaqueros.]

GM: Howie Somers starting things off with Carlos... both men circling each other and now locking up.

[Howie is able to easily push Carlos toward a neutral corner. Carlos steps back, a bit surprised, as Howie just spreads out his arms, asking Carlos if he wants to try again.]

GM: Howie clearly the stronger of the two men.

BW: But why doesn't he follow up? He's just standing there.

GM: I think Howie is just trying to show a little sportsmanship, Bucky.

BW: Oh, like that will win you any matches. I'm sure the Longhorn Riders are gonna be scared now.

[Carlos moves forward, again locking up with Howie, who this time pushes him back into the corner and the referee calls for the break. Howie backs off cleanly, and now Carlos points a finger at him, to which Howie just shrugs.]

GM: Not sure what Carlos is upset about.

BW: It's a youngster trying to show up the veteran.

GM: Really? How so?

BW: Because he's pulling his hair, that's why!

GM: He wasn't even close to doing that, Bucky. Howie's just the stronger man.

BW: Sure, make excuses for the kid, like you do all millennials, Gordo.

[Howie and Carlos go to lock up again, but this time, Carlos delivers a quick kick to the midsection to double him over. He then hits a pair of forearms to back Howie into the ropes.]

GM: Carlos caught him in the midsection with that boot and has Howie backed up... sends him into the opposite ropes... WHOA!

[Howie comes right at Carlos with a leaping shoulder tackle, taking Carlos right off his feet. Carlos backs quickly into a neutral corner as Howie again stares back at him, asking him if there's a problem.]

GM: Look at the force behind that shoulder tackle! How can you not be impressed by that, Bucky?

BW: Easy... Pete Colt would do it better!

[Outside the ring, Julie Somers slaps the apron a couple of times, urging her brother to follow up.]

GM: Julie Somers likes what she sees so far.

[Carlos has gotten back to his feet, as Howie approaches, and then Carlos catches Howie with a thumb to the eye.]

GM: Cheap shot by Carlos... now taking him into the corner. He's going to try to send him to the other corner and... wait a minute, look at this!

[Carlos isn't able to budge Howie, who plants his feet firmly and holds the top rope. Then Howie suddenly pulls Carlos forward into the corner.]

GM: Howie was too big for Carlos to move! And now Howie has him trapped... look at those shoulders to the midsection!

BW: That's illegal! You can't trap him in the corner like that!

GM: He's got a five count to break and he does! Now bringing Carlos off his feet... OH MY!

[Howie picks Carlos up and then drives him down to the mat with a massive powerslam.]

GM: Powerslam, well executed by Howie. And now... he's tagging in Daniel!

[The partners slap hands, Daniel now entering the ring for the first time, as Howie exits the ring, exchanging a high five with his sister.]

GM: We get our first look at Daniel Harper, the son of a Hall of Famer!

BW: Yeah, a momma's boy if I ever saw one!

GM: Bucky, that's enough!

[Daniel drags Carlos off the canvas, lifting him up and dropping him with a side backbreaker.]

GM: Backbreaker, and a nice one at that. Now he has him by the legs!

BW: What's he doing looking out to the crowd? You can't hesitate!

[Daniel holds Carlos' legs apart, looking for approval from the crowd, before raising his right boot and planting it right into Carlos' gut.]

GM: And Daniel with a boot to the midsection!

BW: He caught him low!

GM: He most certainly did not! It was a legal boot right to the gut!

BW: Stop making excuses for the millennials, Gordo! I know what they're all about!

[Daniel pulls Carlos off the canvas, setting up for a vertical suplex, but then Diego runs into the ring, nailing Daniel from behind.]

GM: Diego in there to break it up... and Howie trying to get in there.

BW: Keep him out of there, ref! That's it... do your job!

GM: Meanwhile, Los Vaqueros are double teaming Daniel Harper!

[Carlos and Diego both deliver several shots to Daniel, then whip him into the ropes and floor him with a double clothesline.]

GM: Daniel falling victim to the double team, and now the referee directing Diego back to his corner.

[Julie slaps the apron several times, encouraging Daniel to get back up.]

GM: Carlos now with Daniel... a hard chop to the chest! Now he's tagging in Diego.

BW: And now they're gonna give the rookie a wrestling lesson! I love it!

GM: Carlos and Diego now with a double headbutt! Harper goes down!

[The referee orders Carlos out of the ring as Diego drags Daniel back to his feet, backing him into the ropes and hitting him with a chop.]

GM: Diego in control at the moment... here's an Irish whip to the far side... Daniel ducks a clothesline attempt and... WHOA!

[Gordon's reaction is to Daniel suddenly stopping, then turning around to face Diego, and rocking him with a European uppercut.]

GM: Look at that uppercut by Daniel Harper! That's a move his mother was well known for!

BW: Yeah, you had a thing for her not long ago, did you?

GM: Bucky, that's quite enough!

BW: What's wrong, Gordo... don't tell me you never saw a pretty woman and got the hots for her!

GM: I am a married man, Bucky Wilde, as you well know.

BW: It ain't cheatin' if you're just lookin', Gordo.

GM: That might explain your four divorces.

BW: Three. But who's counting?

[Julie, outside the ring, pumps her fist in approval. Meanwhile, Daniel comes up from behind Diego and hooks him up.]

GM: Daniel now sets up Diego... drives him back into the mat with a Russian legsweep!

[Daniel is quick to get to his feet, then immediately drops an elbow on his opponent.]

GM: And an elbow finds the mark! What a nice combo by the youngster!

BW: Carlos coming in to put the millennial in line!

GM: But here comes Howie!

[As Carlos runs in and hits Daniel with a forearm, Howie comes in and floors Carlos with a clothesline. The referee tries to get Howie out, but he's having none of it at this point.]

GM: Howie sending Carlos into the corner and now Daniel joining him... what are they setting up here?

[Howie is facing away from Carlos as Daniel grabs him by the arm, then Daniel appears to whip him toward the corner away from Carlos, only to turn it around so Howie comes right at Carlos with a shoulder to the midsection.]

GM: OH MY! What a nice double team by Next Gen!

BW: Why isn't the referee getting Somers out of there?

GM: Carlos staggering out of the corner... and Daniel with a standing dropkick!

[Carlos falls to the canvas and rolls out of the ring, as the referee motions for Howie to return to his corner, as Diego has now recovered and hits Daniel with forearms.]

GM: Diego now working over Harper... trying to set him up for a suplex... but it's blocked!

[And now, Daniel Harper gets the suplex he originally wanted, taking Diego to the canvas, before tagging Howie back in. He exchanges a quick high five with Julie.]

GM: Tag is made and now Diego at the mercy of Howie Somers.

BW: You make it sound like the match is already over, Gordo.

GM: It could be if Los Vaqueros don't get something together soon... Howie with a waistlock on Diego and... look at this!

[Howie hoists Diego up, effortlessly taking him to the canvas with a belly to belly suplex.]

GM: What a nice suplex by Howie Somers... but here comes Carlos again!

BW: And that millennial Harper as well! Get him out of there!

[Carlos caught Howie from behind with blows to the back of the neck, but Daniel is back in the ring, catching Carlos from behind in a waistlock, then taking him to the mat with a German suplex.]

GM: Daniel Harper with a suplex of his own! Carlos rolling out of the ring!

BW: The referee has got to get some control! He's letting them double team too much!

[The referee orders Daniel back to his corner, as Howie goes back to the attack on Diego, hitting him with a headbutt, before hoisting him onto his shoulders.]

GM: Howie with a fireman's carry... he just tagged Daniel back in!

BW: Now what are they going to do?

[Howie keeps Diego in the fireman's carry, as Daniel reaches up, grabbing Diego by the neck and taking him down with a swinging neckbreaker.]

GM: OH MY! Look at that move! I believe that's what they call The Generation Gap!

BW: I'd just call it over, Gordo!

[Indeed, as Howie departs the ring, Daniel covers and hooks the leg for good measure, as the referee delivers the three count and the fans applaud.]

GM: And that's going to do it! Let's get the official word!

[Julie raises her arms and shouts "Wooh!", as she slides underneath the apron and rises to her feet, Howie coming back into the ring to join Daniel as the three exchange high fives.]

PW: The winners of this match... NEXT GEN!

[The referee raises the arms of Daniel and Howie, then Julie stepping in between the two to do the same. The three all take a bow to the fans, before departing the ring.]

GM: What a debut for these youngsters... let's go to the replay, Bucky!

[We then cut to the replay of Howie hoisting Diego onto his shoulders and tagging in Daniel.]

BW: There you see Howie with Diego on his shoulders, showing that power to hold him up there for so long, and then he brings Daniel into the match.

[That brings us to Daniel grabbing Diego by the neck.]

BW: And then Daniel comes in with that swinging neckbreaker, taking Diego right down to the canvas, and the three count is academic at that point, daddy!

[We cut back to live action, as Next Gen is heading up the aisle, slapping hands with some of the fans along the way.]

GM: An impressive debut for Next Gen, and it looks like it won't be long before they meet up with the Longhorn Riders in the future.

BW: Well, that's gonna be a much tougher challenge than what they faced tonight. And why would they want to face a team like the Riders that quickly? They'd be easily outclassed, Gordo!

GM: I don't know about that, but given what the Riders did earlier tonight, there's already an issue that will need to be settled in due time.

BW: Yeah, the Riders could settle it, by ending Next Gen's run in AWA before it actually begins!

GM: That remains to be seen. Fans, let's go backstage where Melissa Cannon is standing by!

[The camera cuts backstage to the entrance to the AWA locker room where Melissa Cannon has set up shop with a camera crew.]

MC: Thanks, Gordon. I'm backstage here at the Crockett Coliseum, trying to track down some comments from-

[Melissa pauses as a moment later AWA newcomer Kerry Kendrick steps onto the right side of the screen. The blond haired wrestler is wearing a black t shirt with white lettering that reads "What Glass Ceiling?" as a pair of blue jeans. Settling in across from Melissa, he glances at the camera and frowns.]

K2: What's this? Looking for autographs already? There's a line for that sorta thing outside of the locker area...though if you want to find something more...private, we could arrange that.

[Melissa's eyebrows go up in equal parts surprise and disgust for a split second before she composes herself... then motions towards the microphone.]

MS: Mr. Kendrick, the AWA fans were hoping that they might get an explanation for your actions against Caspian Abaran on the debut show for AWA on The X...

K2: Never heard of him.

MS: Caspian Abaran? You've never heard of him?

K2: Nope. Should I have? Is this one of those hipster things? Everyone liked him before he was cool?

MS: Caspian Abaran is the man that you attacked at the beginning of the last show? The man who's spot you stole.

K2: Abaran? No...I got rid of some idiot named Alberto Caspian...not Caspian Abaran. I can see how you could mix them up.

MS: (sounding annoyed) No. \*I\* didn't mix them up. YOU mixed them up. Or ignored his name.

K2: I ignored his name because he doesn't matter. Caspian Abaran, Alberto Caspian...no one out in those seats, watching at home or reading about it online cares. Not one little bit...not me, not really you...hell, not even his mom.

MS: He's a celebrated luchadore from Mexico. He--

K2: No he's not...see, \*I\*'ve put my time in to get here...and in that time I've met some luchadores...those guys wear masks...those things are EVERYTHING to them. Alberto has no mask, so he's no luchadore...no more than Texas was ever actually an independent country. He's just some runt with delusions of grandeur...delusions that I squashed.

Facts are facts: to get anywhere in this industry, you've gotta step on people. You won't have a lot of guys admit to it, but it's a zero-sum game, lady. If you want your star to rise, another guy has to go...and it was Alberto's bad luck that he had something I wanted.

Nothing personal...just business.

[Kendrick walks by and enters the locker room as Melissa Cannon stares at him, a look of disgust on her face.]

MS: Kerry Kendrick, showing what happens when parents don't show their children enough love. Now, let's head down to the ring for tag team action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, weighing in at 480 pounds, they are the team of Paulie Italiano and The Sicilian Stud!

[Mild cheers from the crowd]

GM: Paulie and the Stud have their work cut out from them here tonight, Bucky...but at least they don't come close to being outweighed by Jim Reles all by himself.

BW: With the way those boys from Relesville have been acting since they got back from their world tour, I don't know that it would matter if they each weighed as much as King Oni! I heard that they broke a table backstage... WITH ANOTHER TABLE! Who does that?

[Back to Phil.]

PW: And their opponents, hailing from Relesville, New York and weighing it at a combined weight of 610 pounds...accompanied to the ring by their brother Nailz, they are Eddie and Jim...

THE ROWDY RELES BOYZ!

Deep Bass Voice: Greetings from Relesville!

[The PA systems roars to life with "Let the Bodies Hit the Floor" by Drowning Pool as The Rowdy Reles Boyz appear. Two massive men (and one substantially shorter one) wearing matching black and blue tie dyed t shirts under pairs of faded blue overall shorts, along with black knee pads and wrestling boots. The largest of the trio is an African American standing over 6 1/2 feet tall and pushing 350 pounds, the middle is a blond white guy standing between 6 feet and 6 1/2 feet tall and weighing in the 250 pound range, while the smallest doesn't six feet tall or 200 pounds and sports blond hair and a goatee. The three men pause at the entryway, their eyes locked on the ring and then stride forward, jawing at the fans in attendance...the concession guys...the security guards, and anyone else that happens to be within earshot.]

GM: The Rowdy Reles Boys made their return to the AWA two weeks ago and showed that they certainly didn't get rusty in their time away from the American Wrestling Alliance... in fact, they may have only gotten better. We caught up with them before the show tonight - let's hear what they had to say!

[A small square pulls up to cover a portion of the screen, showing the three Reles Boyz with "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]



LB: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm joined now by the Rowdy Reles Boyz...who seem to be participating in take your child to work day...

[The middle Reles (Eddie), steps forward, his blue eyes going wide and his nostrils flaring as he points at Blackwell.]

ER: That ain't no kid... that's our brother Nailz! We told you that Big Daddy Reles got around on his route...well...Nailz is one of the Reles boys, plain and simple...he even went and got himself educated. College Degree and everyting.

[Nailz leans forward.]

NR: That's true...I have a BS from--

[Eddie interrupts. grabbing the mic in Blackwell's hand. Lou, being a professional doesn't let go, so gets pulled a bit towards the trio of half-brothers]

ER: Calling him a kid is what's BS! This guy is one of the toughest little sons of guns that you'll ever see in that ring! Isn't that right, Jim?

[Jim Reles looks from the clearly irate Eddie to the perplexed Nailz and shrugs.]

JR: I can verify that.

ER: Right! Verified and everything! Look, we came here to put AWA on notice...to be the best that there is...and every time we walked through the locker room, we kept hearin' about one thing and one thing only! Tell 'em what that was, Jim!

JR: Workplace safety regulations.

ER: No, the OTHER thing...

[Nailz leans forward.]

NR: Violence Unlimited and their tour of--

[Eddie interrupts again]

ER: That's right, Blackwell! We just kept hearin' about how Violence Unlimited is the best that AWA has ever seen...how they're an unstoppable force that went over to Japan and did some sorta King Kong impression--

NR: (from the back): I think you mean Godzilla...

ER: --and how that travel bit made them so hard to beat.

JR: Getting through airport security DOES test your endurance...

ER: RIGHT! And we wanted that kind of test too...so, after we didn't win the match that would have sent us on a tour, we arranged our own!

NR: My girlfriend is a travel agent...

ER: We toured Japan...we toured Europe...we toured Mexico...you know what we learned while we were over there?

JR: Not to drink the tap water.

NR: That Eddie assumes everyone takes dollars.

ER: We learned that it didn't matter what language they were speaking. It didn't matter what moves they tried...it didn't matter what tricks they tried to pull: Ain't anyone else near as tough as anyone that grew up in Relesville.

So the tour's over! We're gonna drop trow here here--

NR: That still doesn't mean what you think it does...

ER: --and show the rest of the AWA that the Reles Boyz are here to take out the trash.

[The inset square vanishes as the trio reaches the ring ropes. As they arrive, they each step into the squared circle, still jawing at the fans before Eddie Reles points at the announcer's table and shout "Say nice things about us!", then slap hands with his half brothers as the two larger Reles Boyz stand ready in the ring and the third exits..at which point Jim and Eddie turn and charge Paulie Italiano and the Sicilian Stud from behind, driving them both into opposite corners.]

GM: What? The bell didn't even ring yet!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Happy now, Gordo? I'm pretty sure that Paulie and The Stud were hearing bells already with how they get crushed face first into those turnbuckles!

GM: Referee Davis Warren needs to try to get in there and establish some sort of control...these Reles Boyz will throw the book right out the window with the smallest provocation.

BW: They don't need any provocation, daddy...and if the only thing that goes out of a window during this match is a book then I think Paulie and the Stud got off light!

[Eddie has Paulie Italiano stuck in the far left corner and is peppering him with a vicious series of right and left hands while The Scicilian Stud trades ineffective punches with the massive Jim Reles.]

GM: A slugfest has broken out inside the ring!

[Jim Reles simply stares at the Stud before the bigger man places a massive hand on either side of the Stud's head and twists, hoisting him up off of the ground and tossing him halfway across the ring, where he lands with an unceremonious slam.]

GM: Oh my! Big head toss by Jim Reles, who Davis Warren is now chasing out of the ring.

[Eddie Reles sees the Stud coming to his feet, grabbing Paulie Italiano by the arm, sending him for an Irish whip and causing him to collide with the Stud!]

BW: Look out! Here comes Eddie Reles!

[As soon as the two impact one another, Eddie Reles gains a head of steam and charges, leaping and tackling Italiano with a Fierro Press...and now continuing the rapid fire punches to the head.]

GM: Eddie Reles is all over him, battering him down to the canvas as the Stud gets out of town as quickly as he can...

[The Sicilian Stud rolls to safety on the apron...

...or so he thinks. With the referee tied up trying to get Jim Reles out of the ring, Nailz Reles hops up on the apron, leaping up to double stomp the gut of the Stud before dropping back off the apron!]

GM: Ohh! The smallest member of the Reles Boyz strikes hard out on the apron! That should be a disqualification!

BW: And it would've been if the referee wasn't tied up with Big Jim!

GM: He's not even supposed to be involved in this match, Bucky! Nailz taking a cheap shot on The Sicilian Stud as the Reles Boyz show once again that any match against them is a handicap match!

BW: I don't believe I'm saying this, but that's brilliant on the part of the Reles Boyz, daddy! Think about it, why have a manager you won't listen to when you can have a brother at your back to help you win the fight? Nothing comes between blood! The Reles Boyz are set up to make noise, and their instruments are gonna be Paulie Italiano and The Sicilian Stud.

[The action continues as Eddie pulls Italiano up by the hair, motioning for Jim to put his foot up on the turnbuckle...

...and then SMASHES Paulie headfirst into his partner's boot with velocity. Paulie slumps down in the Reles corner as Eddie comes over and tags in Jim.]

GM: Here comes the big man with Paulie Italiano being in the wrong part of town, Bucky.

BW: If he doesn't want to end up in traction right next to Nick Crick and Miles Giles, he'd better get up fast, daddy!

[He doesn't. Instead, Jim Reles pulls him up, he and Eddie each grab an arm and Eddie yells "Ping Pong!" before they then repeatedly slam Paulie's back into the turnbuckles, using the momentum from the impact to help the piston-like action as Davis Warren starts the count...then chases Eddie out of the ring once it's expired.]

GM: We've seen a similar style attack out of the Lights Out Express... and may see it again here tonight when the L-O-E attempts to recapture the World Tag Team Titles.

[Jim Reles picks the dazed Italiano up, motioning to Nailz who pulls up the Stud on the floor, acting like he's going to send him into the ring steps. The referee dives out to the floor, shouting at Nailz, threatening a disqualification...

...as Jim lifts Italiano up, throwing him down with a standing spinebuster. He grabs Italiano's feet, pulling them back to expose... well, you know what he's exposing.]

GM: What in the-?! Eddie Reles off the top!

[Eddie leaps into a top rope headbutt, driving his skull down into the... well, you know what he drove his head into, sending Italiano writhing around the ring in agony while Eddie rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Another blatantly illegal attack out of the Reles Boyz!

BW: They learned a lot on their world tour, Gordo... one of those things is that crowds like to see bodies flying around and grown men crying in pain, apparently.

[As the referee slides back in, Big Jim slaps Eddie's hand, bringing him back in. The referee warns against a doubleteam, drawing a "no way, not us" from Eddie who pulls Italiano up, throwing him to Jim who positions him for a powerbomb, lifting him up...]

GM: RELES TRACTION BOMB!

[The crowd ROARS in horror at the powerbomb/neckbreaker combination out of the Reles Boyz on Italiano who is motionless on the mat.]

BW: Do they really need to count, or should they just send for an ambulance, Gordo?

[The referee quickly slaps the mat - once... twice... three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson makes it official as the Reles Boyz celebrate in the ring.]

GM: Another tag team win for the Rowdy Reles Boyz who continue to impress, bit by bit working their way up the ladder of contention. And sooner or later, you have to imagine they'll be taking aim at either the Lights Out Express or Air Strike.

[A very sore Sicilian Stud rolls in, trying to pull Paulie Italiano out of the ring...but ends up attracting the attention of the Reles Boyz.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Nailz stalks the Stud from behind, grabbing him in a side headlock. He runs up the turnbuckles, kicking off, twisting around...

...and DRIVES the Stud facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! THE RELES REVAMP! THERE'S NO CALL FOR THIS, BUCKY!

[The fans are all over the Reles Boyz as the three men stand over the prone Italiano and the Stud. Eddie looks down at both men, a smile on his face, then nods at his brothers.]

"TIME TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH!"

[Eddie and Nailz hoist up the Stud while Jim picks up Paulie Italiano and the three men unceremoniously toss the defeated tag team between the top and 2nd ropes and to the floor below.]

GM: Just despicable, Bucky. There's no place for that sort of behavior here in the AWA!

BW: It appears that the place for that sort of behavior is the winner's lounge...again.

GM: This time, but not every match they have is gonna be against guys that aren't expecting that attack at the beginning...some day soon the Reles Boyz are going to face some comeuppance.

BW: Maybe, Gordo...but that day isn't today...

GM: Fans, we'll be right back after this quick break so don't you dare go away!

[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 in on Mark Stegglet who is standing alongside Sweet Daddy Williams. The veteran fan favorite is in his wrestling gear, an electric blue windbreaker covering his torso as he looks down at the ground.]

MS: Sweet Daddy Williams...

[Williams looks up, raising a finger to his own lips.]

SDW: Never in my life have I told an announcer to stand back and let me talk, Mark Stegglet, and if you and I hadn't been up and down these roads together over the past seven years, I wouldn't do it to you either. But...

[Stegglet nods, holding the mic in position.]

SDW: Sweet Daddy Williams has wrestled in the smallest places you can imagine - dirty, stinky shoeboxes where there were more people in the locker room than in the crowd watchin'.

But he's also been on top of the world - wrestlin' in the arena that the Good Lord himself reached down and built with his own two hands to stand as THE Mecca of all things sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden.

[Williams smiles.]

SDW: I've fought long... I've fought hard. I've fought Stevie Scott... I've fought Kolya Sudakov... Vladimir Velikov, Blackjack Lynch, Hamilton Graham, Cameron O'Connor, Soup Bone Samson, Ivan Kostovich... so many legends that I could build my own Hall of Fame off my win-loss record sheet alone.

And I've fought absolute nobodies - guys who never stepped in the ring before and likely never would step in one again after I was done with 'em.

[He points to the camera.]

SDW: And then there's you, Shadoe Rage. You fall... somewhere in-between, I guess. For years, you and your brother made a name for yourselves... you carved out your niche of the wrestling world, reclaiming your family name from the shambles your old man left it in. You ruled the rings in the legendary places that people dreamed of ruling - Portland... Los Angeles. You were the kings of tag team wrestling.

But somewhere along the way, you got tired of sharing the spotlight with your own kin. You decided to strike out on your own.

You got close... you did. You went to the top of the mountain against The Fury and came up...

[He holds two fingers close together.]

SDW: ...this close to being the one thing that every man in this sport dreams of being... a World Heavyweight Champion.

But you didn't do it that night... and you haven't done it since. You've been up and down the roads too, Rage. You've caused chaos. You've shortened careers... your own too, I'd wager. But you didn't get the gold.

Until now.

[The Hotlanta fan favorite slowly nods.]

SDW: Now you got it. You got the gold. Maybe not the World Heavyweight Title but you struck gold...

[Williams chuckles, waving a hand dismissively.]

SDW: Silver... whatever. You got a leather strap with a hunk of metal on it that says you're one of the best that this sport has to offer. That you belong on a list of names that includes men like Ryan Martinez... like Air Strike...

You belong. You are a champion.

[He waggles a finger at the camera.]



SDW: But that don't make you bulletproof. That don't make you unstoppable. And it damn sure don't make you unbeatable.

I've been up and down these roads a long time, jack... and I've seen some of the best in the world in that ring. And I've seen 'em stay in that ring long past the day when they should've hung 'em up. That AIN'T gonna be me!

You look at me and you see a fat man who is riding his own reputation. You see a piece of trash that lets the cheers of the fans earn him his paycheck.

But that ain't all I am... and that ain't all I've got left.

[He looks up at the ceiling, closing his eyes for a moment before looking back at the camera.]

SDW: I look out at that ring and I see Ryan Martinez - a young pup of twenty-four years old - taking the world by storm and I think... that used to be me. You may have to go back and watch those ol' VHS tapes to see it... but that used to be me.

Ryan Martinez said at SuperClash that the difference between he and Supreme Wright was one thing...

[He points to his eye with two fingers.]

SDW: The fire.

I stand there and look at Ryan Martinez fight his heart out... fight until the last drop of blood drips out of his head and I think...

"Do I still have that in me?"

[He pauses.]

SDW: "Do I still have... the fire?"

[The veteran looks down at the floor.]

SDW: I don't know, son.

[He looks over at Mark Stegglet.]

SDW: I don't know, Mark.

[Stegglet doesn't respond... nor is he expected to.]

SDW: But you know what?

I'm willing to step in that ring tonight and find out.

[Williams points at the camera, an obvious change in demeanor washing over him.]

SDW: I'm willing to get in that ring... and I'm willing to FIGHT... I'm willing to SWEAT... I'm willing to BLEED... and I'm willing to KICK SHADOE RAGE'S ASS ALL OVER DALLAS, TEXAS!

[The crowd inside the Coliseum roars!]

SDW: 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT I NEED TO DO... THAT'S WHAT NEEDS TO HAPPEN... THAT'S WHAT IS GONNA SHOW ME... SHOW YOU... SHOW MARK... SHOW THE WHOLE WORLD IF SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS STILL HAS THE FIRE IN HIM!

[His aggressive approach slows, his voice dropping in volume and intensity.]

SDW: And I'll tell you right now, Shadoe Rage... I'll swear to you in front of the Almighty himself, my mother - God rest her soul - and all of the fans who have loved me and who I've loved with my every waking moment in return for so long...

If we go to hell and back... and if we find out that I ain't got it any more...

[Williams pauses, lifting two fingers to point to his eye again.]

SDW: If we find out that my fire's done been put out long ago...

[Williams lowers his hand, dropping his head to shake his head.]

SDW: ...then I'm done. I will take off these boots - these boots that I bought on my first day of rasslin' school... I'll take 'em off and leave 'em right in the middle of the ring.

That's when you'll know, Shadoe.

That's when I'll know.

That's when we'll all know.

[The veteran turns to Mark Stegglet, slowly reaching out his hand.]

SDW: Mark... it's been an honor, my friend...

[A stunned Stegglet reaches out his hand, accepting the offered handshake. Williams claps him on the shoulder, turning to walk off-camera as we fade to black.]

Cut to a shot of an Aztec temple, the sun high over the brick structure. Gathered before the temple is a priest wearing an ornate headdress, his body covered in paint.]

VO: Since ancient times, warriors have gathered, testing themselves on sacred grounds. Today, that tradition continues...

[The loud guitar of Los Rabanes' "Ella Se Mueva Cruel" kicks in, amidst a flurry of shots of colorfully doing battle with each other. The cuts are quick, no more than two seconds at most, men leaping, men rolling others up into painful looking submissions, and wrestlers scoring pins on one another. It all goes by in a blur, almost too fast for the eye to follow. The last sight is the pain on the face of Caspian Abaran, as he is forced to relinquish his El Principe del Sol mask.]

VO: For those men gathered in combat, only one word can describe the action...

