

APRIL 25TH, 2015  
GARRETT COLISEUM  
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

# SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

[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 hurra can-rana 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 Montgomery, Alabama in the Garrett 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. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround 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.

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.]

GM: We're exactly one month away from the original AWA supershow - Memorial Day Mayhem! Every year, the AWA kicks off the summer in a memorable fashion and this year promises to be no different as we're officially counting down the days until Memorial Day in the Cajundome down in Lafayette, Louisiana!

[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. 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 burning red sportscoat over a sunburst yellow dress shirt. He's opted for a neon lime green bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at "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 right here on The X 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, this building has hosted many major events over the years including the annual Alabama Open

Horsemen's Association State Championship Horse Show but perhaps none have been any bigger than tonight!

BW: The what? That was a mouthful, Gordo, but it explains quite a bit. From the smell of this joint, I just figured that we were smelling the decaying corpse of Ryan Martinez' World Title reign in the air but maybe it's the horses.

GM: Would you stop? We just came on the air and you're already saying things like that?!

BW: It's true, Gordo! Two weeks ago in Turner Field, Caleb Temple put a nail in the coffin of that title reign. There ain't no comin' back from someone trying to suffocate ya with a plastic bag, daddy. I expect that Martinez is gonna forfeit that title right here tonight!

GM: The World Champion is NOT in the building, Bucky.

BW: Can't blame him. I'm told that there is armed security at every entrance to the building tonight and I'm still not comfortable out here knowing that Caleb Temple is out there in the world with a grudge.

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz as a well-tanned and impeccably dressed older gentleman starts making his way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Whoa! We're not wasting any time here tonight! The AWA President is here! Landon O'Neill has arrived here on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X!

BW: And he must have something big to talk about to bother flying from New York to this slum in Alabama!

[O'Neill quickly climbs the ringsteps, a freshly-whitened grin on his face as he takes an offered mic from Phil Watson before stepping through the ropes into the ring.]

LON: Hello, Alabama!

[Big cheer! Shocking, I know.]

LON: It is my great honor and privilege to be here tonight in Montgomery for this night... although I wish it was under better circumstances.

[O'Neill's smile fades to a serious look.]

LON: Recent weeks have seen some very serious actions by AWA competitors - actions that MUST have consequences - and as the AWA President, it is my job to announce those consequences.

[He raises a finger.]

LON: But before I do that... let's talk about Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Another big cheer! He nods in response.]

LON: May 25th, Memorial Day night in the Cajundome in Lafayette. Two weeks ago, you already heard the announcement of some of the top matches on the show. Tonight, I'm here to give you two more.

Last year, we introduced a new concept to AWA fans called the Mayhem Match. This year, we're bringing it back... but with a name like "Mayhem Match," we decided that it should be different every time out.

[O'Neill nods.]

LON: So, this year's Mayhem Match will see ten AWA competitors selected at random to participate in a GAUNTLET MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

LON: The participants in question can be ANYONE and they can be called to the ring at ANY TIME! They won't know it's their turn to compete until their name is called!

And for the winner? We'll let the fates decide when a hopper full of ping pong balls rolls out the prize. It could be a shot at the TV Title. It could be a guaranteed spot on the upcoming tour of Japan. It could be the chance to play "AWA President For A Night" and schedule the matches. It could even be for a shot at the World Heavyweight Championship. The fates will decide and Mayhem will reign on Memorial Day.

[Another big cheer!]

LON: As for the second match I'm here to announce... that requires a separate announcement of its own.

In late 2014, the AWA announced our first trip to Mexico - a co-promoted effort with our friends at SouthWest Lucha Libre for an event we're calling Copa de Trios. In the days that followed, we revealed that the Stampede Cup would NOT be taking place in 2015 and would be replaced on the scheduled by Copa.

[O'Neill grins.]

LON: I'm here tonight to announce that plan has changed!

[BIG CHEER! O'Neill gestures to the fans.]

LON: And it's because of that reaction right there that it has changed. We knew we wanted to expand into Mexico and we had heard so many people eagerly anticipating the Copa de Trios so we couldn't get rid of it.

But we had so many e-mails, Tweets, people on the street begging us to do one of the most popular events in the AWA - the Stampede Cup - in 2015. So, we're going to do it too... but we're doing it a little bit differently.

Traditionally, the Stampede Cup is a one or two night tournament. This year, it's going to take place all summer long! We'll be announcing the teams and brackets in the days and weeks to come but I can tell you right now that at Memorial Day Mayhem, the Stampede Cup begins!

[O'Neill smiles at the cheering crowd's reaction.]

LON: But who will be the teams in that first match? Could it be one of the hot new teams like Next Gen or Team SAMURAI? Could it be former AWA World Tag Team Champions Air Strike or the current champs the Lights Out Express? Maybe it'll even be someone from Mexico or Japan.

You want to know? Keep watching because it'll be announced later tonight in the Control Center!

[O'Neill's smile fades.]

LON: That was the fun part. The other reason I'm here - of course - is to address two horrific acts that we saw two weeks ago at The Duel On The Diamond as well as to deal with the individuals who perpetrated those acts.

Caleb Temple...

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers.]

LON: I have been involved with the sport of professional wrestling for almost fifty years and I can't recall a more disgusting, brutal, and psychotic act than what we saw out of Caleb Temple two weeks ago. This SPORT is about seeing who the better man is inside this squared circle... it is NOT about deliberate attempts to injure, cripple, or worse.

Caleb Temple obviously does not believe that to be the case.

And if that's true, then I have no desire to be in business with that particular individual any longer.

[The crowd buzzes with puzzlement over what O'Neill is saying.]

LON: As many of you know, Caleb Temple's appearance at SuperClash came as a surprise to the front office of the AWA. However, we were quick to sign Mr. Temple to a short-term deal to allow Ryan Martinez to attempt to get a match he very much desired.

Effective tomorrow morning, the AWA front office will be releasing Caleb Temple from that contract.

[The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos - cheers for the King of the Death Match being shown the door but boos that they'll be deprived of seeing Ryan Martinez get his hands on him.]

LON: If Caleb Temple shows his face at ANY AWA event, he will be immediately ejected from the building, arrested for trespassing, and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

[More of a mixed response which doesn't seem to surprise the AWA President.]

LON: Which brings me to the other man whose actions I am here to address...

Hannibal Carver.

[BIG CHEER!]

LON: Mr. Carver, two weeks ago, acted rashly when he assaulted an AWA official - something that we simply do not tolerate.

Mr. Carver was suspended for those actions and will NOT be here tonight.

[The boos pour down on Landon O'Neill.]

LON: However, he WILL be on Saturday Night Wrestling two weeks from tonight in Biloxi, Mississippi!

[Big cheer!]

LON: At the start of the show in two weeks, Mr. Carver will be invited to come out to the ring... and he will be expected to personally APOLOGIZE to the AWA's Senior Referee, Johnny Jagger, for his actions. If he does that, the suspension will be lifted and he will once again be a member of the roster in good standing.

If he does not...

[O'Neill is about to deliver his ultimatum when he is interrupted by "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin and an immediate disapproving roar from the crowd.]

BW: This isn't going to be good.

GM: I have to agree with you, Bucky, but Johnny Detson has no right to come out here right now!

BW: Oh yeah, Gordo? Feel free to tell him that because here he comes!

[Out from the back storms a red faced Johnny Detson, fresh from whatever tantrum he was throwing backstage. He makes a beeline for the President; he is however cut off by Calisto Dufresne who places a hand in front of

Detson stopping his progress. He whispers something to Detson which allows Eric Somers to emerge from the back as well as six additional security guards.

Detson is not heeding his advice though, as he points an accusing finger towards the ring and shakes his head. He moves past Calisto and goes straight to the ring, entourage closely following. He steps through the ropes and walks right past the President asking the ring crew for a mic which he receives. Still red in the face, he walks right up to Landon O'Neill until he's about two inches away.]

JD: Apologize?! Apologize?!

[O'Neill nods but Detson turns his back to him.]

JD: There's a lunatic on the loose, attacking anything that moves, violent mood swings, glory day seeking relic that's only out to maim, and yet even with all that you fire Caleb Temple instead?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Caleb Temple. Who gets fired for attacking wrestlers and Carver gets suspended and has to apologize for attacking innocent people? Or are you saying that Mr. Jagger didn't officiate that match properly? A match by the way, which I WON!

[Detson smirks as he looks back at the President.]

JD: Despite the fact that you, sir, made your best effort to see that wouldn't happen. You, sir, prevented my advisory committee from being at ringside. Sandra Haynes was at ringside interfering in whatever match she choose. Buford got to run down there, Team Supreme, Brian Lau, Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, EVERYONE and their mother was down at ringside except for the committee I formed and paid good money to advise me. So maybe it's YOU who should stand here and have to apologize to ME!

[The crowd boos that statement at Detson cocks his head to the side almost waiting for an apology. The fact that none is forthcoming only seems to make him more upset.]

JD: So tell me Mr. President, how many is too many? How many times does Hannibal Carver get to beat down a helpless individual, because this wasn't the first time and it won't be the last!

[O'Neill finally responds.]

LON: Mr. Carver has been told that this suspension is just the tip of the iceberg for him if he continues his-

[Detson simply lets out a frustrated laugh and takes one step closer right into O'Neill's face.]



JD: That is completely unacceptable! This is a conspiracy to consistently persecute and discriminate against Johnny Detson! You're in on it...

[Detson points a finger dangerously close to the President but soon takes a step back and twirls his finger around in the air.]

JD: Everyone out there is in on it! And that delusional drunk from Boston is in on it. He lost! I won! All the odds in his favor and he still couldn't seal the deal. He needs to be fired and you need to fire him RIGHT! NOW!

[There's a pregnant pause as President O'Neill looks around the buzzing arena, slowly raising the mic as his gaze comes to rest on a fuming Johnny Detson.]

LON: No.

[Detson's eyes go wide with anger as the crowd roars with approval. Detson storms back over to O'Neill and jabs a finger in the chest of the President; continuously jabbing him with the finger after every word he speaks.]

JD: You need to do your job and fire that maniac! You cannot touch an AWA official and expect to keep your job! You need to stop listening to these people and do what's best for the safety of this company! Hannibal Carver needs to be FIRED! FIRED! FIRED! FIRED! FIRED! F-I-R-E-D! FIRED!

[Emotions getting the better of him Detson emphasizes his point by shoving O'Neill with such force that he's knocked down to a seated position; taking everybody by surprise, but none more so than Johnny Detson. An audible gasp is heard from the capacity crowd.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: It was an accident! He didn't mean to do it!

[Detson looks at the President to Calisto Dufresne who is shaking his head, and all the anger is quickly replaced with a look of absolute fear.

Detson quickly goes over and picks the President up off the canvas. Smiling, he begins to wipe off the dust from the back of the President's suit, straightening it out so there are no wrinkles.]

GM: The AWA President is on his feet and... whew, if looks could kill, Bucky.

[O'Neill is glaring at Detson as he reclaims his mic off the mat.]

LON: So... you believe that anyone who lays a hand on an AWA official should be fired... is that right?

[The crowd ROARS as Detson vehemently shakes his head no. Holding up his hands he backs away saying "No, no, I apologize, my bad, I was wrong, I apologize."]

LON: You apologize? I believe you said just an apology wasn't enough! You said that an apology didn't cut it! You said that Hannibal Carver should be... what was it? Oh yeah... F-I-R-E-D... fired.

[Detson is now in full begging mode, putting his hands together in prayer and dropping to his knees begging Landon O'Neill not to fire him.]

LON: Hrm. Maybe that's too harsh. Maybe you don't deserve that.

[Detson suddenly smiles, nodding his head.]

LON: Maybe... you just deserve to be STRIPPED of that Steal The Spotlight contract!

[BIG CHEER! Detson's eyes go wide, stomping up and down, throwing himself down on his knees.]

LON: But neither of those things get these people what they want... does it?

[The crowd roars.]

LON: You laid your hands on me, Johnny Detson... and that means that I am hereby making it official. At Memorial Day Mayhem, you will step inside this ring...

[Pause.]

LON: ...with Hannibal Carver!

[BIG CHEER! Detson spins around, kicking at the ropes. He turns back, ready to argue some more as O'Neill raises a finger to pause him.]

LON: INSIDE A STEEL CAGE!

[The crowd explodes in cheers as Detson loses all color in his face. He begins shaking his head.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: What?! WHAT?!

GM: CARVER AND DETSON IN THE CAGE!

[A fuming and shocked Detson is running all over the ring, kicking the ropes, slamming his arms down on them.]

JD: You... you can't do that!

[Detson's accusing finger stops just short of a smiling Landon O'Neill.]

LON: Oh, I just did!

[More cheers and Detson is now throwing a new tantrum, jumping up and down stomping his feet, in full denial. He looks around and spots Eric Somers and starts pointing at him.]

JD: I'm cashing in! I'M CASHING IN! Can't fight Carver because I was just about to announce that I'm using the Steal the Spotlight contract at Memorial Day Mayhem. I can't fight Carver!

[Detson grabs the briefcase, clutching it against his chest, pounding his fist into it.]

LON: Oh... well, that changes things, I suppose.

[Detson looks encouraged.]

LON: If you'd like to spend Memorial Day facing Hannibal Carver inside a steel cage... and THEN facing Ryan Martinez for the World Heavyweight Title, you're welcome to do it!

[Detson shakes his head in disbelief again, dropping the briefcase down on the canvas.]

GM: Oh yeah!

[O'Neill leans closer.]

LON: Does that mean you've changed your mind?

[A stunned Detson just barely nods his head in agreement as O'Neill walks past him, exiting the ring to the roar of the crowd. Detson is still shaking his head and screaming "THIS ISN'T FAIR! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!" as he stomps around the ring.]

GM: Oh my! What a show of strength by the AWA President! Caleb Temple is fired! Hannibal Carver's gotta apologize to Johnny Jagger right here in two weeks' time but after that, he's gonna get his hands on Johnny Detson inside that steel cage at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: This is terrible, Gordo! Absolutely terrible!

[We cut down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Memorial Day Mayhem is just about a month away and AWA fans all over the world are eagerly anticipating this year's edition of the original AWA supershow! We're going to have more on that throughout the night including the cage match we just learned about but Bucky, what about the other piece of info we got in there? Caleb Temple has been fired!

BW: Landon O'Neill showed up in person for the first time and we quickly learned that he was NOT messing around, Gordo. He fired Temple... released him from his contract... and threatened to have him ARRESTED if he shows up at another AWA event.

GM: You have to believe that the World Champion, Ryan Martinez, will NOT be happy about that.

BW: He should be. O'Neill may have just saved his life.

GM: We'll be hearing from the World Champion later tonight but this has GOT to change his plans going into Memorial Day Mayhem as well.

BW: Absolutely. O'Neill just shook things up in a major way.

GM: Fans, we've got a lot in store for you here tonight but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening contest!

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Anderson, South Carolina... weighing in at 367 pounds... Andy and Will... THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The smallish twin brothers raise their arms to minimal reaction from the fans.]

PW: And their opponents...

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

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

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

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

"HE WHO WALKS THE FIRE BREATHES!"

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

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

GM: This hot young tag team from Japan is back out here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling looking to continue their winning ways and after what we just heard, perhaps impress AWA officials enough to earn themselves a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament. Joining us once again this week is the translator for Team SAMURAI, Jason Aizawa. Welcome back, Jason.

JA: Thank you, Mr. Myers... and yes, Team SAMURAI is VERY excited about the Stampede Cup. I spoke with them just moments before coming out here and they're willing to do whatever it takes to get a spot in the most prestigious tag team tournament in our sport.

GM: It looks like it's going to be Komachi starting this one off tonight. Jun Komachi at 5 foot 7 and 205 pounds is certainly one of the smallest competitors in the AWA, Jason.

JA: Jun Komachi may be small in size but I think you're about to see that he's big in heart and skill.

[As the bell sounds, Jun Komachi bounces out of the corner, swinging his arms back and forth across his torso as Will Blue edges out to the middle of the ring. Suddenly, Komachi breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes.]

GM: Jun Komachi off the ropes... ducks a clothesline... off the ropes again... ducks another one...

BW: This kid is fast, Gordo.

GM: Almost blindingly so! Komachi is tearing across the ring...

[Will Blue drops down, flattening out as Komachi leaps over him, running to the ropes again...

...and throws himself into a crossbody, taking Blue down to the canvas!]

GM: Crossbody covers for one! No, Komachi rolls right out of it... and right back to the ropes he goes...

[Blue climbs back to his feet, leapfrogging the charging Komachi who bounces off the ropes again, building more speed...]

GM: This 23 year old is dazzling Will Blue and everyone else for that matter with his speed!

[Komachi drops into a baseball slide, coming to a halt as he goes under a leaping Blue again. He pops back up to his feet, throwing himself forward into a leaping knee strike that catches Will Blue up under the chin, knocking Blue flat.]

GM: Oh my! That knee knocked Will Blue for a loop!

BW: So would a strong breeze, Gordo.

GM: Komachi might've created that strong breeze as fast as he's running around out here.

BW: He's gonna need all that speed to run away from the quality of competition he's gonna face here in the AWA.

JA: Mr. Wilde, you will find that Komachi will not be running away from anyone.

[Komachi pulls Will Blue off the mat, using a snapmare to take him over into a seated position where he DRILLS him with a stiff kick to the spine before dashing to the ropes, bouncing off towards the seated Blue...

...and THROWS himself into a running leg lariat on his opponent!]

GM: Good grief! I don't know if I've ever seen that before!

BW: That'll knock Blue for a loop, I'll give Komachi that much.

[Komachi climbs up, grabbing Blue by the arm, stepping back to the corner where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the man known as the Firecracker King, Shigehiro Ishikawa!

[The six foot, 253 pounder steps into the ring, measuring Will Blue as Komachi holds the arms back, exposing the torso...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! What a chop out of Ishikawa!

[Blue staggers back as Komachi exits the ring. Ishikawa shoves him back into the ropes, nodding to the cheering crowd as he winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Whew! That one will leave a mark!

JA: If you do not believe it already, you soon will - this man will be one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA locker room.

BW: He might chop harder than Martinez, Gordo.

GM: I don't know about that.

JA: I could not say for sure either... but I would love to see that encounter happen.

[Ishikawa grabs Blue by the arm, whipping him across the ring. As he rebounds back, Ishikawa muscles him up and drives him back with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: Big Samoan Drop by Ishikawa! Jason, everyone knows that last year's Stampede Cup was held in Japan as part of the original Rising Sun Showdown. Why didn't Team SAMURAI compete in that tournament?

JA: Ishikawa had an arm injury at the time. It is one of the most disappointing things that ever happened to them as they had to sit in the back and watch their fellow Tiger Paw Pro stars compete with America's finest. But it was also on that night when they knew that they HAD to come here to the AWA to compete.

[Ishikawa pops up, running to the ropes, hopping over the prone Will Blue, bouncing off the far side to throw himself skyward with a senton splash!]

GM: Big leaping backsplash by Ishikawa as well!

[The Tokyo native climbs to his feet, throwing an arm into the air to a decent-sized cheer from the Alabama crowd. He leans down, dragging Will Blue back to his feet as he reaches out to tag in his partner.]

GM: Komachi back in as Ishikawa fires Blue across...

[Blue gets lifted up in a flapjack...

...and then DROPPED across Komachi's outstretched knee!]

GM: Ohh! What a doubleteam out of Team SAMURAI!

[Komachi covers as Ishikawa vacates the ring, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But a diving save from Andy Blue breaks up the pin!]

GM: Andy Blue saves his brother!

[Andy Blue gets in a few stomps on the downed Komachi as the fans jeer...

...and until Ishikawa comes tearing across the ring, throwing a devastating lariat that flips Blue inside out, dumping him back down on his chest to a BIG reaction!]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE!

JA: Or as they'd say in my land - LAAAAAARIIIAAAAATOOOOOOO!

BW: Ugh. Remind me to put in my vacation request for when the AWA goes back to "your land."

[Ishikawa is forced out of the ring by the official as Jun Komachi climbs back to his feet, watching Andy Blue roll out of the ring as he drags Will Blue up off the mat...]

GM: Open-handed thrusts to the chest, sending Blue staggering back into the turnbuckles...

[Komachi throws an arm into the air, extending a single finger as he moves to the corner...

...and then sprints across, throwing a dropkick up under the chin!]

GM: RUNNING DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Komachi ducks out through the ropes, standing on the apron as Will Blue staggers out of the corner...

...and then Komachi leaps into the air, springing off the top rope!]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[He DRIVES both feet into the back of the head, sending Blue sailing halfway across the ring, falling down to the canvas and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Wow! Komachi clears out Will Blue and-

[The Osaka speedster dashes to the ropes, rebounding away from Will Blue...



...and drops down to the mat, throwing a baseball slide dropkick that bounces off the skull of the rising Andy Blue!]

GM: OHHH!

[Komachi pulls himself up on the apron, shouting "SAFE!" as he throws his arms apart in an umpire's gesture of the same signal.]

GM: Jun Komachi is having his way with BOTH of these competitors right now, fans!

[With Komachi cleaning house, Ishikawa drops to the floor, shoving Will Blue back under the ropes into the ring where Komachi is waiting for him, dragging him to his feet.]

GM: Komachi forces him back to Team SAMURAI's corner... and there's the tag to Ishikawa.

[With Will Blue cornered, Komachi snaps off a kick to the chest as Ishikawa takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: The Firecracker King strikes again!

[Komachi throws another kick.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: They're trading off - kick, chop, kick, chop!

[Komachi is forced out by the official as Ishikawa whips him across the ring, bouncing him chestfirst off the turnbuckles where he staggers back towards a waiting Ishikawa who hooks a waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and DUMPS Will Blue with a high impact released German Suplex!]

GM: OH MY!

[Ishikawa pops up, pointing to the fans, nodding his head as he grabs Will Blue off the mat, hoisting him up into a fireman's carry as he slaps the hand of his partner...]

GM: The tag is made back to Jun Komachi!

[Komachi leaps up to the top rope, steadying himself as Ishikawa gets into position... and Komachi leaps into the air, tucking his legs up...

...and DRIVES his feet down in a double stomp down between the shoulderblades of Blue, a blow that "activates" Ishikawa into DUMPING Will Blue on top of his head with a Death Valley Driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH MY!

JA: THE MAMUSHI STRIKE CONNECTS AGAIN!

[Komachi scrambles into a cover as Ishikawa stands guard.]

GM: One... two... and three! There was no doubt about it after that Mamushi Strike!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Komachi and Ishikawa celebrate their victory to the cheers of the Alabama crowd.]

GM: Another impressive victory for Team SAMURAI and you've gotta think that with each and every win, they're creeping closer to earning themselves a slot in the 2015 Stampede Cup tournament, Bucky.

BW: I suppose so but I want to see how these two fare against REAL competition.

GM: If they make the tournament field, I expect we'll get the answer to that question soon enough. Fans, let's go backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing between the lovable trio known as the Wilde Bunch. Chester O. Wilde, Buddy U. Loney, and their darling pig, Mable, are all smiles... even Mable is smiling... I think.]

SLB: If you've been calling the hotline at 1-900-505-5500, you already knew about the return of the Stampede Cup. But if you weren't, now you know along with the rest of the world. Chester, Buddy... after your big win over Dichotomy two weeks ago at Turner Field, you've gotta be considered a strong candidate for the Cup!

[Chester grins, clapping his hands together.]

COW: You betcha, Lou! When Buddy and I were sittin' at home at the farm all those months ago, dreamin' big dreams 'bout comin' to the A-Dubba-A and fightin' the best in the world, we had two goals... the World Tag Team Titles...

[Buddy pats his empty waist.]

BUL: Ain't got 'em.

COW: Yet, Cousin! Yet!

[Buddy and Chester grin before Chester continues.]

COW: And the Stampede Cup! We seen 'em all, Sweet Lou. We seen the Lynches win it. We seen those big hosses Morton and Haynes win it a couple times. And this year - in 2015 - some other kids back home dreamin' the big dreams are gonna see us - the Wilde Bunch - win that shiny Cup and take it home for everyone to see!

[Blackwell smiles, nodding.]

SLB: A big dream for sure... but you can be sure there's at least one tag team who hopes to stomp all over that dream, gentlemen. Of course, I'm referring to Dichotomy.

[Buddy grimaces as he leans in.]

BUL: Look here, Lou! We done beat Dye-co... Dick-to... how the...?

[He pauses to scratch his chin.]

BUL: Whatever you wanna call 'em, we beat 'em! We beat 'em with the whole world watchin' in Atlanta! But if those two want another piece of these two good 'ol Southern boys...

[The fans in Montgomery cheer the words they're hearing inside the arena. Chester grins, pointing to the air.]

BUL: ...then we ain't hard to find, Sweet Lou! We ain't hard to find at all! Come on, Cousin. We got work to do!

[The Wilde Bunch walk out of the shot, leaving a smiling Sweet Lou Blackwell behind.]

SLB: The Wilde Bunch are looking to make a splash in 2015 - a Stampede Cup sized splash! When we come back, they'll be in action so don't you dare go away, 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...

...and as we fade back up, we can hear the sounds of Billy Currington's "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" playing over the PA system. All the competitors are already inside the ring as Phil Watson does the announcements.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Parts Unknown... at a total combined weight of 602 pounds... THE SHADOWS!

[Two men dressed in black from mask-covered head to toe raise their arms to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents in the corner to my left...

[The crowd cheers the do-si-do going on in the corner.]

PW: From Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at a total combined weight of 702 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Mable... BUDDY AND CHESTER...

THE WIIIIIIIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNNCH!

[Chester Otis Wilde throws an arm up into the air to big cheers. 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 is waving at the fans while 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: The Wilde Bunch, your nephews, Bucky... are set for tag team action here tonight.

BW: Why must you remind everyone every time we see these two idiots that they're related to me?!

GM: Just some background information.

BW: Leave that to me. Did you know that Cousin Buddy once won a contest for the smallest amount of functioning brain cells in a living human being?

GM: That's not true at all.

BW: How about Chester's Blue Ribbon he picked up at the County Fair for "Stank That Could Level A City Block?" Know about that one?

GM: You're ridiculous. Fans, the Wilde Bunch scored the biggest win of their young careers two weeks ago at Turner Field over Dichotomy, catapulting them up into the number four spot in the Top 5 Tag Team Rankings. But now they've got their eyes locked on earning a spot in this year's Stampede Cup tournament.

BW: Good luck with that. If I know Dichotomy - and I do - they're going to do whatever it takes to make sure that doesn't happen.

[Cousin Buddy decides to stay in the ring as Chester steps out, leaving Davis Warren to make a few comments to both teams before calling for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell and we're underway in this one. This should be an interesting challenge for your nephews, Bucky, as they're facing two competitors who aren't that much smaller than they are.

BW: These Shadows are two big hulks of men. Neither of 'em will tip the scales around a quarter ton like Buddy but they're both in the neighborhood of Chester.

[With Cousin Chester clapping in rhythm (sort of) on the apron, Buddy pumps his arms a few times, waving the masked Shadow still in the ring towards him.]

GM: I guess we'll call this guy Shadow #1, Bucky.

BW: Works for me.

[Shadow #1 hits the ropes, charging back with a bellow...

...and falls flat on his rear end after attempting a shoulder tackle that sends big Buddy absolutely nowhere. The crowd laughs as Buddy smiles and the Shadow scampers up to his feet, rubbing his backside. He turns to the official, pointing at the big man.]

GM: Not sure what the Shadow could be complaining about there.

[The Shadow gestures at his mask, miming someone pulling his hair.]

GM: A hairpull? He's wearing a mask for crying out loud!

BW: These hillbillies are pretty sneaky, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break.

[The masked man breaks to the ropes again, charging back towards Buddy with a clothesline...

...which Buddy absorbs easily, sending the Shadow crashing down to the mat a second time. The three hundred pounder rolls to all fours, slamming his fists into the mat as the crowd cheers.]

GM: And again, the Shadow hits the immovable object and goes absolutely nowhere!

[Buddy chuckles, grabbing at his big belly while the Shadow scrambles up off the mat, throwing a right hand that Buddy blocks before crashing a headbutt down between the eyes, sending the Shadow sprawling a third time.]

GM: This masked man just can't seem to get himself on track against the Wilde Bunch, fans.

[The Shadow marches to his corner, tagging his partner. He points angrily at Buddy as Shadow #2 steps in, barreling across the ring towards Buddy who sidesteps, giving him an assist as he runs chestfirst into the buckles where Cousin Chester clocks him with a right hand, sending him staggering back towards Buddy who lifts him around the waist...]

GM: BIG LIFT!

[...and brings him down on a bent knee, launching him forward towards the corner where Chester cracks him a second time!]

GM: ATOMIC DROP CONNECTS!

[As Shadow #2 stumbles backwards, Buddy lifts him up a second time...

...and then drops him tailbone-first on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! That'll adjust your spine!

[Chester reaches out his hand, taking an offered tag from his cousin as he steps through the ropes into the ring to cheers. He pulls the Shadow off the mat, winging him towards the ropes...

...and throwing a big boot up under the chin, dropping him down to the mat.]

GM: Chester takes him down with the kick!

[Chester spins, hitting the ropes, coming back strong...

...and leaps high into the air, dropping a leg across the chest!]

GM: LEGDROP ON TARGET BY COUSIN CHESTER!

[Chester stays seated as the referee delivers a count, getting to two before the Shadow lifts his shoulder.]

GM: Two count only for Cousin Chester right there... but he's right back to his feet, looking to continue the fight.

[He drags the three hundred pounder up to his feet, ducking in to scoop him up, spinning him around...

...and SLAMMING him down hard to the mat!]

GM: Huge slam by Chester!

[Standing right next to the prone Shadow, Chester throws his six foot nine frame up into the air, driving his elbow down into the chest before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Chester covers for one! He's got two! And up goes the shoulder again to break the pin!

[Chester grimaces as he climbs back to his feet, clapping his hands together in frustration as he pulls the masked man up, whipping him into the Wilde Bunch corner... and runs him down with a big clothesline in the buckles!]

GM: Oh my! Big clothesline connects!

[Chester reaches out to tag his cousin who steps in, lumbering across the ring. He gets near the opponent's corner where he turns his back to the other Shadow... and then wiggles his hindquarters in his direction to cheers from the crowd and rage from Shadow.]

GM: Haha!

BW: I feel sick just looking at that fat cow.

[With a loud, "MOOOOOOOOOOO!", Buddy barnstorms across the ring, turning his back towards the trapped and dazed Shadow...

...and spins around, throwing his four hundred plus pound frame into the stunned masked man, squashing him against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[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 did you call this a while back, Bucky? Twerking?



BW: Gordo, do you even own a television? A computer? Something?

[The Shadow 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 CONNECTS! 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 with another impressive victory here on Saturday Night Wrestling as they continue their winning ways, building up momentum... and at this point, it would be VERY hard to deny them a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament, Bucky.

BW: That may be true but I think they should let me pick the brackets for the tournament.

GM: YOU?!

BW: Yes, me! I can think of a lot of first round matches I'd like to see these two goofs in there against. Maybe the War Pigs? What about the Moonshiners? Are they in this thing? Can we get Morton and Haynes to show up and beat the last living brain cells out of these morons?

GM: All would be fine matches but I'm guessing your nephews will be quite happy that you have absolutely nothing to do with picking the matches for that tournament, Bucky. Fans, let's go backsta-

[Suddenly, Chester O. Wilde finds himself under attack as two men come charging down the aisle, sliding into the ring, and battering him down to the mat with fists and forearms.]

GM: DICHOTOMY!

BW: Go get 'em, boys!

[Mark Hoefner is putting the boots to Chester as Cousin Buddy wheels around, stomping towards Matt Ginn, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Buddy's got Ginn trapped in the buckles!

[Buddy is laying in heavy forearms to the chest as Hoefner pulls Chester off the mat, hurling him over the top rope and sending him crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES CHESTER!

[Hoefner wheels around, charging Buddy from the blindside, grabbing him by the hair and slamming him facefirst into the top turnbuckle before using the same grip on the hair to yank him back down to the mat. Matt Ginn is on him in a flash, shaking off the cobwebs to join his partner in some brutal stomping of the big man as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Ginn's all over him now as well! We've got a two-on-one on Cousin Buddy inside the ring, Bucky Wilde, and I've got a feeling you're responsible for this!

BW: Me? Never! I'd never do such a thing to my relatives!

GM: I'm not so sure about that.

[The duo lugs the four hundred plus pounder to his feet, whipping him in tandem into the ropes...

...and knocking him flat with a double clothesline!]

GM: OHH! DOWN GOES COUSIN BUDDY!

[With Buddy and Chester down, Mark Hoefner gestures to the ringside attendant, taking a house mic.]

MH: DID YOU REALLY THINK IT WAS THAT EASY?!

[He stomps Buddy again.]

MH: You thought you'd walk over us in Atlanta and we'd just fade away?!

[Another hard stomp.]

MH: Wrong. Dead wrong. You were wrong about us just like these idiots in the crowd have always been wrong about us...

[Big jeers!]

MH: Just like the front office has always been wrong about us... and just like each every person in our past has always been wrong about us.

Well, we're sick of it and at Memorial Day Mayhem, we intend to prove everybody else WRONG!

[The crowd is really jeering now as Ginn and Hoefner pause to stomp the hell out of Buddy some more. Ginn snatches the mic.]

MG: And if we fail?

[He looks out at the jeering crowd.]

MG: None of you will have to see us for a long, long time.

[Ginn drops the mic on Buddy's chest as Dichotomy makes their exit, leaving the crowd buzzing in wonder about what they just heard.]

GM: Wait a second... what does he mean by that, Bucky?

BW: You heard the man. Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner just gave themselves some TRUE motivation for Memorial Day Mayhem!

GM: Are they saying... are YOU saying...

BW: What we're all saying is that if Dichotomy can't beat the bumbling idiots that are clouding up the Wilde gene pool, they are willing to walk away from the AWA, daddy!

GM: That's... my stars, that's huge, Bucky! Memorial Day Mayhem just got even bigger, fans... and while we get some help out here for the Wilde Bunch, let's go backstage where I'm told we're about to hear from the leader of the Walking Dead - the enigmatic Jericho Kai!

[We fade from the ring to... presumably somewhere in the arena. Maybe in a boiler room somewhere because it is dark and the cement walls are sweating. The light is not the soft, gentle light of a studio, but the harshly lit, heavily shadowed light of a few naked bulbs. The air seems heavy with steam.]

It is in this environment that we see Jericho Kai come into the screen. If the oppressive setting disturbs him, it isn't evident to the viewer. He remains immaculately neat in his traditional sharply-cut black three piece suit. He wears a white dress shirt open at the neck with a black silk ascot. A white wilted carnation sits in his lapel. Kai's immaculately groomed his serpentine hair coiled atop his head, his heavy-lidded green eyes stare hypnotically into the camera as he smiles with teeth that look impossibly white. He slowly stretches his neck from side-to-side and then breaks into one of his condescending chuckles. See, Jericho Kai knows a lot more than you do about the mysteries of the universe and he isn't afraid to let you know that.]

JK: I know, people, what you think of me. I know how you try to marginalize me. I know how you try to ignore me. I know how you try to pretend that there is no possible way a man like me can exist. You point to your books, you point to your bibles, you point to your heroes and you say that there is no world in which a man like Jericho Kai can exist. He's some fake, some charlatan, some jumped up little fools seeking our attention. Hehehehe, let me tell you something, man, nothing could be farther from the truth.

[Kai pauses for a moment, staring through the lens. His flecked green eyes seem to darken as his sleepy lids narrow even more, giving him the glassy eyed stare of a snake about to strike.]

JK: I don't need your attention. I don't want your attention. You need me. You need my attention. You need me to save you and set you back on the right path. All of you, you worship false gods and you live false lives and you chase false heroes. And that is why you are all unhappy. That is why you scrape and save and spend dollars that could better feed your children to come to this arena and be entertained by minstrels. Jericho Kai has been sent to tell you it is time... it is past time... to come home. It is past time to come back to yourselves and set yourselves free. Free of the ignorance, free of the indignity, free of leading small pathetic lives.

[Kai draws in a slow breath. It hisses between his lips.]

JK: I am a man who makes good on his message. Manny Imbrogno, you may remember him. He loved to call himself Mr. Mensa, man. He loved to flaunt this vaunted intelligence at us and pretend that he was so much smarter than everybody else. He loved to pretend that he understood me. ME. Me?

[Kai chuckles.]

JK: Manny, man, you couldn't ever understand me. And when we met at The Duel On The Diamond it was made clearer than that crystal screen on your little electronic book that you didn't know me and you couldn't compete with me. Your words were empty. Your supposed intellect didn't mean a thing. You were a sacrifice to the great God Sutekh. You were nothing but a pawn in an ongoing prophecy and an ongoing war. And now you people won't have to sit through any insufferable poetry anymore and you won't have to listen to a fool spout words he doesn't even understand. The mind fell. It couldn't stand before my heart. And now, man, now I'm going to show you how the body falls.

I have been trying to make you people see that this Hercules that you follow is nothing but an empty vessel, but you won't listen. And when I failed in my first test against him, I know you decided that I wasn't a man worth listening to. But I was being tested then. I was the one being tested. Just how strong was my heart? Just how strong was my faith? Ra put an immovable rock in my path just to see if I would break. But with the strength of Sutekh, I will not break. I will become an irresistible force, man. And I will move the immovable.

Hercules Hammonds, you are an obstacle in my path. And I'll speak plainly to you that I'm going to move you. I'm going to destroy you. I'm going to eliminate you so that these people will wake up wake up WAKE UP and beg for deliverance. They will WAKE UP and see that I walk the path of right, that I am the man who shall be their way to salvation and that my light shines brighter than any other in this world. And you, Hercules? You will be left for the jackals.

PRAY.

[Just like that the lights go out and the screen cuts to black.]

We fade back up to a panning shot of the Garrett Coliseum crowd, settling on a pair of fans holding up a sign that reads "AIR STRIKE SQUAD MEMBERS!" before fading to Phil Watson who is standing inside the ring.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, weighing in at 200 pounds even, from Baja California...

EL PIRATA DURO!

[The crowd applauds for the pirate-theme masked wrestler from SWLL, as a sharply-dressed Buford P. Higgins steps through the ropes.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...introducing now....Skywalker Jones' personal announcer, Buford P. Higgins.

[A huge roar greets Higgins as he produces his trademark gold microphone, flashing a smile as big and bright as the diamond stud in his ear.]

BPH: MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA! [Big pop!] It's time, once again, to pay homage...to THE MAN!

[Buford raises his arms up and down, motioning for the crowd to get up.]

BPH: SO GET UP! UP...UP...UP! Up outta' yo' seat and onto yo' feet! He is the gravity defyin', law of physics denyin', faster than a speedin' bullet, fly through the air with the greatest of ease, Youtube sensation and Twitter trendin', one TRUE Human Highlight Reel of professional wrestlin'! Comin' in tonight at a jaw-droppin', blow your mind, unbelievable, uncanny and AMAZING! TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He hails from Hot Coffee, Mississippi...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath!]

BPH:JOOO  
NNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the entrance dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso. Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd.

Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before holding open the ropes for him. However, Jones waves him off, choosing instead to grab onto the top rope and somersaulting into the ring! He lands on his feet with his

arms outstretched as if to say, "TA-DAH!" as the cheerleaders and Higgins applaud him.]

GM: Skywalker Jones will be taking on one on El Pirata Duro, from SouthWest Lucha Libre. With the AWA's upcoming show with SWLL, we've been seeing more wrestlers from south of the border coming in to the AWA recently.

BW: It doesn't matter if it's south, north, east or west of the border, they all realize that the AWA is the big league of professional wrestling, daddy!

"DING DING DING!"

[The two meet in the center of the ring, where they lock-up. Jones quickly procures a headlock, only to have Duro shoot him off into the ropes. Jones comes back, knocking Duro off his feet with a shoulder tackle, but Duro quickly kips back up to his feet.]

GM: Quick offense out of Jones but Duro might be able to match his speed, Bucky.

BW: Those luchadors tend to be pretty speedy.

[Jones runs back into the ropes, leaping over Duro as the masked man drops to his stomach and bouncing off the far ropes and once again knocking Duro down to the canvas with a shoulder tackle.]

GM: You don't see it happen too often, but Skywalker Jones is using his size advantage to overpower Pirata Duro, rather than taking it to the air in the early going.

[Jones stops to taunt Duro, but the luchador kips up once again, this time grabbing Jones around the head with his legs and snapping him over with a headscissors!]

GM: OH! Pirata Duro sends Skywalker Jones to the mat with an amazing headscissors counter!

[Jones is quick to his feet, ducking under a back elbow attempt by Duro and hitting the far ropes. He leaps up onto the second rope and springs off, catching the luchador with an armdrag as he leaps over him.]

GM: It looks like Jones has been studying some film! He hits a beautiful armdrag variation, straight out of the world of lucha libre!

BW: You're suddenly an expert on lucha, Gordo?

GM: Well, I've been studying some film too!

[Duro gets to his feet, only to be taken off them just as quickly by a dropkick from Jones, that sends him to the outside of the ring!]

GM: OH! And out to the floor goes Pirata Duro!

[The crowd suddenly grows abuzz, as Jones bounces on his feet, waiting for Duro to rise.]

GM: And listen to this crowd! They sense Jones is about to fly!

BW: He's getting cleared for takeoff!

[Jones hits the far ropes, running at the rising Duro and then leaps onto the second rope, using it as a springboard to leap OVER the top rope and catching Pirata Duro with a somersault plancha...

....that he lands ON HIS FEET for!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A LEAP! WHAT A LEAP!

BW: And he landed on his feet! Who the heck can do that, Gordo!? That's a man that just straight up ignores the laws of gravity!

[With the crowd still buzzing, Jones rolls Duro back into the ring. He turns towards a clapping Buford P. Higgins and gives the ring announcer a fist bump, before he reenters the ring. He walks over to Duro, pretending to brush dirt off his shoulder, before he deadleaps into the air and drops a big elbow across Duro's chest!]

GM: A HUGE leaping elbowdrop from Jones driven right into Pirata Duro's heart and we have the pin...ONE! TWO!...ONLY TWO!

[Jones looks up at the referee with a look of disbelief, before whipping Duro into the corner. He charges in, but the masked man moves out of the way, causing Jones to hit the corner chest-first.]

GM: Jones misses the charge... and look out here!

[As Jones stumbles back, Duro rolls Jones up into the schoolboy, but releases, causing Jones to continue rolling until he lands on his knees...and Duro rolls along with Jones on the mat, hitting Jones with a kick right between the eyes!]

GM: OH! A big kick out of nowhere!

[With Jones stunned, Duro picks him up into a fireman's carry and tosses him forward into a slam near the corner. He climbs up onto the top rope, taking a moment to play to the crowd, before leaping off with twisting senton backplash...

...that hits Jones' knees!]

GM: OH!!! What a counter by Skywalker Jones!

BW: He shouldn't have been playing to the rubes and just hit the move! That cost him big time!

[As Duro gets to his feet, clutching his back, Jones is closing in fast...]

"SMMAAACCK!"

GM: WHAT A SUPERKICK!

[Equally as impressed with the kick as the crowd was, Jones runs over to the ropes, leaning over and exchanging stares with Buford P. Higgins, as the duo both let out an amazed, "DAAAMMMN!"]

GM: And now Jones is going to the top!

[With Duro laid out in the middle of the ring, Jones gets to his feet with a single leap, lands onto the top rope. Perched there, he rises to his feet as the crowd rises to there's, in anticipation for the high-flying move he's about to perform. Cupping his hands around his mouth, Jones shouts...]

"ZERO-G!"

[...right before he leaps off, CRASHING down onto Pirata Duro with a picture-perfect shooting star press!]

GM: ZERO-G FROM JONES! Here's the pin! ONE! TWO! THREE!

[Hooking a leg, Jones nods his head along with the count as the ref's hand slaps the mat once, twice, three times!]

GM: Skywalker Jones with an impressive win over Pirata Duro and you have to wonder when Jones will set his eyes on getting a shot at one of the singles titles in the AWA.

BW: He always had all the tools to be a top of the line champion, but he just hasn't been able to put it all together as a singles wrestler yet to get the gold.

GM: Well, if he continues at the pace he's been going at since he's come back from his tour of Japan, that just might change!

[Take it away, Buford.]

BPH: Was there ever any doubt? Your winner...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath, now!]



BPH:

JOOONNNNN  
NNNNNNNNNEEEEESSSS!!!!

[Jones and Higgins trade a high five.]

GM: We'll be right back, fans!

[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).

As we fade back up from black, we get the nice panning establishing shot of the Garret Coliseum and all the fans jammed within before cutting down to Phil Watson inside the ring where we see the 2014 Rookie Of The Year, Frankie Farelli, leaning against the turnbuckles, using the ropes to stay loose as his Head Cheerleader, Chastity, berates the ringside fans.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, Frankie Farelli, has already made his way down here tonight to go one-on-one with The Gladiator in a SuperClash VI rematch.

BW: It's not a rematch in my book, Gordo. It's a first-ever meeting between these two.

GM: How do you figure? The Gladiator beat Farelli clean as a whistle at SuperClash.

BW: Clean as a whistle?! These idiot Alabama rednecks are rubbin' off on you, Gordo! That match never should've happened and in my opinion, DID never happen... so this is a first ever showdown.

GM: You're as delusional as Farelli is.

[Phil Watson steps forward.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... he-

[The words of Phil Watson are perhaps predictably cut off by Farelli snatching the mic.]

FF: That's enough out of you!

[The boos begin to pour down from the crowd. Farelli looks out with a grin.]

FF: That's no way to treat a REAL champion like me!

[More boos!]

FF: Of course, what should I expect from people who probably threw all their support behind the University of Alabama back in January at the Sugar Bowl!

[The boos are getting louder.]

FF: Number One my tail!

[Farelli smirks at the crowd's reaction.]

FF: You thought you were heading to a National Championship back then... just like you think The Gladiator is headed towards some big victory here tonight. But you were wrong then...

[The boos are pouring down on him.]

FF: ...just like you're wrong now. Enough talk, Watson. Get that pumped-up overrated freak out here so I can bust him down to reality just like MY Ohio State Buckeyes did to the Tide!

[Farelli throws the mic out of the ring, forcing a grumbling Phil Watson to step through the ropes to retrieve it. The 2014 Rookie Of The Year is laying the badmouth on the Alabama fans when suddenly...

[A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.]

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

GM: Oh yeah! The Gladiator is here and Frankie Farelli looks terrified!

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile, bouncing back and forth as Frankie Farelli slips into a corner, watching his opponent rebound off the ropes, charging wildly like a madman.]

GM: Farelli's beside himself! He doesn't even know what to think about this! The 2014 Rookie Of The Year may have made a terrible mistake when he agreed to this showdown, fans!

BW: He's playing mind games with him, Gordo. Trying to lure this airheaded twit into a sense of overconfidence.

