

# SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

May 9, 2015 - Mississippi Coast Coliseum - Biloxi, MS

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

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

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

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

#And everywhere I go it's shining bright#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,  
Alright, all right#

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

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

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Biloxi, Mississippi in the Mississippi Coast 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 just over two weeks away from the original AWA supershow - Memorial Day Mayhem! And this year looks like it might be the best one yet!

[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 blazing orange sportscoat over a deep purple dress shirt. He's opted for a bleached white 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, it's great to be here in Mississippi - the birthplace of Morgan Freeman, Britney Spears, and even the King himself - Elvis Presley!

BW: The King, huh? You know what Mississippi is the King of, don'tcha?

GM: No, what's that?

BW: Teenage pregnancy!

[Gordon looks shocked.]

BW: That's right! I got a Tweet today from someone who said that the teenage birth rate in this slum is more than 60 percent above the U.S. average! And by the time Travis Lynch and Air Strike get out of town, that number might just skyrocket to 80 percent!

GM: Would you stop?! Fans, we've got one heck of a night in store for you here in Biloxi as we're going to see Shadoe Rage put the World Television Title on the line in a rematch against Cesar Hernandez!

BW: Shadoe Rage gets another shot to drive his knee straight through Hernandez' thick skull and put him out of the sport forever? I'm on board for this one.

GM: We've got Kyle Kendrick taking on Caspian Abaran in an effort to settle their grudge.

BW: Kendrick's gonna take that goody two shoes and show him exactly why no one wants to look at his ugly face.

GM: You're in rare form here tonight, Bucky. We've got a tag team showdown pitting Rob Driscoll and a partner of his choice against Travis Lynch and a partner of his choice just two weeks away from their big National Title clash at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: These pathetic little trolls at ringside may be panting over Travis Lynch right now but when "Diamond" Rob gets through with him, he ain't gonna be so pretty!

GM: Plus, the World Champion, Ryan Martinez, is here to sign that waiver for the Unsanctioned Match at Mayhem!

BW: Rare is it that you get to witness someone make the biggest mistake of their lives but this dumb kid is gonna present his on a silver platter for us here tonight.

GM: But before we get to any of that, we're going to go right up to the ring. Two weeks ago, AWA President Landon O'Neill ruled that Hannibal Carver would need to apology to Johnny Jagger for laying him out in Atlanta with the Blackout. Tonight, that happens or Carver faces further punishment two weeks before the big cage match showdown with Johnny Detson!

BW: Apologize? I'll believe it when I see it, daddy!

GM: Fans, let's go to the ring!

[We cut to the ring where AWA's Senior Official Johnny Jagger is standing in the center of the ring.]

GM: There is Johnny Jagger, standing in wait of the Boston Brawler himself, Hannibal Carver.

BW: He's going to be waiting a long time, Gordo! No way is that lunatic going to swallow his pride and apologize to anyone, much less a referee!

GM: Not just any referee, Bucky. Johnny Jagger has the respect of countless men and women in this sport.

[Jagger looks expectingly towards the top of the entranceway...

...and sees nothing.]

BW: See? What'd I tell you?!

GM: It seems as though you may've been right, Bucky. We've been waiting for a few moments now and there's no sig--

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[The crowd becomes unglued as "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys begins to play.]

GM: I spoke too soon! The Brawler is here in Biloxi!

BW: Probably to beat up a defenseless referee again! Once he's tasted blood he can't help himself!

[The curtains fly open as Carver walks out, dressed in a pair of blue jeans, black combat boots and a white BUDWEISER t-shirt underneath a black flight jacket. He smirks, raising his arms out wide as he lets out a loud primal scream.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#  
#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[Carver continues to make his way towards the ring, pointing a finger at Jagger... which causes a nervous look to come over the face of the senior official.]

BW: Yup, he's coming back to beat him senseless all over again! This nutcase doesn't want to work ever again!

[Carver enters the ring, picking up a microphone from the apron. He begins pacing back and forth like a caged animal before finally speaking.]

HC: While I've been sitting at the bar watching from the sidelines, I can only guess the kind of talk that's been going on here. About how I'll never come back. About how I'll never do what a suit tells me to day. That I'll never say I'm sorry for blacking yeh out.

Well, I gotta give them credit if that's the case.

[Carver takes a step towards Jagger.]

HC: They're right on that last point.

[Carver leans forward, now mere inches from Jagger's face.]

HC: I ain't sorry.

[Carver nods slowly at Jagger... and then resumes pacing back and forth.]

HC: I ain't sorry for what I did. I ain't sorry for knocking yeh flat on yer back for not doing yer job. Because if it means I take out every single last man, woman and child in that locker room to get my hands around Johnny Detson's throat?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Then yeh can bet the house on me doing JUST THAT.

[Big cheers for the promise of Carver getting his hands on Detson.]

HC: And if yeh think I like some suit coming out here, especially one from NEW YORK...

[Carver pauses as the southern crowd boos the hell out of New York.]

HC: ...yeh'd be damn wrong. If yeh think when I watched the TV and saw him try to tell me what the hell I was gonna do didn't make me want to smash his face off the hood of every car out in that parking lot... yeh'd be wronger still.

But at the end of the day?

[Carver stops, turning to face Jagger.]

HC: Yeh ain't in my crosshairs. O'Neill ain't either. Johnny Detson is. All his scumbag flunkies are. So I ain't gonna stand here with tears streaming down my face saying sorry and begging for yer forgiveness. Instead?

[Carver reaches into his jacket pocket, taking out a can of beer to a big reaction from the crowd.]

HC: What do yeh say we shake hands. We let those bygones be bygones. We toss a couple brews back right in the middle of this damn right and then I head to the back and--

[Carver is interrupted by the opening rifts of "Kashmir" as out from the back, rather quickly, is Johnny Detson, to the immediate disapproval of the fans. Detson is dressed in jeans and a Fox "The X" tee shirt and is shaking his head back and forth. Soon afterwards he is followed by Eric Somers and Calisto Dufresne as well as eight security guards that form a semi-circle behind him.]

JD: I don't think so.

[Detson continues to shake his head as he along with Somers and Dufresne walk down to the ring.]

JD: That's NOT going to cut it. The instructions were quite clear!

[Detson points at Carver.]

JD: You have to apologize, you have to say the words "I'm sorry." "I'm sorry."

[Detson laughs.]

JD: Who would think that the great Hannibal Carver would be told what to do by anyone? Better yet, who ever thought that he would actually listen. Nobody here wants to see Hannibal Carver apologize.

[Detson shakes his head as the crowd cheers sort of agreeing with Detson.]

JD: No... no... no... they want to see Hannibal Carver grab that ref and give him the Blackout.

[A decent-sized portion of the crowd roars for that! Johnny Jagger looks a little surprised and Carver simply shrugs at him.]

JD: They want Hannibal Carver to grab that fan in the first row and give HIM the Blackout.

[The camera cuts to a guy in the front row nodding wildly, acting like it'd be the thrill of a lifetime for the Boston Brawler to lay him out.]

JD: They even want Hannibal Carver to get his hands on me, and give ME the Blackout.

[Huge roar of approval on that as Detson looks at the crowd and smirks, wagging his finger.]

JD: Never gonna happen, people. And I will tell you why.

[Detson climbs up the ring steps as Dufresne and Somers circle the other way on the floor. Carver keeps on eye on all three of them.]

JD: Because Hannibal Carver is a man. A man who isn't going to let some suit tell him what to do! Who does Landon O'Neill think he is? I guess he's starting to believe what everyone in the back is saying. That Hannibal Carver is his lap dog. That Hannibal Carver needs the AWA front office protection. That Hannibal Carver is nothing more than O'Neill's little...

[Detson eyes Carver whose eyes explode with rage causing Detson to stop the sentence short.]

JD: Well, you get the idea. So I'll tell you what Hannibal, you want me...

[Detson steps through the ropes and is now in the ring with the two men. Detson walks right up to Carver but stands purposely behind Jagger.]

JD: Here I am. Come get me and prove you're not just Landon O'Neill's little puppet!

[The crowd is urging Carver to do exactly that. The Boston Brawler paces back and forth, ready to strike at any moment as Detson continues to egg him on from off-mic.]

GM: Don't do it, Hannibal! Don't fall for this! He's just trying to get out of that cage match in the Cajundome!

BW: Shaddup, Myers! Carver needs to be himself! He needs to be a man!

GM: And how does he do that in your eyes? By hitting the Blackout on Detson? On Johnny Jagger? On me?!

BW: If that's what it takes, I'm willing to make that sacrifice!

[Carver glares at Detson for a few moments, pulling to a stop, and rubbing his temples as he speaks.]

HC: Yeh know Detson, I'm a big enough man to admit when someone has given me a helping hand. Not that I asked for it, but a while back yeh did just that. Yeh helped me see the light. That I don't need to be a part of any team with a bunch of dumb kids obeying every rule and shaking every hand because their damn champion says that's what the thing to do. That there ain't a damn thing wrong about how I made my bones in this sport... by breaking bones. And just like then, just now yeh've made me see what the hell I need to do.

[Carver walks up to Jagger, grabbing the official by the shirt and pulling him in so that he's face to face with the Boston Brawler.]

HC: Because although I had no problem doing what I did and if given the chance I'll do it again, I AM sorry I attacked yeh...



[Carver yanks Jagger to the side so that he's now face to face with Detson.]

HC: ...when I COULD have been attacking HIM!

[Detson's eyes go wide as Carver makes a lunge for him, tackling him around the waist and dragging him down to the canvas as the fans in Biloxi ERUPT into cheers!]

GM: CARVER TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The Boston Brawler rears back and throws, rifling right hands repeatedly into the side of the head...

...when Calisto Dufresne slides into the ring, dragging Carver off of Detson!]

GM: We've got a two on one in there!

BW: Not for long! Check your math, Gordo!

[As Carver turns his attention to Dufresne, hammering him back against the turnbuckles, Eric Somers steps in, winding up...

...and SLAMS the steel briefcase containing the Steal The Spotlight contract across the shoulderblades of the attacking Carver!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERS CRACKS HIM WITH THE BRIEFCASE!

[The blow knocks Carver to his knees where Somers grabs hold of his arms, holding him in place as Calisto Dufresne takes the chance to get some payback, driving his fists down between the eyes over and over again!]

GM: The numbers game was too much for Carver! Dufresne's hammering away at him!

BW: After all the times that Carver has attacked Dufresne, he's got this one coming, Gordo!

GM: Oh, you think so?!

BW: I know so!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Dufresne continues to rain down blows on the trapped Carver as Johnny Detson climbs back to his feet, retrieving his Steal The Spotlight briefcase from off the mat and shouting at his allies to "pick him up!"]

GM: Oh, come on! You guys have had your fun! Let the man go!

BW: Not a chance. Detson's gonna make sure Carver can't make it to Memorial Day Mayhem and that match in the cage!

[Dufresne grabs one of Carver's arm while Somers grabs the other, pulling them out to full extension, holding a squirming and swearing Carver up between them as Detson smirks at him...]

GM: Detson's gonna crown him with that metal case!

[The Steal The Spotlight winner rears back, ready to deliver a shot to the head...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

GM: VASQUEZ! JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The Hall of Famer comes tearing down the aisle, sliding headfirst under the bottom rope. He pops up to his feet, ducking under a wild swing of the briefcase from Detson. Vasquez spins, Right Cross at the ready but Detson dives through the ropes out to the floor, shaking his head and wagging a finger at Vasquez who turns towards an attacking Calisto Dufresne who dives at Vasquez from the blind side!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[With Carver's arm free, he elbows his way out from Eric Somers' grasp, battering him with right hands up against the ropes as Dufresne and Vasquez fall to the mat, rolling around and throwing fists as fast as they can manage!]

GM: Detson bailed out and left his boys to do his fighting for him... again!

BW: Hey, he's got a Main Event match at Memorial Day Mayhem to be concerned about. He can't risk getting injured in some random street fight.

GM: Vasquez is hammering Dufresne and- OHH! CARVER WITH THE CLOTHESLINE SENDING SOMERS TO THE FLOOR!

[Vasquez lets up for a moment, allowing Dufresne to crawl under the ropes to the floor, joining his allies on the concrete.]

GM: Look at them run now!

[As Carver and Vasquez clear the ring of Detson and his cohorts, Vasquez finds himself holding one of Calisto Dufresne's shoes, having accidentally yanked it off during the brawl. He proceeds to chuck it up the aisle, narrowly missing Eric Somers by inches. Fired up beyond belief, Vasquez grabs a microphone off the canvas, pointing a finger right at the retreating trio.]

JV: Hey...HEY! I know that you three are in a hurry to run to the back and lick your wounds while cryin' over Skype to your mamas, but I don't recall ever sayin' that you were allowed to leave yet!

[POP! An annoyed Johnny Detson shouts some unheard words at Juan, as the former National Champion just nods his head and grins at his long-time rival.]

JV: Ain't it typical. For the longest time now, you three have been makin' life a living hell for my friend Hannibal Carver, here. Three-on-one attacks. Getting him suspended. Making him jump through hoops week after week, all 'cause Johnny Detson ain't got the stones to face him like a man. But the moment you three see something even resembling a fair fight, the moment I run down here and even the odds even just a little...you cowards are ready make a run for it and call it a night.

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: But the way I see it, me and Carver? We ain't even CLOSE to done whuppin' your sorry butts!

[The crowd roars, as Detson and Dufresne talk trash at Vasquez from afar.]

JV: I wanna' piece of YOU, Calisto Dufresne and I know Carver sure as hell wants his pound of flesh from you, Johnny Detson! So what I'm proposin' is that tonight, here in Biloxi, Mississippi [POP!] if you've got the courage, if you're even HALF of the half of the quarter of the men you think you are...Juan Vasquez and Hannibal Carver take on YOU, Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne!

[The crowd roars with approval on the challenge as Detson's trio huddles up as the security team surround them. Detson quickly points to himself and tells them "I got this." He bends down to pick up one of the fallen mics.]

JD: Oh, you'd like that wouldn't you?

[Both Vasquez and Carver nod as Detson smirks.]

JD: Well, you know something... I would love nothing more than to step in the ring with the two of you right here tonight!

[Huge roar from the crowd again as Dufresne whispers something to Detson. Detson fakes surprise and snaps his fingers.]

JD: But you know what? After the persecution and discrimination, I faced last show, I received a call from the management of the greatest organization I know... Fox Sports X. And you see, the network has a true eye for talent and as the future World Champion of the AWA, they want their investment to be fully protected. They also want to make sure their huge Memorial Day Mayhem show goes off without a hitch.

[Detson nods in agreement with himself as he continues to smirk at the two in the ring.]

JD: So after talking to management at The X; they told me to protect the TRUE Main Event of Memorial Day. So Johnny Detson will... NOT... be competing here tonight.

[The crowd disapproves and lets Detson know it. Carver yells down at Detson, who simply holds up his hand.]

JD: But Hannibal I can see you're eager for a fight. And while I am not allowed to fight here tonight; the REAL National Champion... Calisto Dufresne has no problem taking you on right here tonight!

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation and Dufresne pauses for a moment before turning to Detson and staring a hole through him. Sensing this, Detson turns to Dufresne and smiles. Detson whispers something to him and then points to Dufresne, then himself, then Somers and then at the security team. Detson is heard saying "there's no way" before Dufresne reluctantly nods.]

JD: Calisto Dufresne is more than happy to oblige... how 'bout you, Carver?

[Carver nods without hesitation as Juan Vasquez looks ready for a fight at any moment.]

JD: Good. Then I think my good friends at The X will be most pleased with their Main Event right here tonight. So long, gentlemen.

[Detson turns, slipping an arm around Dufresne's shoulders, walking him back up the aisle as Hannibal Carver and Juan Vasquez converse inside the ring.]

GM: Well, it's not the match that Carver and Vasquez wanted but we've got ourselves a Main Event nonetheless as Hannibal Carver takes on former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne! Fans, we're off and running with a bang here tonight on The X! Don't go away because there's a lot more where that came from!

[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: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Bobby O'Connor is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rob Driscoll with a flying bodypress, Brad Jacobs is hiptossing Frankie Farelli across your family room, and Strictly Business and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Demetrius Lake has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Supernova, while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P. Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then King ONI wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Four AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Air Strike does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Air Strike and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Sultan Azam Sharif tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Sharif and Wright action figures.]

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

[Jack Lynch and Cain Jackson double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Jericho Kai. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Derrick Williams, Manny Imbrogno, Willie Hammer, and Casanova. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[As we fade back up, we find Mickey Cherry bouncing around the ring, holding up a pink frosted glass heart-shaped mirror shouting at the ringside fans. In the center of the ring stands Casanova...

...in a powder pink leather jacket with the sleeves cut out to reveal his pasty white chubby arms.]

C: I was told that in order to avoid further punishment by the AWA President, Mr. Landon O'Neill... Bee-Tee-Dubs, it was nice to see you at the tanning salon last week, Lando. See you soon.

[Casanova winks a heavily mascara'd eye at the camera before clearing his throat.]

C: ...I was told that I needed to come out here and issue a public apology to one, Mr. Johnny Jagger. So, Mr. Jagger... if you please...

[Johnny Jagger, out on the floor, looks puzzled at Casanova. At the urging of Mickey Cherry, Jagger climbs the ringsteps, moving through the ropes.]

GM: Fans, in recent weeks, Casanova has been acting quite odd.

BW: Odd? For him?

GM: Yes, even for him. We know that it was Hannibal Carver - and not Casanova - who was ordered to apologize. And this is not the first time that it has appeared as though Casanova was trying to get under the skin of Carver.

[With a confused Jagger in front of him, Casanova steps closer - a move that causes Jagger to step back but he runs right into the mirror-holding Cherry, keeping him in place as Casanova leans in.]

C: Mr. Jagger...

[Casanova's voice has dropped down to a whisper as he reaches up, placing his hand on the cheek of Jagger in a gesture that causes the Senior Official to flinch.]

C: I have wronged you, my friend.

[A light pat on the cheek.]

C: I have hurt you... and for that, I do apologize. But it could not be helped! It could not be prevented! Because I... I am a HARD man...

[He inches closer to Jagger, slowly reaching for his zipper... on his jacket.]

C: And HARD men... are cursed with HARD things...

[He starts to slide the zipper down, revealing a sweaty and pale chest underneath.]

C: ...to do.

[With his chest bare, Casanova steps even closer, chest to chest with the cringing Jagger.]

C: Because you see, dear Johnny...

[He leans in again, his lips near Jagger's ear.]

C: ...I am... the one... who goes...

[He thrusts his hips forward.]

C: ...BUMP...

[Jagger falls back against the mirror as a giggling Mickey Cherry keeps him there.]

C: ...in the night.

[Casanova turns his head, planting a kiss on the cheek of Johnny Jagger before Cherry sidesteps, causing Jagger to fall down on the mat on his rear. The Senior Official quickly slides away, trying to get some room between himself and Jagger.]

C: Toodles, Johnny.

[Jagger rolls from the ring, dusting himself off wildly as the crowd jeers.]

C: There's your apology, Lando! I hope we can be... friends... again.

[He throws a smile - a sleazy, seductive grin - towards the camera when suddenly "Gonna Fly Now" from the Rocky soundtrack blasts over the PA system, drawing cheers from the crowd who just naturally react that way to the anthemic song.]

GM: The Sicilian Stud!

BW: What the heck is he doing out here, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea but he's heading to the ring!

[With his short brown hair and stocky build, the Stud jogs down the aisle in a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front, white kneepads, and boots.]

GM: Casanova certainly doesn't seem too happy about this interruption.

[The curly pink-haired Casanova is stomping back and forth, shouting down the aisle at the approaching Sicilian Stud who jogs up the steps, ducking through the ropes, gesturing for the mic.]

GM: The Stud looks like he's got something to say but-

[Casanova sticks the mic out, offering it up...

...and then pulls it back, suckerpunching the Stud with the off-hand.]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Casanova!

[A big overhand swing drives the mic into the forehead of the preliminary wrestler, sending him falling back against the ropes. Casanova throws the mic aside, gesturing for Johnny Jagger to get back inside the ring. Jagger reluctantly obliges, waving for a bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"



GM: What?!

BW: It looks like we've got ourselves an impromptu showdown, daddy!

[Approaching the ropes, Casanova winds up to blister the chest of the Sicilian Stud with a knife edge chop.]