[As the song continues, there is a shot of El Caliente hitting the Sweet and Spicy Rana on an unsuspecting foe, the move truly spectacular, as he races across the ring towards his opponent, who is sitting on the top turnbuckle. Caliente springs off the second rope, bounces off the adjacent top rope, and then with pinpoint accuracy, hooks his legs around his opponent's neck, executing a perfect huracanrana.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another shot, this time of Super Solar hitting a frog splash on the prone Punky Perra, Perra's pierced and tattooed body bouncing off the mat as the camera lingers on the large sunburst tattoo on Solar's back]

VO: LUCHA!

[El Corazon Negro is shown, engaging in a brutal exchange of chops with Japanese legend GOLIATH Takehara. The large Japanese wrestler's face contorting in pain with each chop from the legend, only for El Corazon Negro to feel the sting of GOLIATH's devastating chops.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another series of shots of SWLL action, ending with a pair of beautiful SWLL ring girls blowing a kiss to the audience.]

VO: Tonight on SWLL Presents: Lucha Lucha Lucha, bear witness to the one of the most poignant moments in SWLL history, as La Fuerza says farewell to his fans.

[Cut to a shot of the ring, as La Fuerza stands surrounded by SWLL wrestlers, holding a microphone as he bids adieu to the fans. There are numerous camera shots of audience members, grown men and women among them, in tears. The final shot is of a pair of children, a boy and a girl, tears streaming down their faces, hands clasped together, begging their favorite wrestler to stay.]

VO: And in the main event, a special Lucha de Apuesta match, as the legendary El Gran Tigre wagers his hair against the mask of his hated rival, El Danado.

[Two men stand in the ring. One, a grizzled veteran, his muscular body oiled and glistening under the lights. Despite his tough guy appearance, he has an improbably wild pompadour, perfectly coiffed and styled, dyed orange and black, like a tiger's. Nose to nose with El Gran Tigre is the hated El Danado, looking resplendent in his deep purple mask with gold eagle-like designs on the face.]

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

[Back in from commercial to Gordon Myers standing in the ring. He has a microphone and plaque in his hand.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling on The X! And as you know, tonight we are celebrating the AWA Year End Awards. And in the race for the AWA's Most Inspirational Figure, you, the fans, decided that Eric Preston was the wrestler who inspired you most in 2014!

[The fans cheer as Gordon nods and smiles.]

GM: Personally, as someone who saw Eric's entire career, I am particularly proud of the man he became. AWA officials will deliver the award to Eric at his home in South Carolina, and he is absolutely thrilled and honored to receive the award. He said that escorting his friend and battle partner to the ring at SuperClash was the perfect way to finish his career, and he didn't want anything to ruin the way things ended.

So while I regret to inform you that Eric Preston will NOT be appearing to receive this award, I am ever so proud and honored to accept it on his behalf.

[The fans respectfully cheer Gordon's words.]

GM: Eric has asked that we respect his wishes as he finds a new life for himself and-

#THIS!

#IS!

#SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

[And just like that, the roof about blows off the Crockett Coliseum as the entrance music of Eric Preston blasts throughout the arena.]

BW: What the...?! That lying twerp, Gordo, just said he wasn't gonna be here! He couldn't even tell the truth about that?!

[Even Gordon seems shocked and breaks into a wide smile as everyone turns to the entrance...]

...which causes one huge negative reaction. Because out walks not the Most Inspirational Figure but rather...]

BW: Hahaha! I love it! Johnny Detson is here! If I were you Gordo, I'd get out of that ring!

[But Myers doesn't leave, the look of shock slowly morphs into one of anger and disgust. Detson just stands on the ramp soaking in the crowd as he smirks at their reaction. And as he walks down to the ring, Myers cuts him off.]

GM: You just hold on one minute, Johnny Detson!

[The crowd cheers as Detson, who has reached the ring ropes, stops a little taken aback.]

GM: If you think for one second that I or these fans are going to let you ruin this moment for Eric Preston and what he's done this past year, you are sorely-

[Myers is cut off by Detson who has made his way into the ring during the rant and has now taken the microphone from the announcer.]

JD: Quiet, Gordon! In case you haven't heard these people, nobody likes you very much!

[The crowd boos Detson's statement as Myers shakes his head and says something that is not picked up on mic.]

JD: Is that so? Well, Gordon I heard your little speech in the back and what can I say? I was inspired to come out here.

[Detson smirks as a disgusted Myers looks on.]

JD: Because what is this? This plaque that you're holding? What it is is a retirement prize for one of the most underwhelming careers in all of professional sports!

[Nodding, Detson ignores the negative taunts from the crowd before continuing.]

JD: In fact, if he didn't let himself get hit by that chair at Battle of Los Angeles, he'd probably still be here today... underwhelming us all. Now, I ask you... is that inspirational?

[Detson shakes his head as the crowd gives the completely opposite response.]

JD: No, it's just sad. And that's what Eric Preston was, just a sad little man. And should sad little men be awarded something when I, your future World Champion, go unrewarded?

[The crowd all applauds affirming the question.]

JD: No, they shouldn't. Especially since I, Johnny Detson, am the inspiration behind the inspirational figure. So I, Johnny Detson, your future World Champion, gladly accepts the award that Eric Preston was too ungrateful to receive.

[Detson reaches for the award but Myers pulls away. But Detson just snatches it from Myers' arms with very little resistance.]

JD: This is a true honor and I must say it's going to its true owner. Because if it wasn't for me making Eric Preston the man he is today, he would be right here in the AWA. And I think I speak for everybody when I say that nobody wanted that!

[Detson laughs.]

JD: Now there are many people I want to thank for this award. First...

[Detson is cut off by the opening rift of "Milk of Human Kindness" by Clutch. The smile on face disappears, as does the color in his face. His eyes go as wide as saucers as he turns to the entrance ramp and out storms Hannibal Carver to a tremendous ovation from the crowd.]

BW: Get out of there, Johnny! Get out of there right now!

[Carver is stomping down the aisle, heading towards the ring as quickly as he can, his eyes burning with rage at Detson's words and recent actions.]

BW: Heck, I'd get out of there too, Gordo! You don't want to be put in the middle of this fight!

[Myers cannot leave the ring though because as Carver storms down the ramp, Detson has grabbed the announcer and is hiding behind him, using him as a human shield.]

BW: Brilliant! Even Carver won't coldcock the esteemed Gordon Myers... would he?

[Carver steps through the ropes into the ring, marching right over towards Myers and Detson. Myers cringes, ready for the blow to come...

...but it does not come as Carver grabs Myers by the shoulders, yanking him free from Detson's grasp, turning around to set him safely against the ropes, dusting off his jacket as he does...]

BW: Oh, come on! He may be old but he ain't an antique!

[Carver spins around, coming face to face with Detson who looks like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world at this point. He shakes his head, immediately putting his arms in front of him, pleading for his life as Carver advances on him. Detson backpedals, shaking his head again.]

BW: Johnny, run for it! Where the heck is the muscle?! Where is Somers?! Where is Dufresne?! Your Steal The Spotlight winner and future World Champion NEEDS you!

[Detson holds the Most Inspirational plaque out in front of him, shouting "I'M SORRY! TAKE IT! PLEASE TAKE IT!"]

BW: This whole idea may not have been Johnny Detson's smartest and-

[The crowd breaks out in cheers as Carver looks down at the plaque and then slaps it out of his hands, raising a threatening finger to point at Detson. "You don't deserve to have your hands on his award," Carver says loud enough for the camera to hear as Detson steps back, a pleading look on his face as the crowd roars, eager to see him get his wig split by the Boston Brawler.]

BW: Detson's got nowhere to run! He's got nowhere to hide! He's got-SOMERS AND DUFRESNE!

[As the roar of the crowd signals a warning, Carver wheels around to spot Eric Somers and Calisto Dufresne quickly tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

BW: Carver's ready for a fight!

[But with his back turned, it gives Johnny Detson the window to grab the plaque off the mat...

...and BLASTS Hannibal Carver between the shoulderblades with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: What a shot!

[The blow drops Carver down to a knee as a smirking Detson steps back, throwing the plaque down as he digs into his pocket, pulling the black studded glove into view.]

BW: Looks like the future champion wants to give Carver an up close and personal look at his new handwear!

[Detson turns towards the crowd, taunting them as he slips the glove on, holding it high for one and all to see. He turns back to Carver...

...and finds the Boston Brawler staring him in the eye!]

BW: RUN JOHNNY RUN!

[Detson again lifts his hands, begging off...

...and then goes on the attack, throwing a right hand at Carver who ducks down, backdropping Detson over the top rope, sending him crashing down on the wooden ramp at the feet of Dufresne and Somers!]

BW: Get him out of there, guys!

[Carver spins around, ready to pursue...

...when Calisto Dufresne rushes in, throwing a right hand, hammering away at Carver, battering him back across the ring as Somers pulls Detson to his feet, dragging him back up the wooden ramp!]

BW: Dufresne sacrificed himself! Somers and Detson are making the wise decision, getting the heck out of town as Dufresne hammers away at Carver.

[The Ladykiller is teeing off against the ropes, pausing to grab an arm...]

BW: Irish whi- reversed!

[Dufresne comes flying back, arm extended for a clothesline that Carver ducks, dropping to a knee...

...and then uncoils, snapping up to catch the turning Dufresne in a three-quarter nelson before DRIVING his skull into the canvas with a cutter!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Some odd noises are heard before Gordon Myers’ voice breaks back in.]

GM: Holy... what a scene that was, fans!

BW: You alright there, Gordo?

GM: I’m fine thanks to Hannibal Carver but I can’t say the same about Calisto Dufresne who - for the second week in a row - got hit with that new move from Hannibal Carver!

[Carver climbs back to his feet, looking down at the motionless Dufresne as he stares off in the distance at the fleeing Detson and Somers. He shakes his head in irritation as he exits the ring, leaving Dufresne and the plaque behind, stomping back up the ramp just as mad as he walked to the ring.]

GM: And I’ll tell you right now, fans... when Hannibal Carver finally gets his hands on Johnny Detson, it’s going to be a sight to see... I mean, a sight to see. I can’t wait for that. Fans, let’s go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[Fade in on Sweet Lou Blackwell. The popular backstage announcer gives the camera his most earnest look as he begins his introductions.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my next guest is a man who not made a lot of friends around the AWA since he's been here. And now that he is the AWA World Television I'm sure he has even fewer. Let's bring him out here, the



AWA Television champion as he prepares to defend that title against Sweet Daddy Williams, Shadoe Rage.

[The first person to enter the stage is Marissa Monet. She wears a loose Shadoe Rage "RAGE IS THE CHAMPION" T-shirt over black leggings. She carries the trophy case for the AWA World Television title. The case is empty because the bisexual Bohemian dreadlocked champion, decked out in a glittering hot pink leather robe, makes his entrance with the pink and silver title. Rage slides in stage left, kissing the title plate and cradling the strap against his head. Although his eyes are hidden behind his tortoise-shell sunglasses, the intensity and madness of those eyes is still brutally evident as he stares down a suddenly fidgety Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SR: Who wants to sit on Sweet Daddy's lap?

[He wheels on Marissa.]

SR: Do you, Marissa?

[Wisely, she shakes her head 'no.' Satisfied, Rage wheels on Sweet Lou, turning his back to the camera and pointing an accusing finger at the beleaguered announcer's face.]

SR: Do you, Sweet Lou?

[Rage doesn't even wait for an answer. He shakes his head as he adjusts the brilliant silver and hot pink AWA World Television title over his shoulder.]

SR: Wow, I don't. I don't. I don't! Even the girls at Magic City don't want to sit on Sweet Daddy's lap and that's how they make their living, Sweet Lou.

[Rage is the only man to find his joke funny. He turns back to face the camera. He turns and tilts his head to kiss the title plate.]

SR: And the World Television title doesn't want to sit on your lap, either, Sweet Daddy Williams. That fat gut of yours is taking up so much room it can't even fit, you fat piece of trash.

[Sweet Lou pulls an appalled face at the insult.]

SLB: That's a terribly cheap thing to say, Shadoe Rage! I wonder if you'll be so terribly cheap once you're in the ring with an AWA great in Sweet Daddy Williams. The man deserves more respect than that, Shadoe Rage.

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell, Sweet Daddy Williams doesn't deserve my respect and (pointing at the title) he doesn't deserve this World title. He doesn't even deserve the shot I gave him. He can't beat me to win her. HE CAN'T HAVE HER! And I'm going to use this match to send a message to everybody out there in the AWA. You think you can take this title from me, come try. But be prepared to die, man. Be prepared to die.

SLB: With all due respect, I think you're underestimating the man's body of work in the AWA. He may not have won a title, but he has certainly earned the right to try and I think he might even succeed here. He's definitely been given the short end of the stick when it comes to title opportunities around-

[That earns Rage's ire. He turns on Sweet Lou Blackwell, taking a menacing step forward. In the background Marissa's eyes grow wide with concern. Sweet Lou wisely takes a step back.]

SR: What did you say to me?

[Rage stalks and looms over Blackwell, his muscular back flexing in the leather robe.]

SR: What did you say to me, Lou Blackwell? Sweet Daddy hasn't earned anything around here as far as I'm concerned. No, he hasn't earned anything at all. Sweet Daddy Williams is a man who cries loud and hard about how hard he's worked to earn a title shot and how he will stop at nothing to win an AWA championship and all the sheep out there lap it up. Everybody cheers. Everybody gets chills, boy, you know what I mean? The only thing that stopped this man from getting title opportunities was catering. He works out his arms throwing dollars at the local strip club day in and day out. Shut your mouth, Sweet Lou Blackwell. I'm talking. And I can say that. I can say what I want to on TV. Stand there and don't interrupt me again.

[Sweet Lou Blackwell nervously drops his eyes from Rage. His gaze flickers between the floor and imploring looks into the camera. Rage isn't concerned with that visual cue. He can't even see it because his back is to Sweet Lou and he's right up into the camera again, his unnaturally pretty face twisted into disgust. Rage flexes a single bicep for the camera, the head pops up and the veins stand out on his flaring forearm.]

SR: Look at me, Sweet Daddy. The world's greatest athlete. I put you to shame physically, mentally and any other way you want to consider it. Sweet Daddy Williams, you pretend to know hard times. You pretend to have real desire. You pretend to want this World Television title but look at you. Look at your career. You've been here what? Eight years now? And what have you done with yourself in all that time? SPENT IT GETTING FAT! SPENT IT CHASING WHORES!

[Behind him Sweet Lou Blackwell winces at the harsh words and looks up, mouth opening to form a protest...]

SR: I said 'STAND THERE, BLACKWELL!'

[Sweet Lou jumps in shock. Cowed, he resumes his position looking down at the floor, holding the microphone for Rage.]

SR: Sweet Daddy, you spent eight years shaking that fat rump of yours for these people to cheer and that qualifies you for my World Television title? Where's the sacrifice? Where's the time in the gym? Where's the training?

Where's the dedication to improving? Where's the commitment to challenging the best this sport has to offer? For two years now I've been slaving to get to the top. The front office doesn't like me, but they couldn't stop me. You cry about a lack of opportunities, Daddy? You cry about having to suffer? You don't even know what that means. You don't know about giving away half your check in fines. You don't know about wrestling hurt. You don't know about swallowing your pride while less talented men are given matches you should have been given.

Tony Sunn slammed one fat guy to be considered a top contender for this World Television championship. I had to risk my life on a scaffold. I came here trying to win over these people. I came here trying to reset a career that was on a treadmill to nowhere fast. I was a guy nobody really wanted to touch. Toxic. Nuclear. They didn't trust me. They didn't really want me. They didn't really expect me to get anywhere here and every day they're hoping that somebody will take me down and take me out of here because I won't let them control me.

And despite every road block, despite every fine and suspension here I am ... YOUR WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION. And it still cost me my soul. Because I have to bring it every day. Every night. I have to be ready. Think I don't want to sit back and drink some beer and eat and eat and eat and watch television and get fat and slow? Think I don't feel the years of getting slammed around in that ring of getting beaten up night in and night out nibbling at the edges. Marissa can tell you there are nights I don't sleep. I'm up until the early morning watching video, scouting the world. Because I never know where the next challenge is coming from. I never know who is going to try to take this World Title from me and force me back into obscurity. Who's going to try to rip apart my dreams? I don't know, but I know they're out there ... hungry wolves. And I know they're coming for me. And I'm going to be ready when they come.

[Rage wipes his hand across foam-flecked lips. He then draws off his sunglasses and pushes them up on top of his head. The crazy kohl-circled eyes are on full display, burning straight through the camera.]

SR: Sweet Daddy Williams, my body has been built in the crucible of weight rooms, not buffets. My will has been forged in fires of pain, cauldrons of despair and tempered in the ashes of my dreams. I've been risking life and limb since the age of 10 for this reign. Ever since my father hit the road chasing his own dreams and chasing his own demons. I've been training for this day.

I come from Halifax, Nova Scotia, a cold poor city ... a place where so many dreams die. I suffered there. Laughed at, ridiculed, for following in my father's footsteps. I worked at my craft, Sweet Daddy. I spend my life carrying the weight of my family's failures on my shoulders. What were you carrying? Hmm, another trayful of pies?

[Sweet Lou winces. Marissa looks down at the ground. Rage doesn't care about any of that. He doesn't care about anybody's opinion of his words.]

SR: Men like you make me sick. You believe privilege and politics should grant you the opportunities that I have to kill for. You want to be a common man? Be rewarded for your own laziness? Be rewarded for your inactivity and have people pretend that it's effort? Not me, man. Not me. The World Television title is mine because I had the will to take it. I had the will to wrestle every day to force the opportunity. I didn't just sit on the sidelines and wait for somebody to notice me. I didn't even jump the line. I made my path and I owned it. I walked it no matter how hard it became. I started from nothing and I'll always be that boy who knows that this could all disappear in the blink of an eye. This is my championship, Williams. This is my passport to the World. YOU CAN'T HAVE HER! You can't hang with me because you haven't put in an honest day in wrestling in a long time and it's too late for your start now, Sweet Daddy. SHE'S MINE! SHE'S ALL MINE!

[Rage pulls the Television title off his shoulder and stares raptly into the silver title plate. He speaks only to her now.]

SR: Do you want to sit on Sweet Daddy's lap? No? Neither do I. Neither do I!

[And with that he's gone, forcing Marissa to chase after him. Sweet Lou makes sure that he's gone before looking up from his position.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage has a lot of tough talk for Sweet Daddy Williams, but will he be able to back it up in the ring? We're going to find out in just a short time, fans!

[Lou can be seen muttering to himself as the camera shot fades out.

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.

[We cut back to the parking area behind the Coliseum, where the production assistant we saw earlier is continuing to act as a parking valet. Sitting behind the wheel of Hannibal Carver's truck and looking very nervous, he barely sees Derrick Williams stop short as he walks by.]

DW: Oh damn... he is going to kill you if he catches you screwing around with his truck.

PA: He... he actually told me to do this.

[Williams throws a quizzical look at the production assistant.]

PA: I'm still pretty sure he's going to kill me, though.

[Williams laughs, nodding his head as he walks off. The production assistant shakes his head and rests his forehead on the steering wheel...]

HC: Beep beep.

[... until he yelps, jumping in his seat as suddenly Carver is standing outside the truck.]

HC: Calm down, yer gonna give yerself a heart attack.

[Carver hooks thumb upwards, indication that it's now time for the young man to get the hell out of his truck. As he does, Carver reaches into the left inner pocket of his bomber jacket.]

HC: Here yeh go, I believe in paying for a job well done.

[He takes out a can of Budweiser and pops the top, spraying beer all over the production assistant before he hands it to him. He then takes out another from the right inner pocket and pops the top off that one too, spraying yet more beer into the night sky.]

HC: Cheers.

[The production assistant places the beer can on the pavement and wanders off, shouting to anyone who'll listen that he needs a towel. Carver glares at him before picking up the can. He then tilts his head back as he hoists both cans, crushing them in his hands as he downs the contents of both. He then tosses them to the ground, nodding at the camera.]

HC: Stick around, I've got a few things to get off my chest before I get the hell out of here.

Dogs of War. hell... I was about to call it a day as far as yeh three were concerned. But then I kept thinking about how the big man there didn't like me. And yeh call me a creep.

[Carver spits on the ground.]

HC: Can't yeh see I'm sensitive? Just want to make friends? Hell, when I was dragging yer sorrow carcass all over the Big Apple and stomping the teeth outta yer mouth I thought we had a real connection.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Guess not. Guess I'll just have to cripple every last one of yeh.

[Carver nods, laughing.]

HC: MAH. TIH. NEZ.

[And just like that, the laughter fades.]

HC: Don't think I didn't notice yeh standing there as I took yer lumps from Unca Temple for yeh. Yeh run around this place like yer some shining example of all that's good... but yeh and I BOTH know what yer all about. Yeh never do a single thing for anyone that doesn't benefit yeh. While I was speaking the truth on the fat man and his Wise Men yeh ignored it... until they cost yeh a championship belt. Yeh stood there and not only let Eric get crippled... yeh stopped ME from getting revenge on behalf of the man yeh called a friend.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Until yeh can use it to get those people behind yeh when yeh took on Wright for the big damn belt. That's the difference between me and yeh. I don't need ANYBODY to have my back. I don't play no games. I don't need no shiny prizes. If I hate yeh, yeh'll know it. So yeh better pray to the big man upstairs that Temple really does kill yeh...

[Carver nods.]

HC: ... because that's a dream come true compared to getting in that ring with a man like me. Speaking of grandpa...

[Carver grins.]

HC: ... where are yeh, yeh dead piece of crap. I told yeh the deal already. If for the first time on a long damn time yeh want to know what real pain truly feels like, it's simple as...

[Carver mimes knocking on a door.]

HC: ... bringing yer sorry carcass to my front door. Then yeh'll never have to worry about little Ryan turning yeh down after all the time of asking him out to prom.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Or, yeh know... keep playing with the damn lights so the world can keep on knowing that universal truth known as TEMPLE FEARS CARVER.

[Carver points his index and middle fingers at his eyes and then at the camera, in the universal symbol for "I've got my eyes on you, you son of a bitch".]

HC: And speaking of fear...

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Johnny Detson.

Detson, yeh stepped out of turn. Don't get me wrong, yeh were right there in the batter's circle... but Martinez was supposed to get his teeth stomped



clear out of his head for being a damn Boy Scout and getting in the way of me and my duty.

That duty being, of course, being sending you to a lifetime hospital bed right next to yer new lifemate Morgan Dane.

[Carver nods, rolling his eyes upwards a bit as he recalls wistfully bashing Dane's skull in with a steel chair.]

HC: But since yer so anxious to get that gold Rolex at yer retirement party, I can shuffle around my dance card. What happened tonight, is just gonna keep happening.

Dufresne? BLACKOUT.

Every stooge yeh want to throw in my way? BLACKOUT.

[Carver nods.]

HC: I'll just keep coming and coming until yeh all have more blackouts than a freshman year keg party. Yeh can keep running, since yeh seem so fond of it. I don't mind the chase, keeps my cardio up. But yeh've got to realize a simple fact.

I am never going to give up. I am never leaving yeh be until yer face meets my fist. And meets it again. And again. And, yeh get the idea. And hell... yeh can even put an end to this tonight. Just head on over to the Spur. I'll crack yer head open and buy a round for the boys. I know yeh ain't man enough to actually finish this... but I figured I'd make the offer.

[Carver opens the driver side door to his truck and takes a seat behind the wheel.]

HC: So enjoy yer freedom for now. But wherever yeh go, plan on me being there. Sleep with one eye open yeh sorry sack of crap...

[Carver nods.]

HC: ... because there's a prowler in yer front yard.

[Carver turns on the truck's stereo at full blast as we fade out and back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. It is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[The crowd cheers.]

PW: Introducing first... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 242 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

He is SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd boos viciously as the curtains part and Shadoe Rage appears. He spreads his arms in his purple and silver leather cape. Underneath he wears lilac trunks, magenta boots and yellow knee pads. In his black-gloved right hand he carries his ever present microphone and the AWA World Television title is strapped around his waist. Marissa Monet follows three steps behind him. She carries the trophy case. She wears leggings and a loose Shadoe Rage: "RAGE-A-HOLIC" T-shirt.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country.

GM: When will somebody stop handing him a microphone?

BW: He's the champ, Gordo. He'll do as he pleases. Course he tried to do that before he was champ, too.

[Rage continues to speak on the mic.]

SR: Your champion is here! And you should all be thankful that this World champion is gracing you with his presence. The challenger tonight, is an embarrassment of a man. Fat, greasy, useless! He's an embarrassment to this sport. But don't worry, I'm going to put this common man out of his misery because the AWA World Television title is too important to fall tonight. And it can't even fit around his waist. So the belt will stay with me for now and for always!

[The crowd boos as Rage reaches ringside and orders Marissa to lock the AWA World Television title inside the trophy case.]

BW: He's right, though. They'd have to create a special belt to fit that Sour Daddy's fat waist.

GM: Will you stop?

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The ring announcer delivers a pregnant pause, waiting for the PA to kick in...]

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAANIIIIIIIGHT?!#

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

PW: From Hotlanta, G-A... weighing in at 302 pounds...

SWEEEEEEEEEEEEET  
DADDYYYYYYYYYYY  
WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[Sweet Daddy Williams steps through the curtain, moving slowly, looking down at the elevated ramp as the fans roar for him.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams not showing the usual enthusiasm and fun-loving self that we're used to seeing. He's obviously got a lot on his mind here tonight after what we heard earlier.

BW: It's too good to be true, Gordo. Did that fat slob really say he's gonna hang up his stinky old boots if he loses here tonight?

GM: He certainly did imply that, yes.

[The AWA veteran looks up, a twinkle in his eye as he looks out at the cheering crowd. He smiles, nodding his head a few times. He makes a fist, tapping his heart a few times with a "thank you" as he starts walking down the aisle in his red windbreaker with "SWEET DADDY" written across the back in white script. He's wearing black trunks with white boots as well as he starts to head down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: You may have noticed that the champion took the unusual step of being first to make his entrance, Bucky. What do you make of that?

BW: Rage is paranoid. He attacked Tony Sunn before the bell ever rang and used that to get extended time on the ten minute TV time limit, Gordo! He's trying to prevent his own tactics from being used on him!

GM: I have to say I'm a little shocked to see such focus from Shadoe Rage.

BW: He's obsessed with the silver, Gordo. As we saw last time out, he'll do anything to keep it.

GM: And Sweet Daddy Williams has been chasing gold ever since he walked into the AWA. He's been desperate for it and now he has his chance!

BW: Get it right, Gordo. He's chasing silver here tonight!

GM: You're right. He's chasing silver.

BW: And Shadoe Rage is proving to be a fighting champion! He could have just ignored Sweet Daddy Williams but he decided to confront the fat tub of lard, proving that Shadoe Rage has a strong gut. I don't know if I could touch that hunk of goo without getting the heebie-jeebies. Look at that belly jiggle. He's a human lava lamp, Gordo.

GM: The physical differences between Shadoe Rage and Sweet Daddy Williams are remarkable. Shadoe Rage clearly putting in a lot of hours at the gym. He is in phenomenal shape.

BW: And Sweet Daddy putting in twice as many hours at the All-You-Can-Eat buffet! Hey, Sweet Daddy, you're causing a famine in the south!

[Williams stops just before the ring, looking in at the pacing World Television Champion. The challenger wipes his boots respectfully on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes to big cheers.]

GM: AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger pulls them together, going over final instructions with both men. Rage looks like a ticking time bomb in there, just set to go off at any moment.

[Williams stares at the manic Rage, not showing a hint of emotion as he waits for Jagger to finish, waving the two men apart.]

GM: Here we go, fans. Could we be seeing the final time that Sweet Daddy Williams steps inside an AWA ring?

BW: Man, I hope so. And I think it will be, Gordo. Look at these two. Can you really imagine Williams managing to last five minutes with someone as dangerous and tough as Rage?

[The referee pauses in the middle, letting the tension build for a moment...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: And here we go! The bell sounds and we're underway here in Dallas with the World Television Title on the line!

[Rage immediately lunges at Williams, dropping to a knee, looking for an attempt at a single leg takedown...

...but draws back as Williams sets to drive a knee into his head. Rage pops up to his feet, pointing an angry finger at Williams, shouting at him.]

GM: Two weeks ago, Shadoe Rage went to the ten minute time limit against Donnie White but many believe that White would be the champion today if that had a... as strange as it sounds, a ten minute and thirty second time limit. White was determined to win but came up just short. But Sweet Daddy Williams has got to be just as determined if not more. He wants this title. He NEEDS this title. And if he fails to win this title, he just might hang up those boots forever.