[The Gladiator comes to a stop, pointing a muscular arm at Farelli who is huddled up with Chastity.]

GM: I hope the Head Cheerleader has one heck of a scheme for Frankie Farelli otherwise this one may be even shorter than SuperClash was.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow speaks briefly to both men before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[The Gladiator steps towards the center of the ring, raising his powerful arms towards the ceiling, throwing his head back to look to the sky...

...which is Farelli's cue to charge him, throwing a right hand!]

GM: Suckerpunch!

[Farelli lands two more...

...but The Gladiator holds his ground, shaking his head. His arms tense up as looks at Frankie Farelli who is backpedaling, a look of disbelief on his face. The Gladiator pumps his arms in the air, giving a shout as the crowd roars!]

GM: NO EFFECT! THOSE BLOWS HAD NO EFFECT!

[Suddenly, Farelli grabs at his hamstring...

...and dives through the ropes, dropping down to a knee on the floor.]

GM: What the-?

[A concerned Chastity runs around the ring, kneeling down next to Farelli. The camera gets close enough to hear, "AHHH! MY LEG! I TORE IT! I THINK I TORE IT!" The Gladiator looks puzzled, starting after Farelli as Longfellow steps in, waving his arms. The official steps out of the ring, checking on Farelli as well.]

GM: It looks like-

BW: He hurt himself! Frankie Farelli just injured himself, Gordo!

GM: It appears that way but that's... convenient timing, Bucky.

BW: Are you accusing a world class athlete like Frankie Farelli of goldbricking an injury?!

GM: It obviously wasn't far from your mind either.

[Farelli leans on the official, trying to get up, and then suddenly drops back down, grabbing his leg again. He shakes his head back and forth as a nodding Ricky Longfellow walks away to speak to Phil Watson.]

GM: What's going on now?

BW: Isn't it obvious? The man can't continue, Gordo.

GM: What?!

[Watson nods before raising the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Frankie Farelli has informed referee Dick Longfellow that an injury that he suffered during training has been re-aggravated and that he can NOT continue the match.

[The crowd boos, sensing what's coming.]

PW: Therefore, your winner... THE GLADIATOR!

[Longfellow slides in, raising the Gladiator's hand. But the Gladiator jerks it away, pointing at Farelli who is suddenly back on his feet, walking with the slightest of limps as he backs down the aisle, a smile on his face.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Sweet Lou's on his way down there! Let's get to the bottom of this!

[Farelli and Chastity back into an oncoming "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, mic in hand.]

SLB: Hold on here... hold on one second. Frankie Farelli, what is the meaning of this?

[Farelli grimaces.]

FF: It's simple, clown. I was deep in training for this match for the past couple of weeks and if you know anything about a world class athlete like myself... about a CHAMPION like myself... then you should know that we train like champions at all times. I trained so hard for this match... that I injured my leg in training camp.

[He grabs at his hamstring, wincing as he does.]

SLB: A hamstring injury? As the man who knows all the news and then some, Frankie Farelli, I've heard nothing about this leg injury.

FF: Well, maybe you're not as smart as you think, Blackwell! Maybe your hotline is a stinkin' sham just like you!

[Blackwell looks like someone just badmouthed his mother.]

SLB: So, this alleged injury is taking you out of this match? Why did you even come out here if you're injured?

[Farelli glares at Blackwell.]

FF: Isn't it obvious? True champions always try to gut it out! I tried, Blackwell. I tried to put on a clinic for these fans... even though none of them deserve it!

[The boos pick up again.]

FF: But I can't... it's too painful and my doctors tell me that if I continue to compete on this leg, I could tear my hamstring and miss months of ring time... and no one wants that!

SLB: But what about this match with The Gladiator?

[Farelli shakes his head, putting on an air of disappointment.]

FF: You know, I was really looking forward to showing this puffed-up turkey a thing or two about what being a real competitor is all about but I guess that's not going to happen here tonight.

SLB: Maybe another night?

[Farelli looks at Blackwell.]

FF: Another night, sure.

SLB: How about Memorial Day Mayhem?

[The crowd cheers as Farelli glares at the interviewer.]

FF: Well, uh, I don't know if my leg will-

SLB: But assuming the AWA doctors clear you physically to compete, then you'll meet The Gladiator at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Farelli looks panicked, his eyes darting around, searching for a way out of this as Chastity grabs the mic.]

C: Don't you dare try to make my Frankie look bad! If he says he wants a match with The Gladiator, then he wants a match with The Gladiator!

[Farelli's eyes go wide with shock as he stares at Chastity, trying to cut her off but it's too late.]

C: And I can't wait for Memorial Day Mayhem when Frankie kicks his butt!

[She gives a squeal, waving her pom-poms in the air as Blackwell grins, pulling the mic back.]

SLB: There you have it, fans! Frankie Farelli has agreed and if he is medically cleared by AWA doctors, he'll face The Gladiator one-on-one at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Farelli is silently protesting, shaking his head back and forth as the crowd roars. We cut back to the ring where The Gladiator is still pacing.]

GM: Another match is set for Memorial Day Mayhem but I don't think The Gladiator is satisfied, fans. He wants a match and he wants it right now. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, I believe The Gladiator will be in action!

[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.

And as we fade back up, The Gladiator is still pacing back and forth across the ring, figuratively smoking with rage out of his ears.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see - as we expected - The Gladiator is certainly going nowhere until he gets his match here tonight! Frankie Farelli may have bailed out - taken the coward's way out of his match here tonight -

BW: The man is injured!

GM: Sure he is. Nonetheless, The Gladiator wants action and-

[The crowd jeers as Angelo Cordero comes jogging down the aisle, carrying his pudgy frame of 275 pounds towards the ring. The man from the Dominican Republic, rocking a serious 80s-era Tom Selleck moustache and a shoulder length mullet on his balding head, points at the ring threateningly.]



GM: And how about that, Bucky? Angelo Cordero is coming down the aisle!

BW: The Gladiator's going to learn quick that he's in the big time now, Gordo. No one's afraid of him here.

GM: Except Frankie Farelli.

[The 275 pounder climbs through the ropes in his Dominican Republic-themed singlet, marching across the ring, jabbing his finger into the chest of The Gladiator.]

GM: Uh oh.

[The Gladiator stares down at the finger... and his body starts to tremble, shaking with anger.]

GM: The Gladiator's had enough here tonight!

[Cordero winds up, throwing a right hand that The Gladiator snatches out of the sky, grabbing the fist in his left hand...

...and SQUEEZES the fist!]

GM: The Gladiator's crushing that right hand! He's crushing it in his grip!

[Cordero winces in pain, jumping up and down as The Gladiator turns up the pressure, forcing him down to his knees...

...and then yanks the hand, pulling him up, throwing him up into a scoop, pressing him high above!]

GM: Just like that! He's got him up! He's got him up!

[The Gladiator suddenly drops the 275 pounder up, swinging him over his shoulder...

...and DRIVES him down into a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! HE PLANTS THE BIG MAN!

[The powerhouse plants his palms down on the chest, nodding his head with each count.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS as The Gladiator climbs to his feet, looking down angrily at the prone Cordero...

...and then breaks into a sprint, bouncing off the ropes, stepping out to the floor, and tears back up the aisle towards the locker room as the fans continue to cheer!]

GM: The Gladiator is in a foul mood and I would NOT want to be Frankie Farelli at Memorial Day Mayhem, fans!

BW: That's assuming a lot, Gordo! It's assuming that Frankie will be medically cleared to compete!

GM: With the AWA's doctors in charge, I'm guessing that's a pretty safe assumption. There's nothing wrong with his leg and you know it. He's got himself a case of cowardice! But at Memorial Day Mayhem, I think his days of running are over. Fans, let's go backstage to get some words from a man who just barely missed out on becoming the new World Television Champion two weeks ago in Atlanta. Of course, I'm talking about Supernova!

[We go to backstage where we find Colt Patterson standing next to Supernova, who has his face painted black and yellow, and is dressed in his wrestling attire: black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots.]

CP: I'm here with one of the fan favorites of the AWA, and a man who came up just short of becoming the AWA Television Champion, Supernova. Now, Supernova, let's get right to the matter at hand. I'll give you credit, you fought hard against Shadoe Rage, but the match reached the time limit, and Rage is still the TV champion! You know that close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, don't you, Supernova?

[Supernova starts at Patterson, a wild look in his eyes -- but he retains his composure.]

S: You know what, Colt? You're right. I did have my chances to win in Atlanta, but I didn't get it done. But if there's one thing I've learned fast, and one thing I'm sure you can relate to, is that if you don't get the job done the first time around, that you keep moving forward until the job is done! After all, that's exactly what happened each time Shadoe Rage didn't get the job done against Tony Sunn. You didn't see him just slink away into the background -- he kept pushing forward until he accomplished what he wanted! That's why there's only one thing to do about what happened in Atlanta -- that's to ask for a rematch. And this time around, to go 15 minutes, so that way, we can have a winner!

CP: But you must certainly realize that Rage, like any champion, doesn't have to beat the challenger to his title. It's the challenger who has to beat the champion! And while Sunn may have given Rage additional chances, that doesn't mean Rage is obligated to give you additional chances. What makes you think Rage will give you another shot?

S: You're right, Colt, the champion doesn't have to beat the challenger. But the way I've always seen it, the only way for anybody to prove he is truly the better wrestler than someone else, is to beat that someone else!

Champion or challenger, it doesn't matter. What matters is, until you have actually beaten someone in that ring, you can't truly claim to be the better wrestler! And while I certainly make no claim to being better than Shadoe Rage, he can't make that claim, either, and deep down, he knows this to be true!

CP: So that's what you believe is going to get you another shot? Do you really think for one minute that Shadoe Rage doesn't really believe he's the better wrestler? I don't think for one SECOND that Rage would ever say that!

S: He may not say it, Colt, but that doesn't mean he believes it! And tonight, I'm going to prove that to people!

CP: What makes you think you can prove you are the better wrestler tonight?

S: Ah, Colt, that's where you are getting a little confused. I didn't say that, tonight, I am going to prove that I am a better wrestler than him.

[He then turns to the camera.]

S: What I am going to prove... is that Shadoe Rage is desperate to prove that he is a better wrestler than me!

[With that, Supernova walks off the set... no howling before he departs. Colt turns to the camera.]

CP: I don't know what Supernova could have planned tonight, but I will say, I have my doubts Supernova is going to prove anything! Now, let's head down to the ring - take it away, Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA World Television Title!

[The crowd cheers the World Television Title.]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" and the crowd cheers.]

PW: From Guadalajara, Mexico weighing at 241 pounds... he is...

CEEEEEEEEEEEEEESARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR  
HERRRRRRRRRNAAAAANDEZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.

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. 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.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez getting himself a shot at the World Television Title here tonight and what would it mean to this veteran to add that honor to his career?

BW: It would mean that his taco truck that rolls the streets of Guadalajara would go out of business because he'd have to be out defending the title all the time. Come to think of it... it also means that the toilet paper industry in Mexico would take a huge hit.

GM: Why is- never mind.

BW: You've had those tacos of his, right? I heard there's a nationwide referendum to change the name to Cesar's Revenge. You've never been better acquainted with a toilet seat than after Cinco de Mayo at Hernandez' Hideaway.

GM: Would you stop?!

[The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing red 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 forest green 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.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd immediately boos as Irene Cara's "Fame" hits.]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 244 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

"SENSATIONAL"

SHAAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOO  
RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Shadoe Rage sweeps out through the curtains, turning to face the crowd as he raises the pink and silver World Television title nestled in its trophy case box high in the air with his left hand. He soaks in the boos as he twirls in place, showing off the World Television title and his beautiful burgundy leather sleeveless robe with shiny metal studs spelling out RAGE on the back. Of course there's a microphone in his right hand. As the crowd continues to boo, Rage treats the fans to the pleasure of his rasping, halting and half-strangled voice.]

SR: Cesar Hernandez, unlike many other wrestlers in the back, I have deemed you worthy to be my opponent in a World Television Title match. I've watched you for a long time and seen how talented and hard-working you are and unlike Supernova, you're not afraid of the big stage.

You're not in the back, trying to pull some psych job when you know you don't have the tools or the standing. You don't hide behind face paint. You don't fail again and again in the spotlight. You're not overrated. You don't fail and then beg for another shot.

And, Hernandez, you don't even make me that sick. You're everything a contender to the World Television championship should be!

But sadly for you you're not what the champion should be... because you're not Shadoo Rage, the greatest AWA World Champion of all time!

[The crowd boos as Rage deposits the title on the timekeeper's table, threatening anybody who goes near the silver title on the fuchsia strap. He also yells at Myers and Wilde for no real reason before he steps into the ring.]

GM: Rage without the services of Marissa Monet. He has to prepare by himself. We'll see if he's able to handle the responsibilities of a World Television Championship by himself.

BW: Who knows, Gordo? This nutty loon? I don't even know how he finds his way to the ring every show, but he's already proven to be a tough out as a champion so if he feels he doesn't need Marissa to hold onto that belt I've gotta believe he's got some kind of twisted vision.

GM: Shadoo Rage in the ring, struggling out of his ring robes by himself. See, he's already having problems.

[Rage seems twisted up in his leather robe. Ricky Longfellow tries to help him pull off the leather robe when Rage suddenly pivots, throwing the robe over Hernandez's head. He charges forward, striking Hernandez in the top of the head with his 12-6 elbow.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Maybe he wasn't having trouble with it! Maybe he's got more brains than I thought.

[As the bell sounds, a quick thrust kick to the heart knocks Hernandez down to the mat, crashing back against the buckles.]

BW: He suckered in that idiot Hernandez! Good, get him, champ!

GM: Rage hasn't even taken off his bandana and glasses yet!

BW: If I had to look at Hernandez' ugly face, I would wear shades, too!

[With Hernandez down on the mat, trying to regain his feet, Rage leaps through the ropes, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Rage is going up early in this one!

[But as he leaps, Hernandez regains his feet, swinging for the fences...

...and catching Rage in the gut, the glasses flying off his head as he does a full front flip over to the mat!]

GM: Rage got caught there! His chicanery backfired on him and this crowd is celebrating that fact!

BW: What would these inhumanoids know?

GM: Inhumanoids?

BW: It was an 80s cartoon about weird looking monsters, Gordo. Have you looked at this crowd? It applies.

[Back on his feet, Rage eats a few kicks to the midsection.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez wading into the champion with vicious kicks.

BW: Illegal kicks, Gordo! Those boots aren't regulation!

GM: What?

BW: Everything about Hernandez is illegal, Gordo!

GM: Bucky, are you- that's a horrible-

BW: Exactly!

[In the ring, Rage stumbles and fights his way to the ropes under a barrage of kicks and punches from Cesar Hernandez. He bounces off the ropes, swinging wildly with a right hand that narrowly misses the official as the crowd "oooohs!"]

GM: OH MY! He nearly hit Ricky Longfellow! He tried to get himself disqualified!

BW: No he didn't! He just saw a shape and swung. If Rage were smart, though, he would just follow the stink to find Hernandez! It's the smell of failure and regret!

[With Rage off balance, Hernandez grabs a handful of Rage's dreadlocks, using them to ram Rage's head into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The Mexican superstar sends Rage headfirst into the corner before stepping out on the apron...

[Hernandez is holding the hair again as he smashes his face into the buckles a second time, sending Rage staggering backwards along the ropes where Hernandez drops off, snapping his throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take some of the fight out of the champion!

BW: What did Rage do to deserve that? This man is a savage! A savage, Gordo!

[Hernandez scrambles through the ropes, lunging into a lateral press but only earning a two count before Rage kicks out.]

GM: The World Television Champion is out at two but Cesar Hernandez is outwrestling the champion right now. Rage trying to crawl to the outside to regroup but here comes Hernandez!

BW: Hey, Rage going to the outside means there's a time out!

[But there are no time outs in wrestling which Rage quickly learns as Hernandez steps out on the apron, takes aim, and leaps off with a clubbing forearm between the shoulderblades that knocks Rage down on the floor to more cheers. Hernandez acknowledges the cheers with a fistpump as he stalks after Rage who is crawling to get away from him.]

GM: These fans are solidly behind Cesar Hernandez here tonight, hoping he can win this match and bring some honor back to the title.

BW: As crazy as he is, I've never seen a more dedicated World Television champ, Gordo. You think it would be better to have Hernandez than Rage? You been eating those tacos of his? You might be dehydrated from all the-

GM: That's quite enough. Cesar Hernandez trying to force Rage back into the ring as the referee's count is up to five now.

[But with Hernandez trying to get Rage back in, the veteran champion shoves the fan favorite off him, sending him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost to the jeers of the fans!]

BW: Good move, champ!

GM: You're so biased against Cesar Hernandez, it's disgusting.

BW: You'd be biased too if you'd been caught in his stupid figure four leglock!

GM: One of these days, I'm going to get the production truck to show us the footage of that match.

BW: Don't you dare, Myers!

[With Hernandez down on the floor, Rage drags him up by the hair, throwing him under the ropes. He slips under the ropes himself, popping up to stomp the shoulder mercilessly before dropping a knee against it.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has found a weak spot and he's going after it. Get him back, ref! Hernandez could be injured!

BW: Turnabout is fair play, Gordo!

[Ricky Longfellow steps in, kneeling next to Hernandez as Rage ducks through the ropes, slapping the top turnbuckle twice before he begins to climb.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage is heading back up to the top rope. This didn't work out so well for him early on in this match but now that he's got the challenger down, it could be a very different story.

[Rage steps to the top, raising his arms over his head. Cameras flash as he launches himself off the top, driving the Death From Above double axehandle into Hernandez' injured shoulder just as the fan favorite had pushed up to a knee.]

GM: Death From Above connects on that shoulder... and Rage with a cover!

[The count of two is all he gets as Hernandez raises the good shoulder.]

GM: Shadoe Rage didn't waste any time there in trying to wrap this up... pulling Hernandez up by the hair again...

[As the referee warns him to lay off the hair, Rage winds up and drives an overhead elbow down into the shoulder... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: A series of elbows down on the shoulder, forcing Hernandez down to a knee once again...

[Rage steps in, leaning over to wrap his muscular arms around Hernandez' torso in a gutwrench...]

GM: Uh oh... look out here...

[The champion muscles the 241 pound challenger into the air...]

GM: Gutwrench!

[...and drops him down with a suplex, taking care to drop Hernandez right down on his injured shoulder!]

BW: Beautiful gutwrench suplex there, Gordo. You see how he angled it to dump Hernandez on that injured shoulder! Brilliant!

GM: Another cover!



[This time, the wily veteran presses down on the healthy shoulder with both hands, shouting at the official to count. Again, Hernandez is out at two, this time after a kickout.]

GM: Kickout at two by the challenger who is trying to stay in this one.

BW: You notice though that Rage is adapting as the match goes on. The last time he went for the pin, Hernandez lifted the good arm. This time? Rage pushes that arm down... the other arm is a limp rag... and so Hernandez has to kick out. If Rage hooks the legs next time, it might be over, Gordo.

[Rage climbs back to his feet, viciously stomping the sternum of Hernandez before leaping up... and driving his knee down into the shoulder again!]

GM: Another kneedrop on the shoulder... and another cover!

[But Rage again fails to hook the legs, allowing Hernandez to kick out again.]

GM: Out at two again.

BW: But he's getting closer and closer with every move, Gordo. A great champion takes advantage of any opportunity to win the match. He isn't trying to hit a bunch of fancy moves to please the crowd. He's putting constant pressure on Hernandez, Gordo. One of these times Hernandez will be smart enough to just stay down!

GM: As we approach the five minute mark of this contest, Rage drags Hernandez off the mat... right into an armtwist...

[He holds the trapped arm, smashing his elbow down onto the shoulder a couple of times before using the arm to whip Hernandez into the ropes.]

GM: Hernandez off the ropes...

[Rage leaps into the air, using his left arm to hook it around the head and neck, dragging Hernandez down in a clothesline!]

GM: Oh! Nice clothesline by the champion!

[The champion rolls into a cover, this time hooking one of Hernandez' legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But just before the three count comes down, Hernandez' good shoulder comes flying off the mat!]

GM: Near fall right there for the champion!

BW: That was three!

GM: Ricky Longfellow signaling two! It was close, though!

[Frustrated, Shadoe Rage yanks at his knotted hair. He drops down to his knees and simply strangles Hernandez.]

GM: That's a choke!

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this title match and- COME ON, REFEREE!

[Gordon's outrage comes as the ref forces the break at four and Rage complies only to dive right back in for the blatant choke!]

GM: Get him off the man, Ricky! Disqualify him!

BW: Stop counting, Ricky! Let Rage choke him! Let me have this one!

GM: Bucky!

BW: I have so little, Gordo! I deserve this!

GM: And Rage covering after that illegal choke and again Hernandez kicks out at two!

BW: That was three! That was three! Tres! Tres! Tres!

[The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as the referee shoots up two fingers. An irate Rage pulls Hernandez up by the injured arm again, twisting it around before throwing another thrust kick to the chest, knocking the challenger back against the ropes...]

GM: The challenger's putting up one heck of a fight but Shadoe Rage continues to pour on the punishment in this one...

[Grabbing Hernandez by the back of the hair, he races across the ring, leaping over the ropes...

...and SNAPPING Hernandez' throat down on the top rope!]

GM: The champion with a vicious slingshot clothesline!

BW: I'm surprised he could keep a hold of Hernandez with all that grease in his hair!

[Rage immediately dives back in, throwing himself into another cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHH! AGAIN! AGAIN THE SHOULDER COMES UP!

BW: NO, NO, NO! Hook the leg, champ! Hook the trunks if you have to!

[Instead, the World Television Champion drags Hernandez off the mat. He looks out at the jeering crowd, taunting them for a moment...

...which is the only moment that Cesar Hernandez needs to throw a right hand between the eyes of the champion!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by the challenger!

[A second right hand follows... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: He's battling him back against the ropes...

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, he whips him across the ring.]

GM: Rage to the ropes and-

[Hernandez throws himself into a dropkick...

...but Rage hangs on to the ropes, causing Hernandez to crash down hard on his injured shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! And just like that, the champion avoids the dropkick and regains the momentum in this World Television Title match!

BW: Rage is wrestling a surprisingly smart match. See, he didn't need Marissa at all!

GM: Marissa Monet was a big part of the success of Shadoe Rage and has been for years in my opinion.

BW: Who the HELL was Marissa Monet before Shadoe Rage put the spotlight on her? A woman who had to shop in the Big and Tall section - that's who!

GM: That's disgusting!

[The World Television Champion pulls Hernandez back up, battering him with stiff left jabs that knocks the challenger back against the ropes. He grabs a side headlock, hammering him in the face with closed fists to the protests of the official.]

GM: Rage putting a beating on the challenger in this one...

[He grabs the arm, firing Hernandez off into the ropes...]

GM: Into the ropes goes Hernandez... ducks the clothesline...

[The lucha libre superstar hits the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaves his feet, catching Rage flush with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY! CROSSBODY!!

[The referee dives to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The disappointed crowd is buzzing as Hernandez rolls out of the pin attempt, climbing up to his feet with a shout to the cheering crowd. Rage drags himself up to his feet...]

GM: Hernandez from behind...

[Hooking the champion's leg, Hernandez lifts him up...

...and drops him down in a shinbreaker!]

GM: Shinbreaker by the challenger... and he may be looking for that figure four leglock that my broadcast colleague is very familiar with!

[With Rage hobbling on one leg, Hernandez kicks the leg out from under him, causing the champion to slam down hard on the back of his head!]

GM: Down goes Rage again... and Hernandez grabs the leg! He's going for it!

[Before he does, he leaps into the air, driving his knee down onto Rage's knee, causing the champion to cry out in pain!]

GM: Hernandez back to his feet... he's got the leg!

[The Guadalajara native spins the leg around in a spinning toehold to the roar of the crowd...]

GM: He's going for it! Hernandez is setting up for his figure four!

[The crowd explodes as Cesar Hernandez sits down on the figure four. Rage sits up, howling as the pain explodes through his legs.]

GM: AND THERE IT IS!

BW: How much time is left? Hold on, Rage! Don't give up! You held on against Supernova! You can hold on against Cesar Hernandez!

GM: And if he had Marissa on the outside, he might be able to find the ropes!

BW: Will you shut up! How much times is left?!

GM: We're getting word right now... it looks like two minutes left, Bucky!

BW: WHAT?! NO!

[Rage sprawls on the canvas as the hold is cinched in. Longfellow slaps the canvas twice before Rage sits up, holding his hands high in the air. Longfellow jumps in to ask him if he quits. Rage begs for an end to the pain.]

GM: He's going to quit!

BW: No! NO! NO!!!!

[Rolling to his side, Rage looks towards where the AWA World Television Title is resting on the timekeeper's table...]

"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!"

[A desperate Rage locks his hands on the referee's shirt and uses him for leverage to roll the hold over. Hernandez immediately releases the hold.]

BW: Yes! Yes! Yes!

GM: That was illegal!

BW: Then ring the bell.

GM: Ricky Longfellow admonishing Rage and threatening the disqualification. Hernandez begging the referee to let the match continue. He's separating Longfellow from Rage... he doesn't want this match to end like this!

BW: No, he wants to steal the title!

[Hernandez moves in as Rage staggers to his feet.]

GM: The challenger's trying to finish him off and-

[Rage suddenly lashes out, jabbing a thumb into the eye of Hernandez, causing him to fall down to a knee in the middle of the ring.]

GM: He went to the eyes! Rage went to the eyes!

[Suddenly, the World Television Champion throws himself backwards into the ropes for every bit of momentum he can manage, rebounding off, swinging his battered knee for everything it's worth...]

BW: ECLIPSE! ECLIPSE! ECLIPSE!

[The knee strike connects DIRECTLY with the temple of the challenger, knocking him flat!]

GM: HERNANDEZ GOT DROPPED!

[Rage rolls into the cover, putting his weight on the injured shoulder as he cradles both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And he got him!

BW: I know it's only April but I feel like celebrating like it's Cinco de Mayo!

[“Fame” plays as the crowd boos. Rage struggles to his feet, lurching for his World Television title.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

SHAAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage clutches the title belt to his chest before shoving it skyward, jerking a thumb at himself as he hobbles on the knee that was punished in the figure four leglock.]

GM: Shadoe Rage retains the title with a hard-fought victory over Cesar Hernandez who gave it his all here tonight but came up just a little bit short, Bucky.

BW: Like Colt said, close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades and since neither of those are on the table, you can use one word to describe Hernandez here tonight - “LOSER!”

[Bucky cackles as Rage continues to celebrate his victory. He gestures for the mic.]

SR: You see that?! You see what I did right there?! Can there be any doubt that I am THE... BEST... WORLD... CHAMPION... EEEVVVEEERR?!

[The crowd lets Rage have it!]

SR: Supernova's back there... yeah, he's back there fillin' your head with lies! He's back there tellin' people that he could beat me... he could beat me with another chance... he could beat me with five more minutes... he could beat me and take MY title!

[Rage clutches the title to his chest, shaking his head violently. He points to the camera.]

SR: NO WAY! NO HOW! I'M ALREADY A WINNER, SUPERNOVA!

[More boos. Rage glares at Hernandez as he's helped from the ring.]

SR: Supernova, this is just like you in Atlanta! I beat you! I beat YOU, you face-painted freak! I walked out with MY TITLE! THAT MAKES ME THE WINNER! THAT MAKES ME THE CHAMPION!

[The fans are letting him have it as he looks around angrily.]

GM: This guy is delusional.

[Rage continues.]

SR: Yeaaaaah, you all think I'm wrong... you do, I can see it in your eyes. You're sitting there thinkin' that a time limit draw's not a win... YOU'RE WRONG!

[Rage's eyes go wide.]

SR: MY TITLE... MINE! I WON! The only reason it went the distance is because the title was on the line and walkin' out with the title is a win to me... yes it is. I've got nothing left to prove to you, Supernova. Nothing... not one thing.

You think you can beat me? You think you can beat the champ?

[Rage's muscular arm coils up, pointing at the camera again.]

SR: YOU'RE WRONG! And if that match was non-title, I would've beaten you in the middle of the ring in five minutes! This is Rage Country! MY RING, YOU FACE-PAINTED COWARD!

[Rage throws the mic down, raising his arm and the title over his head again, celebrating his win...

[Rage throws the mic down, raising his arm and title over his head again, celebrating his win...

...until the sounds of Rob Halford's voice fills the air and "You Got Another Thing Comin'" roars to life, bringing the crowd to their feet once more!]

GM: Uh oh!

[It's at that point that Supernova walks out from the back, drawing Rage's attention. Supernova has his face painted and is dressed in his trunks and boots.]

GM: Looks like Supernova wants to issue his challenge directly to Rage!

[Supernova has brought out his own mic. He intensely stares down Rage.]

S: You had a lot to say about my challenge, so I'm going to get to right to the point in just two words.

[He locks his gaze with Rage's.]

S: Prove it.

[The fans cheer. Rage's eyes narrow and his breathing becomes a little more ragged.]

BW: I know that look. Supernova, be careful. Who knows what this lunatic is going to do. He could snap right now.

S: You said it yourself, Rage! You said if it was non-title, you could beat me in five minutes! So I'll repeat those two words.

Prove it.

[More cheers. Rage begins to shake and grab at his AWA World Television title.]

S: Okay, let's try this a little differently, since you're not used to a man using two words when you think 200 is more appropriate! If you think you can beat me in five minutes when no title is on the line, then prove it to me.

Face me, right now, and you don't have to put the title on line. If you can beat me in five minutes, I'll never bother you again.

But...

[A slight laugh.]

S: Yeah, you knew that was coming, didn't you? If you can't do it... then I want a rematch... with a 15-minute time limit... at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The fans love that. Strangely, Rage seems to love that, too. The boiling frustration that was within him gives way to an unsettling calm.]

SR: Supernova, now you've gone too far, man. You really want to throw everything away just like that? You really want to step into Rage Country and die in darkness? Oh man, wow. Real big talk from a real little man. I don't have to beat you. You have to beat me. I'm the AWA World Television Champion and you're just a face-painted choker. Go away before you get hurt. You see that I'm facing real contenders like Hernandez here. You had your shot and you failed. Just like you always do.

[Supernova just gets a slight smile.]

S: Oh, really? Tell us what's really bothering you, Rage. You afraid to face me again, because I might be proven right? That, deep down, you really aren't sure if you are truly the better wrestler?

[Rage paces the ring, getting annoyed again. He holds up the pink and silver belt, staring at his reflexion in the title plate. He mutters to it. "He can't beat me. He can't have you." Supernova just comes in a little closer.]

S: Or maybe... it's because you're scared to face me, because you don't have your woman around any longer, to blame for why you aren't able to get the job done?



[That snaps Rage to attention.]

SR: I don't need any excuses, Supernova. I am the AWA World Television Champion and you will never be that. You aren't good enough. You aren't worthy. You're terrified of the moment. You're just a jumped up little guttersnipe. You want to talk tough and hide behind the face paint when there's nothing on the line? Well, I'm calling your bluff, cowardly man. You want five minutes with me?

[Rage winces a little as he steps on the ropes and holds them open for Supernova.]

SR: Welcome to Rage Country! Population just you and me!

[Supernova nods as the crowd roars, tossing the mic aside as he rushes the ring, diving under the bottom rope. Rage promptly drops to his knees, smashing a double axehandle down on the back of the head. Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

GM: We've got a bonus match! Five minute time limit with a shot at the World Television Title on the line!

[Rage pulls Supernova up, pushing him back against the ropes where he lays in two big elbows to the skull. He grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip by the champion...

[Rage ducks down for a backdrop...]

...and Supernova skies over the top, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

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

[The referee springs up, holding up two fingers. Supernova scrambles to his feet, pointing at the official who shows him the two fingers as a stunned Rage rolls out to the floor. Supernova clasps his hands together in frustration as he stalks towards the ropes...]

GM: Rage just barely got a shoulder up there! It was almost over before it really even got started!

[Supernova grabs the top rope, ready to vault over the ropes onto Rage...]

...but the World Television Champion reaches under the ropes, yanking Supernova's legs out from under him. He drags Supernova out to the floor, blasting him with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: They're out here by us now!

[Rage spins Supernova around by the hair, driving him facefirst into the wooden table!]

GM: Oh! Look out!

[Rage pauses to shout at Bucky and Gordon before he slams Supernova facefirst into the table again. He shoves him under the ropes, pulling his torso back so that Supernova's head is draped off the apron.]

GM: Rage has got Supernova in a bad spot right here...

[Taking aim, he SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the throat of Supernova, causing the fan favorite to roll back into the ring, gasping for air as Rage pulls himself up on the apron. He looks out at the crowd, twirling a finger around in the air as he approaches the corner...]

GM: Rage is heading up!

[The World Television Champion steps up to the second rope, placing his foot up top...

...and gets caught by Supernova who catches him in the gut with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova caught him up top!

[With a nod to the cheering crowd, Supernova grabs Rage...

...and HURLS him off the top, bouncing him on the canvas!]

GM: SUPERNOVA THROWS HIM OFF THE TOP ROPE!

[Supernova moves quickly, pulling Rage off the canvas, backing him to the corner where he grabs an arm, whipping Rage from corner to corner.]

GM: Rage whipped to the corner!

[Supernova throws himself back to the corner, cupping his hands to his mouth and giving a howl as he throws his head back. He sprints across the ring, building a head of steam before throwing himself in the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! RAGE DUCKED OUT OF THE WAY!

[The World Television Champion ducks down, hooking a waistlock and pulling Supernova down into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!

[As the referee drops down to count, Rage clearly grabs a handful of tights.]

GM: Rage has got the tights! He's got the tights!

BW: The referee doesn't see it!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A powerful kickout from Supernova sends Rage sailing away, smashing facefirst into the turnbuckles. He staggers back as Supernova drags him down into a schoolboy...

...and grabs a handful of tights as the referee drops down to count!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! SUPERNOVA PINNED THE CHAMPION!

BW: With a handful of tights! He cheated!

GM: He did EXACTLY what Shadoo Rage tried to do to him... and that means that Supernova will get another chance to win the World Television Title at Memorial Day Mayhem and he'll get it with a FIFTEEN minute time limit! At The Duel On The Diamond, Supernova would've won the title if it had that time limit - I know it in my heart!

BW: This is a sham, Myers! Shadoo Rage just got robbed by this face-painted freak!

GM: Perhaps he did but Supernova got what he wanted and he couldn't be happier!

[The shot shows Supernova at ringside, up against the railing getting hugs and congratulatory high fives from the ringside fans as Shadoo Rage pitches a fit inside the ring. Ricky Longfellow bails out to the floor, avoiding Rage's... rage...]

GM: This night just keeps on getting better, fans! Don't go away because when we come back, we're going to hear from the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez!

[With Rage kicking the ropes in anger, we fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action however we're not in the arena.

With a "Live Via Satellite" tag in the corner, we cut to the hospital bed of the AWA's White Knight and World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. From the looks of it, young Ryan is not doing well. His hair is messy and unkempt, and there's at least two weeks' worth of stubble on his cheeks and chin. His eyes are a deep, bloodshot red, and there's a visible red line across the front of his throat. Sitting up, Martinez narrows his eyes.]

RM: Landon O'Neill says that he will not let Caleb Temple into the building during an AWA event.

[When Ryan speaks, his voice is a harsh, hoarse whisper.]

RM: Let me ask you this, President O'Neill.

[Clearing his throat with a raspy, wheezing sound, Martinez closes his eyes, before opening them once more.]

RM: Do you know what it's like, to feel the pain of your face being burned? Do you know what it's like, to have your nostrils filled with sickly sweet scent of your own sizzling flesh? Do you know what it's like, reaching up to your face, only to feel what was once your cheek bubbling and popping beneath your fingers? Do you know what it's like, lying in a hospital bed as doctors pull and debride the skin on your face, exposing soft pink flesh and raw nerve endings before they apply painful skin grafts?

I do.

Do you know what it's like, to feel a finger pressed into your eyeball? Do you know what it's like, to be able to literally see a fingernail pressing towards your pupil, and then to see nothing at all? Do you know what it's like, watching as a laser sweeps across your field of vision, hoping to scrape away the damaged parts until you have the chance, and a slim one at that, to have your vision restored to what it should be?

I do.

Do you know what it's like to be sent hurtling through the air, watching as the hard concrete below grows closer and closer? Do you know what it's like, to hear a sickening, dull "thud" and then realize that the sound filling your ears is your cracking bones and bruised flesh bouncing off an unyielding surface?

I do.

Do you know what it's like, to watch your father, a man you respect and revere, be taken out by a coward who springs from the shadows? Do you know what it's like, to cradle your own father's head in your arms and try desperately to staunch the bleeding that's coming from so many places there's no chance of finding a wound? Do you know what it's like, lifting your father up and setting him on his feet and then having him lean on you as he hobbles away, so that he has a chance of walking away from the sport that he loves so much with a modicum of dignity? Do you know what it's like, watching your father - the strongest, toughest man you've ever met, struggle to make a fist or to lift a fork or be unable to remember his phone number or home address?

I do.

Do you know what it's like, Landon O'Neill, to have a plastic bag pulled over your head? Do you know what it's like to suck in for oxygen, only to have a sheet of plastic pressed into your gaping mouth and flared nostrils? Do you know what it's like to gasp for air and taste plastic instead? Do you know what it's like to have your vision dim, to feel your extremities go numb, and then to see bright, popping lights until you wake up, hours later, in a hospital bed, being checked to see if oxygen deprivation led to brain damage?

Well, I do, Landon O'Neill. I do!

[Eyes close again, as Martinez works through the memories, teeth gritted, needing a moment before he can continue.]

RM: So, let me ask you this, Landon O'Neill - what do you think you can do to stop me from giving Caleb Temple what he's owed?

And what do you think is going to stop me?

Do you think a lawyer is going to keep me off of Temple? Do you think two dozen security guards are going to be able to stand between Temple and retribution? Do you think a doctor's order or an official edict is enough to stop me? Do you think a piece of paper is going to shield Temple?

Do you think you're going to get in my way?

[Eyes narrow again, as a darkness comes into Ryan's eyes.]

RM: And if you think to threaten my World Title, if you think I'll be stopped by you saying you'll strip it from me, then I've got a very simple message for you.

Try it, and see what happens.

I'm not giving up my World Title unless and until someone beats me for it. You've got nothing to threaten me with. There's no threat that will stop me.

I will have my vengeance at Memorial Day Mayhem. And no army, no rule, no president can stop me.

Lift your ban, O'Neill, or face the consequences. Understand that if Temple is banned from an AWA event, that doesn't mean he's banned from a street corner, or from his own house. And one way or another, this ends at Memorial Day. If I can't do it in the ring, then I'll settle it in a way that'll create a nightmare of bad publicity for you.

And after Carver, do you really want more bad publicity?

As for you Caleb Temple.

[The darkness in Martinez' face spreads, from his eyes to the hard set of his jawline, to the utter lack of humanity in his expression.]

RM: Do you know, Caleb Temple, what it's like to face the wrath of a righteous man? Do you know what it's like to be called to account for a lifetime of sin? Do you know what it's like, to feel your sins visited upon your head a thousand fold?

Do you know what it's like, to feel a man's hand cutting across your chest, firing as rapidly as a machine gun? Do you know what it's like to have a boot driven into your face, its momentum propelled by anger and the feeling, a moment later, of your jaw being dislocated and your nose being spread across your face in a bloody, pulpy smear? Do you know what it's like to be held aloft upside-down, like Saint Peter on the cross, to feel the blood pooling in your brain and then to feel the oblivion that comes after you've been dropped on your head?

Well, you will Caleb Temple. You will.

[Martinez exhales, and then leans forward, the veins on his neck bulging, making the prominent red ring on his neck stand out all the more.]

RM: Count on it.

[Exhausted, Martinez falls back into his bed as we cut back to Bucky and Gordon.]

GM: Fans, I... well...

BW: Speechless?

GM: A bit, I think. Ryan Martinez, the World Heavyweight Champion... the man who REPRESENTS this company, just issued a statement in full defiance

of the AWA President, Landon O'Neill. Ryan Martinez says he WILL get his hands on Caleb Temple no matter what President O'Neill says.

BW: Are you surprised by that news?

GM: You're not?

BW: Not one bit. This kid has been defiant since the get-go. He's been the very epitome of a "dumb kid." Think back to his refusal to let his father get him job here in the States... insisting on going to Japan where he could pay his dues as a "young boy." Think about his team with Gunnar Gaines, refusing to listen to a Hall of Fame World Champion. Think about him spitting in the face of the most powerful entity this sport has ever seen - the Wise Men. Time and time again, this kid has done the wrong thing for himself. Time and time again, he's refused to listen to what might be best for him... and best for business. So, when he says "to hell with the AWA President!"... I'm not surprised in the least.

GM: This situation just got even more interesting. I'm told that President O'Neill is still in the building. We're going to dispatch Mark Stegglet to try and catch up with him and get some words on what we just heard out of Ryan Martinez... but right now, let's head backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell. Lou?

[We go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who stands between The Longhorn Riders, "Texas" Pete Colt to his left, and "Slim" Jim Colt to his right, both dressed in their wrestling attire, white dusters over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts, blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side.]

LB: Thanks, Gordon. Tonight, Next Gen is going to step into the ring with these two men, The Longhorn Riders. Pete and Jim Colt, the two of you have interrupted an interview I had with them about a month ago, and then you jumped them during a live event match in Chattanooga. What in the world is your problem with these young men?

PC: Little man, we don't need any reason to go after these punks, other than the fact that they are in our way! We called out every tag team in the AWA, and they may have answered it, but all they are is a tune up for the bigger fish to fry in this place!

LB: You sure seem to be taking your opponents lightly, Pete.

PC: You can make whatever judgments you want, little man! The bottom line is, there hasn't been a team willing to take us on, and while we give them credit for signing the match, we're only taking it to show the rest of the teams that they have every reason to be scared of us, and it won't be long before we get those teams in the ring and prove our greatness!

LB: I gotta ask you, Jim, if you think it wise to be looking past Next Gen.



JC: Lou, the kids have guts, but they don't have what it takes to beat us. We used Chattanooga as a time to send a message to them, and tonight, we use this match to send a message to every other team. We're not going to be denied any longer, and if they've got a problem with that, they can come straight to us and settle it!

LB: I would imagine that Next Gen won't be pleased to hear that you two just see them as a stepping stone.

JC: That's all they are to us, Lou. They don't have the experience to deal with us... heck, one of them is only 19 years old, so what chance does he have against two men who have been around for a while? Tonight, we make it official that The Longhorn Riders want to be the tag team champions, and that teams like the Lights Out Express and Air Strike better pay attention, because we will no longer be denied!

PC: We've had enough of you, little man! Let's go, brother!

[The Longhorn Riders head off the interview set.]

LB: I think I've had my fill of egos for one night. Mark Stegglet, let's go to you!

[We cut to Mark Stegglet who stands with the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is to his left, dressed in his wrestling attire, a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, and matching knee pads and wrestling boots. To Mark's right is Daniel Harper, dressed in a white singlet with "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, with matching knee pads and boots. And next to Daniel is Julie Somers, dressed in a red T-shirt with "Next Gen" in white lettering, and white shorts.]

MS: Fans, in just a few minutes, The Longhorn Riders will take on these two men right here, Next Gen, joined by their manager, Julie Somers. You heard the comments from the Riders, and they see tonight's match as their chance to jump into the tag team title scene. What are your thoughts about tonight?

JS: It seems to me we have some people around here, who think that because Howie and Daniel are younger wrestlers, that it means they are just here to take their lumps while the ones who have been around get to make the headlines. I'm not going to deny that these men here have only just begun their tag team career, and while they respect what those before them have done, that doesn't mean they'll just stand aside and let others walk right over them. But you don't need to hear me making promises about tonight, because Howie and Daniel can do that themselves. [Motions to Howie.] Have it, my brother.

HS: Promises, promises... it sounds like The Longhorn Riders are making a lot of them. They promise they are gonna prove they deserve to be the tag team champions. Hey, that's a reasonable goal, and it should be every team's goal, but unlike the Riders, we aren't going to promise that we'll be the top contenders after tonight. But we will promise that the Riders will find out that Daniel and I won't be easily pushed around, and that we aren't just

here to be a stepping stone for teams like them. I haven't forgotten about what happened in Chattanooga, and neither has my partner right here.

[He motions to Daniel and Mark turns to him.]

DH: I hear that Pete and Jim Colt want to use us as a stepping stone! That they want to use us to send a message to the rest of the tag teams! Well, if they think that we are just going to let that happen, then they are sorely mistaken! They think it's gonna be that easy tonight? Well, let me remind them about a few things.

[He turns to the camera.]

DH: It wasn't long ago that they were calling every team in the AWA cowardly. They said there wasn't a team willing to face them! And I answered the challenge right then, and I knew my partner would back me. Yet the first thing the Riders did was back down, saying they weren't ready! So we played their little game... we let them get a match in preparation. And the next thing we know, they are jumping from us behind in a match of our own! And you know what I call that, Mark?

MS: I'll hear it from you, Daniel.

DH: I call that cowardly! All the Riders had to do was face us man to man, and they didn't want to do that! Tonight, though, they have no choice in the matter, and believe me, Howie and I owe them a lot! And if they think this is just their first step to a tag team title shot, then they better think twice, because we didn't come here to be anyone's stepping stone! We came to be the best in the AWA, and while we respect those who have made their mark, we sure don't respect cowards like the Riders!

MS: [turning back to Howie] Sounds like your partner wants the Riders in the worst way.

HS: Daniel may get a little feisty, but I don't blame him! Tonight, the Riders will find out that we don't take anyone lightly, and if they do that, they won't be taking the next step to a tag team title shot. Instead, they'll be walking out of that ring, knowing they just lost to the better team!

JS: [turning to Mark] Daniel's not the only one that can't wait to get his hands on the Riders. [She then motions with her hand.] Gentlemen, to the ring!

[With that, Next Gen departs the interview set.]

MS: Fans, we'll find out soon enough if The Longhorn Riders can get into title contention -- or if it's Next Gen who does that. Let's go to the ring!

[Fade to the ring where Phil Watson stands.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[The driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: Coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of 542 pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders called out every tag team a few weeks ago... Bucky, I can't believe they said every tag team was afraid to face them.

BW: Hey, I don't think every team is scared of them, but I can understand their frustration. Nobody would agree to a match against them, so I can't blame them for thinking that way.

GM: Well, tonight, they'll be facing a team that certainly isn't that scared of them.

BW: Yeah, but that doesn't make them smart. They're gonna be facing a team that isn't happy, Gordo! And when the Riders aren't happy, they're more dangerous than they usually are!

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year then plays, drawing cheers.]

PW: And their opponents... from Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, at a combined weight of 495 pounds, and 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

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.]

GM: And here comes Next Gen, who is already drawing plenty of attention since they came to the AWA!

BW: They drew the Riders' attention, all right! Now they're gonna wish they hadn't!