GM: Hard chop by Casanova, grabbing the arm now...

[An Irish whip sends the Stud across the ring as Casanova swings his arm back wildly, throwing a clothesline that the Stud avoids with a baseball slide.]

GM: Whoa! The Stud slides under it!

[The Sicily native pops up to his feet, pumping a fist before driving it between the eyes of Casanova to big cheers!]

GM: Big right hand by the Stud!

[A second one follows, leaving Casanova staggered, his arms pinwheeling around and around to try and keep his balance. The Stud turns to the crowd with a "COME ON!" that gets more cheers as he rushes to the ropes, racing back towards Casanova...]

GM: The Stud off the ropes...

[The Sicilian Stud throws himself into the air, catching Casanova flush with a crossbody, rolling him down to the mat into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Casanova's shoulder comes FLYING off the mat in time as Mickey Cherry shouts on the floor, fanning himself wildly, shouting "COME ON, BABY! GET ON HIM!"]

GM: Mickey Cherry looks like he almost had a heart attack out there.

BW: Can you blame him? That would've been a huge upset!

[The Stud climbs back to his feet, pumping his arms up and down as he catches the rising Casanova with a right hand... then a chop... and a right hand... and another chop...]

GM: The Stud's taking the fight to Casanova, trying to beat the bizarre behavior out of the near four hundred pounder!

[The Italian brawler batters Casanova back against the ropes before turning towards the crowd, giving a shout as he marches out to the middle of the ring...

...and then storms back in, looking for a clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Casanova spins, burying a back elbow up under the chin of the Stud, sending him staggering back. Casanova leans into the ropes, charging off...

...and THROWING himself into a near four hundred pound crossbody that completely wipes out the Stud!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief!

BW: Casanova’s showin’ the Stud how it’s done! If you’re gonna throw a crossbody block, throw it with some oomph behind it, daddy!

GM: Well, Casanova certainly has some “oomph” as he tips the scales near four hundred pounds.

[The big man climbs to his feet, looking out at the crowd. He primps his hair, throwing his pink curls into the air to the jeers of the Mississippi crowd.]

GM: Casanova certainly is full of himself, Bucky.

BW: He believes he’s the most beautiful thing in the entire AWA.

GM: Do you agree?

BW: Hrm? What was that? Missed the question.

GM: I’m sure.

[Casanova leans down, grabbing the rising Stud by the arm, firing him across the ring into the turnbuckles. The big man backs to the corner, leaning against the buckles. He slowly runs his hands up his sweaty torso, flicking sweat off his body...]

GM: Disgusting.

[...and then barrels across the ring, shouting as he raises both arms over his head...]

GM: RUNNING HAMMER!

[Casanova CRUSHES the Stud in the corner with a corner-to-corner double axehandle. He steps back, allowing the Stud to stagger out towards him. He buries a boot into the gut...]

GM: Casanova goes downstairs to double up his unexpected opponent here tonight...

[The rulebreaker rakes his fingernails down the back, sending the Stud staggering away as the crowd cheers. Casanova smirks as he pulls his hand to his mouth, blowing on his nails as Mickey Cherry shouts, "YOU GOT HIM NOW, BABY! YOU GOT HIM RIGHT WHERE YOU WANT HIM!" ]

GM: Can someone shut that man up?

BW: Mickey's just getting behind his man.

[Casanova stalks forward, grabbing the straps on the singlet from behind, pulling the Sicilian Stud into a side waistlock, lifting him up...]

GM: Down into an atomic drop!

[With the Stud staggered, Casanova drops into a crouch as Mickey Cherry pops up on the apron, positioning the mirror right where Casanova calls for it...]

GM: What's he-

[As the Stud turns, Casanova leaves his feet, hooking a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd ROARS its disapproval at Casanova delivering Hannibal Carver's trademark Blackout on the Sicilian Stud!]

BW: That's it, daddy!

GM: No doubt it is but... what in the world is this guy thinking?!

[Casanova smirks, rolling over with one arm on the chest, tucking his chin on top of a clenched fist as the referee counts to three.]

GM: That's all she wrote. Casanova picks up a victory over the Sicilian Stud but... well, the bigger story is Casanova's continued insistence on trying to antagonize Hannibal Carver. Fans, let's go backstage where Melissa Cannon is standing by!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area to a closeup of a mask - the mask that once belonged to the junior heavyweight legend, TORA Wanizame. The shot slowly pulls back to reveal the man paying tribute to him, the high flyer from Duluth, TORA, standing alongside Melissa Cannon.]

MC: As you can see, I have been joined back here in the locker room area by the dazzling and exciting superstar known as TORA. TORA, two weeks ago, you were hoping for some degree of payback when you took on your former partner, Brian James, as part of a six man tag team match but I have to believe that things didn't go the way you'd hoped.

[TORA pulls off the mask, tucking it into his waistband as he reveals his face, shaking his head.]

T: No, Melissa... not the way I'd hoped at all. I wanted to get in that ring with Brian James and prove to him that he'd made a mistake... but maybe more importantly, I wanted to prove to all of those people out there who think that if anything's been proven over the past six months, it's that I was holding Brian back... that I was the weak link of our team.

MC: I think you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone saying that, TORA.

T: I appreciate that, Melissa, but it's out there. I've heard the whispers. I've seen the stuff on the Internet. There are people who believe that the AWA made a mistake in bringing me back to the United States and hey, maybe they're right, Melissa.

[The announcer starts to disagree but TORA cuts her off.]

T: Maybe I haven't lived up to the expectations of the front office... or of all the great AWA fans. Maybe I was coasting along as part of a tag team when I should have gone it alone and established myself as one of the best in the world here in the AWA.

You know, Melissa... ever since SuperClash, I've felt that I was in kind of a daze... a fog over me.

[Cannon looks concerned.]

T: I feel like I'm stuck in the muck here in the AWA and I'm just not sure how to find my way out. This stuff with Brian... it needs to be over... it needs to be settled so we can both move on.

[He raises a finger with a smile.]

T: But sometimes when you're in the fog, a big ol' bright light breaks through the mist to help you find your way. Melissa, you know that the AWA is going back to Japan this summer for Rising Sun Showdown 2 with my old friends in Tiger Paw Pro, right?

[She nods.]

T: Well, I was just given the opportunity to go back to Japan... back to the country that helped make me what I am today... and to compete on a promotional tour for Tiger Paw Pro to get the fans ready for the AWA action coming their way. I happily accepted and after this show, I'm off to Tokyo tomorrow morning.

MC: TORA, I can honestly say that we all wish you the best of luck on this tour of Japan and hope that you can find what you're looking for...

T: Oh, I will, Melissa... I have no doubt in that... because before I agreed to the tour, I asked the AWA for one special favor.

Brian James, we WILL settle this issue between us once and for all...

[He grins.]

T: ...and we'll do it at Rising Sun Showdown 2 with the entire world watching!

[He claps his hands together before marching out of view.]

MC: Wow! Big news all around there from TORA! He's headed to Japan and it sounds like we've got our first match set for Rising Sun Showdown, fans! And what a match it's gonna be! We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's World Television Title time so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya

Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufrense using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufrense defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends.]

As we fade back up, we find esteemed veteran luchador and locker room leader, Cesar Hernandez, standing next to Mark Stegglet. Hernandez is dressed in his ring gear, looking ready for action.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, and joining me at this time is a man who is about to get another shot at glory - a second shot at the AWA World Television Title. Cesar, two weeks ago, you were so very close to winning the title but in the end, you came up short thanks to some... questionable tactics out of the champion.

[Hernandez nods, holding up two fingers just barely apart.]

CH: This close, jefe. This close to becoming the World Television Champion - an honor that so many in this business spend every single day fighting, clawing, battling their way towards. But Rage took a shortcut and I got knocked out.

[The veteran shrugs.]

CH: Hermano, you've been around this sport long enough now to know that that's the way it goes sometimes.

[Stegglet nods.]

CH: But tonight, chico...

[He lifts a balled up fist.]

CH: Tonight's going to be a different story. Shadoo Rage knows how close he came to losing that precious title of his two weeks ago so you know he's going to be on his game. But tonight, I'm going to be on top of my game too. There's not a lot of people in this business who'll EVER get a shot at the TV Title... let alone two chances. Tonight, I'm gonna make the most out of my shot.

MS: Cesar, you know that Supernova is waiting in the wings for the winner of this match. Memorial Day Mayhem is just around the corner.

CH: It is, it is... and the great people of Lafayette have always had Cesar Hernandez' back and it's going to be a great honor to step into that Cajundome wearing the World Television Title and to have the kind of match that this Television Title deserves against a man like Supernova.

MS: You seem very confident, Cesar.

CH: I AM very confident, amigo. And like my old pal, Bucky, might say... I'm gonna go through Shadoo Rage like a pair of my fish tacos! Arriba!

[With a big grin, Hernandez walks out of sight as Mark Stegglet remains.]

MS: The challenger is ready... but how about the champion? Let's go over to Colt Patterson and find out!

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where the flamboyant Colt Patterson and the only person in the world who can make his style of dress seem sedate, the AWA World Television Champion, Shadoo Rage, are standing. Rage is dressed in his silver leather ring robes. The fuchsia and silver World Television title is hitched over his left shoulder so the title plate rests over his heart. His eyes are hidden behind fuchsia tortoiseshell sunglasses and his crown of dreadlocks is held in place by a fuchsia bandana tied around his forehead. The bishonen brawler rubs his dangling braided beard absently as he tries to collect his thoughts. Seems to be a task as difficult as herding cats.]

CP: Champ, I gotta say, you've impressed me with your dedication and devotion to the AWA World Television title. You're the hardest working champion in the business. You never take a night off. You never hide behind non-title matches. You put on the best matches on the card. But champ, why? Why would you put up your title so close to Memorial Day Mayhem against a guy like Hernandez? Bobo's a legbreaking thug. That could be bad for you going up against Supernova.

SR: Bobo?

CP: That's what I call Hernandez... 'cause he's a joke... a fool... a moron.

SR: Colt Patterson, I do believe you're a genius.

[Patterson beams at the compliment.]

SR: But Colt Patterson, I also believe you're a broadcast journalist and you have to ask the tough questions. So ask this question.

Why is Supernova getting fifteen minutes in the ring with me? Because he's a low down coward and a cheat? He held my tights. The little hero came up small. He knew even after I knocked out Hernan... Bobo...

[He grins.]

SR: ...the first time that he couldn't hang with me. So he cheated and now it's me and him for the AWA World Television title at Memorial Day Mayhem with a fifteen minute time limit.

CP: That's right, but what about the challenge tonight? Are you mentally prepared to go out there again against a man many felt gave you a surprisingly stiff challenge for that belt?



SR: The only thing surprising, Colt, is that Supernova would have to stoop to such low tactics. Pulling tight's? The cheapest of cheap shots. He knew he couldn't beat me fair and square, Colt. And the AWA rewarded him for his sins. Well, it's no reward. I'm going to hurt him. I'm going to hurt him bad at Memorial Day Mayhem. The AWA World Television title stays home with me!

CP: Champ, forgive me for saying this, but you don't seem too focused on your opponent tonight. As sensational as you are, Bobo Hernandez is a dangerous opponent in that ring. He's less trustworthy than Supernova. Who knows what he might pull.

SR: Colt, how can I concentrate on Hernandez when all I can see is Supernova's ugly painted face? He knows he can't stand up to me under the brightest spotlight! He knows he's no match for me. But he cheated me. He's trying to steal my title. He can't have her, Colt. He can't have her. And at Memorial Day Mayhem I'm not even going to need fifteen minutes. I'll beat him in five.

CP: Champ, what about Hernandez?

SR: To Hell with Hernandez, Colt! To Hell with him and to Hell with Supernova.

[Rage slaps the AWA World Television title.]

SR: I am the greatest AWA Television champion past, present and future. This belt is staying with me, Colt. This is my title. You hear me? Mine!

[And muttering half-intelligible curses, Rage stalks off the set.]

CP: (shaking his head) I've never seen the champ so hot and bothered before. I hope he gets focused for Hernandez or we might have the most embarrassing title change in the AWA. But knowing the Sensational One like I do, I know he'll rise to the occasion. And then at Memorial Day Mayhem, Supernova, he's coming to get you! I wouldn't want to be in your paint, Jack. Let's head down to that toad Watson down in the ring!

[We fade away from Colt Patterson to Phil Watson inside the squared circle.]

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

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara", and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.]

PW: Introducing first... from Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing 242 pounds... he is the challenger...

CEEEEEESAAAAAAR HERRRRRNAAAAANDEZ!

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. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing white trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His white and orange-trimmed ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez making his way down the aisle towards the ring, ready to get another shot at the World Television Title!

[Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, as he greets and urges on the fans on each side.]

GM: And this is a rematch from a hotly contested World Television title match on our last show as Shadoe Rage just narrowly edged out Cesar Hernandez.

BW: Edged out? Gordo, he knocked him out! What has this lowdown legbreaker done to get a rematch?

GM: He earned it through strong performances in that very ring, Bucky. And if Shadoe Rage isn't careful Cesar Hernandez might pull off the upset here. Shadoe Rage wasn't very focused at all in his earlier comments.

BW: You know the only thing more unpredictable than a focused Shadoe Rage? An unfocused one. If I were Bobo there, I would be worried about my neck, daddy.

GM: Bobo? Not you too.

BW: I think Colt's on to something there.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The synth line from Irene Cara's "Fame" comes over the PA system and the crowd boos.]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing 240 pounds... he IS the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

SHAAAAAADOE RAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd's boos are redoubled as Rage emerges from the curtains wearing a silver metallic leather robe, fuchsia tortoise shell glasses and a fuchsia

bandana. He raises the fuchsia and silver World Television title over his head. He has a microphone in his left hand.]

SR: Attention, Citizens of Rage Country, I am your World Television Champion. I am Shadoe Rage. And I will be your AWA World Television Champion now and forever! There is no way that Supernova or Hernandez or anybody in the back will ever take this belt from me! It doesn't matter! SHE'S MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!

GM: Rage coming straight to the point this week with his obsession with the TV title. It's unbelievable how locked in he has been about this title since he arrived in the AWA again.

BW: It's a world recognized title, Gordo. Rage may never wear the big gold in the AWA, but that pink and silver put him on a whole other level from trash like Supernova and Hernandez.

GM: Until someone takes it from him.

BW: You didn't hear him? You try to take that title and he'll probably maim you!

[Rage approaches the ringside table where the trophy case awaits. Rage locks the TV title inside the transparent plexiglass trophy case. The cameras catch him glaring a warning at everybody nearby not to set one finger on the Television title. Satisfied he has intimidated the AWA ringside crew, he leaps into the ring, twirling for the crowd, arms outstretched to display the splendor of his silver leather robes.]

GM: He's like a peacock unfolding his feathers.

BW: He's a World Champion! Strut it out, daddy!

[Rage removes his robes, handing them out to a ringside attendant while berating them to not damage his attire. Cesar Hernandez in the meantime is tugging at the ropes, staying loose. He nods at some instructions from referee Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: The official checking in with both men, giving them some final instructions before this title match... and love him or hate him, you have to give Shadoe Rage some credit for agreeing to put his title on the line just two weeks before the big showdown with Supernova at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: You should give him credit for more than that, Gordo. I know technology causes you to break out in hives but if you ever went on the Internet, you'd know that there are many who'd make the case that the World Television Title is the most prestigious title in the entire AWA these days thanks to the grueling title defense schedule that Shadoe Rage has taken on. He's battled all comers, ducked no one, and he's even giving Bobo here a second chance.

GM: And here's the bell to start off this showdown!

[The two men stride out of their respective corners as the crowd cheers the bell. Both men circle one another a couple of times before lunging into a mid-ring collar and elbow.]

GM: Right into the tieup they go, jockeying for position in the middle of the ring.

[Both champion and challenger strain and push against each other, working to find leverage.]

BW: These two are almost identical in size so it's going to be tough for either one of them to outmuscle the other even though Rage is in a lot better shape than Horchata Hernandez.

GM: Your anger towards Cesar Hernandez is starting to rival the dislike you have for the Lynches every week.

BW: Hey, I may think the Stenches are worthless but at least none of 'em ever laid a hand on me. Hernandez did.

GM: Yes he did. I talked to him about it earlier this week, Bucky... as the two men finally break apart, calling it a stale mate.

[Hernandez raises a right hand, getting cheers from the fans. An irate Rage spins, kicking the bottom rope and shouting at the ringside fans.]

BW: You talked to Hernandez about me?

GM: Oh yes. Back to another tieup here... both men hoping for different results this time. He told me that he has video of the night he broke your leg and he's offered to sell it to the AWA front office... cheap.

BW: He WHAT?! That no-good, taco peddling pauper! I'll sue him straight back to the barrio he came from if he even dares to-

GM: Into the ropes they go... still unable to get an edge...

[The two men trade positions over and over, spinning against the ropes before Rage pushes Hernandez back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Back into the corner... the referee's calling for a break here...

[But as Shadoe Rage steps back, he lashes out with a right hand...

...that Hernandez blocks before dropping Rage down with one of his own!]

GM: Oh! Big right hand by Hernandez!

BW: That's a closed fist, Gordo!

GM: So was the one that Rage tried to use on him!

[Rage slides back on his rear towards the far corner, ducking his head through the ropes and ordering the referee to keep Hernandez back.]

GM: It looks like the World Television Champion wants no part of Cesar Hernandez at the moment.

BW: He's probably complaining about the smell! He can't breathe in there with Hernandez stinking up the ring!

GM: Will you stop?!

[Hernandez stalks across the ring, clenched fists at the ready before Ricky Longfellow steps in, ordering him to back up. As the fan favorite obliges, Rage pulls himself back to his feet using the ropes, pointing angrily at Hernandez from across the ring.]

GM: Both men back up and on their feet now... and here we go again, back to our third collar and elbow of the match.

[The crowd cheers on Hernandez as he backs the champion right back against the ropes. The referee steps in as Rage shouts at him to break the hold.]

GM: Shadoe Rage trying to tell Ricky Longfellow what to do. I'm fairly certain that Longfellow - a second generation official - knows what to do in there.

BW: I've never seen any proof of that.

[Longfellow steps in, using his arms to force the two men apart...

...which allows Rage to slip in an overhead left, sending Hernandez falling back down to the mat to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on! Cheap shot by the champion!

[Shoving the protesting official aside, Rage storms away from the ropes, burying a hard kick into the ribs of the rising fan favorite!]

GM: Big kick to the ribs leaves Hernandez reeling on the mat!

[Rage moves quickly, pulling the Mexico native to his feet, using a snap mare to take him down to the mat. He leans down, slapping his palm against the sternum before leaping sky high...]

GM: Kneedrop!

[...and BURIES his knee down into the challenger's chest!]

GM: Big kneedrop by the champion!

[Rage pops up, turning towards the nearest cameraman. He points at the lens, shouting at it.]

“SUPERNOVA! YOU’RE NEXT!”

GM: The champion showing more signs that he’s taking Cesar Hernandez lightly here tonight, Bucky. He spent more time during his interview talking about Supernova than tonight’s challenger and now he’s taking his focus off him in the ring to do the same thing.

BW: Gotta agree with you there, Gordo. Supernova’s only an issue if Rage keeps the title here tonight. I may not like Hernandez but I know that he could steal this one at any time.

GM: Rage pulls the challenger up, firing him into the corner!

[As the challenger hits the buckles, Rage rushes in, twisting his body for a back elbow!]

GM: Elbow to the- HE MISSED!

[The crowd cheers as Hernandez’ deft sidestep action leaves Rage reeling, staggering out of the buckles...]

GM: Hernandez takes him up and over with a hiptoss!

[The fiery Latino superstar pumps both fists, giving a shout to the cheering fans as he leaps up for an elbow...]

...but hits nothing but canvas!]]

GM: Ohh! Hernandez comes up empty on the elbowdrop and look out here! Rage is on a mission!

[The speedy Rage leaps through the ropes, climbing to the top rope in two steps, holding both arms high in the air as the challenger climbs to his feet...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Both hands crash down across the skull of Hernandez, knocking him down to the canvas as Rage attempts a lateral press.]

GM: The double axehandle scores early on in this one but he only gets a two count from it!

[Rage scrambles back to his feet, diving in with an elbow into the sternum, keeping Hernandez down on the mat until he pulls him into a seated position, standing behind him...]