[Rage angrily circles Williams, looking for an opening as Williams pivots, holding his ground as he waits to see what Rage tries next...

...when Rage suddenly bails from the ring, marching towards Gordon Myers. He points an accusatory finger at Gordon, shouting. "You stay away from that title and don't start nuthin' with me, man!"]

GM: I haven't said or done anything. Get back in the ring and stop wasting time!

"Don't tell me nuthin'! Just call the match! I saw you move towards the belt. Stay away from my title! Don't degrade the World Television title!"

BW: See, what you get for looking at that title!

GM: Bucky, please! This is just Rage stalling for time!

BW: I don't see it that way.

[Shadoe Rage continues to complain at ringside as Johnny Jagger jumps out of the ring to coax Rage back inside.]

GM: Johnny Jagger trying to get this match back in the ring as Shadoe Rage continues to stare daggers through me. I haven't done anything!

BW: Not yet! And Rage is telling you not to start.

[The crowd boos as Rage reluctantly climbs on the apron, his back to Sweet Daddy Williams as he continues to curse and spit at Gordon Myers. Then he randomly starts gesticulating at Marissa Monet, reading her the riot act.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this!

[And Sweet Daddy Williams has had enough. He rushes forward as fast as he can and grabs Rage by the dreadlocks to the cheers of the crowd. Rage's hands immediately fly to his head as he is bent backwards over the top rope and Sweet Daddy Williams delivers a hard elbow that sends him tumbling sole over crown into the ring.]

BW: And Sweet Daddy Williams with a cheap shot! See, you can't trust that man! He's a rotten no good opportunist!

GM: He had no choice, Bucky! Shadoe Rage was out here stalling for time. I think he wants no part of Sweet Daddy Williams after what we heard from the challenger here tonight!

[Williams pulls Rage off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the turnbuckles where Rage bounces off, coming right back towards the challenger who sends him back the other way, crashing into the buckles a second time!]

GM: Two big whips and the champion is reeling, fans!

[A third whip sends him across again, smashing into the buckles where he staggers out...

...and gets LAUNCHED up and over, crashing down to the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: OHHH! BIG BACK BODY DROP BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Williams rushes forward, shoving Rage down to the mat and applying a lateral press. A two count follows before Rage muscles the three hundred pounder off his chest.]

GM: Oh my! The challenger is coming in hot and heavy and he wants that title, Bucky!

BW: There was no way he was going to get him already, Gordo, but with this much at stake, I don't blame him for trying. Williams may make a lot of covers in this match when he gets the chance.

[Moving swiftly, Williams grabs two hands full of Rage's "locs", hurling him back hard into the turnbuckles. The big man charges in after him, connecting with a hard clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner! Sweet Daddy Williams isn't letting up for a single second in this one as he grabs the arm again... another whip...

[Williams lets loose a shout of effort as he falls to a knee on this particular whip as the challenger throws Rage so hard that the champion ends up flipping up and over, ending up hanging upside down to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: He's caught! Shadoe Rage is caught upside down in the corner and here comes the challenge!

[Rage flails in horror as the challenger stalks towards him.]

BW: This is terrible, Gordo! Get him down from there, Jagger!

[The referee is attempting to do exactly that when Williams comes in, shoving the official aside to plant boot after boot into the sternum of the champion. Johnny Jagger steps in, shouting at Williams to back off. The challenger obliges, raising his arms.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams needs to be careful here, Bucky. He doesn't want to get disqualified.

BW: If he does, Rage keeps the silver, daddy.

GM: He certainly does.

[Williams waits as the referee untangles Rage, the World Television Champion climbing to his feet...

...and the fan favorite rushes in, throwing himself hindquarters first into a big crushing smash in the corner!]

GM: OHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

[Rage collapses to the canvas, promptly rolling under the ropes to the floor where a concerned Marissa Monet is looking on.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has gotta be wondering what in the world is going on right now. This can't be how he expected this match to go, Bucky.

BW: What the heck is Monet doing? She's not even helping him!

GM: I think she's afraid to leave her post protecting the World Television title.

[Rage kneels on the floor, trying to catch his breath as Sweet Daddy Williams shouts at him to get up... and then opts to step out on the apron, dropping down to the floor where he pulls Rage up, dragging him around the ring...

...and SMASHES his head down into the timekeeper's table!]

GM: OHHH! Headfirst to the table goes the champion! This match has been all about the challenger so far!

[With Rage laid out on the table, a shout from Marissa Monet gets Sweet Daddy Williams' attention. He looks at her... and then looks down at the title belt sitting on the table.]

BW: Williams is going after the title! That fat slob is gonna lay his greasy hands on something that don't belong to him!

[He eyes the title belt for a few moments as a dazed Shadoe Rage pushes up off the table, grabbing at his head...

...and then rushes forward, throwing a leaping knee into the back, sending the three hundred pounder shooting past Monet, crashing down facefirst on the floor to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Good grief! Rage snapped and Williams got flattened right there!

BW: He took his eyes off his opponent and put 'em on the prize, daddy!

[Rage dives on top of Williams, hammering him with closed fists to the skull...

...and then digs his fingers into the eyes, gouging the challenger as the fans jeer!]

GM: Rage has lost it out here by us!

BW: Don't even think about touching his precious title!

[Shadoe Rage wraps two hands around Sweet Daddy's throat and squeezes in a blatant chokehold. He screams wildly as he applies the pressure.]

GM: Johnny, get in there and do something about this!

BW: What can he do but count?

[And count he does but since they're out on the floor, the referee doesn't do a disqualification count... he simply continues his countout count which

allows Rage to choke even longer. The crowd really lets Rage have it as he starts screaming at his strangled challenger.]

“SHE’S MINE! SHE’S MINE!! SHE’SSS MIIIIIINNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!”

GM: Somebody stop this animal!

“FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!”

GM: We’ve reached the halfway point in this one as Rage gets up, dragging Williams off the match, rolling him back into the ring.

[The champion scampers in behind him, measuring his downed challenger as he gets a running start, leaping into the air to drop a big knee down into the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneedrop out of the World Television Champion... and a cover of his own here. One! Two! And he only gets a two count out of it as Sweet Daddy Williams gets his shoulder up.

[The Canadian climbs to his feet, dragging Williams off the canvas, throwing a series of alternating jabs to the face of the challenger.]

GM: Williams is stunned... and a hard elbow to the crown of the skull has him wobbling.

[Unfortunately for Rage, the Hotlanta fan favorite wobbles but he doesn’t fall down as Williams fires back, landing a big elbowsmash of his own.]

GM: The challenger returns fire!

[Rage is stunned by the blow, on rubber legs as Williams throws some jabs of his own, staggering the champion. The fan favorite wheels his right arm around and around...

...and throws a big right hand that knocks Rage off his feet, putting him down on all fours!]

GM: Rage is in trouble here and-

[The three hundred pounder shows some surprising agility as he hooks Rage, rolling through in an Oklahoma Roll!]

GM: OKLAHOMA ROLL GETS ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd cheers as the referee’s hand hits the mat for a third time...

...but a half second after Rage’s shoulder twitches off the canvas!]

GM: He got him! He got him!

[But Johnny Jagger straightens up, holding two fingers in the air.]



BW: No, no, no, no, no! Two count only, Gordo! Rage got the shoulder out in time!

[Williams angrily claps his hands together in frustration as he climbs up off the mat, checking with Johnny Jagger who shows him two fingers. The challenger nods as he drags Rage up by the hair, blasting him with a right hand that knocks Rage back into the corner.]

GM: Williams stays on him! Big chops in the corner!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Rage across the ring. This time, Rage flips over the ropes, landing on his feet on the apron. He rushes down the length of the apron, climbing to the top rope...]

GM: He leaps!

[But as Rage goes for the Death From Above double axehandle, Williams BURIES a right hand into his midsection, causing Rage to flip over, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Williams saw the axehandle coming and he makes him pay for it!

[He drags Rage up by the hair, scooping him up...]

GM: Big slam in the center!

[The challenger builds up a head of steam as he hits the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air...]

GM: ELB- OHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Rage pushes up to all fours, rolling under the ropes to the apron. He quickly makes his way to the corner again, scaling the turnbuckles. The champion mounts the corner, raising both arms up into the air...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

BW: CONNECTS!

[Rage shoves Williams onto his back, diving across in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But this time, Williams lifts the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only!

BW: So close, Gordo. Rage is beside himself!

[The wild-eyed champion pulls at his own hair, shouting at Johnny Jagger who insists it was only a two count.]

“THREE MINUTES REMAIN!”

GM: Three minutes left in the time limit! Do either of these men have what it takes to put the other down for a three count in the next three minutes?!

[Rage drags Williams off the mat by the hair, twirling a finger around as he rushes towards the ropes...

...and LEAPS over the top, snapping Williams’ throat down on the top rope, sending him flying back to the mat. Rage dives under the ropes, scrambling into another pin attempt!]

GM: COVER GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! HE GETS THRE-

[Again, Williams’ shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: No, no, no! Williams manages to hang on!

[Rage angrily gets up, stomping Williams a few times before hauling him off the mat by the arm, whipping him towards the corner. As Williams staggers back out, Rage catches him under the chin with a back elbow, knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Rage again applies a cover, getting another two count.]

GM: Still just a two count as we creep closer to the two minute mark remaining in this time limit, fans. Two minutes left.

BW: Two minutes left in the career of Sweet Daddy Williams!

GM: Potentially, yes... although I’d say you’d have a hard time arguing that Williams hasn’t shown the proverbial fire here tonight in this World Television Title match!

[The World Television Champion climbs up off the mat, shouting at the referee, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of Johnny Jagger.]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Hey! You can’t put your hands on a referee like that!

[Jagger shoves Rage back, sending him falling back a step...

...into a Williams schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

[But Jagger leaps up holding two fingers into the air!]

BW: TWO!! TWO COUNT ONLY!

GM: Are you kidding me?! He had him! He had him beat right there, Gordo!

[An angry Rage scrambles up, diving towards the rising Williams with a double axehandle to the back of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Rage cuts him off, keeping him down on the mat!

“TWO MINUTES REMAIN!”

GM: Two minutes to go in this one as Rage... he's heading up top! The World Television Champion is heading back to the high rent district... looking for another high risk maneuver...

[Rage stops on the apron, shouting at the jeering fans as he steps up to the first rope. He again turns, this time shouting at Gordon Myers.]

GM: What the heck is he yelling at me again?!

BW: Stay away from the silver, Gordo!

GM: I haven't gotten anywhere near the title!

[Rage steps up to the second rope, turning to shout at Marissa Monet to keep an eye on Gordon Myers.]

GM: He's taking a long time getting up there and-

[The crowd ROARS as Sweet Daddy Williams climbs to his feet, staggering across the ring to drill Rage with a right hand in the gut before reaching up, hooking a handful of "locs"...

...and HURLS Rage from his perch, sending him sailing halfway across the ring where he CRASHES down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: NO, NO, NO!

GM: That might do it! He might have him right here, fans!

[Williams stumbles across the ring where Rage has crawled into the corner, pulling himself up to a knee. The challenger yanks him up by the hair, pulling him into a side headlock...]

GM: HE'S CALLING FOR IT!

[Williams reaches his free arm up, giving it a swing to signal for the Riley Roundup, his running bulldog out of the corner.]

GM: The challenger's calling for it! He's calling for the Riley Roundup!

[He sets his feet, charging out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVES Rage facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Williams rolls Rage onto his back, diving across to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! RAGE KICKED OUT! HOW IN THE WORLD DID RAGE KICK OUT?!

BW: SHEER DESPERATION TO KEEP THAT TITLE, GORDO! UNBELIEVABLE!

[A distraught Sweet Daddy Williams rolls over, grabbing his head as he sinks down, pressing his face against the canvas.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams can't believe it! These fans can't believe it and Bucky Wilde, I can't believe it!

BW: I'm right there with ya, Gordo. I thought this one was over right there. I thought we had a new World Television Champion right there!

[As Shadoe Rage rolls over onto his stomach, he slips a hand underneath him...]

GM: Come on, Sweet Daddy! It's not over yet!

“SIXTY SECONDS!”

[Williams pushes up to his knees, shaking his head as he climbs to his feet. He slowly moves towards Rage, grabbing a handful of hair to pull him off the mat. Rage twists his body, forcing Williams to do the same to keep his grip, accidentally shielding the referee from the action as he does...

...which allows Rage to spin around, throwing a desperate right hand to the jaw that knocks Williams backwards, flat on his back!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Rage spins away from the official, shoving his hand down the front of his trunks before spinning back, falling into a one-armed cover!]

GM: Williams is-

BW: He's out cold, Gordo! Rage coldcocked him!

GM: With... I don't understand!

[The referee seems confused as he drops down, counting once... twice... and three times.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: No!

[Rage rolls off, throwing an arm into the air as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner ... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION ... SHAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!!!!

[The Dallas fans jeer loudly, letting Rage have it.]

GM: A victory for Shadoe Rage... and something is fishy about this one, Bucky.

BW: What are you talking about?

GM: What am I... are you kidding me? Let's run the replay on this one!

BW: I don't think we need-

GM: Roll it.

[We cut to a slow motion replay where Shadoe Rage is being pulled up to his feet...]

GM: Stop! Stop right there!

[The footage freezes, very clearly showing a white object sticking out of Rage's clenched fist.]

GM: He had a foreign object!

BW: Huh? Where? I don't see anything!

GM: Bucky Wilde, it's as clear as day! He's got some kind of object in that right hand and-

[As the footage unfreezes, we see Rage coil up and strike, lashing out with that loaded fist, bouncing it off the skull of Sweet Daddy Williams, knocking him flat with it.]

GM: Unbelievable. A loaded fist to the side of the head and that made the challenger easy pickings for the one... the two... and there's the three. Shadoe Rage retains the title through devious means here tonight in Dallas, fans.

[As we come back to live action, Rage is outside the ring crawling on his hands and knees to the World Television championship. As Marissa opens the case he dives on the title, clutching it to his chest tightly.]

GM: I thought he was finished. I really did.

BW: This championship is worth more to him than life itself, Gordo. It's gonna take one helluva fight to get it from him.

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams had this title won... admit it.

BW: That's a leap in logic, Gordo. Williams pulled out his big gun, the Riley Roundup, and Rage still kicked out of it. I don't know how but he did it. What else did Williams have left in the tank?

GM: This is a travesty if you ask me. Sweet Daddy Williams coming to now, realizing what just happened. Johnny Jagger is explaining it to him and...

BW: Look at him, Gordo... I think he's gonna cry!

GM: A hard loss to swallow for the man from Hotlanta, G-A... and you have to wonder if he'll live up to what he said earlier tonight. He said that if he didn't have the fire to compete any longer, he'd retire.

[Williams shakes his head, looking out at the crowd who has stood up, paying tribute to the fan favorite who came so close to winning the title. He nods, waving a hand to them...

...and then reaches down towards his boots to begin unlacing them.]

GM: Oh no. Don't do it, Sweet Daddy. Listen to these fans... think about it, old friend. You gave it your all!

BW: He gave it his all... and LOST! That's the point, Gordo! He's got nothin' left. He's got nothin' left in the tank to try and beat the best this sport has to offer.

GM: I don't believe that for a moment.

[Williams unlaces one boot, starting to work on the other as pleas of "NO!" and "DON'T DO IT!" can be heard coming from the crowd. The fan favorite pulls off the other boot, taking both boots and climbing back to his feet with the aid of the referee.]

BW: Whew... you smell that, Gordo? Smells like a mixture of dismal failure and my nephew's pig stall.

GM: BUCKY!

[The Hotlanta fan favorite looks at the boots, the boots he's had since the beginning of his career. He smiles again at the crowd, giving them a wave

before he lowers the boots slowly to the middle of the ring, turning to make his exit.]

GM: This is horrible, fans. We may be witnessing the end of a legendary career here tonight in Dallas and it... well, in my opinion, it shouldn't be happening like this. Shadoc Rage may have won this match but it shouldn't mean the end of the career of Sweet Daddy Williams.

[The standing crowd continues to cheer the fan favorite as he makes his way back up the ramp, not looking back... not acknowledging their cheers anymore than he already has as he walks through the curtain...

...and the scene changes to the backstage interview area where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is a man who stands roughly six feet two inches tall. He's dressed all in black save for his hands which are clad in white gloves that give those hands a skeletal look, and his head which is adorned in a white mask with black circles around the eyes and a skeletal toothy grin.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm standing here with the newest member of the AWA roster. He's had a long career in lucha libre and is a former SouthWest Lucha Libre champion. He is La Fuerza. La Fuerza, welcome to the AWA.

LF: Gracias, Senor Stegglet. I'm happy to be here at long last.

MS: My sources say you've been wanting to come here to the AWA for quite some time now.

[La Fuerza nods in reply. He's clearly in very good shape, though he's clearly a bit pudgy through the middle.]

LF: I've always sought to challenge myself whenever possible, in order to be the best luchador I can be. Now after I'd lost the SWLL Rey de Lucha championship, I felt it was time to broaden my horizons in order to become a better wrestler. Sadly, recent events over the last year or so had prevented me from making the trip. It seemed certain individuals in charge of the company at the time weren't interested in having another hero in their ranks.

[Naturally, Mark doesn't have to ask La Fuerza who he means. Clearly, he's referencing the Wise Men and though his face cannot be seen, we can tell from his body language that he's upset about that. Just as suddenly though, his posture straightens as if a weight has been lifted from his shoulders.]

LF: Fortunately, that is in the past and I prefer to focus on the future.

MS: Focusing on the future is fantastic but I've gotta ask the question. There is a lot of talented competitors here in the AWA - a lot of new competitors as well. Is there anybody in particular that you've got your focus on?

[La Fuerza nods, lifting one of his white gloved "skeletal" hands.]

LF: There are certainly quite a few wrestlers that I would love to test my skills against. Talented men like Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, Dave Bryant and the Lynch brothers. Men I could face in the ring without having to worry about the sort of chicanery and dirty dealings that are unfortunately common in wrestling. Sadly, I've already witnessed such displays since I arrived here. A lunatic poisoning waterfowl, sneak attacks galore, a coward abandoning his tag team partner and one particular incident which left me quite incensed.

MS: You're referring of course to the last minute substitution which allowed Frankie Farelli to get a quick victory in the Brass Ring Tournament qualifier at the expense of your good friend, Cesar Hernandez?

[While his face is not really visible due to the mask, anybody who looks into La Fuerza's eyes can tell that he is quite annoyed at the moment. The clenched fists are also a clue of course.]

LF: Indeed. Don't misunderstand me, if Cesar had lost clean there would be no issue. I don't start fights when my friends lose cleanly, even to people I do not care for. However, that was not the case this time nor the previous time the two encountered each other. I am ashamed to admit that in darker times grabbing the tights was a trick I might have used myself, however even at my worst I always faced my opponents head on as Cesar himself can attest. Farelli on the other hand....

[La Fuerza takes a deep breath to calm his temper and while it's clearly not quite successful, a look into his eyes makes it clear he's still very upset. When he speaks again however, he is somewhat calmer.]

LF: It's a shame to see somebody waste their potential the way Farelli is. He's got all the tools to make it as a wrestler, if he only received proper training he could be something special. Yet he chooses to squander his opportunity, most disappointing.

MS: It sounds as though you just might have a future date with Mr. Farelli.

LF: I certainly hope so.

MS: La Fuerza, it is an honor to have you here in the AWA and I'd like to remind everyone to stay tuned for LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA! to see your final days in SouthWest Lucha Libre.

LF: I would like to say heelo to all my friends and family back in Mexico as well. I will see you all very soon!

MS: Perhaps at the Copa de Trios?

[La Fuerza eagerly nods.]

LF: I hope so.



[Stegglet grins.]

MS: La Fuerza has arrived and is looking to make some waves here in the AWA! And right now, let's head out to the ring to see this man, La Fuerza, in action inside an AWA ring for the very first time. Good luck, sir!

LF: Gracias, amigo!

[La Fuerza turns to make his exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: La Fuerza brings a little international flair here to the AWA and he's got a rooting section of at least one back here cheering him on plus a lot more than that back home in Mexico. Phil Watson, take it away!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Currently in the ring, in the corner to my left... he hails from Bonesteel, South Dakota... weighing in at 280 pounds... MADHOUSE MCWESSON!

[McWesson shadow boxes for a second or two, then raises his fists in the air. The fans aren't all that impressed and their booing naturally causes him to jaw with the crowd, which naturally does nothing to endear himself to them.]

GM: It's been awhile since we've seen Madhouse McWesson, Bucky.

BW: I heard he's been training hard as of late, Gordo. He hasn't had the best of luck at our live events but scouting reports are saying there's some definite improvement. We could be seeing a brand new Madhouse McWesson here tonight.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The cheerful yet spooky sounds of "This Is Halloween" by Danny Elfman from The Nightmare Before Christmas soundtrack begins to play, sparking cheers from the knowledgeable AWA fans who know exactly is coming to the ring. La Fuerza steps out from behind the curtain, uppercutting the air to a big cheer.]

GM: La Fuerza has arrived here in the AWA!

[Pausing at the top of the ramp, La Fuerza raises his 2x4 into the air, one side painted black and the other painted white. He lowers the board across his torso, strumming a few power chords on an imaginary guitar and doing a little hip-shaking jig before heading down the aisle towards the ring.]

PW: He hails from the Haunted Forest and weighs in at 250 pounds...

LAAAAAaaaaa FUERRRRRRRZAAAAAaaaaa!

[The black clad man in the skull mask will begin walking toward the ring, carrying his board at his right shoulder as if it was a rifle. Along the way, he high fives the occasional fan, especially the young ones who seem enthusiastic to greet the masked man.]

GM: La Fuerza is one of the most popular competitors in all of Mexico and here in 2015, he's coming to the AWA to see if can carry over his success there.

BW: It's a big jump coming to the AWA, Gordo. No matter where you're coming from. So, even though he's held the gold in Mexico... that don't mean he's gonna do jacksquat here.

GM: Such a positive attitude.

BW: Just keepin' it real as the kids say.

[La Fuerza reaches the ring, holding the board high in the air to another big cheer as he sets it down on the apron, grabbing the top rope to catapult over the top into the ring. Upon landing, he lets loose an ululating war cry...

...at which point Madhouse McWesson rushes him to drive a forearm into the side of the head, knocking him to a knee as the fans boo the deplorable tactics.]

GM: La Fuerza taken by surprise here in the outset of this one... attacked before the bell...

BW: Serves him right for showboating, Gordo. If he'd kept his eyes on McWesson instead of playing to the fans, he wouldn't have gotten his bell rung.

[The referee signals for the bell as McWesson presses his attack, shoving the luchador back into the corner with a series of haymakers. Davis Warren warns the big brawler for the illegal blows. McWesson gives him a nod as he rears back his arm for a standing clothesline...]

GM: Clothesli-

[But La Fuerza takes advantage of the big wind-up, snapping off a quick jab to the face followed by a snapping uppercut into the belly, sending McWesson staggering back holding his gut.]

GM: Right to the breadbasket by the man who held the SWLL Rey de Lucha as well as the Atomicos Title on three occasions, the Trios Title on three occasions, and the tag team titles four times... once with our own Cesar Hernandez, Bucky.

BW: Ugh. I knew I didn't like this guy the moment I saw him.

[Gordon chuckles as La Fuerza steps out of the corner, throwing a series of right hands of his own, backing McWesson across the ring.]

GM: Big right hands by La Fuerza!

BW: Not often you see a luchador get into a fist fight, Gordo. They're usually bouncing around the ring like a high bounce ball.

GM: La Fuerza's always been more of a brawler than a high flyer, Bucky... although he certainly has that skill in his arsenal as well.

[McWesson opens fire, returning blows to the head but La Fuerza is quick to get the better of exchange, showing his fisticuffs skill. While the larger man is wildly throwing bombs, La Fuerza bobs and weaves like a boxer avoiding what strikes he can and replying with quick jabs and hooks to McWesson's face and uppercuts to the mohawked man's large gut, driving him to the middle of the ring in the process.]

BW: So when La Fuerza teamed with Hernandez, what team name did they use?

GM: I don't-

BW: The Quesadilla Connection? The Burro Brothers? The Peso Patrol?

GM: Bucky, that's quite-

BW: The Chimichanga Club? The Nacho Bellgrandes?

GM: BUCKY! I know your history with Cesar Hernandez clouds your opinion of him but that's no excuse for blatant racism.

BW: On the contrary, that's the ONLY excuse for blatant racism.

GM: I... well, I'm speechless on that one.

[With McWesson reeling, La Fuerza goes to whip him into the ropes but the bigger competitor easily reverses, shooting the luchador across as he sets for a backdrop.]

GM: La Fuerza on the rebound and- oho! Look at that!

[The crowd cheers, laughing as La Fuerza casually cartwheels to the side of McWesson, avoiding the backdrop. McWesson suddenly whips his head up, looking back and forth in confusion before turning to face La Fuerza who bends his knees, swinging his hips from side to side before hopping on one foot in a circle while giving off his war cry.]

GM: La Fuerza's having a good time in there tonight!

[A steaming mad McWesson charges him as La Fuerza drops down to his back, kips up to his feet and catches him coming back with a mule kick to the abdomen.]

GM: Back kick to the gut connects.

[The crowd cheers as the luchador falls to his back, rolling up to scissor McWesson's head between his legs...

...and then drags him over in a headscissors!]

GM: Nicely done by La Fuerza, up to his feet...

[He catches the rising McWesson with a trio of overhead elbows, staggering the South Dakota native. La Fuerza starts stumbling around the ring, staggering in mockery.]

GM: Haha!

BW: Oh, you're enjoying this, are you? If someone else was doing this, you'd be totally irate.

GM: Perhaps but this crowd is rocking and La Fuerza's showing them a good time here tonight in Dallas, Texas.

[La Fuerza steps in, winding his right arm up... and up... and up... and up...

...and then reaches out to palm the forehead of McWesson, shoving him down to the mat to cheers and laughter.]

GM: Hehehe... La Fuerza to the ropes...

[He throws himself forward on the rebound into a handstand before twisting around and dropping a leg across the chest.]

GM: Unique-looking legdrop gets one! He gets two! But that's all.

[The Mexican luchador climbs back to his feet, pulling McWesson with him. A pair of short forearms backs him against the ropes where he again goes for a whip only to have it reversed.]

GM: McWesson again with the backdrop...

[This time, La Fuerza drops into a baseball slide, ending up face to face with the doubled-up McWesson. The luchador waves at him with his right hand...

...and then CRACKS him with a left hook!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: This guy's just trying to humiliate McWesson now.

[La Fuerza scrambles up to his feet, lifting McWesson up for an atomic drop.... and sets him down on the knee.]

GM: Atomic drop... but he's not done!

[Up McWesson goes again... and down again... and up again... and down again...]

BW: I'm not sure I've ever seen rolling atomic drops, Gordo.

GM: Neither have I.

[With McWesson hobbled, La Fuerza dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and scores with a low dropkick to the rear of McWesson, causing him to sail over the ropes before crashing down to the floor.]

GM: Oh my! Over the ropes and down hard to the floor goes La Fuerza!

[La Fuerza hops up, throwing his arms in the air, tucking his hands behind his head and doing a little jig to the cheers of the fans before he grabs the top rope with both hands...

...and slingshots himself into a somersault, wiping out McWesson with a dive!]

GM: What a dive to the floor by the 250 pound luchador!

[La Fuerza wastes little time in throwing McWesson back into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, giving off his ululating war cry as he heads back into the ring, dropping down into a three point stance.]

BW: This guy played right tackle at Tijuana Tech, right?

GM: Bucky, would you knock it off?!

[And as McWesson staggers to his feet, La Fuerza rushes in, delivering a high impact flying forearm smash that knocks him right back down. The luchador scrambles into a cover, getting the one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He calls that Fuerza Imparable and a big victory here in his debut over a very tough competitor!

[La Fuerza climbs back to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand before he grabs the referee, doing a quick tango across the ring with him, swinging him down into a dip to laughter from the crowd before La Fuerza raises the referee's hand.]

GM: This guy likes to have a good time in there. That much is obvious, fans.

[The luchador retrieves his wooden 2x4 from the corner, striking a pose in the center of the ring as he strums power chord after power chord on it.]

GM: La Fuerza is victorious here in his debut, fans... and while he's not going to be a part of the Brass Ring Tournament-

BW: As far as you know, Gordo. He may have just impressed Chris Blue enough to earn that final slot.