GM: Bucky, you know it was the Riders who interrupted one of Next Gen's first interviews. If anything, the Riders drew the attention of Next Gen!

BW: Either way, they're gonna regret the day they decided to take them on.

[Next Gen 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: You have a veteran team in the Colt brothers, and a pair of up and comers in Howie Somers and Daniel Harper in a showdown with not only World Tag Team Title implications but now also has Stampede Cup implications! This one should be good, Bucky!

BW: You brought up where Somers and Harper are at a disadvantage, Gordo! They don't have the experience the Riders have! Pete and Jim Colt have been wrestling for some time, and this is, what, just the third match for Next Gen?

GM: I'd be careful selling Next Gen short, Bucky. In fact, given how the Riders are selling them short, I wouldn't be surprised if that worked to Next Gen's advantage!

BW: Not when the more experienced duo are brothers, Gordo! They know what each other is thinking at all times!

GM: Next Gen has family relations, too, Bucky. Howie and Julie are twin siblings, after all.

BW: Big deal! First of all, Julie isn't wrestling, and second, she and Howie don't have an ounce of brain between them!

[Howie Somers elects to start the match for Next Gen, as Daniel Harper steps onto the apron. Julie Somers confers with the two briefly, as Pete Colt steps forward for the Riders.]

GM: And it looks like the big men on both teams will start... and look at Pete Colt daring Howie to face him.

BW: He better pay attention. Pete Colt doesn't like to be ignored for long!

[Howie turns to face Pete Colt, then slowly approaches him, as Pete Colt engages in trash talking.]

GM: I don't think that's wise on Pete's part to be bad mouthing Howie like that.

BW: He's not doing anything about it, is he? Look, he's just standing there.

[Howie stands in front of Jim, hands on his hips, then Pete shoves him in the chest.]

GM: Pete egging on Howie to fight!

BW: He won't do it, Gordo! Looks like he's a coward after all!

[Howie simply approaches Pete again, and once more, Pete shoves him in the chest.]

GM: That's twice Pete has shoved him!

BW: Howie won't go after him! That kid waiting for his uncle to come bail him out?

[Howie once more approaches Pete, and when Pete goes to shove him again, Howie suddenly charges, driving a shoulder into Pete, which backs him up a bit, although he remains standing.]

GM: Doesn't look like Howie needs anybody to bail him out!

BW: It'll take more than that to intimidate the Riders, though!

[Pete goes for a punch, but Howie blocks it, then hammers Pete with a pair of forearms. Pete swings a right hand, which Howie ducks, then he spins Pete around for a headbutt, staggering the big man.]

GM: Howie rocking Pete Colt! Irish whip into the ropes... but Pete with a shoulderblock!

BW: And that took Howie right off his feet! That's a big man Howie is facing!

[Howie gets to his feet, but Pete quickly hammers him in the back with a double axehandle. He then pulls Howie up, kicking him in the midsection and backing him into the ropes.]

GM: Pete Colt in control, and here's an Irish whip... clothesline attempt by Pete but Howie ducks... OH MY!

[Howie comes off the opposite ropes and leaps at Pete Colt with a shoulder tackle, coming in hard enough to knock the big man off his feet.]

GM: And look at that! Howie Somers takes Pete down!

BW: All right, that was impressive, but he's gotta stay on the attack. Look at this, Gordo!

[Pete Colt rolls to a neutral corner, surprised at the move, as Howie stands in the center of the ring, motioning Pete to come at him.]

GM: Howie says Pete can bring it on... and here comes Pete... no, a quick hiptoss by Howie Somers puts him down!

BW: Here comes Jim Colt to even things up!

GM: Entering illegally, I might add! Jim from behind with a clothesline... but here comes Daniel Harper!

[As Jim takes Howie down, he finds himself the recipient of a dropkick from Daniel. Pete Colt is back up, and Daniel dropkicks him into the corner. Outside the ring, Julie Somers applauds the moves.]

GM: Daniel Harper wasn't about to let the Riders gain an advantage!

BW: And yet he's in the ring illegally!

GM: Daniel arguing with the referee... Pete Colt charges him! Clothesline takes him down!

[Howie is back to his feet, delivering an elbow smash to Pete, only for Jim to elbow him from behind. Jim directs his brother Pete, as he turns to Daniel.]

GM: And now Pete Colt cornering Howie Somers! Jim Colt corners Daniel! Both men working their opponents over!

BW: This is what you call a lesson in tag team wrestling, Gordo!

[Jim turns to Pete for a moment and motions to him. They each grab their opponents by the arm.]

GM: Jim and Pete Colt with the Irish whips on Next Gen... REVERSED!

[Howie and Daniel send the Colt brothers into each other, causing them to stagger. Daniel then leaps up to dropkick Jim in the back, sending him right back into Pete. The Riders tumble to the mat, then roll outside the ring.]

GM: Next Gen has cleared the ring! Looks like they are the ones dishing out the tag team wrestling lessons!

BW: Beginner's luck, that's all it is, Gordo!

[Howie and Daniel high five one another, then go to their corner to exchange high fives with Julie. Outside the ring, Pete and Jim help each other to their feet, Pete jawing at a few fans to be quiet.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have found out it's not that easy to deal with the likes of Next Gen.

BW: Hey, nobody said it was going to be over quickly. But the Riders have only just begun, Gordo!

[Daniel has stepped outside the ropes, the referee warning him not to enter the ring illegally again, then turns back to the Riders and begins the count. He reaches the count of seven before Pete Colt steps back into the ring, as Jim goes to the apron. Before approaching Howie, Jim calls Pete over and whispers something.]

GM: I wonder what the Riders are planning next, Bucky. So far, their gameplan hasn't worked out like they thought it would.

BW: You don't know that, Gordo! For all you know, they're just letting Next Gen think they have the advantage, then when they least expect it, they'll put them away!

GM: I don't see anything resembling that, Bucky. Now Jim tags in to the match... and what's this?

[As Howie approaches him, Jim shakes his head, then points to the corner where Daniel Harper stands.]

GM: Wait a minute... Jim Colt wants Daniel Harper in the ring!

BW: Now do you see the gameplan, Gordo? Let the big man of Next Gen, the more experienced member, get in his shots, then bring in the rookie and finish him off!

GM: Daniel Harper may not be experienced, but I don't think this is wise. Keep in mind, Daniel has family members who taught him everything about the business.

BW: Bah, he's a momma's boy, Gordo! And Momma ain't gonna be here to defend him like when the bullies were taking his lunch money in the third grade!

GM: Bucky!

[Howie turns to Daniel, who nods his head, and then Howie reaches over to tag in his partner.]

GM: Here we go! Daniel Harper in the ring, and he's not hesitating at all!

[Daniel goes right up to Jim, the two exchanging words, which soon turn to blows, with Jim getting the better of the exchange.]

GM: Jim Colt backing Daniel into the ropes.

BW: See, this is why it was smart on Jim's part... Daniel tried to fight him, and you can't do that against the Riders!

GM: Irish whip by Jim Colt... Daniel ducks a clothesline... OH MY!

[Daniel stops in his tracks, turns around, then catches an unsuspecting Jim Colt with a European uppercut.]

GM: There's that patented uppercut, Bucky!

BW: OK, so he caught Jim off guard, but he's got to do more than that!

GM: Daniel staying on the attack... a quick kick to the midsection doubles Jim over! Now he's got him hooked... nice vertical suplex by Daniel!

BW: We've got company, Gordo!

[The camera cuts to the entranceway, where the members of Strictly Business have come out. "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian is clad in a white Tommy Bahama button down shirt and a pair of olive colored pants, Maui Jim sunglasses perched on top of his head. Andrew "Flash" Tucker is wearing a pair of khaki chino pants, a gray Henley shirt and a pair of gray suede boots, his blond hair hanging down past his shoulders.]

GM: What do you suppose Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian want?

BW: Probably here to see what the Riders are up to... you know that they're one of the teams the Riders called out.

GM: I think it may be more than that, Bucky.

[Back in the ring, Daniel has pulled Jim up, backed him into a neutral corner, and tagged in Howie.]

GM: Howie comes in... Daniel with the Irish whip to the corner... now he grabs Howie... OH MY!

[Daniel whips Howie to the same corner, and Howie drives his shoulder into Jim's midsection.]

GM: Jim Colt in trouble as Howie pulls him out... he grabs him around the waist... BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX! And there's a cover... one... two... and that's all he gets!



BW: He's pulling him up and bringing Harper back in.

GM: And look at this... double whip into the ropes... double clothesline on Jim Colt!

[Tucker leans towards Sebastian, saying something to his longtime partner in crime.]

GM: It seems to me Next Gen may have caught the eye of Strictly Business, Bucky.

BW: You're kidding, right? Clearly Tucker and Sebastian want to answer the Riders' challenge!

[Back in the ring, Daniel picks up Jim Colt for a slam, then bounces off the ropes...

...only for Pete Colt to drive a knee into his back.]

GM: Pete Colt from behind! And I don't think the referee saw it!

BW: But he sees Howie Somers coming in! He can't do that, Gordo!

GM: And now he doesn't see Pete Colt coming into the ring!

[The referee argues with Howie, and now Julie, who protests as well. Meanwhile, Pete hammers Daniel Harper with forearms, then helps his brother up. Pete and Jim then take Daniel over with a double suplex.]

GM: Illegal double team by the Riders, and the referee was too occupied with Howie and Julie!

BW: Like I said, Gordo, they may be siblings, but they don't share a brain! All they did was make things worse for Harper!

[Pete exits the ring, just before the referee turns around. Jim drags Daniel up and then tags Pete back in.]

GM: Jim Colt with a snap mare on Daniel Harper... now he drives the knee to the back!

BW: And look at this, Gordo... Pete with a knee to the back as well!

GM: Daniel Harper in trouble... Pete Colt drags him up again... into a headlock... and look at that!

[Out of the referee's view, Pete jams a thumb into Daniel's throat. Pete laughs heartily as the referee questions him, but Pete just brushes him aside.]

GM: Daniel holding his throat, and now Pete backing him into a corner... kicks to the midsection!

BW: He's having his way, Gordo... look at how he lifts him up for that flapjack toss!

[Daniel is tossed straight into the air and falls right on his face. Pete laughs again. Sebastian is seen clapping in response from the outside.]

GM: Pete Colt tagging Jim back in... he sends Daniel into the ropes... boot right to the face of the 19-year-old!

BW: Jim coming off the ropes... look at that elbowdrop! Now that's impressive!

GM: There's a cover... but only a two count!

[Jim holds up three fingers, but the referee stands by his count. Jim just shakes his head as he pulls Daniel up.]

GM: Jim Colt with Daniel Harper... he turns him around... reverse neckbreaker drops Daniel to the canvas!

BW: Cover that man, he's done!

GM: Jim makes the cover! One... two... no, Daniel Harper not done yet!

[Jim just shakes his head, as he drags Daniel up and tags Pete back in again.]

GM: Jim now holding Harper back... wide open for a kick right to the midsection!

BW: Pete's gonna finish this! Look at him press Harper overhead like he weighs nothing!

GM: Devastating slam by Pete Colt! And now the cover... there's one, there's two, there's... NO! Daniel Harper kicks out!

[Pete is more animated about the referee's count. He shouts his complaint about a slow count. Outside the ring, Julie Somers slaps the apron, shouting encouragement to Daniel.]

GM: Daniel needs to make the tag! Pete has him trapped in the corner... drives that shoulder right into the midsection!

BW: He's got him by the arm... we've seen him use this corner clothesline many times, Gordo!

GM: That looks like what he's setting up for! Daniel whipped to the corner... Pete coming in...

[But before Pete can connect with the clothesline, Daniel moves out of the way, and Pete goes chest first into the buckles.]

GM: HE MISSED! Pete down to his knees, holding his ribs!

[Tucker shakes his head disdainfully at the missed opportunity.]

BW: But Daniel is down in the middle of the ring! And a veteran team knows you've got to take to make the tag after taking a lot of punishment!

[Howie leans over the ropes, his arm extended. Daniel rolls on the mat in pain, as now Julie starts slapping the apron, only in rhythm -- her left hand slapping four times, then her right hand five. The fans pick up on the rhythm and start to chant.]

LET'S GO DAN-IEL! \*clap, clap, clap-clap-clap\*

LET'S GO DAN-IEL! \*clap, clap, clap-clap-clap\*

LET'S GO DAN-IEL! \*clap, clap, clap-clap-clap\*

GM: Julie Somers getting this crowd behind Daniel!

BW: But Pete Colt is crawling to his partner... he's gonna get the tag first!

GM: Daniel Harper stirring... he's trying to roll to his corner.

[Jim Colt slaps hands with Pete, and rushes to stop Daniel, but then a quick burst from Daniel leads to one thing.]

GM: TAG TO HOWIE SOMERS!

[The crowd cheers as Howie immediately blocks a punch by Jim, then delivers an elbow smash, backs into the ropes, then takes Jim down with a clothesline.]

GM: Running clothesline sends Jim Colt down!

BW: Here comes Pete Colt!

GM: Another running clothesline! Pete Colt goes down as well!

[Howie turns to pull Jim up, easily taking him down with a bodyslam. He then turns to the bigger man of the Riders.]

GM: Jim Colt just slammed by Howie... now he's got Pete!

BW: He can't possibly get him up!

[Howie strains a bit, but manages to muscle Pete up and slam him to the canvas. Both veterans from Strictly Business seem a bit taken aback by that bodyslam, making mental notes.]

GM: He got him up, Bucky! Strictly Business has to be impressed, and so do you!

BW: Well, it's not Pete who's the legal man!

GM: But Howie is aware of that! He's goes right back to Jim Colt... picks him up again... drives him into the mat with a powerslam!

[Howie goes for the cover, but after a two count, Pete Colts kicks him in the head to break it up.]

GM: Howie had Jim down for the count, but Pete prevents it!

BW: He wouldn't have had it anyway!

GM: I beg to differ, and here comes Daniel Harper! European uppercut to the big man!

[The uppercut is hard enough to cause Pete to slump in the corner. The referee gets in front of Daniel, ordering him back to his corner, as Howie gets to his feet and goes after Pete.]

GM: Howie Somers working over Pete Colt! Driving those shoulders into the midsection!

BW: Yeah, but who's the legal man, Gordo!

[As Howie takes a few steps back, Jim Colt comes up behind Howie, driving a fist right between the legs.]

GM: LOW BLOW! Jim Colt with a cheap shot!

BW: I love it, Gordo! Daniel Harper's inexperience is gonna cost Next Gen this match! The referee's too busy trying to get him settled down and Howie paid for it!

[Daniel, and now Julie, continue to argue with the referee, as now Jim motions to Pete, who shouts, "You got it!" He rolls outside the ring and grabs one of the motorcycle helmets.]

GM: Wait a minute! Pete Colt has that motorcycle helmet!

BW: Here it is, Gordo! Lessons in tag team wrestling!

GM: Jim Colt has Howie from behind! Come on, don't let it end this way!

[Pete gets back into the ring, then brags to the crowd as he holds the helmet above his head. Then he turns around and charges...

...but it doesn't go as expected.]

GM: HOWIE SOMERS MOVED! PETE COLT HIT HIS OWN BROTHER!

[The crowd cheers as Jim falls to the canvas, out cold. Pete stomps the canvas in anger, but then is met by Howie, who hits a shoulderblock to knock Pete down.]

BW: NO! It can't end like this!

GM: It may very well! Howie Somers drops an elbow! And the referee turns around!

[The referee sees Howie covering Jim, then drops down, and delivers the three count.

But just after he does, Pete rushes forward, driving the helmet into the back of Howie's head.]

GM: Oh, come on! Howie just pinned Jim to win the match for Next Gen, and Pete just nailed him with that helmet!

BW: Pete was just going to apologize to his brother, and Howie got in the way!

GM: Are you kidding me, Bucky? Pete Colt with that helmet again... DANIEL HARPER!

[The crowd cheers as Daniel runs in to dropkick Pete, causing him to drop the helmet. Pete is staggered as now Daniel grabs the helmet, and seeing this, Pete is quick to roll out of the ring, just as Daniel takes a swing at him.]

BW: Now what kind of an example is Daniel Harper setting for his family? That's a dangerous foreign object he's swinging around!

GM: You have got to be joking, Bucky! Pete Colt introduced that helmet, and Daniel was only protecting his partner!

BW: Just like Pete was protecting his brother from Howie!

GM: You are a piece of work, you know that, Bucky?

[Daniel goes to check on Howie, which gives Pete the chance to reach under the ropes and pull Jim out of the ring. He shouts a warning at Daniel, telling him to give his helmet back. Julie has now entered the ring to check Howie, and Daniel goes to the ropes, pointing at Pete Colt, daring him to return to the ring.]

GM: Next Gen gets the win tonight, but it looks like things are far from settled between these two teams.

BW: Yeah, that's Pete Colt's helmet! Daniel has no right to it! Such a fine example that he's setting for the impressionable young children who watch this program!

GM: You know exactly what happened, Bucky. Pete Colt introduced that helmet into the match and it backfired on him!

BW: Well, that gives Daniel no right to take it from him!

GM: And Pete had no right to bring it into the match! Fans, I'm sure Next Gen and the Riders will be meeting in the ring again in the near future, and I also want to know what Strictly Business was doing watching this match.

[Strictly Business, by this point, has returned to the back, as Pete Colt helps his brother Jim up the aisle. In the ring, Howie Somers slowly sits up, then Julie Somers and Daniel Harper help him out of the ring.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Team Supreme in tag team action!

[Fade to black.]

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some chryon identifying him for the benefit of non-wrestling fans: "THE KING OF WRESTLING DEMETRIUS LAKE"

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assilants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

And as we fade back up from black, we land on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first, on my right...they weigh in at a combined weight of 452 pounds, here are Ian Eagle and Jay Hawke...

THE BIRDS OF THE PREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!!!

[The camera cuts to show two unimpressive-looking men in American flag-style tights. They raise their arms into the air to the indifference of the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

"READY...HUT!"

["Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system, as the crowd roars with boos when they see a small contingent of Team Supreme

members, led by Alex Martin and Matt Lance, stepping through the curtains. The members form two rows opposite of each other in the aisle...]

#(Jesus walk)

#God show me the way because the Devil tryna break me down

#(Jesus walk with me...with me...with me...)

[... as the lights go completely dark and "Black Skinhead" begins to play, signifying the entrance of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson, bringing the boos to a deafening crescendo! Wright is dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim and the massive Jackson is dressed in a sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status above the other members of Team Supreme and Jack Lynch's black cowboy hat, signifying his status as the "King of Cowboys". As they pass by the Team Supreme members, they follow the duo towards the ring, where Martin and Lance both hold open the ropes for Wright and Jackson. They step through the ropes and into the ring, as the rest of Team Supreme stand on the outside in their corner.]

PW: ...they weigh in at a combined weight of 510 pounds, the team of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson!

TEEEEEEEAAAAAAMMMMMMMM

SUPRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEE!!!

[Massive boos!]

BW: Look at this army, Gordo...look at this team! Does Jack Lynch actually think him and Bobby Whitebread stand a chance against this in a war?

GM: I'm sure they think they can more than hold their own against Team Supreme.

BW: Then they're dumber than they look!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we...OH!

[As soon as the bell sounds, Cain Jackson roars across the ring, pounding a forearm across Jay Hawke's back and doubling Ian Eagle over with a kneelift to the midsection. Grabbing Eagle by a handful of hair, he wheels around and TOSSES Eagle over the top rope and to the floor!]

GM: Cain Jackson not wasting anytime here. He's just manhandling both members of The Birds of Prey!

[Hawke rises to his feet, only to be grabbed around the waist and lifted over Jackson's shoulder. Jackson then proceeds to RUN the length of the ring towards his own corner, diving forward and DRIVING Hawked into the canvas!]



"THUUUDDDD!"  
"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A SLAM!

BW: I heard Kolya Sudakov taught Jackson that move, Gordo! There ain't many in the business better to learn from, if you wanna know how to put the hurt on a man!

[With Hawke writhing on the ground, Jackson puts the boots to him, stomping Hawke viciously, before strolling over to the corner and tagging in Supreme Wright, to a massive chorus of boos!]

GM: And things may have just gone from bad to worse for Jay Hawke, because here comes the former two-time World Champion!

BW: When I said that there ain't too many people in the business better to learn from on how to put the hurt on a man than Kolya Sudakov, this is one of those people! When Supreme Wright decides to put the hurt on a man, careers are put in danger!

[Wright looks down at the prone Hawke, who is writhing in various states of pain. Almost sighing, he pulls Hawke up to his feet, before quickly taking Hawke back down with an armdrag, holding on to the arm and rolling Hawke over onto his stomach as Wright spins around, trapping Hawke's left arm under the crook of his knee into a hammerlock...]

GM: OH!

[...and pulling back on Hawke's right arm with an armbar!]

BW: Supreme Wright is without a doubt, the greatest technical wrestler in the world today and things like that is exactly why. How the heck would you describe what you just saw!?

GM: Wright's talent on the mat was never in doubt, Bucky, but he's allowed his complete obsession with holding the World Title to turn him into one of the vilest and hated men in professional wrestling!

BW: Hey...whatever works!

[Yelling, "Give it up, son!" at Hawke, Wright cracks a smile at his opponent's helplessness, as Ian Eagle dives back into the ring, looking to save his partner. He breaks the hold with a quick stomp to Wright's back, drawing a cheer from the crowd!]

GM: And Eagle's back in to save his partner!

[Grabbing Wright, Eagle ignores the referee's protests and slings him into the ropes, only to have his whip reversed. At the same moment, Cain Jackson enters the ring and catches Eagle on the rebound, lifting him under

the armpits and TOSSING him straight up into the air. As he falls, Supreme Wright steps in...

"SMAAAACCCCKKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

...and OBLITERATES Eagle with a European Uppercut!]

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

GM: WHAT AN UPPERCUT! WHAT A VICIOUS UPPERCUT!!!

BW: He had to be at least 9-10 feet up in the air when Jackson tossed him up! And Wright just about tore his face off with that!

GM: Taking a page out of the playbook of the World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express, right there!

[Jackson picks a limp Ian Eagle off the mat and unceremoniously dumps him to the outside once again, as Supreme Wright lifts a rising Jay Hawke up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry. He spins towards Jackson, who runs towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT! A BIG BOOT RIGHT TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!

[...and nails a big boot to Jay Hawke's head, as Supreme Wright then throws Hawke over his head, falling onto his back and raising both his knees into the air and hitting...]

"OHHHHH!"

GM: AND RIGHT INTO FAT TUESDAY! THAT HAS TO BE IT!

[However, Wright doesn't go for the pin, instead dropping down to the canvas and pulling back on Jay Hawke's arm, trying to force the submission!]

GM: THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR! And Jay Hawke is tapping out!

[Jay Hawke doesn't even try to fight the move, immediately tapping out as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING DING DING!"

[However, Wright refuses to break the hold, continuing to pull back on Hawke's arm!]

GM: Come on, release the hold!

BW: I think he's trying to send a message to TexMo, Gordo! He's gonna put him in the hospital like he's been putting everyone else ever since SuperClash!

[HUGE POP!]

GM: JACK LYNCH! BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[Lynch and O'Connor sprint their way down the aisle, easily taking out Lance and Martin as they dare to stand in their way, before diving into the ring and causing Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson to make a quick escape. As Team Supreme backs up the aisle, Lynch grabs a microphone...]

JL: Keep runnin'.

Right on down to the Cajundome!

[Lynch exhales, and then smirks at Wright at Cain.]

JL: But Bobby and I? Well, our blood is up now, and neither of us is gonna get settled until someone has got their butt kicked. Wright and Jackson, you two got an excuse, ya already had your match tonight.

But that ain't true for two men named Lance and Martin!

[Cheers from the crowd, as Lynch looks to O'Connor, with the latter rubbing his hands together in anticipation of a fight. Lance and Martin turn to each other with worried looks and then to Wright, who looks on with indifference.]

JL: So lace 'em up boys, because before tonight's done, it's gonna be you two against TexMo!

[As the crowd cheers the announcement of the match, we crossfade back to the locker room where Melissa Cannon is standing alongside Kerry Kendrick who is beaming with pride? Joy?]

MC: I'm backstage here in Montgomery, Alabama and with me right now is-

KK: No need to introduce me, Melissa. I think it's QUITE clear who is with you right now.

[Kendrick gestures at his well-toned bare torso.]

KK: Kerry Kendrick came back to the AWA for one reason.

[He gestures at his waist.]

KK: Championship gold. The kind of fame and glory that was denied of me years ago when I first was here. I DESERVE that gold, Melissa.

[Melissa doesn't respond.]

KK: But instead... just like old times... the AWA has seen fit to bury me at the bottom of the card, jerking the curtain. Just like old times, the AWA has seen fit to put lesser athletes of questionable skill at the center of the promotional materials.

Where is my poster, Melissa?! Where is my trading card?!

[Kendrick shakes his head with disgust.]

KK: No... Brad Jacobs gets his face on a poster. Sweet Daddy Williams gets a trading card that can barely fit his flabby frame. Travis Lynch puts his face on every single podunk TV talk show that'll have him.

But me? The FUTURE of this company. The FUTURE of this industry.

[The disdain drips off of Kendrick's every word.]

KK: I stand idly by facing a guy who lost his dignity in Mexico and came running here to try to reclaim it. Caspian Abaran, you insignificant little runt.

I tire of dealing with you.

I tire of the AWA front office only offering me contracts with your name on them to compete with all over the country. How many times, Abaran? How many times do I have to put you down in every town we touch base in before you get the idea?

You can go back to Mexico... you can stay here... I don't really give a damn either way.

[Kendrick points at the camera, lifting one finger.]

KK: But you only get one more shot. One more. In two weeks, right here on Saturday Night Wrestling, it's me and you... one on one... and when it's all over, I'm moving on...

...and you're getting left behind.

[He throws a leering glance at Melissa.]

KK: See you after the show, sweetheart.

[Kendrick strides out of the camera's view, leaving Melissa behind to shake her head with disgust as we fade back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, weighing 250 pounds...

JOEY PARKER!

[The reborn Parker raises his hand in the air, clad in a wrestling singlet that shows the University of North Texas insignia. He puts his mouth piece in and rapidly squats up and down, getting the blood flowing.]

GM: Joey Parker, back in action here on Saturday Night Wrestling, finally showing us a little of his true self.

BW: Believe it or not, Parker was a pretty dang good amateur wrestler, Gordo.

GM: We have heard that very thing, Bucky, and I'm sure we're all excited to see him demonstrate those grappling skills.

[Back to Phil.]

PW: And his oppo-

[Lights out! The arena is bathed in black, and over the loudspeaker plays the sound of pouring rain, and thunder crashing in the distance... then the tapping of a drum, and an electric piano...]

BW: What in the world- how did it get so cold in here?

GM: Fans, we don't know what's going on here, or what the reason is for this interruption in the matches. We here at the AWA apologize for-

[Lights on! The fans scream as Solomon Shock and Carl Riddens are in the ring! Shock DRILLS Parker with a clothesline, and jumps on him, raining right hands down on his head and slamming Parker's dome into the mat. Riddens looks on, smiling easily, in weathered black jeans and a brown rain slicker, hood up. As his pet monster decimates Parker, Riddens looks on approvingly.]

BW: Oh my! Oh my God! You wanna talk about a killer on the road, Gordo, there he is! Carl Riddens is back!

GM: This is uncalled for! This has got to stop, this has GOT to be dealt with!

BW: Where did he come from!?

[Shock brings a groggy Parker to his feet, and pulls him into a short clothesline, stepping through hard with his inside leg and pushing the crook of his elbow through Parker's face. No sooner does he hit the ground than does Solomon kick him repeatedly with the point of his boot and then stomp with the sole of his foot, leaving shoeprints all over Parker's face...]

CR: Wait a minute, wait a minute, hold on there brother.

[Shock stops and looks at Riddens, who has produced a microphone. The strange man from the strange land puts the hood of his rain slicker down and holds his hand up, nodding soothingly to Shock and telling him to calm

down. The big man backs away as Riddens moves forward, peering down at Parker, who's got blood trickling from his nose and lip.]

CR: I like blood.

[Riddens bends down and dabs at Parker's nose, looking at the blood for a moment and then wiping it on Parker's boot.]

CR: Reminds me that I'm still kickin', y'know what I'm sayin'? Reminds me that we all equals here, ain't nobody bigger, faster, stronger. We're all just men. We all bleed, same as anyone else.

Makes me feel alive.

[Riddens stands back up, but continues to peer down at Parker.]

CR: Now let me ask you a question, friend. When's the last time you felt alive? Not just here, suckin' wind, bein' the butt of everyone's jokes...

...when were you \_alive\_, Joey Parker? 'Cause it seems to me, there ain't a soul in this realm that gives much of a care about you either way. Seems to me like you been just coastin' along, never expecting too much from yourself, because no one else expected much either. No one things you got value, friend, no one thinks yer worth nothin'... an' the worst part is that they get you believin' that too.

That ain't no way to live, Joey Parker. That ain't no way to get by.

That ain't livin'. Period.

[Shock is getting restless, and Riddens throws one hand back at him, motioning for him to stand down.]

CR: Way I see it, I just did you a favor, my man. I just made sure this wolf...

[Riddens motions to Shock.]

CR: ...didn't spill every last bit of your sheep's blood all over the mat. Because you HAVE value. Because you are WORTH something. That blood all over your face, take that for what it is. Not a punishment from a God who has forgotten you... but as a reminder. From a friend.

That yer still alive. An' we think it's time...

[Riddens motions to himself and Shock as Parker begins to stir, rolling onto his side and pushing himself up.]

CR: ...that you start acting like it.

Now I am not here offerin' up empty promises. There is no easy road. But if you take my hand, if you let me, I will help you find what you lost. You will NEVER seek shelter from the storm again...

...because you will BE the storm. And people will run from your path.

[Riddens leans down, and offers his hand.]

CR: Trust me, my friend. It's beautiful.

[Parker stands up and shakes Ridden's outstretched hand, clasping it firmly with both of his hands. Shock walks forward and offers his, and Parker moves to take it.]

CR: The shroud has been torn. The resurrection is in session...

[And suddenly, Riddens rips Parker back around, cradles his head, grapevines the leg and drives down, spiking him skull first into the mat. Riddens rolls onto his back and then sits up, reaching for the microphone on the mat.]

CR: ...now go forth and tell them what you've learned.

[Riddens gets to his feet and laughs, instructing Shock to take Parker out of the ring. The big man jumps out of the ring and pulls the limp carcass of the former Joseph Puckett with him, pulling him out of the ring, lifting him onto his shoulders and walking back down the aisle. Riddens looks around at the people for a moment, a smile on his face, then simply flips the head of his rain slicker back up and exits the ring...

Cut down to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: That guy gives me the chills, Gordo. He just ain't right.

GM: He certainly isn't. Carl Riddens gained one... follower, I suppose... in the form of Solomon Shock several weeks ago and you just saw Shock carry out Riddens' every wish right there. He didn't even hesitate to do exactly what Riddens told him to do.

BW: And then poor Joey Parker. I mean... the kid means well. He keeps trying. He comes out every week... I hear about him working crazy hours in the gym, in the ring... trying to improve. And this is what he gets for it?

GM: But Shock... well, he carried him out of here on his shoulder. Are we supposed to believe that perhaps Parker is with Riddens now as well?

BW: He did shake his hand... sure, he got dumped on his head afterwards but...

GM: It seems like that headlock DDT is some kind of a... I don't know... maybe a initiation of sorts?

BW: If Carl Riddens is forming an army, I'm stocking up on canned goods, daddy.

GM: We'll be following that one with a lot of interest for sure. Fans, a whole lot of action and excitement goes down on Saturday Night Wrestling - that's for sure. But to experience the AWA at its finest, you gotta come out to an AWA live event. We've been on the road for a few weeks now and it's great to see all of our fans out in full force. But... we've also seen some exciting events go down on those shows as well.

BW: Hah! It's not the only thing we've seen go down! That Iranian idiot got his arm all busted up too!

GM: Exactly. We're going to take you now to some pre-recorded footage from a recent live event in Columbus, Georgia. Sultan Azam Sharif had just battled new National Champion "Diamond" Rob Driscoll in a tough battle when Callum Mahoney appeared... and... well, take a look at what happens next...

[We fade to footage marked "COLUMBUS, GEORGIA" where Sharif is standing in the ring, playing to the fans...

...and Callum Mahoney slides into the ring, steel chair in hand. He winds up, smashing Sharif across the back with it. The blow knocks Sharif down to the mat where Mahoney takes two more swings with the chair, this time taking aim at the left arm on the grappler.]

GM: You can see Mahoney using that steel chair to great effect, taking aim at the arm...

[The Irishman turns the chair in his hands before driving the edge of the seat down into the elbow.]

GM: That shot right there... that shot right there is responsible for Sultan Azam Sharif suffering a fractured elbow.

BW: But he wasn't even done.

[With Sharif howling in pain, Mahoney throws the chair aside, scissoring the arm between his legs and falling back into the cross armbreaker!]

GM: The armbar locked in by the man known as the Armbar Assassin... and a healthy man would submit to that armbar in nearly no time at all. Sharif was injured and this wasn't even a legal match.

[Sharif is howling in pain as Mahoney hyper-extends the elbow, bending the arm back as the referee waves for assistance. A few moments later, more officials hit the ring, trying to get Mahoney to break the hold. The crowd is pouring down boos as we abruptly cut away to a pre-taped shot of Callum Mahoney in a locker room somewhere. The scene is dark and dingy and Mahoney is full of energy as he addresses the camera.]



CM: Did you see what I did to the fella? Did you see what I did to him?

Sharif, I beat you in Europe... I beat you to qualify for the Brass Ring Tournament! But you would not leave well alone, would you? You kept coming back for more punishment and now, now I did as I promised... I broke your arm! I broke you and I humbled you!

[Mahoney jerks a thumb at himself.]

CM: I am Callum Mahoney. I am the Armbar Assassin. I am an All-Europe Catch Wrestling Tournament winner. I am a former Irish National champion and soon to be AWA National Champion, because who did Rob Driscoll beat if not a chump like Brad Jacobs and, thanks to me, a significantly weakened Travis Lynch?

Sharif, while you're back there, I want you to tell the rest of the fellas... Tell Shadoo Rage... Tell Ryan Martinez... Nobody is safe... Callum Mahoney is coming and he WILL break you!

[Mahoney storms out of view as the camera cuts to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

As we fade back up to the ring, we find Phil Watson inside the squared circle with a pair of grapplers.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Currently in the ring, at a total combined weight of 436 pounds, the team of Nick Crick and Miles Giles!

[Both men raise their hands at the introduction to mild response from the crowd.]

\*DONG\*

[With the toll of the bell, the lights in the arena go out, an audible air of excitement from the crowd starts up, as it usually does whenever someone does this.]

GM: The lights just-

\*DONG\*

[With the second toll, an eerie red light comes up from the back of the entranceway area.]

\*DONG\*

[The third toll signals the billowing of smoke from the ground, creating an almost unsettling affect, broken up by the unmistakable guitar of Angus Young playing the opening chords of AC/DC's "Hells Bells", each bell toll following brings up white lights flashing in time to the tolls, switching over to the bass drum hits when they kick in.]

PW: And their opponents, accompanied to the ring by CHARISMA KNIGHT, from Newark New Jersey, weighing in at a total combined weight of 575 pounds, TANK and BLASTER, THE HELL HOUNDS!

[As Phil finishes their intro, the silhouettes of two large men and one woman appear in the entranceway, bright lights behind them dimming as the front spotlights hit, revealing the Hell Hounds and their manager, Charisma Knight.

The two near 300 pounders are unsettling in their entrance gear of silver Horned demonic dog head helmets, studded sleeveless leather overcoats with spiked epaulettes on the shoulders, studded black gauntlets, and silver studded shin pads over their standard long black and red tights with their names written on the sides.

Charisma holds out her arms, herself dressed modestly for a female in wrestling, black short heeled boots, black leggings underneath a dark red skirt, matched by a dark red buttoned up blouse that matches the dark red streaks in her otherwise jet black long hair. She smirks as the Hounds look around the arena, soaking up the fear, nodding first to the taller 275 pounder Blaster on her left, and the 300 pounder Tank on her right.]

GM: Look at the size of those two!

[Charisma begins to walk toward the ring, the boys flanking her, matching her slow deliberate pace. As they reach the ring, both Terrors hold open the bottom rope for Charisma to enter the ring, then step through themselves, mounting the corners facing the hard camera and raising their arms while Charisma stands in-between in the middle of the ropes, smiling as she looks from one beast of a man to the other. Then descend from the corners and begin removing their excess entrance gear, finishing with their masks, revealing the black and red war paint splattered over their faces.]

BW: Man oh man Gordo, she said last week she was bringing Hell with her, she didn't appear to be exaggerating.

GM: I think you're right Bucky, these two are huge, and have certainly made an impression. And Crick and Giles are wondering what they got themselves into.

[Charisma speaks to both men, who give her their complete attention, nodding at her instructions. She holds out a fist, which both men bump in reply, before Blaster holds the ropes open for her to leave the ring, heading toward the commentary table. The two then start bounding, speaking to each other doing a pre-match routine.]

GM: Well, fans, it looks like Ms. Knight will be joining us on commentary this match...

[The camera quick cuts to the announce table, where Charisma is donning a head set, sitting on the opposite side of Bucky to Gordon.]

GM: Ms. Knight-

CK: Charisma is fine, Gordon.

GM: Very well then, Charisma. Welcome to ringside.

CK: A pleasure I'm sure.

[Then with a quick look to the table, then Hounds turn their full attention to Crick and Giles, pouncing on them and laying in with punches and clubbing forearms.]

GM: And the Hounds are off to a quick start here, pounding away and not giving Nick Crick and Miles Giles any breathing room.

CK: And why should they? The purpose of wrestling is to win, right? Everyone has their strengths and weaknesses... and for the boys here, their strength is overwhelming offense and power.

GM: And their weaknesses?

CK: Good try, Myers, but like I've said, I'm smarter than that.

[The taller Blaster unceremoniously tosses Giles out of the ring through the ropes, and both men turn their attention to Nick Crick. Tank doubles Crick over, and Blaster hits a hard double sledge to Crick's back that straightens him right up in pain, leaving the perfect opportunity for the shorter but stockier Tank to scoop Crick up and slam him to the mat with authority.]

BW: Pure power right there, these guys don't mess around.

[While Tank was slamming Crick, Blaster glanced at the table, then gives instruction to Tank. Blaster starts running to the ropes, coming off and hitting a leg drop on to the prone Crick, lingering a second as Tank comes off the opposite side, and leaps into the air, landing back first in a senton splash as Blaster rolls to the apron before referee Davis Warren gets of a mind to disqualify the Hounds.]

GM: Devastating double team offense by your men so far.

CK: I'd expect nothing less.

BW: And they're smart too. The smaller one there... Blaster, right?

CK: Correct.

BW: He rolled right on out before Warren could get on his case. Real smart. I'm guessing that's thanks to you.

CK: You can save your compliments for my men, Mr. Wilde.

[Tank chuckles as he sits Crick up and applies a rear chinlock, pushing his weight down on the smaller man's back.]

CK: See there? Crisp double teaming, overwhelming power and agility, and focus. That's what I've brought to these two men, and what they bring here to the ring.

GM: Devastating so far, that's for sure.

[Blaster looks back to the table, then motions to Tank, who picks Crick up, holding him by the head as he pulls him to the corner and tags in Blaster. Tank then pulls Crick into a side saulto, up and hits him with a pendulum backbreaker, leaving the smaller man over his knee as Blaster strolls over, leaps, and near takes Crick's head off with a leg drop.]

GM: Oh my, more destructive double teaming from the two massive men here, and Charisma, I have to ask, we keep seeing the taller Blaster look over here, and I notice you flashing numbers with your fingers to him, what is that?

[As Charisma gives the explanation, Blaster measures the prone Crick, then casually raises a fist, then falls to the side in a slow, deliberate falling fist drop right into Crick's head.]

CK: I'm giving them guidance as I sit here and introduce them to the world, Myers. I'm a manager and tactician first and foremost. When I found these men wandering aimlessly from territory to territory, they had no strategy, no focus. They just went out and beat people up. What I've given them is a focus and guidance. I tell them what to do, and when to do it. They listen and they've succeeded under my guidance. They've gotten here to the AWA, and they will continue to succeed as time goes on.

[Blaster shouts some trash to Crick, before rolling him over, reaching down, and securing a waistlock, then deadlifting Crick up and walking around the ring with him]

CK: This here, this is Blaster's power. He has strength and power like few ever have, he deadlifted a 230 pound man and is walking around like he's a rag doll.

[And Blaster, as if on cue, tosses Crick over his head in a suplex, popping right up and holding his hands out, taunting the crowd]

BW: These guys have been unbelievable so far, Gordo. I'm pretty sure they can win this now.

CK: They could, Bucky, but today? Today is a statement.

GM: Not sure how much more of a statement you could make, this has been domination thus far. Blaster picks Crick back up, pushing him towards his corner again... wait, he locks in a bear hug...

[Not a bear hug, but he locks his hands around Crick from the front, then lowers his center of gravity and throws Crick over his head toward the opposite corner.]

GM: Massive belly-to-belly suplex there and Blaster just tossed Crick three quarters of the way across the ring. And Giles tags in.

BW: Almost out of sympathy for Crick there, Giles looks like he wants no parts of the Hounds, and Blaster is on him, doubles him over and clubbing blows.

GM: Blaster is just pounding him down, pushes Giles back to the ropes. Irish whip... Blaster rebounds himself...

[Blaster leaves his feet, throwing himself at Giles with a flying shoulderblock that flattens the much smaller man.]

GM: Whew, brother. That was a 275 pound man flying through the air like a light heavyweight.

CK: I think it's time to see the Tank.

[As if Blaster heard it, he picks Giles up and holds on to him, tagging Tank in before sending Giles over to the neutral corner. Blaster whips Giles across the ring to other corner, as Tank runs in, waiting to be whipped across himself. The Hounds do a series of momentum gaining reversals before Blaster sends Tank as fast and as hard as he can into Giles with an avalanche in the corner.]

GM: Oh my stars, I think he just squashed Giles flat there. And this big three hundred pounder keeps up the damage with shoulder blocks in the corner. Enough is enough, Miss Knight. Can you please put a stop to this?

CK: Any time I wanted to.

GM: But I suppose you won't.

[Tank lets Giles stumble out of the corner, barely standing as Tank circles around the ring. As Giles puts a few feet of distance between him and the corner, Tank runs in, showing incredible agility for a 300 pounder as he hops

up to the second rope, then the top, then launches back smacking Giles with a back elbow smash]

BW: You gotta be kidding me, he's 300 pounds, he just moved like he was... what? Half that?

CK: Size doesn't matter, Tank can fly like a junior if need be.

[Tank doesn't let it sit as he pulls Giles close to the ropes, then goes to the apron himself. He yells out the crowd, before pulling back and slingshotting himself back in with a splash on to Giles, popping up right after and taunting the crowd]

GM: This is going too far here, they can win this at any time now, just finish it off!

CK: I suppose we could wrap it up. Don't want to show everything right away.

[Tank comes and tags in Blaster. Both men pick up Giles, fire him off the ropes in a double Irish whip, catching and picking up the smaller man, then throwing him down back first into the mat in a double team spinebuster.]

GM: OHHH!

[With Giles flat on his back, Tank quickly heads to his corner as Blaster barrels across, drilling the rising Crick off the apron with a back elbow!]

BW: If Crick had any ideas about getting back into this, they just got splattered onto the third row, Gordo.

GM: Where in the world is Tank going?

CK: And now, for the end.

[Blaster pulls Giles off the mat as he reaches up, slapping Tank's hand as the big three hundred pounder starts climbing the turnbuckles.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[With his partner en route to the top, Blaster stuffs Giles into a standing headscissors, lifting him up with ease into a crucifix powerbomb position!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him waaaaay up there!

BW: This is gonna be messy.

[Taking a couple steps out of the corner, Blaster tosses Giles up and forward, sending him sailing down where he crashes on the canvas. A half a second later Tank flies off the top with the grace and agility of a man 100 pounds lighter. Giles freefalls down to the mat with a thud, with no reprieve as Tank



lands on him half a second later with a flying splash. Tank kneels up and simply places two hands on Giles as the rest is academic.]

CK: That was called Overkill, and that was a statement.

GM: Tank's not even the legal man.

BW: You gonna tell him that?

[The referee quickly counts to three, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

CK: Now if you gentlemen will excuse me.

[Charisma stands, removes the headset and makes her way into the ring, swinging by to grab a microphone as she does, as the referee holds up the hands of the victorious Hell Hounds.]

PW: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winners of this bout, the HELL HOUNDS!

[The music doesn't play because Charisma starts speaking.]

CK: Two weeks ago, I warned you. I stood in the back interview area and I told you I was unleashing Hell. And here it is. This, was a showcase. A match beneath the talent of Tank and Blaster, a match beneath my talent. But a match that was necessary.

[Both men stalk around the ring like they're waiting for more prey. Blaster does an occasional pec flex toward the crowd. Tank just growls out, trying to scare ringside fans]

CK: Tonight was the greeting. Tonight is our statement. We have an empty trophy case at home. And we have plans, oh do we have plans.

The Stampede Cup, the G-Crown, the Global Crown Tag Team Championship, The AWA World Tag Team Championship, all of it.

And we don't care who we go through to get there. Mr. O'Neill, put us in the Stampede Cup, and we will win it. And we'll go win the G-Crown, and perhaps if Air Strike and Lights Out Express can't keep their houses in order and keep what's theirs, we'll have to do it for them. Send us whoever you want, because you can never have too much Overkill.

Hell has come to the AWA, and it's come for EVERYONE.

[She drops the mic as "Hell's Bells" starts back up, smiling to the crowd as the Hounds pose next to her on their knees, tongues out and arms flexed.]

GM: The Hell Hounds with a violent and impressive debut here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and yet another team who have made it clear that they're looking for a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament!

BW: The best teams in the world will converge on the AWA looking for a spot in that tournament, Gordo. You take a look at the AWA tag team division and it's stacked. Add in teams from Mexico, from Japan, from Europe... heck, even some guys from here in the States. We've seen retired teams come back together to try and win the Stampede Cup and one million dollars. That tournament could mean anyone and everyone will come out of the woodwork to be called the best tag team in the world, daddy!

GM: Fans, let's go backstage where I'm told Colt Patterson has a very special guest! Colt?

[We crossfade to the locker room area where Colt Patterson is standing. He throws a glance off-camera as we come to him.]

CP: Thanks, Gordo... and... well, you gotta see this one to believe it. Mickey Cherry, get in here.

[The scrawny, jet black-haired Mickey Cherry comes into view, wearing pitch black sunglasses indoors. He is cackling as he approaches.]

CP: Mickey, I gotta ask...

[Colt looks off camera again, shaking his head.]

CP: ...does he know what he's doing?

MC: Of course he does, baby! Of course he does!