GM: Oh my! Elbow after elbow raining down on the challenger!

[The crowd jeers as Rage rains down 12-6 elbows to Hernandez's sternum and collarbone.]

"Come get some, Supernova! COME GET SOME!"

GM: I don't think Rage even knows he's in the ring with Hernandez right now. All he can talk about... all he can think about is Supernova.

BW: I think every elbow is directed at that cheating face-painted coward! Supernova definitely stole the win in that impromptu match, Gordo! He's gonna pay for that!

GM: We may get the chance to find out at Memorial Day Mayhem... IF Rage can hang onto the title here tonight.

[The referee forces Rage to step back, allowing Hernandez to slump down to the canvas. Rage looks out at the jeering fans, going into a twirl with his arms fully extended that draws even more boos.]

GM: Shadoo Rage is letting these people know how much he thinks of himself.

BW: It ain't arrogance if it's the truth. Shadoo Rage has held that title since SuperClash and no one's come close to taking it from him!

GM: Are you kidding me? Donnie White! Sweet Daddy Williams! Supernova! The list is long of those who've been seconds away from winning the title from him!

BW: But he's still the champ!

[Dragging Hernandez off the mat, Rage shouts again.]

"You're goin' down, Supernova!"

[He lifts Hernandez up for a scoop slam...

...and gets rolled into an inside cradle!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! Cesar Hernandez was a half a count away right there from winning the TV Title!

[An irate Rage pops up off the mat, slamming another double axehandle into the back of Hernandez' head as the challenger tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Rage drops him again! The World Television Champion is trying to keep Hernandez down on the mat so he can go to work on him with his high impact offense.

BW: As we creep up on the five minute mark in this one, Rage is going to punish Bobo now.

[Rage drags Hernandez off the mat by the hair, turning towards the corner. He marches him in, rearing back...

...but the veteran puts a boot up on the buckle, blocking the slam.]

GM: Hernandez with the block!

[A hard back elbow to the gut stuns Rage as Hernandez grabs a handful of dreadlocks...

...and SLAMS Rage's head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Oh!

[The fired-up challenger looks out to the capacity crowd, nodding to them as he rears back again...]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Rage staggers back out of the corner, spinning towards the referee...

...and takes a big swing at the air, falling facefirst to the mat to the cheers of the roaring crowd!]

GM: Rage is reeling after those shots to the top turnbuckle and Cesar Hernandez is on the attack. He might be able to sense the title within his grasp, fans!

[The challenger drags Rage up, whipping him the short distance into the corner buckles. Rage hits hard, staggering out into a scoop slam by Hernandez!]

GM: Big slam!

[Hernandez throws his arms into the air, getting the crowd fired up as Rage rolls under the ropes to the floor!]



GM: Rage bails out to the floor! The momentum had shifted and he got out of there in a hurry after that slam, fans!

BW: But Hot Blooded Hernandez is going after him! Look out, champ!

[Out on the floor, Hernandez grabs a handful of hair again, pulling Rage's head back...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

BW: Look at this thug out here, Gordo! He's cheating as badly as Supernova did!

GM: Hernandez going to work on the outside which is generally a place where Shadoe Rage excels. Right now, it's all the challenger though as Rage tries to create some distance, trying to back away from the challenger...

[Hernandez advances, fists balled up and at the ready as Rage grabs the middle rope, trying to get back into the ring. The challenger gets to him before he can, grabbing a handful of trunks from behind.]

GM: Rage is trying to get back in but Hernandez isn't having any of it!

[The referee steps in, ordering Hernandez to let go of the trunks. The fan favorite turns his head to respond...

...which allows Rage to blindly reach back, raking his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Rage goes to the eyes!

[The referee reprimands the champion as he slips in, reaching over the ropes to drag Hernandez up to his feet on the apron.]

GM: It looks like... yes, he might be preparing to bring the challenger in the hard way!

[Rage hooks a front facelock, slinging Hernandez' arm over his neck.]

BW: Oh yeah! He's gonna suplex him over the top and back in!

[The champion goes to hoist Hernandez up and over but the Mexican fan favorite loops a leg under the bottom rope, blocking the lift.]

GM: Hernandez blocks it!

[Rage goes for it a second time but Hernandez keeps his foot in position, preventing the suplex.]

GM: He can't get him up!

[The champion bails out of the suplex attempt, rearing back with a right hand...

...but Hernandez ducks down, swinging himself through the ropes with a shoulder downstairs!]

GM: Shoulder to the gut connects!

[Hernandez straightens up, slingshotting over the top rope, dragging Rage down in a sunset flip!]

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: My stars! How close was that?!

BW: Too close! And as we hit the seven minute mark of the match, Gordo, it might be time for a change in strategy for Shadoe Rage. It may be time to go on the defense and run out the clock.

GM: Run out the clock?! What kind of champion would do such a thing?!

BW: One who likes STAYING champion. A time limit draw is as good as a win in Shadoe Rage’s mind.

GM: I’d hate to speculate what’s EVER going on in Shadoe Rage’s mind as Hernandez pulls him off the mat... big right hand! And another one sends Rage back into the ropes!

[Grabbing the arm, Hernandez whips Rage across the ring, ducking down to elevate him high into the air, sending him crashing down on the mat!]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP BY THE CHALLENGER!

[He gives a shout, spinning his right arm around which gets a big cheer from the fans!]

GM: He’s calling for the Figure Four Leglock!

BW: No, no, no, NO!

[Hernandez approaches, leaning down to grab the leg...

...and Rage uses the other leg to kick him off, sending him falling back several steps. The champion scrambles up off the mat, throwing his arms apart, pointing to the title belt with a “SHE’S MINE!”]

GM: Rage is losing it!

“YOU CAN’T HAVE IT! SUPERNOVA CAN’T HAVE IT!”

[Rage backs to the corner, rushing towards Hernandez, leaping up to land a high knee between the shoulderblades that sends Hernandez crashing into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Flying knee connects and Rage is backing off... it looks like he might be going for it again!

[The champion presses his back against the far corner, measuring the stunned Hernandez before charging across at top speed.]

GM: Here he comes!

[As the ring announcer gives a cry that only two minutes remain in the time limit, Hernandez uses the ropes to yank himself to the side, causing Rage's knee to SLAM into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Oh! Rage's knee hits the buckle!

[Spinning around, the challenger strides in, delivering a hard kick to the back of the knee that causes Rage's legs to sail out from under him, bringing him crashing down on the back of his head near the ropes.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That could rip out a knee! That legbreaking thug is at it again!

GM: We're under two minutes remaining in the time limit for this one and- look at this!

[The crowd jeers as Rage crawls under the bottom rope, looking to escape the ring...

...but Hernandez grabs the foot of the knee he's attacking, shaking his head to the roaring crowd as he drags Rage back to the center of the ring, twisting into an elbowdrop to the wounded knee!]

GM: Big elbow connects!

BW: NO! LONGFELLOW, STOP THIS!

GM: It's all legal and this crowd is alive knowing that Rage is helpless.

[A second elbow connects as well as Hernandez climbs back to his feet, swinging his right arm around again. He twists around the leg, wrapping it into a spinning toehold as he leans down to grab the other leg...]

BW: NO, NO, NO!

[Hernandez gives a shout to the fans before falling back to the mat, sending the crowd into a frenzy. The camera catches a shot of fans jumping up and down in jubilation, hoping a title change is near.]

GM: FIGURE FOUR! FIGURE FOUR! He's got the champion hooked in the middle of the ring!

[Rage is hollering in pain, flopping and twitching but barely conscious after the deadly flying punch and now the crippling figure four!]

"SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN! SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: You heard it, fans! Sixty seconds remain and the World Television Champion has to survive this Figure Four Leglock for an entire minute if he wants to hobble into Memorial Day Mayhem as the champion!

BW: Oh, you're a real riot, Gordo! This idiot Bobo Hernandez is gonna break the World Television Champion's leg and you're cracking jokes about it! What kind of man are you?!

GM: The kind who thinks Cesar Hernandez would make a fine champion here in the AWA!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow is right on Rage, demanding to know if he quits. The champion stretches for the ropes but they're too far.]

GM: Rage can't get to the ropes! Ever the experienced veteran, Hernandez applied this hold in the center of the ring!

[Rage sits up, taking a wild swing but misses Hernandez badly before flopping back onto his back, grabbing at his knee in pain as Longfellow drops down to count, hitting the mat twice before Rage screams "NO!" and sits back up, wincing in pain!]

GM: We're down around forty seconds now but the champion somehow is managing to hang on!

[Longfellow again asks Rage if he wants to quit, the crowd roaring as a "QUIT! QUIT! QUIT!" chant breaks out throughout the Mississippi Coast Coliseum!]

GM: The crowd is going crazy! Shadoe Rage's title reign is in serious jeopardy! He can't find a way out of this and I don't know if he can hold on for much longer!

BW: This savage is gonna break his leg, damn it!

[Rage leans back screaming, "HE CAN'T HAVE HER!" as the referee counts to two before the champion sits up, tearing at his own hair...

...and suddenly reaches out, hooking Longfellow across the shirt, and YANKING him into Rage! The two men clash skulls as Rage collapses backwards, Longfellow falling on top of him!]

GM: OH!

[Longfellow rolls off the downed champion, clutching his skull...

...and waves for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell!]

GM: We have a new champion! He did it! He did it! Cesar Hernandez has won the World Television Title!

[Hernandez releases the hold, climbing to his feet, throwing his arms into the air in triumph as the fans scream for him. He turns, waving to the timekeeper’s booth to get the title as Ricky Longfellow crawls over to speak to Phil Watson.]

GM: Hernandez is looking for the belt! Let’s get this fiesta started, fans!

BW: I feel sick.

[The fan favorite is still waving for the title belt as Phil Watson makes it official...]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

CEEEEEEESSSSAAAAAAR HERRRRRRRRNANNNNNNNNDEZ!

[The crowd ROARS once again as Hernandez buries his face in his hands in disbelief, throwing his arms up into the air again...

...until...]

PW: However... he has won this match as a result of a DISQUALIFICATION!

[The crowd’s celebration is cut short as Hernandez shakes his head, looking concerned.]

PW: Therefore STILL the AWA World Television Champion... Shadoe Rage!

[Cue the boos.]

GM: What?! What are you saying, Phil Watson?!

BW: He’s saying that Bobo Hernandez ain’t won nothin’ but a few extra pesos here tonight! Shadoe Rage may have lost the match but that title is staying around his waist!

GM: He lost the... he DELIBERATELY pulled the referee into him to GET himself disqualified!

BW: Pretty smart if you ask me.

GM: Shadoe Rage got himself disqualified to save the title and what a disgusting act that was! We should have a new champion right here and now but Shadoe Rage-

BW: Shadoe Rage did whatever it took to keep the title... and wherever Supernova is in that locker room, he'd better treat that as the lesson of a lifetime because come Memorial Day Mayhem... I don't care if it's five minutes, fifteen minutes, or three hours... Shadoe Rage is going to do ANYTHING it takes to keep his championship, daddy.

GM: This is horrible, fans... absolutely horrible. Cesar Hernandez is in shock... he's obviously majorly disappointed at the result of this.

BW: Oh, boo hoo, Bobo! Boo hoo!

GM: Would you stop?! Fans, I've got the feeling we haven't seen the end of this! But right now, let's go backstage to our own Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Two weeks ago, my guests at this time - Willie Hammer and Sweet Daddy Williams - were taking part in a six man tag team match against Brian James, Tony Donovan, and Wes Taylor when the Dogs Of War made their presence known. Let's take a look at what happened after our show went off the air two weeks ago!

[We crossfade to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO" where Sweet Daddy Williams has just splashed Tony Donovan into the corner, hooking a side headlock and signaling 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 time at the matches!

[Brian James strides towards Wade Walker, pointing aggressively at the Dogs Of War's big man.]

BW: Brian James ain't backing down, Gordo! He'll take a fight with the Dogs Of War!

GM: Brian Lau's trying to talk him down it looks like! He's trying to pull him back but James is having none of it!

[Lau frantically signals to the other two members of the victorious team and they oblige, moving in to grab James by the arms, dragging him away as Wade Walker steps up on the apron, glaring at the second generation superstar. Pedro Perez slides in as Isaiah Carpenter catapults over the top rope, watching as Lau raises his hands to all three men, begging off as he gets his charges out of the ring...]

GM: The fans are jeering like wild! They wanted to see those six men collide, I believe, and-

[Suddenly, Pedro Perez spins to the side and starts stomping the skull of Sweet Daddy Williams who is still down on the mat after the Black Mass clothesline. Isaiah Carpenter joins in, alternating stomps with his ally as Wade Walker keeps his eyes locked on Brian James who is still putting up a struggle as the other three men try to get him away from the ring.]

GM: Man, Brian James wants back in there! He's showing no fear of the world's most dangerous trio!

[Walker suddenly turns away, burning with rage as he gestures for Perez and Carpenter to get Williams up off the mat. They quickly oblige, lifting the three hundred pounder up as Walker steps up behind him, ducking down...]

GM: Look at this!

[The crowd buzzes as Walker easily lifts the three hundred pounder up in an electric chair, stepping forward as Isaiah Carpenter slingshots back out to the apron. He turns to the ring, grabbing the top rope with two gloved hands. Carpenter leaps into the air, springboarding off the top rope, driving a flying knee into the torso of Walker who shoves Williams' legs up, causing him to backflip with the knee, crashing facefirst down to the mat as a pumped-up Walker steps up on the middle rope, pounding his muscular chest with a balled-up fist!]

GM: The Dogs Of War have struck and they've struck violently against-

[The arrival of TORA rushing into the fray... or more accurately, springboarding into the fray off the top rope... sends the crowd into a roar...

...until Wade Walker tears him out of the sky with a spear tackle!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!

[Walker drags the high flyer off the mat, lifting him with ease into a gorilla press, marching across the ring...

...and HURLS him over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

GM: Wade Walker clears out TORA and-



[The crowd ROARS as Willie Hammer slides back into the ring, charging the Dogs Of War...

...and THROWING himself into an impactful spear on a shocked Isaiah Carpenter!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! THERE IS NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN WILLIE HAMMER AND THE DOGS OF WAR!

[With the fans cheering him on, Hammer gets back up, turning towards a charging Pedro Perez who shoves him back into the corner, raining down rights and lefts on him violently...

...but suddenly, Hammer steps out, lifting Perez under the armpits and throwing him back to the corner!]

GM: Wow!

[Hammer winds up, letting the right hand fly in a series of hard shots to the head of the stunned Perez as Wade Walker spins around, crouching low, waving for Hammer to turn...]

GM: Look out, kid! Look out behind you!

[...and as Hammer does, Wade Walker comes tearing across the ring, leaping up and clasping his hands together, delivering a CRUSHING hammer blow to the chest!]

GM: 8 MILE ISLAND! GOOD GRIEF!

[Hammer is down, clutching his chest as Walker stands over him. A fuming Pedro Perez stomps out of the corner, slapping his hulking partner across the shoulder, shouting as he points at the downed Hammer. Walker nods, dragging him up by the mini-fro...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: They're gonna put this kid back in the hospital!

GM: The Dogs Of War robbed Willie Hammer of several months of his career late last year and it looks like they're setting up to do it again, fans! It looks like-

[The crowd ERUPTS as the locker room empties with fan favorites sprinting down the aisle in an attempt to save the day. Seeing a group of ten to fifteen guys heading their way, the Dogs Of War vacate the ring, exiting through the crowd to the jeers of the fans...

...as we fade back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing with the aforementioned Hammer and Williams. The mini-afroed Willie Hammer has on a white tracksuit, with green trim; the colors of the Combat Corner.

Sweet Daddy Williams is in a black t-shirt with the words "BENT BUT NOT BROKEN" in white block letters across the front. Both men would usually be all smiles, but not tonight.]

MS: Sweet Daddy, Willie, we just saw what happened after the last Saturday Night Wrestling went off the air. Thanks to the encounter with the Dogs Of War, you two have not been cleared to compete tonight. Do you have a response to what happened two weeks ago in Montgomery, Alabama?

WH: Encounter? That's one way to put it, I guess. Wasn't my first encounter with the Dogs, of course. Last time I had an encounter with the Dogs, I ended up going through a windshield. Of course, they were under orders of the Wise Men then, but don't think I've forgotten; I still owe them for that "encounter."

[Yes, he did the finger quotes.]

WH: Two weeks ago, they were under nobody's orders but their own. Nobody's surprised that the Dogs would go wild with nobody holding on to the leash. But I'm surprised that they would choose that moment to make their statement; in fact, I think they took all of us by surprise, which was why they even managed to cause as much damage as they did.

But all that means, Dogs, is that that's twice now that I owe you some payback. And I'm sure my man here, the Sweet Daddy, wants some payback of his own. So, how about, any time you want to make a real statement, Dogs, you step into the ring against Mister Williams and I in a real match? No sneak attacks. No excuses. We'll face any two of you... Hell, we'll face all three of you, if you can't decide which one of you will sit out the match! Ain't that right, Sweet Daddy?

[Williams, who has been shockingly silent during all this, nods before speaking in a much more measured tone than we usually get from him.]

SDW: There are times in a man's career when he knows he's outgunned, Mark Stegglet. Last summer, I sat back and watched a young kid named Ryan Martinez battle the odds. He came out here week after week and said that we were all caught up in our own crap and couldn't see the forest for the trees. He said we couldn't see the real enemy right in front of our faces.

He stood up... and he got beat down.

Time after time.

But time after time, he also got back up and kept fighting.

[Williams nods, rubbing the back of his neck.]

SDW: If you walk around this locker room tonight, Mark, you'll find a lot of guys who think Sweet Daddy Williams and Willie Hammer should call it a night. They think we should go talk to the brass about getting into the Stampede Cup and leave the Dogs Of War to do their thing.

See... that don't fly right with us, Mark.

Because the Dogs Of War's "thing" is bein' a bunch of thugs with a license to hurt people.

[Williams points to the camera.]

SDW: For over a year, those three show up when they want... beat the hell out of everyone in sight... and then vanish into the mist like they're Batman or something.

And that don't fly right with us neither.

There are people back here who say we're outgunned... that we're bringing a knife to a gunfight...

[Williams shrugs.]

SDW: There's a chance they're right. There's a chance that we'll lace up our boots in a few weeks and you'll knock us right out of 'em. But we're willin' to take that chance...

[Williams holds up a sheet of paper.]

SDW: Read it, Mark.

[Stegglet does a quick scan, his eyes going wide.]

MS: It's a contract that says that the two of you plan to find a partner and meet the Dogs Of War in six man action in Kansas City for the first Saturday Night Wrestling after Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Williams nods.]

SDW: That's right. Like my boy here says... no sneak attacks... no excuses. There's a pack of wild dogs roamin' MY streets and I mean to put 'em down, Mark.

[With that, Williams and Hammer make their exit.]

MS: The challenge is made, fans! Will the Dogs Of War accept? We'll try to find out later tonight! Right now, we've got to take a quick break but don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet

plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

## LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

As we fade up, we go to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: This summer is going to be hot for the AWA in more ways than one! Not only will fans have the Stampede Cup to look forward to, but Copa de Trios as well, and there have been discussions with several teams not currently on the AWA roster, about possibly becoming part of those fields. You can find out more about who the AWA has been talking to, by calling my hotline at 1-900-505-5500. Kids, be sure to get your parents' permission before you call!

[At this point, the members of Next Gen walk into the interview set. Howie Somers is dressed in a black T-shirt and blue jeans, and he stands to Lou's left. Taking a position next to Howie is Daniel Harper, who wears a white polo shirt and khakis. In Harper's hand is a motorcycle helmet. Their manager, Julie Somers, dressed in a Next Gen T-shirt and jeans, stands to Lou's right.]

SLB: Joining me at this time is Next Gen, along with their manager, Julie Somers. Now, last Saturday Night Wrestling, you were victorious against the team of The Longhorn Riders, who took it upon themselves to attack you, Howie Somers, after the match. I would assume this means that things are not yet settled between you and the Riders.

HS: You don't have to assume anything, Lou. Seems to me Pete and Jim Colt can't accept the fact that their tactics backfired on them, and so they want to keep taking out on me! Well, Pete and Jim, my partner and I never let anything like that go unanswered, so you better believe things aren't settled! And right now, our manager has got a little proposition for President Landon O'Neill and how we'll get those things settled.

[Lou turns to Julie, who speaks.]