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. But assuming he hasn't, he won't be in the tournament... but right now, let's hear from a man who hopes that he WILL be in Dallas in two weeks competing for the AWA National Title!

[The scene fades into a shot of Cain Jackson backstage, standing by with fellow Team Supreme members, Alex Martin and Matt Lance. Jackson is dressed in his sheer black tracksuit, with the jacket unzipped to reveal a "#ScumbagTravis" tshirt underneath. In his right hand, he holds a black stetson with a silver band around the crown, the famed cowboy hat of Jack Lynch. Jackson holds up the hat to the camera.]

CJ: The King of Cowboys is dead.

[Cain places the cowboy hat atop his head and grins.]

CJ: Long live the King.

[He looks over his shoulder, turning his head to Matt Lance.]

CJ: I thought Texans were suppose to be tough, Matt.

[Lance snorts.]

ML: The toughest thing about Jack Lynch is his mother.

[Jackson raises the brim of the hat.]

CJ: Between me and Caleb Temple, I think this means South Carolina's tougher than Texas.

[Lance shrugs.]

CJ: Do you think Travis Lynch can put up a better fight than big bro did?

[Lance makes a sour face, before shaking his head. Jackson smirks and turns his attention back to the camera.]

CJ: Tell me, Travis, what did you feel when you heard about what happened to your brother? What did you feel when you heard Cain Jackson almost separated Jack Lynch's jaw from his face and Supreme Wright almost tore his shoulder from its socket?

Rage?

Anger?

[He tilts his head.]

CJ: Or was it relief?

[A big, Cheshire grin.]

CJ: Was it overwhelming joy, reveling in the fact that finally, FINALLY!...you were free from your brother's shadow?

Were you filled with glee knowing that Travis Lynch could finally be his own man, free to pursue his own path, free from the chains and shackles bound to him to living up to the legacy of a senile egomaniac and his shrew of a wife? Giddy, knowing that you're free to reach out and GRAB that brass ring without having to fear that you'd have to share the glory with mom, dad, Becky, Theresa, James, Jack, and the family dog?

ML: Aw, don't call little Jaime, that!

[Lance and Martin laugh, as Jackson ignores them and continues on.]

CJ: I bet you were. I bet you were thanking ME for freeing you from the clutches of your family. Thankful, all the way up to the moment you realized that you had to face...

[Cain points a finger to himself.]

CJ: ...ME. And now it's no longer just about Travis Lynch, his pre-teen army of fans and his road to the gold, is it?

[Jackson shakes his head with disdain.]

CJ: It's about Travis Lynch fighting to avenge his big brother. It's about Travis Lynch fighting for the pride of the Lynch Clan. It's about Travis Lynch, poor, neglected, overshadowed SCUMBAG! Travis Lynch, putting life and limb on the line to defend...

...his family.

[Jackson laughs to himself.]

CJ: Lynch family pride. Isn't it disgusting?

ML: It's all a big joke!

CJ: It's the sort of thing that makes a coward into a man and a man into a hero and a hero...

...into a statistic.

AM: I bet little Travie thought this would finally be his time to shine!

CJ: A famous last name casts a long shadow. A shadow so dark, a man might not even see the shine of that brass ring until it's too late.

[He glares at the camera.]

CJ: For a year, you fought nothing but freaks and monsters, Travis. Freaks and monsters. But it never prepared you for anything like this.

AM: Now he's gotta' face THE BEAST!

CJ: No.

[Jackson shakes his head.]

CJ: Now he has to face...

[He flicks his finger on the brim of the black stetson atop his head and smirks.]

CJ: ...the King of Cowboys.

[Fade out.

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 from black into the locker room of the Crockett Coliseum, where a lone figure sits, his elbows resting upon his knees and his head lowered resting upon his hands. The figure exhales as the voice of Mark Stegglet is heard.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. As you can see, I am currently in the locker room of the man about to step in that ring and battle for one of the final spots in the Brass Ring Tournament, Travis Lynch. Travis, I need to start off here by asking you how is Jack doing after the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling?

[Travis begins to speak, his head still lowered towards the floor.]

TL: The last Saturday Night Wrestling was brutal Mark. Bobby and I went to the hospital to check on a good friend of ours after an over the hill so-called legend decided to toss him from the entrance ramp to the hard unforgivin' concrete floor. And I know first hand how unforgivin' the Crockett Coliseum's concrete is.

[Travis pauses for a brief moment before he begins to speak once again.]

TL: While we were waitin' for the doctor to come out and update us, my phone rang and it was Sweet Daddy Williams ... he asked if we were still at the hospital and told me Jack was on his way as he'd been ambushed by Cain Jackson. I couldn't believe it, Mark ... just couldn't believe that Bobby and I were just by his side, now he was being rushed to the hospital ...

[The Texas Heartthrob runs his hands through his hair as he looks up at the camera, his trademark smile is gone as he continues to speak.]

TL: I dropped the phone and just stood there, praying that Jack hadn't just suffered the same fate as Jimmy. I know Jack's a tough man but against that mob, that Wright calls a team, who knows what could have happened.

Luckily, Jack only suffered a hyper extended elbow and some shoulder damage, so Wright, you and the rest of goofball clowns better be looking over your shoulder 'cause you're going to find out why they call him the Iron Cowboy.

[Mark nods his head and an expression of relief is seen upon his face.]

MS: Tonight, you step into the ring with the man responsible for the injuries to your brother. I can only imagine that you have revenge on your mind but if you pick up the victory tonight you will earn a spot into the Brass Ring Tournament.

[Travis nods his head in agreement.]

TL: Oh, there's no doubt tonight is a big night, Mark. Tonight is the night that the Lynch family has been discussin' since SuperClash. Jack, James, and the ol' man, each one of 'em tellin' me that when the AWA returns from it's holiday hiatus it's time that I emerge from the shadows of the past. The Lost Boys, the Zaires, and the Summers, it's time they stay in the past as I finally ...

[Travis finally stands to his feet, running his hands through his wavy, dirty blonde hair as he does. His trademark smile is still missing.]

TL: Live up to all the hype ... to the Lynch legacy.

MS: I don't think there is anyone in the AWA who doesn't think you've lived up to the Lynch legacy.

TL: If only that was true, Mark, if only that was true. Since the day I stepped foot into the AWA all eyes were on Jack and James. The Lynch Brothers were a house of fire winning the Stampede cup and then the AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP, titles they held for six months... and I'm proud of them for that. I really am ... but as they were bringin' home the trophies and the titles, I heard the rumblin' in the back, all the "he's only here cause Blackjack is his daddy. He's ridin' on his brothers' coattails."

So you know what I did, Mark? I spent the past year proving to the world that I'm more than just a pretty face. I spent the year battling one monster after another, leaving blood and even pieces of my flesh in every corner of the wrestling world. And I proved it ... I took everything that could be thrown at me, and I survived.

[Travis shakes his head to the side and exhales slowly.]

TL: So tonight was supposed to be my night anyway, Cain Jackson. Tonight, was the night I would begin my quest to win the brass ring, makin' good on all my potential and cashin' in on what I earned this year. For the first time it was all about me, and just about business.

[Travis stares into the camera.]

TL: But then you went and made it personal, Cain! You did exactly what the Beale Street Bullies did, you ambushed my brother and lit another fire in me! See Cain, now I want to rip you into little pieces but as I stand here I still can't quite grasp your reason for it. You didn't do it 'cause you had an

issue with Jack, you did it 'cause a little man let you off your leash and told you to.

[The Dallas native just shakes his head slowly side to side, almost as if he is disappointed in Cain Jackson.]

TL: Supreme Wright wanted to send a message to Ryan and like a good little dog, you wagged your tail, rushed to the ring and did his bidding.

[Travis exhales in his disgust.]

TL: They call you the Beast, the baddest man around, heck they called you the scariest man to come out of the Combat Corner. All I see is a man without the spine to make his own decisions. I mean really Cain, how am I supposed to be scared of a second banana?

MS: Travis, do you know what you are saying?

TL: Of course I do Mark. I'm tellin' a lapdog the same thing I told Bobby two weeks ago, the Lynches walk through hell for family and I will make Wright's little lapdog pay.

Mark, you remember how Jack and I spent some time in jail for that brawl at the Spur when the Beale Street Bullies tried to cripple James, don't you?

MS: I do but what does that have to do with Cain Jackson?

TL: I wanted to get my hands on those three so badly, that I suggested to Jack we go and find them ... I knew Jack wasn't going to say no since he's always up for a fight and that's exactly what we got. It wasn't our proudest moment, but it was what needed to be done.

And what needs to be done tonight, Mark, is more than the simple pinfall on Cain Jackson, so that I could get into the Brass Ring tournament. Cain, I want you to pay attention right now. You see, puppy, I'm going to BEAT you so badly your own mother won't recognize you!

[Travis runs his right hand through his hair.]

TL: You're going to feel the fury of a pissed off Lynch. The fury that Alexander Kingsley felt just before he was knocked out by the discus punch, the fury Demetrius Lake felt before he begged for mercy from Jack. Oh Cain, all I wanted to do was get the win tonight ... but now I want so much more than that.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: Now I want to send a message and since you're nothing but the messenger of Team Supreme, you're going to bring it back to your boss. Cain Jackson, I'm goin' send you crawlin' back a defeated man, pleadin' to him "No Mas, Wright. Please don't make me face the Lynches again, no mas."

Cain, you'll also be my message to the rest of Brass Ring hopefuls. Driscoll, Farelli, Williams, Mahoney, Jacobs, Hammonds ... it doesn't matter to me who is in the tournament for when the Anniversary Show ends I will be holding the AWA NATIONAL Title high into the air. Tonight, you're going to be an object lesson in what happens when you try to jump on a Lynch.

[The camera focuses on the face of Travis for a few moments more before fading back out to the ring where Phil Watson is waiting.]

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

[The lights in the arena then go out, as the opening hook to "The Baddest Man Alive" by The Black Keys and RZA begins to play.]

#I could take the pitchfork from the devil  
#Keep a super suit like I'm incredible  
#From the deep, blue sea to the dark blue sky  
#I'm the baddest man alive

[The crowd roars with boos, when they see Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains with members of Team Supreme in tow. Although missing their namesake and leader, the members of Team Supreme are all dressed in their trademark red and black tracksuits, with the exception of Jackson, who wears a sheer black version of the tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the pack. Atop his head, he wears Jack Lynch's black stetson and his tracksuit jacket is unzipped, revealing a #ScumbagTravis t-shirt worn underneath.]

#I'd grab a crocodile by his tail  
#Handcuff the judge, and put the cops in jail  
#Make the meanest woman break down and cry  
#I'm the baddest man alive  
#I'm the baddest man alive

PW: ...he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina....weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds...he is...

[Suddenly, we Matt Lance run ahead of the pack and leap over the top rope, cutting Watson off.]

GM: What's this...

[Lance whispers something into Watson's ear, before the ring announcer nods his head and goes back to making his introductions.]

PW: He is ALSO universally recognized as the KING OF THE COWBOYS!!!

[Big time boos!]

GM: He's not even a cowboy!

BW: Don't you insult the man like that, Gordo! We're in the presence of royalty!

GM: Oh brother.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: He is...

"THE BEAST"

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCCKKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

[Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a high ponytail. Once he reaches the ring, he barks some orders at the other members of Team Supreme, who proceed to surround the ring. Removing his tracksuit, Jackson reveals black compression shorts with metallic blue and silver flames running along the sides and black and blue kneepads and boots. He removes the stetson from his head, handing it over to Alex Martin for safe-keeping.]

GM: It's been a rough night for Team Supreme so far but they're hoping to turn things around here in this one, Bucky.

BW: Sending Cain Jackson into the Brass Ring Tournament with a chance to bring even more gold back to Team Supreme would be turning things around in a BIG way. And without that cheater Bobby No Honor out here, they stand a great chance of doing it.

GM: Bobby No Honor... give me a break. Don't tell me you're going to start using Lake's disparaging nicknames for everybody.

BW: If the shoe fits, Mr. Television Announcer.

[Gordon sighs as we go back to Phil Watson.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation of the Texas Heartthrob's entrance... and then ERUPTS in cheers as the classic "Tom Sawyer" by Rush kicks in.]

PW: From right here in Dallas, Texas...

[Somehow, the crowd gets louder.]

PW: Weighing in at two hundred and fifty two pounds...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngster of the Lynch brothers, and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out the

classic rock entrance music. Travis looks to be all business as he hurriedly walks down the aisle, not even acknowledging the cheering fans for once. On his way, he rips off his trademark super smedium T-shirt and tosses it into the crowd for a special souvenir. He has foregone his usual black chaps on this evening, perhaps wanting to be ready for action from the get-go.]

GM: Travis Lynch is usually one to really enjoy the attention and enthusiasm of his hometown fans but here tonight, he wants nothing more than to make Cain Jackson pay for what he did to his brother Jack two weeks ago and for what they tried to do to his friends Bobby O'Connor and Michael Weaver earlier tonight.

[Travis breaks into a jog as he nears the ropes, ducking through them into the ring while wearing 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...

...and then he tears across the ring, throwing himself at Jackson to a big cheer with a leaping forearm smash to the head! The referee signals for the bell as Lynch opens up, throwing blow after blow to the skull of the Team Supreme big man!]

GM: Travis Lynch is lettin' him have it, fans! This match is business with so much at stake but two weeks ago, it also became very, very personal!

[The Texas Heartthrob backs Cain Jackson against the ropes, continuing to rain down shots on him. Jackson suddenly surges forward, leaning down to grab Travis around the torso, straightening him to try and backdrop him to the floor...

...but Travis grabs hold of the ropes, landing on a knee on the apron. He pops back up, reaching over the ropes to grab Jackson by the hair...]

GM: Travis hangs on and-

[Rushing down the length of the apron, Travis SLAMS Cain Jackson headfirst into the top turnbuckle, sending Jackson staggering back.]

GM: Lynch sends him headfirst into the corner... and Travis is heading up top!

[But as Travis gets one foot on the top, Jackson charges back in, connecting with a double axehandle to the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot catches Travis by surprise!

[Grabbing Travis by the hair, the big man pulls him down into a Canadian backbreaker, not bothering with the submission as he turns, looking across the ring as Matt Lance and a banged-up Alex Martin cheer him on...]

GM: Jackson coming across!

[The crowd groans as Jackson swings Travis forward and DRIVES Lynch's torso into the turnbuckle, hanging him upside down in the buckles.]

GM: Travis gets hung out to dry over the top turnbuckle!

[Jackson grabs the top rope, slamming a knee into the lower back... and another... and another as the fans jeer. Matt Lance slaps the canvas a few times, shouting "HE'S DONE, BIG MAN! HE'S DONE!" Jackson gives a nod as he pushes Travis back up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Cain Jackson is six foot eight and 285 pounds of walking, talking Beast. And as I've said before, I don't know if we've even scratched the surface yet of what Cain Jackson is capable of inside the ri- OHH!

[A hard right hand catches Travis flush on the jaw, causing the Texas Heartthrob to fall off the top turnbuckle, crashing down to the thinly-padded floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! That'll easily turn the tide in this one!

BW: The tide was already turned, Gordo. Travis Lynch hasn't had a lick of offense since he jumped Cain Jackson before the bell.

GM: And look out here, fans... Travis Lynch is out there on the floor with all those Team Supreme members.

BW: Who are showing a great deal of resilience coming back out here after Bobby No Honor sneak attacked them earlier if you ask me!

GM: He sneak attacked ALL of them?! None of them saw him coming?!

BW: He's a sneaky one... learned it from hangin' out with those Stenches no doubt.

[Jackson steps out to the apron, measuring Travis Lynch as the youngest of the Lynch wrestling family tries to get back to his feet. Matt Lance is a few feet away, shouting at Travis as Cain Jackson waves him clear, leaping off for a double axehandle...

...and Travis explodes with a right hand to the gut, cutting him off to big cheers!]

GM: DOWNSTAIRS GOES TRAVIS!

[Lynch straightens up, throwing a glare at Matt Lance. He shouts angrily at him, ordering him to get out of his way.]

GM: Matt Lance seems to have gotten under the skin of Travis Lynch as the Texan pulls Cain Jackson up off the floor by that ponytail... and headfirst into the ring apron!



[Jackson staggers down, leaning against the ringpost as Alex Martin gets closer to him. A pair of Team Supreme rookies hops up on the apron, getting the referee's attention as Matt Lance shouts at Travis from behind, again earning an angry glare before Lynch spins, charging towards Jackson...

...when Alex Martin grabs Jackson by the arm, yanking him clear and forcing Lynch to SLAM shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Jackson pats Alex Martin on the chest, turning back towards Travis Lynch who is leaning against the ringpost. Jackson grabs the left arm, shoving Lynch a couple steps backwards...

...and YANKS the arm, slamming Lynch's shoulder into the post!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Cain Jackson's drawing a bullseye on the left arm of Travis Lynch. Travis, the southpaw by nature, needs the left hand to throw that devastating Discus Punch.

BW: And you better believe that Cain Jackson knows that, Gordo.

[Jackson pulls the shoulder into the post a second time before he shoves Travis back into the ring, crawling in after him to break the referee's ten count.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now...

["The Beast" stalks after Travis who is using his right arm to drag himself across the ring, trying to create some space so he can recover...

...and then STOMPS Travis' left hand!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Perfectly legal! That was the flat of the boot!

GM: You have to imagine that not only is Cain Jackson trying to take away the Discus Punch but he's also trying to disable that Lynch family legacy, the Iron Claw.

BW: The King of the Cowboys is coming with a strategy here tonight and you've gotta imagine that Supreme Wright might have had something to do with this gameplan, Gordo.

GM: You saying that Cain Jackson can't develop his own gameplan?

BW: No, I'm saying that when you have access to one of the best wrestling minds in the world, you'd be a fool not to use it and Cain Jackson's mama didn't raise no fool!

[Grabbing Travis by the left arm, Jackson pulls him off the mat, twisting the arm around, tucking it behind him in a hammerlock...

...and with a handful of trunks, Jackson HURLS him shoulderfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Cain Jackson continues to assault that shoulder and arm in there like the thug that he is.

BW: Thug?! This man should be held up as an example to people everywhere! This is a man who had a troubled youth... he had a hard time growing up... and ended up in prison. But he fought to make himself a better man and now he's here in the AWA associated with the elite in this sport and you call him a thug?!

GM: I call him a thug because he did all that and still chooses to associate himself as nothing more than hired muscle for Supreme Wright! You're right, Bucky. He SHOULD be an example of how someone can better themselves with hard work but instead, he chooses to be a back-jumping thug!

[Jackson pulls Travis out of the corner by the arm, giving it a hard yank as he drags him out to the middle of the ring. He bends the arm into a hammerlock behind Lynch's back, lifting him up in a bearhug...

...and then dives forward, smashing Lynch's arm underneath him!]

GM: OHHH! What a move by Cain Jackson and what kind of damage must that have done to that arm!

[Jackson flips Travis over, applying a press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Travis' right shoulder shoots up off the canvas. Jackson is down in the lateral press as he grabs hold of the right arm, angrily slamming it back down and ordering a second count but again gets two.]

GM: A pair of two counts for Cain Jackson.

[Jackson drags Travis up off the mat, twisting the arm around in an armwringer...]

BW: Nice and slow on the armwringer, making sure that Travis feels every single second of it. You know, Stench should do us all a favor and call it a day. He should give up, go home to the old man and Henrietta, and admit that he's not cut out for this business.

GM: Is that right? You think a guy who has spent the last year fighting off the likes of The Lost Boy... of Ebola Zaire... of Alexander Kingsley... isn't cut out for this business?

BW: He's done alright, Gordo, but like he said himself... he ain't his brothers. He's the low man on the Stench totem pole and that's a bad place to be.

[Matt Lance again slams his arms into the mat, shouting for Cain Jackson to "SNAP THAT CHICKEN WING OFF!"]

GM: Cain Jackson goes to twist the arm again...

[But this time, Travis front rolls through it, turning away the pressure, popping up to his feet, and throwing a standing dropkick to the mush on the six foot eight Jackson to big cheers!]

GM: Jackson is stunned! Travis swoops in... scoop!

BW: No way!

[With the injured limb, Lynch is unable to get the near-three hundred pounder up into the air. He recoils, grabbing his shoulder as Cain SLAMS a double axehandle between the shoulderblades!]

GM: And Cain Jackson lowers the boom from the blind side!

[The blow sends Travis falling into the ropes where Jackson approaches from the back, turning him around for an Irish whip...]

GM: Jackson shoots him across...

[As Travis rebounds back, Jackson hoists him up, tilt-a-whirling him around for a powerslam...

...but he pauses, locking his hands over Travis' head, yanking him down by the head into a shoulderbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo! Cain's heading to the Brass Ring Tournament!

[Jackson settles into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as Matt Lance counts along with the ref.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR-

[Travis' right shoulder pops up off the mat as Matt Lance angrily slams his hands into the canvas, shouting at the official.]

GM: Wow! Travis got the shoulder up, breaking the count in time and we're just over five minutes into this one and I thought Cain Jackson might've had it won.

[Jackson angrily gets to his feet, glaring at the official as he pulls Travis up by the arm, again twisting it around before using it to whip Travis into the ropes...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Travis, off the far side...

[Lynch leaves his feet, catching Jackson with a cross body!]

GM: Crossbody gets one! It gets two! It gets- no, that's all!

[Travis rolls off, grabbing his shoulder as he tries to get off the mat but Jackson is there first, clubbing him with a straight right hand to the jaw, sending Travis falling back into the ropes. Jackson pumps his fist a few times, racing to the rear ropes as Lance shouts "CAAAAAAAAAAIN!"]

GM: Off the ropes... BIG BOOT!

[But as Cain swings his leg up for the potential match-ending blow, Travis Lynch drops down, using his good arm to drag the top rope with him, ending up with Cain crotched on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jackson winces in pain, grabbing at his groin as Alex Martin and a pair of unnamed Team Supreme members climb up on the apron, trying to free Jackson from his precarious position...

...but Travis drops Martin with a right hand, sending him down to the floor. He grabs each of the Team Supreme members by the hair, looking out to the roaring crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! He's gonna do it!

[Travis CLASHES their heads together, sending them both down to the floor.]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER SENDS 'EM DOWN!

[With the crowd roaring, Lynch grabs the top rope with both hands, yanking the top rope up and down, causing the rope to repeatedly slam into the groin of Cain Jackson to big cheers and lots of pain for the Team Supreme big man.]

BW: ILLEGAL! ILLEGAL!

GM: It certainly is!

[Lynch pulls away as the referee counts to four, watching as Jackson slips off the ropes onto the ring apron, clutching his groin again...

...and Travis leaves his feet, throwing a standing dropkick that sends Jackson sailing off the apron, crashing down to the floor on top of a pile of Team Supreme members!]

GM: TRAVIS CLEARS HIM OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[The Texas Heartthrob kneels on the mat, clutching his left shoulder in pain as Jackson and his fellow Team Supreme members are a wreck outside the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch slowly climbing off the mat... still holding onto that shoulder. And with as banged up as that arm looks to be, you start thinking about the Brass Ring Tournament in two weeks' time and realizing that these Qualifying Matches are even more important.

BW: Absolutely. Let's say Stench somehow advances. How the heck is going to beat someone like Rob Driscoll? Like Brad Jacobs? Like Hercules Hammonds? How does he beat them with only one arm?

GM: That's an excellent point. Of course, Cain Jackson is hoping it doesn't get that far.

[Lynch steps out on the apron, measuring Cain Jackson who is trying to get up off the floor...

...when Matt Lance leaps in the way, shouting at Travis!]

GM: What in the world?!

[Travis Lynch is HOT, shouting at Matt Lance. He drops down off the apron, advancing on Lance with an angry expression and balled up fists, causing Lance to backpedal.]

GM: Wow! Matt Lance just sent Travis Lynch over the edge!

[But as Travis turns back towards Cain Jackson...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT CONNECTS!

[The big kick snaps Travis Lynch's head back, dropping him like a rock out on the floor. Lance cackles with glee, shouting "IT'S OVER! IT'S OOOOOOVAAAAAH!" as Cain Jackson pulls Lynch off the floor, rolling him back into the ring.]

GM: Cain Jackson puts him back in... this is it, fans! I hate to say it but there's no way that Travis Lynch gets up from that devastating Big Boot from Cain Jackson!

[Jackson pullshimself up on the apron, looking over the ropes at the downed Travis Lynch... and instead of moving inside the ring to attempt a pin, Cain Jackson decides to really put the exclamation point on it.]

GM: Uh oh! Cain Jackson is heading up top! The six foot eight Beast is heading for the high rent district, stepping up to the second rope... now up to the top rope...

BW: Have you checked the weather forecast?! It's calling for HARD RAIN, daddy!

GM: Jackson's up top, perhaps looking for that devastating frog splash!

[Jackson leaps off, pumping his arms and legs as he tears down towards the downed Lynch...

...who rolls to the side, causing Jackson to SLAM into the canvas!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! JACKSON MISSED THE SPLASH!

[Lynch winces as he pushes his way up to his feet, shaking out his left arm as he looks for a way to finish off his opponent and earn his slot in the Brass Ring Tournament!]

GM: Travis back up, pulling Cain off the mat...

[Travis winds up his left hand, attempting to hook on the Iron Claw but Jackson brings up both hands, grabbing the wrist of Lynch, fighting off the Claw attempt!]

GM: Jackson's fighting it! Jackson's fighting the Claw!

[Abruptly, Travis abandons his efforts, hooking Jackson around the torso, lifting him up into an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Travis is trying to make Cain sing soprano here tonight!

[Lynch dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaps up, landing a right-handed forearm to the jaw of Cain Jackson, knocking him back into the ropes. Jackson comes off fast, spinning around...]

GM: DISCUS LARIAT!

[But he whiffs as Travis Lynch ducks it, allowing Jackson to go sailing past him, nearly falling as he loses his balance. Travis pops up, spinning around as Cain turns...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The left hand POPS Cain Jackson on the jaw, knocking him flat as Travis dives across, using his right arm to cradle a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Travis sits up, tiredly grabbing at his shoulder, a smile on his face...

...but not for long as Team Supreme floods the ring!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[A handful of unnamed Team Supreme members start putting the boots to Travis Lynch, knocking down as they start kicking and stomping him into the canvas...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Supreme Wright, a rare look of anger on his face, makes his presence known, striding down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Oh no. I don't like the looks of this, Bucky.

BW: I do! Supreme's gonna put another Lynch on the shelf, daddy! He's gonna snap that arm just like he did to Jack Lynch!

GM: Wright steps in, waving for them to pick Travis up...

[The crowd is jeering as Alex Martin and Matt Lance hoist Travis Lynch off the mat, each holding an arm as Supreme Wright stares into his eyes, ready to strike at any moment...

...when the crowd BREAKS into cheers!]

GM: MICHAEL WEAVER! BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[The fan favorite duo comes tearing down the aisle...

...each carrying a steel chair!]

GM: HERE THEY COME AND-

[The crowd roars as the chair-wielding duo steps into the ring, sending the Team Supreme members (and their leader) fleeing from inside the squared circle!]

GM: -AND THERE GOES TEAM SUPREME! They wanted no part of that!

BW: Of course not! Bobby No Honor and Michael... Michael Cheater!

GM: Ugh.

BW: They jumped in there with weapons! Try putting those chairs down and see what happens!

GM: I'll tell you exactly what happens! They get jumped by ten guys! Team Supreme is perfectly happy to exploit that numbers advantage but when those chairs - those equalizers - got involved, they decided to save themselves for another day.

[Supreme Wright leads his squad back down the aisle as O'Connor shouts, waving for them to get back in the ring as Michael Weaver kneels down next to Travis Lynch, checking on the Texas Heartthrob.]

GM: Well, fans... lost in the chaos, I suppose, is the fact that Travis Lynch has won this match and is moving on to the Brass Ring Tournament in two weeks' time where he'll have an opportunity to slap that revived AWA National Title around his waist!

BW: And speaking of putting titles around their waists, right now, the former and NEXT World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express, are standing by with comments on tonight's Main Event, Gordo! I'm tired of talkin' 'bout the Stenches. Let's go to the L-O-E!

[We fade away from the trio inside the ring.]

The camera opens up on three men standing shoulder to shoulder. On the left is Aaron Anderson, head half-cocked to the right so you can only see one of his hazel eyes. Anderson's head is shaved to the scalp with a thin trim of facial hair stretching from ear to ear and around his mouth and jaw. His black and white track jacket is zipped up to the neck unlike the man to his immediate right Lenny Strong whose jacket is zipped half way down.