[Stalking in from off-camera is a very... different-looking... Casanova. His hair has been slicked back, revealing a lot of forehead, and has been dyed powder pink. He's wearing a black t-shirt with the sleeves cut off that says "MIKE'S HARD LEMONADE." He's in black leather pants with a silver studded belt.]

C: Of course he does, Colt Patterson.

[He raises an eyebrow in Colt's direction.]

C: You doubt me.

[It's not a question. Colt shrugs.]

CP: It's a reasonable question. I mean-

[Casanova interrupts with a shout that sends saliva flying.]

C: WHO ARE YOU TO DOUBT CASANOVA?!

[Casanova spins slightly, reaching off camera.]

C: Give it to me, Mickey.

[There's a familiar popping sound as Casanova pulls his arm back, revealing a can of Mooselips beer in his right hand.]

C: Is this what it takes to get your attention? Is this what it takes to be someone you notice? I came back. I... evolved. I was a butterfly at long last after years of being a caterpillar!

And you people laughed. You mocked me. You taunted me. You called me the kind of names that aren't fit for repeating, Colt Patterson.

[Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: Not me, Casanova. But I've gotta ask... it's pretty obvious what you're going for here.

[Casanova turns slightly, tilting his head.]

C: I don't follow.

CP: You know what I mean.

C: I don't.

CP: The... well, the t-shirt... the sort of tough guy look...

[Casanova still looks puzzled.]

CP: The beer?

[Casanova gives a sharp intake of breath.]

C: Colt Patterson, the truth is simple. I am finally the man I was always meant to be. No longer a Playboy. No longer one who associates with smelly beasts or guys with bullwhips.

[He pauses to let that one sink in.]

C: I am Casanova.

[He nods.]

C: And I am the one...

[He gets quieter, dropping his decibel level dramatically.]

C: ...who goes bump...

[Down to a full-throated whisper now.]

C: ...in the night.

[Casanova winks at the camera, showing a healthy amount of eyeshadow on his right eye. He looks over to Mickey who nods.]

C: Are you sure?

[Mickey nods more. Casanova takes a deep breath before putting the beer can to his lips, tilting it back...

...and then suddenly, spins to the side, spewing beer all over Colt Patterson's face. He gags a few times, ducking out of view.]

MC: Sorry, baby... sorry.

[Mickey Cherry produces a pink handkerchief, dabbing beer off a fuming Colt Patterson's face as we fade back out to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from the Sunset Strip... weighing in at...

[Watson does a doubletake.]

PW: 210 pounds.

[The crowd jeers.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry...

CAAAAASAAAAANOOOOOVAAAAA!

[The sounds of a trilling harp comes over the PA system along with the dulcet tones of Mickey Cherry.]

"You spell rasslin', baby - C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A."

["Casanova" by Levert begins to play as the curtain parts. Mickey Cherry leads the way, holding a heart-shaped pink frosted mirror over his head, jabbering away at anyone and everyone in sight. After a moment, Casanova follows him through - much as we saw him moments ago during his interview with the addition of a pink feathered boa.]

GM: One of the most unique individuals in the entire AWA is heading towards the ring.

BW: Mickey ain't that bad.

GM: That's not who I was speaking about and I'm pretty sure you know that.

[Casanova is carrying the open can of Mooselips in his right hand, wincing as he waves a hand in front of his nose.]

GM: Apparently Casanova is less than fond of that particular beverage.

BW: No way. I heard that Casanova downs a sixer of those after every match.

GM: Is that right?

BW: Nah. No one can stomach Canadian beer.

[Mickey Cherry scrambles up on the apron, holding the mirror towards Casanova as he approaches. He primps his pink hair before climbing the ringsteps, doing a quick spin along the ropes before ducking into the ring. Cherry follows him in, badgering the ring announcer and referee as he does.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA to cheers from the Alabama crowd.]

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

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

GM: Caspian Abaran got slapped with a challenge earlier tonight by Kerry Kendrick but tonight, his focus is on the man inside that ring - the enigmatic Casanova!

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

GM: Casanova and Caspian Abaran collide here in what should be a very interesting match. Casanova has about... close to two hundred pounds on Abaran, I'd imagine.

BW: No way. Didn't you hear Watson? He announced Casanova as being 210 pounds. He's got a pound on Abaran - maybe a few ounces more if Abaran's been eating Hernandez' tacos.

GM: Would you stop?

[The referee gives final instructions to both men before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Casanova comes from the corner, slapping himself in the chest. He lunges in for a tieup but Abaran ducks down, throwing himself into a somersault, rolling up to his feet to cheers.]

GM: Abaran's definitely going to have a speed advantage over Casanova and we saw it right there.

[The near-400 pound Casanova glares angrily at Abaran, waving him into another tieup.]

GM: Casanova's looking to lock up again...

[But as he does, Abaran cartwheels to the side to avoid it, landing on his feet with a grin.]

GM: Abaran avoids it again! Somersaults, cartwheels... he's got it all.

[Casanova kicks the ropes, pointing at Abaran, shouting at the referee.]

GM: Casanova doesn't seem too happy about this.

BW: Can you blame him? Abaran's family owned an orange grove from what I understand but it shoulda been lemons 'cause he's as yellow as they come, Gordo!

GM: Seems like a pretty good strategy so far.

[The referee waves for them to come together into another tieup. Abaran edges out and seems about to move when Casanova lunges forward, burying a boot into the midsection.]

GM: The big man goes low on him...

[With a bellow, he swings both arms down in a double forearm smash across the shoulders, knocking Abaran down to his knees. He angrily pulls Abaran up by the hair, dragging him towards the corner, throwing him back into the buckles.]

GM: Casanova puts him in... ohh! Hard back elbow to the jaw! And another one!

[He grabs Abaran by the arm, whipping him across the ring but the luchador runs up the ropes, backflipping out over a charging Casanova who runs chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Abaran avoided that one!

[The Mexico native leaps up, landing on the shoulders of Casanova who staggers out of the corner...

...and Abaran spins around, twisting into a rana!]

GM: Nice headscissors takedown out of Caspian Abaran, sending Casanova rolling out to the floor...

[Abaran grabs the top rope, ready to slingshot over the top...

...but Casanova steps back, causing Abaran to slam down hard on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED THAT ONE! Abaran goes for it all and comes up empty!

[With Mickey Cherry running his mouth at Abaran, Casanova leans down to pull him up. He scoops the luchador up, holding him across his body, rushing towards the ringpost...

...and SLAMMING the middle of Abaran's back into the steel!]

GM: OHH!

[Casanova dumps Abaran down on the mat, pausing to look out at the jeering fans. He smirks, dipping down into a half bow as Cherry yells, "You got him, baby! You got him!"]

GM: Mickey Cherry has gotta be one of the most aggravating people I've ever encountered in this business.

BW: You're just lucky you didn't know him when he used to carry a megaphone to the ring. Now THAT was annoying.

[Casanova pulls Abaran off the ringside mats, holding him by the hair. He angrily slaps him across the face a few times before whipping him towards the ring...

...but Abaran leaps up, using the bottom rope to swing his legs under the ropes, landing back on his feet on the floor!]

GM: Whoa!

[Casanova charges him but Abaran drops down, using a drop toehold to take Casanova facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Nice counter by Abaran!

[He grabs Casanova, rolling him back under the ropes. The luchador climbs up on the ring apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands. He catapults over the top, landing on Casanova with a big splash!]

GM: Abaran stuffs him with the slingshot splash! ONE! TWO!

[But Casanova lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin. Caspian Abaran climbs up off the mat, giving a swing of his arm over his head to rile up the fans. He drags Casanova up to his feet, using the arm to whip Casanova into the buckles.]

GM: Abaran back to the corner... here he comes!

[He leaps up, throwing a spinning leg lariat but Casanova ducks down, causing Abaran to sail over him... and over the top...

...but he lands safely on the apron, avoiding the hard fall!]

GM: Oh! Nice move by Abaran!

[He slingshots forward, throwing a stiff forearm to the jaw of Casanova before scrambling up the ropes, stepping to the top turnbuckle...

...where Casanova throws his four hundred pound frame into the top rope, causing Abaran to crotch himself up top!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Big time counter by Casanova puts Abaran in a bad way!

[Reaching up, Casanova pulls Abaran down a bit before blasting him with a right hand... and a second. He grabs a second handful of hair...

...and then SWINGS Abaran facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! That might do it, Bucky!

[Casanova rolls him to his back, applying a cover.]

GM: One! Two! But Abaran gets a shoulder up!

[Casanova grabs a handful of hair, peppering Abaran with short right hands before dragging him up to his feet. He takes a big swinging haymaker, sending Abaran crashing back into the turnbuckles. He pauses, lifting his hands to the back of his head, swiveling his hips around towards Abaran...]

GM: Such disrespect on the part of Casanova...

[With his arms on the top turnbuckle, Abaran leans back, swinging his legs up and catching Casanova on the chin with a boot!]

GM: Nice counter by Abaran!

[The luchador hops up on the middle rope, leaping off with a dropkick to the chin, taking Casanova down with a big “THUD!”]



GM: Abaran takes him down again... and dives into a cover!

[The referee counts two before Casanova kicks out, rolling Abaran off him. Abaran rolls to his feet, catching a rising Casanova with a right kick to the chest... then a left... then a right... and then a rolling sole butt to the jaw, knocking him right back down.]

GM: Look out!

[Abaran rushes to the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back with a moonsault...]

BW: QUEBRADA!

[...and crashes down across the chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Casanova rolls him off again, avoiding the pin.]

GM: Out in time... and Casanova is in some serious trouble.

[Mickey Cherry hops up on the apron, shouting at Abaran who gets to his feet, rushing at Cherry who drops back down...

...and Casanova drills him with a forearm to the lower back from the blind side. He yanks Abaran back, tugging him into an abdominal stretch!]

GM: Submission hold applied by Casanova!

[But Casanova's body is too... lumpy... to properly apply the hold, allowing Abaran to flip him out of it!]

GM: Countered by Abaran!

[Casanova rolls under the ropes to the apron as Abaran charges the adjacent ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back...

...and catches a rising Casanova flush on the chin with a dropkick, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Abaran sends him down again!

[Abaran grabs the top rope, giving a shout to the Alabama fans as Mickey Cherry tries to get Casanova off the floor.]

GM: Look out below!

[The luchador leaps up into the air, clearing the top rope...

...but Cherry shoves Casanova out of the way!]

GM: Haha!

[Abaran shakes his head, having landed safely on the ring apron. He waggles a finger at a surprised Cherry...

...and then DRILLS him in the chest with a back kick, sending Cherry down to the mat!]

GM: DOWN GOES MICKEY CHERRY!

BW: There's no call for that, Gordo! No call for that at all!

[A fired-up Casanova climbs to his feet, making a lunge for Abaran's feet...

...but Abaran leans back, flipping over the ropes to land inside the ring as Casanova whiffs on his grab of the legs. Abaran leaps up, swinging his legs through the ropes to catch Casanova with two feet to the face!]

GM: OHHH!

[Abaran pops back up, dashing to the far ropes, racing across the ring, throwing himself between the top and middle ropes, flipping forward...]

BW: TOOOOOPE CON HILOOOOO!

[The luchador gives a big shout as he pulls Casanova off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Abaran puts him in... and he's going up top! He's looking to finish him off!

[But Abaran waits... and waits... and waits as Casanova struggles to regain his feet, desperately trying to shake the cobwebs...]

GM: He leaps!

[He scissors his legs around the head of Casanova, rolling through into a rana that takes him down again. The luchador quickly gets up, stepping over the arm, wrapping it around his leg as he flips Casanova over onto his plump belly. He reaches down to grab the leg...

...and leans back in the half crab with it!]

GM: THRONE OF THE SUN! Abaran's locked it in!

BW: This is a punishing hold that works the arm, the leg, the ribs and...

[In no time flat, Casanova has given up.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! Abaran gets him!

[Abaran instantly releases the submission hold as his music starts to play to cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Here is your winner by submission... CAAAAASPIAAAAAN ABAAAAARAN!

[Abaran allows the official to raise his arm in victory. He climbs to the midbuckle, saluting the cheering fans for a few moments before leaping over the ropes, all the way down to the floor.]

GM: Caspian Abaran with a win... and it looks like he's got something to say.

[Gordon rises from his seat, taking a house mic over to where Abaran is now standing.]

GM: Big win here for Caspian Abaran here tonight!

[The crowd cheers as Abaran modestly waves to them.]

CA: Thank you, amigo. Thank you to all of my wonderful fans out there as well! And to my friends back home in Montemorelos... gracias por todo su amor y apoyo continuos!

[Gordon nods and continues.]

GM: I know you were focused on your match tonight with Casanova but at least part of you had to be thinking about the challenge that we had earlier.

[Abaran nods.]

CA: Kerry Kendrick is a poor excuse for a competitor. He is talented... he is skilled... but he has no respect for those talents and skills. He has no respect for his opponents' talents and skills. You heard what he had to say about the great sport of lucha libre in recent weeks!

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Very disrespectful.

CA: Extremely so. That's why it'll be my honor to step in there in two weeks against him and defend all of lucha libre! Gordon, when I began my path in this sport, I assumed I would be a warrior of lucha libre my entire career. When I first put on my mask, I knew that my destiny was set in Mexico.

But that destiny was shattered by El Danado!

[The knowledgeable lucha fans in the crowd - not many in other words - jeer the name.]

CA: El Danado broke my heart... he broke my spirit... and he sent me fleeing from my own country to try and regain my true self.

Kerry Kendrick... you are no better. You try to belittle other. You try to break their spirit.

But in two weeks, the spirit of my true self will empower me... it will drive me to new heights... and I will emerge victorious!

[Abaran gives a whoop to the cheering fans as he strides out of view, leaving Gordon behind.]

GM: I'd say that means Caspian Abaran has accepted the challenge of Kerry Kendrick for two weeks from tonight, fans! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from the Texas Heartthrob, Travis Lynch, so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

[We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could \_really\_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Carl Riddens?]

Kids: \*gasp\*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Bobby O'Connor is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rob Driscoll with a flying bodypress, Brad Jacobs is hiptossing Frankie Farelli across your family room, and Strictly Business and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Demetrius Lake has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the

back of Supernova, while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P. Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then King ONI wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Four AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Air Strike does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Air Strike and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Sultan Azam Sharif tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Sharif and Wright action figures.]

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

[Jack Lynch and Cain Jackson double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Jericho Kai. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Derrick Williams, Manny Imbrogno, Willie Hammer, and Casanova. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black.

As we fade back up, we find ourselves at the interview stage where Mark Stegglet is standing, microphone in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce everyone to my guest at this time, the one and only, the Texas Heartthrob...

[The camera pans to Stegglet's right where Travis Lynch stands. Travis, as always, is attired in his super smedium "Born in Texas, Raised a Lynch" T shirt, blue jeans and his black cherry ostrich cowboy boots.]

MS: ...Travis Lynch!

[A number of loud "I LOVE YOU TRAVIS" screams are heard from the ladies in attendance. The microphone picks up Travis saying "I love you too."]

MS: Travis, as always it's a pleasure...

[The lovely ladies in the Garrett Coliseum scream in unison, as the youngest of the wrestling Lynch brothers, flashes his pearly whites to the camera, clapping Mark Stegglet across the back as he does.]

TL: Any time I can be out here in front of these great AWA fans, it always is a pleasure!

MS: Now the last time I interviewed you face to face, you were just moments away from stepping into the ring with "Diamond" Rob Driscoll...

[Travis lowers his head in disappointment as Stegglet continues to speak.]

MS: Who went on to become the AWA National Champion that night. I know that night has been weighing on you and we all saw your frustrations reach their boiling point at The Duel On The Diamond.

[Travis smirks for a split second before cutting Stegglet off.]

TL: Not just frustration over that night but a full year's worth of frustration! In Atlanta, in that single moment... it all exploded from me, Mark. One Discus Punch connected with Driscoll's jaw and he felt every single time I was screwed over by a blonde airhead! He felt each time Sunshine tossed a beast or a savage at me. He felt each time Kingsley slammed my face into the concrete in the Crockett Coliseum.

[Travis pauses, running his right hand through his curly dirty blonde hair as he does.]

TL: But most important of all, he felt as Sunshine's purse struck my head at the Anniversary show...

MS: I need to correct you, Travis. It was the purse of Sandra Hayes that was driven into your head.

[Travis chuckles.]

TL: Sorry Mark, you're right. But one is a manipulative, conniving, vicious, vindictive woman and the other is... well, you can see how it's easy to mix them up.

[Travis smirks at the camera for a second before getting back to business.]

TL: Most importantly though, Rob Driscoll felt my anger! Driscoll, just as I told you in the center of Turner Field, that AWA National Title should be mine!

[The fans cheer in agreement.]

TL: And I issued a challenge to you for the AWA National Title, a challenge you ducked. Well, Driscoll, I deserve a rematch for that belt! So here in Montgomery, why don't you step out from behind that miniskirt and man up!

MS: Travis, do you really think that Rob Driscoll is likely to-

[The curtain flies open and Rob Driscoll strides out, dressed in black slacks, a dark blue dress shirt, with a gaudy Rolex on his right hand and the AWA National Title over his left shoulder. Miss Sandra Hayes follows him out in a smart skirt suit, and hands Driscoll a microphone.]

RD: Am I likely to what? Likely to come out here and show you all what you can't have? I am ALWAYS ready, willing and able to show you, Travis Lynch, over here what a real man looks like. And Travis, my boy, if you ever got a chance to step behind that skirt, we would need a crane, a warrant and an all points bulletin to get you back out.

[Sandra Hayes beams as Stegglet shakes his head.]

RD: And if it's a shot at my National Title that you're after, you're going about it the wrong way. You ruin my moment in Atlanta, and you come out here running your mouth like you earned something? Son, no wonder you're the King of the Dairy Queen waitresses. If you were any less smooth, the city would have to repave your tongue at night. You haven't EARNED a title shot, and you certainly haven't made any friends within the Power Couple, so it isn't likely we're about to give you anything.

But Landon O'Neill, he's a savvy businessman. He knows that Rob Driscoll is all about the bottom line, he knows that Sandra Hayes can keep a book like none other. So ol' Landy gave the Crown Jewel a call, and he asked us for a favor. He said he'll owe us one, if we can do him a solid.

Turns out Mr. O'Neill is sick of hearing from you, too. So he asked us, very nicely, like maybe you should have, to give Travis Lynch a shot. We could pick ANY opponent in all the world, and put 'em in front of you tonight.

And if you get the win, we'll be seeing you over Memorial Day weekend. What do you have to say about that?

[The crowd roars in approval and before Travis could answer, Driscoll speaks.]

RD: Not even you are stupid enough to turn that down. But Miss Sandra, why don't you tell our contestant what he's won.

[Hayes steps up, shooting daggers at Lynch, and accepts the microphone.]

MSH: Everybody saw in Atlanta just how connected Miss Sandra Hayes is. You can spin the globe and pick a spot, and the odds are I know someone important there. Tiger Paw Pro has ME to thank for their connections into the US. I was the contact for SWLL too... so you're welcome for the Copa de Trios that you'll all get to see later this summer.

But sometimes the best contacts are the ones right down the corridor. Unlike you, we never wanted to be legends of the beer halls and VFWs in Texas. Rodeos are where white trash yokels go, not where a world class athlete like Rob Driscoll plies his trade. But that's not your fault, Travis, you can't help that you were born into ignorance and low expectations. That's your mother and father's fault.

So consider this connection a gift. If you are able to win this match and actually EARN yourself a National Title shot, it'll be the first achievement that a Lynch ever actually earned. And we both know the significance of this moment.

[Hayes turns to Driscoll, who nods in agreement.]

MSH: So I outsourced the operation. I called a Doctor...

[Just then, a familiar dark laugh can be heard over the P.A.]

GM: Oh no...

BW: Oh yeah!

[Out walks "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. He is dressed in his customary white suit, only a blood red necktie giving any color to his ensemble. He smiles coldly at the now booing crowd, nodding.]



"D"HF: I agree completely. It is disgusting how some are allowed to do whatever they wish in this sport. Break every rule with nothing but contempt. Stab others in the back purely for the advancement of their own careers.

[The crowd quiets down a bit, confused at Fawcett taking their side against Hayes and Driscoll.]

"D"HF: Yet, here we are. Year after year, that most repulsive unit is allowed to tear this sport apart brick by brick.

[Fawcett smirks with an evil glint in his eyes.]

"D"HF: The Lynch Family.

[The boos return, louder than before at that.]

"D"HF: Of course, in calling them a family, I am being perhaps too kind. A callous thief and his soulless bride. Their rotten children walking around with such ego as to think that the world owes them a living. We have all seen it week in and week out. But the worst of them all?

[Fawcett points an accusing finger towards Travis.]

"D"HF: Is this whelp. Fooling the innocent minds and hearts of all of you, my good friends. Fooled into thinking he has ever earned anything. Fooled into thinking he cares for all of you. Fooled into thinking he cares for anyone at all.

[Travis scowls at Fawcett, barely holding himself back.]

"D"HF: You have been helped, child. Helped by those that should have wiped out your entire reprehensible clan... who let their own WISDOM be sideswiped by their own greed.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: But those days are gone. I am here to aid a hand to this charming young woman not for my own gain, professionally or monetarily. Everyone here has seen my home, it is more than clear that I am in not in need of money. The respective charges we hold in employ are more than proof that we are performing at the highest level imaginable as far as our careers are concerned. No, I am here for once reason.

To do what is right. To help ensure that a true champion need not dirty his hands on someone as low as you.

[Fawcett nods, starting to put his hand into his left jacket pocket.]

"D"HF: But most importantly... because you have yet to pay for your past sins. You shall pay, but it is not my direct responsibility. Sometimes, you have to let them take care of their own business. Sometimes...

[Fawcett flashes a cruel grin as he takes the leash that's usually seen strapped to the neck of The Lost Boy from his pocket.]

"D"HF: ... you have to let them off the leash.

[Fawcett holds the leash up in the air for a moment, letting Travis get a good look at it and what it means, then turns on his heel and walks away. Driscoll shouts, "You know what that means!" off-mic, and speaks into the microphone.]

RD: There it is, Travis. You wanted it, you got it. You jump through one hoop, you prove you're something more than the Hero of the Discount Rack, and it's on at Memorial Day Mayhem. But if you don't, if that savage monster beats you until they're searching for dental records, I don't wanna hear from you again. We-

[Driscoll points to himself and MSH.]

RD: We don't wanna hear from you anymore. Because your brush with greatness WILL be over.

[Hayes pops in.]

MSH: And the pleasure will be all yours. You're welcome.

[The Power Couple go to walk back, cackling contentedly to themselves, when Lynch takes the microphone.]

TL: You're on! I have waited long enough to get my hands on a piece of gold around here. Every monster put in my way, every jealous two bit harpy who wanted revenge, every obstacle put in front of me, I plowed through 'em all. You don't know what it's like to be in THESE shoes, you have NO IDEA what it's like being your own man when the whole world wants you to be something different.

Another deranged freak? Another carnival misfit who only speaks in Cannibal? You must not know who I am, champ, because I've been taking care of the freak of week since your running buddy was scribbling "Mrs. Sandra Lynch" in her books at community college. I will MOP the FLOOR with him.

And when I get to you, Driscoll, the next time this hand meets that face, you're not just losing the title. You're losing a tooth, you're losing blood and you're losing consciousness. I will TAKE. YOU. OUT. And I will take that title.

Just try and stop me.

[A fired up Lynch spikes the mic and yells for Driscoll to "bring it on!" as the champion and his partner back away slowly, and the fans rally behind their boy as we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside where Dale Adams has joined them for commentary.]

GM: A tense situation between Travis Lynch and Rob Driscoll right there... and apparently, Travis Lynch will need to take on and defeat The Lost Boy later tonight in order to win another shot at that National Title that many believe should already be around his waist. Now, for a slight change of pace, the AWA front office received the following tape earlier in the week from our sister promotion in Japan, Tiger Paw Pro. The following match takes place between one of Tiger Paw Pro's young lions, Isamu Kobayashi and one of its more storied veterans, Takeshi Mifune. Joining us right now - and in the weeks to come here on The X as we spotlight many of the talented competitors we'll be seeing later this summer in Japan and Mexico - is international wrestling specialist, Dale Adams! Welcome to the show, Dale.

DA: Thank you so very much, Gordon. It's my honor and pleasure to be with you guys yet again and I look forward to making a habit of this in the weeks and months to come. But this match? This is a relatively new rivalry for Tiger Paw Pro, but it is quickly becoming a very heated one. Kobayashi is a recent graduate of the Tiger Paw Dojo, and almost immediately, he earned the ire of the "Shadow Wolf" Takeshi Mifune, who has long had a reputation as a man who despises the young lions of Tiger Paw Pro.

BW: And by the end of the match Gordo, you're going to know why Mifune is one of my favorite wrestlers!

GM: I know what you're referring to, and fans, you will too. This match took place earlier in the month at the Osaka Prefectural Gymnasium, formerly known as the Bodymaker Colosseum. Let's roll the tape!

[Cut to the interior of the Osaka Prefectural Gymnasium, and then a wide pan over the crowd, as fan young and old fill the arena, sitting, for the time, calmly. As the camera pulls back to take a wide shot of both the crowd and the ring, the opening strains of Kat-Tun's "Lock On" blare over the loudspeakers, and suddenly, all young girls are on their feet. The sounds of Tiger Paw Pro's diminutive and distinctive ring announcer can be heard as she calls out the name of the competitor, the volume and pitch of her voice rising steadily.]

"KOOOOOOOOOBBBAAAAYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH  
HHHHHHHHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

IIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMUUUUUUUUUUUUUU  
UUUUUUUUUUUU!!!”

DA: You're not hearing that wrong. As many of our fans know, in Asian countries, the family name is traditionally given before the personal name.

[The high pitched screams will no doubt lead many AWA viewers to think that Travis Lynch has just joined Air Strike and all three are making their way to the ring. But it's a different teen idol making his way to the ring, as the handsome, fresh faced Kobayashi sprints down the ring. Kobayashi is tall and lanky, standing about five feet ten inches, with a lean, muscular

frame his pretty boy image enhanced by the bright smile on his face. He wears white and blue trunks, cut very short to show off his muscular legs. His boots are the same white and blue, as is the elbow pad on his right elbow. His fingers and wrists are wrapped in white tape. His floppy, boy band hair has been dyed blond, with a bit of black at the tips. Kobayashi leaps from the floor to the wider ring apron, and then, grabbing hold of the top rope, catapults himself into the middle of the ring, to the ear splitting screams of the female fans.]

SUBTITLE: And his opponent. 1.78 meters in height, 102 kilograms in weight.

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"MMMMMMIIIIIIIIFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEE
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TAAAAAKKKKKESSSSSSHHHHHHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII  
IIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!!!”

[The curtain isn't merely jerked aside, its almost torn off, as Merging Moon's "Greyen" blares over the loudspeakers. And out from behind the curtain stomps one of Tiger Paw Pro's more colorful characters. His features currently obscured by a long, hooded robe made of black silk, chased with kanji characters in both red and gold, the boos from the fans are deafening.]

DA: He's been called the man with the world's worst personality, he's the man that every young boy in the Tiger Paw Dojo has nightmares about. He once said, if he could, he'd stretch God and then choke the Devil out. He is Takeshi Mifune, and he is no joke.

[After entering the ring, Mifune discards his robe, to reveal... Well, “unique” isn’t enough of a word to describe his appearance. Though he’s the same height as Kobayashi, Mifune has a thick, stocky build. He wears simple black trunks, and short black boots, with black tape on his wrists. His hair has been died a rainbow of colors, from platinum blond to purple to green to blue to red, and it has been styled upwards into a spiky topknot that defies the very laws of gravity. Mifune’s face is craggy and pockmarked, and shows deep lines and scars from his years at war.]

DA: Before coming to Tiger Paw Pro, Mifune made his name in Pankration BattleArts, a precursor to the GFC that our fans are familiar with. That's left him with a high level of disregard for pro-wrestlers who do not meet his standards for toughness. And the much flashier Kobayashi is a person whose lack of "credentials" if you will, has really stuck in Mifune's craw.

BW: Hey, anytime some vet wants to rub some pretty boy's face in the mat, I say that's a good time!

DA: Then I think you will enjoy yourself, Bucky. Though I should point out that Kobayashi, like most Tiger Paw Pro competitors, does have a background in the martial arts. In Kobayashi's case, he has a strong karate background. So, aside from his flashy aerial moves, you should see a solid, strike based game.

GM: And Mifune, if I remember correctly, has an attack centered around grappling, submission, and a few strikes of his own, correct?

DA: Yes, from Mifune, look for armbars, chokes, and of course, his legendary palm strikes. And if you're paying attention, those palm strikes and slaps are going to look very familiar.

GM: Both men are in their respective corners. Mifune hunched over, hands on his hips. Kobayashi has his hands up in front of his face and is bouncing on the balls of his feet, no doubt a stance learned during his karate days.

DA: You are correct, Gordon.

[Instead of multiple rings, there's a single "CLANG!" which signals the beginning of the match.]

GM: Both men slowly coming to the center of the ring, circling each other.

DA: Mifune is a wily veteran, and Kobayashi knows enough to know that the moment the Shadow Wolf gets his hands on him, he's going to have to fight for his life.

[Both men tentatively lock up, but quickly, Mifune breaks their lock up, and takes a step back. Frustrated, Kobayashi rushes forward, only to be sidestepped by Mifune. As Mifune turns, Kobayashi spins around, throwing a high kick which Mifune easily ducks. With Kobayashi off balance, Mifune rushes forward, his open hand thrown forward.]

"SSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

BW: HAHA!! I love it! Take that, you punk kid!

DA: There's Mifune's veteran experience coming into play, as he lets Kobayashi's high spirit get the best of him.

[With Kobayashi bent over, Mifune rushes forward, lifting his knee to drive it into Kobayashi's chin. The young lion staggers backwards, and Mifune rushes towards the opposite rope, hitting it and then charging forward, going for a lariat. But Kobayashi catches his breath enough to duck underneath, and when both men lift their heads, it's Kobayashi who is the first to strike, retaliating by giving Mifune a taste of his own medicine.]

"SSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

GM: And Kobayashi showing some of the "fire" we've heard referenced here in the AWA.

DA: That's right, Gordon. Kobayashi is showing the veteran that he won't be intimidated, and that he can give as well as he gets.

[Both men begin to circle each other again. Each man throws a low kick to the legs, as they begin to feel each other out. Tentatively, they lock up

again, but only for a moment, as Kobayashi throws a kick to Mifune's shoulder. Mifune backs away, and then when they lock up, once more there's a turnabout, as Mifune throws the same style kick.]

DA: This early in the match, neither man wants to commit too much. Instead, they're letting each other know that this won't be an easy night.

[Once more, the two lock up, this time with Kobayashi twisting Mifune's arm in a wristlock. Pushing his body closer, Mifune lifts his leg up, using it to push Kobayashi's arm down, and allowing him to reverse the hold into his own wristlock, which he cranks back on, as the camera zooms in to the pain-wracked face of Kobayashi.]

DA: As I said, it's a bad idea to try to grapple with Mifune. Kobayashi has let himself get baited into this, when he should be thinking about striking and flying.

BW: That's the problem with kids these days. They don't think!

GM: Bucky!

[From the top wristlock position, Kobayashi attempts a roll through, only for Mifune to hold on tight, and use the position to drive Kobayashi to the mat, where the hold is applied even more firmly. The wrist lock is then turned into a modified kimura, Mifune's knee planted on Kobayashi's chin as he cranks on the wrist and shoulder. As the girls scream encouragement, Kobayashi kicks his legs out, and tries to roll out of the hold, finally forcing Mifune back to his feet. Kobayashi has a sudden spurt of adrenaline, as he begins driving his palm into Mifune's exposed ribs, knocking him back, forcing him to break the hold.]

GM: And there again we see the heart of the young lion, as he manages to create some space between himself and the dangerous Mifune!

[Kobayashi sends Mifune to the ropes, and then drops down to the mat. Mifune, however, catches himself on the top rope, and stops his momentum. Instead, he comes forward, and lifts his foot, preparing to stomp Kobayashi's head into the mat, only for Kobayashi to roll away and come to his feet. Before Mifune can react, a standing dropkick to the face puts the veteran down on the mat. Kobayashi quickly drops down for a cover, but there is a one count kick out. Mifune is back on his feet, grinning maniacally at Kobayashi, before offering some mocking "applause."]

DA: Another thing that makes Mifune dangerous, the mind games he plays in the ring, as he seeks to break Kobayashi's will through mockery.

GM: And once again, both men are up and looking to lock up. I have to think that maybe Mifune's mind games are working.

BW: Well, why wouldn't they? From what I've seen, Tiger Paw Pro has their own dumb kid!

[After a lock up, Kobayashi executes a standing switch, waist locking Mifune from behind. He goes for a German suplex, only for Mifune to block it. Mifune grabs Kobayashi's wrist, and pulls his arm straight out. As the camera zooms in on the sadistic grin on Mifune's face, he begins to bully Kobayashi backwards, until Kobayashi is pressed into the corner. The referee counts, and at three, Mifune breaks the hold, only to spin around, and once more strike Kobayashi's face with an open palm.]

"SSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

[This time, Mifune ignores the referee completely, as he begins to maul Kobayashi in the corner. Using knee strikes as well as slaps to overwhelm the youngster. Finally, the referee forces himself between the two men, and forces Mifune to step back, as Kobayashi slumps lifelessly into the corner.]

BW: This is what I like to see. Mess up that pretty face some.

GM: You really are enjoying this, aren't you?

BW: The only thing that'd make me happier is if that were Travis Lynch in there.

[Mifune shoves the referee aside, and then charges at Kobayashi, driving his knee right into Kobayashi's nose. Again, the referee pushes Mifune back, only to be shoved aside. Mifune charges, only for Kobayashi to roll out of the ring. Unable to stop his momentum, Mifune crashes chest first into the corner.]

GM: Mifune went to the well one too many times.

DA: But can Kobayashi capitalize?

[On the outside, the cheers and clapping of the fans seems to energize Kobayashi, who comes roaring to his feet. Leaping onto the apron, he pulls himself onto the top rope, waiting for Mifune to stagger back, the veteran unwittingly positioning himself. Perched on the turnbuckle, Kobayashi leaps. Mifune appears to duck, only for Kobayashi to somehow reorient himself midflight, as he dives over the back of Mifune and rolls him over in a sunset flip.]

DA: This could be it!

GM: One... Two!

BW: Two count only!

[That it was, as Mifune drives his ankles into Kobayashi's temples, forcing a break up.]

GM: Both men are on their feet again. What a thrilling display of action we've seen so far.

[There's another lock up, and again, Kobayashi is driven into the corner, this time, back first. The referee is right there, demanding another break. This time, with another smile, Mifune opens his hands, and then pats them both on Kobayashi's chest.]

GM: Can it be? A clean break from Mifune?

BW: Not so fast, Gordo!

[No, there's no clean break, as the next thing Mifune does is once more slap the taste right out of Kobayashi's mouth.]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

GM: Mifune laughing, pointing at Kobayashi!

BW: Hey, dumb kids need to be told when they're being dumb, how else they gonna learn!

[But Kobayashi is smiling too, as he looks to the audience, and then...]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

DA: Kobayashi giving Mifune a taste of his own medicine.

[Mifune lifts his head, and the smile is completely gone, replaced by a glowering look of pure evil. Mifune draws his hand back.]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

BW: How do ya like that, kid?

[He can't hear Bucky, but Kobayashi answers with his own...]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

[The two men both square up, and then, over and over, one after the other, they begin exchanging strikes.]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

[And then, both men strike simultaneously, with one final...]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"



GM: Both men are down.

BW: Come on Mifune, get up!

[Mifune is the first one up, and takes hold of Kobayashi's wrist once more, dropping to his back with his legs across Kobayashi's chest, pulling back for an arm bar. Kobayashi, however, has enough presence of mind to grip his captured wrist with his free hand, preventing a full extension. Kicking at Kobayashi's face, Mifune seeks to break the young man's grip. But finally, Kobayashi rolls to the side, pinning Mifune's shoulders to the mat. He only gets a one count, but that's enough for force Mifune to break the hold.]

DA: Both men up again, Mifune reaching for the wrist.

GM: Reversal by Kobayashi, he's going for an Irish whip.

BW: No! Mifune reverses that, Kobayashi into the ropes.

DA: Kobayashi with a cross body! Cover!

BW: One count only!

[Back on his feet quickly, with Mifune still prone, Kobayashi executes a standing moonsault]

GM: What grace from Kobayashi! But he should be going for a cover here.

DA: I think that one count kick out has convinced Kobayashi that he's going to have to do a lot more to put the veteran away.

[Kobayashi sits Mifune up, and then races to the ropes, bounding off, driving a hard hitting kick to the center of Mifune's chest.]

DA: In Japan, that's called a penalty kick. AWA fans have seen the son of the Blackheart, Brian James, use that with devastating results.

[Kobayashi isn't done yet, as he sits Mifune up once more, this time racing behind Mifune, and then diving down, hitting a lariat to the back of the seated Mifune's neck.]

GM: Mifune is reeling now, and I think it's safe to say that momentum is on Kobayashi's side.

[Kobayashi drags Mifune towards the corner, and then races across the ring, coming back and leaping over Mifune and landing on the top turnbuckle. Fans are on their feet now, knowing what's coming.]

DA: Kobayashi going for his finisher, the Lunar Eclipse. A corkscrew 630 degree senton, and if he hits it, this is all over!

[Diving backwards, Kobayashi is veritable poetry in motion, as his body twists its way around, sailing gracefully through the air. There's only one thing wrong with the picture.]

BW: MIFUNE ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!!

[Kobayashi lands, not on his opponent, but splats face first on the mat. The light gone from his eyes, Kobayashi is prone and left to the mercies of Mifune, a man without any. But Mifune does not go for the immediate pin. Instead, he sends Kobayashi into the corner, his back striking hard. Building a head of steam, Mifune drives his foot into Kobayashi's face.]

BW: YAAAAAAKKKKUUUUUUZZZZZZAAAAAAA!!!

[Not finished yet, Mifune pulls Kobayashi to his feet, draping his arms over the top ropes. Turning his body to the side, Mifune squares up, lifts his hand, and delivers a series of blistering chops to the chest of Kobayashi.]

GM: Machine Gun Chops!

DA: And here's where I'll come out and say what we've alluded to previously. The last time Takeshi Mifune took such a strong dislike to a young rookie competitor, it was the AWA's own Ryan Martinez, in the days when Martinez was just working his way up the ranks. If you ever wondered where it was that the AWA's World Champion learned some of his signature maneuvers, well..

BW: It was because he spent a year having Mifune hit him with them!

DA: ...yes, that is correct Bucky. It should also be noted that Ryan Martinez has never been able to pin Takeshi Mifune. Something that Mifune has alluded to in recent interviews, as he offers nothing but disrespect to the AWA superstar.

BW: Can you blame him? That punk Martinez stole all of his moves!

GM: That's hardly accurate, Bucky!

BW: You know what is accurate? If you ever wondered how Martinez' shoulder got so bad in the first place, well, just remember that he spent a year getting killed by that man in the ring right there.

[Finally, Mifune backs away, and Kobayashi staggers to the center of the ring. Mifune comes at him, but his momentum is stopped by an elbow from Kobayashi.]

GM: This young lion isn't done yet! There's still fight left in him.

[Kobayashi begins hitting Mifune with a series of elbows. But with each successive strike, there's less force behind them. The hard chinned Mifune seems content to take them, mockingly laughing at Kobayashi.]

BW: He's just letting the kid wear himself out.

[Finally, Mifune delivers an up and down chop to Kobayashi's chest, knocking him back. Bouncing on his feet, Mifune unleashes another blistering series of slaps, this time alternating between his right and left hands, cackling maniacally with each strike.]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

[Finally, Mifune pulls his right hand back, curls his fingers inward, forming a fist, and...]

"OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

DA: Straight right punch, and Kobayashi is out!

[Mifune doesn't go for the cover immediately, but instead, lifts Kobayashi up, and grabs a front facelock. Then Kobayashi is hoisted up, and held there. Mifune waits, and waits, and waits, the blood rushing into Kobayashi's skull, until finally, with devastating finality, Kobayashi is brought to the mat.]

BW: BRAINBUSTER!!!

DA: One final insult, one final message!

[Mifune floats over for the pin, and the three count is academic from there. Boos rain down on Mifune, who stands triumphantly over the fallen Kobayashi before gesturing to the ring attendant, demanding a microphone.]

BW: Now the great man is going to speak!

DA: Mifune is well known for his post-match speeches.

TM: [SUBTITLED]

Everybody look at the screen!

[As Mifune points to the screen, a video plays. This time of Mifune abusing a skinny young American wrestler in black trunks and boots. As the camera zooms in closer, we can see that the man he's beating on is a much younger Ryan Martinez. Martinez sports a floppy, Sam Winchester style haircut, and looks to be about nineteen years of age. A far cry from the World Champion AWA fans are used to, the young Martinez seems helpless in the ring, a victim of Mifune's hard hitting punishment.]

TM: That's what I do to your World Champion, AWA!

If any of you come to Japan, you'll get the same!

I challenge any gaijin at Rising Sun Showdown! Come to my ring, and see what I do to you!

And you, Ryan-kun. You come and I destroy you again! How's your shoulder? Come to Japan, and I'll break it for you again!

Stay home gaijin, or you'll get this!

[Mifune points to the downed Kobayashi, before the camera pans up to the laughing Mifune.]

GM: A challenge made. And I am certain that someone from the AWA will be happy to answer that call. And once again, I'd like to thank you, Mr. Adams, for sitting with us.

DA: The pleasure was all mine, Gordon.

[Suddenly, we cut away from the pre-taped footage to what would appear to be some kind of Control Center. The camera is clearly hand-held, shaky, obviously not being handled by a professional. We see a mixing desk console, a number of monitors displaying feeds from the various cameras covering the show. We're inside the hub of SNW, the production truck.]

GM: What the...?

[We hear a low soft cackle as the camera operator moves around, barely even pausing on the two men unconscious on the floor of the truck, one with blood oozing from a head wound. The camera is placed on a solid surface, facing the empty leather chair in front of the console. There is some shuffling around, and then a figure moves into position. Clad entirely in black, with loose, lank, rat-tailed hair hanging over his face.

We're looking at the face of Evil.

The King of the Death Match.

Caleb Temple.]

CT: Relax, Landon. I'm not inside the building.

But I WILL be heard.

[He chuckles softly.]

CT: And I will NOT be stopped. Not by you or your underlings, at least.

I'll stop, when one of two things has happened.

Either the AWA lies in ruins at my feet.

...Or I'm dead.

[He sweeps his hair back, away from his eyes. The full extent of the ravages of time and addiction plain for all to see.]

CT: You see, it's not about the gold. It's not even entirely about extracting vengeance on the Martinez line. Not entirely about that. That's just an incidental perk.

It's bigger than that.

Let me paint you a picture. A man devotes his life to building a legacy, a portrait painted in blood. His own, and the blood of his enemies. He goes beyond what is considered... the Extreme. And through no fault of his own, the house he's built, the Box that he called home, collapses around him.

Literally collapses around him.

And then, for the first time, Management feels true fear. Their house of cards beginning to tremble in the wind, they circle the wagons, and the man is left alone.

Todd Michaelson knows EXACTLY what I'm talking about. As does Chris Blue. When the Killing Box came down, and the lawsuits began to come in, they closed the doors on me. They left me with addiction, bankruptcy, a broken marriage, and the loss of the only thing I have ever treasured in this miserable life.

My Truth.

[He pauses for a moment, the loss evident in his dark eyes.]

CT: So. I have come...

...to restore the years that the locusts have eaten.

[He smiles.]

CT: I recall a summer night in Anaheim, many years ago. In better days.

There was a young boy, a cripple, wheelchair bound, at ringside. When "Extreme" still sold, everything was fair game in the name of profit.

I tipped that young boy to the floor, and used his chair to smash a man's head. Blood for the Blood God.

And Management said, "Good job, Caleb. Take this for the pain, and we'll see you tomorrow night."

And then the Box came down. Broken. Ruined.

And I wasn't far behind it.

[The smile disappears again.]

CT: Landon, you're just a puppet, dancing merrily on the strings held by your masters. But they no longer call your tune.

This is my show now.

The entire AWA is MY Killing Box.

And until it's burning to the ground at my feet... I will not be stopped.

[He reaches across to the console, his hand hovering over a switch.]

CT: Trust me.

[And he cuts us 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...]

Cut to backstage, where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand. Stegglet is flanked by the team known as the TexMo Connection, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, and the King of Cowboys himself, Jack Lynch. O'Connor is wearing a white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt with the basic "BOC" logo across the chest along with a pair of blue jeans, while Lynch is dressed, as always, in black from head to toe. Notably absent, however, is Lynch's trademark black cowboy hat, which remains in the possession of Cain Jackson. However, the tall and lanky Lynch does hold in his hand a length of steel chain, some of which is looped around his right fist.]

MS: Gentleman, let me first say what an honor it is to see you two back together. It's been too long since we've seen TexMo standing as a unit. This is something fans haven't seen since late last year.

BOC: It's been FAR too long, Mister Stegglet. If I had my way, we would've left all the personal battles me and Jack have had to go through with Lake and Shane behind us and just concentrate on this sport. I would have thrown us completely into the tag team ranks, giving it our all in that ring week in and week out until we moved up the ranks to where we earned a shot at those coveted championship belts. Unfortunately, it didn't end up that way. Instead, we find ourselves in the middle of another personal vendetta.

[O'Connor pauses, a much more intense look on his face now.]

BOC: And when I talk about trying to make my tag partner look like a fool by taking his personal property... when I talk about not only trying to take the two of us, but our close friends out of this sport permanently?

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: It doesn't get any more personal.

MS: Before we talk about anything else, we need to talk, Mr. O'Connor, about your health. We've seen you take some tremendous beatings lately. From Caleb Temple to Supreme Wright.

BOC: I could stand here and tell some tall tales about how I've never felt better. I could scoff at everything I went through with those two as if it was no big deal. But I was raised to tell the truth, regardless of my own ego. I was not only in that ring but nearly all over the great state of Texas with the devil himself. Charlie Daniels had a bit to say about what happened when he came to Georgia... but all I know is when the devil came to Texas he gave me the fight of my life.

As far as Supreme Wright, I won't lie. He isn't my favorite person in the world. What he's done to my friends, I can never forgive. I will also never stop fighting him when all he's interested in is hurting other to make our world champ pay for being the better man on that one fateful night. But that's just it... Ryan was the better man THAT NIGHT. That doesn't mean Supreme Wright isn't a dangerous, dangerous man. It doesn't mean that in the ring he resembles a machine than a human being. He gave me a heck of a fight to the exact level that Temple did. Except that he doesn't need steel chairs and barbed wire and fireballs... his weapon is his mind, his skills. Just like Temple, I barely got out unscathed.