JS: President O'Neill announced that the Stampede Cup will go on as scheduled, and what better way for Next Gen to make its mark than to become part of the field. And I can already hear The Longhorn Riders talking about how teams are afraid to face them in the Cup... but right here are two men who are not afraid to face them. So President O'Neill, I'm asking that you put Next Gen against the Riders in the first round of the Cup, and we'll prove to the Riders, once and for all, just who is the better team and on its way to the top of the AWA!

SLB: Daniel Harper, I can't help but notice you still have that motorcycle helmet. The Riders are not here tonight, but the word going around is that

Pete and Jim are none too happy that you are in possession of their property.

[Daniel holds up the helmet, his eyes locked on the camera.]

DH: This helmet serves as a reminder about how the Riders have been nothing but trouble ever since they crossed our paths! Every time I look at it, I'm reminded about what the Riders did to my partner! About what the Riders attacking us in our match with The Texas Highwaymen! About how they keep talking about how every team is scared to death of them, and all they've demonstrated is they are scared to death of Howie and I!

[He lowers the helmet, but not his gaze.]

DH: Pete and Jim Colt, you got nobody to blame but yourselves for what happened the last time we met up, and you just can't accept the fact the win was ours, the loss was on you, and so you do the same thing every sore loser does, and that's resort to cowardly attacks! Mark my words, Riders, when we get you in that ring again, you are gonna find out just how we deal with sore losers like yourselves!

SLB: All right, I'm sure a lot of fans will look forward to that match, but apparently, the Riders are not the only tag team with their eyes on you. During that match two weeks ago, Strictly Business was apparently scouting you, and they have had some words as of late about what they perceive to be the younger wrestlers trying to jump ahead of them. I'm curious to know what you think about what they have had to say.

[Daniel takes a deep breath before speaking.]

DH: I don't know what Strictly Business' problem is. I've had nothing but respect for what they've done in this business... heck, I can remember being backstage at shows with my mother, watching their matches, and my mother pointing to the ring and telling me that was the perfect example of a great tag team. But as much as I respect what Tucker and Sebastian have done, that doesn't mean I'm just going to step aside and let them do as they please, and my partner is no different. If Strictly Business wants us in the ring, we aren't about to tell them no!

SLB: Howie Somers, it sounds like your partner is quite eager at the chance to face Strictly Business!

HS: [smiling] Lou, he's eager to face any and all comers in the tag team ranks, and I'm no different. The only way to prove who is truly the best tag team in the AWA, is to face the best tag teams around, and Strictly Business will always belong in that conversation, and some would say the first to be mentioned in that conversation. But like Daniel said, no matter how great a tag team may be, we don't just stand aside and let them dictate policy! Any time, Tucker and Sebastian, that you want to face us, you just say the word, and you won't see a bit of hesitation!

[Lou turns to Julie, who speaks again.]

JS: The thing that everyone who trained us told us about this business, that we will never forget, is you never stop proving yourself. It doesn't matter if you've had just a handful of matches like we've had, or if you have faced the Who's Who of Wrestling and won every prestigious title there is to win, like Strictly Business has. Every night you step into that ring, you have to prove yourself all over again. Maybe Strictly Business forgot that, but I can assure you... these gentlemen here never will, Lou. [She motions off camera.] Let's go, gentlemen!

[Daniel and Howie exchange a high five, as they join Julie in walking off the set.]

SLB: Fans, Next Gen is certainly not hesitating to jump right into the thick of the AWA tag team scene! Let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Currently in the ring, from Wiggins, Mississippi, weighing in at 285 pounds, here is RICKY LEE!

[The crowd gives a polite applause for the large, slightly overweight man, wearing Confederate Flag tights and a bright blonde mullet. He gives a slight sneer to the crowd as Otherwise's "Coming for the Throne" starts blaring over the PA and the crowd begins to cheer.]

PW: And his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 256 pounds, DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[At the announcement of his name, out from the curtain steps Derrick Williams, a well-built 6'4" man wearing white boots with maroon trim, matching maroon kneepads and short tights, and a maroon satin ring jacket. His wrists are taped with black athletic tape, with the tape on the right hand extending to cover all but the fingers, how brown hair coming down in slight curls down to his even with his chin, which like the rest of his face, is covered in a light beard.

He slaps hands with the fans, soaking in the cheers as he walks down the aisle, popping up on the apron as he gets to the ring. Stepping in, he takes a glance at his opponent, then mounts the corner turnbuckles, raising his hands to appeal to the crowd, before hopping off and removing his jacket, going into a pre-match routine of checking the ropes and last minute stretches.]

GM: Derrick Williams here, getting ready for his match with the local boy Ricky Lee, and getting ready for his match in two weeks' time with KING Oni.

BW: Yeah Gordo, kid might want to get all that he wanted to do out now, he's set to be dinner in a couple weeks.



[Williams engages Lee in a collar and elbow tie up, they jockey, before making their way to the ropes, jockeying around until Williams ends up back in a corner. The ref calls for a break, and it looks like we're getting a clean-]

\*THWACK\*

GM: Oh, and Lee does NOT break clean.

BW: Good on the kid, slapping the taste right out of Williams mouth.

[Williams takes a second, smirking as he rubs his face where Lee slapped him, nodding with a "Ok, that's how you want it" toward Lee as they circle each other, locking up again. They jockey, in much a repeat of their last lockup, ending up back in the corner.]

GM: And we're going to get another break-

[Lee goes for the slap again, this time Williams blocks, and PLANTS a right hand upside Lee's head. Lee staggers back and Williams pounces on the attack.]

BW: CLOSED FIST, CLOSED FIST!

GM: Williams is driving Lee back across the ring into the other corner with slaps and elbow strikes, and he's laying those elbows in hard, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, yeah. Kid's showing some fire.

[Williams puts in a couple more elbow smashes, mixed in with some knife-edge chops, before firing Lee across the ring into the other corner, following it up with a jaw jarring running elbow smash.]

GM: Goodness, Williams is showing some aggression here as Lee staggers out of the corner.

[The young New Yorker hooks a front facelock, snapping the larger man over in a snap suplex, floating into a cover.]

GM: Williams gets one! He gets two!

[But the shoulder comes out before three.]

BW: Didn't hook the leg there, but I don't think he was trying to win there either. Just trying to make the bigger man expend some energy.

GM: Williams pops back up, bringing Lee with him, scoop and a slam!

[The slam deposits him on the mat as Williams bounces off the ropes, leaping high before dropping the knee into the forehead of the local competitor.]

GM: Williams drops the knee... and again, he doesn't appear to be done quite yet, dragging Lee back up off the mat.

BW: Something new out of the kid, he's not letting up, staying on the man when he's down.

GM: Williams is likely looking ahead to Memorial Day Mayhem and his battle with KING Oni. If he somehow manages to get the big man down in Lafayette, he needs to stay on him because letting up - even for a moment - would seem like a surefire way to end up Oni's latest victim.

[Williams lands a pair of overhead elbows across the forehead before grabbing an arm, firing Lee HARD into the corner. The impact stuns Lee, sending him staggering back towards Williams who lands an elbow strike on the jaw, sending Lee spinning and falling, draping himself over the bottom rope as Williams steps out, dropping off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Look out here! We've seen this before!

[The youngster makes his way quickly around the ring, swinging around the ringpost as the crowd buzzes with anticipation, leaping into the air to drive both feet right into the head of Lee, Williams landing on the ring apron as Lee rolls back into the ring.]

GM: Williams delivers that stunning dropkick we've seen him use to great effect from time to time and right now, he's in full control of this one.

BW: Enjoy it while it lasts, kid. You're not even gonna get Oni down on the mat to deliver that dropkick.

GM: You could be very right about that. We haven't seen Oni down at all... not even leaving his feet unless it's by choice. If Williams can put Oni off his feet, he'll be the first to pull it off.

[He rolls back in, dragging Williams off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: Back into the buckles again... ohh! What a shot!

[The crowd ROARS as Williams LAYS into Lee, driving elbow after elbow after elbow into the jaw of the stunned Lee.]

GM: He's tearing into him! Using those same elbows that seemed to surprise Oni back at SuperClash!

BW: Surprise, maybe... but that's all it did. And if Williams thinks those elbows are gonna be enough to defeat KING Oni in two weeks, he's sadly mistaken, Gordo.

GM: We're going to find out in the Cajundome.

[Williams hits about seven elbows in a row, then holds his arm up, appealing to the crowd that's cheering for him...]

GM: Williams drags Lee out of the corner, setting him out in the center of the ring.

[...and goes into a full spin, doing a 360 before he DRIVES his elbow into the side of Lee's jaw, sending him sailing backwards, crashing into the ropes where he bounces off by sheer momentum, staggering towards Williams who ducks down, grabbing Lee by the thighs, lifting, pivoting, and DRIVING Lee down into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT! This one's academic from here!

[The referee slaps the mat three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Otherwise's "Coming for the Throne" starts back up as Williams only straightens up to his knees, rubbing his chin as the ref raises his hand.]

PW: Here is your winner... DERRRRRRRIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLIAAAAAMS!

[Williams stands, looking out at the crowd before holding his arms out to their cheers, nodding his head as he exits the ring.]

GM: Derrick Williams is victorious here tonight, building momentum for his big showdown with KING Oni now just two weeks away at Memorial Day Mayhem... and let's take a look at how he won this one, Bucky.

[We crossfade to some slow-motion replays.]

BW: Alright, first... he got Lee down on the ropes... take a look here, running around the ring, leaving his feet... BOOM! Big dropkick right to the temple! One heck of a move but Oni would brush it off like a fly was landing on his nose.

[The rolling elbow is next.]

BW: Williams seems to think these elbows might help him out, throwing high impact blows to the head over and over... and then this spinning, rolling elbow that knocks Lee silly but Oni? Oni would think it's nothing more than a gnat buzzing around his head.

[And then the spinebuster.]

BW: And finally, the spinebuster connects... which is an impressive move which we've seen Williams use on big guys before... but KING Oni is no mere big man, Gordo. He's a monster. He's a beast. He's a demon. And demons don't take spinebusters, daddy.

GM: Like I said, we're about two weeks away from finding out but right now, Mark Stegglet is standing by at the interview platform with our winner - Derrick Williams! Mark?

[The camera cuts to Mark Stegglet standing at the platform as Williams ascends the steps]

MS: Derrick Williams, impressive showing there, just two weeks away from your meeting with KING Oni at Memorial Day Mayhem.

DW: Yes Mark, that's right. In two weeks, my date with the Demon. And Doctor Fawcett has been talking about family the past couple weeks. That he destroyed my family, that he built a great family of his choosing. That he put my mentor on his death bed practically. And yeah, Kevin's banged up, and that's motivation for me. And he's been playing mind games, and telling me how I'm going to be a meal, and every other spooky and downright creepy thing Fawcett's done since SuperClash, and you think it'd get to me.

But it hasn't. It's motivation. You see Fawcett, you've lied to yourself, that when you assembled your little "family", that it's stronger than any other families. And that's where you're wrong. You see, dragging Sunshine's leavings around by a collar and using your crystal ball to control a Pacific Sea Demon isn't family. They're not people that will fight for you, have your back when things are at their worst. A friend of mine outside the ring told me that inside the arena, there are no friends. And you know what, Slater told me that too. But family, that's different. Family, even when you're fighting with them, will always come through when it matters. And always patch everything up in the end.

[He wipes the sweat back through his hair]

DW: I saved Kevin Slater at Supercash because even though we started as teacher and student, I was welcomed into his family. I worked out with his kids, I ate at his table, him and Connor and Caitlyn taught me wrestling. When KING Oni was attacking him, I had to make the save. And no, it hasn't haunted me. But back in November, I wasn't ready to throw down with the Demon. But a lot can change in 6 months. I'm better, I'm confident, I'm focused, I'm angry, I'm enraged, and on Memorial Day, I'm going to take this elbow...

[He raises his arm pointing to his right elbow as the crowd starts cheering]

DW: ...and I'm gonna ram it into Oni's head, repeatedly, like I did at SuperClash, and this time I'm not going to stop until I knock him on his rear. And after I knock the Mohawk off his head, I'm going to Spinebuster, yes, I'm going to Spinebuster the 515 pound demon back into the hole in the Earth Fawcett fished him out of, and that crystal ball Fawcett carries around along with him. Because family is a powerful thing, Harrison, and you screwed with mine, and that's something that history should've taught you is something that always comes back to haunt you. In two weeks, the Demon gets slain!

["Coming for the Throne" kicks back in as Williams appeals the cheering crowd as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

# I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

# Because you light up the path

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

As we come back, we find ourselves down at ringside with Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and in just a moment, we're going to go to Colt Patterson for a very special interview but during the break, we received word that later tonight, Doctor Harrison Fawcett intends to come out here to the ring and... I can't even believe I'm saying this... perform some kind of a seance or something. Do you know what this is about?

BW: If I did - and I'm not saying I do - but if I did, what kind of fool would I have to be to give away the good Doctor's secrets, Gordo?

GM: Point taken... so I suppose we have that to... look forward to.

BW: You don't sound like you're looking forward to it at all.

GM: I'm not. This is a professional wrestling show - not some garbage ghost chasing show. There's no place on this show for this kind of junk from Fawcett or anyone else. Fans, let's go to Colt.

[Fade over to Colt Patterson standing atop the interview platform.]

CP: It's seldom that I can say this and mean it but right now, it is my esteemed honor to welcome to Mississippi one of the all-time greats of our sport... a former multi-time World Champion much like myself... and last year's recipient of the Lifetime Achievement Award...

HAMILTON GRAHAM!

[The grizzled legend strides into view in a charcoal grey sportscoat, white dress shirt, and tan slacks. His permed hair is glorious as his EXTREME mutton chop beard. As he steps into view, he reaches up, rubbing at his jaw for a moment before continuing towards the interview area.]

GM: Hamilton Graham may have needed some dental work after what happened two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: You mean when Dave Bryant ASSAULTED him?

GM: That's one way to put it.

BW: Bryant's just lucky that Demetrius Lake has been in Japan the last few weeks doing promotional work for the AWA. If the Black Tiger was around, Bryant would be a dead man walking right now.

[Graham strides up onto the platform, sharing a manly handshake with Colt Patterson.]

CP: Mr. Graham, I have to ask the question... how's the jaw?

[Graham grimaces, opening his mouth wide and working his jaw back and forth a few times.]

HG: It's gonna take more than a superkick from a good-for-nothin' punk like Bryant to put ME down, Colt.

[Patterson nods.]

CP: Of course it will... and I'm assuming you're out here to address the rumors that Demetrius Lake has asked you to issue a challenge to Dave Bryant for Memorial Day Mayhem on his behalf.

[Graham nods.]

HG: The King is in Japan, making the women scream and the men run for their lives. He's got children weeping in the streets over what he's done to their heroes. But he'll be back here in the States in two weeks. He'll be at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[A pause.]

HG: And it's true that he DEMANDED that he get that yellow dog Bryant in the ring in Lafayette...

[Graham pauses again as Colt looks puzzled.]

CP: I sense a "but" in there, Mr. Graham.

[The former World Champions exchange a glance.]

HG: BUT...

[Graham grins.]

HG: I think there are some things that I shouldn't bother the King with... things that he doesn't need to dirty his hands getting involved with. In fact, Colt... I think I want to give the King a little "welcome home" gift.

CP: I don't understand.

HG: I AM here to issue a challenge to Dave Bryant, Colt... but it's for me!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of Bryant vs Graham. Colt looks around in surprise.]

HG: And just like I did to his Uncle all those years ago, I'm gonna do the exact same thing to him at Memorial Day Mayhem... and I'm gonna do it like I did then... in a two out of three falls match!

[The cheers get louder! This time Graham looks around in surprise.]

HG: It sounds like these people like the sound of that too, you yellow piece of trash!

[Colt grimaces as he speaks.]

CP: No offense, Mr. Graham... but I think these people are excited at the idea of Bryant getting his hands on you for that period of time. There's no doubt that you're a legend... a living legend... but you're also carrying quite a few more years under your belt than Bryant is. And he's fresh off a 2014 where he held the World Title. You sure you're up for this?

[Graham grimaces, glaring at Colt.]

HG: You want to test me, Colt?

[Patterson shakes his head.]

HG: 'Cause we can go right down to that ring...

[He points to the ring to a big cheer.]

HG: ...and I can SHOW YOU just how ready I am!

[Colt begs off.]

CP: Hey, I've got no beef with you, Hamilton. I'm just saying what these people are thinking... and they're thinking that Bryant is gonna run you ragged for two falls straight and then make you submit to that Iron Crab in the center of the ring.

[Big cheer! Graham looks furious.]

HG: I get it. They don't think I can do it! And YOU...

[He jabs a finger into Colt's muscular chest.]

HG: YOU don't think I can do it either!

[Graham nods.]

HG: Well, in two weeks, if Bryant's got the guts that God gave him, he'll get into the ring with me and I'll prove all of them...

[He gestures to the fans before sticking his finger into Colt's face.]

HG: ...and YOU...

[He turns to the camera, his voice dropping into a gravelly whisper.]

HG: Dead... wrong.

[The camera holds on Graham's determined face before fading back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Did I hear that right? Did Hamilton Graham just issue a challenge to Dave Bryant?

BW: You sure did! And a two out of three falls match at that! Just like he beat Bryant's Uncle in back in the day!

GM: But... well, this Hamilton Graham is not the same man who held the World Title all those years ago. He's older... his body is feeling the years in the ring...

BW: Are you saying Graham's too old to face Bryant?

GM: Well, uhh... I'm not sure I'd say it like that... especially to his face. We're scheduled to hear from Dave Bryant later tonight and I'm sure he'll have an answer to this challenge. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!



[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: Two weeks ago, two of the greatest high flyers in the world today - El Caliente and Veneno - did battle in a match many are calling the early leader in the race for the 2015 Match Of The Year!

[We get a quick barrage of highlights including Veneno slingshotting over the top rope, landing on the middle rope, and moonsaulting onto a stunned El Caliente on the floor.]

VO: This week, their war continues with some reinforcements brought it!

[Veneno comes walking through the curtain alongside El Hijo Del Diablo fading into El Caliente striding down the aisle with Super Solar.]

VO: Tag team action highlights the Main Event this week!

[A series of quick shots - a satellite headscissors by El Caliente turned into an armbar takedown on Diablo, Veneno soaring off the top rope with a Shooting Star Press onto a stunned Super Solar, Solar frogsplashing Veneno from the top rope to the floor, and El Hijo Del Diablo tying up El Caliente into the Diablo Drop - a Gory Special dropped out into a faceslam...

...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!!

[Fade to black.

As we fade back up, we find ourselves looking at a television that just is wrapping up showing the same commercial we just saw. The camera pans to the side where we find the luchador La Fuerza standing. La Fuerza is a tall man with broad shoulders and a barrel chest. His black bodysuit is loose, hiding much of his physique. His face is covered by his best-selling skull mask - a stark white mask with two black circles over the eyes and a skeletal toothy grin. He has bright white gloves on his hands, giving them a skeletal look as well.]

LF: The spirit of Lucha Libre is alive and well with my friends in SouthWest Lucha Libre... but the heart of the sport beats here in America as well. Caspian Abaran... Cesar Hernandez... La Fuerza... these three names make up the heart and soul of Lucha Libre inside the walls of the American Wrestling Alliance. And as the days tick closer towards Copa del Trios back in my homeland of Mexico, we get closer to showing fans all over the world that Lucha Libre is the sport of kings!

[La Fuerza nods a few times while speaking, showing (obviously) no facial expression through his mask.]

LF: Memorial Day Mayhem approaches and while I have not made enough of an impact yet to be on the show, I WILL be in Lafayette waiting for the call. The Mayhem Match means that anyone can be involved... it means at any point your name could be called to compete.

And believe me, if La Fuerza's name is called, I will be ready!

[He throws a fist up in an uppercut motion as 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. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing 207 pounds... Allen Allen!

[The Jacksonville native arrogantly flips his shoulder-length blonde hair upon being introduced.]

PW: And his opponent...

["This Is Halloween" from The Nightmare Before Christmas soundtrack begins to play and the crowd cheers as La Fuerza steps out from behind the curtain. Pausing at the top of the ramp, he will take a moment to point his board at his opponent before dancing a little jig and uttering his ululating battle cry.]

GM: La Fuerza returning to Saturday Night Wrestling here tonight...