Strong's thin strands of brown hair are pulled back into a pony tail save for a loose strand that hangs over the bridge of his nose. His face is nearly clean shaven minus the small patch of hair under his bottom lip.

To his right stands the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White. White's Mohawk is in full-force tonight, jetting up over a foot high in all of its bleached blonde glory down the center of his skull. White has on a black sleeveless leather jacket with white trim, a studded neck choker, and sports his usual man-glam of eye shadow, painted nails and permanent ink on his shoulders and forearms.]

Lenny Strong [LS]: Ya know, I ain't surprised that Cody Mertz and Michael Arons put us on blast last week and called us down to the ring.

[Anderson nods.]

LS: I AM surprised them two knuckheads had the brass to trot their skinny little chicken legs down the aisle and climb into the ring to face us. An' ya know what that kind of courage got them?

[Strong sneers.]



LS: A one way ticket to beatdown city, ain't that right, big guy?

AA: Sure did.

LS: It PLEASED me and my brothers to no end to stand over ya, Mertz. Stand over your half unconscious body with that annoying smirk slapped right off your face, one eye kicked shut, lip quivering like a school boy ridin' the swing-set alone on the playground, fingers flat as if ya just got run over by a locomotive cause heck boy, that's just about what happened to ya out there.

And your wingman? Aarons, brother, he ain't ever stood a chance. Heck, he was barely standin' at all out there. 'Cause when I was lookin' around, basking in the cheers of our devoted fans, I couldn't even see ya, jack! Aaron here tells me you had a little accident and spilled right out over the ropes and just collapsed right into the fetal position with your tail between your legs. But the best part, man, the best part was lookin' out at a pair of eight or nine year olds in the front row with tassels on their arms and purple Air Strike head bands around their forehead cryin' their little eyes out, screamin' for ya, Aarons. "Come on Michael!" "You can do it, Michael!" And the look, brother, it was precious.

That boy, tears runnin', his voice goin' hoarse from screamin' your name so loud, grippin' onto his daddy's arm and askin' him "Why?" "Why isn't he getting up?!" It was the same look on Mertz' face as he had a minor seizure at my feet as we laid out the challenge for you to put those titles on the line against us here tonight.

The crazy part though? That was less than thirty seconds in the ring with us, jack! Tonight? Tonight we can go thirty minutes but Aaron here tells me you ain't gonna make it past ten.

AA: You said it, Lenny. Just like I told the people last time, just like I'll tell them again here tonight. We aren't going to wait for ANYTHING to be handed to us. We walked down that road time and time again and if there's anything we've learned since coming here to the AWA it's that if you want something...

...you go and take it.

LS: Amen, brother.

AA: Tonight... we want those titles... actually, we want those belts that you've been wrapping around your waist since last summer. OUR belts. But since you've misplaced them...

[Anderson shakes his head with disgust.]

AA: The fact that the names carrying them are Mertz and Aarons is irrelevant to me. It doesn't matter if your last name is Morton, it doesn't matter if your last name is Bishop, it doesn't matter if your last name is

Somers, Dufresne, Holiday or Hammonds. It doesn't even matter if you're a dumb kid with a pack of even dumber friends. You hear me? You know what I'm saying, KIDS?! Cause that's what you two are.

DUMB.

PUNK.

KIDS.

And you know what that means to me? To us? NOTHING. Because we don't care who stands in our way. Young..old..smart..or stupid. I'll knock the head off any man's shoulders that stands in our way. The fact that it's you two PUNKS...

...is just a bonus.

[There's a pause, both Anderson and Strong roll their chins towards the Atomic Blonde who thus far has remained poised and silent.]

DW: The Memphis Mohawk...

...he knows your pain, brothers.

[White's head nods several times.]

DW: He knows what'cher feelin' right now as ya look down towards men who took some'em that'cha feel belongs to ya. Two weeks ago, D-White stood in a place just like, just like the three of us are coin now', and he told his story. He told his story about his childhood, his high school days, his moment on the college grid-iron, and the night Shadoe Rage took everythin' from him but his life and he vowed to return the favor at all cost.

And ya know what?

[Pause.]

DW: Two weeks ago, he failed. Sure, he took Shadoe Rage to the very limit, pinnin' his shoulders to the mat up till the last moment of the match with the Television Title on the line and the entire WORLD watchin' for the first time on The X, brotha. But he left that arena without the gold, without the blood of Rage on his hands, without a debt bein' collected.

So if ya think for a second that the Last of the Mohawkins is gonna let that happen twice in a row he's gonna tell ya right now to be prepared to drag someone away from that ring in a body bag tonight cuz tonight...

...ain't no clock gonna stop the D Train.

Ain't no bell gonna stop US!

Ain't nobody, NOBODY, gonna come between the LIGHTS...

...and puttin' Air Strike OUT of business permanently.

[White, chest puffed, clenches his fists at his side.]

DW: You two cream puffs have been runnin' around tootin' yer own horn around the Globe since ya beat us. Texas. Alabama. Philly. Japan. All that...ALL THAT STOPS AND ENDS HERE TONIGHT.

[Anderson beats his chest with one hand, screaming out as White shouts out!]

DW: As my good friend Johnny Cash once said, "This train a comin'...

...it's rollin' round the bend."

[The camera fixates on White's face.]

DW: Take a last good look at sunshine, fellas...

...cause the Atomic Blonde don't know when yer gonna see it again.

LS: LIGHTS...

[Strong hooks an arm up and then brings his elbow whipping down into his palm creating a loud "SMACK!"]

LS: ...OUT!

AA: Ain't no way else around it.

[Fade from the former World Tag Team Champions back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, and already in the ring, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and weighing in tonight at 270 pounds, here is...

JAMES REED!!

[The ever vociferous Reed is already running his mouth, jaw jacking at the referee and the announcer. Reed is a tall, muscular man with dark brown feather-cut hair and blue eyes. He's wearing full length forest-green tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots. Still running his mouth, he looks towards the aisle.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The heavy guitar of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qumAZeG8Bwc>) blares over the loudspeakers, boos pouring from all corners of the arena.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

[And out steps the Hall of Fame manager. As always, Lau is dressed to the nines. Tonight, he wears a sharp bespoke suit, black over a white shirt and red tie, the black vest under the suit jacket visible as his arms open wide. His eyes are covered by a pair of Porsche Carrera sunglasses. Unfazed by the audience's reaction, Lau smirks and then looks over his shoulder, giving a nod of his head. And as the song continues its blare, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

PW: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

PW: Here is...

BRIIIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel over his head, which covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl on clean shaven face. James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in black tattoos, each a letter of the Kanji alphabet. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James' legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring with Lau entering the ring first, making a big show of shooing Reed away from the center of the squared circle.]

GM: James Reed is not intimidated. He's a big man himself, and he's not going to be cowed by Brian Lau. Or Brian James for that matter!

BW: So what you're saying Gordo, is that James Reed is a grade A idiot.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing short, dirty blond hair that's been slicked back. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. James readies himself to fall into the same crouching position he assumed two weeks ago, only for Reed to come forward, hollering the entire time, as he charges at James. Brian Lau has just seconds to get out of the way, before the two behemoths collide. Both men bounce off one another, neither going down.]

GM: Like I said, James Reed is not going to be intimidated!

[The referee, who has not yet signaled for the bell, puts his hand on Reed, guiding him towards the neutral corner.]

GM: Brian Lau calling his charge over, the two seem to be having a last minute pow wow.

BW: Let me tell you what's happening right there. Brian Lau, right now, is changing the game plan. He's telling his man to do something different. I don't think either of them were expecting this out of James Reed.

[Lau is animated, patting James on the chest and shoulder, pointing at Reed. Through it all, James is calm, acknowledging Lau's instructions with only a single nod of his head.]

BW: He might not be showing it, but I'll bet you that Brian James is feeling the sting of getting caught off guard like that. And I wouldn't want to be standing on the other side of a ring that's got an embarrassed Brian James in it!

[As Lau exits the ring, the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: And again, Reed goes shows that he's going to go for broke, as he charges at Brian James. And James isn't moving at all!

[Reed drives his shoulder into James' chest, and succeeds in causing James' head to snap back. But notably, his feet remain planted where they were.]

GM: James is pointing to the ropes.

BW: He wants Reed to do it again.

[But as Reed goes into the ropes, James drops into a three point stance, suddenly breaks into a full sprint, charging at the rebounding Reed. James' arm is cocked back...]

GM: BLACK MASS!! He suckered James Reed right into that!

BW: Reed is down! He could end this right now but I'm bettin' dollars to doughnuts that he ain't about to!

[James begins kicking at Reed's head, using the sole of his foot to "slap" contemptuously at Reed's face, taunting him more than hurting him.]

BW: And this is probably what Lau told him to do. Make James Reed pay. Make him think twice about charging at him like that.

[Reed rolls over onto his stomach, and then begins to push himself up onto all fours. James steps back, measuring Reed, circling until he's right in the perfect spot, and then, with a quick kick, drives his shin into the upper part of Reed's arm, right at the shoulder joint. There's a sickening crack that fills the arena, and the moment later, the sound of Reed's familiar howls, but this time in pain.]

BW: Tell you what, Gordo, I felt that kick!

GM: I notice Brian Lau has opted not to join us tonight.

[On cue, the camera cuts to Lau, who stands in the corner, one arm crossed across his chest, the other folded, scratching his chin thoughtfully.]

BW: He's doing what he's supposed to. He's watching intently, looking for any holes in James' game. Though given what we've seen so far, I don't know how many holes he's going to spot.

[James goes to the ropes, and when he comes back, he launches another kick, in the same place as his previous kick. Again, Reed howls in pain, clutching his upper arm and shoulder. Smelling blood in the water, James continues his attack, alternating between short but painful kicks, and hard stomps to Reed's damaged limb.]

GM: There we see the evidence of that relentlessness that Brian Lau has instilled in Brian James. And still, I have to wonder what happened to the fine young man we used to see out here.

BL: He's gone, Gordo, and he's been replaced by something so much better.

[Reed is brought up and whipped hard into the turnbuckle. James chooses not to charge this time, but stalks forward. Reed launches a kick to the midsection that James appears not to feel, and the son of the Blackheart retaliates by driving the point of his elbow into the center of Reed's face, over and over again, until Reed has no more fight left in him.]

GM: Brian James is so calm, so methodical in there.

BW: When you got all the natural gifts as well as the training that kid has, there's no sense in getting too worked up.

[James pulls Reed's arm over the top rope, pulling it forward, and then James throws his body forward, shoulder checking Reed into the corner,

yanking on his injured arm, relentless as he does his best to dislocate Reed's shoulder.]

BW: I bet James Reed is regretting what he did earlier.

GM: I hate to say it, but I have to agree.

[Finally, the referee gets between the two men, trying to force a break. James ignores his instructions, until Lau's voice can be heard above the referee's. His words? "Do it now!"]

GM: Lau's instructions manage to get through to Brian James, who seems to be breaking. He puts his hand on Reed's chin, tilting his head up.

BW: Oh man, I know what's coming next. We saw this two weeks ago. I'm not sure there's anything more spectacular in the AWA.

[James crosses to the other side of the ring, and, facing Reed, breaks into a full sprint. With Reed immobile in the corner, James leaps into the air, his left foot landing on the middle rope, and his right foot driven forward, his shin driven into the side of Reed's head. Reed's neck turns at a severe angle, and we can see the light going out of his eyes. James jumps back, landing on his feet.]

BW: Seriously Gordo, have you ever seen a nearly three hundred pound man do that?

GM: Bucky, that would be impressive if a two hundred pound man did it.

[James grabs hold of Reed's hair, and pulls Reed off the mat. James turns his back to Reed, and pulls Reed's arm up over his shoulder, yanking down on it, doing further damage to Reed's shoulder. Finally, James takes hold of Reed's arm, and turns his body, until he's got Reed's arm trapped in a tight, vice like grip, while James stands at Reed's side.]

GM: Brian James has that standing double wrist lock on tight.

BW: They call that a kimura these days, Gordo.

GM: Whatever you want to call it, after all the damage James has done, its sure to get a quick submission.

BW: Not so fast! Haha! This is great!

[Why is Bucky so happy? Because every time Reed seems ready to submit, James uses his side position to lift his knee, driving it right into Reed's mouth, cutting off any surrender Reed might try to make.]

GM: And look at Brian Lau over there! He's cheering this on!

BW: Wouldn't you? Brian James has completely dominated this match. And you heard what Lau said. The only thing he gets in life is ten percent of his man's earnings. Wouldn't you rather have ten percent of a winner's purse?

GM: Brian James could have won this match awhile ago, Bucky.

BW: But if you're having fun, why quit?

[James switches position, going from the side Kimura to standing behind Reed, switching to a more standard hammerlock. With Lau's encouragement, James exhales, and then, with an impressive show of strength, he hoists Reed straight into the air, still retaining the hammerlock. Immediately, Reed begins to scream in agony.]

GM: The referee checking on Reed, Reed trying to get his free arm up so he can wave the match off.

[Instead, James drops Reed.]

BW: He ain't quitting so easily! James isn't finished yet.

[Once more, James goes to the ropes, and as he rebounds, he strikes Reed in the chest and shoulder with a kick that's force is hard enough to send Reed under the bottom rope and onto the concrete around the ring. Notably, right at the feet of one Brian Lau.]

GM: Lau circling around Reed. What's he going to do!

[The question is answered a moment later as Lau kicks Reed square in the ribs.]

GM: Oh come on! Referee! Do something!

BW: As far as I am concerned, that's what Reed gets!

GM: For what? Wanting to win a match?

BW: That right there is the ONLY manager in the Hall of Fame! He could have been hurt in that wild charge at the start of the match and we would have lost a national treasure! And anyway, look now. Lau is helping Reed up.

[Sure enough, Lau has helped a disoriented Reed get to his feet, as he offers words of mock encouragement to Reed. Slowly, Reed tries to get into the ring.]

GM: Tell the truth, Bucky, Lau isn't doing anything but feeding Reed to Brian James.

BW: Sheesh, Gordo, a guy can't win with you, can he?

[Reed is taken by the hair, and pulled forward into a clinch, as Brian James unleashes a series of knees. But this time, the knee fury is targeted, once



more, at Reed's arm and shoulder, doing more damage to an arm that's already been severely injured. At the end of it, Reed is dropped, where he lies, clutching his arm.]

GM: Once again, Brian James is circling. I think he's wondering just what he wants to do next.

BW: I'm going to go out on a limb here and say whatever he feels like.

GM: James casts a glance over to Lau, who is nodding his head.

BW: And Reed is up on his feet, but only because James has put him there. He's got Reed's arm up, bending it over and behind his head.

[James turns to the side, brings his right hand up, fingers curling into a tight fist, and with an incredible amount of speed summoned over a very short distance, he drives his fist directly into the left side of Reed's chest.]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

BW: There's no getting up from that!

[Dropping as if he'd been shot, Reed is completely motionless. Arms and legs sprawled, he offers no protest as a standing James plants a foot in the center of his chest. The referee drops down, and the three count is a mere formality.]

GM: Brian James with another impressive victory... a cold, calculating, CRUEL victory this week, Bucky.

BW: It's great. This is the Brian James we should've been seeing all along. Not this wimpy, sissy who liked teaming with a guy barely bigger than the minis down in SouthWest Lucha Libre. Whatever you want to say about the man, that was a dominant performance. You can't deny that, Gordo!

GM: I won't deny Brian James' talent. But this change that's come over him, it disturbs me. And I worry about what it means for the future of the AWA.

BW: As far as I'm concerned, it means great things are in our future.

[The camera cuts to James and Lau in the ring. Both men move towards the ropes, ready to exit when something stops both men. They look towards the aisle and the camera follows their gaze. The crowd begins to buzz as the high flyer known as TORA comes jogging down the aisle towards the ring. He quickly reaches the ring, stepping through the ropes warily as James and Lau eye him. Brian James starts towards him, only to be halted by Brian Lau.]

BL: Because I'm feeling generous, TORA, you can have a few minutes to say what's on your mind.

[TORA produces a handheld mic, raising it...]

T: Look... this? This is between you and me, Bri. It's got nothing to do with this piece of trash right here.

[The crowd cheers at the verbal shot across Lau's bow but Lau simply smirks, patting Brian James on the shoulder. A nod from Lau, and Brian James steps back into the corner, arms over the top rope, listening intently, staring straight ahead at his former partner.]

T: But he needs to stay here... because he thinks he knows you, Bri... but I know the REAL you. And when I get through to you, I want him here to hear it... see it... and know it, okay?

[There is no response from Brian James who continues to stare at his former partner.]

T: Brian, I... I'm not sure what got into you at SuperClash but I think I've got an idea.

It was pressure.

[TORA nods.]

T: It was the pressure of high expectations. The pressure of being the son of Casey James. The pressure of being the student of Tiger Claw. Even the pressure this piece of work put on you to live up to... what? The glory days of a group that's been dead for 15 years?

Brian, you are NOT a member of the Syndicate.

You are NOT Brody Thunder. You are NOT JW Hardin. You are NOT your father or your teacher.

[TORA implores Brian James, practically begging him to listen.]

T: You are your own man! From the day I met you, you were trying to be your own man. You never wanted to be your father. You never wanted to be the kind of man your father was... and apparently still is. You wanted to be Brian James. You did not want to be the Son of the Blackheart.

That man is still in there...

[He points to James' chest.]

T: Somewhere. He didn't die at SuperClash. He didn't die when he decided to listen to this weasel.

[TORA points angrily at Lau.]

T: You're in there somewhere, Brian. My friend... is still in there. You just gotta find him. You just gotta look in the mirror, do some soul-searching, and find him.

[During TORA's speech, the camera has continually cut to Brian James, who has listened without responding, or even moving. His manager, on the other hand, has been listening with increasingly animated motions, shaking his head, mouthing denials that are partially caught by TORA's microphone. Finally, with TORA finished, Lau comes forward, pulling at TORA's microphone until the high flyer lets it go.]

BL: Now you listen to me, TORA. Because I've got a question for you.

Just who do you think you are?

And don't bother to answer that, TORA, because I'm going to answer that for you. Who you are, TORA, is a man that continually dropped the ball. SuperClash was not the first time that you failed Brian James. It was simply the last time that your failures went unpunished.

Who you are, TORA, is a tiny little man more interested in his...

[The sneer on Lau's face, as well as his disgusted tone of voice, speaks volumes.]

BL: "Beats"

[Yes, Lau made the air quotes with his fingers.]

BL: ...than he is in winning a match. What you are, TORA, is a pretender. You are someone who saw something on television and then decided that you could do it too! And when reality came crashing down upon you, when you realized that you weren't half as good as you thought you were, you didn't even have the grace to leave. You stuck around, and tried your best to drag down the most naturally gifted athlete in the history of the AWA with you.

And do you know what, TORA? You failed at that too.

You, TORA, are a burden. You were an albatross around the neck of Brian James. And you would have dragged a lesser man down with you. But you had the sheer luck to be carried, for months, by Brian James. You had the luck of standing next to an incredibly gifted fighter, and his reflected glory was enough to make you look good, for a time. But the truth always wins out, doesn't it TORA?

And the truth is, that you, TORA, are a loser!

[Boos fill the arena as Lau continues to harangue the fan favorite.]

BL: And now, you have the audacity to come out here and try to tell Brian James what he should and shouldn't do? That marks you, TORA, as someone who is completely delusional, on top of everything else.

What you should be, TORA is apologetic. What you should be doing right now is getting down on your hands and knees, begging for the forgiveness of

Brian James. What you should be is a person honest enough to admit what an absolute failure and disappointment you are.

And so what I am going to do, since I am a kind and generous man, is I am going to step aside, and ask Brian James to come forward, so that he can hear the apology you owe me.

Mr. James?

[James steps forward, standing at Lau's side. Without speaking, he gives a nod of his head to TORA.]

T: Brian... I know you've heard me. I know you were listening. And I know what kind of a man you really are. I know you-

[And Lau is in motion again, shaking his head.]

BL: No. No. No. No!

That is not what I said! I said you apologize to him! And I mean it! You...

[But Lau is cut off, when James steps forward, putting his hand on Lau's chest, scooting his manager back. Lau looks on in puzzlement, and that puzzlement becomes alarm as James points to the corner, directing his manager to step into it. There's a buzz in the crowd, as the audience senses the tide shifting. Lau reluctantly steps back, as James stands in front of TORA, looking at his former partner. TORA looks to the audience, encouraging their cheers.]

T: Come on! Listen to 'em, Brian. Listen to 'em! They still love you! They're willing to forgive and forget just like I am. I'm willing to put everything that happened at SuperClash aside and get right to the top together.

[He extends his hand.]

T: Come on, Bri. Shake my hand, leave this weasel behind, and let's get back to business.

[Having never spoken a word, Brian James lets a single gesture do the talking for him – as he extends his hand in friendship.]

GM: Thank goodness! Brian James has come to his senses.

[We see Lau, in the background, jumping up and down, howling in protest.]

BW: I don't believe this, just when I was starting to respect him.

[TORA takes James' hand, and there is a single pumping of the clenched hands, before a shadow seems to fall over Brian James' face. The cheers of the audience abruptly end, as James pulls TORA forward and off balance, and right into a...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!!!!!!

BW: I love it! It was a set up the whole time!

GM: Brian James never intended to reconcile with TORA! He was just waiting until TORA's guard was all the way down! This is disgusting!

[TORA is completely out, sprawled on the canvas, motionless except for a few sporadic convulsions. An ecstatic Lau comes bounding out of the corner, jumping up and down as he taunts the fallen and unconscious TORA.]

And the expression has never once changed on the face of Brian James.

The Son of the Blackheart looks with cold contempt, staring at the man he once called friend. Finally, Brian James steps over the fallen TORA, and along with Lau, exits the ring, leaving TORA behind 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...]

Just back from commercial, and Solomon Shock is standing in the ring, wearing his wrestling attire, holding a microphone.]

SS: I know what you all THINK you saw last time around. I know what you all THINK, because it's all I've heard about... all I've gotten emails about... but I'm here to tell you what you THINK you saw and what happened are two different things. I've never ran from a fight in my life and I still haven't run from one, not even from KING Oni.

And if my former partner ain't man enough to handle the heat, maybe that's why he's my former partner! And I'm telling you all, that from this day goin' forward I ain't worrying about a damn thing except Solomon Shock!

But NO! He wasn't ready. Well I don't give a DAMN who is ready or not, I don't really care what any of YOU people think-

[Shock points at the crowd.]

SS: From here on out, I'm not asking permission and I ain't asking forgiveness. I'm doing things MY WAY! I'm doing things-

[Shock is interrupted by the twanged, concerned voice... of Carl Riddens.]

CR: Whoa, whoa, whoa now, big man.

I love the fire. I love the anger. But yer a ship without a compass... ya got no direction.

[Shock snarls at Riddens, who doesn't even acknowledge it as he walks to ringside.]

CR: Pointing your anger at these people, that ain't gonna get you nowhere. Times have changed, my friend, the pages of history are not filled in by the winners.

The gladiators who won the battle don't write the history books no more, the people who paid to see it do. We live in the age of the bystander, my friend. And you need to learn that THEY-

[Riddens points to the crowd.]

CR: They are your friends. Not your enemies.

[Riddens hops up onto the apron and ducks inside.]

CR: Do you mind if I-

[The man from the Silicone Valley is interrupted by Shock, in turn, who slaps down the mic with one hand and throws a looping overhand right with the other. Riddens deftly dodges, fires off a short right to the kidney, and then grabs Shock in a headlock... kicks one leg up, and DRIVES him to the canvas. The crowd pops for the move but then buzzes, not sure how to respond.]

GM: That devastating move by Carl Riddens hits the mark once more, but what's he getting at, Bucky?

BW: Oh, like I know? Only he knows where he's going. Trying to speculate on what's in his head is just a waste of time, Gordo.

[Riddens climbs onto his hands and knees, then whispers something to Shock. After a moment, he grabs the microphone and speaks into it, standing on Shock's left.]

CR: I dunno about you, Solomon.

But I've done my time eatin' table scraps for dinner. An' I've had enough of bein' the lowest man on the totem poll. An' somethin' tells me you feel the same way.

But you're goin' about it all wrong, big man. Hollerin' at the people, directing your anger outward. Times have changed, Solomon. Things are different now.

History ain't written by the winner. The gladiator who walks out of the coliseum don't get to tell his tale anymore. The pages of history are written by the bystander, my man. By the observer. These people are your friends, not your enemies.

They can take you to where you need to be.

[Riddens walks around Shock's body, to the left side, and squats down next to him.]

CR: An' I can tell ya right now, wastin' yer breath at them about all the things you aim to do ain't gonna do you a bit of good.

Because you know what that makes 'em think? Know what it makes ME think?

[Riddens points a finger.]

CR: You're weak.

Because everybody knows that a man who spends all his time facin' out, don't spend enough time lookin' inside. When yer worried about what the rest of the world is doing, you don't have any time to worry about what YOU'RE doing. An' all them muscles, an' all that rage, it don't mean a damn thing if you can't see the forest through the trees. When you're a ship with no compass, you ain't got no direction.

An' brother, you just crashed into an iceberg. An' you didn't even see me comin'.

[Riddens wipes his hair away and backs up as Shock begins to stir.]

CR: Now you're about to stand up, an' probably try to beat me like a drum, but you need to LISTEN to me:

I'm offering my hand to you in friendship. In partnership. Because I'm tired of bringin' up the rear. I'm tired of suckin' hind teat, same as you. Think about it, Solomon. The sheep who spends all his time strainin' to hear the



voice of his shepherd never hears the wolf creepin' up behind him. You just made all that noise hollerin' at these people... an' little old me turned your lights off in five seconds flat.

You shake my hand and we're partners. You shake my hand, and we're a team. But I make no promises. I don't bring no downside guarantees.

[Shock finally stands up and looks Riddens right in the face. Riddens doesn't flinch, doesn't budge, and just smiles back at the far bigger man, sticking his right hand out.]

CR: There ain't no way to make ya a better sheep. But if ya follow me, I'll teach ya to be a wolf.

[Hair wipe, half smile.]

CR: An' even I have trouble seein' the forest through the trees... an' if ya walk with me, I'll show ya how to burn 'em down. Because you need to SEE what I see. You need to KNOW what I know.

Trust me. It's beautiful, man.

[The much bigger Shock nods his head and clasps the hand of Riddens...

...who yanks him hard into a side headlock, swinging his leg up, and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas a second time to a big reaction. Riddens promptly rolls to a seated position, a grin on his face as he laughs at his own actions.]

GM: What the-?! What was that?!

BW: That was a lesson from Carl Riddens. School's out, Shock. Hope you learned something.

[Still grinning, Riddens rolls under the ropes to the floor. He stretches out a lengthy arm, grabbing Shock by the wrist and tugging him out there to join him. He slings Shock's powerful arm over his shoulder, half-carrying and half-dragging him back up the aisle towards the locker room as we crossfade to Bucky and Gordon who is shaking his head.]

GM: That guy... I don't understand half of what he says and now you can add not understanding what he does as well to that list. He just assaulted Solomon Shock... offered to help him... and then assaulted him again when Shock agreed! Can you explain that?

BW: I ain't even about to try, Gordo.

GM: Fair enough. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by. Mark?

[We open up on Mark Stegglet in the backstage area right outside a locker room door. He looks a bit upset.]

MS: Fans, I'm back here right outside the locker room of Sweet Daddy Williams who failed in his attempt to win the AWA World Television Title earlier tonight and... well, you saw what happened after that. I'm going to try and get a word with... with my friend.

[Stegglet pushes the door open, revealing Sweet Daddy Williams, still in his ring gear - obviously minus his boots - sitting on a wooden bench. His head is down, his face staring at the floor.]

MS: Sweet Daddy...

[Williams slowly looks up. His face looks flushed and his eyes look red as he spots his friend. He gives the slightest of nods.]

MS: We all saw what happened out there. We saw the loss. We saw your decision to leave your boots behind - they do that in amateur wrestling when someone decides to hang them up... after their last match. Sweet Daddy, can you tell us... have we seen your last match?

[Williams exhales long and hard, closing his eyes.]

SDW: You're wrong, Mark.

[Stegglet looks confused.]

MS: I'm sor-

SDW: You're wrong. When those boots get left behind in the ring, it ain't because the man who wore 'em decided it was over. It's because the man upstairs decided that. It's because Father Time decided it was over.

That's where I'm at, Mark. I'm at the crossroads of pro wrestling - every one of us gets there but I thought... man, I thought I had some time left.