So yes, I am still hurting. I have to stretch more than ever before, I have to train more carefully than ever before. I am nowhere near one hundred percent. But for as much as that maniac beat the daylights out of me and as much as that wrestling machine made me experience pain like I never knew was possible...



[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: I'm still here. I'm still standing and I'm still fighting. At the end of that brutal battle, Temple was down and out just as much as I was. After all the damage Wright inflicted, he STILL needed Cain to run in and save him from hearing that referee make that three count. They can do whatever they want to me. They can break my body but they will NOT beat my spirit.

MS: Looking ahead for a moment, you two will have your work cut out for you in a few weeks' time, as you two step into the Cajundome to face the team of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson. Mr. Lynch, tell me what's on your mind right now.

JL: Ain't no sense in tryin' to hide the truth, Mark. Everyone knows what they've seen. Everyone knows they say Cain Jackson leave a footprint on my face, and everyone saw Supreme Wright damn near tear my arm off.

But ya know what everyone else saw, Mark?

They saw this...

[Jack hoists the chain, shaking his fist.]

JL: Bring big old Cain Jackson down to size. And they saw Supreme Wright run like he had the devil nippin' at his heels when he realized that the King of Cowboys was headin' towards him.

So it's understood that while me and Bobby got our tails kicked a couple of times, that ain't nothin' to us. People understand that what gets dealt to us gets handed back tenfold. I'll tell ya what's on my mind, Mark. Winnin' this war is what's on my mind.

Drivin' my knee into Cain Jackson's face is on my mind.

Slappin' the Iron Claw on Supreme Wright is on my mind.

And now that I think about it, well, I come to realize that the best way to get Mr. Wright ready to be claws is to watch my good friend, Bobby O'Connor hit him with a couple dozen elbows, until the skin right between his eyes splits open and that red runs all the way down his face.

So what do ya say Bobby?

BOC: You know the answer to that before I even say it, Jack. We've been through the wars, we already have the scars to prove it. They started this fight, but we will finish it.

MS: But before you square off with Jackson and Supreme, you two have challenged the team of Matt Lance and Alex Martin. A team that's taken to calling themselves the Elite Express.

BOC: My parents raised me to know that if you don't have anything nice to say, then don't say anything at all. That's the difference. I respected the lessons that were laid out to me by my family. I respected their wisdom and their experience. These two don't, they never have and never will.

[O'Connor raises his arm, bending it at the elbow in the same way he does when he hits his Fear The Reaper lariat.]

BOC: So maybe they'll respect THIS.

[As Stegglet turns to Lynch, the Iron Cowboy shakes his head, a bemused look on his face.]

JL: I'm sorry Mark, we gotta go back a minute, what'd you say them two were called?

MS: The Elite Express.

JL: You said that twice now with a straight face. I give ya credit for that Mark.

Lance and Martin... there's a lotta things I could say about you two. There's a lotta things people might think they know about you two. But I ain't gonna touch that, except to say this. Elite Express, Martin and Lance, the two men who brought you into this earth don't know nothin' but shame, seein' what you two have gotten up to.

MS: Well... thank you. But it does need to be asked. You two did lay out the challenge to Lance and Martin tonight. Even though it was Wright and Jackson that you two ran off earlier. Some might wonder why you chose to challenge these two men?

JL: Well Mark, it comes down to this – sometimes, ya gotta do what ya have to do in order to do what you wanna do.

Elite Express, tonight, I don't see this as personal. I don't see this as about who you two are. Tonight, I'm lookin' at this in a bigger context. Because in the bigger picture, takin' you two out is the first part the job that Bobby and I have set for ourselves.

And that job is puttin' an end to Team Supreme.

When a man does a job, whether it's layin' bricks or assemblin' a car, or anything else a man sets out to do, there's always some part of the job that's dirty and nasty, and the part that you don't really want to do. But when it comes to that part, ya strap on your boots, roll up your sleeves, and ya get to it.

That's what we're doin' tonight.

You're obstacles that need to be removed. You're the trash that needs to be swept away. And that's what we're doin' tonight. Clearin' the field, so the path to Wright and Jackson is open.

MS: An understandable sentiment. But certainly, you're aware that Martin and Lance aren't the only other two members of Team Supreme. Even if you eliminate them, there's many more men in tracksuits between you and your goal.

JL: That's right.

And it's true. Wright's got more men than Bobby and I. But Bobby and I? We got ourselves a good man. And sometimes, one good man is all you need.

MS: Do you mean to say...

JL: I mean to say this.

Bobby, why don't you tell Mark here and all the people listenin' about the phone call you made two weeks ago?

[O'Connor smirks.]

BOC: We've all seen that these men are willing to do. Despite not wanting to be a soldier, we saw them force Michael Weaver into being one. He gave them every chance to leave it in the ring, to pit skill versus skill. But no, Supreme Wright needs his revenge. It isn't about being a great athlete anymore, it's about making the world pay for his inability to keep that championship belt strapped to his waist. Michael is on the comeback trail, but I refuse to let his career get derailed anymore than it already has been by this. So I made a call... but really I just returned a phone call. Because someone reached out to me from my own past. Someone who saw what was happening and just couldn't stand it anymore.

So I told him we could use the help. We could use someone running interference so we can put a stop to Team Supreme once and for all. Because sometimes to put an end to one story...

[O'Connor grins and nods.]

BOC: ...you have to go back to the beginning.

[O'Connor takes a step back and looks to the right, off-camera. Just then, in walks a man we haven't seen in quite some time. Dressed in a black t-shirt with an AWA logo across the chest and a pair of black slacks is the former tag team partner of Bobby O'Connor, "Flawless" Larry Wallace.]

MS: Wow, this is quite a surprise! Larry Wallace, welcome back to the AWA!

[Wallace nods.]

LW: Thanks Mark, but right now's not the time to take a trip down memory lane and slap each on the back about how great it is for me to be back.

Right now's the time to take care of some long overdue business.

[Lynch and O'Connor nod in agreement, each man slapping a hand on Wallace's left and right shoulder.]

LW: The challenge has been thrown down, and my old tag partner is going to get EXACTLY everything he's been working for tonight. I'm going to see to it personally. And if any of those guys steps out of line?

[Wallace smirks.]

LW: Then you're going to see the best dropkick IN THE WORLD.

[With that, Wallace double high fives O'Connor and Lynch as all three men make their exit as we cut to the interior of the Garrett Coliseum where the punk rock anthem, "Anarchy In The UK" by the Sex Pistols, plays over the PA.

Immediately, Ripper Brooks and Chaingun Harrow stride out from behind the curtain. The Brixton Bruisers each wear a loose red shirt with various silver/dark green/dark yellow/black/navy designs spraypainted and airbrushed in (skulls, motorcycles, flames, words, etc) over a black long-legged singlet, leather-and-chrome boots, and black elbow pads. Their fists are heavily taped. To the ring, they wear black leather longcoats with "BRIXTON BRUISERS" stenciled on it with red spray paint, and visor-like sunglasses which are tinted red.

The Bruisers take their sweet time walking to the ring, but they run their mouths at full speed the whole way. Pointing at the ring, waving on the fans, the dangerous duo look happy to be there... with nasty grins and intense glares indicating that their intentions are not benevolent. The crowd cheers the two burly brawlers.]

PW: From London, England... at a total combined weight of five hundred-fifty-three pounds...

...RIPPER BROOKS and CHAINGUN HARROW!

...THE BRIXTON BRUISERS!

[As their names are called, Brooks and Harrow raises their fists up to the sky. They both have bulky, unathletic builds, with Harrow being a bit larger. Brooks sports an improbably blue feathery mohawk, jagged blue eyebrows and a chrome tooth. Harrow is no normal-looking fellow himself with a dark orange spiked hairstyle, thick dark orange eyebrows, and a missing front tooth. Their facial expressions are crazed and their mouths are turned into smirks. The duo proceeds to walk down the aisle at their own pace, steps through the ropes, and continue to yammer on about goodness knows what.]

PW: And their opponents ...

[The lights go out. The crowd rumbles uncomfortably, knowing what comes next.]

#Blood on the leaves#

[After a few moments, the lights come back on and the Walking Dead are in the centre of the ring. The odd Unique Allah and the monstrous Henri LeMarques have their faces covered in Egyptian jackal head masks. But they are recognizable; Allah by his shabby wifebeater and dirty jorts and LeMarques by his massive size and his dun linen rags. They shamble aimlessly until they are restrained by the disfigured Poet. She lifts her chalice, her scarred face split into a grotesque grin.]

GM: What an unsettling spectacle.

BW: Let me tell you, Gordo. These creatures are more than unsettling. They're downright frightening. Between these bums and the Bruisers, I think a whole lotta people just got sick to their stomachs.

GM: Including you, Bucky?

BW: I've been worse. I mean, they could be taking on the Lynches.

GM: You just had to go there. The bizarre Poet has her Walking Dead ready to compete. Before we get underway let's take you to pre-recorded comments from the mistress of the Walking Dead.

BW: Those scars are real, right? I mean, she really messed up her face like that.

GM: She did.

BW: I wish she was named Travis, Gordo. I really do.

[The shot cuts to a close up of the grotesquely madeup and scarred face of Poet. Her knotted hair is hacked into haphazard lengths. She stares over her chalice as if there is some secret inside.]

P: Dem call me crazy. But I'm not. I'm here to test you all. My Walking Dead 'ave culled de 'erd. Dey 'ave separated de weak and taken dem down. Now it is time to go after de strong. Our Master demands it. You can no longer ignore us. We comin' for de strong. We've come 'ome. And darkness comes with us.

[The shot cuts back to ringside.]

GM: Bizarre words. Ominous.

BW: Window lickin' crazy, you mean.

GM: Indeed.

[In the ring, it is Ripper versus Allah. Allah removes his jackal head to reveal dazed, yellowed eyes and a mouth that works in an odd chewing motion. As the bell sounds, Allah staggers forward straight into a series of big right hands by Ripper Brooks that sends the smaller man to the canvas. Ripper lets out a roar to the crowd.]

GM: Ripper Brooks out the gate quickly here, getting the advantage on Unique Allah with an onslaught of punches that has Allah on his back.

BW: One thing about the Walking Dead is that they are kind of slow off the mat. You can get an advantage on them if you knock them down.

[Ripper does just that by following up with a hard bodyslam. He immediately kneels over Allah, holding him down with his left hand as he goes to piston right hands into his skull.]

GM: Big blows to the skull by Ripper Brooks and-

[Suddenly, the brawler lets loose a howl of pain.]

GM: Allah is biting him! He's biting him!

BW: And you're surprised?

[Ripper leaps away from Allah, shaking his hand as Allah staggers to his feet and lunges forward with a clothesline that drives Ripper to the ground.]

GM: Allah throws every bit of himself into that clothesline to take the larger man off his feet... and immediately collapses to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat!

[With Brooks down on the mat, Allah follows up with flailing forearms across the head and neck.]

GM: The attack of Unique Allah is unorthodox to say the least.

BW: Well, Ripper isn't very nimble on that mat himself. He's like a turtle on his back.

[As Allah pulls himself up, he drags Ripper to his feet as well. Brooks suddenly ducks down, wrapping his arms around the torso, surging forward to drive Allah back into the corner of the Brixton Bruisers.]

GM: And just like that, the tag team experience of Ripper Brooks come into play. He and Chaingun Harrow, as some may know, were trained by a former World Champion in Gabriel Whitecross... and on cue, in comes Harrow.

[Harrow steps in, giving a shout of "I GOT YOU NOW, YOU UNDEAD FREAK!" before pulling Allah into a side headlock.]

GM: The 283 pounder hooks Allah, dragging him out of the corner...

[He turns his large body away from the official, rifling short right hands into the face of Allah to the cheers of the crowd and the shouted protests of Poet. The referee slides around, catching a glimpse of the closed fist just before Harrow releases Allah, allowing him to slump down to his knees. Chaingun holds up an empty hand, insisting it was a palm strike to cheers from the biased crowd.]

GM: Chaingun Harrow says it was an open hand but I think we all know differently.

BW: An open hand. These guys never use an open hand. If you meet 'em on the street, they shake hands with a closed fist.

[Gordon chuckles as Harrow stands over Allah, jawing away at him before putting a hard boot into the chest... and a second... and a third. He recoils back, breathing heavily as Allah tries to regroup.]

GM: Dirt Dog Unique Allah is a long-time veteran in this sport but right now, he's being overwhelmed by the larger man...

[But as Harrow moves in, Allah rolls from his knees to his back, swinging his legs up between Harrow's legs before snapping them out to the sides, kicking the inside of both of Harrow's knees, causing him to topple forward off-balance...

...where Allah hooks him by the hair, sinking his teeth into the nose!]

GM: He's biting him again!

BW: Maybe he's hungry. He's like a dog with a bone as he gnaws away, Gordo!

[With Harrow falling back, checking his nose for blood, Dirt Dog Unique Allah climbs to his feet, lashing out with a thrust kick to the chest.]

GM: Allah is one of the toughest competitors - and perhaps underrated competitors - in the entire AWA locker room.

BW: Those who can go back in the memory banks and recall his war with Joe Petrow in the late 90's in Skydome... that Seven Tables Of Fear match... would know that he's a dangerous competitor inside - and outside - that squared circle.

[Allah stumbles to his corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Henri LeMarques.]

GM: And this time, it's the Walking Dead with the exchange, bringing in the big Dead Man Walking.

BW: You're gonna have to work on a nickname.

GM: Agreed.

[LeMarques steps in, eyeing a recovering Harrow with a cock-eyed stare...

...and then barrels through him, knocking him flat with a hard shoulder tackle, sending Harrow rolling from his back to his stomach!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That was incredible! Harrow isn't a small man. He's 283 pounds! That 300 pound monster just plowed through him like Henrietta Lynch does pies at the County Fair!

GM: Some dignity, please.

[LeMarques grabs Harrow by the sides of his head and hauls him up before smashing a headbutt into the man's jaw.]

GM: Big headbutt takes Harrow right back down... and a hard stomp to the gut!

[Harrow is down on the mat, huffing for breath as LeMarques plods around the ring towards his corner.]

BW: You know, beneath the theatrics, the Dead have some good continuity. Poet has her team firmly in control of this match as LeMarques tags in Allah.

[The tag sends Allah scrambling up to the top rope, promptly throwing himself forward, flailing his arms and legs as he plummets down towards the prone Harrow...]

GM: FLYING SPLASH!

[...but it proves to be too early as Harrow rolls away, causing Allah to crash down to the canvas hard!]

GM: He missed! Chaingun Harrow was able to get himself out of there, rolling towards his corner... and now HE makes the tag!

[The crowd cheers as Ripper Brooks comes storming in, bellowing as he drops an elbow down to the back of the neck. He scrambles up, dropping a second... and a third. The cheers get louder for every elbow as he drops a fourth and a fifth. Climbing back up, Brooks puts his hands on his hips, comically breathing hard to the laughter of the crowd as he raises his arm for a sixth elbow...



...and then waves it off, stomping the back of the head instead to even more laughs.]

GM: Heheh... Ripper Brooks showing a lack of conditioning but that doesn't make his offense any less effective.

BW: 270 pound elbowdrops will do a number on you for sure.

GM: And just like that, Ripper Brooks has turned this match around in a hurry, pulling Allah up off the mat... he scoops him up!

[The big slam leaves Allah wincing on the canvas as Brooks points to the cheering fans with a "WHO WANTS TO SEE ME KICK HIS TEETH DOWN HIS THROAT?" This, predictably, gets a very loud cheer as Brooks nods, leaning down to drag Allah off the mat with two hands full of hair.]

GM: Brooks brings him up... and he uses the hair to fling Allah into the neutral corner!

[Ripper Brooks approaches the corner quickly, swinging his knee up into the gut of Allah!]

GM: Ohh! Hard running knee in the corner!

[Brooks stays there, dropping down to grab the middle rope before pulling himself into a shoulder tackle to the gut... and another... and another...]

GM: Shoulders downstairs in the corner! He's really got Allah reeling now!

[Henri LeMarques steps in, trying to get across the ring to break it up but the referee cuts him off.]

GM: Davis Warren makes the good call right there! He gets right in there to keep Henri LeMarques from intervening, forcing him back to the corner.

[Warren is very obviously trying to get him back without touching him or doing much in terms of engaging him.]

BW: Warren looks like he's intimidated by the big man of the Walking Dead - he doesn't want to get too close to him. Not that I blame him. There's just something not right about these guys.

GM: There is a sort of... chill in the air when they compete, I suppose.

BW: It's not just that, Gordo. Ripper and Chaingun love to fight, but the Dead are something different. They don't react like normal people. You're not just fighting a regular man.

[Brooks straightens up, looking to continue the assault. Allah's expression on his face gives off the impression that he's sick, grabbing his stomach in pain as Brooks moves back in...

...and black ooze erupts from Allah's mouth, spraying into the face of Ripper Brooks!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

BW: Ruptured spleen? How the heck should I know?

[Ripper Brooks wildly rubs at his eyes, staggering around blindly as Allah pops up onto the second rope, leaping off with a clothesline that drags Brooks down to the mat.]

GM: Flying clothesline takes the bigger man down... and Allah's right back on his feet!

[Stumbling towards the corner, Allah slaps the hand of his partner as on the outside, Poet shrieks.]

"FINISH 'IM!"

BW: Uh oh.

[LeMarques seizes Ripper Brooks, hooking his legs under his armpits before he starts to spin...]

GM: Is this-?! A Giant Swing?!

BW: Sure looks like it. That's an awfully big man to get up off the mat, Gordo!

GM: LeMarques is an awfully big man going for it!

[As LeMarques lifts and spins, the torque raises the 270 pounder off the mat as the move turns into a Giant Swing.]

GM: He got him up! And this move makes me dizzy just looking at it!

BW: Imagine what it does to Ripper Brooks!

[LeMarques continues to spin, racking up ten rotations with ease as Allah slips into the ring, running the ropes, rebounding off...]

BW: Around and around she goes... where she stops... nobody knows...except Allah!

[The crowd groans as Allah leaves his feet with a ton of momentum behind him, sliding into a basement-level dropkick to the temple, stopping Brooks cold!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's gotta do it!

[LeMarques drops down, folding up the legs into a jackknife cover as Allah flings himself towards the opposite corner, connecting with a spinning leg lariat that sends Chaingun Harrow falling off the apron to the floor as Davis Warren dives in to register the three count!]

GM: That's it! The Walking Dead with another big win here tonight in Alabama!

[The bell sounds as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... the WAAAAALLLKIIIIING DEAAAAAAD!

[The fans jeer the victory as Poet joins her charges inside the ring.]

BW: Here comes the interesting part, Gordo. Sometimes these guys just walk away after a win... but sometimes they... claim... their victims. Imagine the Brixton Bruisers as some undead servants of Jericho Kai.

GM: I'd rather not.

[Poet raises the arms of her charges, cackling at their victory. She lets go, leaning down to pick up her chalice, lifting it over her head, giving off a shriek...

...as the lights cut to black.]

GM: Uh oh. I don't like this one bit, fans.

[The lights are out for several moments and when they cut back on...

...the Brixton Bruisers are still laid out on the mat but the Walking Dead have vanished.]

GM: Well, it looks like the Bruisers have been spared that bizarre "claiming" ritual.

BW: Lucky for them. You know the old saying - once you go undead, you never go back, Gordo.

GM: That's an old saying.

BW: Tale as old as time.

GM: I see. Fans, let's go backstage and hear from a man who has some supernatural issues of his own going on - Derrick Williams!

[The screen cuts to the backstage set where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing next to Derrick Williams, wearing a black AWA T-shirt. Williams is doing a little nervous swaying as Blackwell starts.]

LB: I'm back here with Derrick Williams, who in one month's time has a date with KING Oni at Memorial Day Mayhem.

DW: That's right Lou, and let's talk about what everyone's been saying about me. That I'm nuts, insane, that I went and called out a guy that everyone else runs from. Yeah, I did. I did it because we have issues, and running isn't going to resolve them. Back at SuperClash, Oni took out the guy who trained me. Since then, he and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett have been playing mind games, treating me like I'm so much more a meal than a threat. It bugs me. So does Oni. And Oni is a demon. And sometimes, demons need to be slayed.

[Blackwell nods as Williams takes a serious tone]

DW: Oni and Fawcett will continue to mow down people with fear and reckless abandon if left alone. So I have to stop him. Why me? Because I walked into it. Yeah, I could've left Kevin alone to be Oni's first big meal, but that's not me. And I started this whole thing when I went out there and laid in the first shot. People have been telling me I'm insane for keeping this up... for not walking away when it seems like they gave me the chance, for calling Oni out, challenging him to a match. You know what I get asked a lot, Lou?

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

DW: I get "aren't you scared of him?" Now that's a silly question. Yes, of course I'm scared of KING Oni. He's five hundred and twenty five pounds of mindless, soulless demon led around by a nutcase with a gem and they claim that they want to eat me. No one has so much as slowed Oni down since he's entered the AWA. And I have to get into the ring with that, just him and me, in four weeks. I wouldn't be human if I wasn't scared of that.

I've been wrestling a little over four years. I'm pretty much at the start of my career, facing someone that can end it in a second. People that have been in this business for twenty years haven't faced something of this magnitude before, and I'm waltzing right in. It's because, as someone told me years ago, it's okay to be afraid. You can't let the fear rule you though, and fear can give you strength if you channel it. No, not talking about the Dark Side, talking about letting it make you stronger, to fight harder in the face of insurmountable odds.

No one gives me a chance to beat Oni, but I'm going to. I'm going to make sure he feels every second of that match and make him realize that I'm not as easy a meal as they thought I was.

Because when it's all over, I'll have taken this fist...

[He shows his fist to the camera.]

DW: ...and fed it to Oni, shoving it down his throat, and I'll take this elbow...

[He shows his right elbow.]

DW: ...and smash it upside Oni's head until either the elbow or the head breaks, and with every ounce of strength I have, I will drive Oni into the mat. Am I scared of KING Oni? Yup, and it's with every bit of that fear, I'll tear him down and send the demon back to whatever ancient burial ground or dimensional portal that Fawcett found him in.

[Williams nods and heads off camera as Blackwell turns back to close it out.]

SLB: Alright, fans... Derrick Williams has a date with the darkness in just four weeks' time but he seems ready for war. Now, coming up next, if you've called the Hotline at 1-900-505-5500 at any point in the last week, you'd know we were talking about a former AWA champion making his return to the ring here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X. Who's it gonna be? Let's go up to the ring and find out!

[Crossfade 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, already in the ring at this time... from Wichita, Kansas... weighing in at 230 pounds... George Talbot!

[The crowd applauds politely as George Talbot raises both his arms into the air.]

GM: George Talbot taking a risk here as we're told we're about see the AWA return of a former champion - a former AWA champion. Any clue who it is, Bucky?

BW: Of course, Gordo. I'm the man who has all the scoops. I know EXACTLY who it is and you're not gonna believe your luck to be here to witness it.

GM: I see... well, I suppose the time for guessing is over and-

[The sounds of a lone saxophone are heard as "Darkest Light" by The Lafayette Afro Rock Band resonates throughout the arena.]

GM: I don't seem to recognize-

[Phil Watson interrupts.]

PW: And his opponent... from St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds...

[The shot cuts to the entrance curtain - waiting and waiting... until...]

GM: Oh my stars.

[The crowd ROARS with jeers at the sight of the man stepping into view as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: "RED HOT"... REEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[The boos intensify as the curtain opens fully as "Red Hot" Rex Summers is followed through by a curvaceous raven haired beauty, attired in a purple halter top, revealing her ample cleavage, a black leather mini skirt and black heels. Summers smirks arrogantly at the camera as he takes her by the hand, allowing her to do a twirl for all the fans to see. The wolf whistles are on full display as Summers shakes his head, wagging a finger at the camera.]

"I don't think so... she's ALLLLLLL mine."

[He leans forward, planting a kiss on the camera lens before following the beauty down the aisle.]

GM: "Red Hot" Rex Summers has returned to the AWA - and yes, he IS a former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion - the title that was the direct predecessor to the World Television Title currently held by Shadoc Rage.

BW: He's a former PCW World Champion too. In a land of Lynches, he was the king over all of them.

[Summers is dressed in a full length red robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe. He makes his way up the steps, climbing through the ropes as he snatches the mic away from Phil Watson, turning towards the camera.]

RS: Cut the music.

[Summers pauses as the music stops and the crowd fills the air with jeers.]

RS: What I'd like to have right now, is for all you fat...

[Boos!]

RS: ...lazy...

[More boos!]

RS: ...roly-poly Montgomery morons...

[The boos are deafening now!]

RS: ...to shut up and keep the noise down. It's time for a feast for the eyes as I take my robe off and show the ladies what the AWA and they have been missing for the past few years.

[Summers shoves the mic back into the chest of Phil Watson who departs as the music starts to play again. The raven-haired beauty slides in behind him

as Summers loosens the belt on his robe, slowly opening it to show off his chiseled upper body and a pair of air-brushed tights.]

BW: Look at the physique on this guy, Gordo!

GM: You talk about a guy who's put together physically.

[The young lady reaches up, pulling the glittering garment off his shoulders and folding it neatly. She grins as Summers strikes a double bicep pose, continuing to show off his upper body. He grips the back of his head, swiveling his hips in the direction of the camera, drawing some cheers from the women in the building and even louder jeers from (most) of the men. He runs his hands up his well-oiled torso, flicking his fingers towards the camera as the music fades as he turns toward his opponent, allowing the raven-haired beauty to plant a kiss on his cheek before she exits.]

GM: Well, now that that's all over, we've got a match to deal with as Rex Summers steps back into an AWA ring for the first time in quite a while. AWA fans may recall that Summers won the Longhorn Heritage Title from Robert Donovan back in February of 2012 only to lose it to Glenn Hudson a few months later at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: And let's face it, Gordo, the AWA hasn't been the same. The poor women have had to be subjected to the likes of the Stenches and Air Strike, instead of real men like Rex Summers.

GM: From what I understand, Summers spent the last couple of years competing in Japan for Tiger Paw Pro but now he's back and you better believe that he's got his eye on regaining championship gold here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

[The bell sounds, causing the two men to circle one another for a few moments before locking up in the center of the ring.]

GM: And we're off in running in this one. George Talbot facing the returning Rex Summers... and right now, Summers is showing off that upper body strength as he backs Talbot back into the turnbuckles. Let's see if we get a clean break here.

BW: I'm betting no.

[Summers abruptly breaks and DRILLS Talbot with a stiff back elbow strike across the jaw. Talbot recoils back before throwing a left hand of his own, sending Summers staggering back a few steps to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Summers with the cheapshot but Talbot not backing down from the former champion, quickly firing back... another left! A third!

BW: Those are closed fists! Like Travesty Stench, Talbot has no regards for the rules!

[The stunned Summers gets caught with a boot down to his well-sculpted abdominals.]

GM: Talbot goes downstairs with the boot... and an elbow of his own down to the back of the neck!

[The blow doesn't drop Summers who snaps up from the elbowsmash, falling back against the turnbuckles where Talbot hooks a loose clinch, throwing a knee up into the upper chest.]

GM: George Talbot is starting off extremely strong here. Perhaps Rex Summers is suffering from nerves, Bucky.

BW: Nerves?! Have you even SEEN Rex Summers? That guy hasn't been nervous a day in his life!

GM: Nevertheless, Talbot lands another knee to the chest, really taking the fight to Rex Summers but has hasn't been able to take the former champion off his feet yet.

BW: Former champion he may be, Gordo... but if I had to wager money on it, I'd call him a FUTURE champion instead.

[Talbot hooks a side headlock, dragging Summers away from the ropes, taking him over into a headlock takedown.]

GM: That gets Summers off his feet!

[Summers gets rolled into a bodyscissors combined with a rear chinlock.]

GM: And it looks like George Talbot is opting to ground the former Longhorn Heritage Champion.

BW: FUTURE, Gordo... FUTURE champion.

GM: Until he's got a title belt back around his waist, he's a former champion in my book, Bucky.

[Summers easily powers out of the bodyscissors, pushing the scissored legs away. He works his way up to a knee as Talbot cranks on the chinlock, trying to keep him down.]

GM: Talbot hanging on tight but Summers is wasting no time in trying to get out of this hold... elbow back to the ribs...

[He twists into the headlock, burying a forearm smash into the ribs as well.]

GM: Summers trying to create some space here... and he shoves Talbot off into the far ropes...

[As Talbot rebounds, Summers ducks down, launching him skyward, sending him crashing down in a high backdrop!]



GM: Ohh! Big back bodydrop by "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[A smirking Summers buries a hard soccer kick into the ribs of Talbot, forcing him to roll to all fours...

...and he lands a second brutal kick, flipping him over onto his back.]

GM: Two hard kicks by Summers.

BW: And listen to these fans! They're loving this!

[The fans are jeering of course.]

GM: They are not, Bucky!

[Summers puts his hands on the back of his head, swiveling his hips towards the crowd who boo even louder...

...which causes an enraged Summers to stomp Talbot repeatedly into the mat before dropping to his knees, burying a high impact elbow down into the throat!]

GM: Ohh! The elbow gets driven into the throat and- oh, come on!

[The referee steps in to count as Summers wraps his hands around the throat, choking the air out of Talbot.]

GM: That's a blatant choke in front of the referee by Rex Summers!

[The count hits four as Summers releases the choke, climbing to his feet. He pulls Talbot up by the hair, scooping him up in his muscular arms, slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Big slam by "Red Hot" Rex Summers... and where's he going?

[Summers steps through the ropes, pointing to the cornerpost. He steps up to the second rope, planting one foot on the top rope as he lifts his arms into a double bicep pose. The boos begin raining down on Summers again - although some of the women are cheering for sure.]

BW: Rex reminding everyone why the women of Alabama and the rest of the United States love him right now.

GM: He's doing what he does best, showboating.

[But as Talbot starts to rise, Summers leaps off the top!]

GM: Off the top!

[Talbot swings around but an elbow catches him between the eyes, putting him right back down on the canvas.]

GM: The elbow connects!

[Summers drops to his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Summers gets one! He gets two!

[Talbot's shoulder flies up off the mat to break the count.]

GM: Two count only! George Talbot is out at two!

[Summers gives the referee an earful as he drags Talbot up off the mat, smashing him with forearm to the ear followed by a knee to the body.]

GM: Talbot gets doubled up by the former champion.

BW: FUTURE!

GM: Whatever.

[Summers pulls Talbot into a front facelock, looking for a suplex...]

GM: Summers sets him up... suplex on the way...

[But Talbot slips a leg through, blocking the lift.]

GM: Talbot blocks!

[Summers tries it again but Talbot blocks it again.]

GM: He still can't get him up!

[Talbot reverses it, using a snap suplex to take Summers up and over, bouncing him off the canvas.]

GM: Wow! What a snap suplex out of George Talbot who is really showing us something here tonight!

[Talbot rolls up to his feet, giving a "COME ON!" to the crowd with an excited double fistpump. The fans roar in response, sensing a potential upset.]

GM: Talbot's got Summers on the run here, pulling him up again...

[Using an Irish whip, Talbot whips Summers into the corner. He gives another shout to the fans, charging in after him...]

GM: Talbot on the move and-

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: Summers moves and Talbot hits the corner!

[Summers leans on the top rope, grinning at the jeering fans as Talbot hangs on to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: He's got Talbot back against the buckles... hard right hand... and another...

[He leans over, throwing alternating rights and lefts to the midsection of Talbot. A smirking Summers gets backed out of the corner by the referee...

...and then charges back in, connecting with a left-handed clothesline that causes Talbot to fly up off the mat, dropping down to his rear on the canvas. Summers grabs the top rope, planting a boot on the throat of Talbot, choking him again.]

GM: Another blatant choke out of Summers!

[The referee counts to four again before backing Summers out of the buckles. But as "Red Hot" Rex Summers walks in, he grabs Talbot by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Ohh! Summers sends him hard to the buckles!

[He grabs the arm again, whipping him right back the same way he came, sending him crashing into a second turnbuckle.]

GM: Another big whip and Talbot's in some trouble now...

BW: He's in a lot of trouble! Look out!

[Summers barrels across the ring, throwing himself into a makeshift avalanche!]

GM: Big corner splash - taking a page out of Supernova's playbook! Talbot looks to have the wind knocked out of him at the moment.

[With Talbot sucking wind, Summers leans over the rifle in rights and lefts to the midsection again. As the referee counts to four, Summers straightens up, pulling Talbot out of the corner by the hair.]

GM: He's dragging Talbot out - perhaps looking for that devastating Heat Check DDT, Bucky.

BW: One of the most devastating moves in the whole sport.

[Summers grabs the arm again, whipping him into a third corner!]

GM: Summers is a man possessed right now, sending Talbot into every set of corner buckles!

BW: Of course he is, Gordo. Talbot was doing everything he could to ruin Rex's triumphant return to the AWA and "Red Hot" is having none of that

[The referee once again steps in as Talbot makes a futile attempt to get away.]

GM: It looks like we are going Around the World with Rex Summers as he whips a nearly defenseless George Talbot into the final corner!

[Talbot staggers out from the corner from the force of the impact into the waiting arms of Summers who lifts, pivots, and DRIVES him down into the canvas!]

BW: Spinebuster!

[Summers slowly rises up to his feet, placing his hands behind his head, gyrating his hips towards the camera as he smirks at the crowd's reaction.]

GM: Summers showing absolutely no respect for George Talbot here tonight.

[After a few moments, Summers grabs Talbot by his arm and forcibly pulls him to his feet.]

BW: Rex Summers showing no mercy for George Talbot, dragging him into an armwringer...

[Using the trapped arm, Summers yanks Talbot into a double underhook, giving a quick look around the building before he DRIVES him headfirst down to the mat!]

GM: HEAT CHECK CONNECTS!

BW: Gordo, this one's academic, daddy.

GM: It certainly is.

[The referee quickly counts to three, leaving the arrogant Summers to climb back to his feet, striking a double bicep pose to the jeers of the fans.]

GM: Rex Summers and the Heat Check DDT claim their first victim in his return to the AWA... and with the impact of that move, he may be the first in a long line of victims still to come, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for tag team action with the TexMo Connection!

[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 Kitukawa 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:

Sho Kanemoto of the Devil Dogs vs Ricky Armstrong  
Brody vs Yoshinari Taguchi  
The Monkey Bar Heroes vs The Antons

...before we fade to black.

And then back up on a panning shot of the Garrett Coliseum. The fans are cheering, waiting to see what's coming up next when suddenly the lights go out as a distorted voice speaks over the PA system.]

"ELITE EXPRESS"

[The lights then come back on as "Centuries" by Fallout Boy begins to play.]

#Some legends are told...

#Some turn to dust or to gold...

#YOU WILL REMEMBER MEEEEEEEE... FOR CENTURRRRIIIIIIEEEEEES!

[At this point, 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.

Lance is the type of kid one would label a "badboy" with model pretty good looks, wild eyes and an undercut hairstyle. The duo wears the signature red and black tracksuit of Team Supreme, but they simultaneously unzip their jackets to reveal t-shirts reading "31337 3XPR355" underneath.

As they stride down the aisle with exuberant confidence, Lance slaps Martin on the chest and pumps him up with words of encouragement, telling him that they will "destroy these guys". The crowd boos them the whole way down.]

GM: Here comes the duo of Alex Martin and Matt Lance, who have apparently dubbed themselves The Elite Express.

BW: Under the tutelage of a ringmaster like Supreme Wright, there's no doubt they're elite, Gordo!

GM: I really wouldn't go that far, Bucky. This would be their FIRST official match teaming together.

BW: Haven't you seen how Cain Jackson and Tony Donovan have developed under Wright? There's no doubt these two will be just as good!

GM: That remains to be seen.

["Hard Row" by The Black Keys then begins to play as "Flawless" Larry Wallace emerges from behind the curtains, pumping his fists in excitement as Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor then step out behind him to a monstrous roar from the crowd! The eldest Lynch brother is dressed all in black, his body covered by a long black coat. Bobby O'Connor stands beside him, dressed in cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim and matching knee/elbow pads and boots. He also wears a white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt with the band's initials, B.O.C. just like his own, emblazoned across the chest. Wallace high fives O'Connor and then Lynch, before the trio makes their way down to the ring.]

GM: And listen to this unbelievable ovation for The TexMo Connection!

BW: What's unbelievable is that these two seriously think Larry Wallace is an equalizer in this war against Team Supreme. Where the heck did they dig him up from!? The Twilight Zone? He ain't been seen in forever!

GM: Larry Wallace has a long and storied history with Bobby O'Connor and is someone The TexMo Connection can certainly trust in a fight.

BW: We said the same thing about Michael Weaver...and look where that got him! He's probably still sucking soup through a straw in a hospital bed somewhere!

[As The TexMo Connection step into the ring, Phil Watson begins his introductions.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... representing The Team Supreme Dojo... at a total combined weight of five hundred and five pounds...they are...

ALEX MARTIN AND MA-

[Just then, Alex Martin pulls Phil Watson to the side and whispers something into his ear. Watson turns to Martin, asking "Are you sure?", before Martin nods in the affirmative. Watson turns his attention back to the crowd.]

PW: THEY ARE...

"HOT STUFF" ALEX MARTIN AND MATT LANCE...

THE ELITE EXPRESS!!!

[BOO! Martin and Lance throw their arms into the air to the massive boos of the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents, accompanied to the ring by "Flawless" Larry Wallace... at a total combined weight of five hundred and thirty pounds. Hailing from Dallas, Texas and Jefferson City, Missouri, respectively, here are...

JACK LYNCH  
AND  
BOBBY O'CONNOR!!!

THE TEXMOOOOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNNNNN!

[The deafening cheers for the two are quickly drowned out by jeers, as Martin and Lance rush across the ring, striking Lynch and O'Connor from behind!]

GM: OH! Martin and Lance aren't waiting for the bell! They're all over Lynch and O'Connor!

BW: That's what you killer instinct, Gordo!

"DING DING DING!"

[As Martin and Lance pound away at Lynch and O'Connor in opposite corners, the duo call out to each other, preparing to whip Lynch and O'Connor into each other. However, as they send Lynch and O'Connor out of the corners, their whips are reversed, resulting in The Elite Express colliding into each other!]

GM: OHHH! Martin and Lance collide with each other!

[POP!]

GM: And they're sent out of the ring by Lynch and O'Connor!

[Having tossed both members of The Elite Express out of the ring, The TexMo Connection pump their fists, inciting the crowd to cheer even louder. Martin and Lance regroup on the outside, before Martin slides back into the ring, ready to take on Jack Lynch.]

GM: Alex Martin steps into the ring to take on Jack Lynch after The Elite Express' attempt to get a sneak attack in was unsuccessful.

[Martin and Lynch prepare to lock-up, but just then, a HUGE roar of boos can be heard from the crowd as they see Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains.]

GM: And here comes trouble! Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson are making their presence known!

BW: You don't know that, Gordo! Maybe they're just here to get a closer look at the match!

[Wright and Jackson don't go any further than that, content to stand at the top of the aisle, as their appearance distracts Jack Lynch temporarily, allowing Alex Martin to seize his opening, getting in a boot to the gut.]

GM: Oh! And Alex Martin takes full advantage of the distraction!

[Martin proceeds to lock Lynch into a side headlock, cinching it in tight. He turns to Wright and yells, "HEY! WATCH THIS!"...

...right before Jack Lynch lifts him up into the air and deposits him onto the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Jack Lynch with a big suplex! Too bad for Alex Martin that he also seems to be distracted by the presence of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson.

BW: He just doesn't wanna do anything that'd disappoint his teacher.

GM: I'm sure Supreme Wright is used to it.

BW: Very funny, Gordo.

GM: I try.

[Lynch then gets up and tags in Bobby O' Connor to a big cheer from the crowd. Lynch whips Martin into the ropes, doubling him over with a fist to the midsection, while O'Connor does a quick flick of his wrist before running into the ropes...

...and DRIVING Martin into the canvas with a running bulldog!]



GM: THE RILEY ROUNDUP! This match might be over before it's even got started! ONE! TWO! THR-

[At the last moment, Matt Lance dives in, driving an elbow to the back of Bobby O'Connor's head!]

GM: No! Lance makes the save!

[Matt Lance doesn't bother to leave it at that though, proceeding to put the boots to Bobby O'Connor after he breaks up the pin.]

GM: Oh come on, ref! Get him out of there!

[A furious Jack Lynch enters the ring to put a stop to Lance's interference. As soon as he sees Lynch coming for him, Lance immediately drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring, looking like he's seen a ghost. Jack Lynch angrily points a finger at Lance, yelling at him.]

BW: Woah, that's some colorful language, Gordo!

GM: Excuse us folks, but sometimes in the heat of battle, our wrestlers find it hard to keep their emotions in check.

BW: I don't know what Lynch's beef with Lance is, but he's got him steaming!

[As the referee tries to get Jack Lynch back to his corner, Matt Lance takes advantage, sliding back into the ring and delivering a soccer-style kick to a rising Bobby O'Connor, leveling him!]

"SMAAACK!!!"

GM: OH! WHAT A KICK FROM MATT LANCE!

[From the outside, Larry Wallace protests, but the referee simply shakes his head, having not seen Lance's interference. Meanwhile, a groggy Alex Martin gets to his feet, pulling O'Connor up with him. He tags in Lance, before sending O'Connor into the ropes.]

GM: Double team coming up from the so-called Elite Express...

[Mimicking TexMo moments earlier, Martin doubles O'Connor over with a fist to the midsection, before Lance does a mocking flick of his wrist while staring right at Jack Lynch then runs into the ropes. As he rebounds off, he performs a leapfrog off O'Connor's shoulders, elevating himself into the air before taking Bobby O'Connor down with a bulldog headlock!]

"OHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! Matt Lance with a...I don't think I've ever seen that before! Was that a leapfrog bulldog!?

BW: That's exactly what it was, Gordo! And look at Supreme Wright, he's proud as heck of his students right now!

[The camera cuts to Wright and Jackson standing at the entranceway. An otherwise stoic Wright has what could be interpreted as the slightest of smirks on his face, while Cain Jackson claps in approval for Lance's move.]

GM: Here's the pin...two count only for Matt Lance!

[Lance looks on in shock at the referee, refusing to believe his move only got a two count. He gets to his feet, angrily shouting, "THAT WAS THREE!!!"]

GM: Here's where Matt Lance's lack of experience comes into play, because he's wasting a lot of time arguing with the referee instead of capitalizing on a hurt opponent.

BW: Well, he's got a point, Gordo...that WAS three!

GM: It was not!

[Shaking his head in exasperation, Lance pulls O'Connor to his feet and attempts to whip him into the ropes. However, O'Connor reverses the whip, catching Lance on the rebound with a MASSIVE powerslam!]

GM: OHHH!!! That powerslam shook the entire ring!

[Seeing his partner in trouble, Martin quickly steps into the ring. However, he's cut off by a charging Jack Lynch, who leaps up into the air and takes him down with a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS! Jack Lynch is pounding away at Alex Martin!

[Meanwhile, Bobby O'Connor holds his right arm high into the air, calling for his Fear the Reaper crooked-armed lariat.]

GM: And Bobby O'Connor's looking to end this match right now!

[As Matt Lance rises to his feet, O'Connor rushes into the ropes and rebounds off, ready to take Lance's head off...

"OHHHH!!!!"

...ONLY TO TAKE A HUGE DROPKICK RIGHT IN THE FACE FROM LARRY WALLACE!]

"DING DING DING!"

[The referee immediately calls for the bell as a confused Jack Lynch turns around to see Larry Wallace berating a downed Bobby O'Connor, while periodically putting the boots to him. Seeing this, Lynch immediately makes

a lunge for Wallace, who leaps through the ropes in time to escape his wrath.]

GM: LARRY WALLACE! LARRY WALLACE JUST TOOK OUT BOBBY O'CONNOR!!! WHAT THE HECK IS HAPPENING!?!

BW: I...I think Team Supreme just got another soldier in this war, Gordo!

[Larry Wallace backs up the aisle along with Martin and Lance, patting him on the back while pointing and laughing at a fuming Jack Lynch in the ring. A woozy Bobby O'Connor struggles to get to his feet after getting his bell rung and his bottom lip bloodied by Wallace's devastating dropkick, needing the ropes to help keep him on his feet.]

GM: This doesn't make any sense...why would Larry Wallace do this!?

BW: It makes plenty of sense to me, Gordo! Don't you see it? Bobby O'Connor tossed Wallace out like yesterday's garbage and replaced him with Jack Lynch as a tag team partner. And the only reason he brought him back now is because that he needs something from him. If it was me, I'd have done the same thing to that user!

GM: I can't believe that! And why join the likes of Team Supreme of all people!? Larry Wallace has a lot of explaining to do!

[As Wallace reaches the top of the aisle, he stops in front of Supreme Wright, who smirks and then nods approvingly at him, before turning around and stepping through the curtain. Martin and Wallace chant "BEST IN THE WORLD!" at Wallace, as the rest of Team Supreme follows their leader into the back and we fade to black.

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[We fade back from commercial down to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Fans, thank you again for joining us on Saturday Night Wrestling...

[He pauses momentarily as if not sure how to proceed.]

GM: The AWA has some reservations about showing you this next... quote-unquote "match."

BW: Gordo, don't belabor it: just show it, daddy.

GM: In a minute, Bucky. The AWA has some reservations because this is not an official AWA-sanctioned match. The tape was just FedExed to us this morning.

BW: From Russia with love!

GM: Management has reviewed it. Apparently it's our first extended look at Maxim Zharkov, a wrestler we've been hearing a lot about recently. We've decided to show it and let our fans judge for themselves.

[Cut to the tape, and the change in video quality is evident, from digital 16:9 picture quality to a Betamax-level 4:3 aspect ratio. Once the chewed up scanlines dissipate, it looks like a wrestling arena from an alternate universe: the ring is a bit too big, the ropes are a bit too loose. Unlike other videos like this that have been showing up in recent weeks, this ring is surrounded by spectators-- albeit an unknown number as the arena is dark and smoke-filled. Some national iconography is hinted at in the background.

In the ring is a dumpy looking man, balding, wearing a classical wrestling singlet: the kind that comes in a dull navy color with two strips of spandex between the straps on the back to keep it from falling off his Dad-bod.

A fanfare, the crowd seems to come alive, more enthusiastic than the size would seem to indicate. Into the ring steps an endomorphic fortress of a human being, larger than seems genetically possible. His head is shaved, compensated for by his thick eyebrows and monumental mustache.]

V/O: [An enthusiastic male voice] Rabochiye stoyat v ovatsiyu za ikh chempiona. Dobro pozhalovat' Zharkov!

[Zharkov throws his arms into the air, casting off a dark teal cloak. He looks about 6' 3" tall and about as wide across the shoulders. He offers a stiff-armed salute to the crowd and another to what appears to be dignitaries at ringside.

The bell rings, although calling it a bell in the traditional sense would be too complimentary.]

"CLANK."