BW: And he's carrying that weapon with him.

GM: Wherever La Fuerza goes, his trusty 2x4 is always by his side... and the luchador has been making quite the name for himself on our live events as of late - both in singles action as well as tag matches with Cesar Hernandez or Caspian Abaran AND six man tags with both of those men.

BW: This guy used to team with Bobo in Mexico... so I'm pretty sure I'm not going to like him either.

[The black clad man in the skull mask walks down the aisle, carrying his board on his right shoulder as if it were a rifle. He pauses a few times to high five the occasional fan, leaning in to embrace a young man in a La Fuerza mask.]

PW: He hails from Parts Unknown and weighs in at 250 pounds...

LAAAAAAAAA FUERRRRRRZAAAAAA!

[Reaching the ring, La Fuerza pulls himself up on the apron. He "takes aim" with the board, firing an imaginary weapon at Allen Allen before doing a little jig on the apron, looking out to the cheering crowd. He hoists his board into the air, uttering his ululating war cry once more before setting the board down on the apron and stepping into the ring...

...where Allen Allen bumrushes him, hammering home a pair of forearms across the back before throwing a knee into the chest, knocking the luchador back against the ropes.]

GM: Allen Allen attacks before the bell!

[The Floridian opens fire, throwing right hands to the covered midsection before grabbing an arm.]

GM: Irish whip!

[Allen Allen sets for a big right hand but the surprisingly quick and agile La Fuerza somersault rolls under the haymaker, popping up to his feet with a flourish to cheers before throwing himself into a dropkick that sends the off-balance preliminary wrestler falling down to the canvas where he rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Allen Allen bails out right away and- LOOK OUT!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, La Fuerza catapults over the top rope, corkscrewing through the air and wiping out Allen Allen with a plancha!]

GM: Corkscrew dive to the floor by La Fuerza!

BW: That's real impressive for a man of his size, Gordo.

GM: Sure is.

[The masked man climbs to his feet, throwing up an arm to the cheering fans. He points to the youngsters sitting at ringside, doing a little knee swinging jig before he turns back to Allen Allen, pulling him to his feet and shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: The luchador puts him back in, climbing up on the apron...

[With a "HUP!", La Fuerza slingshots back in, crashing down on a prone Allen Allen with a senton!]

GM: Big backplash by the man from Parts Unknown... and he covers!

[The referee counts to two before Allen Allen lifts a shoulder to break the pin.]

GM: Two count only there for La Fuerza but the luchador is certainly in control of this one so far.

[Dragging Allen up by the head, La Fuerza buries a knee into the gut, doubling him up as he rushes to the ropes, rebounding back with a kneelift that snaps Allen back up as he keeps running...]

GM: Allen Allen dazed in the middle...

[The luchador leaps into the air, hanging his arm behind him, dragging Allen Allen down in a clothesline!]

GM: Hanging clothesline by La Fuerza... and he's heading up top!

[The crowd cheers as La Fuerza approaches the corner, ready to take flight. He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times as he reaches it, nodding his head with each slap... which causes the fans to clap in rhythm with him, cheering him on as he steps to the second rope, placing one foot up top...]

GM: La Fuerza is gonna fly!

[Pushing off the top rope, the 250 pounder flips through the air in a moonsault...

...but lands on his feet as Allen Allen rolls to avoid it!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: He calls that La Fuerza Aerea!

GM: He landed on his feet though and-

[As Allen Allen rises, La Fuerza grabs him by the ears, leaping into the air to drive his skull down into the forehead!]

GM: Leaping headbutt sends Allen Allen back into the ropes...

[The preliminary wrestler bounces off the ropes, charging back with another clothesline...

...but La Fuerza drops down in the splits, giving a "OHHHYEAH!" as he does.]

GM: He avoids the clothesline!

[Rolling to his back, he pulls his legs back from a lunging Allen Allen, yanking them out of his reach, flipping over onto his knees where he throws a quick 1-2-1-2 combo to the midsection...

...and then front rolls forward, hooking the head of Allen Allen between his legs before shoving himself back the other way in a low impact rana!]

GM: What in the...?

BW: The unique offense of La Fuerza is sure to keep an opponent off-balance and Allen Allen is finding that out firsthand here tonight, Gordo.

[La Fuerza drops to his back, tucking his legs up and then kicking out with both, driving his feet into the ribs and sending Allen Allen rolling under the ropes to the floor again.]

GM: More unique offense sends Allen out to the floor...

[The luchador slingshots over the ropes to the ring apron, pumping a fist a few times as the fans cheer. He mule kicks backwards, sending Allen staggering away...

...and then leaps to the second rope, springing and twisting into a somersault plancha onto a surprised Allen Allen!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[La Fuerza climbs to his feet on the floor, throwing both arms in the air. He runs in place, high stepping with his knees before going into a one footed hop, going in a complete circle before giving off his war cry, dragging Allen Allen off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: La Fuerza's back up on the apron, slingshots over to land on the middle rope in the corner..

[He throws his right arm in the air, pumping it up and down a few times before turning around, watching as Allen Allen stumbles to his feet...

...and the luchador takes flight, landing on Allen with a seated splash, reaching back to hook both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! HE GOT HIM!

[The bell sounds as La Fuerza rolls off of Allen Allen, throwing his arms in the air to celebrate the victory.]

GM: La Fuerza picks up a victory here tonight on The X and if his name gets called during the Mayhem Match in two weeks' time, you know he's going to be ready for that, Bucky.

BW: The guy was impressive here tonight for sure. I understand that before he and Hernandez teamed up, he tried to cripple ol' Bobo.

GM: That's true from what I've heard as well.

BW: He should go back to that idea. I support that.

GM: I'm sure you do. Fans, speaking of competitors who will be ready for Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm betting that the two men standing by with Mark Stegglet will be exactly that. It's Bucky's favorite tag team! Take it away, Mark!

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where a grinning Mark Stegglet is standing in between Chester O. Wilde, Buddy U. Loney, and, of course, Mable.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Gentlemen, we are now about two weeks away from your big showdown with Dichotomy - a first round Stampede Cup tournament matchup. Of course, that match took on even greater importance two weeks ago when Dichotomy said that if they lose to you again... they will voluntarily LEAVE the AWA!

[Chester nods as he leans over the mic.]

COW: Look here, Mark... we never asked no one to leave the AWA 'cause of us. If Dic... Diko... if those fellas feel like they have to walk away if they lose to us, then... well, they gotta do what they gotta do, right?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

COW: Right! And as much as the Wilde Bunch hates to see ANYONE out of work, we ain't gonna shed too many tears to see Ginn and Hoefner out of the AWA when we're through with 'em.

MS: But what about the Stampede Cup?

[Buddy leans over the mic.]

BUL: The Stampede Cup is... how can I put this in a way you'll get, Mark?

[Buddy scratches his chin, looking away... for a long time... for a very long time.]

COW: My cousin's got it right! The Wilde Bunch is comin' into this Cup lookin' around at all the great teams tryin' to kick down the door of the AWA tag team title picture. You got us... you got Strictly Business... those young fellas in Next Gen... the Rowdy Reles Boyz... Team SAMURAI... you name 'em, they're here... and that don't scratch the surface of those teams comin' from Japan... from Mexico... from all over the world to be a part of this tournament...

[Buddy's still thinking apparently, his lips moving now as he snaps his fingers absentmindedly. Chester and Stegglet look at him, waiting...]

COW: So, we know we's got our work cut out for us, Mark! We know it ain't gonna be easy! It ain't gonna be easy down in Lafayette in the first round. It ain't gonna be easy no matter who's waitin' for us when we get out of the first round!

[Buddy is mumbling out loud now, drawing another stare from his cousin and the interviewer.]

MS: Um... Buddy? Did you-

[He suddenly slaps his massive belly with both hands, turning to the camera.]

BUL: Winnin' the Cup is like winnin' the blue ribbon down at the Fair - ain't that right, Mable?

[He leans down, scooping his pet pig up in his arms. Mable can be heard snorting as the camera zooms in on her as we slowly fade back to the ring where we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell inside the squared circle standing alongside the AWA's Head Physician, Dr. Bob Ponavitch.]

SLB: Fans, we are right here LIVE on The X... and it's time to find out whether or not Frankie Farelli will be able to compete at Memorial Day Mayhem against The Gladiator!

[Blackwell gestures to the other man in the ring.]

SLB: Joining me at this time is the AWA's head sawbones around here, Dr. Bob Ponavitch. Dr. Ponavitch, earlier today, you conducted a physical exam of Frankie Farelli?

[Ponavitch nods.]

DBP: I did.

[Blackwell waits... and then pursues.]

SLB: And? What was the result of this investigation?

[Ponavitch, obviously uncomfortable on camera, fidgets.]

DBP: After an extensive exam, I have found that Mr. Farelli is-

[Suddenly, Ponavitch is interrupted by the familiar synthesized bells of "A New Game", composed by NFL Films' Tom Hedden, echo out over the arena in the distinctive 15/8 time signature. The fans boo as this heralds the oncoming of "First String" Frankie Farelli, who hobbles through the entrance curtain on a pair of crutches. At his side is his head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain.]

GM: Frankie Farelli's making his way towards the ring and-

BW: And he's on crutches, Gordo! The man is obviously not in any condition to compete at Memorial Day Mayhem!

GM: Well, we were about to find out the answer to that question when Farelli decided to interrupt the doctor in there.

[Farelli uses a lot of aid to get up the steps as Chastity helps him into the ring. He winces as he tries to keep his "bad" knee off the mat, hobbling towards the center of the ring where Blackwell and Ponavitch are standing.]

FF: NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

[The fans are jeering already!]

FF: I will NOT allow this quack to talk about my physical wellbeing in front of these inbred Mississippi idiots!

[The boos get louder.]

FF: Blackwell, you insufferable stooge! Haven't you ever heard of Doctor/Patient confidentiality?!

[Blackwell turns his attention onto Farelli.]

SLB: Of course I have but you put yourself in this situation! You were the one who bailed out of the match two weeks ago!



FF: Because of my injury, you toad! When a star Quarterback has a banged up knee, you don't make him take a polygraph on live TV! You take him at his word for it because he's a competitor... he's a champion... and if he says he's hurt, you go with it because he's a gamer and if he could go, he'd go!

[Farelli sticks a finger in Blackwell's face.]

FF: Just... like... me.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: That very well may be true but Dr. Ponavitch is out here to give us the news we've all been waiting for. He's out here to tell us whether or not you've been medically cleared to compete at Memorial Day Mayhem! He doesn't have to give us details but-

[Farelli flips out again.]

FF: NO! I don't give him permission to tell you that! I don't give YOU permission to ask him that! I don't-

[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: The Gladiator is here!

BW: WHY?! He's got no business being out here! This muscleheaded freak's got no business in there with a gamer like Frankie Farelli!

[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 as Farelli hops to the side, trying to avoid him. Blackwell and Ponavitch scatter as well as The Gladiator comes to a halt...

...and then slowly turns, putting himself between Farelli and the other two.]

GM: Wait a second! The Gladiator's formed a wall! He's not going to let Farelli bully Ponavitch into not speaking!

[Farelli looks around The Gladiator, shouting at Ponavitch and Blackwell as a grinning Blackwell approaches the doctor.]

SLB: Dr. Ponavitch, please... give us the news...

[Dr. Ponavitch turns, looking at Farelli.]

DBP: After extensive examination, I have ruled that Frankie Farelli...

...CAN compete at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! The match is on!

[The Gladiator throws his head back, pounding his chest in triumph as Farelli looks panicked. He shakes his head back and forth as Chastity slips behind the Gladiator...

...and leaps up, grabbing the hair of the Gladiator, pulling his head back. He snaps around, causing Chastity to stumble back.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: SCUMBAG! SCUMBAG!

[The distraction serves its purpose as a suddenly healed Farelli winds up, crutch in hand...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The metal crutch BENDS over the massive back of The Gladiator, the top breaking off as Farelli lets go.]

GM: He just bent the crutch over the back of-

BW: Oh my god!

[The crowd ROARS as The Gladiator slowly turns around, still on his feet as he stares at Farelli.]

GM: The Gladiator's still standing! He took the full force of that crutch and he's still standing!

[The Gladiator advances on Farelli whose eyes have gone wide at what's unfolding in front of him. The big man lets loose a roar, throwing his head

back as Farelli takes the chance to bail from the ring, grabbing his Head Cheerleader by the arm, rushing back up the aisle as The Gladiator steps out on the apron, stalking after him...]

GM: The Gladiator's chasing him! He's chasing him right out of the arena!

BW: Heck, he may be chasing him all the way to Louisiana, daddy!

[The camera pursues all the way up to the black entrance curtain as The Gladiator storms through in search for his prey as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Well, I suppose that answers that! The knee is fine! The match is on! And we WILL see The Gladiator take on Frankie Farelli at Memorial Day Mayhem in a rematch-

BW: First time ever encounter!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's Caspian Abaran taking on Kerry Kendrick so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then up to the ring where Phil Watson awaits.]

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

Introducing first... about to make his way down the aisle... from  
Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 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, still a favorite outside the Crockett Coliseum back in Dallas, is here to defend the honor of lucha libre and to settle his hash with Kerry Kendrick, whom he ran afoul of back in February.

[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.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights dim as "Feelings" by The Offspring blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well built with bleached blond hair, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing kelly green trunks with matching kneepads and boots. Pausing at the top of the ramp he makes a motion as if asking the crowd to cheer louder (they don't), then nods, mouthing "thank you", smirking and heading down towards the ring.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick seeing some action here tonight in Biloxi. You know he's hoping to get his name called during that Mayhem Match as well. Every single competitor in the AWA who is NOT already in a Memorial Day Mayhem match is eligible for that Mayhem Match, Bucky.

BW: And anyone else who expressed interest in being involved. Who knows who that adds to the fray? It could be anyone from Buddy Lambert to Brody Thunder... from John Shock to Jack Greene... from Jeff Matthews to The Punster... from-

GM: I think we get the idea.

[Every time he comes across a kid on the aisle, he'll stop, act like he'll give them a high five or hand slap, only to pull his hand back and laugh...almost like he's joking around with them, but in a real jerk kind of way...sort of like one of those people that say something terrible to a person, then try to cover it up with 'just kidding', even though they clearly meant every word.]

PW: From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing two hundred thirty-five pounds... KERRY KENDRICK!

[Arriving at the ring, he steps in, moves to the center and holds his hands out to his sides, pausing to "soak up the cheers" (there aren't any)...then smiles to the crowd and gets ready for business...]

GM: Caspian Abaran very silently climbing the rankings ladder in the AWA, while it seems that Kerry Kendrick's rise has stalled out somewhat as he's missed several weeks of action due to a slight shoulder injury; a victory over Abaran would probably give him some much needed traction.

[The bell sounds, and Kendrick crosses to the center of the ring facing Abaran, with the world's most insincere grin on his face.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick... offering a handshake?

BW: Good to see that after all this time and all the wrongs he's had to overcome that Kendrick still keeps his sense of sportsmanship, daddy.

[Caspian Abaran returns Kendrick's mock fair play with a look of incredulity. He puts his hands on his hips and shakes his head.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Kerry Kendrick slaps Caspian Abaran across the jaw and backs up out of reach, egging him on. The crowd gives a mild "oooooh" in response.]

GM: Oh!-- Again, Kerry Kendrick showing his true lack of character!

[Abaran charges in, and the two competitors jockey over a collar-and-elbow tie-up.]

GM: First lock-up of the match

BW: Gordo, he offered a handshake. Caspian said "no mas," so he might as well have struck first.

GM: You know, Bucky, every time he complains about the obstacles placed in his way, you have to think that it is things like slapping an opponent that hold him back. Front facelock from Caspian Abaran applied to Kerry Kendrick.

[Kendrick tries to get out of the hold, but settles for pushing Abaran back into the nearest corner for a break. The referee intercedes, and instructs Abaran to break. Abaran complies, and Kendrick begins to inch out of the facelock...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: And the Man from Montemorelos retaliates!

BW: Cheap shot, ref! Get in there!

[Abaran doesn't give Kendrick a chance to recover, throwing a series of chops that back Kendrick up to the adjacent corner.]

GM: Hard chops by the luchador puts Kendrick on the run... and ohh! What a dropkick to send him sailing out to the floor!

[The crowd wakes up for the dropkick, cheering Abaran as he climbs back to his feet, waving his arms to the fans.]

GM: And Kerry Kendrick needs to take a breather, he hasn't gotten out of the gates yet in this match.

[Kendrick still makes a production of his jaw being hurt to the referee from the floor. What he doesn't see is that Abaran has climbed the turnbuckles at his periphery...]

GM: OH MY STARS! Somersault to the floor! Abaran got all of it!

[Caspian Abaran throws his arm into the air to soak in the appreciation of the fans in the front row.]

GM: Big dive off the top completely wipes out Kerry Kendrick who has not been able to get on track so far in this one, Bucky.

BW: It's still early, Gordo. He could turn it around with a snap of his fingers.

[Abaran continues to celebrate his big move as Kendrick uses the ring apron to drag himself to the feet. He rolls under the ropes as Abaran turns to follow, ducking through the ropes...

...and Kendrick strikes, stomping Abaran in the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Oh! He caught the luchador coming in!

BW: Because Abaran was too busy sucking up to these Mississippi misfits to pay attention to his opponent.

GM: I've gotta admit that you're right about that as Abaran is getting stomped viciously into the canvas by Kendrick... and finally, the official steps in to force him back...

BW: Caspian better remember he's not out there to look pretty; he's gotta remember he wanted this match, and he better give Kendrick his undivided attention.

GM: Absolutely, Bucky. If Kendrick can control the pace and keep Abaran from fully exploiting his speed and explosiveness, that is.

[Kendrick moves past the official, dragging Abaran off the mat into a butterfly...]

GM: Double underhook... and he takes him over! Kerry Kendrick is one of wrestling great underrated suplex artists.

BW: Gordo, am I hearing praise for Kerry Kendrick from you?

[Kendrick pops back up and mouths back at the crowd.]

GM: I have nothing bad to say about Kerry Kendrick's wrestling ability. It's his attitude that is holding him back from true greatness.

[Kendrick picks Abaran up and hefts him up...]

GM: Up he goes... and down he goes, right across the knee in an inverted atomic drop!

[While Abaran is doubled over, Kendrick dashes to the robes and rebounds.]

GM: Looking for that lariat from behind...

[But Abaran ducks down, and Kendrick stops dead. He wheels around, walking straight into a deep armdrag from Caspian Abaran.]

GM: Abaran had it scouted!

[Kendrick is reeling, and walks straight into another arm drag! Kendrick tries to bail again, but Abaran is right behind him, and as he gets to the ropes, Abaran drags him back by the back of the trunks, leaping up into a seated position on the shoulders...

...where he rolls through, hooking the legs!]

GM: VICTORY ROLL! ONE!! TWO!! TH- Two count only, but a close two!

[Kendrick scrambles off the mat, trying to beat Abaran to his feet but as he does, the luchador lunges in, yanking a leg out from under him. The crowd is buzzing as Abaran twists the leg... but we can also see some fans turning towards the aisleway off-camera.]

GM: Abaran's looking to lock in that Throne of the Sun! Kendrick is fighting! Abaran has been winning matches left and right at our live events with this hold!

BW: Gordo, look!

[The camera suddenly goes wide to show a fourth person sliding into the ring, unnoticed by Abaran, Kendrick, or the referee. The newcomer is a mesoendomorphic monster with broad shoulders, a bald head, and thick eyebrows and moustache. He's dressed to wrestle in a metallic grey singlet with a red star.]



GM: Abaran's got the hold locked in but who the heck is that?! That man is huge! That's-

BW: It's Zharkov!

GM: It is! You're right! That's Maxim Zharkov inside the ring and- OHHH!

[Zharkov raises both fists over his head and brings them down is a mighty axe-handle onto the cranium of Caspian Abaran, who instantly goes slack.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow calling for the bell, obviously. That's going to be a disqualification!

[Ignoring the protesting official, Zharkov quickly waist-locks Abaran to his feet. At ringside, Jackson Hunter has appeared, clipboard in hand, barking out instructions. Zharkov lurches to one side and tosses Abaran sideways, where he crashes into the ropes. The monster follows and gutwrenches Abaran into another suplex.]

BW: I thought it was all propaganda and camera tricks! I had no idea this guy could ragdoll people like that!