[He shakes his head, raising both arms, holding them out in a V in front of him. He shakes his left hand.]

SDW: Do I take this road... the one where I keep going, the one where I keep fighting... the one where I'm like those sorry SOBs that I've known for so long... the ones who don't have it anymore... the ones with nothing left in the tank... the ones hangin' 'round the Boys And Girls Clubs and the Elks Lodges and the VFW Halls, just beggin' someone to notice that I used to be somebody.

Is that who I want to be, Mark?

[He shakes his head again, then shaking his right arm.]

SDW: Or do I take this road? The road that says I had a good career... I had a GREAT career. I fought the good fight. I traveled the roads... the

highways and by-ways... I won some, I lost some... but I held my head up high every night and showed the world that I was a pro wrestler.

I lived my dream, Mark... maybe it's time to step aside so someone else can live theirs.

[Williams drops his arms, lowering his head again. The room is silent for several moments before a voice rings out off-camera.]

"What about my dreams?"

[The veteran lifts his head, looking at the source of the voice as something comes flying through the air, falling down at Williams' feet. The camera follows the path to reveal Willie Hammer standing in the locker room in a white Combat Corner t-shirt and blue jeans.]

WH: What about my dreams, teach?

[Williams lets a slight smile go.]

SDW: I heard you were here tonight. Sorry I couldn't have-

[Hammer interrupts, a tinge of anger in his voice.]

WH: Sorry nothin', teach! You know what I saw tonight? I saw a man who took me out of the ghetto... he took me under his wing and said that if I fought the way a MAN should fight... then I'd make it.

I saw a man who said that he was once in my boots... and that he'd stand by me until I got to where I wanted to be.

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: Kid, I've always got your back but-

[Hammer shakes his head.]

WH: Nah, teach... nah. There's no "but" there. The only butt around here is your fat butt sittin' on that bench feelin' sorry for yourself instead of gettin' up, gettin' mad, and gettin' even on that lowdown polecat who'd rather take a mirror to bed than his ol' lady.

You sit there and sing the blues while right outside this door...

[He points at the locker room door.]

WH: Right outside THAT door there's things that shouldn't be happening. Ryan? Hurt by a madman. Jack Lynch? That piece of trash Wright strikes again. Fawcett's runnin' around like a reject from a horror movie. Detson's trying to put Carver down. The L-O-E is beatin' up my boys in Air Strike.

The whole damn world's gone mad...

[He turns his point on Williams.]

WH: ...and you want to hang 'em up. Nah, teach... it ain't goin' down like that.

We got business to take care of. We got people to help. We got a good fight to fight.

And most of all...

[Hammer breaks into that familiar grin we're used to seeing from him.]

WH: We got dreams to make reality.

[He nods at Williams who slowly gets up, looking at his student and protege.]

WH: Let's go...

[Williams nods.]

WH: Aren't you forgettin' something?

[Another nod, Williams leans down, picking up what Hammer had thrown at him, showing off his boots to the camera as a cheer breaks out inside the arena and we fade to black.]

We open to a black rod iron gate, we travel down the gate, bars passing us by like a prison cell until we see the gate door, with the name "FAWCETT" spelled out in large gothic letters. The door is opened, and we follow a row of large, jagged rocks that lead to a large, imposing house. One the door is an enormous door knocker in the shape of a wide open mouth, as if frozen in a scream. We see the hand of the cameraman reach to the center of the "mouth", but before he can knock the door slowly creaks open. As it opens we see nobody inside the home who could have opened the door, but venture inside regardless. As we enter, the attention of the cameraman is taken by a large boulder to the left of the main hallway... inside which is stuck a sword. We again see the hand of the cameraman as he grabs the hilt, trying to remove it from the boulder when we hear a familiar voice.]

"You may feel free to try... but I believe there has only ever been one that succeeded in freeing that blade."

[The camera turns, and standing halfway down the hallway with a dark grin is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. He is dressed in his customary white suit with red tie and handkerchief tucked in the breast pocket. He beckons the cameraman to come further down the hallway.]

"D"HF: In my ongoing quest to appeal to the masses of my KING's loyal subjects, I have allowed cameras inside my inner sanctum so that all may feel welcome from this day forward. However, there will be much that must

remain hidden... in respect to our more sensitive viewers. Welcome to my humble abode. Well, one of many. Or in a more modern vernacular...

[Fawcett shakes his head, a slight look of disgust on his face.]

"D"HF: ... welcome to my "crib".

[Fawcett says the last complete with "quote fingers", after which he lays his hand on a mounted glass case to his left.]

"D"HF: Here you can see what is clearly the prize of my entire collection.

[We zoom in, seeing Fawcett's gem perched atop a small velvet pillow inside the glass case.]

"D"HF: One of the few times you'll see it not gripped in the palm of my hand. You don't want to gaze upon it for too long, however. The phrase "lost in your eyes" comes to mind. Or is it Eye?

[Fawcett chuckles softly as we travel down the hallway, stopping momentarily at a doorway at the end before the hall curves to the left. To the left of the door on the wall there hangs a hangman's noose. Upon seeing that it has caught the cameraman's attention, Fawcett scowls and rubs his neck.]

"D"HF: Do not even think of asking. Some things are better left buried.

[The doorway has no door, just numerous chains that hang from the top of the doorjam to the floor, forming a curtain of sorts. A soundtrack of some kind seems to be playing on a stereo, a soundtrack consisting solely of the beating of a heart and various screams of terror.]

"D"HF: Sorry... I fear he is not welcoming visitors at this time. From one teller of truth to another... trust me when I saw you do NOT want to barge in unannounced.

[We turn left, coming across an opening where we hear murmured voices and various colors, presumably from a television.]

"D"HF: Ah yes, the entertainment center.

[We peer in, and see several robed figures gathered around a dark leather-bound book. Eerie purple and sickly green light seems to shine out from the pages within, as the robed figures chant...]

"KHANDAR... ESTRADA... KHANDOS... THRUS INDUCTU... NOSFRANDUS... KHANDAR... DEMATOS... KHANDAR..."

[Fawcett waves a beckoning hand towards the camera.]

"D"HF: Come, let us not interrupt... story time.

[We continue, passing a door that is slightly ajar, revealing a sparsely lit staircase. Further beyond that, somewhere below, we can hear something banging loudly against a wall... something made of metal.]

"D"HF: Oh you do NOT want to go down there. That way is lost.

[We go on, finally stopping at two doors. Fawcett pauses at the one on the left.]

"D"HF: And this, as they say, is where the magic happens.

[He opens the door, revealing a room filled with dusty books and parchments. Vials with mysterious and murky liquids line the shelves, and atop a podium sits a musty old hat, creased so terribly that it almost seems to form a mouth at the base. Fawcett quickly turns to the hat and sternly says "Quiet, you!" before returning his attention to the camera.]

"D"HF: You seem confused. Did I not say this is where the magic occurs?

[Fawcett shakes his head, quickly ushering the cameraman out of the room as he sees his attention drawn to a halfway open door to the rear of the room... beyond which is a room which we can catch a glimpse of what appears to be an impossibly huge egg.]

"D"HF: Come come now... you cannot have your cake before your dinner. What is the popular expression?

[Fawcett ponders for a second, before smiling.]

"D"HF: "Spoilers".

[Back in the hallway, Fawcett gestures to the door to the right. On the door is hung the large wooden warmask wore by KING Oni during his prematch rituals.]

"D"HF: Welcome...

[Fawcett swings the door open, revealing a room with walls covered in large wallhangings of ancient paintings of the Oni of Japanese folklore attacking townspeople and causing natural disasters. The floor is covered in an ornate wall-to-wall oriental rug and on the far wall sits an enormous wooden and marble throne.]

"D"HF: ... to the throne room. Few of his KINGs subject have ever stepped foot in here, so count yourself lucky indeed.

[The camera zooms in on the throne, and then two the two large cases to the left and right of it. Both filled with live scorpions.]

"D"HF: As you see, we keep a small portion of his majesty's daily menu should he need to replenish himself. As he no doubt will as soon as he returns from his...

[Fawcett smiles darkly.]

"D"HF: ... nature walk. We all look forward to the day that Derrick Williams himself is an honored guest here.

For what a dinner that shall be.

[Fawcett nods, now grinning so widely his teeth are bared like a Cheshire Cat.]

"D"HF: Now that you have seen the splendor which he enjoys every day, however, I must humbly ask that you take your leave of me. There is much to plan for, and precious little time.

[The camera follows Fawcett as he exits the room, following him back down the winding hallway. The camera stops again at the slightly open door, focusing on the stairs and the sounds of howling that have no accompanied the banging of metal. Fawcett looks back at the camera and smiles.]

"D"HF: Oh, if you insist.

[Fawcett produces a flashlight from his jacket pocket and leads the way down the dark stairway. He makes it to the bottom, and shines a light on the far corner of the room... directly on a very large metal cage that is repeatedly being bashed against the floor and wall behind it. The camera zooms in, the light from Fawcett's flashlight revealing a man in torn rags gripping the bar of the cage, causing it to shake violently. But not any man...

"D"HF: As you see... there was a reason I said that this way was LOST.

[... but specifically on THE LOST BOY.]

"D"HF: He has been found... but still ever so lost for all time.

[The Lost Boy stops, turning his head towards the source of the light and begins howling.]

"D"HF: But more importantly... I think he is almost ready.

[With a click, Fawcett turns off his flashlight, plunging the scene into complete darkness... and the howls increase in volume until we fade out completely...

...and fade up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by.]

MS: It's my pleasure at this time, to introduce to you the TPP Global Tag Crown Champions, the AWA World Tag Team Champions and the 2014 Tag Team of the Year, Air Strike!

[Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons walk into the picture, each holding a plaque, but again noticeably absent is the tag titles Stegglet just described.

Both men are dressed to wrestle, with Aarons in long green tights with a white vertical stripe down each leg and Mertz wearing long white tights with a green stripe down each leg. Gone are the smiles that usually accompanying the duo. Their faces look worn. Both look tired.]

MS: Cody, Michael... the two of you are just now back from Tiger Paw Pro where you have been competing for the past ten days!

[Both members give a slight nod.]

MS: In fact, the last match you had was a brutal wire-to-wire showdown with a team many in the AWA are familiar with... the War Pigs!

[Again, both members nod.]

MS: What are your thoughts now as you go into yet another tough battle, this time with the Lights Out Express?

[Mertz sighs and then speaks.]

CM: First Mark, we just want to thank everybody who thought that we were deserving of this award. There were many teams out there who were deserving, and it's just a cap to a great year for people to tell us we've earned this.

[Again, Mertz sighs.]

CM: As far as tonight? As far as the War Pigs? Well as we've all heard the saying "With great power comes great responsibility." Well – that's all this is. We are the AWA World Tag Team champions. We are the TPP Global Tag Crown champions. And with those honors come great responsibility.

[Another deep breath.]

CM: At SuperClash we told the world we weren't going to let Violence Unlimited take the tag titles away. Well, they may have the symbols but we know they are not the champs, the AWA knows they're not the champs; TPP knows they're not the champs – so it would be a disservice to punish the great fans of Tiger Paw, not getting to see their tag champs in action would be a tremendous insult to those great fans. So as long as we are the champions, we will continue to represent and take on all comers!

[Mertz looks over at his partner who runs a hand down his face and begins to speak.]

MA: You see Stegs, you ask about the Light Out Express? There's nothing really to say. Everybody saw what they did to us last Saturday Night. But you also can see that it is not about the fight with them but about the advantage.

[Aarons rolls his eyes.]



MA: So now they got a numbers advantage and the three of them beat the two of us to the surprise of no one! They think that makes them better. Well, let's see...

MA: Combat Corner grads... check. Beat a Legendary tag team to be number one contender... check. AWA World Tag Team champion... check. Earned it...

[Aarons smirks as he wags a finger back and forth.]

MA: We all know better. You came out here and said we were ducking you. Well, we didn't duck you two weeks ago; two months ago and we sure as heck ain't going to duck you two minutes from now. So you want what we got, what you think you deserve? Well, let me tell you something.

[Aarons slaps his partner on the back.]

MA: We have Air Strike right here! Michael Aarons, Cody Mertz. We have our two and you don't even know who you are! So send Strong, send Anderson, send White, and send the Army, the Navy, or whatever else you think gives you the edge.

[Aarons glares at the camera.]

MA: Because it won't. Because while think you may have the advantage, you don't. We are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS. And you and Violence Unlimited or anyone thinks differently... they got to get through the high flying, death defying, tag team scene redefining, always surviving, teenage dream team in Air Strike.

[Aarons exchanges a fist bump with Mertz.]

MA: And I don't like your odds!

[The tag team champions exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: The champions may be tired... they may be jetlagged... but you know what else they are? Ready to defend their titles in tonight's Main Event. Now, let's go back down to the ring for a very special presentation!

[We fade back up on Gordon Myers standing in the ring.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen... all night long here on The X, we've been having Awards Night - saluting those who had the best 2014. But now it's time to salute someone who has been one of the best for much longer than that. It is my distinguished pleasure to introduce to you a former World Champion... a trainer of fantastic superstars in their own right... and an out and out legend of our sport. He is the winner of the 2014 Lifetime Achievement Awards... MISTER HAMILTON GRAHAM!

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction for the grizzled veteran as he walks through the curtain. The instantly-recognizable Graham is in a pair of

black slacks with a red and white AWA polo. Of course, his epic perm is in place as is his trademark facial hair. Graham walks quickly to the ring, stepping through the ropes. He shakes Myers' hand, freezing for the ringside photographers as he accepts an offered golden trophy. Myers smiles, handing the mic to Graham who... well, doesn't smile... hardly ever.]

HG: Thank you.

[The fans cheer!]

HG: I've won a lot of things in my life. World Titles, US Titles, Missouri State Titles, Tag Titles... you name it, there's a decent chance I've won it. But this...

[He looks at the trophy.]

HG: This is something else. A Lifetime Achievement Award.

[Graham whistles through his teeth.]

HG: Exactly what does that mean? That I'm a dead man?

[The crowd bristles uncomfortably at this turn.]

HG: That was you people are trying to say? That my career in this business is over and it's time to pay tribute to a corpse? I... don't... think... so. What you idiots fail to understand is that I could put my boots on tomorrow, climb inside this ring, bust that punk Martinez' eyebrow open with a right hand, and walk out as the World Heavyweight Champion. That's a fact, son.

[There's a sprinkling of cheers from the diehards for that.]

HG: You expect me to smile and nod and take this trophy while someone like Caleb Temple who ain't a heck of years younger than me stands out here ready to be in the Main Event. Temple, you and I have never crossed paths... but if we did, they'd be talking about how the King of the Death Match got thrown down from this throne.

There's only one King of this business, Temple... and it ain't you. It's the man that I trained, Demetrius Lake, and if he ever got his hands on you, you'd be a quivering mess of a man.

Temple. Spector. The Epitome Of Cool. James. Claw. Even Lau. This place falls all over themselves sucking up to those people in that Hall of Fame, don't they?

[Graham shakes his head.]

HG: I should be in that Hall of Fame. I should've been the FIRST man in that Hall of Fame... but because I didn't sell my soul when those scum-sucking carnival promoters in Portland... in Los Angeles... in Toronto came calling. Because I was a man BORN and BRED in the SPORT of professional

wrestling who refused to sell out and work for people who were more interested in seeing how many tables they could break or how many wrestling clowns they could employ or how many times they could use the phrase "Triple Cross" in a single show...

I've been cast out. Blackballed. You won't ever see my name in that Hall of Fame... just like you won't see men like Karl O'Connor, Terry Shane Jr., Brett Bryant, Cameron O'Connor, Blackjack Patterson... even that tired ol' SOB Lynch. None of us will ever be there.

[Graham grimaces.]

HG: I suppose I should be mad about that but the fact of the matter is that any day when I don't have to share my spot in wrestling history next to names like Super Scott and ol' Fartstains himself, Gunnar Gaines, is a proud day for this PRO... WRESTLER.

[A smirk crosses the legend's face as Gordon Myers shakes his head, the slightest of smiles on his face as well.]

HG: So, I will accept this Lifetime Achievement Award in the same way I've competed my whole life. With pride in everything I have done, everything I do, and everything I have yet to do in this business - the business I have dedicated my entire life to. The business of professional wrestling.

[Graham nods at the growing amount of cheers.]

HG: Thank you.

[The former World Champion picks up the trophy, nodding to the ringside photographers as he poses for photos and we 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](http://AWAshop.com).

A fade to the back reveals a sharply-dressed "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, standing in front of a big ol' AWA banner. The former champion looks almost bemused.]

DB: You know, Demetrius, if I didn't know better, I'd say you didn't much care for being exposed as a liar and a fraud a couple of weeks ago.

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: I mean, c'mon, Dave Cryant? I haven't heard that since I got out of junior high, and as much as you enjoyed mocking me for my age, you know that was a long time ago, Lake. I don't know how the hell you expect me to take you seriously with weak stuff like that, so, I'm gonna give it to you straight, "your Majesty".

[Air quotes!]

DB: I saw what happened to the last man who got tangled up in dealing with you -- Jack Lynch was willing to spend an entire year of his career, of his life, trying to shut you up. As much as I respect him for giving it a shot, as you so kindly pointed out to me, I haven't got all that many years left, so I sure as hell don't have one to waste on you, Lake.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: That said, I have to thank you! I was feeling pretty down and to put it bluntly, pretty pissed off about...oh, hell, let's just say everything that happened after the Wise Men helped Wright steal the championship from around my waist. Folding you almost in half was really cathartic, Lake, it really helped get me out of the funk I was feeling. A scumbag like you crying for mercy during the AWA's debut on a national network?

[Bryant's smirk develops into a full-blown laugh.]

DB: I think that might have been exactly what I needed. Now I can refocus, I can burn energy on something that's actually important...and that's proving why I should be the next man to climb in the ring with the champ.

[Bryant nods confidently and then walks off camera.]

We fade back up on a shot of the ringside announce table.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here on The X, fans... and Kenneth Doll has already made his way to the ring, as you can see.

[Helpfully, a shot of the ring fades into view, featuring Kenneth Doll swiveling his hips at the fans.]

GM: ...and I'm sorry you all had to see that.

BW: What're you sorry about, Gordo? The ladies love Kenneth Doll!

GM: That might be true, Bucky, but I don't think looks are going to do much to sway the man getting ready to come down the aisle.

BW: What? Why? Who's he facing --

[Bucky is interrupted by the opening, rumbling notes of Brujeria's "Ritmos Satanicos".]

BW: -- uh oh. Protect your face, Kenneth! PROTECT YOUR FACE!

[Emerging first from the curtain is the Robfathah, dressed in a surprisingly sober grey suit complete with silver tie, stopping quickly and pointing towards the curtain...right at the emerging Kraken, who steps through, stops, and bellows loudly towards the ring. The Robfathah grins, stepping aside as Kraken hurriedly stomps down towards the ring, falling in line behind his massive charge.]

GM: That's a motivated man there, Bucky...and considering his manager's comments last week, I think anybody stepping into the ring with Kraken could be making a mistake.

BW: Christie talked about respect, talked about earning it, and at the end of the day, no matter who you are or who you've been in this business, the only place you EARN respect is in that ring. If that lesson really hits home...well, Kenneth, at least you might still be pretty after this is all said and done.

[Doll doesn't look obviously frightened, but his hip-swiveling ceased rather abruptly after the Kraken emerged. Doll steps back into a corner as Phil Watson steps back to the center, microphone in hand.]

PW: Now coming to the ring, standing six feet, four inches tall, and weighing in at three hundred and fifty-four pounds... HE IS THE KRAAAAAAAKEN!

GM: Astute fans will note that number is a little bit different than it was a couple of weeks ago. I'm pretty sure Kraken didn't suddenly gain over fifty

pounds in two weeks, so I assume mistakes were made and somebody gave Phil Watson some bad information.

BW: Either that, or a lot of buffets here in Dallas are having to explain some giant financial losses, Gordo.

[The Robfathah, who has made his way nearby the commentary table as Kraken steps into the ring, turns and nods at Bucky, chuckling all the while.]

BW: I knew he was why the Sizzler closed early, Gordo!

GM: Kraken has gotten into the ring, and...

[DING, DING, DING!]

GM: ...this match has begun! Kenneth Doll wastes NO time in running right up to the big man, trying to secure a side headlock!

BW: Not a bad strategy from Doll! Kraken outweighs him by a lot, but Doll stands six foot three, and if he can lock this hold on for awhile, he can wear the bigger man down --

[Kraken is having none of that, however, and very quickly hoists Doll up and falls backwards into a solid belly to back suplex!]

BW: ...or that could happen instead.

GM: Like you said, Bucky, a good idea, just...not a very good idea. It doesn't look like Kenneth is getting much of a chance to rest, either, as Kraken picks him up, and rather roughly shoves him into a corner!

[Doll hits the corner hard, and as Kraken moves in, he puts his hands up to protect his face.]

BW: Don't hit the face! That face is his life's blood!

GM: Kraken is looking down here at Rob Christie, who shrugs and nods? Did he just tell him to not hit Doll in the face?

BW: That's a good man right there, Gordo! He knows where Doll makes his money, and he isn't out to ruin the kid!

[Kraken nods at his rotund manager, and then proceeds to punch Kenneth Doll as hard as he possibly can in the stomach...again...and again...and again.]

GM: Kenneth Doll is nearly down in the corner, Kraken helps him to his feet and Irish whips him HARD into the opposite corner -- AVALANCHE!

[Doll collapses in the corner after having 350+ pounds crash right into his chest, but Kraken's not done, as he helps Doll to his feet, whips him back to the other corner and follows through with another massive avalanche!]

BW: Maybe the kid should've just taken a punch or two to the face, because apparently Kraken doesn't care what part of someone he hurts -- just as long as they get hurt!

GM: Indeed, Bucky, and now Kraken is hoisting Doll to his feet again, and I'm not sure that the young Californian would get up otherwise!

[Kraken stands back for a second, eyeballing Kenneth Doll...then steps in, reaching up and ruffling Kenneth Doll's hair. Doll looks up, horrified -- and puts everything he's got into a forearm shot that actually staggers the big man!]

BW: You shouldn't have done that, Kraken! You don't mess with the man's hair!

GM: That seems to have woken Kenneth Doll up! He lands a forearm smash, another forearm, he hits the ropes, clothesline --

[BOOM!]

BW: Kraken caught him and just hit the biggest front slam I may have ever seen, Gordo...and now he's dragging Doll to the corner!

[Kraken climbs up to the second turnbuckle, facing outward, grabs onto the top rope and pushes himself out into a splash, coming down hard on the torso of Kenneth Doll!]

GM: That splash was tremendous, and Kraken stays on for the cover...and luckily for Kenneth Doll, this one is over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner...KRAKEN!

GM: Goodness. A victory and in very quick fashion for Kraken who is certainly starting to build some momentum over the past few weeks... and it looks like "Sweet" Lou is making his way out here to get some comments from Kraken and the Robfathah, Rob Christie...

[We cut about halfway down the ramp where "Sweet" Lou has set up.]

LB: Another impressive victory there and- gentlemen, if you will...

[Blackwell gestures to his side as a grinning Robfathah and a large, sweaty Kraken appear on camera, taking their spots next to the mic-wielding Blackwell.]

LB: I'm here with Rob Christie --

[Christie interrupts.]

RC: Please, Lou, you can call me the Robfathah.

LB: Um...okay. I'm back here with the Robfathah and with Kraken, who got the job done again tonight against Kenneth Doll. You had some pretty strong comments for the rest of the AWA a couple of weeks ago, talking about respect and how you feel it's earned here. Would you like to expand on that at all, or do you feel like Kraken's work in the ring says it all for you?

[Christie nods.]

RC: Actually, yes, Lou, I would like to expand on those thoughts. Respect isn't just a word thrown around by people in wrestling, it's everything. It's the most important thing you can earn in this business. There are people who have managed to have doors to opportunity opened in other ways, sure, because they knew a guy or are somebody's son, or maybe they're just willing to cut their former friends off at the knees and climb up their backs to "success"...but that success never lasts, Lou. Shortcuts might get you through that door to opportunity, but if you earn that trip, you'll find it stays open a whole hell of a lot longer.

[The Robfathah pauses.]

RC: I'm confident that if you ask most of the folks in the back, or in the office, about respect, you'll get the same answer. Back on Thanksgiving, there were men who beat each other to within an inch of their lives. Men like Supreme Wright, like Ryan Martinez. They damn near beat the life out of each other in that ring, but make no mistake, as wrestlers, those two have the ultimate respect for one another.

[Christie chuckles.]

RC: Now, personally, maybe each wants the other to walk off the nearest cliff, but professionally? Respect of the most profound variety, Lou. Sometimes the respect is obvious, and the men who share it don't have a problem showing it. Look at Brad Jacobs, at Dave Bryant. I would never have guessed that the old Doctor of Love would stand up and shake the hand of the man who beat him, but damned if he didn't do just that. Those are two more men with infinite respect for one another...and here's two that most people will probably call me crazy for, but I'm pretty sure that even Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake respect each other by now.

LB: Really? Those two men went at it for a solid year...

RC: Respect is a funny thing sometimes, Lou. You go into something with someone, thinking that there's no way in hell you could ever respect them personally or professionally, never feel anything about them but hate or disdain. You fight, and you fight, and then eventually you figure out that, no matter how much hate you have in your heart for 'em, you still go in respecting what they can do, or if nothing else, for the fact that no matter what the two of you have gone through, they're gonna step right up into your face and fight you.



[The Robfathah pauses, looking up at Kraken briefly, then back to Lou.]

RC: And that's a thing a lot of clowns trying to break into this business don't really understand, Lou. At the end of the day, no matter how much you hate the person standing across that ring, you still respect them. You still respect this business. What you don't do is show up in someone else's backyard and scream and yell, act a damned fool and prove that you haven't got any respect for this business. What you DON'T do is write a whole bunch of checks with your mouth that your butt isn't prepared to cash.

LB: Are those comments directed to...anybody in particular?

[The Robfathah smirks...and then Kraken steps in. Blackwell looks a little surprised, but holds the mic up for the big man.]

K: He's talkin' about a dog whose bark is waaay too damned big for his bite to back up, Sweet Lou.

[The Robfathah laughs out loud, turning and slapping Kraken on the chest, and then promptly leads his charge away.]

LB: Well, I- I think it's fairly obvious who they're referring to but I, personally, have no desire to say that man's name on AWA television so you can speculate on who they're talking about for yourself. Mr. Christie - the Robfathah - mentioned Ryan Martinez in his words. Of course, we all remember two weeks ago when Ryan Martinez was brutally assaulted by Caleb Temple, thrown off the entrance ramp... and this week, we sent our camera crew to the offices of the head AWA physician, Dr. Bob Ponavitch, to find out the condition of the World Heavyweight Champion! Take a look!

[Cut to the interior of a doctor's office, the MD on the wall identifying it as the head of AWA's medical services, Dr. Bob Ponavitch. The good doctor is in a white coat, seated behind his desk in a black leather chair. Looking all business, Dr. Ponavitch has in his hands a stack of white papers, which he begins to read from.]

DP: After the events of the last Saturday Night Wrestling, the AWA's World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez was rushed to local medical facilities, where he received emergency care. The next day, I was able to examine Mr. Martinez myself, and conduct a thorough investigation into his health and well-being.

After the attack by Caleb Temple, Mr. Martinez suffered several injuries. Including multiple contusions to his back, a cracked rib, as well as corneal damage due to a hard poke in his right eye.

Furthermore, the attack exacerbated previous injuries known to myself and the AWA's medical staff. This includes severe damage to Mr. Martinez's right shoulder, which, as AWA viewers are no doubt aware, has been a source of chronic pain for Mr. Martinez.

Due to these circumstances, I have recommended, and AWA officials have accepted, that Ryan Martinez be placed under medical suspension for a period of time not less than four weeks and not more than six. During this time, Mr. Martinez may not participate in any AWA sanctioned matches.

To ensure compliance, Mr. Martinez has consequently been banned from ringside for tonight's broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling. He may return to television in two weeks' time, but I must reiterate, any participation in physical activity will result in a lengthening of his medical suspension.

[His decree made, Dr. Ponavitch sets his papers down, and we cut back to the live broadcast.]

GM: Some terrible news there from Dr. Ponavitch.

BW: If you're a fan of Ryan Martinez, then it's definitely bad news... but you know what, Gordo? It could be a lot worse.