[Zharkov and the schlubb in preliminary wrestler gear begin circling. Spontaneously, they lock up.]

V/O: Imperialisticheskaya pytayetsya borot'sya moshch' chempiona proletariata, no nakhodit tol'ko yego pokhorony!

[One mighty shove from Zharkov, and the schlubb falls to the mat and writhes in agony.]

V/O: "Mogushchestvo Zharkov mozhet upal lyubogo, kto budet vystupat' protiv voli naroda!"

[Dutifully, Zharkov's opponent rises to his feet and walks straight into an Irish whip to the ropes. Despite the poor tensile strength, he rebounds into a monster shoulder tackle from Zharkov.]

V/O: "Tsar' sil'neye i luchshe, chem sportsmen lyubogo amerikanskogo futbolista!"

[Impressively, Zharkov deadlifts the schlubb off the ground with a gutwrench and casts him into the corner like a small sack of potatoes.]

V/O: "Zharkov lift, kotoryy on prepodaval velikomu Aleksandr Karelin!"

[Like a cat, Zharkov leaps into the corner and showers his opponent with a protracted series of headbutts. The schlubb staggers out a couple of steps, before being felled with a vicious palm thrust to the jaw.]

V/O: "Maxim Zharkov Pushka strelyayet v prazdnovanii rabochikh!"

[Awkward cut to a lingering shot of the crowd; it looks like they are standing and applauding. Cut back to the ring, where the schlubb is on Zharkov's massive shoulders for a split second before being dropped into a crucifix powerbomb.]

V/O: "Tsar'bomba posylayet preduprezhdeniye kapitalistov, chto sovetskiy budet pokhoronit' ikh!"

[Zharkov then rolls the poor schlubb onto his stomach, applies a full nelson, and seats himself on his opponent's lower back, yanking him back. A heretofore unseen referee-- at least that's what the weedy-looking young man in the blue soccer jersey is assumed to be-- suddenly appears and waves at the heretofore unseen match officials at ringside.]

"CLANK. CLANK. CLANK. CLANK."

V/O: "Gorynch yavlyayetsya konechnoy klyuch k pobede Maxim Zharkov! Nikto ne mozhet izbezhat' yego moshchnyy ponimaniye!"

[Zharkov relinquishes the hold, leaving his opponent limp on the canvas, left to disappear through the magic of editing in the next cut. The weedy referee raises Zharkov's left arm, leaving Zharkov's right arm free to place over his heart as the entire crowd begins to sing.]

"Nash sa-vee-eh-t-skee sa-yooz pa ka rayt  
Vyes meer kak agrom nee myeh dvyed na vas toh  
Kyeh av-tsee bra-dyat byez-tsyel-noh byez  
Vsya-keech za-boht ah sa-vyet shee myeh dved nach-tyeh!"

[Beautiful Russian girls of dubious legal age begin to dance around Zharkov, then...

Cut back to 16:9 aspect ratio reality, and back to Bucky Wilde and Gordon Myers. Jackson Hunter, Maxim Zharkov's manager, has appeared between the two and appears to be haranguing anyone who will listen. Bucky looks aghast at something Hunter said; Myers sports a blank expression, his arms folded. The audio catches Hunter in mid-rant.]

JH: --what I think of the AWA's so-called "preface." Do you not think it would be germane to check with Zharkov's AWA representative before biasing an entire audience prior to him even stepping foot in an AWA ring?! Did Ishikawa have to deal with any of this "America First" jingoism before his first match?! Do you have to "preface" every time you air a match with Juan Vasquez beating on another soup can?! Is anyone casting aspersions on The Gladiator's curriculum vitae?! Y'know what? That's good. Because the more the imperialist try to suppress the revolution, the more violent the uprising.

[Hunter drops the mic, says a few words that would otherwise jeopardize the AWA's television contract had they been caught on audio, and storms off in a manic, caffeinated huff.]

BM: Gooooood grief... do you think he can kiss his momma with that mouth?

[Myers, ever the pro, doesn't miss a beat.]

GM: Let's go to the ring to see the National Champion in action!

[Fade up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit! Already in the ring, weighing 250 pounds, from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina...

ALEX! WORTHEYYYYYY!

[Worthey raises his hand in the air and stretches in the corner, an athletic and well built looking competitor wearing long wrestling tights and black boots.]

PW: And his opponent! Being accompanied down the aisle by Miss Sandra Hayes. From Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing 243 pounds... he is the self proclaimed Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling... and he is the AWA National Champion!

"DIAMOND" ROOOOOBBBBB DRISCOOOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLL!

[The breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams hits the Garrett Coliseum as the lights dim and the big screen shows stars shining brightly in the night sky. The entranceway fills up with smoke, and the crowd rains down boos as Miss Sandra Hayes leads the way, dressed smartly in a cobalt blue skirt and blazer, and a cream colored blouse, with her blonde hair pulled up in a bun. She raises both hands in the air, bends her fingers into the sign of the wolf, and shoots both hands toward the entrance way.]



#Some say that we are players  
Some say that we are pawns#

#But we've been making money since  
The day that we were born#

[Driscoll walks through the smoke and stops at the top of the entrance way, opening his robe to show off the gold, then throwing his hands out and looking up at the heavens, mouthing something to himself as he lets the crowd get a look at his getup for the match: glossy looking blue tights with the ram's head on the back in gold, with matching blue boots and kneepads. Each boot has "RD" on the outside calf written in white cursive script, and over top is a silky sequined vest, golden fabric with sequins glistening in the spotlight, an image of a diamond on the back. The spotlights on each side of the entrance way focus on him and the National Title, the gold and silver reflecting off the belt as the power couple begin to make their way to the ring.]

BW: There it is, Gordo, the Power Couple of the AWA. The Crown Jewel and the Queen of Diamonds, if you will.

GM: These two have come together for their own mutual benefit, and they have caused quite a stir in a short period of time. We saw that at The Duel On The Diamond as these two were in the corner of Noboru Fujimoto for his historic Global Crown defense.

BW: Miss Sandra Hayes has as many connections as anyone in the sport, Gordo, she's just scratching the surface of who she knows. This woman has a Rolodex like a New York City phone book!

[Driscoll unfastens the belt and hands it to Hayes, who holds it in the air as she walks to the ring, a few steps ahead of the champion. She climbs the steps and walks down the apron, waiting for Driscoll to follow suit. He wipes his feet on the mat, and with a nod ducks under the top rope at the same time. He goes to the center of the ring, outstretches his hands and looks to the heavens again, as Hayes weaves behind him and lays the title over his shoulder. With a smirk, he snaps out of his pre-match ritual and allows Hayes to help him out of his vest, then holds the title up.]

BW: An entrance fit for a king, daddy. The gold just goes with the ensemble.

[As the music dies down, Driscoll hands the title to Hayes, who goes outside the ring with it, putting it over her shoulder and petting it like a pet. The champion winds his arm in the corner, and then stretches his back on the ropes as the bell rings...]

\*DING DING DING\*

GM: Collar and elbow tieup, Driscoll quickly gets the advantage and backs Worthey into the ropes...

[Driscoll makes a show of putting his hands up and backing off, making sure the referee takes note as Sandra Hayes claps on the outside.]

GM: A rare show of sportsmanship there, but Alex Worthey surely knows that's all a show.

BW: Hey hey hey, take that bias out of your voice, Gordo! This is our National Champion, here.

[The two men lock up again, and this time Driscoll easily goes behind into a waistlock. He barely has time to cackle before Worthey goes behind the go behind. The National Champion reaches out for a second, then reaches back and grabs a hammerlock, twisting up, under and out of the waistlock. Worthey drops to his knees and rolls, sending Driscoll flying to the mat.]

GM: Driscoll back up, he charges- hiptoss by Alex Worthey! Rob Driscoll was NOT expecting the match to start this way, I can guarantee you that!

[Driscoll slides back into the corner as Worthey crouches in a fighting stance, waving for the champion to bring it on. The fans applaud at Worthey's opening salvo, as Driscoll gets to his feet slowly, a slight smirk on his face as he nods at his challenger.]

BW: When you wear the gold, you get everyone's best shot, Gordo, that's just a fact. He's ready for it.

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll ducks between the ropes to confer with Sandra Hayes for a moment, and then slowly re-enters the confines of the squared circle, clapping for Worthey and nodding in approval.]

GM: Highly dubious, if you ask me.

[Driscoll sticks his hand out for Worthey to shake, and the challenger just looks at the outstretched hand, and then looks at the crowd. The crowd doesn't seem too thrilled with that idea, and shouts out variations of "NO! DON'T DO IT!" Worthey agrees with the crowd and just shakes his head. Driscoll shrugs in acceptance, and then both men go to tie up...]

BW: Short left hand by Driscoll! HA!

GM: That one stunned the challenger, and a right hand does the same! Elbow to the back of the head from Driscoll.

BW: He should have shaken hands, Gordo. Driscoll was giving him a chance.

[The champion fires off another right hand, but Worthey blocks it and comes back with a European uppercut! A second one moves him back, and a third puts Driscoll's back on the ropes. Worthey follows up and sends him for the ride, and the champion bounces off the ropes and ducks under a leapfrog... but stops on a dime right behind Worthey, and waits for him to turn around...]

GM: Thumb right to the eye! Come on now!

BW: Shoulda taken the hand shake.

GM: Knee lift doubles Worthey over, and a sharp elbow to the back of the neck by Driscoll! Another one from the champion!

[Driscoll holds Worthey at arm's length, rears back and plasters him right above the ear with a right hand. The challenger staggers away towards the ropes and Driscoll runs toward him, grabbing Worthey's head with one hand and deadleapping over the ropes, hanging him out to dry while landing neatly on his feet outside the ring! The champ turns to gloat for just a moment, spreading his arms wide and talking some trash, as the fans let him have it.]

GM: Tremendously athletic move by Rob Driscoll, but this is the type of thing the fans can't stand.

BW: Well of course they can't. It ain't enough that Driscoll is better than all of 'em, but he tells 'em about it too. That's called jealousy, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that, Bucky. Driscoll finally slides back in, just as Worthey gets to his feet... scoop and a slam by Driscoll, and he's off to the races again.

[The champ takes to steps away from Worthey, then stops in his tracks and falls to his side, planting a fist right between the eyes of Worthey. Driscoll gets to his knees and gives the thumbs up to MSH, then drags Worthey to his feet...]

GM: Irish whip to the ropes, here comes Alex Worthey... knee to the midsection doubles him over. Driscoll off the adjacent rope... swinging neckbreaker, expertly done.

BW: The man is a champion for a reason. That's an execution and precision you can't just buy at the grocery store, daddy.

GM: There's no disputing that, I have never once questioned his ability in the ring. Rob Driscoll is an elite athlete from bell to bell. It's everything else that I'm not a fan of.

[The National champ bounces off the ropes and drops a sharp knee to the head, then covers for a two count. Worthey kicks out and rolls away, and Driscoll is right on his trail.]

GM: Worthey's trying to regroup in the corner, but Driscoll is right on him! Dropkick in the corner! A forearm to the back, and that turns Worthey around!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: Chops are served!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: And these are nothing like Ryan Martinez's machine gun chops, Gordo, Driscoll gives you time to think about these! He lets these chops breathe, and lets the sting set in.

[One more chop has Worthey clutching at his chest, and Driscoll cackling at his opponent's reaction. He goes to whip Worthey across to the far corner, but the challenger plants his foot and reverses the move. Driscoll hits back first and Worthey follows in, hitting a running European uppercut! The crowd cheers and Worthey goes to repeat the move, whipping Driscoll back from whence he came...]

GM: Worthey on the move- Driscoll dodges!

BW: One too many times don't work against Robbie Driscoll, daddy!

GM: Worthey bounces out of the corner, into a powerslam! Cover! One! Two! Kickout again!

[Driscoll slams his hand on the mat as the crowd cheers for Worthey's pluck. He drags the challenger to his feet and sends him for the ride, but Worthey reverses again. He ducks his head as Driscoll comes off the ropes, and don't think the champ doesn't notice...]

GM: Driscoll up and over with the sunset flip- WORTHEY DROPS TO HIS KNEES! HE HOOKS THE LEG! ONE! TWO! THR- NO SIR! Alex Worthey almost became National champ!

BW: That'll never happen! Worthey's the luckiest guy in the building!

[The crowd is roaring as Worthey gets to his feet, but Driscoll greets him with a kick to the gut as he turns around. Once doubled over, he's easy prey for the champion to grab his left arm and drop in a sort of DDT, driving the head into the canvas but also putting ridiculous strain on the shoulder and neck.]

BW: Driscoll cut that right off at the pass!

[Indeed, the champion's intensity picks up considerably, and he storms off the mat with Worthey in tow, hooks him for a suplex and fires back with a spine rattling snap suplex. Rather than let go, Driscoll holds on and rolls with it, standing back up and hitting another snap suplex!]

GM: Driscoll's embarrassed! Alex Worthey almost got one over on him, and now he's DECIMATING the challenger!

[Both men get up once more, Worthey on rubbery legs, and Driscoll releases the front chancery to drill him once more with an elbow to the back of the neck. Worthey stumbles forward, grabbing at his neck, and Driscoll grabs him as if for a suplex, but when he lifts he sets him on the top rope.]

GM: What's- what's Rob Driscoll got in mind here? What does he have in store to finish off Alex Worthey?

BW: I'm telling you Gordo, he should have submitted at the hand shake. We're about to send a chiropractors kid to college!

[Driscoll grabs Worthey around the neck and turns so they're back to back... then takes a few steps out until Worthey's body is parallel to the ground, then drops to a knee with a Super Blank Check! Worthey screams on impact and grabs at his neck, kicking his legs as Driscoll, goes to make the cover, pressing one hand on Worthey's chest and using the other hand to count along.]

BW: One, two, three, you can count to a hundred, daddy, this one's in the bag.

\*DING DING DING\*

GM: A most successful title defense by Rob Driscoll, and what an Ace in the hole that move is to have in his pocket.

BW: That move he calls the Blank Check is devastating when he hits it normal, Gordo, but when you add that height and that impact, that's not just a match ender, it's a career shortener.

GM: Let's go to Phil for the official word!

[But it's not Phil Watson with the microphone, it's Miss Sandra Hayes who has commandeered the microphone.]

MSH: Your winner... and the GREATEST National champion of all time!

"DIAMOND" ROB DRISCOOOOLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Driscoll raises his hand as the title is handed back to him, and holds the title up with his left while Hayes grabs for his right.]

BW: Take a good luck, Gordo, that man's going to have that title for as long as he pleases.

[Back to Hayes.]

MSH: And Travis Lynch, you need to consider yourself the luckiest man in the building tonight. Because Rob Driscoll GAVE you an opportunity that you don't deserve, just because we believe in helping people who don't have it as good as we do. If you can get past the Lost Boy, then you will earn yourself a title shot.

It doesn't mean you'll be ready, because you'll NEVER be ready, but at least you'll have earned something for once in

your life. But just to make sure that it all goes down the way it should, Rob and myself will be down here to sit in on commentary, just to make sure the sanctity of the National Title isn't put in danger. Lace 'em tight, Travis, because all eyes are on you.

[As Hayes drops the mic, her and Driscoll turn to make their exit from the ring.

We abruptly cut from the ring with the sound of a shrill, harsh scream ringing out to a dimly lit room. A lightbulb is swinging back and forth, casting an uncomfortable shadow over this dismal place.

A small television - one perhaps used in a small child's room - sits in the middle of it, tuned to the local newscast. A man and woman sit, reading the day's happenings.]

Man: We take you now to Ghost Creek, Texas where citizens are still stunned over the grizzly discovery late last week.

[The shot cuts to a field reporter - blonde, attractive... and totally out of her element as she stands in front of a house where flowers and candles sit on the front step.]

Woman: Thanks, Mark. I am in front of this house on this small, quiet street in suburban Texas where police found a most disturbing scene last Friday evening. Responding to a 911 call, they arrived here at this residence and... well, what they found was nothing short of a horror movie.

[We cut to a series of quick shots - no longer the actual newscast presumably.

A shot of a blood-smeared wall.

A noose hanging from the ceiling.

A pale white limb coming from just outside the camera's view.

Words written on the walls in what appears to be blood.]

"THE HANGMAN IS REAL."

"HE WATCHES US."

"HE SEES ALL."

"NO ONE IS SAFE."

[The shots intercut faster, showing single words now.]

"REAL."

"WATCH."

"BLOOD."

"DEATH."

[The dizzying cuts continue as a harsh scream is heard in the background, something out of a kill scene in a horror movie...

...and then silence as four words come up on the screen.]

"He comes for you."

[The same sharp shrill scream is heard for a split second before we cut back 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, to my left... hailing from Belmar, New Jersey and weighing in at 230 pounds...

PAULIE ITALIANO!!

[The energetic and well-tanned New Jersey native lets out a loud "HOW YOU DOIN??!" to a lukewarm reception as he takes off his "WATCH THE HAIR" t-shirt.]

GM: Italiano getting ready for what has got to be the biggest challenge of his young career, Bucky.

BW: Also the final challenge of his young career.

[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.]

PW: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett... from the Kimon or Demon Gate and weighing in at 514 pounds...

KING ONI!!

[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: Once again, we see the "Doctor" lead the way for his gargantuan charge--

BW: But they're not alone!

[Indeed, as upon further inspection we can see Fawcett's free hand is gripping a leather strap connected to a chain... which is connected to the thick neck of none other than The Lost Boy.]

GM: What in the world is the reason for this? That "man" is not a licensed manager, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, I don't think they give them out to cavemen. Racist.

GM: So why is he out here?

BW: Every week I tell you to take it up with the man behind the monsters... and every week I see you keep on sitting down.

[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.]

GM: As we see this mountain of a man walk out, I don't like this young man's chances here tonight.

BW: Thanks, Captain Obvious.

GM: As if the monster in the ring wasn't bad enough... now he has to contend with the one outside the ring, Bucky - the same man who will meet Travis Lynch later tonight.

BW: I don't think he has to worry about them messing his hair up, at least. Just his bones and vital organs.

[Oni follows Fawcett and The Lost Boy 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 and The Lost Boy likewise never takes their eyes off of it.]

GM: Despite my reservations about his presence here, The Lost Boy is making his way out of the ring along with his handler... but Paulie Italiano is having none of it!

[Italiano gets in the ref's face, repeatedly shouting "BRO!" as he points to The Lost Boy outside the ring. Davis Warren admonishes him to calm down as he signals for the opening bell.]

GM: We're about to be underway here... and here comes the demon!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Oni charges at an unaware Italiano, whose attention is still focused at Fawcett and The Lost Boy outside the ring. Italiano is oblivious to Warren's shouted warning of impending doom as Oni makes brutal impact, sending the much smaller man sprawling to the outside of the ring.]



GM: Just as the opening bell sounds and we have someone sent to the floor!

BW: And would you look at that? For all the terrible things you always say about Fawcett, there he is trying to get his man to back off and let his opponent get back to the ring unharmed.

GM: It looks more like that he's blocking Davis Warren from seeing the vile attack Paulie's receiving to me, Bucky.

BW: Your monitor must be on the fritz.

[Indeed, on the floor Italiano is being choked out with his own "PAULIE" headband by The Lost Boy.]

GM: Blatant choke on the outside by The Lost Boy! This should be an immediate disqualification and only proves my point... this man should not be at ringside and if he's so unstable that he needs to be led around on a chain, perhaps shouldn't be allowed in a wrestling ring.

BW: Give him a break, Fawcett probably just forgot his portable dog kennel at home.

[Davis Warren finally gets a glimpse at the action happening behind Fawcett, and threatens to disqualify Oni. Fawcett smiles, calmly patting The Lost Boy on the head who immediately ceases his attack.]

GM: Mercifully that heinous attack is over, as Italiano is amazingly able to get back to his feet.

BW: He was just trying to tell him what a bad idea it is to wear a headband to the ring where someone could take advantage.

GM: By choking the life out of him with it?

BW: Sounds like a pretty good way to get your point across to me.

[Italiano finally slides back into the ring, waving Davis off as he's asked if he's able to continue.]

GM: You have to be impressed with the never say die attitude on display here--

[Gordon is cut off as Italiano stumbles right into a two handed chop to the throat by Oni, sending the New Jersey native crashing to the mat. Oni then begins stomping away, until Italiano rolls on his back.]

GM: We've seen this before... one foot, and then another as KING is standing on top of Italiano's prone form with all 514 pounds!

BW: This is EXACTLY what Williams has waiting for him. In fact, much worse than this. This is just some poor sucker that had the bad luck to see his

name on the line next to Oni... Williams actually had the gall to ASK for this fight!

GM: Williams exemplifies the old saying of it not being the size of the dog in the fight but the size of the fight in the dog, that can't be argued.

[Warren makes the count, as Fawcett raises the gem, causing Oni to step off Italiano just before the count of five.]

BW: See, can't get follow the rules much more than that.

GM: other than the fact that standing on someone's chest with all your weight and attacking him from behind to start the match aren't exactly technical wrestling 101, I suppose you're right.

BW: Oh sure, but when a Stench uses that illegal claw hold it's all completely above board.

GM: Will you stop?

[Italiano doesn't have much time to catch a breath before Oni wraps a massive hand around his throat. Once again, Davis Warren begins his count as Oni wraps his other hand around Italiano's throat... and then deadlifts him up in the air, high over his head.]

GM: Now we see why Fawcett has no reason to bring a second out here... this man's physical strength, his raw power is nothing short of amazing.

BW: Anything worth doing's worth overdoing. That's the reason, Gordo.

[Oni ignores the count of Davis Warren until again instructed to by Fawcett at ringside, tossing Italiano across the ring and crashing into the corner with great ease.]

GM: Give him credit, Paulie Italiano is still struggling to stay in this match! Grabbing onto those ropes and forcing himself back to his feet now...

[Just as Italiano is about to be back to his feet, Fawcett shouts the familiar refrain of "SPIRITS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN" as Oni springs to action.]

BW: Squashed flat!

GM: Italiano falls to the mat like a ton of bricks, and we know what comes next!

[Oni rebounds off the ropes, leaping in the air...]

GM: CRACKED EARTH! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING!" DING!"

PW: Here is your winner...

KING ONI!!

GM: Another convincing victory by the undefeated KING Oni--

BW: Never mind undefeated, he hasn't even left his feet if he hasn't wanted to! We haven't even seen pain register on this guy's face, Gordo!

GM: I would agree... except for when Derrick Williams came to the rescue of his mentor Kevin Slater. He seemed to almost be taken aback by Williams' assault.

BW: No way... he probably saw a mosquito flying in his face.

[The Lost Boy crawls into the ring on all fours, followed by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Fawcett is handed a mic by Phil Watson, as he nods.]

"D"HF: It warms my heart to see this. Families together, creating memories that will never truly fade. Many of you will wipe tears away and recall this night fondly...

[Fawcett flashes a dark smile.]

"D"HF: ... once your loved ones' hearts beat their last. Past crimes forgotten. All those times they were not there when you needed them most?

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Gone from your minds like the eroding coastline. It is of utmost importance, these times. The family unit itself, is paramount.

[Fawcett sighs.]

"D"HF: That is why I am troubled greatly when I think of one Derrick Williams.

[The crowd erupts in cheers at the mention of Williams' name. The Lost Boy rears his head and howls as Oni bares his teeth and growls at the crowd.]

"D"HF: Where is his family? A mentor, a trainer. Barely able to get out of bed, unable to wash himself without aid. The kind of man that, if this were a sane world, would have been put out of his misery long ago.

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: But no, he is allowed to continue on. To be a burden to his wife and to his children. But more importantly?

To you, Derrick Williams.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Instead of being put out his misery... his misery is now yours, my young friend. I see it in your eyes. I see the despair, I see the weight of his burden on your soul. Eyes... they are the window to the soul, are they not? You see, I know a great deal about eyes...

[Fawcett raises his gem and places it against his left eye, laughing maniacally.]

"D"HF: ...but I also know about family. Yours? No longer exists. Mine?

[Fawcett smiles as he gestures first to The Lost Boy and then to KING Oni.]

"D"HF: You see them here. Handpicked by me, making them so much more important than some random recessive trait foisted upon one by the hand of fate.

My family, can be depended upon. You all saw it here tonight. Yours, can never help you. You are so horribly, regretfully alone. As I asked you before...

[Fawcett looks again to his two monstrous charges.]

"D"HF: "Who surrounds you everywhere?"

[Another dark laugh from Fawcett.]

"D"HF: Or perhaps an even more accurate quote...

[Fawcett smiles cruelly once more.]

"D"HF: My name is Legion, for we are many.

[Fawcett laughs maniacally, lifting his gem high over his head as both The Lost Boy and KING Oni remain focused on it as "Kagome Kagome" plays once again.]

GM: KING Oni, The Lost Boy, and Doctor Harrison Fawcett... a family? Oh brother. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we're going to address the controversial confrontation two weeks ago between the beast known as Kraken and the GFC Heavyweight Champion of the World, Rufus Harris. Believe me, you do NOT want to miss that!

[Fade to black.]

Cut to a shot of an Aztec temple, the sun high over the brick structure. Gathered before the temple is a priest wearing an ornate headdress, his body covered in paint.]

VO: Since ancient times, warriors have gathered, testing themselves on sacred grounds. Today, that tradition continues...

[The loud guitar of Los Rabanes' "Ella Se Mueva Cruel" kicks in, amidst a

flurry of shots of colorfully doing battle with each other. The cuts are quick, no more than two seconds at most, men leaping, men rolling others up into painful looking submissions, and wrestlers scoring pins on one another. It all goes by in a blur, almost too fast for the eye to follow. The last sight is the pain on the face of Caspian Abaran, as he is forced to relinquish his El Principe del Sol mask.]

VO: For those men gathered in combat, only one word can describe the action...

[As the song continues, there is a shot of El Caliente hitting the Sweet and Spicy Rana on an unsuspecting foe, the move truly spectacular, as he races across the ring towards his opponent, who is sitting on the top turnbuckle. Caliente springs off the second rope, bounces off the adjacent top rope, and then with pinpoint accuracy, hooks his legs around his opponent's neck, executing a perfect huracanrana.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another shot, this time of Super Solar hitting a frog splash on the prone Punky Perra, Perra's pierced and tattooed body bouncing off the mat as the camera lingers on the large sunburst tattoo on Solar's back]

VO: LUCHA!

[El Corazon Negro is shown, engaging in a brutal exchange of chops with Japanese legend GOLIATH Takehara. The large Japanese wrestler's face contorting in pain with each chop from the legend, only for El Corazon Negro to feel the sting of GOLIATH's devastating chops.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another series of shots of SWLL action, ending with a pair of beautiful SWLL ring girls blowing a kiss to the audience.]

VO: Last week, the Internet EXPLODED as they witnessed one of the most talked about aerial battles of the past five years when El Caliente met the SWLL 2014 Rookie Of The Year, Veneno.

[Clips are shown of the match, as the incredibly popular El Caliente hurls himself over the top rope in a corkscrew dive, wiping out Veneno on the concrete at ringside. Then to clips of Veneno sailing off the top rope, connecting with a missile dropkick on Caliente who is on the apron, sending him sailing off and crashing down to the floor as Veneno lands hard backfirst on the apron.]

VO: Two of the best in the world thrilled fans throughout the pro wrestling world.

[Caliente's attempt at the Hot And Spicy Rana is thwarted by Veneno who hooks the luchador's legs, stepping through to trap his arms before throwing himself off the buckles, sending Caliente facefirst into the canvas.]

VO: But in the end, Veneno was victorious and earned himself this week's Main Event against Rey Pantera.

[Cut to highlights from a different arena where Veneno throws himself between the ropes in a front somersault, flooring Rey Pantera with a tope con hilo.]

VO: This battle between one of the sport's most popular and most hated was one you'll have to see to believe!

[A series of quick shots - a satellite headscissors by Rey Pantera, a La Majistral attempt by Veneno, a catapult towards the corner that Veneno turns into a moonsault onto the veteran...

...and then to a bright purple background splashed with the show's logo.]

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

[As we fade back to live action, we find ourselves back down at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Hello, fans, and welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X! We're going to take a short break from the in-ring action right now to talk about what happened two weeks ago between Kraken and Rufus Harris at Turner Field and what has happened in the two weeks since.

BW: That's right, Gordo. The whole world is talkin' 'bout this one. These two have been at each other's throats verbally for weeks now... but two weeks ago, it got cranked up to a whole other level.

GM: To really do this right, let's go back two weeks ago and take a look at that footage. It was Turner Field... the Duel On The Diamond... we had promoted a confrontation between Kraken and the GFC World Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris. We had hyped it as a way for these two men to settle their differences however it may have only gotten much, much worse. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "TURNER FIELD - TWO WEEKS AGO" where Kraken and Rufus Harris are already in the ring. A wall of AWA security - along with Harris' own personal black-suited bodyguards - are standing between the two men. Harris has a thick metal chain hanging around his neck, dark sunglasses on his face, and the GFC Heavyweight Title around his waist. He's running his mouth at Kraken who has Rob Christie behind him, a hand on his shoulder trying to keep Kraken from snapping and attacking the MMA champion.]

GM: Here we go, fans! This is the confrontation we've been talking about!

[Harris moves forward, pushing his own entourage aside, getting within a few feet of Kraken who is pulling away from Christie's hand.]

GM: Uh oh. Things are getting tense in there. Look at this staredown!

[Flash bulbs are popping all over Turner Field as Kraken and Rufus Harris are just a few feet away from each other, staring one another down as AWA security tries to keep things under control.]

GM: Words are being exchanged in there now - it's getting testier...

[Harris yanks off his dark sunglasses, throwing them aside.]

BW: Those are five hundred dollar sunglasses, Gordo.

GM: Not anymore.

[Harris is shouting at Kraken now, demanding he take a swing at him.]

BW: So much for settling things.

GM: You've got that right. Kraken wants a piece of Harris and I'm fairly sure the feeling is mutual, Bucky!

[Harris is angrily pointing at Kraken as Christie tries to keep Kraken from going after him, hanging onto his arm.]

GM: Christie's trying to keep Kraken from doing something he might regret with all these officials in here. He's trying to-

[Kraken angrily turns towards Christie, shoving him away, turning back towards Harris...

...who has leapt through security, cocking back his right hand...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big blow lands flush on the jaw of the off-balance Kraken, knocking him flat! The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the GFC Heavyweight Champion throwing a punch inside an AWA ring!]

GM: HARRIS DROPPED HIM! HARRIS DROPPED HIM!

[With the crowd roaring, AWA security swarms Harris, pulling him back from Kraken...

...which causes Harris' personal security to get involved, trying to keep their client protected!]

GM: We've got a problem, fans! We've got trouble inside the ring! It's breaking down here in Atlanta! Harris and Kraken! Harris and Kraken!

[A screaming Harris is dragged back against the ropes by security. The chaos in the ring continues for several moments before we cut to a different angle.]

"HARRIS AND KRAKEN! HARRIS AND KRAKEN!"

[And another.]

"HARRIS AND KRAKEN! HARRIS AND KRAKEN!"

[And one more, this time showing Harris' big right hand flying in and landing in super slow motion. As it connects and Kraken falls, we hear Gordon Myers' voice in a voiceover.]

GM: It was the shot heard 'round the world. One punch and the world was thrown back on its heels just like Kraken was. AWA officials didn't want it to happen. GFC officials DEFINITELY didn't want it to happen. But there it was - LIVE on The X for the entire world to see. And once it happened, there was no putting the genie back in the bottle. The video of the incident hit the Internet and went viral overnight.

[We see the video through a YouTube interface, showing Kraken being knocked down again with a "view count" numbering in the millions.]

GM: Both offices were flooded with media requests for both men to appear - Fox Sports, ESPN, ABC, NBC, CNN... and everything in between. There have been reporters camped out at the AWA offices and the GFC offices wanting to know what comes next.

[We see quick shots of an unmasked Kraken being interviewed on a talk show. Rufus Harris sitting in studio at ESPN. Both men face to face... virtually speaking... through a back and forth on Fox Sports.]

GM: Take a look at some of the comments from the GFC Champion, Rufus Harris - the Rottweiler himself - on the set of Stu Dugan's hit show right here on Fox Sports X - "Beyond The Hexagon."

[The screen starts to dissolve but before it dissipates entirely it reconstructs itself and we are staring at whom we presume is Stu Dugan. Mid thirties, clean shaven, dark brown hair trimmed low, brown eyes, and he's wearing a black button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up and one too many buttons unfastened.]

SD: Stu Dugan here, joined at this time by the prized fighter of the largest Mixed Martial Arts conglomerate on the planet... the GFC World Heavyweight Champion known to fight fans across the globe as the Rottweiler. Rufus Harris, how the hell are you my friend?

[The visual feed jumps to "Rough" Rufus Harris. Mocha skinned scalp shaved clean around a landing strip of black hair down the center of his head. Black hair patterns itself in three sharp lines around his ears and jets into a grizzled black beard. His eyes are sunk behind aviator inspired sunglasses with black and gold accents and a rimless bottom. Around his neck hangs thick gold links that match the accessories around his wrists and the gaudy rings wrapped around his fingers. His upper body squeezes itself



into a gun metal Nike vest with oversized flap pockets and no sleeves allowing his muscular arms to fold freely across his chest.]

RH: Yo Stu, I ain't never been better my man. Hell I'm on cloud ten, homie.

SD: Cloud ten?

RH: Yeah, fool. Nine is for chumps, dig? Ten is where the real playas hang. Ten is where the Champs lay their heads down and drown themselves in expensive bottles of wine and fine food.

SD: So is that what we are supposed to be telling fight fans how you are spending your time these days? Drinking wine and eating caviar?

RH: You got some'em else for me to do, Stu? The last man that tried to call me out just got laaaaaaid out, homie. Ya know where he's sleepin', playa? Atlanta Medical Center, room 109, I heard he's seein' a specialist.

SD: A specialist?

RH: Yeah, playa. They ain't know what's wrong with that fool other than he was DAMN crazy to ever think he could lay his hands on me.

SD: You are of course talking about Kraken.

[Harris grunts, exhaling violently out of his nose as the screen fades...

...and refocuses in what we presume is a couple of minutes later.]

RH: No man, monster, or mythical creature on this planet can tangle with the Champ, dig? I don't care if it's Turner Field, the Hexagon, or a back alley behind a 7/11. Any man, any time, any place...the result is always the same. One right hand to the skull and it's lights out, ya feel me?

SD: I heard Kraken and his manager Rob Christie went on quite the tirade after what went down in Atlanta, Georgia. Slamming chairs, knocking over lockers, putting holes in walls with his fist –

[Harris gives a half-cocked grin as we abruptly cut to that footage.

The picture is bouncing up and down, but a door in the distance is growing larger as the obviously running cameraman approaches it -- and some very loud, very angry noises are being heard from that slightly open door. The rather distinct sound of something crashing against metal is heard once, then again just before the cameraman pushes through the door and reveals a locker room in extreme disarray. The camera pans around the room, and spots the Robfathah -- standing a good distance away from the center of the storm, the reason chairs are laying about the room and presumably the reason a locker is sporting a number of wicked dents, Kraken.]

RC: Come on, big man, Harris just landed a cheap shot --

[Mention of Harris' name apparently reminds the briefly-resting Kraken why he's so angry, as he spins and drills another nearby locker with an uraken, then spins back around and hits another, nearly caving its door in.]

RC: This isn't worth it! This is what he wants! He's just trying to get in your head!

[Kraken screams, an awfully loud, guttural sound, and then headbutts the hell out of the locker door immediately in front of him. The sound is shockingly loud, and the door of the locker is actually snapped off of its top hinge. Kraken spins around, and reveals a bloody mess -- a nice cut on Kraken's head from the headbutt, and bloody knuckles from battering the lockers. Kraken looks at the Robfathah for a moment, still obviously seething, and then his head turns towards the camera. The big man advances on the cameraman, stopping to kick a chair out of his way, and the cameraman understandably starts to back up. Kraken's faster than he looks like he should be, though, and is right up in the camera, reaching forward, apparently grabbing the cameraman by the collar.]

K: HOLD STILL!

[There's a slight up-and-down bob, as if the cameraman nods, and Kraken takes a half step back, letting go. Kraken reaches up, ripping the mask off his face and throwing it aside. The Robfathah stands in the background, looking concerned.]

K: You see this face, Harris? YOU SEE IT?

[Kraken points up at his face, which is bleeding from a deep cut just over the big man's eye...bleeding kind of profusely, but Kraken doesn't seem to give a damn.]

K: This is the face of a man ready to RIP YOUR DAMN HEART OUT! You had the nerve to walk your sorry ass in here, into MY HOUSE, into a place you don't belong... that doesn't want you, and then you took a cheap shot on me?

[The big man's face turns even more red than it was already, and not just because of the blood streaming out of the cut.]

K: Ain't no runnin', no hidin' for you from now on, Harris! It can be a parking lot, a locker room, a back alley, a wrestling ring or even your stupid octagon, I get my hands on you, and it'll be the last time ANYBODY sees you movin' without a wheelchair! I know you ain't that smart, son, but you better damn well hope the suits can get this worked out before I do...but it doesn't matter either way. It doesn't matter because you took a cheap shot...

[Kraken pauses, turning to spit a little bit of blood from the cut out of his mouth.]

K: ...so when you an' I get together, no matter whose terms it's on, you ain't gettin' a masked monster...you're gonna have to face the man whose pride just got knocked on its ass in front of thousands of people! I came back here for RESPECT! I came back here to EARN that respect, and you took it all away with that little piddly-ass left hook...

[Kraken reaches out, grabbing the camera by the lens and pulling it way too close.]

K: ...so you can damn well bet your LIFE that I'll cripple your sorry ass to get it back!

[We abruptly cut back to the smirking Harris.]

RH: Too bad that monster ain't got that kind of fire in the ring. Fact is, if that beast was half as tough as he looked we coulda put on a helluva show. But he's soft, he hides behind his mask, behind the Fat Man, behind his emotions. His parents should have whooped him harder, Stu.

[Fast forward.]

RH: The AWA ain't gonna sue me and the Athletic Commission ain't gonna slap me with nothin' but a fine that's cheaper than the toilet paper I use to wipe my rear end with, homie. Those fools know better than to come after a man for assault. What would that prove? That they're weak? Inferior? They're too proud and too dumb to pull that off. Ya know what the AWA wants? Someone with the sack to shut me up.

[The video cuts to Harris laughing behind dark sunglasses, walking the streets of Los Angeles surrounded by bodyguards, signing autographs for fans shouting his name. A voiceover of him is heard.]

RH: He can call Siri, dial 4-1-1, or follow me on Twitter cause I ain't hidin' from nobody, fool. You hear me, Kraken...you feeeeeel me, AWA...you see this face?

[A jump cut to an extreme closeup of a grinning Harris, posing for a photo with a pair of buxom blondes that are hanging on his arms.]

RH: It's been through a hundred wars, been hit a thousand times, and ain't no man on this planet been able to make a dent in it. You can talk about tryin' to stop me...

...or you can die tryin'.

[Fast forward.]

RH: I'm a fighter, I gotta fight. If the fights stop comin' to me then I gotta go get me some somewhere else. I'm just like any other junkie out there, homie. Rufus Harris needs his fix...only I ain't talkin' needles and juice, I'm talkin' blood and broken bones. I'm talkin' 'bout layin' leather to faces and needin' that rush of adrenaline that nothin' else in life can give ya. The GFC

ain't feedin' this dog's appetite and I gotta eat, dig? I'm starvin', thirstin', and beggin' for it.

[Harris slaps his hands together in a prayer-like plea.]

RH: Kraken, Fat Man, AWA, GFC, someone, anyone listenin'...

...feed the dog.

[Harris throws his head back and lets out a violent series of barks.]

RH: Or I'm gonna start feedin' myself.

[The barking hits again - echoing over and over as we cut back to a black and white shot of the bloodied Kraken as he slams his skull into a metal locker, spinning back towards the camera lens.]

Cut to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the

ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufrense using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Back to the product splash.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends.

As we fade back up, we find ourselves back inside the Garrett Coliseum, panning across the crowd who has seen one heck of a night's worth of action already and still have more to go.

Suddenly, Metallica's "Bad Seed" starts playing over the PA.]

GM: We are BACK here on The X, fans... and we're about to be joined by the man who challenged the AWA World Heavyweight Champion in the Main Event of The Duel On The Diamond...after suffering a cowardly attack by Demetrius Lake, that is.

BW: Cowardly?

GM: You didn't see Dave Bryant out there with a baseball bat, did you?

BW: He dumped Gatorade all over the King, Gordo! That's a beheading in some parts of the world.

[Myers sighs audibly as the former two-time heavyweight champion emerges from the back, pausing and looking around at the cheering audience, nodding to them as he makes his way up the aisle. Bryant's wearing a white dress shirt, no tie, black slacks and shoes to match, and he's moving with a purpose. He climbs the steps and steps through the ropes, into the ring, and quickly retrieves the microphone. The music dies down as Bryant stands center-ring, mic in hand.]

DB: At The Duel On The Diamond, Ryan Martinez told the world that we would finally have an undisputed World Heavyweight Champion...

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: ...and he was right, and that champion's name is Ryan Martinez.

[The crowd cheers the mention of the champ, and Bryant nods.]

DB: There was a question that I needed answered, and that match answered it. Should I still be the AWA World Heavyweight Champion? No. That title rests on the waist of the only man who can make any rightful claim, and while this might sound like a strange thing coming from the man who he just beat, I hope he carries that belt a good, long time. This is a man who doesn't have the lingering taint of the Wise Men poisoning his reign, a man who has withstood the assault of the deranged, has continued to stand up for his friends and for the AWA while taking the worst physical and psychological beatings I've ever seen.

[Bryant smiles faintly.]

DB: That said, Ryan, two things...you need anything from me, you need another pair of eyes watching out for you, you let me know...and second, I'm going to do everything I can to claw my way back to the top of that pile...I just hope you're waiting there when I do, champ.

[The smile fades rather quickly.]

DB: Now...now I have to bring up something that I almost don't even want to talk about. I don't want to give the walking garbage heap I'm about to talk about the satisfaction...but hey, I've got an ego and an axe to grind, and despite the fact that I don't want to give Demetrius Lake...

[Bryant pauses to give the crowd time to boo, then grins..]

DB: ...you know what? You're all right. I'm NOT going to talk about the wannabe King of Wrestling...I'm just going to call him out.

[Bryant spins and points down the aisle, towards the entrance.]

DB: Bring your sorry carcass down here, Lake, and face me like a man -- if you've got the, ah, required equipment.

[Bryant's grin turns into a smirk, and he drops the microphone.]

GM: Some strong words from the former World Champion towards Demetrius Lake and you've gotta wonder if the so-called King of Wrestling will oblige.

BW: I haven't seen Lake here tonight, Gordo. I'm not even sure he's in the building. I know he feels pretty strongly about how much of a hole in the country Alabama is.

GM: Would you stop?! The fans here in Montgomery are on their feet, waiting to see if Demetrius Lake is going to come out here and-

[The curtain parts, revealing someone powerwalking down the aisle towards the ring...

...but it's not Demetrius Lake.]

GM: What the...?

BW: It's Hamilton Graham! The former World Champion and the recipient of the 2014 Lifetime Achievement Award!

[The surly veteran makes his way swiftly down the aisle, glaring at Dave Bryant. He's wearing a black polo shirt and khaki slacks along with his trademark permed hair. Graham steps up on the apron, pointing into the ring as he snatches an offered mic before climbing into the ring.]

HG: Dave Bryant...

[Bryant looks puzzled at Graham.]

HG: Hrmph. What am I supposed to do with you?

[Bryant shakes his head, saying something off-mic.]

HG: Oh, I know you asked for Demetrius. But the fact of the matter is, kid... you don't DESERVE to be in the same ring with the one, true legitimate KING of wrestling.

[The fans boo wildly at that.]

HG: And before you protest that, I know very well that you're a two time AWA World Champion...

[Cheers from the crowd as Bryant looks proud at his accomplishments.]

HG: ...but I also know HOW you got those titles, son.

[Bryant's expression quickly flips the switch to fuming mad.]

HG: I was watching when you won that title through a crooked referee's decision... a guy who lined his pockets with the cash of the mighty and used their influence to make you a champion.

Proud of that one, are ya?

[Bryant protests.]

HG: Oh, maybe you're more proud of the other one. The one where you used a submission hold to put a man on the shelf for months. Proud of that one?

This ring - these four ropes - this sport... it's about competition. It's about two men coming together to find out who is the better man. It's about two men battling it out with the entire world watching.

That's the root... the soul of this business.

[Graham is seething mad.]

HG: And you... you won a title by putting a man in traction.

[He shrugs.]

HG: It happens. It happens to all of us. Happened to me a few times actually. But a few seconds later, you let yourself be beaten by a superior athlete. You fell for a trick so complicated, it rated just above a "Hey, your shoelaces are untied!"



You were weak... and you were beaten.

[Graham smirks.]

HG: Just like you will be if our King ever decides to step into the ring with you.

[The fans are booing Graham as Bryant leans back against the buckles, glaring at him.]

HG: But that's not the worst of it. The worst of it is... every time I look at you, I have a taste of deja vu wash over me.

How's your uncle?

[Bryant's glare turns cold on Graham who gestures at the fans.]

HG: You see, these people here in Alabama... probably most of 'em have never heard of your uncle which makes them not unlike the rest of the country.

[He smirks again.]

HG: "Iron" Brett Bryant was a big wrestling star in the 70s... until he met me. Because in 1976, he thought he could come to St. Louis and become the biggest star in the world.

He was wrong.

Thanksgiving night that year, we went to a 60 minute draw... just like you and Wright did the night you won the title... but unlike you, your Uncle didn't walk out of the Kiel Center with the gold. I DID!

[He nods, pointing at Bryant.]

HG: So we did it again. New Year's Day. Two out of three falls. The first fall? Your Uncle hooked that Iron Crab on me... just like you did on Demetrius a while back. He won't lie just like I won't. That hold hurts... and I gave up that night to save my back for the rest of the match. Make no mistake, if anyone gets caught in that hold, they're giving up or they're going to the hospital... I'll give you that much.

[Bryant nods, still glaring at Graham.]

HG: But in the second fall... the second fall, I split your Uncle's head wide open. The canvas was covered in so much blood, you would think they butchered a sow in there.

[He chuckles at the memory.]

HG: I won the second fall... and after seventy-three minutes, they decided your Uncle had bled enough. He'd been punished enough. He'd been hurt enough.

They stopped the match. I kept my title...

[Dramatic pause as Graham points at Bryant.]

HG: ...and your Uncle went running out of St. Louis like the coward that he was!

[One more pause.]

HG: Just like the coward... that YOU are!

[Bryant's heard enough as he comes flying out of the corner, uncoiling his leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! GRAHAM'S OUT COLD!

[Dave Bryant stands over the unconscious Graham, shouting at him, screaming at him.]

GM: Dave Bryant just knocked out Hamilton Graham!

BW: He superkicked a 60 year old man! What kind of person does that?!