[Zharkov still doesn't release Abaran, hoisting him up quickly onto his shoulders, and clinching either arm. He shouts in Russian:]

MZ: TSAR BOMBAAAA!

[Zharkov drops forward plowing Abaran to the ground on his neck and shoulders!]

GM: My... STARS! What a crucifix powerbomb!

[Kerry Kendrick, meanwhile, has pulled himself to his feet, taking delight in the carnage from the safety of the corner. His mood changes starkly, when he sees Jackson Hunter locking eyes with Zharkov and instructing him to "get the other one now."]

BW: Get outta there, Kerry! Get outta there!

[Just as Kendrick tries to go for the ropes, Zharkov leaps over and grabs hold on Kendrick's long blonde hair. He yanks him back and showers him with a half-a-dozen unanswered headbutts, before throwing back into the middle of the ring.]

GM: Fans, if you just joined us, we were in the middle of a match between Caspian Abaran and Kerry Kendrick when... this monster Maxim Zharkov entered himself into the fray...

[Zharkov tosses Kendrick into the corner and delivers a stiff palm thrust to the side of his head. Kendrick begins to go limp as Zharkov delivers another, and another, and another.]

BW: Gordo, I gotta say, I'm impressed by this guy. I thought Jackson Hunter was just blowin' smoke with all that Soviet stuff, this guy is the real deal, comrade.

[Zharkov doubles Kendrick over and hoists him on his shoulders...]

MZ: TSAR BOMBAAAAA!

[...dropping him with a crucifix powerbomb as well! Backstage officials and referees are surrounding the ring, waiting for the fracas to settle. Jackson Hunter rolls into the ring and stands beside the victorious Maxim Zharkov.]

GM: I'm told Colt Patterson was standing by to get a word with the winner of this match, but obviously Caspian Abaran is in no condition to speak after that devastating powerbomb. We're hoping Colt can get a word with Jackson Hunter about all this...

[As the officials help clear Caspian Abaran and Kerry Kendrick from the ring, Colt Patterson enters with them and approaches Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov.]

CP: Gordo... Bucky... I don't know what to say here. I don't remember the last time I saw destruction like we just saw. Jax, what a find!

JH: Before I begin: Caspian, the road to redemption just got longer. Kerry, the glass ceiling just got thicker. Now: American Wrestling Association fans, please attend closely. I've heard your sniggering about propaganda and production value and creative editing. What you've witnessed is a demonstration of purest wrestling virtuosity. One hundred percent genuine. Apparently Zharkov's domination of wrestling in Russia is not good enough for you.

[Hunter crosses to the apron and retrieves a brown briefcase, helpfully decalced with a large, red hammer-and-sickle logo.]

JH: So we'll do it your way, and we'll be victorious. The Magadan Consortium, without whose support Zharkov being here would not be possible, has authorized me to provide a concession to the gross, capitalist urges of the West. I have here in this briefcase, fifteen thousand in CASH, and it goes to the first American Wrestling Association wrestler who can last five minutes in the ring with Zharkov. You don't even need to win. You just need to last five minutes.

[He turns and looks at the Soviet machine beside him.]

JH: Well, tovarisch? Do you think any of these soft little kittens can do it?

[Patterson raises the microphone to the scowling Zharkov.]

MZ: NYET.

CP: Wow, who's gonna step up first to THAT? Bucky, Gordo, have fun following that!

[We cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Colt. Good grief, Bucky. For weeks now, we've been hearing about the arrival of Maxim Zharkov to the AWA - this Russian monster that Jackson Hunter has been promoting to us. But... to be honest, I think most of us thought it was just overblown hype.

BW: Maybe we can ask Abaran if it's overblown hype.

GM: Or Kerry Kendrick for that matter. Kendrick appeared to land RIGHT on that injured shoulder with that powerbomb and our ringside doctors are tending to that shoulder as we speak.

BW: Zharkov didn't even blink to go after Kendrick. He didn't care WHO was in that ring, Gordo... he was taking everyone out... and now they've issued a challenge. Fifteen thousand smackers to the man who can last five minutes with this guy.

GM: Five minutes may not seem like much to a lot of the wrestlers out there but I'm not sure... I'm not sure I'd be signing on to take that challenge, Bucky.

BW: Amen to that, Gordo.

GM: Fans, we've got to take some time to get Caspian Abaran and Kerry Kendrick out of there so right now, let's go backstage and hear from yet another man who hopes to compete in that Mayhem Match - Ultra Commando 3!

[We crossfade back to an obviously pre-recorded segment where the hulking masked man known as Ultra Commando 3 is standing in front of a camo backdrop. Of course, his camo matches the backdrop which makes him kinda blend in. As we go live, he snaps to attention, throwing his hand up in a salute.]

UC3: For too many years, I stood like this at attention, taking orders, believing that I was... being all I could be.

[He angrily yanks his hand down.]

UC3: For too many years, I was a pawn in someone else's game. But once I was shown the light, I walked away from all of that to achieve my true calling - the brutal beating of every opponent put across the ring from me.

[He chuckles, deep in his chest, a booming laugh.]

UC3: Memorial Day Mayhem.

[A shake of the head.]

UC3: You know, it's only fitting that this miserable excuse for a country would choose to "celebrate" a holiday meant to honor the good men and women who made the ultimate sacrifice... by selling cheap electronics, gorging on hamburgers and hot dogs, and drinking themselves into a stupor.

It's a three day weekend for you pukes...

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

UC3: But for those of us who lived that life, it's a day of walking nightmares remembering those who suffered and were lost along the way. Believe me when I tell you that I will NOT be in a good mood come Memorial Day.

[He claps his hands together, rubbing them fiercely.]

UC3: And that's why I'm begging... no, I'm praying that my name gets called for that Mayhem Match. I'm praying that I get the chance to take out all my anger at this country on that night. I'm gonna break bodies. I'm gonna smash faces. And I'm gonna make some pathetic pukes kiss my boot leather.

And when I'm done, you can lower the flag to half mast to mourn the fallen that lay before me... and you can realize that the Ultra Commando... NEVER... takes a holiday.

[Fade back out to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Are you... did you hear that, Bucky?!

BW: Of course I did. The man raises some good points, don'tcha think?

GM: Good points?! What kind of sick, twisted, unpatriotic piece of garbage would say something like that?!

BW: Hey, haven't you ever wondered why Memorial Day means cheap beer and scorched meat? In fact, why does EVERY American holiday mean cheap beer and scorched meat?

GM: Don't tell me you agree with that piece of work?

BW: Maybe, maybe not... but I respect his right to speak his mind and you should too.

GM: Free speech is definitely valued here in the AWA but I'm afraid that guy may have gone too far, Bucky. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back so don't you dare go away!

[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.

A black screen dissolves into a shadowy graveyard. This is an old cemetery - the markers standing high off the ground, showing the majesty of those who have come and gone. Big oak trees speckle the grounds, their powerful limbs stretching forth to embrace the spirits that lie underneath.

The camera slowly pans to reveal a pile of broken earth.

Freshly broken earth.

The camera pans again, revealing a rectangular hole in the ground - an unfinished grave with a beautiful gleaming silver casket within.

A whisper - harsh and hoarse in tone - cuts through the shadows.]

"No one wants to die."

[The silver casket gleams in the moonlight.]

"Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share."

[The voice is the darkness come to life - chill-inducing and spine-tingling.]

"No one has ever escaped it."

[From off-camera, a gloved hand reaches down, grasping the edge of the moonlight-lit final resting place. The glove is old and weathered brown leather, faded from sunlight and years of use. Slowly, it pulls...]

"And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent."

[The casket slips open, the camera dipping lower to avoid showing us the occupant.]

"It clears out the old to make way for the new."

[As the gloved hand comes back into view, slowly moving into the night's sky, illuminated by the moon, the camera comes back onto it...

...and a noose falls, dangling from the hand into view. The shot holds, chilling in its simplicity for a few moments before we fade back to black with four words once more.]

"He comes for you."

[A sharp shrill scream is heard for an instant before it cuts off...

...and we fade back up on a panning shot of the Mississippi Coast Coliseum, fans cheering and shouting as the show continues.

Suddenly, boos ring out from every corner of the arena as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett makes his presence known. He reacts to the negative reaction with a smile and a nod as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: I understand "Doctor" Fawcett asked for this time due to a supposedly very important announcement, Bucky.

BW: If he says it's very important, you better hold onto your hat!

[Fawcett enters the ring, taking the microphone from Phil Watson.]

"D"HF: Please excuse this interruption with my most sincere apologies.

[Fawcett flashes a dark grin as the crowd boos this obvious insincere apology.]

"D"HF: I think, however, in mere moments you will be be overjoyed that I took this time to share with you what I think is an exceptional find. My passion for uncovering the truly remarkable is well known. Over my life I have amassed an enviable collection of oddities and marvels from across the globe.

The latest of which brings me before you now.

[Fawcett pauses, the crowd's curiosity piqued.]

"D"HF: On a recent trip to the French Alps, I picked up the trail. Rumors spoken in only the most hushed of tones. Fear dripping from every word, pure stark fear that alone would be enough to chill one to their very bone.

Except for me...

[Fawcett grins.]

"D"HF: ... fear alone is never enough. I had to see for myself. My appetite had been whet, and I had to indulge my sweet tooth. Indulge I did, as in a dark forest filled with archaic whispers as much as trees I found it. My latest find, my latest triumph. Submitted for your approval...

[Fawcett gestures to the top of the entranceway.]

"D"HF: ... now.

[The good "Doctor's" introduction made, a very traditional recording of La Marseillaise blares over the loudspeakers.]

GM: Do you have any idea who we're about to see come out Bucky?

BW: I don't, but I tell ya Gordo, when you're dealing with "Doctor" Fawcett, the question isn't "who" but "what"?

[And out from behind the curtain steps... well, a very normal looking man. Tall, and athletically built, his blond hair cut short, and a smile on his face and in his ice blue eyes, this is not at all the sort of man we'd expect to find in Fawcett's charge. Fresh faced, the young Frenchman is all smiles as he waves to the audience. He's dressed simply, wearing a black singlet, black boots, with black knee and elbow pads.]

BW: ...I did not see that coming!

GM: There has to be something more to this, Bucky. You know that "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett wouldn't represent this man unless there was something sinister about him!

"D"HF: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my complete pleasure to introduce to you... France's finest export, athlete extraordinaire...

ALEXANDRE BLANCHARD!!

[Blanchard flexes for the crowd, as Fawcett nods in approval.]

"D"HF: Of course... we are far removed from the French Alps. What impresses the masses on those shores may still be found to be lacking by yours truly. If you wish to join me, to have me guide your career towards heights you cannot even begin to imagine...

[Fawcett fixes Blanchard with a stern glare.]

"D"HF: ...you must prove yourself.

GM: Prove himself? What do you think that means?

BW: Gordo, you could go mad, and I mean that literally, trying to figure out what Fawcett is talking about.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: The issue here, is I am not so inflated with ego that I believe that I have all the answers. I travel the world constantly in the search of new experiences... always craving to learn and know more. So I find myself in



need of some assistance. At this very moment, I must admit that I need some help in assessing talent, your talent to be precise.

[Fawcett's stern glare vanishes, immediately replaced by his usual dark smile.]

"D"HF: Fortunately, I know such a man. A man who is nearly as well traveled as me. Where I travel the globe searching for new and amazing discoveries... this man hunts only the rawest of talent, only to mold it into the very essence of champions. A fellow traveler whom I greatly admire...

[Fawcett lets out his trademark laugh.]

"D"HF: BRIAN LAU.

[Strutting out, looking as only he can look in his grey sharkskin suit and aviator sunglasses, is the manager of champions, Brian Lau. Boos immediately begin to fill the arena, which the grinning Lau seems completely oblivious to. ]

GM: What is he doing out here?

BW: You heard Fawcett. This Blanchard kid needs to prove himself. And who has a better eye for talent than Brian Lau? I hope this kid knows how lucky he is! Every wrestler in the world would wish they had the chance to receive an assessment from Brian Lau!

[Lau starts towards the ring, and then halfway there stops and looks up at Fawcett and Blanchard, the latter of whom is going through a warm up routine in the ring. Lau shouts at the ring, loud enough to be heard.]

BL: You think he's ready?

[Fawcett nods an enthusiastic "yes."]

BL: All right then...

[As the overhead lights darken, the heavy guitar riff of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers.]

GM: Now wait just a minute!

BW: Settle down Gordo! This kid wanted a test. I'd say he's about to get one!

[The curtain is forcefully pulled aside, as out steps one of the most imposing, intimidating men in the AWA, the son of the Blackheart, the six foot six, two hundred and ninety pound force of destruction that is Brian James. James has a white towel over his head, which covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl on clean shaven face. James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights.

Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in black tattoos, each a letter of the Kanji alphabet. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger. He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, as Fawcett points Blanchard towards the neutral corner.]

BW: I don't think I've ever seen a man's eyes go as wide as Blanchard's just did!

GM: Can you blame him? Do you think there's any chance that "Doctor" Fawcett told him he'd be facing Brian James tonight?

[The camera cuts to a worried Blanchard, who is being assured by Fawcett that all will be fine. As the two continue to confer, with Fawcett offering encouragement, the camera cuts to Lau and James. Reaching up, James pulls the towel off his head, revealing short, dirty blond hair that's been slicked back. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips.

As Lau exits the ring, James drops down into something that looks like a sumo stance. Feet flat on the mat, legs open, body bent forward until his back is nearly parallel with the mat, fists turned downwards so that his knuckles are pressed into the canvas. James stares straight ahead, offering a lip-curling snarl to his unlucky opponent.]

GM: Blanchard nods at the referee. He's agreed to this. I'm a bit shocked, Bucky.

BW: I am too! But think about the managerial talent at ringside. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Literally, because this might be the end of Alexandre Blanchard!

GM: Bucky! That's sick!

BW: Doesn't make it any less true!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As the referee signals for the bell, James rises from his stance, and stalks towards the center of the ring. His movements are slow and methodical, while Blanchard’s can only be describes as tentative, as he warily comes forward to face his opponent.]

GM: Alexandre Blanchard extending his hand to Brian James.

[James looks at the hand, and then lifts his head, narrowing his eyes at Blanchard, before drawing his own hand back and...]

BW: OHHHHHH!

GM: Brian James just slapped the taste right out of Blanchard’s mouth!

[James comes forward at Blanchard, charging him, and grabbing him by the back of the head. His other arm bent, James repeatedly drives his forearm and elbow into Blanchard’s face.]

GM: An absolutely brutal assault from Brian James in these opening minutes! I wonder if this is influenced by TORA’s earlier challenge.

BW: I wonder if TORA is under the influence of something. Why would any sane man want to step into the ring with that man?

GM: You know as well as I do that TORA has wanted his chance against Brian James ever since SuperClash. The real question is why Brian James hasn’t yet accepted a one on one match against his former partner.

BW: Gordo, haven’t you been paying attention? Brian Lau has said it over and over again. There’s nothing that Brian James has to prove. Lau has this man pumped and prime to take over the AWA. He’s already laid out TORA. He’s got no reason to do it again. Let me tell you something Gordo, there’s only three men in the AWA that benefit from Brian James taking on TORA.

GM: Three men? Who?

BW: Ryan Martinez, Rob Driscoll and Shadoe Rage. Because as long as James is distracted by TORA, their titles are safe!

[James wraps both hands around Blanchard’s neck now, and begins to drive his knees into the torso of Blanchard, holding onto him even as Blanchard’s legs begin to go wobbly. With each brutal lift of his knee, James forces Blanchard backwards, into the corner.]

GM: Brian James unrelenting, as he unloads a series of knees to the stomach and elbows to the face of Alexandre Blanchard.

BW: TORA better be watching this, because if Brian James accepts his challenge, this is what he's in for. And let me tell ya Gordo, right now, Blanchard is wishing he'd never left France!

[The referee finally gets between James and Blanchard, after a count had proven ineffective, forcing James to take a step back. After a glare from the son of the Blackheart, James lifts his arms, and allows Blanchard the space to move forward.]

GM: Blanchard staggers out of the corner, I don't think he knows where he is right now, Bucky!

BW: How disappointed do you think "Doctor" Fawcett is right now? After bringing this man in, look at what an embarrassment he is!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop? Clearly, this was a set-up from the beginning!

[As Blanchard drunkenly moves forward, James comes up at his side and grabs him by his hair, bending his head forward, and driving his knee right into Blanchard's nose, sending him sprawling backwards.]

GM: James is circling around Blanchard, clearly considering what he's going to do next. Ever since he came to be under the tutelage of Brian Lau, we've seen Brian James adopt a more deliberate, methodical style. He used to be nothing but energy in the ring, but now, his attack has become better paced, each strike delivered with brutal efficiency.

BW: You better believe that's Lau's influence. And look how its paid off. Brian James is a force of nature in that ring. Brutal, relentless, and if I were still a manager, I'd be telling everyone I represented to stay out of the ring when he's there.

[James circles behind Blanchard, waiting for him to rise. On his way up, James delivers a series of kicks to the side of Blanchard's face, "slapping" him with his foot more than actually kicking him. His taunting over, James stands Blanchard up and then steps behind him, before he reaches over the top of his head and then slides his fingers over Blanchard's face, hooking them into the corner of his mouth. Pulling Blanchard backwards, James brutally fishhooks the helpless Blanchard, pulling at his face.]

GM: And look at Lau and Fawcett at ringside, watching all this!

[The camera cuts to the two managers, who are watching intently, occasionally conferring with one another. Neither seems too concerned with Blanchard's plight. As both men watch, James brings his arm back and lets go of Blanchard's face the moment before he crossfaces Blanchard with a brutal forearm that visibly smashes Blanchard's nose across his cheek.]

GM: Blanchard is down on his hands and knees, this hasn't been a match so much as a massacre.

BW: I tell you what Gordo, I don't think Fawcett will be going to France anytime soon. This Blanchard kid is an utter disappointment!

[Blanchard crawls towards the two managers, his arm outstretched. As he does so, Fawcett and Lau continue to watch impassively, unmoved by his plight. James moves slowly behind the still crawling Blanchard, stalking him in a scene reminiscent of a horror movie. Finally, James comes at Blanchard perpendicularly, hauling back and kicking Blanchard with a hard soccer kick.]

BW: Good lord Gordo, did you hear the sound of James' foot cracking against Blanchard's skull?

GM: The referee needs to think about stopping this. Alexandre Blanchard has done nothing but find himself victimized by Brian James! And I'll say it again, this was all a set up by Lau and Fawcett!

[James uses his foot to roll Blanchard over, and seems to consider going for a pin, only for both Lau and Fawcett to shake their head.]

BW: It's not going to end yet! I don't think Fawcett has seen everything this kid has to offer!

GM: This is just some sort of sickening game to Fawcett, isn't it?

BW: You never know Gordo, maybe this kid will rally!

[James bends over, forcing Blanchard into a seated position. Belying Bucky's words about rallying, Blanchard is glass eyed, only barely conscious. James runs to the ropes, and uses the momentum to hurl him forward, as he delivers a hard penalty kick to Blanchard's chest, the impact leaving Blanchard sprawled on the mat.]

BW: You think TORA still wants Brian James in the ring?

GM: I think TORA has spent a lifetime overcoming challenges just like this, and he's eager to prove himself once again.

BW: Gordo, there's a difference between "challenge" and what getting in the ring with Brian James entails.

[James hauls Blanchard up to his feet by the hair, and sends him into the ropes. Catching Blanchard coming off the ropes, James pivots and then rushes Blanchard into the corner, driving him hard into the corner turnbuckle. Blanchard slumps down and James grabs hold of the top rope, driving his knee repeatedly into the face of Blanchard until again, the referee gets between them. This time, instead of breaking, James forces Blanchard to his feet once more, draping his arms over the top rope to keep him propped upright. James takes his hand and tilts Blanchard's chin upwards. With Blanchard properly positioned, James steps back into the diagonal corner, and then rushes forward.]

BW: You know what's coming, and I have to say, every time we see this

Gordo, is so impressive!

[James jumps at the last minute, landing with one foot on the middle rope. The other leg is drawn back and then whipped forward at high velocity, his shin driven right into Blanchard's skull. James then leaps down as Blanchard falls forward. All of this is done with lightning speed and in a single, fluid motion.]