GM: That much is true. Caleb Temple is one of the most dangerous men in the history of this sport and he wouldn't lose a wink of sleep if he had managed to put Ryan Martinez in a wheelchair for life, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. And the good news for him is that he's going to get a chance to do it again.

GM: Ryan Martinez, the World Champion, will be here in two weeks' time for the Anniversary Show when we're told he will address the crowd and he will address Caleb Temple as well. I'm certainly looking forward to that but coming up next, Bucky, will be the AWA debut of a mysterious masked man with a fascinating legacy.

BW: Oh, yeah. One of the biggest tag teams in the 80s was the Ultra Commandos. Gordo, you remember them?

GM: I do indeed. Very intimidating masked men with the capacity to inflict a lot of damage. They claimed to be military-trained, and they were certainly very disciplined and successful. They were tag team champions in several territories, and also had the World Tag Team Titles on two occasions during that decade. The Mega Commando and the Super Commando; their names were very much a product of the decade, but in the ring they were all business.

BW: And this is the guy they trained. Ultra Commando 3. Sounds kinda like an action flick, but it's a man and a real dangerous one.

GM: If he is the inheritor of the Ultra Commando name, I would imagine that he is. Let's take a look for ourselves.

[Up to the ring, we see Phil Watson ready for the next match alongside a short man with brown curly hair and pale skin. He wears full length silver tights with a scale pattern, matching boots, and green elbowpads. the bell rings for attention, and Phil starts.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, already in the ring... from Wichita, Kansas... weighing two-hundred thirty pounds... GEORGE TALBOT!

[Talbot raises an arm, and turns his upper body to either side to salute the crowd in both directions. A brief bugle call blasts over the PA, and a snare drum follows with a long uninterrupted drum roll. The fans stand in curiosity as a tall muscular man in a desert camo mask and bodysuit strides through the curtain with an arrogant swagger in his step. He wears a beige military helmet, with a long piece of desert camo fabric covering the sides and back of the neck. He also sports a dark tan leather bandoleer with many pouches. His boots are combat boots and his gloves are black and well-worn.]

PW: And his opponent... coming down the aisle... from a classified location... weight unknown...

...ULTRA... COMMANDO... THREE!

[The crowd continues to seem more inquisitive than anything as the Commando marches on down at his own pace, moving with a bearing that suggests extreme confidence. Moving straight to the referee, Ultra Commando III starts giving the referee instructions.]

GM: Well, he certainly has the demeanor of the first two Ultra Commandos. And he's giving referee Ricky Longfellow instructions as if Longfellow were the one who needs to listen to him!

BW: This guy looks to be around six-five or six-six, maybe two-eighty to two-ninety. Gordo, this guy is as much in charge as he wants to be.

[After finishing with the referee, the Commando slowly begins to divest himself of the bandoleer and helmet as the drumroll fades.]

GM: I see no evidence of nerves, despite a national televised debut. Then again, the mask would make that difficult. A very unusual mask, resembling the facewear that soldiers use in the desert. Perhaps a veteran of the Middle East campaigns?

[\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: One thing about masked guys is they don't like people speculating on their identity. And huge masked guys that carry around ammo... I think I'll pass on askin' around.

GM: The bell is gone, and there is a collar-and-elbow tieup. Talbot with the armdrag... oh, goodness.

BW: The Commando locked up the arm and put him in an armbar right away. That's some technical chops right there.

GM: I'd say so. George Talbot is a very proficient mat wrestler, though, and he's working an escape...

[As Talbot expertly extricates himself from the armbar, the Commando simply lets go and pops him in the face with a hammerfist.]

BW: HA! His teeth almost escaped right there.

GM: Ultra Commando 3 with a quick transition from wrestling to brawling. He stands up, and a big hammering double axehandle across the back of Talbot. The Kansas native is floored.

BW: And he's gonna stay floored with that combat boot in his eye.

GM: Brutality! A bootscape with a pair of combat boots, and I do not think that is legal footwear, Bucky.

BW: Then disqualify him. If Longfellow thinks they ain't legal, he can make him take them off. But I don't think he's got the guts.

GM: A scoop and a hard, hard slam to the mat by the Ultra Commando 3. I can tell you, Talbot won't sustain many of those, because this man has muscles upon muscles. Clearly very, very strong.

BW: Hey, if you're gonna be a Commando, ya gotta have guns. And this guy's got some guns on him. Eighteen to twenty inches, looks like. And he's got a sleeper on him.

GM: That is NOT a sleeper! That is a blatant chokehold in front of the referee!

BW: George is gonna be sleepin' if it stays on much longer. That's a sleeper to me, daddy.

GM: Breaking on a four point five, and now the Ultra Commando number three is chastising Ricky Longfellow for doing his job. Clearly attempting to intimidate Longfellow here, which is grounds for a disqualification in my book.

BW: Your book went out of print in 1979, Gordo.

GM: The referees cannot let themselves be bossed around by wrestlers. Commando hoisting up Talbot on the shoulder, and keeps him up there... BAAAACK SUPLEX! He delayed the suplex to give Talbot time to think about it before driving him down.

BW: And UC3 showing off the power in doing so. Power and technical ability is a dangerous combo.

GM: UC3?

BW: Yeah, he needs a shorthand name. UC3 rolls off the tongue. Like EVG or BVB, you know?

GM: I suppose. The Ultra Commando 3 clamps on a neck wrench on a seated Talbot. He is trying to twist the man's head right off. This is a methodical assault, Bucky. The back and neck have both been targeted.

BW: Hey, this guy's here to go to war. You look at the camo, you hear the name, and you know how he thinks. Look at his posture, even. Very upright. That's military posture.

GM: Oh, I know very well. I am a former United States Marine, Bucky, and I absolutely see the signs of military training in this man. What I want to know is why is he here?

BW: Uhhhh, you do know we pay people a lot of money if they're good at this, right?

GM: But why the mask? Why the legacy persona? Is this someone we know hiding his identity, or is this a statement of some kind. People don't wear masks without reason.

BW: Everybody wears a mask, daddy. Especially in this sport.

GM: You and I are talking about entirely different things. Talbot struggling his way up out of the neck wrench. He has gotten to his feet, and that will rob the hold of much of its effectiveness... but the Commando switches to a front facelock.

BW: And when a guy is that strong and has those good fundamentals, this is a lot worse than you might think.

GM: He is really wrenching on his man. Twisting him back and forth... pulling him around the ring aggressively. Not a normal front facelock. He's twisting his neck... and releases to hammer the back with another heavy double axehandle! Talbot to his knees in great pain.

BW: This is a dissection, Gordo. Basic but effective.

GM: The Ultra Commando Three lifts up George Talbot... AND PRESSES HIM OVERHEAD! With ease!

BW: And that's definitely a page out of the old Ultra Commando playbook. They'd press slam a guy when it was time to close up shop. And he just did two reps of a military press with him to show off the power!

GM: MILITARY PRESS SLAM! The fans amazed by the power of this man, whomever he is. George Talbot is in a very bad way, and the Commando moving in for the kill.

[With a surge of aggressiveness, UC3 gathers up Talbot, gets him to his feet, and shoves him into the ropes. Talbot hits the ropes chest first, bounces

backwards out of control, and a meaty fist slams right into the kidney as the Commando takes one big winding measured shot.]

BW: Right in the kidney, daddy! That's a Surgical Strike!

GM: Talbot in excruciating pain...

[And as the smaller man is racked with the pain from the kidney punch, barely on his feet, UC3 uses the opening to hoist him up as for a back suplex, do a 180 turn while spinning Talbot around, and drives him to the mat with a brutal Blue Thunder Bomb!]

GM: ...AND THE COMMANDO JUST CRUSHED HIM WITH THAT! A back suplex sitout power bomb, and this has got to be over!

BW: It sure is, daddy. You can count all night after that.

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

GM: Impressive debut, and I definitely think this man, whomever he is, will be a factor.

[The fans boo as Ultra Commando 3 stands up, and wipes his feet off on his fallen prey.]

GM: But that is uncalled for! You've beaten the man, why humiliate him?!

BW: That's a message, Gordo. And it ain't a hard message to understand. This dude is serious, and he's gonna walk all over anybody who gets in his way; that is what he is saying with that.

PW: Here is your winner... ULTRA... COMMANDO... THREE!

GM: Colt Patterson is heading to ringside to get some words with this masked newcomer. Colt, take it away.

[We go up to ringside, as Ultra Commando 3 exits the ring. Colt is walking up, and motions to UC3 to come over. Standing at attention, the Commando obliges as Colt turns to the camera and starts the interview.]

CP: Big debut for the Ultra Commando Three. But I gotta tell ya, Commando... I knew the originals. One of my first matches that I ever had went a lot like that match you just had, except it was me watching that happen to my dead weight tag partner... and I admit I didn't do too much better. Better than that guy, anyway. But as I grew from a rookie into the World Champion I became, those two guys were some of the older veterans that helped me on the way. So you better understand that I ain't gonna stand for somebody that comes in here with that identity unless they're the real deal.

[The Commando answers in a bass voice that hasn't been heard before on AWA television. He has no discernible accent, and speaks in a calm yet

forceful tone. He speaks in a measured and thoughtful way, much like an old old school wrestler.]

UC3: I understand. Let me tell you why I have earned this identity.

Underneath this mask is no one that you would recognize or care about. I was a special forces commando in a unit that I will not divulge, because I take my oaths more seriously than those who administered them. I served with distinction. I took the lives of hardened killers in the service of my country. I was wounded by both gunfire and grenade shrapnel at various points. I do not say this to boast, but to tell you the truth about the land you live in.

I was dismissed, I was abandoned. I gave all for my country, and my country gave me nothing in return. And so, I renounce it. I renounce the United States Of America as being a cheap lie, a brand name owned by companies and selfish men who use up men like me. The man who was the Super Commando found me living hand to mouth; I do not know how. He took my hand-to-hand special forces training and showed me how to use it in professional wrestling. He showed me that the man I was was merely a tool of the system. The same thing had happened to him long ago; that is why he found me. That is why he gave me the mask. His tag team partner, the Mega Commando, is no longer with us. Neither man had children. I am the legacy. The man I was is irrelevant. My mask does not conceal my identity... my mask IS my identity.

CP: Fair enough. Nobody ever found out who the Ultra Commandos were, so I guess I have to take your story at face value. I did see the same kind of brutality in that ring, so I can buy that. Especially that finishing move.

UC3: That is the Bunker Buster. You cannot hide from the Bunker Buster... it will hit you no matter what defenses you erect.

CP: Sounds good. But I gotta ask. Why're you here now in the AWA?

UC3: I am here to make a living, Mr. Patterson. I will do this the same way I served my country... by infiltrating the AWA and eliminating my targets. But this time, I will be rewarded for my efforts. I will obtain the World Heavyweight Title in due time. And every name on the contender sheet ahead of me is a target. I will stop at nothing to take them down one-by-one, and when I become the World Champion, I will dedicate the win to my true nation.

CP: Your true nation?

UC3: The United State Of Me.

[The bugle blast answers that response, and the Commando walks out to his drumroll... and a few more boos now that he's established who he is.]

CP: Ha! Sounds like a guy with a plan. I can dig that. Back to you, Bucky.

BW: Thanks, Colt. He knows who the host of the show is, Gordo.

GM: I am sure he does. I am also sure that the Ultra Commando Three shares one more thing with his predecessors... a bad attitude! Blaming your country for not rewarding your service?! Whatever happened to sacrifice? Whatever happened to SERVING your country?!

BW: Whatever happened to gratitude? Whatever happened to the idea that people who work dangerous, extremely important professions should be compensated accordingly?

GM: I cannot stand the attitude that the self is more important than the country, Bucky! If this man was the veteran he claims, then he has full medical, a pension, educational assistance, and access to programs that only veterans can use, plus the most shining addition to a resume that one could ask for. That's not enough?!

BW: Nope. That's why he's gonna take everything he wants from here out, and he'll do it in the AWA.

GM: I eagerly await that man facing off against competition who will take exception to his claim. Fans, let's go back up to Phil Watson for a very special presentation!

[The scene then cuts to a shot of Phil Watson, standing inside the ring.]

PW: Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing now, one of the recipients for the Wrestler of the Year award as well as the award for the Match of the Year...

SUPREME WRIGHT!!!

["Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play as the Coliseum rises to their feet and greet the former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion with a HUGE chorus of boos! Wright emerges from behind the curtain, dressed in a slim fit, dark grey Herringbone tweed suit with a yellow and blue checkered necktie and chestnut brown wingtips. He is handed the plaques for Wrestler of the Year and Match of the Year from Phil Watson, graciously shaking the ring announcer's hand, before turning to the photographers at ringside and giving a bright smile that seems almost out of character for the stoic wrestler. That done, Watson then turns to address the crowd once more.]

PW: Unfortunately, the other winner of these awards, the World Champion, Ryan Martinez, is unable to be here tonight. However, he provided a video of his acceptance speech. If you would turn to the video screen...

[The words "Earlier Tonight" flash on the screen for a moment, before the camera cuts to the AWA's World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez, who stands in front of an AWA backdrop. He's dressed in street clothes – a black AWA t-shirt stretched tightly across his chest, a pair of black pants. Around his waist is the World Title Belt. The White Knight's left arm is bent, and in the crook of his arm are a trio of plaques. One proclaiming him the AWA's



Most Popular Wrestler, another naming him co-holder of the Match of the Year honors, and the final one, also naming him, along with Supreme Wright, the co-winner of Wrestler of the Year. In his right hand is a microphone, which Martinez lifts up to his mouth.]

RM: First off, I would like to thank the AWA's wonderful fans for the cards, letters, emails, and tweets of support after what happened two weeks ago. I have not had the chance to respond individually, but I want you all to know that I am honored and humbled by your outpouring of support. Your kind words mean the world to me, and I promise that I will find a way to respond to everyone.

And speaking of thank you's, I'd like to thank everyone who voted for me, and whose support made it possible to win these awards. I'll cherish them always.

Winning the award for Most Popular means that I've done the thing I've always wanted to do, which is do thing the right way. I consider this a very high honor, because it means that I have the support of the fans. And believe me, when I'm hurt, when I'm down, when there's nothing left in me because it seems like every drop of blood is in a pool on the mat, that's when your cheers and your support carry me. I am the World Heavyweight Champion because you fans have chosen to put me up on your shoulders and carry me. If you believe I am the Most Popular, then what it truly means is this. I'm worthy of you and your support. And that's all I've ever wanted to be. Someone that you fans can feel proud of cheering.

And this plaque for best match? Again, it has always been my honor to go out and fight for you fans. I will always give everything I have. I will always strive to be the best I can be in that ring, because that's the champion that the AWA deserves. I just want to represent you. So if I had the best match, again, I did it in your name.

As for Wrestler of the Year? Well, I know a man who isn't happy about having to share this award with me. And what I'm going to say isn't going to make him any happier.

Because Supreme Wright, this title belt around my waist is the tie breaker.

[Martinez is silent for a beat, to let those words sink in.]

RM: I know you think you're coming for me, Wright. And I know that, everything else being equal, you have the right to a rematch. But I also know this.

You've bitten off more than you can chew.

You went after Jack Lynch. And let me tell you something about Jack Lynch? When he's done with you, there won't be enough left for a rematch. You think you're going to get to me by going after Jack Lynch? You haven't done anything but write your own epitaph.

And speaking of men whose career is about to end...

[Ryan's expression changes, growing angrier and more intense.]

RM: Caleb Temple. I know you fancy yourself some kind of religious man. Well, I hope you're down on your knees right now, saying your thank you's.

Because you get to go on just a little bit longer.

They've suspended me. Refused to let me even come to the arena tonight. But they can't keep me away for forever. There are no contracts that'll save you indefinitely, no rules that'll spare you. I will get my hands on you.

Now I just have four more weeks to think about what I'm going to do to you.

You've gotten the drop on me twice now. And each time you spill my blood, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that you're one step closer to getting what you want. You think you can break me. You think that at some point, I'll just give up and roll over. You think you can corrupt me and use me. Listen closely, Temple.

It will NEVER happen.

The Wise Men tried to break my body, and then they tried to ruin my career. They hired men to come after me. They stole from me. They cheated me, they tried to outmaneuver me.

And they lost.

Supreme Wright used every weapon in his vast arsenal. He nearly destroyed my arm, and spent almost an hour doing everything he knew how to do. The most technically gifted wrestler in the history of the AWA left nothing to chance, and held nothing back.

And he lost.

You can throw fire. You can throw me. You can do every underhanded, sadistic thing you can think of.

And you'll lose.

These fans who voted for me? Theirs is the faith that sustains me. Their cheers, their votes, their devotion. Nothing you have, nothing ANYONE has, is stronger than that. You're an evil, cunning, twisted man. But you're not better than any one of my fans, and every single one of them is twice the man you'll ever be.

You're going to learn the lesson that Percy Childes learned. You're going to see the same truth that Supreme Wright saw.

There is a higher power, and it's the AWA fans.

I will be back. And you will fall, as all others have fallen. You will never break me, never keep down. Whatever you do, Caleb Temple, I'll keep coming back for more. And I'll keep coming until I've rid the world of wrestling for you.

Count on it!

[Fade back to Supreme Wright inside the ring, as the crowd cheers wildly for Ryan Martinez. Wright's gaze lingers on the video screen for a couple seconds, before he turns his attention back to the crowd, looking nonplussed by the Champion's words. He asks for and is handed Watson's microphone, as the ring announcer quickly exits the ring to give Wright his moment.]

SW: What a disgrace.

[Massive boos!]

SW: I knew that I'd set a standard of excellence as World Champion that would be hard to match, but if I knew that MY World Heavyweight Title would be dragged down this hard, this soon, I'd have invoked my rematch clause the moment SuperClash ended!

[The crowd unleashes their hatred for the former two-time World Champion, but Wright doesn't so much as blink at their jeering.]

SW: But as it stands, at this moment, there's barely enough left of Jack Lynch and this "thing" we call the AWA World Heavyweight Champion COMBINED to even give me something resembling a challenge.

[The crowd begins equally split chants of "JACK!" and "MAR-TI-NEZ!", which Supreme shakes his head at.]

SW: Cheer for your idols and favorites if it comforts you, but it doesn't make what I said any less true. For all the "love" and "support" you give that brat, KNOW THIS. Despite his popularity, despite his brown-nosing, despite his heroics, and despite his faith in this "higher power" of you fans...

[Supreme points his microphone towards the crowd and circles around; each and every section in the Coliseum roaring louder as the microphone points towards them. He stops and then continues speaking.]

SW: For the second year in a row, YOU voted me your Wrestler of the Year.

[That really draws the crowd's ire, as an obnoxious grin forms on Wright's face.]

SW: You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people ALL the time. And despite HIS best efforts, deep in your hearts, you KNEW I was, am and shall always be...

...the better Champion.

The better wrestler.

And the better MAN.

[As the crowd boos, a cry of "YOU SUCK!" can be clearly heard from the crowd, drawing an amused smirk from Wright.]

SW: I know you're watching at home now, brat...so listen close and listen good. Despite what you think - and sometimes I doubt you're even capable of thought - I WILL survive Jack Lynch. I WILL survive your friends and family. I WILL survive the war that's to come.

[He walks in close, staring directly into the camera, speaking right to Ryan Martinez through the television screen.]

SW: And I expect the man that defeated Supreme Wright to be at least capable of the same.

Defeat Caleb Temple.

Defeat Hannibal Carver.

Defeat Johnny Detson.

[The boos are heavy, but for Wright, it's now just a conversation between him and Martinez.]

SW: Be the man you claim to be and keep MY title around your waist. SURVIVE and become a great Champion. And I promise you, I WILL be there at the end...

...to reclaim MY World Heavyweight title.

[And with that, Wright drops the microphone and turns away from the camera, thrusting his plaques into the air to a roar of boos as we fade back to the announcer booth.]

GM: That guy is a real piece of work, Bucky.

BW: Careful, Gordo. You're talking about the Wrestler of the Year right there!

GM: CO-Wrestler of the Year. He shares that distinguished honor bestowed on him by the fans with the man who beat him for the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash, Ryan Martinez.

BW: He raises a good point though, Gordo.

GM: Which is?

BW: If these fans hate him so much, why have they voted him the Wrestler of the Year two years running?

GM: The AWA fans are loyal to their favorites for sure... but they're also able to take a step back and look at the situation without emotion. Whether you love him or hate him, you cannot deny that Supreme Wright is perhaps the greatest in-ring wrestler in the entire world and 2014 saw him hold the World Title on two occasions, play a key role in the War of the Wise Men, and ultimately, Main Event SuperClash in the match voted the 2014 Match of the Year. Of course he'd receive votes for Wrestler of the Year.

BW: Then it's time for Question #2, Gordo... who did you vote for?

GM: I believe it's better - as a broadcast journalist - for that information to stay undisclosed.

BW: Coward.

GM: Nevertheless, fans... let's head up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Rocky Mount, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds...

AMOS CARTER!!

[Carter lets out a big cheer, running his hands through his wildly unkempt hair before climbing to the second turnbuckle to raise his hands in a sign of hopeful victory.]

GM: Amos Carter with a huge amount of energy going into this encounter.

BW: If he had a brain under all the crazy hair he'd use that energy to run to the next bus out of town!

PW: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett... from the Kimon or Demon Gate... weighing in at 514 pounds...

KING ONI!!

[The sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka (<http://youtu.be/nrcmwuBJPFo>) begins to play over the P.A. The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks through the curtains, raising his gem up high for all to see.]

GM: If Doctor Frankenstein were ever to jump out of the books and into real life, I think he'd still pale in comparison to this evil, deranged man.

BW: Don't let him hear you say that, Gordo. We've seen what he has his monster do to people that haven't done anything to him... imagine if were ever actually angry.

GM: Good point. And after seeing that disturbing footage of his house, I don't think I'd want to subject myself to a visit to that horrifying place either.

BW: What the heck was some of that stuff, Gordo?

GM: I don't even want to know.

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

BW: And that right there is the last thing Derrick Williams is ever going to see in this life.

GM: Will you stop? That's ghastly.

BW: That may be, but so is this walking condominium!

[Oni follows Fawcett into the ring, removing the mask... revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. He then removes his robe, wearing a black singlet with a dark red mawashi [the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat] worn over the singlet. Fawcett hands both the robe and the mask to a ringside attendant... never lowering his gem as he steps out onto the ring apron, just as Oni likewise never takes his eyes off of it.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Carter is on the attack! Peppering the big man with a series of forearms... but Oni is still staring at that gem!

BW: And more importantly... not feeling a bit of Carter's offense!

[Indeed, as Oni stares at the gem he shows no signs of being aware that Amos Carter even exists... much less that he's currently being attacked by him. Fawcett smiles darkly, taking a leather pouch from his pants pocket and drops the gem inside. He quickly drops down to the arena floor as Oni begins shaking his head violently.]

GM: What's this now? Oni looks as if he's shaking the cobwebs loose...

[Oni opens his eyes, showing more monstrous fury in them than ever before.]

BW: Uh oh. Looks like the spell's been broken!

[Oni raises his fists, shaking them as he bellows at the top of his lungs. Thoroughly weirded out by all this, Amos Carter lets up his assault and takes a few steps back.]

BW: First smart move I've seen him make.

GM: Carter is as confused as we are by this unsettling scene...

[Oni slowly turns around, for the first time seeming to actually notice Amos Carter. He growls loudly and charges.]

GM: Full force! Oni just barreled through Amos Carter like a runaway freight train!

[Shaking with anger, Oni looks down at his fallen opponent and raises his left foot.]

BW: And now he's stomping him like he's downtown Tokyo!

[Oni shakes the entire ring with thunderous stomp after thunderous stomp to the head and chest of Carter. He finally relents, only to place a foot on his opponent's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! Carter gets the shoulder up!

BW: Not a great idea.

GM: Not a conventional pin in any case, but even this monster can't think he can put a man away with a simple foot on his chest that quickly.

BW: He doesn't think, Gordo... he just feeds. Just like Fawcett said last time, feed the beast.

[Oni stares at Carter, an incredulous and offended scowl crossing his face. He puts his foot back on his chest... and then the other, bellowing and beating his chest like King Kong as all of his weight is crushingly on top of Amos Carter.]

GM: Good lord! That is well over five hundred pounds on a man's chest!

[The ref lays out a five count, and then wraps his hands around Oni's arm... futilely trying to drag him off of Carter. Carter glares at him, stepping off of Carter to growl as the ref... his mouth gaping so wide it looks as if he could decapitate the ref with a single bite.]

BW: Ring that bell, ref.

GM: For once we're in agreement, this monster should be disqualified!

BW: What? No! He just had the man flat on his back for a five count! That's like a win and a half.

GM: Unbelievable.

[Oni leans over, wrapping his hands around Carter's throat as the count begins again.]

GM: And once AGAIN flagrant breaking of the rules!

BW: Why don't you go in there and stop him?

GM: No thank you.

BW: And no referee on this planet is gonna be dumb enough to either!

[Oni completely ignores the ref's count, lifting Carter off the mat with both hands still wrapped around his throat. The count continues as he lifts Carver high above his head.]

GM: You may be wrong there, Bucky! That's one ref that is getting RIGHT in Oni's face!

BW: That's a recipe for early retirement!

[Oni finally notices the ref, and with a loud growl launches Carter halfway across the ring and sends him crashing like a sack of potatoes into the corner. He then turns his attention fully towards the ref, opens his mouth and lets loose an ear-splitting bellow!]

"SQUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!!"

GM: Oh no! Ring that bell and get him OUT of there!

BW: When the big man wants to squash something, it STAYS squashed!

[Oni presses his hand to his throat, eerily similar to the way Nenshou has been known to prep his mist when...]

GM: Oni freezes! Thank heavens!

[His mouth closes and his eyes calm immediately. He turns his head...]

... at "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who now is once again holding the gem high in the air.]

BW: I don't understand it, but that rock sure has some kind of power over the big man.

GM: And unfortunately, the only one with power over that "rock" has a deranged mind and a thirst for violence.

[Just then, Fawcett shouts "BLESSINGS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN!!" as Oni springs to action once again... growling as he charges into the corner and CRUSHES Carter with an Avalanche.]

BW: Goodnight nurse!



GM: Oni off the ropes, and SQUASHES Carter with a big splash! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner...

KING ONI!!

GM: Another impressive victory for KING Oni, who--

BW: Quiet, Fawcett's got something to say!

[In the ring, Fawcett nods and smiles darkly.]

"D"HF: There are those that would call what you all just witness an athletic competition. A wrestling match.

[Fawcett wags his finger in the air from side to side.]

"D"HF: I am not such a person. I would only call it, what it truly was.

An object lesson.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: I have sat back and I have listened. I have heard young Derrick Williams talk as if he is anything but a babe lost in the woods. Talk of his dreams... dreams of holding championship gold.

A lie. A lie he tells himself. Perhaps he can even fool himself into believing it in the waking world. But when he rests his weary head. We all know what he sees.

[That dark grin again.]

"D"HF: An answer is all he sees, in what I call dreams but he no doubt would deem a nightmare. An answer to a simple question.

[Fawcett holds two fingers in the air, denoting "quote fingers".]

"D"HF: "Who surrounds you everywhere?" And there is only one answer.

He who the Mayans gave sacrifice to in their magnificent temples.

He who has been the sole hand guiding every mass extinction.

Your leader. Your sovereign lord.

[He points the gem directly at Oni, who raises his fist and lets out a mighty war cry.]

"D"HF: Your KING. And for interrupting his holy duty, Williams?

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: You shall kneel before him. You shall beg forgiveness. And in return?

[Fawcett laughs darkly.]

"D"HF: He shall visit upon you... OBLIVION.

["Kagome Kagome" begins to play once again as Fawcett exits the ring, Oni following behind him... still wide eyed and entranced by the gem in Fawcett's gloved hand 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.]

"WRESSSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYYY!"

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro before we fade to black.

As we fade back from commercial on a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd, the lights suddenly fall to black. The crowd initially responds with a thrilled surge... but quickly a hush falls over them as they realize what comes next...]

# O Fortuna #  
# Velut Luna #  
# Statu variabilis #

BW: The King of the Death Match is in the house, Gordo!

GM: This man is no King! He's a psychopath, nothing more, nothing less.

[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.]

BW: There he is, Gordo! The man who has taken out the new World Champion TWICE now!

GM: You mean the man who sneak-attacked the World Champion at SuperClash and then tried to poke his eye out two weeks ago before throwing him off the ramp!

BW: You say tomato, I say to-mah-to, daddy.

[The Hall of Famer 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.]