GM: You were the first one out of your seat cheering when Demetrius Lake beat up Blackjack Lynch!

BW: That's different! Beating up a Lynch is a timeless thing... almost like a national past time!

[AWA officials come tearing down the aisle, cutting off Bryant from coming after the motionless Graham.]

GM: We've got to get some help out here for- goodness, Dave Bryant is totally irate! I think Hamilton Graham struck a nerve...

BW: And then Bryant struck his jaw! What a monster!

GM: Fans, we've got to take a break! When we come back, Travis Lynch tries to win a shot at the National Title 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).

We fade back up to live action where we see Gordon and Bucky down at ringside with some special guests. Inside the ring, we can see Travis Lynch in one corner and The Lost Boy with Doctor Harrison Fawcett in the opposite corner.]

GM: Fans, we are being joined at ringside here by "Diamond" Rob Driscoll and Miss Sandra Hayes, as Travis Lynch attempts to earn himself a National Title match at Memorial Day Mayhem.

RD: Attempts is the key word there, Myers. The Lost Boy is no walk in the park in the wrestling ring.

BW: Shoot, he's no walk in the park anywhere. Especially in the park.

\*DING DING DING\*

[Travis stays in the corner as the bell rings, peering at his opponent across the ring. The Lost Boy is stooped in the corner, facing "Doctor" Fawcett who gives him last minute instructions. Travis looks on quizzically, and without warning the Lost Boy turns around, and on a dead sprint, blasts Travis into the corner with an ugly forearm!]

GM: A wild blow from The Lost Boy, who is clearly not concerned about perfect execution!

BW: This man is a savage, Gordo, he's just gonna beat down Travis Lynch into paste and walk away.

MSH: We knew what we were doing when he asked the good Doctor for a prescription to the problem. Travis Lynch is in for a world of pain.

[The Lost Boy headbutts Lynch over and over in the corner, just ramming his forehead into any part of Lynch he manages to hit and then drives a knee into his midsection seemingly out of nowhere. He turns around, wildly gasping for air and looking to Fawcett for instruction, as the "Doctor" claps in approval. He pivots once more and crashes at full speed into Travis, then reaches up and wraps his hands around the youngest Lynch's windpipe.]

RD: Here you go Travis, let's see it! Fight through it, buddy!

GM: This has been a mauling from the very beginning! The Lost Boy truly must be lost to go after the man who saved him from Sunshine's wrath like this!

[Referee Davis Warren tries to get some position in the corner and lays the count on The Lost Boy, laying in a hard count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FI-!"

GM: That's a good job by Davis Warren of enforcing the rules.

RD: Yeah, for a second.

BW: The only one who gets through to that poor kid is Doctor Fawcett, Gordo, you know that.

[The Lost Boy releases for a second, then drives his forehead into Lynch's shoulder and swings a wild left, with the under part of his left forearm hitting Travis upside the head. The Lost Boy just flails at Travis, hitting him with every part of his arms, and then coming down with right handed Mongolian chops over and over and over again until Travis is in the seated position in the corner, head back against the second turnbuckle.]

GM: The Lost Boy now, putting that foot under the throat of Travis Lynch, depriving his body of oxygen.

RD: And for someone filled with hot air, that's a big loss.

BW: Davis Warren gotta read the riot act to that man, and I'm glad that ain't my job.

[The referee starts to count, but this time The Lost Boy breaks on his own volition. He backs up a few paces, screaming wildly, then turns around and sprints toward the corner, aiming a running knee to the face... that Travis Lynch dodges, diving out of the way and getting back to his feet!]

RD: Dammit!

GM: Travis moved! Travis Lynch got out of the way, and he's back on his feet! Right hand! Right hand!

[The strong right hands stagger, but don't drop, the Lost Boy, so Travis takes two steps back and unleashes a dropkick that comes in high and tight, hitting his opponent on the left side of his face.]

GM: Big dropkick by Travis! He's got him reeling!

[The Lost Boy staggers to the ropes and Travis sprints full speed ahead, clotheslining him over the top rope and to the floor, where he lands on his feet!]

BW: He landed on his feet! He didn't miss a step!

GM: Amazing agility from the Lost Boy!

[The Lost Boy reaches under the ropes, hooking Travis' ankle to trip him up and drag him out to the floor!]

MSH: His skill and agility is remarkable for someone who doesn't seem to be civilized in any way.

BW: When you're from the wild, sometimes you gotta be that way to survive, Sandra. He might not have had a choice.

[The Lost Boy lays in headbutts to the chest of Lynch, and then presses his forearm underneath Lynch's chin, pushing him back against the apron.]

GM: He's choking him!

[Travis throws a right hand that hits his foe in the ribs to break the choke, so the Lost Boy lays in another headbutt and bites the top of Travis' head! After a second, he turns and throws Travis into the guardrail!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE STEEL HE GOES!

[The Lost Boy marches in, laying in a big knee to the exposed ribs of the Texas Heartthrob.]

BW: Just brutal, Gordo, the Lost Boy is ALL over Stench.

GM: And now he's grabbing Travis by the hair and grinding his face back and forth along the top of the guardrail.

RD: A lot of diner waitresses are gonna be upset, but that's how he takes care of business.

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, the Lost Boy whips him out to full arm extension...

...and then yanks him back, sending him crashing into the railing a second time!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN! RIGHT INTO THE BARRICADE! Kidneys first to that steel goes Travis Lynch, and here comes the Lost Boy!

[The wild man follows in, but Travis ducks down and backdrops him over the barricade into the crowd! Lost Boy lands with a thud!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACKDROP INTO THE FRONT ROW!

RD: That’s gotta be some kind of a disqualification, doesn’t it?

GM: Not at all.

[After a moment to regroup, Travis follows him over the barricade and into the audience. As the Lost Boy gets to his feet, Lynch rocks him with a right hand and follows up with a left. Lost Boy falls to his knees, and another right rocks him back into a sitting position, at the mercy of Travis Lynch.]

GM: Now it's Travis Lynch's turn! Rights and lefts, raining down on the head of The Lost Boy! Travis Lynch knows something about throwing down too!

[The Texan takes a moment to let up and is mobbed by the people who are patting his back, slapping his hand and otherwise embracing him. Someone in the crowd offers him a bottle of water and Travis takes it and guzzles the rest of the bottle, then turns and ROCKS the Lost Boy with a clothesline that sends him tumbling over the barricade!]

GM: The fight is raging out here at ringside... finally, back inside the barricade again! The referee is showing a lot of discretion, giving both these guys a lot of leeway.

RD: Too much discretion if you ask me. Travis Lynch should’ve been disqualified for going out into the crowd! He should be fined! He should be suspended!

GM: You REALLY don’t want to face him for the title at Memorial Day Mayhem, do you?

RD: That has nothing to do with it!

MSH: Stop spreading lies and propaganda, Myers!

[Travis climbs up on the barricade, raising his arms and getting his balance as the crowd cheers him on...]

GM: Travis is up on top of the railing and-

[He flies off with a cross body on the rising Lost Boy, tackling him on the ringside mats and going to town with more rights! The crowd erupts at the sight of it, and Gordon Myers almost has to yell over the noise.]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! TRAVIS LYNCH HAS COME TO FIGHT TONIGHT, TRAVIS LYNCH IS ON A MISSION AND ROB DRISCOLL IS THE TARGET!

BW: He's got a long way to go, Gordo, let's not put the cart before the horse!

GM: Travis Lynch is as fired up as I've ever seen him! These fans are on their feet for what I feel is a breakthrough moment in the career of Travis Lynch!

[Lynch drags the Lost Boy to his feet and chucks him into the ring post...]

GM: The Lost Boy goes shoulderfirst into the steel!

[Lynch turns, pointing right at Rob Driscoll and the National Title! Driscoll takes his headset off and stands up as Bucky and Gordo get out of the way, but Lynch turns and throws a right hand at the standing Lost Boy, then rolls him into the ring.]

BW: We almost had Memorial Day Mayhem right here tonight, daddy. This safe house ain't safe no more!

\*CLUNK!\*

GM: Rob Driscoll just said something we can't repeat on the air, fans, and it looks like his tenure as a color commentator is over. Lynch looking to follow the Lost Boy into the ring- HEY! HEY! What's he doing? Rob Driscoll just grabbed the foot of Travis Lynch!

[The referee is right on top of it and points to Driscoll, who holds his hands up and backs away. The Lost Boy brushes right by the ref and whacks Lynch with an elbow!]

BW: Oof! What a shot that was!

GM: Travis got distracted - blatant interference by Rob Driscoll got him distracted!

[The Lost Boy swings Travis around, turning him to face the crowd. He bends him back over the top rope and OBLITERATES him with an axe like forearm right to the throat. Travis flips backwards into the ring, and the Lost Boy drops down to bite his head once more!]

BW: You don't wrestle The Lost Boy, you fight The Lost Boy! Lynch is in a fight!

[As his manager yells for him to cover, the savage wrestler drops a sloppy elbow and presses Travis' shoulders to the canvas. The referee hits the mat twice before Lynch harshly rolls left to stop the count.]

GM: That kind of cover just isn't going to work against Travis Lynch, Bucky, you know that.

BW: That could be the only kind of cover he knows! I don't think they have a Combat Corner or a Hamilton Graham in his neck of the woods.

[The aggressor picks Lynch up off the mat, then scoops him for a slam... then runs full speed into the turnbuckle! He repeats the action once more and just dumps Travis onto the canvas, before dropping to the canvas and choking Lynch with two hands again!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: He's counting the man, Gordo... what more do you want?

["Doctor" Fawcett persuades his client to relinquish the choke hold, and The Lost Boy does as he's told. He gets back to his feet and walks around the ring, eyes wild, then scratches at his face as Fawcett gives more instructions.]

GM: Look at Driscoll conferring with Fawcett. What a meeting of the minds that is.

BW: That's two smart men right there, Gordo. Along with Miss Hayes, that might take over the world.

[Driscoll puts a hand on his shoulder, giving The Lost Boy a visual as Fawcett instructs him. The "wrestler" nods in understanding, if there is such a thing, then runs over and stomps Travis Lynch somewhere around his shoulder. The National Champion claps as Fawcett offers words of encouragement.]

GM: Hard stomps to that shoulder, and Travis Lynch has to roll out of the ring.

BW: Way to run, Stench. Nothing new to you!

GM: Travis Lynch trying to recoup on the outside, but he's having no chance. Lost Boy on the outside, hard kick right to the face!



BW: I don't think he knows what it means to take it easy, all he has are hard kicks in his arsenal.

[The Lost Boy kicks Travis once more, and Fawcett comes around and instructs him to go back into the ring. The Lost Boy looks at his manager quizzically and then rolls in, then gets to his knees and goes to the corner.]

BW: I don't get it, I don't understand why-

[The savage starts to untie the top turnbuckle pad, drawing the referee over... and giving Rob Driscoll a chance to attack Lynch on the outside, driving fists into his left shoulder.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Driscoll grabs Travis by a handful of trunks, launching him off his feet and sending him shoulderfirst into the guardrail! The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the attack unseen by the referee!]

BW: HA! Beautiful!

GM: This whole thing is a set up! Rob Driscoll doesn't want any part of Travis Lynch, and he's going to use EVERY trick he knows to make sure Lynch doesn't earn this title shot! What a coward, plain and simple!

BW: It's called pulling the strings! When you're Rob Driscoll and Miss Sandra Hayes, people are only too happy to help you! Harrison Fawcett was pleased to do business with these two, I'm sure of it!

GM: Do business?! You mean collude to rob Travis Lynch of a chance at gold?

BW: Well? Sounds like a business agreement to me!

[Driscoll throws Travis back into the ring and scurries away, as The Lost Boy turns and jumps onto Lynch in an ugly splash, this time putting all of his body weight on his opponent's upper torso as Davis Warren drops to count.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR- Travis Lynch slips out again! These sloppy covers will come back to bite this entire conglomerate of people out to get Travis Lynch.

BW: Good luck fixing that problem, daddy.

[The Lost Boy gets up and brings Travis with him, then whips him hard to the corner... and after a moment of instruction, rushes in with a big boot aimed at Lynch's head that hits NOTHING when Travis dodges! Big cheer!]

BW: Oh no, Doc Fawcett!

GM: The Lost Boy missed that big kick and his boot is caught on the top rope! He's stuck up there!

[Which gives Travis Lynch plenty of time to eye up the situation, and kick Lost Boy's totally exposed leg right in the side of the knee cap. That unhooks the leg, and the mauler limps around in the ring, totally oblivious to Travis winding up...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

...and hitting him with a discus punch! The crowd explodes as Travis collapses to the mat, and the already stumbling Lost Boy falls directly out of the ring!]

GM: Discus punch! A discus punch from Travis Lynch caused The Lost Boy to tumble right out of the ring!

BW: No need for panic, titles don't-

GM: Bucky, this is NOT a title match! Travis Lynch just has to get any victory at all and he'll earn his title opportunity! It does NOT have to be a pinfall or submission.

BW: You're right, you're right! Rob! Doc! Get him back in there!

GM: Will you stop?!

[Davis Warren lays the count on The Lost Boy, who is on dream street on the outside mats. On the inside, Travis Lynch has gotten back to his feet with the help of the ropes and is listening as Warren counts. Driscoll and Fawcett tend to The Lost Boy, and this enrages Lynch... who heads outside, and breaks up the count on his own!]

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH! CLOTHESLINE OFF THE APRON! THE WHOLE CREW SCATTERS LIKE BOWLING PINS!

BW: All he had to do was let the man count! Lynch, Travis Lynch, what's' the matter with you?!

GM: Travis Lynch is not the kind of competitor who wants to win his opportunities like that! That's not the man we know him to be!

BW: I know him to be as dumb as the day is long, and I think I maybe underestimated him a tad.

GM: Lynch throws The Lost Boy in the ring. That's where this match is going to end. Not on the outside!

[The Lost Boy gets to a knee as Lynch rolls in, and hammers a double axehandle onto his shoulder, then another and another.]

GM: The Lost Boy's getting back to his feet... he's dazed from that discus punch but he's-

BW: He's doing a lot better than Lynch is!

GM: I'm not sure about that. The Lost Boy appears out on his feet as he looks for a whip...

[The dazed Lost Boy drops his head early in a show of weariness, allowing Lynch to bury a boot into the throat to straighten him up!]

GM: Travis caught him!

[The Texas Heartthrob throws a knee to the gut, doubling up the big brawler. An elbow bounces off the neck, snapping him down and then right back up...]

GM: Right hand above the ear! And another! Another!

[With the savage reeling, Travis winds up for another discus punch, but somehow The Lost Boy is dragged out of the ring by Driscoll and Fawcett, keeping him out of harm's way! The crowd jeers as Davis Warren sternly warns both men about their actions, and this time it's Lynch who brushes by the ref and ducks in between the top and middle rope, grabbing The Lost Boy by his head!]

GM: Travis Lynch, taking matters into his own hands! He drags Lost Boy back in- big forearm to the side of the face! He hooks him- snap suplex! That might be the first wrestling move of this match!

BW: One of a very few!

[Lynch drags Lost Boy to his feet, whips him to the ropes and fires off a crisp dropkick right to the face.]

GM: Another dropkick by Travis!

[The savage maunder stumbles back into the ropes, where Driscoll and Fawcett are about to grab him, but Lynch beats them to the punch, grabs the Lost Boy by his arm and whips him to the far ropes again, hitting a jumping knee to the chest, and turning around to snipe at Driscoll before covering.]

GM: Cover! ONE! TWO!! THR- KICKOUT BY THE LOST BOY!

[Lynch punches the mat, then stands up... just as Rob Driscoll climbs up on the apron. Lynch walks over to him and points a finger as Driscoll holds up his hands, showing the referee he's not doing anything.]

GM: What is he- get him down from there!

BW: He's not doing anything, Gordo, even Four Eyes Warren can see that!

[Driscoll holds his hands up and cackles, then jumps off just as The Lost Boy charges Travis Lynch... who dodges his opponent, dragging him down in a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[From out on the floor, Driscoll lunges through the ropes, yanking Travis' trunks and pulling him out of the pin attempt!]

GM: Driscoll AGAIN with a desperate attempt to save himself from having to face Travis at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Travis breaks to his feet, turning to glare at Driscoll who is out on the floor, looking innocently at the referee. Lynch points down at Driscoll as Davis Warren tries to get Travis back into the match.]

GM: Travis Lynch is fuming mad and who can blame him?!

BW: I get it, Gordo... I really do... but if he wants to compete for the National Title in the Cajundome, then he needs to get over it and find a way to win despite Rob Driscoll!

[The Texan turns back towards The Lost Boy, shaking his head as he approaches the wild-eyed savage who lunges forward, slamming his skull into Travis' midsection. He climbs up to his feet, grabbing Travis by the hair...]

GM: He goes to scoop him up!

[...but Travis rolls him into an inside cradle! A frantic Miss Sandra Hayes leaps up on the apron, distracting Davis Warren, preventing Warren from making the count as Rob Driscoll slides into the ring, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: HAYES HOOKS WARREN! THE REFEREE SMELLS A RAT!

BW: With Travis out here, he'll smell a lot of-

GM: DRISCOLL OFF THE ROPES!

[Warren rips away from Hayes, turning to see Driscoll as he SLAMS down with an elbow on the back of Travis' head, breaking the inside cradle!]

\*DING DING DING!\*

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Davis Warren has seen enough! That was the last straw!

[Close up of Driscoll frantically screaming "NO!" and waving his hands back and forth, face red as he shouts at the official, who ducks out of the ring to talk with Phil Watson. After a moment the referee goes back to the center of the ring and Watson clears his throat, as the crowd goes deathly silent...]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has decided to DISQUALIFY THE LOST BOY DUE TO OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE!

[...and then EXPLODES as Warren raises Lynch's hand!]

PW: AND THAT THEREFORE, THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH IS TRAVIS LYNCH!

[The National Champion and his entourage throw a huge fight on the outside, as Driscoll is kicking the railing and slamming his suit jacket down on the ground... and not at all seeing Travis Lynch speed out of the ring, then run around the corner to where he's standing.]

BW: LOOK OUT! ROBBIE! LYNCH!

[The newly minted #1 contender grabs Driscoll by the shoulder, turns him around and BLASTS him with another discus punch, sending him sailing over the ringside barricade, crashing down in a heap out on the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

[A shout from Fawcett sends The Lost Boy out to the floor, racing after Travis...

...who hurdles the barricade, backing through the crowd as The Lost Boy angrily grabs the railing, shaking it violently as he throws back his head and howls!]

GM: Travis Lynch got the win! He's got the shot at Mayhem! He's got a shot at Rob Driscoll and the National Title!

BW: This is ridiculous!

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

[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.

[We cut back to the ring where Gordon Myers is standing, microphone in hand.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, it's my honor at this time to welcome the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions, Air Strike!

["Can't Hold Us" begins to play as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons come out from the back to the cheers of the crowd, especially from female sections of the crowd. Michael Aarons is wearing a pink Air Strike Fan Club tee shirt with blue jeans while Cody Mertz wears a pair of black track pants and a white Tiger Paw tee shirt. The duo goes down opposite ends of the aisle, slapping as many hands as they can. They circle the ring and then slide in approaching Myers and shaking his hand.]

GM: Gentlemen, thank you for being here.

MA: Thanks for having us, Gordo.

[Aarons smirks as he looks over at Bucky.]

GM: Cody, Michael, it's been over a month since you lost the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the AWA has been dying to hear from you.

[The fans roar in approval which brings a smile the tag team's face, one female fan in particular screams "I love you Michael!"]

MA: And I love you. We love all of you and all of this. And last month things didn't go Air Strike's way that's true. But we're back and better than ever, ready to set our sights on getting back to the top!

[Aarons his head as the crowd agrees with that statement.]

CM: But Gordon, if you can't move forward you have to look behind you and see what's holding you back. So we went to Japan and defended our Global Tag Crown championships and we took that look back, we looked all around. And do you know what we saw?

[Myers shakes his head as Mertz points to himself and his partner.]

CM: Us. We were holding ourselves back. Distractions. We were letting ourselves be distracted by anything and everything.

GM: How so?

MA: Gordo, we let Violence Unlimited win. Sure, we pinned those two blowhards to the mat to become double champions but the disrespect afterwards that they showed us... it ate us up inside. They took OUR titles. We were so consumed with vengeance that we just blindly went through the motion demanding that Violence Unlimited show up and face us.

CM: Pretty much playing into their hands until they decided to strike back at us.

[Both men nod in agreement.]



MA: Then everywhere we turn there's questions about our friend Brian James, the Muay Thai to our high fly...

[Aarons looks down at the ground before looking back up.]

MA: BJ made a decision and then wanted to blame us for it. BJ wanted to run his mouth about my tag team partner Cody, putting us in the middle of something we didn't ask for.

CM: Plus you have the Lights Out Express...

MA: ...add in the War Pigs looking for a title shot every five seconds...

CM: And us racking up more frequent flyer miles in six months than most guys would get in six years...and you can see where the distractions would come in.

[Myers nods his head.]

CM: But you see the thing is the fault lies with us. We were the World Tag Team champions. We ARE the Global Tag Team Champions. The target is on our back. Violence Unlimited, Lights Out Express, War Pigs, and even Brian James, it's not their fault... it's Air Strike's fault. We became this team that needed to prove who we were. But the thing is we already proved who we were...

MA: That's right, cuz we the high flying, death defying, dual championship reacquiring, Teenage Dream Team in Air Strike!

[The duo exchange a fist bump as the crowd roars with approval.]

CM: So all cards on the table, Violence Unlimited, we don't need to seek you out. You didn't beat us, we beat you! You have a problem with that, you know where we'll be.

MA: And Brian James, you were our friend, I think you still are. But you're a grown man making grown man decisions and if you need to blame us? They maybe you need to reevaluate those decisions.

CM: Because you don't need to be your father to be great.

GM: So gentlemen, what about the AWA World Tag Team championship and the three gentlemen that hold them, the Lights Out Express?

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: Three people? That right there is absurd, but that's what it takes when playing by the rules can't get you anywhere.

CM: The L-O-E took advantage of the situation in front of them but that really shouldn't be any surprise to anyone Gordon because that's what the Lights Out Express does... Shane Gang... Sandra Hayes... now Donnie White.

Well gentlemen, we've laid out all of our distractions... but you, you are at the top of the list. And the thing that best eliminates distractions? Focus.

MA: And our focus, ladies, is now set square on the tag team titles that we let you take from us. So when you have to have an actual match against a refocused Air Strike, I don't like your odds.

CM: We know better than to challenge you here tonight because we know what your response would be. But L-O-E, we are coming for you and when we get you-

[Mertz' final threat is cut off by the sounds of Black Sabbath's anthemic "War Pigs" blaring over the PA system.]

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

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

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

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

REL: IT'S NOT NICE TO MESS WITH THE WAAAAAR PIGS! AHAHAHA!

[Cody Mertz looks annoyed at the interruption, waving the trio down the aisle.]

REL: Oh, don't fret, young Cody. Your time is coming. The seconds tick down to the moment where my boys step into the ring with the two of you and turn you into the walking dead... and I'm not talking about the boys jerkin' the curtain with the zombie fetish!

[The crowd "ooooohs!" at the verbal harpoon stuck in the side of Jericho Kai's squad.]

REL: But what you need to understand is that we didn't come to the AWA just to beat you up. We came here to take your titles. We came here to prove a point. For years, we've heard that the best team to come out of the States to Japan ain't the War Pigs - the Dominion of Destruction - but

Violence Unlimited. Haynes and Morton hit Japan with an impact that hasn't been seen since a giant lizard came out of the ocean and sent women and children fleeing while grown men wet their pants in the middle of the street.

You were our ticket to the biggest tag team showdown in the history of Tiger Paw Pro... and then you failed.

[Lee smirks.]

REL: You failed to keep the titles that VU wanted from you. You failed to live up to the hype and keep yourselves as the Double Champions and the best tag team in the world.

In all honesty, boys... you were no longer on our radar. We were after Anderson and Strong. Ain't that right, Hammer?

[The powerhouse takes the mic.]

H: ANDERSON AND STRONG! THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS! We ain't seen two so-called champions hide so much since the 2014 Hide And Seek Championships were held! Well, ollie ollie oxen free, boys... the Pigs are comin' for ya!

[Scythe pulls the mic towards him.]

S: We're comin' for ya... we're knockin' on the door but the two of you are turnin' out the lights, puttin' the TV on mute, hidin' in the shadows, and pullin' the covers over your head like we're a couple of dictionary salesmen. But it ain't a dictionary I'm tryin' to shove down your throats, you worthless punks... IT'S MY FISTS!

But we keep knockin' and knockin' and sooner or later, boys, we're gonna give up on knockin'... it's gonna be just like the Three Little Pigs except this time, it's gonna be the Pigs huffin' and puffin' and blowin' down your doors! And when we do, we're gonna stand in the wreckage of your house like the bad, bad men that we are... and we're gonna say, "Who's gonna stop us now?"

[Richard E. Lee takes the mic back.]

REL: But like the thorn in our sides, the two of you... well, the sight of you holding THOSE particular titles that we've held so many times... it just kinda makes us mad.

What it comes down to is simple, boys... we want a shot at the World Tag Team Titles... but while we're here, we want a shot at the Global Tag Crown too! We want a spot in the Stampede Cup! WE WANT IT ALL!

And we want it... right now.

[The crowd begins to buzz as the trio starts to make their way down the aisle towards the ring, shedding their leather vests and jackets as they approach the ring where Mertz and Aarons are settling in for a fight...

...when the screeeeeeaching noise of a train's whistle blares out over the loudspeakers. Smoke screens pump out from the entrance portal as the hard hitting opening riff of "Kundalini Express" by Love and Rockets kicks in.]

GM: Looks like these teams have some company, Bucky!

BW: In the form of the REAL World Tag Team Champions at that!

[Lenny Strong, Aaron Anderson, and Donnie White emerge from the cloud of smoke in the portal as their upbeat tune continues to play. All three men are dressed in a variation of the same black and gold color schemed tracksuit. Lenny Strong wears the more traditional long sleeved, full lengthed version whereas Anderson merely sports the unzipped jacket over his ring trunks. Most dramatically different and by no means a surprise is Donnie White whose skin-tight jacket has it's sleeves removed and his tattooed dark skinned arms hanging down at his hips with a pair of AWA World Tag Team Titles in hand.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: They've got the gold, Gordo!

GM: I can see that but... how?!

[Lenny Strong raises a mic, looking down the aisle where The War Pigs are almost in the ring and Air Strike are IN the ring waiting for a fight.]

LS: Wow.

[The music fades out.]

LS: Just wow, gentlemen. There's a whole lot of testosterone out here right now and then there's also you, Michael...

[Strong "finger gun" points down to Michael Aarons.]

LS: I can see from the look on your faces that you're more than a little surprised to see these...

[He gestures to the title belts that his allies are carrying.]

LS: Well, you shouldn't be. You see, we're practical men... and as practical men, we know it made no sense to go running to Japan every week in a futile effort to drag Morton and Haynes back into the ring. So, we happily accepted the offers of the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro front office. They threatened Morton and Haynes with a suspension... and lo and behold, we got OUR World Tag Team Titles back.

[Strong grins.]

LS: Oh, maybe we should've gotten your little chunks of tin back too, huh? Sorry. Slipped our minds.

[Strong cackles as Anderson and White trade whispered words off mic.]

LS: Now before we get into the meat and potatoes of all this, I just gotta know one thing. Since losing the tag titles, don't the girls in Cody Mertz' fan club just seem a little bit heavier and a whole lot uglier? I think they do, Aaron.

[Anderson, arms folded across his chest, just nods and withholds sharing the same exuberance as his tag team partner.]

LS: Now I'd say ya can't blame yourself, Cody, but look at the crowd you're hanging out with. Angry Pig #1 and Angry Pig #2, they aren't exactly doin' you punks any favor in the eleven to thirteen year old girl demographic that you once shared with Travis Lynch. Fact is, losin', well, that's an ugly look for the two of ya. I've got to admit that for awhile even we were buyin' into Air Strike as a credible threat in the tag team division. Ya hobbled your way into everyone's hearts at the Stampede Cup in 2014, you catapulted yourselves over two drunk out of shape cowboys at SuperClash, and ya even stole our titles along the way. But that was then and this is now and what's happenin' now is a whole lot different than your Cinderella story. Now, what I see in front of us, are a pair of second rate slobs who continue to play the role of the chunky bridesmaid everywhere they go and another team whose charming looks and cutesy hashtag rhymes have gotten old and dull.

But ya know what could change all that? Ya know what could make the little girls and fanboys around the world care about you once more? These...

[Strong gestures to Aaron Anderson and Donnie White who lift the AWA World Tag Team Titles over their head.]

LS: ...and THESE belong to us. THESE are the measuring stick of what group of men are the best tag team on the PLANET, brother. THESE are the ONLY titles worth a lick in this business and right here, right now, we're gonna let you both in on a little secret. Tell em', Aaron.

[Strong tilts the mic towards Aaron Anderson who gladly snatches it out of his partner's hand.]

AA: At Memorial Day Mayhem, the Lights Out Express are going to do what all great champions do...

...defend our titles in front of thousands of fans in the Cajundome in Lafayette and millions of people watching live on The X.

[There's a nice buzz in the crowd at the idea of the titles being defended.]

AA: And we put a lot of thought, a lot of consideration, and a lot of concern into whom we would select as the hand chosen opponent for us to dismantle in front of the entire world. No jokes, no pulling names out of a hat, no BS. We sat down together as the most successful tag team in the history of the AWA and came to the realization that it isn't just our titles on the line but our legacy. When it's all said and done we want people to remember our era of dominance in the AWA and over every tag team in our sport. SkyHerc, the Epitome of Cool, and yes, even you two teams standing in front of us now.

So we asked ourselves, who was worthy? Who was deserving? What team had earned the honor, the privilege, and the chance to share a ring with the Lights Out Express at Memorial Day Mayhem. The answer, the only answer, was clear as the sky is blue.

[Anderson draws the mic away from his face. The crowd begins to stir, pulled to the edge of their seats with anticipation.]

AA: So it brings us great pleasure to announce that in four weeks time our titles, our gold, our lineage in this great division will be on the line AGAINST...

[Donnie White leaps up, screaming into the mic.]

DW: THE DOGS OF WAR!

[The crowd absolutely erupts as both Air Strike and the War Pigs are beside themselves.]

AA: Yes, the Dogs of War are who we told the office we would gladly defend our titles against in a six man tag team spectacular but unfortunately Pedro, Wade, and the other guy were too busy beating up midgets and masked crusaders in Mexico and could not be reached for comment. So it is with much displeasement and sadness and with our backs against the wall that we are legally and contractually obligated to defend our gold against the number seventeenth ranked team in the industry, Nick Crick and Miles Giles.

[The crowd goes dead...

...that is until Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz have had enough, lunging through the middle ropes, bouncing to the floor, and exploding down the aisle in a full sprint right past the War Pigs towards the unsuspecting Lights Out Express who are too consumed by their own arrogance and humor to see Mertz and Michaels simultaneously leap into the air, throw back their arms and legs, and SLAM chest first against all three members of the World Tag Team Champions!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: That was uncalled for!

[If that wasn't enough the War Pigs follow in pursuit, storming down the aisle to the excitement of the now riled up Montgomery crowd and close in on all five wrestlers. Hammer rips Donnie White off the ground and presses him into the air while Scythe jerks Michael Aarons up by the back of the neck and slings him into the guard rail where his back bends over the metal barrier.]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS! WE'VE GOT A BIG TIME FIGHT ON OUR HANDS! FANS, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND GET SOME CONTROL OVER THIS!

[With the seven men still at war, we fade to black.

We fade to a pre-taped shot that we can only assume is in the parking lot of the arena. A silver pickup truck is in full view with Pedro Perez seated on the tailgate. Isaiah Carpenter is sitting on top of the truck cab while Wade Walker leans against the side of the truck, standing on the asphalt.]

PP: Mayhem.

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: The AWA is on the road to Memorial Day Mayhem according to the hype machine... yet here we stand, kept off the show again. Hey, we get it... we understand. No one wants to get in the ring with the Dogs Of War.

[He leans back in the truck bed, falling flat as the camera shifts to Isaiah Carpenter.]

IC: No one wants to stand toe to toe with the three men who have DOMINATED this company since they stepped in the door over a year ago. For one year now... for more than a year now... the Dogs Of War have been THE force to beat.

And no one steps up to beat us.

[Carpenter shrugs.]

IC: Are we surprised? Not a chance. Because when we look at ourselves in the mirror, we wouldn't step up to us either. We wouldn't get in the ring with the three of us - the most elite unit... the most dominating force since the Syndicate themselves were at their primes.

You hear that, BJ?

[Carpenter points to his partners.]

IC: WE'RE the team to hold up to your old man's standards... not yours. Yet you're in the Main Event... and we're not.

[Carpenter nods.]

IC: We're not on the show in Alabama just like we weren't on the show in Georgia.

[He hops off the roof of the car, walking towards the camera.]

IC: But just like in Atlanta, you may not put us on the show... but we will BE on the show. Before this night is over, the people of Alabama will see the Dogs Of War. That's a promise.

But that takes us to Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Perez suddenly sits up.]

PP: MAYHEM! There ain't a soul who knows more about mayhem than the Dogs Of War! There ain't no one who can cause more mayhem than the Dogs Of War! And there ain't anyone... anywhere in the world... who belongs on a show called Memorial Day Mayhem more than the Dogs Of War.

[Perez breathes sharply, shallow breaths peppering his words. The volume of his voice lowers as he raises a finger towards the camera.]

PP: And we... will... be there. Tell 'em, big man.

[The camera abruptly spins towards Wade Walker who leans closer.]

WW: The war... has just... begun.

[He palms the camera, sending it to black.]

We fade up from black on the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. After a moment, that becomes even more obvious as the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic is splashed across the screen and Melissa Cannon steps into view in a black t-shirt with a red AWA logo stitched across the front.]

MC: Hello everyone! We are a month away - counting down the days until the big event coming to you from the Cajundome in Lafayette, Louisiana! Louisiana has been the sight of some of the biggest moments in AWA history and this night promises to be no different.

[The graphic fades as Melissa continues to speak.]

MC: Now, remember... the show is SOLD OUT which means the only way you can spend your holiday with all the stars of the AWA galaxy is to join us right here on The X as the AWA kicks off the summer as only we can.

The show is stuffed to the breaking point with tremendous matchups so let's run down this fantastic card for you!

[A shot of Dichotomy and the Wilde Bunch appears in the corner of the screen.]



MC: We heard this one set up earlier tonight as Dichotomy attempts to even the score against The Wilde Bunch in tag team action. We also learned that if Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner fall in defeat, they have sworn to LEAVE the AWA. How about that news? Well, I'll do you one better because moments ago, I was informed that this showdown will be the very first match in the 2015 Stampede Cup! The first round begins in the Cajundome!

[The graphic disappears to be replaced by a shot of Derrick Williams and KING Oni with Doctor Harrison Fawcett.]

MC: This one's been brewing since SuperClash and at Memorial Day Mayhem, it boils over with the young lion, Derrick Williams, taking on the demonic KING Oni! Danger is in the air for Mr. Williams at MDM, fans, as the undefeated Oni takes to the big stage.

[That shot vanishes and one of The Gladiator and Frankie Farelli appears.]

MC: It's a SuperClash rematch pitting the undefeated Gladiator against Frankie Farelli... if Mr. Farelli passes his physical. We understand that right here in two weeks' time in Biloxi, we will hear from Dr. Ponavitch on the official results of that physical. If he passes, the match is on for Lafayette!

[A graphic appears with the word "MAYHEM."]

MC: This year's edition of the Mayhem Match promises to live up to its name when ten AWA competitors - past, present, and potentially future - meet in a Gauntlet Match. Ten names drawn at random will enter the ring one by one. You win, you stay. You lose, you're out. The last man standing will be declared the winner and will receive a randomly selected prize for winning.

[The word fades as the World Television Title fills the graphic corner.]

MC: When you're talking about an AWA supershow, you gotta be talking about gold - championship gold. And in this case, it's the World Television Title that will be on the line when Shadoe Rage defends against Supernova. The last time out, these two went to the ten minute time limit when the title was on the line... this time? Supernova's got FIFTEEN minutes to try and rip the title off the champion's waist.

[The screen fills with a shot of Kraken and Rufus Harris.]

MC: AWA officials have been hard at work with the Global Fighting Championship front office to try and figure out a solution to this tension between Kraken and their champion, Rufus Harris. After much negotiation, the GFC has agreed to allow Harris to compete at Memorial Day Mayhem... in an Exhibition Match. The rules for this match have not yet been revealed but I'm told the utmost care will be taken to ensure that Harris does not put any future GFC title defenses at risk due to injury.

[The duo fades away as we see the AWA National Title.]

MC: "Diamond" Rob Driscoll didn't want to defend the title at Mayhem against the man he defeated in the tournament finals, Travis Lynch... but that's exactly what'll happen in Lafayette as Travis Lynch attempts to win the title that many believe he should already have!

[Fade to a shot of the TexMo Connection and Team Supreme.]

MC: Team Supreme has been after Jack Lynch since 2015 began and when Jack Lynch is in trouble, you know he's got no better ally than Bobby O'Connor. So, this big tag showdown is on the books as Lynch and O'Connor meet Cain Jackson and former World Champion, Supreme Wright, in tag team action... and in an added bonus, the AWA has just declared this match to ALSO be a first round Stampede Cup match!

[Fade away again, this time to the Lights Out Express, the War Pigs, and Air Strike.]

MC: Speaking of tag teams, the three way feud between the World Tag Team Champions, the Global Crown Tag Champions, and the team who is the Number One Contenders to both sets of titles in the eyes of many is ready to boil over... and at Memorial Day Mayhem, it will do exactly that. A three way tag team title match... for BOTH sets of titles! It's Winner Takes All in Lafayette... in an AWA first...

[A big ladder appears over the three teams.]

MC: A three way tag team LADDER MATCH!

[Melissa grins as she lets that sink in.]

MC: And then...

[The words "CAGE MATCH" splash across the screen to echo her words.]

MC: In the Main Event, Steal The Spotlight winner Johnny Detson will collide - at long last - with Hannibal Carver inside the confines of the unforgiving steel cage!

[We fade again.]

MC: It's one heck of a night, fans... it's shaping up to be one of the biggest nights in AWA history and you can only catch it right here on The X! It's Memorial Day Mayhem just one month away and believe me, you do NOT want to miss what happens in the Cajundome! From the Control Center, I'm Melissa Cannon and we'll see you next time, 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 Steggle, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

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

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

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

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

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

[We fade back in to the Garrett Coliseum, where Colt Patterson stands on the interview platform. He raises the house microphone to his lips and begins.]

CP: Montgomery, Alabama, boy do I have a treat for you! Joining me now is a man who needs no introduction, but deserves one anyway! He's a former AWA National Tag Team Champion. He's a former Stampede Cup Winner. He's a former AWA National Champion. He's a former AWA WORLD Champion. The man is a legend in our midst, he is...

[The fans already know who it is and began booing ten seconds ago.]

CP: ..."LADYKILLER" CALISTO DUFRESNE!!

[The boos increase in volume as ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the PA system. From the entrance portal strolls the man himself, Calisto Dufresne. He's clad in a pair of salmon colored shorts and brown boat shoes. A light blue dress shirt is tucked into his shorts and the arms of a white sweater are tied around his neck, hanging down like a cape. His hair is pulled back into what the kids call a "man bun". To sum it up, he looks like the jerk that he is. He struts over to Patterson as the fans rain down boos.]

CP: Welcome to Montgomery, champ!

CD: Interesting turn of phrase, Colt. Because while Calisto Dufresne may not carry a belt around at the moment, we all know that I am a champion in exile. The National Title - my title! - rests upon the waist of an usurper. A worthy one, to be sure, but an usurper nonetheless.

CP: Two weeks ago at Duel on the Diamond, while you were busy providing spiritual and moral guidance to our future World Champion, Johnny Detson, we heard some very sharp words from one Juan Vasquez about your goal of reclaiming the National Title...

[Dufresne's brows narrow at the name Juan Vasquez.]

CD: Oh, I heard it, Colt. Juan Vasquez came out to the middle of the ring and had the temerity to blame everything that's happened to the AWA since WrestleRock on me. Little ole' Calisto Dufresne. Well, you know what, Colt?

He's right.

[Patterson arches an eyebrow in question.]

CD: The tours around the world? Calisto Dufresne's fault. The cable TV contract? Calisto Dufresne's fault. The huge ratings and Pay Per View buys? Calisto Dufresne's fault. The sharp decline of Juan Vasquez's career? Calisto Dufresne's fault.

So yes, Juan, blame me all you want. I took this company to the heights that you only dreamed of. Oh sure, there are some of these moron fans who write letters wishing that we could go back to the days of Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott beating the crap out of each other, but you know who doesn't? The guys who own this place.

They want to go back to wrestling in middle school gyms about as much as I want to spend another friggin' minute in Alabama.

[Heel pop!]

CD: Which is what makes this travesty even more insane to me. After all I've done to take this company to the stratosphere... After being the \_face\_ of this company for the past seven years... \_This\_ is how they repay me?

[Dufresne shakes his head.]

CD: But it's OK, because everything Calisto Dufresne has ever gotten, he's \_earned.\_

[The crowd almost laughs at this.]

CD: You don't want me to get the National Title back, Juan? You couldn't stop me from getting it when it was around your waist; what makes you think you can stop me from getting it now?

[Just then, the crowd ERUPTS when they hear "They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begin to play over the PA system. The cheers only grow louder, when they spot the former two-time AWA National Champion and Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez, stepping out from behind the curtains. Vasquez is wearing an AWA "The World's Most Dangerous Group" t-shirt in the style of the old N.W.A. rap group t-shirt, with former National Champions Marcus Broussard, Stevie Scott, Ron Houston, Kolya Sudakov, and of course, himself on the front. As he steps in front of the ring ropes and steps through into the ring, Dufresne noticeably takes a step back. Vasquez

produces a microphone from his backpocket, pointing a finger towards Colt Patterson.]

JV: No need to move any closer, Colt...I brought my own.

[Juan steps up towards Dufresne, who looks a bit less confident than before.]

JV: Amigo, there's so much wrong with all the garbage you just said, I don't even know where to begin. But I know this much...the AWA didn't become what it did because of one man. And it sure as hell didn't become what it has because of YOU.

[Pop! Juan points to his shirt.]

JV: It was built on the blood, sweat and tears of men like the ones on this shirt! Men like Marcus Broussard and Stevie Scott! [POP!] Men willing to step into this ring and put every ounce of their spirit and every inch of their soul into being the best damn wrestlers this sport has ever seen. Men that poured more passion and sacrificed more of themselves into this ring, while wrestling in a high school gym or a used car lot than you ever have in your entire damn career!

[The crowd roars, as Vasquez tries to keep his anger in check, fuming at Dufresne.]

JV: All you've ever been is a parasite, Dufresne. An opportunist. A coward. A leech suckin' away at the lifeblood of the AWA, taking, taking, TAKING...and never doing a damn bit of good.

[Juan shakes head slowly.]

JV: You ask me what makes me think I can stop you from getting the National title?

It's because you're a coward, Calisto Dufresne. A damn coward.

Story of your life, Dufresne. Ask City Jack. Ask Mark Langseth. Ask Dave Bryant. Ya' hit Calisto Dufresne hard enough and he ain't even gonna' TRY to hit you back! Unless you're runnin' with a group watchin' your back or got a small army to do your dirty work, when the going gets tough...Calisto Dufresne runs back to Louisiana and stays at home until it's safe to come crawling back outta' his hole!

[Dufresne briefly flashes a look of anger, but quickly manages to retain a look of smug indifference.]

JV: So, it seems to me, that the question ain't what makes Juan Vasquez think he can stop Calisto Dufresne. It's...

...what makes Calisto Dufresne think he can stop Juan Vasquez!?!

[Juan steps right up into Dufresne's face, drawing a roar from the crowd.]

JV: GO AHEAD! HIT ME! HIT ME! HIT ME RIGHT NOW AND START SOMETHING YOU KNOW YOU SURE AS HELL CAN'T FINISH!!!

[Dufresne locks eyes with Vasquez for a brief moment, before taking a step back, holding his hands up, indicating he wants no part of this fight.]

CD: I fight on my own terms, Vasquez. When I want and who I want. And right now, you're just not worth my time.

[The crowd roars with boos, as Dufresne continues to back away, towards the ropes and stepping through, making as if he's about to leave. An annoyed Vasquez shakes his head and turns away, clearly disgusted by Dufresne's retreat. However, as soon as Dufresne sees Vasquez turns his back to him...]

GM: DUFRESNE!

"OHHH!!!"

[...he quickly makes an attempt to jump Vasquez from behind! However, Juan Vasquez was clearly ready for him, turning around at Dufresne with his right arm cocked back aiming a Right Cross right for his head. Dufresne drops to the canvas on his butt and scoots back quickly, rolling out of the ring. BIG POP!]

GM: Oh! Calisto Dufresne tried to back jump Juan Vasquez, but Vasquez was the one that had the jump on HIM! When he saw that Right Cross ready to be thrown, Calisto Dufresne must've had his life flash right before his eyes!

BW: He just got caught by surprise, that's all! There's no way Juan Vasquez stands a chance in a straight up fight with Calisto Dufresne!

GM: You better believe the issue between these two AWA legends isn't over with. Folks, we'll be back after these important commercial messages!

[The shot focuses on Juan Vasquez taunting a retreating Calisto Dufresne as we fade out.

Cut to a shot of an Aztec temple, the sun high over the brick structure. Gathered before the temple is a priest wearing an ornate headdress, his body covered in paint.]

VO: Since ancient times, warriors have gathered, testing themselves on sacred grounds. Today, that tradition continues...

[The loud guitar of Los Rabanes' "Ella Se Mueva Cruel" kicks in, amidst a flurry of shots of colorfully doing battle with each other. The cuts are quick, no more than two seconds at most, men leaping, men rolling others up into painful looking submissions, and wrestlers scoring pins on one another. It all goes by in a blur, almost too fast for the eye to follow. The last sight is the

pain on the face of Caspian Abaran, as he is forced to relinquish his El Principe del Sol mask.]

VO: For those men gathered in combat, only one word can describe the action...

[As the song continues, there is a shot of El Caliente hitting the Sweet and Spicy Rana on an unsuspecting foe, the move truly spectacular, as he races across the ring towards his opponent, who is sitting on the top turnbuckle. Caliente springs off the second rope, bounces off the adjacent top rope, and then with pinpoint accuracy, hooks his legs around his opponent's neck, executing a perfect huracanrana.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another shot, this time of Super Solar hitting a frog splash on the prone Punky Perra, Perra's pierced and tattooed body bouncing off the mat as the camera lingers on the large sunburst tattoo on Solar's back]

VO: LUCHA!