GM: I have to agree with you on that Bucky. The way that Brian James moves would be astounding for a two hundred pound man, much less a two hundred and ninety five pound one.

[We cut to ringside quickly, where Lau and Fawcett both offer applause.]

BW: James has got Blanchard up. He's lifting Blanchard's arm up, do you think we're going to see the Blackheart Punch?

GM: At this point, I think it would be the most merciful thing we've seen since the bell rang.

[James, however, has something different in mind, as he crosses Blanchard's arm over the front of his face. James steps forward then, one of his arms under Blanchard's raised arm, and the other behind Blanchard's back. James clasps his hands together, and squeezes, using his own strength, as well as Blanchard's own trapped arm to cut off blood and air to Blanchard's brain. The standing triangle is locked in securely, and then, James ups the ante by forcing Blanchard to bend backwards, applying more pressure as Blanchard is forced into a painful bridge.]

BW: There's no escape from this, no chance that Blanchard is going anywhere but out!

GM: The referee raises Blanchard's arm once... twice... NO! NOW WAIT A MINUTE!!!

[Why is Gordon so outraged? Because just before Blanchard's arm could be raised and dropped a third time, the son of the Blackheart releases the hold.]

BW: He's not done with him yet!

GM: He had this match won Bucky! There is no call, no call for this!

BW: Well, I ain't gonna be the one to go in there and tell Brian James to stop!

[James sends Blanchard hard into the corner, drops into a brief three point stance, and then like a bullet fired from a gun, he comes charging forward at Blanchard, hitting him with the same clothesline that put Sweet Daddy Williams away two weeks ago...]

GM: Black Mass! Black Mass clothesline. All right enough already, end this now!

BW: The son of the Blackheart ain't listenin' Gordo!

[Once again, James brings Blanchard to his feet. Grabbing Blanchard by the wrist, this time, he bends Blanchard's arm behind his back, holding his wrist behind Blanchard's neck. James pivots his body, lifts his right hand, curls his fingers into a fist, and with an incredible amount of velocity, drives his clenched fist into Blanchard's upper chest.]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!!!!!!

BW: There's no getting up from that! And if you're Harrison Fawcett, how disappointed are you right now?

[With a nod to Lau, James stands over the completely unconscious Blanchard. Putting his foot on the side of Blanchard's face, James offers only the barest hint of a pin. The referee hesitates a moment, before finally dropping to the mat. The three count at this point is a mere formality.]

PW: The winner of the match...

BRIAN JAMES!!

[As Lau enters the ring and raises his charge's hand, Fawcett can be seen leaning over the barely conscious Blanchard, berating him senselessly.]

GM: I didn't like this, not at all. But I can't deny that inside the ring, Brian James is a force to be reckoned with. Maybe you're right Bucky. Maybe TORA should reconsider his challenge.

BW: I will say that I do feel bad.

GM: You do?

BW: Yeah, imagine how "Doctor" Fawcett feels right now!

GM: Bucky! Will you stop! Fans, we have to go to commercial right now. But perhaps later we might hear from "Doctor" Fawcett and get some sort of explanation for what we just witnessed.

[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...]

Cut to backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing with Brian Lau. Lau is all smiles standing next to Lou. As always, Lau is dressed to the nines, wearing a grey sharkskin suit and Aviator sunglasses tonight. Lau has his arm over Blackwell's shoulders, much to the chagrin of "Sweet" Lou.]

SLB: Moments ago, we saw you take part in what had to be a set-up! Brian Lau, what was that? Are you in cahoots with "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett?

[Lau's expression turns irritated as "Sweet" Lou questions him, and his arm drops off Blackwell's shoulders.]

BL: No, no, no! You don't question me Blackwell!

Do you know who I am? I am Brian Lau. I am the -only- manager in the professional wrestling Hall of Fame! And I won't have you calling my character into question.

What happened tonight wasn't any kind of conspiracy. It wasn't some sort of "master plan" or whatever hyperbole you think is going to get people to call in and pay \$3.99 a minute to hear.

It's all really quite simple. My friend, "Doctor" Fawcett called me and asked me if I'd help him assess talent. You see, finding and developing talent is what I specialize in. I did it for Casey James, I did it for Tiger Claw, I'm doing it right now for the three young men who are the undoubted future of this sport.

And if my friend wants my help? Well what kind of man would I be to say no?

SLB: You can't actually believe any of this, can you?

[Lau lets out an irritated breath at Blackwell.]

BL: You calling me a liar, Blackwell?

SLB: I'm just saying that this is hard to swallow.

BL: Well then, don't believe me. You can hear it from the man himself.  
"Doctor" Fawcett, why don't you come out here and explain things?

["Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks in, immediately shaking hands with Lou and James.]

SLB: Now, "Doctor" Fawcett, maybe you can explain the circumstances behind how you and Brian Lau became friends?

"D"HF: Why my good man, whenever you travel abroad it's always prudent to visit a DOCTOR.

[All three men laugh as Lou gets increasingly infuriated.]

"D"HF: As I said before, myself and Brian Lau enjoy traveling extensively. Over the years, our paths crossed many times while amidst that very endeavor. In doing so, we discovered we had something else, something even more vital, in common. Despite the fact that the circles he commonly finds myself are more of the athletic variety and my tastes are more...

[Fawcett grins darkly.]

"D"HF: ... underground, one thing remains the same. We look for one thing in a piece of talent.

DESTRUCTION.

SLB: But this, what we saw tonight. What are we to make of it?

BL: It's real simple Blackwell.

Things are going to change here in the AWA. And they're not going to change because Juan Vasquez is going to continue to bore us with stories about the olden days. And they're not going to change because some phony like Brad Jacobs is going to scam people out of money in the name of some clearly made up charity organization.

Things are going to change because men like myself and men like "Doctor" Fawcett are going to tear down all your idols and create something new.

This man right here...

[Lau points to Fawcett.]

BL: Is a visionary.

And I know that someone like you wouldn't understand this Blackwell, but we visionaries have to stick together.

Don't we?

"D"HF: Does the king have dinner with the pauper? Does the giant care for the daily lives of gnats? Certainly not. One should always and only surround himself with peers. The fact that myself and Brian Lau count each other as one of the few friends we have in our respective lives only means one thing.

Those that can count themselves among our peers are few and far between.

BL: And there's something else we have in common.

SLB: And what is that?

BL: We both, "Doctor" Fawcett and I, plagued with the same problem. Both of us represent men who are currently being "challenged" and I use that word loosely, by people beneath them.

I mean, have you seen Derrick Williams? Do really think that... that... child has any business stepping into the ring with KING Oni? Do you really think there's any outcome but one? I, for one, hope I get a chance to stand ringside when the King of Demons squashes Derrick Williams flat!

And then, there's TORA...

[Lau sneers with contempt.]

SLB: No doubt, you heard the challenge laid out earlier. TORA wants to face Brian James in Japan.

"D"HF: He believes that is what he desires. But sailors of long ago thought they wanted the loving embrace that was promised to them by the sirens' call. A pity the end of TORA's story will be nowhere near as pleasant as a simple drowning.

SLB: That sounds to me like we will be seeing Brian James take on TORA in Japan.

[Lau, on the other hand, is less enthusiastic.]

BL: Not just yet Blackwell. You see, Brian James would be happy to take on TORA. Brian James would be happy to fight anyone, anytime, anywhere. Because that's what Brian James does. He fights, and he wins.

But me? I manage.

And it is my job to decide whether or not it is in Brian James' best interest to take on TORA. I need to look at the big picture, I need to decide how much more of Brian James' time has to be wasted on that parasite who -still- can't stop talking about his grand dreams of riding on my client's coattails. haven't made that decision yet.

Maybe we'll accept, maybe we won't. You will know when the rest of the world knows.

But let me tell you what I have decided.

I have decided that I'm tired of being nice. I've decided that I'm tired of waiting for the powers that be to take notice. I have decided that it's time to start making waves. So here's my promise to you Blackwell, and everyone listening.

Beginning tonight, one man per show doesn't walk out of here on his own.

Brian James is not going to finish a match until he's finished the man. He's going to break bones and end careers.

And TORA, you better pray that I don't decide to send Brian James after you. Because if I do? Then what he does to the men he's in the ring with will be nothing but a warm up for what he's going to do to you!

[Blackwell turns to Fawcett then.]

SLB: And what do you have to say to that, "Doctor" Fawcett? How do you feel about this declaration?

"D"HF: In all my travels I have found a universal truth. If someone stands in the way of what you not only want but what you are owed?

[Fawcett nods as Blackwell leans in, curious.]

"D"HF: A dagger through the heart always gets their attention.

[Blackwell shudders, clearly disturbed as the three men walk away. We hold on the disturbed Blackwell for a few moments...

...and then fade back to the ring which has been set up with a black carpet covering the canvas and a wooden table in the center with a piece of paper resting upon it.]

GM: Fans, as you can see, the ring has been prepared for what could be a pivotal moment in the history of the American Wrestling Alliance. Ryan Martinez, the World Heavyweight Champion, is moments away from walking down this aisle and signing-

[The signal distorts, Gordon's voice echoing for a few moments as the screen goes to static... and then to black.

From black, we fade in on flames. Crackling. Hissing. The odd pop. As the camera pulls back slightly, we get a better view. It's a small bonfire. We're outdoors. Where? God knows. God... and the Devil.]

CT: The most dangerous animal alive is a man with nothing. Because a man with nothing has nothing left to lose.

[As the camera pans around, we see, speaking for perhaps the final time, the man known variously as Evil Incarnate. Monster. The King of the Death Match. The Father of Truth.

Caleb Temple.]

CT: Nineteen years of bloodshed, and it's almost over. It's so close I can almost taste it, Ryan.

Taste it.

[He smiles devilishly.]

CT: Gage Temple's darkest nights were the ones where the war raged on inside his broken, shattered mind. Where he could smell the smoke of burning jungle. Taste the blood which hung heavy in humid Vietnamese air. Where he would wake, screaming, sweat-drenched, the acrid smoke still in his nostrils as he choked on the blood of children. Smells and tastes, memories of the birth of the monster he would become, that no longer existed anywhere but inside his mind.

[He looks at the pile of photographs and magazines at his side. At the photo currently in his hand. A younger, better version of himself. The massive, bear-like figure of Gunnar Gaines. Both bloodied and exhausted. With barely a flicker of recognition in his dark eyes, he throws it onto the fire and watches it curl up and burn.]

CT: When I close my eyes, I hear the crack of plexi-glass. I smell blood and fire. I see severed fingers, pearl-handled razors, barbed wire and I feel the ever-loving, sickeningly sweet embrace of the needle and the damage done.

[He picks up another photo. The broken shell of a man who was once Jeff Matthews. Scarred, tattooed, bloodied, as he tried to "become". It joins the ashes of the others in the flames.]

CT: It's almost over, Ryan.

They'll turn the lights off after Memorial Day Mayhem, signaling the end of THEIR show. And the beginning of MINE.

[A low, soft cackle comes from somewhere deep within. Somewhere dark and forever lost. He reaches for the pile again. He looks for a moment at the young man in the photo. The man-child who came closer than anyone to truly understanding what it meant to be King. His Blood Angel. And despite everything they once were, the photo no longer holds value. And thus, it burns.]

CT: I'm going to make you famous, Ryan.

What I take from you at Memorial Day Mayhem will be your sacrifice.

[The flames flicker and dance in his dark eyes.]

CT: Of the Seven Last Words from the cross, only one is attributed to more than one Gospel.

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"

My God.

My God.

Why have you forsaken me?

[He gazes deep into the fire.]

CT: It's almost over, Ryan.

But before they turn out the lights, I have one last gift to give you.

Tonight, sweet White Knight, you will learn what it is to be truly afraid of the dark.

[With the foreboding palpable in his voice, he utters, in his trademark Southern drawl, the final words so many have heard over the past nineteen years.]

CT: Trust me.

[And the camera closes slowly in on the dancing flames as one photo after another falls, burns and turns to ash. And we fade to black...

...and then back up to the interior of the Mississippi Coast Coliseum. The crowd is buzzing over what they just saw, an eerie silence drifting over the fans.

Inside the ring, Mark Stegglet stands, a microphone in one hand, and in the other, a clipboard with white paper attached to it in the other. After looking out over the crowd, Stegglet begins to speak.]

MS: I, uhh... that wasn't planned to be part of- can we ensure that AWA security and Biloxi police are in their positions?

[Stegglet pauses, listening through his earpiece for a few moments. With a nod, he continues as we see a swarm of AWA security and uniformed (and armed) police jogging into position, surrounding the ring.]

MS: I have been instructed to remind Caleb Temple... wherever he is... that if he enters the building here tonight, he will be IMMEDIATELY ARRESTED!

[A cheer ripples through the crowd as Stegglet holds up the clipboard with the sheet of paper on it.]

MS: Fans, in my hands is the legal waiver that AWA President Landon O'Neill has demanded Ryan Martinez sign before he can participate in an Unsanctioned Match against Caleb Temple at Memorial Day Mayhem.

This waiver stipulates that the American Wrestling Alliance is NOT responsible for any and all injuries suffered by Ryan Martinez during the course of that Unsanctioned Match.

The waiver also stipulates that if, at any time after that match, Mr. Martinez is unable to defend his World Heavyweight Championship, he must forfeit the title.

[The crowd buzzes with concern for the World Champion again.]

MS: So without further delay, Mr. Martinez, if you would please come out to the ring?

[All eyes turn to the entranceway, and a moment later, the anticipation is paid off by the pulling aside of the curtain that hangs in front of the entrance. A huge roar erupts from the crowd, the noise enough to distract from the fact that there's no music which heralds the arrival of the World Heavyweight Champion.

Ryan Martinez steps forward, dressed simply, wearing a white Under Armor t-shirt stretched tight across his chest, the silver logo centered upon his muscular upper body as well as a pair of blue jeans. Martinez' hair has been wet down, and he's clean shaven, a determined look in his brown eyes.]

GM: The World Champion is here... but he's here as Ryan Martinez, Bucky. There's no sign of the World Title. There's no sign of him dressed as a professional wrestler. This is not about pro wrestling... this is about a bloody war that has raged for years that will finally... FINALLY... come to an end at Memorial Day Mayhem in just two weeks' time...

BW: IF Martinez signs the waiver.

GM: You don't think he will?

BW: I think if he has the wisdom that God gave a bullfrog, he'll go running into the night and let Temple's contract expire in two weeks' time.

GM: You think that would end it? You think a contract expiring would actually put a stop to this? You know better than that, Bucky. There's only one way this ends... and Ryan Martinez intends to end it in exactly that fashion in two weeks' time.

[Martinez strides determinedly towards the ring, for once moving past the fans without acknowledging their cheers. He moves towards the center of the ring, and as he does, he points to the clipboard, and then to the table, gesturing that he wants to sign and be done with the formality.]

MS: Before you sign, Mr. Martinez. We received a request. A video was sent in. If you'll indulge us, I'd very much like you to see this.

[Martinez narrows his eyes at Stegglet, who says, off-mic "please?" Young Ryan finally nods his head a single time.]

MS: If you'd roll the tape...

[All eyes turn towards the video wall mounted above the entranceway, and a few seconds later, footage begins to roll. What's on the footage? At the moment, an extreme close up of a little girl's face. Not just any little girl. But a very creepy little girl.]

Truth Marie Temple.

The dark haired young girl has an empty, but dour expression in her too intense for her age features. Dressed simply in black, the only color upon her the golden crucifix that hangs from her neck, she lets out a slow breath, her eyes opening wider, moving from dour to dewy, the girl chewing on her bottom lip before she begins to speak.]

TMT: Searching for revenge is like drinking poison and expecting it to hurt someone else.

My daddy taught me that, Ryan. In the quiet days. In the good years. Before he saw you on the television. Before he came after you.

I don't want my daddy to hurt you, Ryan.

[Truth Marie's lower lip begins to tremble.]

TMT: And I don't want you to hurt my daddy.

I know he's done terrible things to you. I know he hurt your dad. I know what he did before I was born. I know he was bad. And I know you want to punish him.

But I also know that you can't beat him without losing part of yourself. And I know that he can't beat you without becoming the bad man he promised me he'd never be again.

Ryan, please. Don't sign that paper. He's my daddy, Ryan.

Please...

[And then, another voice is heard.]

"Ryan."

[The camera pulls back to show a red haired middle aged woman whose lap Truth Marie has been perched on. She's a bit older than when last she was seen, and she's dressed much more simply, her hair in a bun and her face



mostly free of makeup. But even in her mid-40's, the woman once known as Lady Veronica is still a beauty. Looking at the camera with pleading green eyes, Veronica Westerly Martinez Temple strokes her daughter's dark hair as she speaks.]

LV: You're not my son, Ryan, but in the early years, before all the bad things happened, I raised you as if you were. We don't have any blood. But there was a time when you called me 'mom,' and I've always been proud of me, even though you've hated me all these years.

I'm not your mother, Ryan. But I used to try to be. And Truth Marie isn't your sister, but she could have been.

You don't know this, but I've always kept track of you. Even when Caleb would get angry, I'd always have an eye on you. I've seen all that you accomplished. And I know that you're a good man. You're the man your father raised you to be. And I'd like to think that, in those early years, I had some part to play in that.

So I'm asking you, Ryan. For me. Please. Just walk away.

[The video screen goes black, as we cut back to ringside.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, your thoughts?

[The expression on Martinez' face has gone from determined to infuriated.]

RM: My thoughts?

I don't use the kind of language my thoughts would require.

You know what that was, Mark? That wasn't some heartfelt plea. That was just another trick. Just another game. Caleb Temple is sick and twisted beyond belief. That wasn't anything but staged.

And it won't work, Mark. It will not work!

Give me that pen, and put that clipboard down.

[Stegglet, more moved than Martinez was, very reluctantly sets the pen down. But as Martinez goes to sit down, the lights suddenly go out.]

BW: Oh no! You know what this means, don't you Gordo?

GM: Not again! Not again!

[The lights raise, and there's a roar from the crowd, as a shocked Ryan Martinez takes a step backwards. But it's not Caleb Temple in the ring.]

GM: Veronica! Veronica is here! And she brought her daughter with her!

BW: They were more sincere than Martinez thought!

[The AWA's White Knight stares at the two women, but then shakes his head, still unmoved. But before he can reach for the pen once more, Veronica reaches for Stegglet's microphone.]

LV: Ryan... please!

I'm begging you. Don't do this. Be the White Knight, Ryan. Be the bigger man. Just walk away.

Look at her...

[The camera moves downward, to Truth Marie Temple. She's much changed from the creepy little girl who once delivered cryptic messages to Martinez.]

TMT: He'll hurt you, Ryan. And then you'll hurt him. Either he ends you, Ryan, or my daddy will never come home to me again. Don't Ryan, please.

LV: If you walk away now. If you just let him go. If you do this one merciful thing, then I promise you, Ryan, you'll never see him again. I swear to you that I'll take him away, and he won't ever appear again.

He's already been banned. He can't hurt you anymore. You just have to leave that page blank, and he's gone.

[Ryan gestures for the microphone.]

RM: You promise me? Do I have your solemn vow?

[Veronica eagerly nods her head.]

RM: Did you forget who you were talking to? My name is Ryan Martinez. And my father is Alex Martinez.

And I saw firsthand what your promises... your vows, are worth!

[There's a loud "OHHHHH" from the crowd, as Veronica flinches as if she'd been struck.]

RM: Your word means nothing to me.

You take your pleas, and your daughter, and you step away. Because there is nothing, nothing at all, that's going to change my mind.

[Quickly, before he can be interrupted again, Ryan sits down at the table, and grabs for the pen. But before he can sign, there's a strange, feral growl the microphone picks up, and a sudden flurry of motion, as Truth Marie Temple's eyes light up, and she rushes at Ryan, lunging at him with all the power in her little twelve year old body. Taken by surprise, Ryan manages to sidestep the girl, only for her to lunge at him again. Veronica moves forward, scooping her daughter up, but the girl is all flailing limbs and flying

hair. She can be heard letting out guttural, bestial growls snarling and snapping, scratching at her mother's face in an attempt to break free.

It takes great effort, but at last, Veronica, with the help of a ring attendant, is able to get Truth Marie out of the ring. As Veronica drags the wild girl away, the camera focuses on a shaken and shocked Ryan Martinez as he tries to compose himself.]

GM: There's no words to describe what we just witnessed.