GM: He sickens me. Bucky. His type has no place in our business.

BW: You gonna tell him that?

GM: I just might!

BW: It's been nice knowin' ya, Gordo.

[Temple slithers into the ring, and allows a sly smile to creep across his face as he surveys his surroundings. The music fades, and the madman from Trinity whispers softly as the arena stays dark, the spotlight having followed him to the ring.]

CT: Daddy's home, Truth. Daddy's home.

[Pop from the fans of Creepy Little Girl in attendance!]

CT: Ryan. Our little White Knight.

[HUGE pop at the very mention of the Champ's name.]

CT: Knights are the stuff of fairytales. Child's play.

When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.

[Gordon speaks up angrily.]

GM: Please! How can this hypocrite quote the good book? Give me a break!

[Temple continues.]

CT: I stopped believing in fairytales a long time ago, child. My canon is somewhat... more real.

I once told your father a story about my own, Ryan.

He was a good man. A man of honor. A soldier and a patriot.

[He pauses for a moment, lost in thought.]

CT: Walked with a baby's corpse on a bayonet.

Gage Temple. Addict. Alcoholic. Abuser.

[The briefest of smiles.]

CT: Monster.

[He lets his piercing stare drop to the ground again.]

CT: I didn't know the man my father once was. Before the war.

But from what I heard, when he returned from the war, he was a changed man. With his every vision, he saw burning jungles and blood-soaked babies on bayonets. He smelled napalm and slow death. Nightmares. Can you imagine living with a man like that, Ryan? Can you imagine a young boy, being raised by a man for whom every day is a re-enactment of his war? The horror. Rape. Murder. Torture. Cannibalism. Endless bloody slaughter. Villages torched and the people left to die.

[Utter silence, the crowd in his thrall.]

CT: Those things leave true scar tissue. Give a man an insight that few should ever possess. They were soldiers once, men who were promised a hero's welcome when they came home. Instead, they were spat on by their fellow Americans. And you hear the stories of men who came home from those jungles. Grown men who could no longer sleep with the lights turned out at night. Men who turned to alcohol and drugs to numb themselves from the monkey they could not shake.

[He turns his face away, perhaps considering his own personal monkey.]

CT: Consider what makes a man, Ryan. What makes a father.

[He smiles devilishly, dark eyes glinting from deep in their black sockets.]

CT: Consider his sins.

Am I come to visit the sins of the father upon his son?

Or am I simply the most vital component of any compelling fairytale...

[He smirks once more and whispers his parting words.]

CT: ...the Monster.

[Temple slowly lowers the mic, setting it down on the mat...

...when suddenly another individual breaks into the light, surging towards the former World Champion!]

GM: What the-?!

[The charging attacker flings himself at Temple's legs, lifting them off the mat, and DRIVING him down into the canvas with a double leg takedown!]

GM: He takes him down and... who the heck is-?

[The lights come on, illuminating the ring where Caleb Temple is down on his back, raising his arms to defend himself...

...as Bobby O'Connor slams closed fist after closed fist into the skull of the King of the Death Match!]

GM: BOBBY O'CONNOR! O'CONNOR'S GOT TEMPLE DOWN!

[The crowd is ROARING for the feisty fan favorite as he gets his hands on the man who has tormented his friend for the past several weeks!]

GM: O'CONNOR HAS COME TO GET HIMSELF A PIECE OF CALEB TEMPLE! DO IT, BOBBY! GET YOU SOME!

[A stunned Temple has his arms up, absorbing haymaker after haymaker that are bouncing off the arms of the Hall of Famer!]'

GM: Caleb Temple is being pummeled by the third-generation man from Kansas City!

[Temple reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes of Bobby O'Connor, raking hard and causing him to fall backwards, temporarily blinded. The King of the Death Match staggers to his feet, angrily wiping a hand across his face before putting the boots to O'Connor!]

GM: And Temple's turned the tide by going to the eyes again! Just like he did in that fight with the World Champion two weeks ago!

[The Hall of Famer slams the sole of his boot down into O'Connor's back and ribs again and again, keeping him down on all fours. He drops down, driving the point of his elbow into the small of the back, putting O'Connor down on his midsection before he rolls from the ring...]

GM: Caleb Temple's right out here by-

BW: Hey, get away from me, sicko!

[There's a brief struggle heard over the headset as we cut to ringside where Temple has shoved Bucky Wilde out of his seat, retrieving the steel chair right out from under him.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Uh oh! The man's armed now, Gordo!

[Temple slides back in, climbing to his feet, steel chair in hand. He gives it a couple of whacks into the mat, raising it overhead as the crowd buzzes in concern for what's coming next for one of their fan favorites...]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's got to-

[...but O'Connor comes to his feet, bringing up his arms to catch the swung chair to a big cheer!]

GM: HE CAUGHT THE CHAIR! O'CONNOR BLOCKED IT!!

[Temple looks stunned as the youngster battles him, gritting his teeth for control of the chair. O'Connor swings a foot up, catching Temple in the gut, snatching the chair away...]

GM: And now O'Connor's got the chair!

[But before he can strike with it, Caleb Temple bails through the ropes to the floor, earning the jeers of the crowd as O'Connor slams the chair down on the canvas, pointing at the Hall of Fame, shouting at him to get back in the ring to continue the fight!]

GM: O'Connor wants some more! He wants more of Caleb Temple!

BW: The kid is dumber than I thought. Who actually WANTS more of Caleb Temple?!

GM: Bobby O'Connor does on this night, Bucky!

[Temple shakes his head, wagging a finger at O'Connor. He smirks as he says "Fight's not with you, boy" loud enough for the cameras to pick up as he backs down the aisle, making his escape.]

GM: And Caleb Temple wants NONE of Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Hey, he said it himself, Gordo. His fight's not with O'Connor... it's with Ryan Martinez! And since Martinez didn't show up for a fight... Caleb Temple's night is done.

GM: Apparently that's true as Caleb Temple is walking out of here, making his escape... and Bobby O'Connor is fuming mad, looking for a fight. What a night he's had, Bucky... and what a night it's going to be at our Anniversary Show in two weeks' time featuring that huge Brass Ring Tournament with the revived AWA National Title hanging in the balance! Melissa Cannon is standing by - with Chris Blue - to find out who will be the final man in that tournament as well as the final tournament brackets! Take it away, Melissa!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Melissa has positioned herself in front of a Brass Ring Tournament poster. The full brackets are there - sans names of course - as she begins.]

MC: Thanks, Gordon! Mark your calendar now - it's just two weeks away! The AWA celebrates their birthday like only the AWA can with this huge Brass Ring Tournament! The Qualifying Matches are over and we now know the eight men who will participate. Let's run 'em down for you...

[A graphic comes up, showing each man as she reads their name off.]

MC: This man won his way into the tournament with a victory over the veteran Casanova two weeks ago. He's come a long way in a very short period of time here in the AWA. A student of Curtis Hansen and Kevin Slater, two former World Champions in their own right. DERRICK WILLIAMS.

[She picks up a nameplate that reads "WILLIAMS" sliding it onto the board.]

MC: The next competitor won his spot by defeating Jericho Kai at a live arena event. He is a former World Tag Team Champion and is looking to make a big impact in the singles ranks in 2015 - HERCULES HAMMONDS.

[Hammonds gets put into a different bracket.]

MC: The third participant in this tournament is the youngest son of the legendary Lynch wrestling family. He earned his spot right here earlier tonight by defeating Team Supreme's big man, Cain Jackson. He spent 2014 chasing off a personal assault and has declared 2015 to be a year where he's out to achieve his own glory. TRAVIS LYNCH.

[Lynch gets slid into a third bracket.]

MC: The fourth competitor in this tournament is also a former World Tag Team Champion. He spent 2014 serving as Larry Doyle's personal henchman but won his freedom at SuperClash before winning his spot in this tournament with a win over Pedro Perez. Can he turn 2015 into his best year ever? It's BRAD JACOBS.

[Jacobs' name goes into the fourth bracket.]

MC: Alright, let's find out some of these matches. First, let's talk about the Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney. The Armbar Assassin himself won his spot in this tournament with a win over Sultan Azam Sharif - a controversial win but a win nonetheless. Can he continue his winning ways and walk out of the Crockett Coliseum as the AWA National Champion in two weeks?

[She picks up Mahoney's name...

...and then slides it into the brackets across from Travis Lynch's name.]

MC: If he is going to, he's going to have to defeat the Texas Heartthrob as Travis Lynch takes on Callum Mahoney in the first round of the tournament! The next man in was the first man in... "Diamond" Rob Driscoll who shocked the world by winning the Brass Ring Battle Royal back at SuperClash to become the first man in the tournament. But if he hopes to go all the way in this one, he'll have to beat...

[She picks up Driscoll's nameplate...

...and slides it into the bracket opposite Hercules Hammonds.]

MC: The big man and the man he narrowly managed to eliminate back at SuperClash to win that Battle Royal! It'll be Rob Driscoll taking on Hercules Hammonds in the tournament!

[She picks up the nameplate that reads "FARELLI."]

MC: And how about this man? The 2014 Rookie Of The Year who interjected himself into a match he wasn't even supposed to be in to move on into this tournament by defeating Cesar Hernandez. Farelli thinks he'll win the title with no problem at all but to do it, he's gotta beat...

[Farelli's name gets slid into the bracket across from Brad Jacobs.]

MC: BRAD JACOBS! It'll be Jacobs and Farelli in the first round of the Brass Ring Tournament! Which leaves only one slot remaining in the tournament... the eighth and final slot... the man who will meet Derrick Williams in the first round of the tournament... and the spot that will be filled by the newest co-owner of the AWA, Chris Blue!

[The camera zooms back a bit as Blue steps in next to Cannon, a puzzled look on his face.]

MC: Well, Mr. Blue... you've sat back here all night and seen the best in the world compete. Who have you picked? Who will you be putting into the final spot in this tournament?

[Blue strokes his chin.]



CB: You know, Melissa... this was one of the toughest choices I've ever had to make. There were a lot of tremendous competitors on the show tonight, giving it their all. The first thing I decided was that if you'd already been eliminated in a Qualifying Match, you didn't get the spot.

[Melissa nods, ticking down the possibilities in her head.]

MC: Okay, that took seven guys out of the field. What else?

CB: At that point, it dawned on me that I was making a mistake.

MC: I don't understand.

CB: It shouldn't be me making this decision, Melissa. After all, if it wasn't for all the great AWA fans out there, we wouldn't even be here celebrating two weeks from tonight.

MC: Agreed.

CB: So, I have decided to let the fans decide. Any man who appeared on tonight's show in a singles match that did not already lose a Qualifying Match will be up in a poll... and the fans will get to choose who will enter that final slot against Derrick Williams two weeks from tonight.

MC: The eighth spot is now a Fans' Choice?

CB: You got that right.

MC: Alright, Mr. Blue... thank you for your time. You heard it, fans. The AWA website will have that poll up later tonight I'm sure so it's time for you to start thinking about it - who do you want to fill the final slot in the Brass Ring Tournament? It's all going down right here in Dallas two weeks from tonight at the Anniversary Show and believe me, you do NOT want to miss it!

[We fade away from Melissa and 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 for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheers!]

PW: Introducing first, they are the challengers... in the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 465 pounds... accompanied to the ring by the third member, Aaron Anderson... they are "The Atomic Blonde" Donnie White and "Lights Out" Lenny Strong...

THE LIGHTS OUUUUUUUUUUT EXPRESSSSSSSSSS!!

[Strong throws his arms up as White mounts the midbuckle, doing a little rumpshaker action to jeers from the majority of the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents... in the corner to my left... 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...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAIRRRRRR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[Big cheers go up for Mertz and Aarons who trade a high five, pointing out to the cheering fans.]

GM: And of course, still no sign of the title belts on the champions, Bucky.

BW: Hehe... you know what I heard, Gordo?

GM: What's that?

BW: You know how Aarons and Mertz just got back from a ten day tour of Japan defending the Global Tag Crown?

GM: Yes.

BW: Turns out that when they booked their trip to Japan, Violence Unlimited was scheduled to be in Europe on tour! So they went to Japan for nothing!

GM: Well, I wouldn't say that. Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons are determined to be the fighting champions that the fans of Tiger Paw Pro deserve. They had some very tough battles over the past ten days including some familiar faces to AWA fans in the Antons and the War Pigs.

BW: They're rackin' up more miles in the air than a rookie pitcher throwin' to Yasiel Puig in Spring Training, Gordo.

GM: Spring Training for the Major League Baseball season is underway - the first games starting last week in Arizona and Florida but here in the AWA, we never have an off-season, fans!

[Mertz and Aarons huddle up for a moment as Lenny Strong steps out to the apron, leaving Donnie White in the ring...

...and at the sound of the bell, White sprints across the ring, leaving his feet with a split-legged dropkick, knocking Aarons through the ropes to the floor and sending Mertz back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! What a way to kickstart this one! Donnie White came up short in his efforts to win championship gold two weeks ago against Shadoe Rage but tonight, he's hoping to have better luck.

[Back on his feet, White throws a series of short right hands into the ribs, keeping Mertz in the corner while Aarons tries to recover on the floor. Grabbing an arm, White whips Mertz out before Aarons gets back on the apron, charging in after him...

...and leaving his feet, throwing himself into a shoulder tackle to the gut!]

GM: Oh my! Explosive tackle in the corner by Donnie White and he's got Cody Mertz reeling early in this one.

BW: Hit him right in the sushi gut.

GM: Another reference to their tour of Japan, I suppose?

BW: I understand they want to be fighting champions, Gordo... but at what cost? They've gotta be exhausted with all the travel they've been doing lately not to mention all the top-flight talent they've been facing over there and over here.

GM: They fought long and hard to put those titles around their waists and now that they have the championship, they're going to fight just as long and hard to defend them against all comers, Bucky.

[White pulls Mertz from the corner by the hair, slapping the hand of Lenny Strong.]

GM: The L-O-E makes the exchange... obviously going with a duo of Strong and White this week. Bucky, you're close to these guys. Any word on how they decide which two hit the ring on a given week?

BW: They do an in-depth analysis of their team versus the other team's strengths and weaknesses and then I believe they play a Round Robin version of Trivia Crack to decide.

GM: You're really too much, Buckthorn.

BW: Stop quotin' my mama, Gordo.

[Each man grabs an arm, whipping Mertz across. He ducks a double clothesline attempt, rebounding off a second time and leaping into a cross body on both men...

...but he gets caught by both men who set their feet, and fall back, throwing him overhead with a double fallaway slam!]

GM: OH MY! DOWN GOES CODY MERTZ OFF THAT!

[Mertz promptly rolls out to the floor, trying to recover as White exits the ring, jumping up and down with glee on the apron as Lenny Strong marches over, stepping out onto the apron.]

GM: Lenny Strong's not going to give Cody Mertz a breather here, measuring him...

[He hops off, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of Mertz' head, putting him down on the floor.]

GM: Strong putting the boots to the champion out on the floor.

BW: Are you really a champion when you don't carry the title? Wouldn't we all save ourselves some time and energy by declaring Violence Unlimited as the Double Crown Champions?

GM: But they're not the champions, Bucky. They lost fair and square to Air Strike at SuperClash.

BW: Yet they've got the belts.

GM: Thievery is not the same thing as victory.

BW: That's deep, Gordo.

[Strong grabs Mertz by the arm, whipping him towards the ring apron where Mertz leaps up, landing on the apron.]

GM: Whoa!

[Strong advances quickly but earns a mule kick in the mush, sending him staggering back...

...as Mertz leaps up on the second rope, blinding leaping back with an elbowsmash that puts both he and Strong down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHHH! What a move by Cody Mertz!

[Mertz is a bit sluggish to get to his feet, pulling Strong up with him. He shoves him under the bottom rope, climbing back up on the apron. He takes a few deep breaths, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[...and lands on the raised knees of Strong who cradles the head and legs, rolling Mertz into a pinning predicament!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Mertz abruptly kicks out, breaking the pin. Strong rolls off him to his feet, backing up against the ropes. He gives his elbowpad a few quick pats, causing the crowd to buzz with concern...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Already?!

GM: The L-O-E is trying to take advantage of a dazed Mertz!

[As Mertz staggers to his feet, Strong goes into a full spin, throwing the rolling elbow smash...

...but Mertz ducks under it, reaching back to hook the right arm with his left and the left with his right, dropping to his knees.]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[This time, it's Strong who kicks out in time.]

GM: A pair of quick near falls - one for each team as Mertz is up off the mat...

[And makes a falling tag to his corner, bringing Michael Aarons slingshotting over the top.]

GM: Aarons is in... bringing the fire to Lenny Strong...

[A trio of right hands has Strong falling backwards into the ropes where Aarons grabs an arm, whipping him across...

...but as Strong hits the far ropes, Aaron Anderson trips him up, pulling him from the ring!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The referee didn't see it! A brilliant move by the Axeman to get Strong out of there before Aarons could do whatever he-

GM: AARONS!

[The crowd ROARS as Michael Aarons sprints across, diving headfirst between the middle and top ropes to take out both Strong and Anderson with a tope!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF AARONS!!

[Aarons pulls back up to his feet...

...just as Donnie White comes tearing down the apron, leaping off in a somersault tackle onto Aarons!]

GM: OH MY! A DIVE OUT OF THE ATOMIC BLONDE AS WELL!

[The fans are roaring for the action as White pulls Aarons off the floor, throwing him backfirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Spinefirst into the ring apron!

[White spins to the side, throwing a series of chops at the chest of Aarons as Cody Mertz protests from the corner.]

GM: The referee is ordering White to back off... he's not the legal man!

[But White ignores him, teeing off some more...

...until Cody Mertz comes blitzing in, throwing himself into a running dropkick off the apron onto White, sending him sprawling to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: We've got chaos reigning at ringside, fans! We've gotta take a quick break! If the match ends during the break, we'll show you the finish when we come back!

[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 then back to live action where Lenny Strong has Michael Aarons down on the mat, stomping him relentlessly.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans, where the Lights Out Express have established themselves as being in complete control of this match during the break!

[Strong pulls Aarons up to his feet by the hair, shoving him back into the neutral corner. He tees off with a half dozen chops across the chest before switching to brutal elbow strikes to the side of the head.]

GM: He's beating the tar out of Aarons in the corner... and finally, the referee gets in there to break that up.

[Strong grabs Aarons by the arm, whipping him across the ring. The former champion dashes in after him, leaping up to land a running forearm strike to the jaw. He grabs a handful of hair, shouting to White who sits on the second rope, leaning back to raise both feet...

...and Aarons' face gets slammed into the feet!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by Strong and White... and there's the tag to Donnie White, bringing the Atomic Blonde back into the ring. In comes the Memphis Mohawk, turning Aarons back into the L-O-E's corner... big right hand... and another...

[He grabs Aarons around the head and neck, using a snapmare to take him down into a seated position...

...before he leaps up, driving both feet into the back with a dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution by White and a cover!

[White gets a two count before Aarons slips free.]

GM: Two count only there for the challengers as they look to become World Tag Team Champions for the second- actually, let me check that.

BW: Huh?

GM: Well, Strong and Anderson were the tag champions before. Presumably a victory here would mean that Strong and White are the legally recognized World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: No, no, Gordo... the official ruling says that any of the three can defend the titles when they win them.

GM: What official ruling?! I'm guessing the new AWA President Landon O'Neill might have something to say about that!

BW: He'd better not! That's official!

GM: Official according to who?! Sandra Hayes?! She's not even in the picture anymore! She's out of here! Long gone!

BW: Bitter shame if you ask me.

[White lifts Aarons up, slamming him down on the canvas. He backs quickly to the L-O-E corner, hopping up on the middle rope. The Last of the Mohawks does a little rump shaker, moving his tailfeather from side to side before leaping off...

...and DRIVING the point of his elbow down into the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow connects... and another cover!

[Again, the referee counts to two before Aarons slips a shoulder free.]

GM: Two count only... Aarons out the back door.



[Donnie White gets up, clapping his hands together three times quickly and pointing at the ref.]

GM: Mr. White complaining about the count there but it looked pretty good to me, Bucky.

BW: Of course you'd say that.

[White drags Aarons up, shoving him back into the challengers' corner, slapping the hand of Lenny Strong.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes "Lights Out" Lenny Strong...

[Strong comes in and with Aaron Anderson shouting instructions from the floor, both men grab an arm on Aarons, pulling him a few feet out of the buckles...

...and THROWING him back hard!]

GM: Ohh!

[They repeat the process, snapping Aarons' head and neck back with the impact!]

GM: This whiplash-inducing move from the challengers is shaking Michael Aarons from head to toe, fans!

[They pull him out a third time, throwing him back with spine-rattling impact before White steps out of the ring. Aarons wobbles out of the corner, stretching out an arm towards Cody Mertz as he gets about halfway out...

...and gets yanked by the trunks into a back suplex!]

GM: Strong slams him down!

[The KO Kid rolls into a cover, planting his forearm on the cheekbone of Aarons.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But the shoulder comes up to break the pin as Strong angrily claps his hands together. He climbs back to his feet, pulling Aarons up with him, connecting with a hard series of short forearms before tagging the Atomic Blonde back in.]

GM: White's back in off the tag... Strong shoots Aarons in...

[As Aarons rebounds, Strong shoves him skyward...

...and White knocks him out of the sky with a dropkick!]

GM: OHHH! WHITE NOISE CONNECTS!

[White dives across Aarons, cradling a leg as Strong stands guard, making sure Mertz doesn't come in.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Aarons kicks out, breaking the pin...]

GM: Aarons refuses to stay down, refuses to lose those World Tag Team Titles to the Lights Out Express!

[An agitated White gets up, again clapping his hands together and shouting at the ref who holds up two fingers. Anderson shouts at White to stay on Aarons as he tries to crawl to his corner...]

...only to get cut off by a leaping elbowdrop to the back of the head. White takes a knee, wagging a finger at Cody Mertz.]

BW: Beautiful move to cut the tag off. White lost his focus for a moment but he got right back into it to make sure that Michael Aarons didn't make that tag and get out of the ring.

[White pulls Aarons off the mat, shooting him back into the corner with an Irish whip. The Atomic Blonde tears across after him, leaving his feet with a spinning leg lariat...]

...and misses badly as Aarons drops into a front roll, avoiding it!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[And with White crashed and burned in the corner, Aarons starts crawling on all fours across the ring... ]

GM: Aarons is heading to the corner! Michael Aarons is heading to the corner where Cody Mertz is waiting for-

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: TAG!

[Mertz slingshots over the top rope, rushing across the ring to catch a rising White with a hard dropkick in the corner. He gets back up, blocking a right hand from Lenny Strong...]

...and connecting with an ear clapper on Strong, knocking "Lights Out" to the floor!]

GM: STRONG TO THE FLOOR!!

[Mertz grabs White off the mat, lifting him up to set him on the top turnbuckle when suddenly...]

#GENERALS GATHERED IN THEIR MASSES#

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The AWA faithful ERUPTS to their feet, eyes scouring the Crockett Coliseum for the men that music represents!]

GM: IS IT-?!

#JUST LIKE WITCHES AT BLACK MASSES#

[The curtain parts as the duo known as Hammer and Scythe - the War Pigs - steps into view, followed by their longtime manager, Richard E. Lee. Hammer and Scythe are two chiseled beasts of men, clad in plain black tights and boots, but sporting a mohawk and reverse mohawk respectively along with face paint...

...and they BOLT into a charge down the aisle towards a shocked Cody Mertz who is all alone in the ring!]

GM: THE WAR PIGS ARE IN THE CROCKETT COLISEUM!

[Hammer is the first one in, charging at Mertz and FLIPPING him inside out with a devastating clothesline!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Scythe comes in right after his partner, throwing his arms back and roaring with his tongue out!]

GM: The War Pigs have STRUCK!

[Scythe turns around as Donnie White leaps off the top, lashing out with a dropkick...

...but Scythe doesn't even feel it, shaking his head as he pulls White off the mat, flinging him towards the ropes. White ducks a clothesline from Scythe...

Only to get lifted up, twisted around, and DRIVEN DOWN with an impactful powerslam from Hammer!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Scythe marches towards his partner, delivering a hard shove to the chest as Richard E. Lee gets on the apron, gesturing with a rolled up newspaper at the turnbuckles. The fans in the crowd who know what's coming start to buzz.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: It's WMD time, daddy!

[Scythe steps out to the apron, scaling the turnbuckles as Hammer pulls a stunned White off the mat, lifting him up into a powerbomb position, holding him at the peak of the lift...

...and Scythe comes skying off the top, connecting with a devastating clothesline, hanging on to DRIVE the back of White's head into the canvas on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WMD CONNECTS! DONNIE WHITE JUST GOT DESTROYED!!!

[Hammer lifts a finger to Scythe who nods in response. The big man from the War Pigs pulls Cody Mertz off the canvas, ducking down to hoist him into an electric chair lift...]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: I saw this on one of the Tiger Paw Pro shows, Gordo!

GM: As did I!

[Hammer holds a stunned Mertz up on his shoulders as Scythe mounts the buckles, throwing back his head in a roar...

...and takes flight, connecting with a devastating flying clothesline that manages to cause Cody Mertz to do a full backflip before CRASHING down to the canvas!]

GM: DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!!

BW: THE WAR MACHINE COLLECTS ANOTHER VICTIM!

[Hammer and Scythe are standing over the motionless Mertz and White as Anderson and Strong huddle up on the floor, looking in at the two face-painted monsters who are waving them into the ring. Richard E. Lee paces about the ring, demanding a house mic...]

REL: Stop the presses, hold the headlines because my oh my, have you heard the news?

THE WAR PIGS HAVE ARRIVED!

[There's a decent sized cheer for this despite the face-painted brawlers having laid waste to Air Strike.]

REL: Your fancy boys there in their green and white showed up on OUR turf. They showed up in OUR house. And they told the Land of the Rising Sun that THEY were the champions.

From where I'm standing, they may indeed be the champions of two things... but it's not the AWA and it's damn sure not Tiger Paw Pro... it's more like "jack"...and "squat!" Ain't that right, Scythe?

[Scythe, the reverse-mohawk wearing one snatches the mic.]

S: That's right, Ricky. In fact, the only thing this boy looks like he might be the champion of is the stuff I flushed down the toilet this morning!

[Hammer gives a cackle as he lays a big boot into the ribs of Donnie White, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor.]

S: There are three things you don't do. You don't take Ricky's morning paper before he's had a chance to see how much money he made the day before.

[Richard E. Lee waves his paper in front of him, shaking his head.]

S: You don't tell Hammer he's got something in his teeth.

[Hammer leans over the ropes, glaring at Anderson and Strong.]

S: And you don't get in the way of the War Pigs. We've got a date with destiny, boys... and by destiny, we mean two mean and ugly pieces of work called Violence Unlimited.

[Hammer snatches the mic from his partner.]

H: We mean to take Morton and Haynes to church... and we mean to show 'em the light.

And that light's gonna be the War Pigs-sized train comin' to mow 'em down!

[Hammer points to Anderson and Strong.]

H: We ain't here for you two... but if you get in our way, the only one turnin' out the lights around this joint will be us.

[Scythe mockingly slaps his elbow into his open palm.]

H: We're here for them...

[Hammer points to ringside where Michael Aarons has pulled his partner to safety.]

H: 'Cause we want VU... and we want our own chance to wear all the gold. You two chumps think you're comin' to our yard to take those straps back...

[Scythe gets the mic back.]

S: But the only thing you're gonna find in our yard by the time we're through with you is a mess of crabgrass and a pile of dog droppings 'cause

those titles are goin' back to Japan withus... and then VU's gonna have US to deal with.

[Richard E. Lee takes the mic.]

REL: So, the AWA... it's simple. The War Pigs are here to do a little spring cleaning... and we're starting with those title belts... and we're ending with wiping the floor with anyone you put in our way.

[Scythe leans over the mic.]

S: We plan on burnin' down the house and we ain't leavin' a hose behind to water down the ashes.

OHHHHHH LORRRRRRRRD YEAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Richard E. Lee throws the mic down as "War Pigs" starts up again, leaving the powerful duo ruling the roost.]

GM: What in the world have we just witnessed, fans?! The World Tag Team Titles were on the line - we're being told this match was thrown out, a double DQ due to outside interference but... but the War Pigs are here! The War Pigs have struck and struck hard!

BW: And they ain't leavin' 'til they take the titles with 'em, Gordo!

GM: Fans, we're out of time but... wow! We'll see you in two weeks at the Anniversary Show!

[As Hammer and Scythe continue to verbally taunt the two tag teams on the floor, we fade to black.]