[El Corazon Negro is shown, engaging in a brutal exchange of chops with Japanese legend GOLIATH Takehara. The large Japanese wrestler's face contorting in pain with each chop from the legend, only for El Corazon Negro to feel the sting of GOLIATH's devastating chops.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another series of shots of SWLL action, ending with a pair of beautiful SWLL ring girls blowing a kiss to the audience.]

VO: Last week, the Internet EXPLODED as they witnessed one of the most talked about aerial battles of the past five years when El Caliente met the SWLL 2014 Rookie Of The Year, Veneno.

[Clips are shown of the match, as the incredibly popular El Caliente hurls himself over the top rope in a corkscrew dive, wiping out Veneno on the concrete at ringside. Then to clips of Veneno sailing off the top rope, connecting with a missile dropkick on Caliente who is on the apron, sending him sailing off and crashing down to the floor as Veneno lands hard backfirst on the apron.]

VO: Two of the best in the world thrilled fans throughout the pro wrestling world.

[Caliente's attempt at the Hot And Spicy Rana is thwarted by Veneno who hooks the luchador's legs, stepping through to trap his arms before throwing himself off the buckles, sending Caliente facefirst into the canvas.]

VO: But in the end, Veneno was victorious and earned himself this week's Main Event against Rey Pantera.



[Cut to highlights from a different arena where Veneno throws himself between the ropes in a front somersault, flooring Rey Pantera with a tope con hilo.]

VO: This battle between one of the sport's most popular and most hated was one you'll have to see to believe!

[A series of quick shots - a satellite headscissors by Rey Pantera, a La Majistral attempt by Veneno, a catapult towards the corner that Veneno turns into a moonsault onto the veteran...

...and then to a bright purple background splashed with the show's logo.]

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

[As we fade back to live action to the backstage area where Melissa Cannon is standing in the midst of three very enthusiastic looking individuals.]

MC: Welcome back, fans, and joining me right now, just moments before bell time, is the three man unit that will be taking part in tonight's Main Event. Of course, I'm referring to the team of Willie Hammer, Sweet Daddy Williams, and TORA! Gentlemen, you've got your work cut out for you here tonight.

[Sweet Daddy Williams takes the mic first, dressed in a red satin windbreaker with white trim and his name written in script on the back.]

SDW: Work? Work? Psssh, Melissa Cannon. It's gonna be a fight out there - we know that. But when you talk about work, you talk about the hard workin' men and women of cities all over the country. You talk about the hard workin' men and women right here in Alabama, workin' the farms... workin' the fields... producin' corn and peanuts and eggs and milk and cotton and all the rest for the fine folks of the USA.

[Williams is getting worked up, breathing a little heavier as he speaks.]

SDW: You talk about the fine men and women workin' on the assembly lines down here, building the finest automobiles in all the land.

And most of all, you're talkin' about the selfless men and women workin' down the road at the Redstone Arsenal or Maxwell Air Force Base - the hardest workers of all, the people willin' to put it all on the line... willin' to make the ultimate sacrifice to defend this great nation of ours.

[He turns to Melissa.]

SDW: Those are hard workers, Melissa. Us? The three of us are just three fellas lookin' to go out there tonight and make those people in the crowd happy they spent their hard earned dollars to see us do what we do best. We may not know how to plow a field?

[Willie Hammer shakes his head.]

SDW: We may not know how to put a spark plug in a car.

[TORA shrugs with a grin.]

SDW: And we may not know how to go to war with foreign enemies lookin' to destroy our way of life.

But we do know is how to do is lace up these boots, tape up these hands, and climb inside that ring to show some people a thing or two. Brian James, you got your hands full with my boy, TORA, here who is about to show the whole world that HE was the strongest link in your team.

[Williams nods, clapping TORA on the back.]

SDW: So, we're gonna get out of his way... and we're gonna make sure that Taylor and Donovan are out of his way too... ain't that right, Willie?

[The mini-afroed Willie Hammer has on a Combat Corner T-shirt and white trunks with green trim around the waist and the bottom of the thighs.]

WH: Wes Taylor... What happened to you, man? I mean, we always knew that loudmouthed Tony Donovan was going to be trouble. And we always saw shades of the Blackheart and the intensity of his mentor, Tiger Claw in Brian James. But Wes Taylor was this unassuming young man who I had a hard time believing was the son of the Outlaw as we were being put through our paces by the trainers at the Corner.

But I guess I should have known, even back then, Wes, that you are a man of surprises. You certainly surprised us when you decided to back Talky Tony D at SuperClash... And you surprised us again when the two of you decided to throw your lot in with the likes of Brian James... And Lau...

[The name gives him pause.]

WH: But tonight, there will be no surprises. Tonight, it's the three of you against my mentor, a man truly deserving of respect, Mister Sweet Daddy Williams... And a man whom many might not associate with the Combat Corner, but that also means that he's never turned his back on his buddies like you three have done, someone I am happy to have at my side and not have to worry about having a knife stuck in my back, TORA!

[TORA takes the hand-off.]

T: Tonight... tonight, I've got partners I can trust inside that ring. But then again, I thought I had a partner I could trust back at SuperClash.

Brian, you and I went up and down those roads together. We trained together, we ate together, we traveled together, and we wrestled together. I look around and I see clowns like the Lights Out Express carrying those World Tag Team Titles and I know that WE should be carrying those titles.

I look over at Cody and Michael carrying the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown and I can't help but dream about what might've been... about how great it would've been to have a match between us and them for the titles that I came so close to wearing all those years in Japan.

[TORA shakes his head with disgust.]

T: But you threw all that away... and for what? To team with two spoiled punks like Taylor and Donovan? To let your father's manager boss you around and tell you what to do?

To get inside the ring with the three of us?

[TORA nods.]

T: That's what it comes down to, Brian. It comes down to a moment of truth - one moment in time where the two of us are on parallel paths to the top of the AWA... that our stories are almost identical until now.

[He lifts both arms, holding them parallel to each other.]

T: You went one path.

[He tilts his left arm at an angle.]

T: And I went another.

[He tilts his right arm towards the tilted left.]

T: As you can see, Brian... when two men are on paths like this...

[He claps his hands together.]

T: ...there's nowhere to go but straight at each other. A collision. A clash. And if Brian Lau won't LET you do it one-on-one...

[He lets his words hang for a moment.]

T: Then the three of us are more than happy to take care of it here tonight.

[TORA grins as he exits with a pumped-up Sweet Daddy Williams and Willie Hammer.]

MC: Those three men are ready for battle... but can we say the same thing for their opponents? Let's go over to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell and find out!

[Cut to another part of backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, microphone in hand.]

SLB: My guests at this time.

[But before Blackwell can actually introduce them, he's cut off by a voice familiar to wrestling fans, both new and old.]

"NO. NO. NO."

[And who is cutting him off? None other than the only man to ever enter the Hall of Fame as a manager, Brian Lau. Today, Lau is in a bespoke suit of the highest quality, a brown vest and tie over a neatly pressed white shirt, with a black suit jacket and black pants to match. Over his eyes is a pair of gunmetal black Barton Perreira Breedlove sunglasses.]

BL: Stand aside Blackwell. Let me do this properly.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor and your privilege to be introduced now to the three men who are the future of this great sport. Three men born to be champions, bred to be titans, and blessed to be magnificent. Three men who have already taken this sport by storm and who are, in my estimation and the estimation of every pundit on the planet, the gold standard for excellence in the sport of professional wrestling.

The first man is the son of the Outlaw, and the only true heir to that title and legacy, I give you the meanest man on planet earth.

Wes Taylor!

[Wes Taylor steps into view - the very epitome of a crap-eating grin on his face. He's clad in a black leather duster over his well-toned and bare torso, shimmering with a mixture of oil and sweat. Or maybe it's the water that's been used to soak his hair so that it clings to his scalp. He gives the slightest of bows of respect to the man who once managed his father, the infamous Outlaw of Professional Wrestling before Lau continues.]

BL: And now, let me bring out the scion of House Donovan, the man who comes from, let's be honest, a tarnished legacy, but the man who will redeem his family's name, a man who will achieve heights that his father could never dream of, and might I add, a gentleman of the highest caliber, as elegant and refined as a well-aged wine. The man every boy fears and every girl fantasizes about.

Tony Donovan!

[Tony Donovan, II steps forward, sporting a black and red tracksuit top with the hood up -- and then promptly flipped down as Donovan raises his arms mockingly, soaking in the jeers from the crowd. Donovan's clearly dressed for action, wearing black kneepads and wrestling boots. Donovan rolls his head around, producing an audible, cringeworthy popping noise that has Blackwell wincing, which draws a chuckle from the young man.]

BL: And last, but certainly, not least a man who.

[Lau pauses a moment, beaming out a radiant smile.]

BL: I'm sorry Blackwell, I just love him so much.

He is the most fearsome man on planet earth. He is the single greatest destructive force in the history of mankind. He is not only my friend, but I'm proud to consider him a part of my family. He's the man who brought me out of retirement. He is the future holder of the AWA World Television Title, the AWA National Title, and the AWA World Heavyweight title - all at once, I might add - he is the Son of the Blackheart.

Brian James!

[The hulking form of Brian James steps into the frame, radiating menace even in repose. His chest is bare, oiled muscles glistening under the overhead lights. Barefoot, he pads forward on his wrapped feet, wearing his red and black Muay Thai style shorts. There's a white towel over his head, covering his hair and partially obscuring his face, the golden tiger's head of Claw Academy emblazoned on either end of the towel, which rests on his broad shoulders. Arms crossed over his chest, James fixes his stare on Blackwell and never relents in his gaze. "Sweet" Lou unconsciously takes a step back, looking almost swallowed by Lau and his entourage.]

SLB: Just after SuperClash, you, Mr. Lau said you came out of retirement to manage Brian James. But now, it would seem that you've decided to take on two more charges. The world has been demanding clarification! Will you confirm that you are now managing all three of these men!

BL: What? No charge of \$3.99 a minute for this information? No tease of the inside scoop and then a plea for kids to get their parents' permission? You're slacking off, Blackwell!

SLB: How dare you insinuate that I am some sort of. flim-flam man!

BL: Insinuate! I came right out and said it Blackwell!

[A flustered Blackwell opens his mouth to retort, only to be cut off by Lau.]

BL: Well, here's the scoop, free of charge.

Managing Brian James is a twenty four hour a day, seven day a week, three hundred and sixty five day a year job. I am the manager of Brian James, and only the manager of Brian James. But, when a pair of men like Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan approach me and ask me for advice, what am I to say?

Look at these two men.

[The camera focuses on Taylor and Donovan, who are preening for the camera.]

BL: Scholars and gentlemen. Look at the hunger in their eyes. Look at how eager they are to learn! Am I supposed to turn them away?

Already, you're looking at two men of distinction and pedigree, Blackwell. World travelers who have accomplished, in short order, what even the most legendary tag teams have only dreamed of. Gifted athletes sure to achieve the loftiest heights. Future World Tag Team champions, future Hall Of Famers.

So am I managing these two great men?

No, Blackwell, I am not their manager. But if they need advice? Well, who am I to refuse? If they need counsel? Well, I am not going to turn them away. Call me adviser, call me counselor. That's what I am to these two young lions.

Because, "Sweet" Lou, that's the kind of person I am. Magnanimous, and always willing to share advice and counsel.

Unlike wretches like that walking PSA for diabetes prevention, Sweet Daddy Williams!

SLB: Since you mentioned him, let's speak about Sweet Daddy Williams, and the two men he is leading into battle against the three men standing next to you. I don't think it's any secret that you've spent the last two weeks devising some sort of strategy for the man you manage and the two you advise. What can you share with us, Mr. Lau?

BL: Strategy? You think I am going to come out here and tell you what our gameplan is? No, Blackwell, I'm not going to share that with you. But here's what I will share. These three men have spent the last two weeks undergoing the most intensely grueling regimen of their lives. For these three men have spent all their time in the breeding ground of champions.

I'm talking, Blackwell, about the Claw Academy!

SLB: You're saying that you were able to convince the legendary Tiger Claw to open his doors to Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan?

BL: That's exactly what I'm saying, "Sweet" Lou! And while I won't tell you what they've learned, I will tell you that you'll see it in action tonight. Trust me when I say bones will be crushed and careers will be shortened!

And here's what else I'll tell you, "Sweet" Lou. Each of these three men has a specific target. I've tasked each of them with taking out one member of the team. And, because I'm feeling generous tonight, I'm going to tell you who is aiming for who.

SLB: I would assume that Brian James will be targeting his former partner, TORA?

BL: And that's why I am the manager of champions and the only non-wrestler to ever make it into the Hall of Fame and you're a two bit huckster shilling for a phone hotline in the digital age!

No Blackwell, I'm not sending Brian James in against TORA. Why? Because that's predictable. But more importantly, because there's another man with an axe to grind against the human albatross. A man who, two weeks ago, was on his way to a clean, hard fought and well deserved victory, only to have it stolen from him.

I'm talking about the son of the Outlaw, Wes Taylor.

Mr. Taylor, why don't you tell Blackwell here what you're going to do to TORA tonight?

[Taylor smirks.]

WT: Close your eyes, Blackwell.

SLB: I will not-

WT: You will or this interview is over.

[Blackwell looks disbelievingly at Lau who simply smiles with a nod. With a sigh, the interviewer reluctantly obliges.]

WT: I want to paint you a picture, Blackwell. You're a student of this sport. You know the history of it. You remember the era of the Empire. You know a time when the warriors of Los Angeles ruled the roost.

[Blackwell nods.]

WT: You remember a time when swinging a chair was fair play. A world where barbed wire and singapore canes and thumbtacks were as normal as a side headlock and a body slam.

It's a time that people denigrate now, telling of the careers it shortened, and the lives it ruined.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: And that very well may be true. But sometimes a man who was born in violence and baptized in blood needs to go to extremes to get the job done.

I have been given a task tonight.

[The smile returns as he rubs his hands together.]

WT: To end the boy named TORA. He flips, he flies, he twists, he turns.

And in the end, he crashes to Earth.

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

BT: At my feet...

[And then points to a nodding Brian James.]

BT: ...and his. No matter what it takes to get the job done.

[Taylor sinks back as the mic moves back to Brian Lau.]

BL: Very good, very good.

And that brings us to the man who is the poster child for failing upwards, a man who is not fit to wipe the sweat and blood on the canvas, a man who'd die of starvation if he ever wandered into a corner because he'd never find his way out again. I'm talking, of course, about Willie Hammer.

Now, this a dirty job, and I had a hard time asking him to do it, but, at the end of the day, someone had to draw the short straw.

So Mr. Donovan, why don't you tell us how you're going to rid the world of the plague that is Willie Hammer?

[Tony Donovan, II steps forward.]

TD2: A dirty job...that's putting it lightly. I mean, we are talking about a man who voluntarily hangs out with Sweet Daddy Williams...how much dirtier can it be?

[TD2 chuckles at his own joke briefly.]

TD2: That aside, short straw or no, this is my cross to bear. Why? Because I didn't take that semi-sentient tub of guts out the first time I had the chance. I was too busy savoring in my victory over him to finish the job, so he got to scurry away and live another day.

[Tony pauses, then laughs.]

TD2: Of course, the fact that he came back after getting that ugly mug of his introduced to a windshield says one of two things about you, Hammer...you're either a brave soul or a very, very stupid man, and considering who you've decided to step to...

[TD2 gestures to himself, Taylor, and James.]

TD2: ...well, maybe "stupid" was a little too generous. So, how am I going to rid the world of Willie Hammer? With three things -- precision, emphasis...

[Donovan pauses to flex, admiring his own bicep for a brief moment.]

TD2: ...and just the slightest bit of style.

SLB: Which leaves Sweet Daddy Williams. Now, I think I know why you've saved him for Brian James, Mr. Lau. And that's because of the harsh things that Sweet Daddy had to say about you two weeks ago.



[Lau's eyebrows raise above his sunglasses in a very convincing display of shock.]

BL: How dare you? How dare you insinuate that I would be so petty as to react to Sweet Daddy Williams' childish taunts? How dare you suggest that Brian James is no more than a petty thug who does my dirty work for you? I'm sickened and saddened, Blackwell. No, I want Brian James to take out Sweet Daddy Williams for one simple reason.

[Lau places his hand over his heart, and almost manages to look sincere.]

BL: Because I care about the future.

SLB: What?!

[Lau's chest swells as he takes in a deep breath, looking quite verklempt. Donovan and Taylor pat him on his shoulders, as they try to console him.]

BL: Sweet Daddy Williams is a parasite. He's a man who tarnishes the noble tradition of men offering advice, counseling, training and managerial assistance to professional wrestlers. Sweet Daddy Williams is a man who'll swindle helplessly naïve young men out of thousands of dollars in the name of training them.

And for what? So they can become the next Willie Hammer?

SLB: Brian Lau! This is outrageous!

BL: It is outrageous, I agree! Sweet Daddy Williams, king of the Waffle House and emperor of the All You Can Eat Buffet at Imperial Chinese Garden suggesting that he knows the first thing about teaching someone how to wrestle?

You call me a scumbag? You dare to suggest that I have steered Brian James wrong? What has any wrestler you've ever trained, and I use that term as loosely as possible, ever accomplished? What technique has anyone under your tutelage mastered, except the fine art of holding open their pocket so you can put your hand in it?

I think of all those hapless idiots, all those morons who are taken in by your delusions of adequacy, and it just makes me.

[Lau runs his finger under the lens of his sunglasses, shaking his head. And then, his head lifts, and he pulls off his glasses, his face suddenly red in fury.]

BL: It makes me want to see you taken out, permanently.

So I'm asking you, no, I'm begging you. Brian James. Please, if you've ever valued my managerial services, if I've ever done one good thing for you. Please.

Send Sweet Daddy Williams home in a body bag!

[The camera focuses on Brian James, who slowly lifts his hand, peeling the towel off of his face.]

BJ: Sweet Daddy Williams. You've been hanging on by a thread for years. You've done nothing but run on the fumes of the glory days that happened before I was born. You're nobody, and you've got nothing.

You should have walked away when you left your boots in the ring. Now, instead of walking away, you're going to be carried away.

I'm not going home until I'm sure that you'll never be back. Your career comes to an end tonight, Williams. I'm driving the last nail into your coffin.

And I'm doing it with a Blackheart Punch.

[James falls silent then, his expression hardening, his right hand curled into a fist, which he holds up, the unspoken threat hanging heavy on the air.]

BL: That says it all, doesn't it, Blackwell?

["Sweet" Lou, stunned into silence, can only nod, as we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following six man contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! Introducing first...

[The lights dip down a bit as the PA sparks to life.]

TORA!

TORA!

TORA!

[A beat. A whistle. Electronic beats over drums. It's Darude's "Sandstorm" and coming out, half dancing, half head bobbing is TORA. The young man stops at the entrance way, his toned upper body moving in rhythm to the beat, head bouncing, hands popping.]

PW: On their way down the aisle... the team of SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS... WILLIE HAMMER... and TOOOOOOORAAAAAAA!

[As Sweet Daddy Williams and Willie Hammer stride out to join their partner, trading high fives all around as TORA bounces with high energy in every movement. The trio make their way down the aisle, reaching down and returning high fives and hand slaps with fans.]

GM: Listen to the reaction for these three as they head down the aisle here in Montgomery, Alabama!

[Williams, in particular, seems to be very popular in the South as he slaps every hand he can reach. Willie Hammer, his protege, tries to keep pace as TORA reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron. He turns towards the fans, making a "mask" out of the fingers on both hands before tucking his arms over the top rope, flipping back over the top into the crowd as Willie Hammer climbs in and the veteran uses the ringsteps to join his teammates.]

BW: It's too bad those cheers ain't gonna mean a thing when Brian Lau leads his squad down that aisle.

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams pulls his partners in, trying to get some last minute strategy on their minds as-

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The heavy guitars of The Scorpions' "The Zoo" interrupts Watson momentarily.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau...

[The curtain is pushed aside. And out first is none other than Brian Lau dressed exactly as we saw him moments ago.]

PW: They are the team of WES TAYLOR... TONY DONOVAN... and BRIIIIIIIIAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[The rulebreaking trio strides into view in lockstep, staring out at the jeering crowd.]

BW: Whew. Look at that team, Gordo.

GM: I see them.

BW: You sound so disgusted when you say that.

GM: Well, quite frankly, I am disgusted by this trio. You're talking about second generation - and third generation in the case of Donovan - wrestlers who should know better. Who should have more respect for this business.

BW: What makes you think they don't respect the business?

GM: Their actions, Bucky! Their actions!

[The trio hits the ring, Lau staying on the floor as the three men climb up on the apron. They too huddle up for final words as referee Johnny Jagger steps to the center of the ring, looking to start the match.]

GM: Who's going to start this one off?

[Wes Taylor stays in for his team, trading two-handed high fives with both members of his team. He leans in, getting some final words from Brian Lau who pats him on the back, pointing across the ring where TORA steps in.]

GM: It's going to be Wes Taylor starting off with TORA... just where this thing started two weeks ago.

[TORA steps out towards the middle of the ring as Johnny Jagger calls for the bell.]

GM: And here we go!

[Wes Taylor lopes out to the center of the ring, spitting on his right hand and holding it cocked and ready...

...but TORA points at Brian James to a big cheer from the fans!]

GM: TORA doesn't want any part of Wes Taylor! He's here for Brian James!

BW: Good for him... but that ain't the plan. Brian Lau drew up the plan and it's Wes Taylor taking out TORA.

[Taylor steps to the side, getting right in the path of TORA's point. He jerks a thumb at himself with a "YOU GOT ME, BOY!"

GM: Wes Taylor insisting that TORA's facing him.

[TORA shakes his head, stepping to the side and pointing at Brian James again to another big cheer.]

GM: Again, TORA is letting the world know what he wants out of this one.

[But again, an insistent Wes Taylor steps in front of him, shouting at TORA.]

BW: Taylor's trying to follow the gameplan and TORA keeps trying to get around him.

[TORA stares at Taylor, hands on his hips. Taylor rushes him, lunging into a tieup.]

GM: Collar and elbow and here we go!

[Taylor instantly uses his size to push TORA back against the ropes. He steps back, cocking the fist again...

...but TORA front rolls under it, popping up to his feet, and pointing at Brian James to cheers again!]

GM: Haha!

[Taylor wheels around, rushing TORA from behind...

...but TORA drops down, causing Taylor to whiff on his running clothesline from behind, stumbling past him as TORA pops up to his feet.]

GM: TORA's quickly up... big dropkick!

[A second dropkick sends Taylor falling back into the neutral corner as TORA rushes him, leaping up to drive both feet into the chest, crushing Taylor against the buckles!]

GM: A series of dropkicks leaves Taylor reeling...

[TORA reaches back, hooking Taylor for a snapmare...

...but Taylor raises his arm, raking his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Taylor goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Taylor uses them to YANK TORA back, throwing him back, sending the back of his head smashing into the middle turnbuckle!]

GM: Good grief!

[A wild-eyed Taylor grabs the top rope with both hands, driving stomp after stomp down into the chest of the seated TORA as Williams and Hammer shout encouragement from the apron.]

GM: Wes Taylor's got the man down in the corner and is really putting the beatdown on him, fans.

[Taylor grabs a handful of hair, dragging TORA up to his feet, pushing him back against the turnbuckles. He turns to the side, throwing himself backwards into a back elbow to the jaw... and a second... and a third. The five count of Johnny Jagger forces him to break at four, backing off with his arms raised...

...and then throws himself back into a fourth one, leaving TORA clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Taylor grabs an arm.]

GM: Irish whip coming up...

[But the whip sends TORA running up the turnbuckles, leaping off, twisting around...

...and landing on a charging Wes Taylor, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: He twists, he corkscrews, he flips all over, and he wipes out Wes Taylor with whatever you want to call that!

[TORA climbs back to his feet as Wes Taylor scrambles up off the mat, throwing a spinning back kick to the midsection that doubles up the son of the Outlaw.]

GM: TORA goes down low!

[The speedster dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, leaping up into a high impact kneelift that snaps Taylor's head up as TORA keeps on running, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Off the far side!

[...and runs right back at Taylor who pops the 170 pounder up into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and nearly breaks his jaw with a vicious uppercut on the way down!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: I've seen European uppercuts delivered like that, Gordo... but that was a straight right hand uppercut to the mush!

[TORA rolls around on the mat, clutching the underside of his chin as his feet flail about on the mat. Taylor sneers as he steps towards the corner, tagging in Tony Donovan.]

GM: The tag is made to bring in Taylor's regular partner - these two had quite the run recently in Tiger Paw Pro.

BW: You've gotta imagine the Stampede Cup will be on their minds in the weeks to come.

GM: Absolutely.

[Donovan and Taylor pull TORA off the mat, each taking an arm as they whip him across...

...and LAUNCH him high into the air, flipping over on a backdrop!]

GM: Double team backdrop takes the high flyer down! TORA's gotta be excited about heading back to Japan this summer for Rising Sun Showdown 2, Bucky.

BW: He'd better not be looking ahead to that or he might not get out of this one in one piece.

[As Taylor steps out, Donovan drags TORA off the mat, throwing him bodily into the buckles of his own corner. He moves in, rifling in a few short right hands as the referee forces him back...

...and Taylor loops his forearm around TORA's throat, choking him from outside the ring!]

GM: Come on, ref!

[But as Jagger turns back, he finds TORA gasping for air but Taylor has vacated the area, leaving the high flyer to Tony Donovan who rushes in with a knee to the gut.]

GM: Big knee downstairs in the corner... looking for the whip here...

[Donovan goes to whip TORA out but slams on the brakes about halfway across the ring, jerking him back into the same corner...

...before crushing him under 260 pounds of mass in the buckles!]

GM: Avalanche by Donovan!

[He grabs TORA by the hair, walking him back a few steps out of the corner, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Suplex coming up here...

[Donovan easily elevates the smaller man, who twists out at the peak of the lift, landing on his feet behind Donovan...

...and then leaves his feet, leaping high enough to scissor the head of the six foot six Donovan between his legs, snapping him over in a rana!]

GM: Oh my! What a takedown by TORA!

[TORA crawls up to his feet, looking across to where Willie Hammer and Sweet Daddy Williams are waiting. He makes a break for it, charging hard...

...but Donovan comes to his feet, hooking TORA around the waist, lifting him up over his shoulder. TORA stretches out his arm, looking for the tag to Sweet Daddy Williams...]

GM: TAG!

BW: NO! HE MISSED!

[The referee signals that Bucky is correct as Donovan gives a shout, charging across the ring to PLANT TORA against the turnbuckles. He lifts a hand, tagging Wes Taylor back in.]

GM: The tag is made again... and you notice that Brian James isn't getting in there with TORA.

BW: He will if he feels it's necessary.

[Taylor and Donovan take turns pasting the cornered TORA with right hands, leaving him down on his rear in the corner before Donovan is forced out by Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Taylor back in, looking to finish off TORA at the behest of Brian Lau who continues to shout encouragement to Taylor and Donovan. What did he call himself - an advisor to them?

BW: That's what the man said.

GM: Just what we need. That evil genius giving advice to more people.

[The camera cuts to Lau shouting something to Taylor then giving an evil grin before we cut back to Taylor who rains down stomps on the seated TORA against the buckles. At the referee's four count, he spins away, walking across the ring towards the other corner..

...and pauses to spit right in the face of Willie Hammer!]

GM: OH!

[The crowd ROARS as Hammer ducks through the ropes, ready to pound Taylor into the canvas but the referee cuts him off, physically restraining him from a chuckling Taylor who charges back in...

...and delivers a sternum-smashing soccer kick to the chest!]

GM: GOODNESS! What a running kick out of Taylor!

[Taylor grabs a foot on TORA, dragging him a few feet out of the corner before covering him. Johnny Jagger is slow to count as he struggles to get Willie Hammer out of the ring.]

GM: Jagger finally gets there for one! He's got two!

[But TORA kicks out before the three can come down. Taylor angrily shouts at Jagger who points at Hammer, explaining the situation as the son of the Outlaw drags the much-smaller man off the mat, tearing into him with a series of standing elbow strikes to the temple.]

BW: That's a new one for Taylor. Looks like something Tiger Claw might teach a guy.

GM: It certainly does. We heard Brian Lau say he got Claw to accept Taylor and Donovan as students before this match, spending the last two weeks with them.

BW: And what a pedigree that gives a guy like Tony Donovan. He's got teachers on his resume including Supreme Wright and Tiger Claw.

GM: You're forgetting Todd Michaelson.



BW: As should Donovan if he wants to succeed.

[Gordon sighs as Taylor scoops TORA up, using the trunks to slightly press him over his head. Not a full extension but just enough to show off some muscle on the smaller man before throwing him violently down to the canvas.]

GM: Big slam by Taylor and-

[A big leaping legdrop follows, crashing 243 pounds down across the chest.]

GM: Taylor covers again!

[But he only gets two again as TORA slips out. Taylor slaps a hand down on the canvas, turning back to his corner. He grabs a handful of TORA's trunks, dragging him up and throwing him back into the buckles.]

GM: Another tag. Donovan and Taylor are working very well together here in this one, Bucky.

BW: Why do you sound so surprised?

[Each man grabs an arm again, dragging him out to the middle of the ropes.]

GM: Double whip sends him across...

[A double clothesline attempt whiffs as TORA ducks under, building up speed...]

GM: TORA ducks!

[...and leaps into the air, catching both men with a high crossbody!]

BW: CAUGHT!

[Taylor and Donovan are both holding TORA across their chests for a moment. The crowd is jeering as Taylor breaks away, hitting the ropes, charging back to throw a big boot into the face of TORA, still being held by Donovan who spins around...

...and HURLS TORA over his head, throwing him brutally off the canvas with a fallaway slam!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Taylor vacates the ring as Donovan climbs to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture. He crawls over the prone TORA in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But TORA's shoulder flies up off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Another two count! TORA showing off that tremendous fighting spirit that all of the guys who come through Tiger Paw Pro display.

[Donovan grabs TORA by the hair, pulling him off the mat slowly, running his mouth in the direction of Williams and Hammer...]

...when TORA suddenly throws a palm strike into his abdomen!]

GM: Palm strike!

[TORA lands a quick one-two to the body, leaving Donovan clutching his ribs as he backpedals. The high flyer straightens up, spinning away from Donovan towards the corner...]

...but Donovan lunges forward, hooking TORA by the back of the trunks, again keeping him from the corner!]

GM: TORA's almost there! He's inches away from that tag!

[But Donovan grits his teeth, pulling hard to take TORA into a side waistlock, elevating him for a back suplex...]

...but TORA backflips up and over, landing on his knees behind Donovan.]

GM: Whoa!

[As Donovan turns, TORA pops up, tucking his head under the chin, dropping down into a jawbreaker!]

GM: JAWBREAKER!

[Donovan snaps back up, grabbing at his chin as TORA leaps up, hooking the head as he does...]

...and DRIVES Donovan down with a leaping neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHH! And that might do it! That might be enough to get him to the corner to make that tag!

[TORA rolls to all fours, breathing heavily as he looks to the corner where both Willie Hammer and Sweet Daddy Williams are waiting for him...]

GM: TORA's got an opening! This is his chance, fans!

BW: Brian Lau's shouting for Donovan to shake the cobwebs and get TORA back in control...

[But as Donovan tries to push up off the mat, TORA is on the move.]

GM: TORA is crawling! On his hands and knees, crawling towards the corner goes the 25 year old from Duluth, Minnesota!

[TORA stretches out his hand but realizes he's still too far away. He falls forward to all fours again, his chest heaving as Willie Hammer stretches his arm out as far as he can. Tony Donovan rolls to his knee, climbing to his feet...]

GM: Donovan's up! TORA's running out of ti-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE AND IT'S HAMMER TIME IN MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA!

[Willie Hammer is in to a big reaction, landing a big right and left and right and left and right and left. He does a little shimmy, spinning around, dropping down to his knees...

...and SLAMS a palm strike into the midsection!]

GM: Hammer goes downstairs on Tony Donovan!

[The 280 pounder out of South Central Los Angeles climbs up to his feet, giving a war whoop to the cheering crowd...

...and then breaks into a sprint, leaping up to slam his forearm into the side of Wes Taylor's head, sending the son of the Outlaw sailing off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: That's payback for getting spat on!

[Brian James takes a swing at Hammer who is surprisingly fast for a man of his size, ducking under before uncorking a standing dropkick that sends James falling off the apron as well!]

GM: Willie Hammer clears out the corner! Back on his feet!

[Hammer swings his beefy right arm around and around, getting the fans buzzing as he charges out of the corner, running into a forward roll back up to his feet...

...and then pops up to his feet, slamming a clothesline into the chest of Tony Donovan, putting him back down on the canvas!]

GM: Rolling clothesline out of Willie Hammer!

[The big man gives a look out to the crowd, nodding his head as he pulls Tony Donovan up to his feet, scooping him up, and dropping him across the knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Backbreaker by Hammer!

[Hammer shows off his power by muscling Donovan right back up, swinging him out into a thunderous side slam!]

GM: Big slam by the young man from Los Angeles!

[One former Combat Corner student covers another as Hammer hooks a leg.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[Willie Hammer is suddenly pulled off of Donovan, dragged out to the floor by Wes Taylor who cracks Hammer with an uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Taylor pulls him out and-

[Suddenly, Taylor finds himself spun around by Sweet Daddy Williams who drops him with a right hand of his own! The veteran shouts at Taylor to get up off the floor as Hammer recovers, rolling back inside the ring.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams comes to the aid of his protege out on the floor, putting Wes Taylor down!

[Hammer climbs to his feet, puffing his cheeks out, running in place for a moment...]

GM: We've seen this before!

[The big man breaks to the ropes...

...where Brian James swings a knee up into his kidneys, cutting him off!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Hah! I love it! Willie Hammer got Taylor and James into this one by attacking them illegally and now they're making him pay for it!

[With Hammer stunned, James spins him around, dragging him by the hair the distance of the ropes where he SLAMS him headfirst into the top turnbuckle, sending Hammer staggering back towards a rising Tony Donovan...

...who hooks him in a rear waistlock from behind!]

GM: You gotta be kidding me!

BW: Do it, kid!

[Donovan grits his teeth, leaning back and DRIVING the back of Hammer's head into the canvas with a devastating German Suplex! Donovan holds the bridge as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Hammer kicks out, breaking the pin!]

GM: Two count only there for Donovan. You've gotta be impressed by Willie Hammer kicking out of that pin attempt, fans... and uh oh!

[The crowd buzzes as Donovan slaps the hand of Brian James, bringing the massive 290 pounder into the ring.]

GM: In comes the big man from this squad... although all of them have some size.

BW: The genes are strong in those families.

GM: Apparently so.

[James pulls Hammer off the mat, throwing him angrily back into the neutral corner. He drills him with three short elbows before spinning into a spinning back elbow that catches Hammer flush on the temple, dropping him down to his knees!]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Holding two hands full of mini-afro, James launches into a series of brutal kneestrikes to the face and head of the kneeling Hammer, pulverizing his head and face with each one of them...

...before the referee forces him back, allowing Hammer to slump facefirst down to the mat.]

GM: Brian James with an absolutely vicious series of blows there... and this one might be over just like that. The referee's down there checking on Hammer who has a history of face injuries thanks to the Dogs Of War.

[Sweet Daddy Williams shouts encouragement to his protege from the apron as James glares at him, shouting in response.]

"You want some of this, old man?!"

[He gestures at himself as a seething Williams paces the ring apron.]

GM: I think Sweet Daddy Williams DOES want some of that but he wants to get that tag first so it's all legal.

BW: If he wants a piece of Brian James, he's dumber than I thought and that's a real low bar to step over, daddy.

[Brian James steps back in, nudging the official aside as he grabs two hands full of mini-afro, dragging Hammer off the mat to his feet where a cross-armed chop to the throat sends Hammer falling back into the neutral corner, revealing a bloody nose on the big man.]

GM: It looks like James might've drawn first blood with one of those knees, fans. The referee taking a look there...

[James pushes past the official, driving his elbow down across the bridge of the nose, causing Hammer to recoil, covering his face with his arms as James backs off at the ire of the official who is letting him have it.]

GM: This kid is just vicious. Brutal. So different than the man we saw in that ring back at the first Rising Sun Showdown when he was just so happy to be making his AWA debut.

[Lau is grinning as the camera comes on him, pointing repeatedly at Hammer with a, "You got him, Brian! You got him now!" The camera comes back on James who grabs Hammer's bloody nose, hooking his fingers in the nostrils, dragging him out of the corner out to the center of the ring...]

GM: Get him off that nose! It might be broken!

[A strong knee to the chest doubles up Hammer, leaving him bent over and sucking wind as James backs off, measures him...

...and swings his leg up, snapping it down in an axe kick across the back of the neck!]

GM: OHHH! Brian James is so methodical in there... no wasted movement at all as he torments his opponents.

[James turns, staring at TORA who is pounding his hand on the turnbuckle, rallying the fans into a "HAM-MER! HAM-MER!" chant.]

GM: The fans are behind Willie Hammer here tonight in Alabama!

BW: But like I said earlier, that doesn't do him a lick of good, Gordo.

[But Brian James seems irritated by it, grabbing Hammer by the hair, pulling his head back to show the bloody nose to the camera...

...right before he slams his arm across it in a crossface!]

GM: Ohh!

[A second one lands... and a third... and a fourth before the referee steps in again, watching as James allows Hammer to slump facefirst down to the mat. He straightens up, staring right at TORA.]

GM: That was a message to TORA - a warning perhaps.

BW: A warning to forget this. I think Brian James has bigger fish to fry than TORA. He's willing to let all this go and let TORA go his separate way. It's TORA who keeps coming back to this, trying to get some kind of payback he'll never be able to achieve.

GM: People have been telling TORA his entire life what he can and can't achieve, Bucky. He went to countless wrestling schools to try and break into this sport that told him he was too small... that he needed to put weight on his five foot eight frame... that he'd never make it in this business. No one tells him those things anymore.

BW: Hey, he's accomplished a lot. He should be real proud. He should also be real smart and get out of this situation before he gets himself hurt real, real bad.

[James stares at TORA who continues to pound that top turnbuckle, trying to rally his partner. The son of the Blackheart gives a shake of his head before STOMPING the back of Hammer's head, driving his face into the mat again.]

GM: Oh! That might've done it! If the nose wasn't broken before, it definitely might be now!

[James arrogantly brushes off his shoulder as he walks to the corner, tagging in Tony Donovan. He stops Donovan as he comes in, pointing at the downed Hammer.]

"Finish him."

[Tony gives a nod as he rushes in, dragging Hammer up by the hair, showing the streams of blood coming from the nose. He grabs an arm, whipping Hammer into the ropes. As he rebounds, Donovan scoops, lifts, pivots...

...and DRIVES him down in a powerslam!]

GM: Powerslam! Powerslam by the third generation star!

[Donovan throws his arms apart arrogantly before diving into a cover, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The lack of leg hook allows Hammer to kick out in time!]

GM: He couldn't keep him down for three!

[Donovan looks surprised before lunging back in, hooking a leg this time.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But this time, Hammer lifts a shoulder in time to break free!]

GM: He still can't keep him down. Donovan can't believe it. He thought that powerslam had him beat.

[Donovan climbs up off the mat, pulling Hammer up with him...

...and Hammer snaps off a left jab to the chin!]

GM: Hammer fighting back!

[The crowd rallies behind him as he throws a series of quick snapping jabs to the jaw, staggering Donovan...]

GM: Willie Hammer's got Donovan reeling with those left jabs!

[The weary Hammer foregoes any showmanship to pop Donovan with a right-handed uppercut, snapping his head back and sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Donovan falls back... and Hammer's got a window! He's got a chance to make that tag!

[He turns towards the corner where his mentor, Sweet Daddy Williams, and TORA are waiting for a tag...]

GM: Donovan's pulling himself towards that corner!

[Hammer stumbles forward, blood streaming from the nose as he reaches out an arm...]

...but Donovan flings himself into the corner, dropping Williams with a right hand and TORA with a back elbow before turning, throwing himself forward and DRIVING his shoulder into the front of Hammer's knee!]

GM: OHH! DONOVAN CLIPS HIM!

[With Hammer down on the mat, Donovan changes his attack, stomping the knee repeatedly for a half dozen blows...]

...and then drags the near-three hundred pounder across the ring to the opposite corner, tagging Wes Taylor back in.]

GM: Taylor back in on the exchange... and he takes his turn stomping the knee, trying to disable the limb of Willie Hammer and take away some of his explosive offense!

[Taylor tags Donovan back in to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Quick exchanges by Taylor and Donovan as Donovan pulls Hammer up again...

[He drags Hammer out to the center of the ring, tucking his leg up as he lifts him into the air...]

...and DROPS Hammer across his bent knee in a shinbreaker!]

GM: SHINBREAKER CONNECTS!



[Donovan's still holding the leg as Hammer straightens up, bouncing on his good leg...

...and leaps up, catching Donovan in the back of the head with an enzuigiri!]

GM: BACK BRAIN KICK BY HAMMER!

[The crowd is roaring now as Hammer pushes up off his belly, lifting his sore leg off the mat as he tries to drag himself towards the corner where Williams and TORA are waiting once more.]

GM: Hammer's trying to get across the ring, trying to make that tag!

[Donovan is still down as Hammer draws closer, the fans driving him towards the corner...]

GM: These fans in Alabama are on their feet, cheering the big man on!

[Brian Lau can be heard shouting from the floor - a sound that sends Wes Taylor rushing into the ring, trying to cut off the tag as TORA grabs the top rope, leaping up, springing off...]

GM: TORA!

[...and launching himself through the air, crashing down onto Wes Taylor with a somersault seated senton!]

GM: TORA RIDES TAYLOR DOWN AND-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[Sweet Daddy Williams ducks through the ropes to an enormous cheer, rushing across the ring to catch a rising Tony Donovan with a clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline on Donovan!

[With TORA rolling out to the floor, a dazed Taylor regains his feet...

...and gets taken over the top, deposited out to the floor with a second Williams clothesline!]

GM: TAYLOR GETS TAKEN OUT TOO!

[Williams spins around, pumping his arms and fists to the roaring crowd. He grabs the dazed Donovan by the arm, whipping him into the corner before charging in after him...]

GM: THREE HUNDRED POUNDS IN THE CORNER!

[Williams grabs Donovan in a side headlock, giving a swing of his arm to call for his signature move!]

GM: Williams is calling for the Riley Roundup!

[But as Williams comes charging out, Brian James comes charging in from a brief three point stance...

...and FLATTENS Williams with the Black Mass clothesline!]

GM: BLACK MASS! BLACK MASS!

[James gets stopped by the referee who shouts at him, forcing him to step back, moving out of the ring as Tony Donovan rolls over, throwing an arm over the motionless veteran.]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[But Johnny Jagger slaps the mat once... twice...

The camera catches a glimpse of TORA trying to get back into the ring to break up the pin but Brian Lau has thrown himself around the leg, dragging TORA down...

...and Jagger hits the mat a third time.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: Believe it, daddy! Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan have won it! You talk about a legacy to be proud of! Their daddies should all looking on with pride tonight!

[Phil Watson makes it official as Tony Donovan rises to his feet, soon being joined by Wes Taylor to celebrate as Brian James and Brian Lau look on from the corner, pleased at the victory as well...]

GM: By hook or by crook, it's a big victory for the trio of James, Taylor, and Donovan.

[James and Lau make their way out to the middle of the ring, celebrating the win with the young tag team. There are smiles all around as the quartet trades handshakes...

...only to be interrupted by the sound of snarling and snapping dogs.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Brian Lau's eyes go wide as KISS' "War Machine" comes blaring from the PA system and the lights drop. Spotlights begin circling the Garrett Coliseum in search of the reason for the change in illumination...

...and then find them, heading down through the crowd towards the ring.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are here! The Dogs Of War said they'd be here tonight and they're living up to that promise, fans!

BW: But why?! Why are they coming out here now?!

GM: Fans, the Dogs Of War are on their way to the ring and... are they coming for James? Taylor? Donovan? Maybe one of the other team?

BW: Maybe all of them!

[Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker come over the railing. Carpenter barks out orders, getting his partners into flanking positions - one on each side of the ring...]

GM: What's going to happen here? What in the world is going to happen here? Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta hear from the AWA President! We'll see you next ti-

[Abrupt cut from the ring to Mark Stegglet who is standing backstage with the AWA President, Landon O'Neill, who looks like he's had better days. The polished smile is hidden behind a pair of pursed lips.]

MS: We're running low on time as you can see but, Mr. O'Neill, this night could not end like this. This night could not have turned out the way you wanted it to. You started the night by firing Caleb Temple, denying the World Champion of his chance to avenge himself... his friends... his father only to be informed by the World Champion that he... well, quite frankly... did not respect that decision and would go outside the law if necessary to get vengeance. Then Caleb Temple, the King of the Death Match himself, defied your order and showed up here in Montgomery, hijacked the production truck, and informed the world that he intends to turn the AWA into his own personal Killing Box.

My sources say you've been in consult all night long with other members of AWA management to try and figure out the best way to handle this situation. Have you reached a decision?

[O'Neill pauses, perhaps hesitating a moment, before giving a nod.]

LON: I have. In consult with AWA ownership and AWA legal, I have decided...

[Another pause. He bites his own lip for a second.]

LON: I have decided that my initial decision stands!

With one exception...

[He lifts a well-tanned finger.]

LON: Out of respect for Ryan Martinez and the entire Martinez family, the AWA has ruled that he WILL be allowed to face Caleb Temple at Memorial Day Mayhem... in an Unsanctioned Match. However, the AWA refuses to take any responsibility for that match or what happens because of it.

MS: Meaning?

LON: Two weeks from tonight in Biloxi, Mississippi, Ryan Martinez will be in the building to sign a document drawn up by AWA legal - a waiver that acknowledges that the American Wrestling Alliance is not sanctioning this match and as such, takes no responsibility for what happens during the match or for Martinez' health after it.

[O'Neill looks sternly into the camera.]

LON: We advise Ryan Martinez to think long and hard over the next two weeks about how badly he wants this fight... because if he suffers a serious injury and finds himself unable to defend the title because of it, Ryan Martinez will be STRIPPED of the World Heavyweight Title.

And as far as Caleb Temple is concerned...

[O'Neill sneers.]

LON: Mr. Temple's contract will still be terminated... after Memorial Day Mayhem. But that does NOT mean that he is welcome in Biloxi... or at any AWA event for that matter. He will not be admitted into the building in Biloxi. He will not be admitted into the building at any AWA live event. And he is NOT welcome backstage at Memorial Day Mayhem. He will be admitted into the building that night right before he meets the World Champion and he will be escorted from the building immediately afterwards.

Caleb Temple is persona non grata at any AWA event now or in the future.

[O'Neill looks at Stegglet.]

LON: In case I haven't made myself clear, after Memorial Day Mayhem, you will NEVER see Caleb Temple in the AWA again.

[O'Neill gives a nod to the camera before striding out of view, leaving a slack-jawed Mark Stegglet behind...

...as we fade to black.]