BW: Ryan Martinez is playing with fire. And when you're talking about Caleb Temple, that's literal. But what we just saw was something else entirely, Gordo. Ryan Martinez was just attacked by his twisted little sister...

GM: Bucky, you know as well as I do that Ryan Martinez shares no blood with Truth Marie Temple.

BW: Whatever, Gordo. I can't keep all that straight.

[Having settled himself, Ryan brings the microphone to his lips again.]

RM: That is Temple blood. That is why this won't end with a suspension. That's why this will only end when one man can't walk away, but has to be carried away.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. And what you just saw is only a glimpse of how twisted, how evil Caleb Temple is.

And now you all know why I have to do this.

[Sitting himself down once more, Ryan brings the pen up.]

MS: I... I'm sorry Ryan. I have to say something.

I've known you a long time. You and I, we've been friends ever since the early days. Back when you were the junior partner in RyGunn and I was the junior announcer. I feel like you and I have come up together.

My uncle Jon was your dad's best friend in the old days, and you and I are friends now. So I have to ask you to think about this.

Think about all of the careers that have been ruined by Caleb Temple.

Chris Courtade

Casey James

Jeff Matthews

Adam Rogers

You're twenty four years old. You're the World Heavyweight Champion. Do you really want to become another broken, shell of a man? Do you want that maniac to destroy you like he's destroyed so many others?

[Martinez' expression hardens, and the pen begins to move.]

MS: There's one name I haven't said yet...

[Stegglet closes his eyes.]

MS: Alex Martinez.

How long did it take him to recover? Ten years, maybe more. Ten years of hell because of what Temple did to him.

And then, just a few weeks ago, he did it all again! Your father was almost crippled and ruined, a second time.

Ryan...

[Stegglet moves to stand in front of the AWA's White Knight.]

MS: What would your dad tell you to do?

[Ryan's head lifts and he stares at Stegglet, trembling with rage.]

RM: What did you just say to me?

MS: You heard me...

RM: We are friends. And that's why, Mark, I'm going to give you one chance to shut your damn mouth.

[Shocked at his friend's vehemence, Stegglet's mouth clenches shut. And then, without further hesitation, Ryan signs his name to the contract, and the audience, who'd been caught watching breathlessly, finally lets out a roaring cheer, more for the release of tension than anything else.]

RM: It's done. And now, I have something to say.

But first, you take this, and you get the hell out of here!

[Ryan takes the clipboard and very forcefully whips it into Stegglet's chest. Martinez looks around, and then seems to snap, as he kicks over the chair, and then kicks over the table. Martinez lifts the flimsy table up over his head, and throws it down onto the mat, causing it to break. Still seized by a rage, Martinez begins to fling the chair and the pieces of the table over the top rope.]

BW: Someone get in there and stop that lunatic!

GM: I hate to say it, but I agree with you Bucky, Ryan Martinez has snapped!

[Snarling, looking about as unhinged as Truth Marie was moments ago, Martinez brings the microphone up to his lips.]

RM: Caleb Temple.

I know you're here!

I know you were watching, because that's the kind of depraved man you are. I know you're not letting O'Neill keep you away. And now that I've signed, I'm not waiting until Memorial Day.

Get your ass out here... right now!

GM: Ryan Martinez has called Caleb Temple out!

BW: But he's not in the building is he? He can't be. O'Neill swore he wouldn't be here!

[But in defiance of Bucky's words, the lights go out. And then, when they raise...]

GM: HE'S HERE, THE DEVIL HIMSELF... CALEB TEMPLE IS HERE!

[The King of the Death Match stands in the ring, mere feet away from Caleb Temple. For a moment, both men stand, staring at each other. The crowd is going INSANE for this moment, waiting to see who moves first, watching with wild anticipation as the two men stare each other down!]

BW: I've got chills, Gordo, I've got goosebumps!

[Temple extends his hand, and then beckons Ryan forwards. With a single nod of his head, the World Champion surges forward.]

GM: They're not going to wait!

[Just as Ryan is about to reach Temple, the lights go out again.]

BW: What's going on?!

[When the lights come back up, Ryan Martinez is standing alone in the ring. Furious, Ryan can be heard screaming for Caleb Temple to return.]

GM: What the... he's gone! How in the world did he do that?!

BW: I've learned a long time ago to not question how or why Caleb Temple does any single thing, Gordo.

[The crowd has fallen to a hush, stunned by Martinez' threatening screams at a man who vanished as quickly as he appeared.]

GM: Caleb Temple is gone... but the waiver has been signed! The match has been made! It's going to happen in two weeks at Memorial Day Mayhem and on that night, there'll be no place to run, no more tricks to play.

BW: And no more Ryan Martinez!

GM: I hope... I pray that you're wrong about that, Bucky.

BW: But in your heart of hearts, you know I may be right.

[Gordon stays silent, agreeing without saying a word as the camera focuses on a furious, steaming mad Ryan Martinez pacing the ring, before we fade to black...

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufrense using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufrense defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends.]

Back in from commercial, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in the ring, flanked by the AWA National champion, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll. Driscoll is talking to the crowd off mic, pointing to his belt and laughing as Blackwell speaks.]

LB: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling. I am joined in the ring at this time by none other than the AWA National champion, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll. And tonight, Rob Driscoll, you have a tag team match against a man who it is clear to the world that you did NOT want to face at Memorial Day Mayhem. That man is Travis Lynch!

[The crowd pops for the mention of Travis, and Driscoll dismissively waves his hand at his name.]

LB: Before we talk about that tag match, Rob Driscoll, let me ask you this question: why are you scared of Travis Lynch? Why were you so adamant about him not winning that title shot?

RD: Blackwell, if you were any more wrong, you'd have to be twins. Let me set you straight.

When you are "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, when you are the AWA National Champion, when you are an elite professional athlete of the highest caliber, there's a harsh reality. I cannot wrestle just anyone. If I wrestled every grocery bagger with a dream, it wouldn't mean anything. When you see Rob Driscoll wrestle, when you see the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling ply his trade, it is a SPECIAL OCCASION. I refuse to prostitute my own value and worth just so Travis Lynch can extend Wrestling Fantasy Camp for a week.

Even insinuating that I'm scared of Travis Lynch is an insult, Blackwell. The only thing I'm afraid of are paternity tests and insufficient applause, little man. I am a lover, a fighter, and a wild bull rider. Travis Lynch couldn't lace my boots with an instruction manual and he knows that. He lucked into a match with me, and at Memorial Day Mayhem, I will embarrass him in front of the world and conduct a free clinic.

Young wrestlers around the world, who want to break into the business, set your DVRs for Memorial Day Mayhem. The very BEST wrestler in the world, the Man Who Sets The Standard, The Man Who Raises The Bar, The Stud You Put Your Money On, is going to decimate, destroy and dissect Travis Lynch.

[Driscoll laughs in the air, and then turns back to Blackwell.]

RD: Now what's your question again?

LB: I think I might have to roll my pant legs up after that. Who is your partner tonight, Rob?



RD: You might notice that Sandra Hayes isn't out here with me. She is in the back right now, negotiating with a certain Doctor, so we can be sure that The Lost Boy is going to do exactly what we need him to tonight. The Lost Boy is my partner, Blackwell, and that means Lynch's partner is inconsequential. Because no matter WHO he digs up, Travis Lynch might not make it to Memorial Day...

[Before the AWA National Champion can finish his train of thought, Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer" begins to play throughout the arena, and just as quickly it is nearly drowned out by the screams from the very vocal females in attendance.]

GM: This song can mean only one thing!

BW: That the arena is about to filled with a Stench!

GM: Bucky! And there he is Travis Lynch!

[Travis walks out from the entrance way and a loud "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" is heard as the young Texan smiles. Travis is, as always, wearing a super smedium "BORN A TEXAN, RAISED A LYNCH" t-shirt, blue jeans and black cherry ostrich cowboy boots. He pauses in the aisleway for a moment and looks back to the entrance way.]

GM: I wonder what Travis is waiting for.

BW: Probably some long lost Stench brother who he's convinced to stand as his partner tonight.

[The crowd cheers as out walks Brad Jacobs. The Big Dog wears black jeans and boots, and is shirtless up top, sweat already glistening off his bulky torso. He looks to the people and waves one hand, and the crowd comes along as Driscoll kicks the bottom rope.]

TL: What's wrong? Not who you were expecting? Let me guess... you thought Jack or Bobby would be walking down here with me. Or even my old tag team partner, Colin Hayden?

[Travis smirks.]

TL: They all would have been great choices and honestly, they all would have jumped at the chance to take your ego down a peg, but I thought there was another man who that locker room deserved a shot at you.

[Travis looks at Brad Jacobs and nods his head.]

TL: Now before my friend here gives you a piece of his mind, I have to say Rob, I'm a bit disappointed in you. Grocery bagger, fantasy wrestling camp... come on, Champ...

[The fans can hear the sarcasm dripping to the mat as Travis says "Champ."]

TL: Can't you do any better? I've heard them all before. I mean, really... look at my brothers Jack and James, champions here in the AWA while the closest I've gotten to gold is that strap you and yours stole right out of my hands.

[Travis takes on a mocking tone.]

TL: "Travis should be on roller skates bringing me my drink at Sonic... he should have stuck to football or why isn't he working at a feed store."

[He shakes his head, looking up at Driscoll.]

TL: But I have to give you credit Rob, you sure look the part out here, dressed in your finest suit with that AWA National Championship Belt wrapped around your waist. And boy, you've sure got the swagger of a man who earned that Championship... too bad you DIDN'T earn it. You lucked your way to that fifteen pounds of gold with the help of your Perfect Ten bimbo.

[Rob rolls his eyes and shakes his head at Travis.]

TL: Roll your eyes all you want, Robbie. You know that if you take away your suit and that false bravado... all you are is a man filled with doubt and insecurities. A man who knows that that belt should be around my waist!

[The AWA National Champion looks dismissively at the youngest of the wrestling Lynch brothers.]

TL: You know the roles should be reversed, Robbie, you know you're the one who should be begging President O'Neill for a rematch, but the number two Travis Lynch fan, right behind Bucky Wilde, little ol' Sandra Hayes made sure you don't have to.

So you tell her to do all the little things she needs to so that the good doctor lets his face-painted beast come to the ring. 'Cause you're goin' to need all the help you can get.

[Travis continues to stare down Rob Driscoll as he hands the microphone to Brad Jacobs.]

BJ: Robbie Driscoll... I ain't got a lot I need to say to you. You beat me clean at the Coliseum, and maybe I didn't like it, but I accepted it. Every great athlete comes up short once in a while, that's just the way it is, dog. You left me in a pool of blood, and I accepted that. I thought maybe that meant you would hold that belt like a man, and defend that belt like a man.

But ever since you won that gold, it ain't been nothin' but a crutch for you and yer... friend... to use to hold you up. You ain't no champion, you ain't defendin' that like a man, you runnin' like you scared, and THAT I will NOT accept!

That title means a lotta things to a lotta people, that belt means you represent these people across our country, that you workin' an' sweatin' an' bleedin' to represent everybody who paid a dollar out they pocket to see you wrestle. You robbed all of us, you robbed ME, who been huntin' that gold for years now, you robbed my man Travis who SHOULD be wearing that title right now.

[Jacobs points to Lynch and the fans applaud.]

BJ: Where I come from, we don't call the cops on no robbers-

RD: Yeah, I know what you do, Jacobs. You go to church and help old ladies in wheelchairs, I got ya, Reverend. I gotta leave you laying again, is that what you're telling me?

[Jacobs stops in his tracks and just glares at Driscoll, head slightly tilted down as if to say...]

BJ: Excuse me? Did I tell you you could talk? Ain't nobody in a wheelchair tonight, but you keep runnin' your mouth an' I'll make sure you leave in one.

You robbed us all, Driscoll, but like I said, I ain't callin' no cops, I'm not makin' no citizen's arrest. You come in to MY house, you take food off MY table, in front of all my lil cousins and all my dogs, we gonna take care of business tonight like we do in Biloxi, Mississippi-

[HOMETOWN CHEER!]

BJ: ...an' that means that whuppin' I been owed you gets shipped out, same day delivery, straight to yer face. Bring yer pet freak, the Big Dog is off his leash, an' we ALL ready for a dog fight!

[The Big Dog hands the microphone back to Travis, who stares directly at the National Champion.]

TL: Big Bad Brad is ready, and you know I'm ready, Robbie. So how 'bout you consider tonight a preview of Memorial Day Mayhem. Not 'cause you're going to dissect me but 'cause you're going to be countin' the lights, watchin' my arm raised in victory, just like you will in Lafayette!

[The fans in Biloxi cheer loudly as Travis drops the microphone and Jacobs and him begin to make their way out of the ring. Driscoll can be heard screaming "NO WAY! WON'T HAPPEN!" as he angrily paces to the ropes. Driscoll kicks the bottom rope as he continues to rant loudly at Jacobs and Travis, as they slap the hands of a few fans.]

GM: You heard it, fans! Travis Lynch and Brad Jacobs will take on Rob Driscoll and if he and Miss Hayes get their way, The Lost Boy will join the National Champion in that match! That's coming up later tonight and is sure to be a barnburner! But right now, we're going to hear from one of the most mysterious individuals in the entire AWA - who has started to amass quite the army in recent weeks - Carl Riddens. Take a look at this...

[We fade from the ring to pre-taped footage of a campsite in God knows where, a fire lit up as day turns to dusk. The crackle of the fire and the chirp of the crickets are the only sounds to be heard, and the camera focuses on this idyllic shot for just a moment. And in the midst of it, sitting on a bench fashioned out of a log and carving a flat piece of wood is the Founder of the Feast himself, Carl Riddens. Riddens is clad in black jeans and boots, with a tobacco stained undershirt poking out from under his plaid button down. And for a moment, there's the just the sound of whittling.]

CR: Man's gotta stand for something. Or he'll fall for anything. Wise man once said that... I'm sure y'all heard it before.

[Ridden keeps his head down, sitting on the log, pocket knife smoothly cutting.]

CR: But what do you stand for, Carl? What crusade're you on? Heh... well hell.

[Riddens looks up, grinning, tobacco juice running down his chin.]

CR: Ain't it obvious?

I stand for the poor. I stand for the downtrodden. All of us who don't got a famous daddy, all of us who don't check no boxes. All of us who ain't never spent a minute in Japan and don't plan to.

All of my people from the other side of the tracks, who don't fit in to any mold. All my people who don't look like we're supposed to look, who don't talk like we're supposed to talk. All of us who don't march to the music anyone is playin', those are my people. All of us who spent too much time hearin' about what we ain't... rather than focusin' on what we are.

Carl hears ya, brother. Carl knows.

[Riddens buries his head once more and carves for a second, grimacing as he pries a piece of wood.]

CR: An' all them things, them little things... they add up. They play with a man's head. Man like Solomon Shock, he shouldn't be where he is. Six feet forever, two hundred and seventy odd pounds, got them big brick hands that can knock down a wall... but he's been livin' all his life, listenin' to the wrong people. Livin' with paralysis by analysis, worried that he ain't checkin' this box or fillin' that box.

Thinkin' too much about what he ain't... and not enough about what he is.

So we FIXED that problem.

[The Man From Silicon Valley looks up and smiles triumphantly.]

CR: An' now I'm doin' the thinking for him... an' now he's just doing.

Ain't that somethin'?

[Riddens nods as he looks down again, concentrating.]

CR: An' Joey Parker. Ain't he a shame? An All American story if ever I seen one. A champion on the mat, strong as a bull. Dedicated and loyal, hardest worker I ever did see. Searchin' his whole life for someone to show him the way to the promised land... 'cause maybe Joey ain't real good with makin' a plan.

But he's real good at carrying it out.

He's a soldier. Lookin' for a general. He's a man who wins fights, who wins wars. He'll put his life on the line if you give him reason to, he won't just slay a dragon for ya... he'll BECOME the dragon for ya.

An' all he ever needed was a reason... for someone to tell him he was worth it.

[Riddens looks up again, pats his chest.]

CR: So when they say Carl, what d'you stand for, I'll ask again... ain't it obvious?

I stand for the little man. I stand for the undervalued, the overlooked. I stand for everybody who played by the rules but didn't get theirs... and they people who made their own rules, an' got everything they ever wanted.

Sometimes we forget, as we approach Memorial Day, just what the A in AWA stands for... but not me. Not Carl Riddens. I stand for the people in this country who are out of work an' out of luck, who never got a paycheck or a handshake because their dad set it up. Who can't pay their bills, who can't put food on their table because they make too much damn money to be on welfare, but not enough money to get food stamps.

I stand for the kids who lived in the bad neighborhoods, who wanted to go to a good school but couldn't, who tried to move out but couldn't afford it. Who wanted a chance but never got it, who didn't have books or computers or a piece of paper to write their work on, who was looked down on and laughed at because the clothes were dirty or didn't fit, because the shoes had holes instead of soles.

I feel ya. I've been there. Carl knows.

[Riddens, gravely serious, points the business end of the pocket knife at himself.]

CR: For the kids who live with boarded up windows and doors with no locks, who sleep on busted up box springs and old cinder blocks... that's who I will start the uprising for. For Solomon Shock, for Joey Parker, for the class below the lower class, for every dead baby put on a poster to start a war on drugs, or poverty, or homelessness or hunger...

...this is what happens when that baby lives.

I didn't get swept away by the storm. I became it. And we begin the march on a day we remember all those who've sacrificed.... and Lord knows, we certainly have sacrificed enough.

So now we make sure others are sacrificed instead.

[Riddens stands up and places the object on the log, and leaves as the camera zooms in on the wooden carving of the Continental United States.]

CR: The trumpets are blaring, they herald the call. We fight for America. With liberty and justice for all.

[Fade to black.

We come back up on a panning shot of the arena's crowd when suddenly "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, as the crowd ERUPTS with massive boos. The jeers only grow louder, when the crowd sees former two time AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright, emerging from behind the curtain, flanked by Cain Jackson, Alex Martin, Matt Lance, and their newest partner in crime... Larry Wallace.

Wright is dressed in his usual dapper fashion, wearing a three-piece marigold tweed suit with a dark hunter green silk tie. Jackson is wearing his sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the students, while Martin and Lance are in the standard Team Supreme red and black tracksuits. Wallace is dressed in a t-shirt that reads "MISTER EXCITEMENT DROPKICK" and jeans.]

GM: Here comes Team Supreme and judging by their reaction, the crowd is not happy at all to see them.

BW: These plebs have no appreciation for greatness!

GM: Larry Wallace stabbed his former tag team partner in the back and I, for one, think he owes us all an explanation.

BW: I think he explained plenty when came to his senses and knocked out Bobby O'Connor with the greatest dropkick in the history of western civilization! The greatest collection of young talent in professional wrestling just got a whole lot greater!

[As Team Supreme enters the ring, Wright produces a microphone from his back pocket. He goes to speak, only to be drowned out by a loud roar of boos. Not giving the crowd the satisfaction of seeing him annoyed, Wright stares straight ahead stoically and simply says a single sentence.]

SW: Mr. Wallace, I do believe you owe these people an explanation.

[Larry Wallace takes the microphone offered to him as Martin and Lance chant "BEST IN THE WORLD!" while he gives the duo a knowing smirk.]

LW: Two weeks ago, I told you all that Bobby O'Connor was going to get EXACTLY everything he's been working for...and I was absolutely correct. That smarmy little punk got EXACTLY what he deserved!

[Heel pop!]

LW: When I planted my two feet in his face with the greatest dropkick that ever existed, that wasn't a betrayal! That wasn't me stabbing poor Bobby Whitebread right between the shoulderblades. No! That was karma paying Bobby back in full!

You see, Bobby O'Connor is a user. He used me. He's used Ryan Martinez. And it's only a matter of time before Bobby's done leeching off Jack Lynch to further his career!

[Loud boos for Wallace, who seems to be bothered by the reception he's getting.]

LW: For over a year...over a YEAR, I didn't hear a single word from Bobby! That no-talent hack tossed me aside like yesterday's garbage for the likes of Michael Weaver...and he still expected me to join him and Lynch in the losing side of this war?

[Wallace chuckles.]

LW: He's a lot dumber than he looks.

[Big boos!]

LW: Because in that year that Bobby O'Connor decided to forget that I ever existed, I was honing my craft in Japan with my brothers! In Mexico! In Europe! Traveling all around the world, winning match after match and impressing all the right people...

...like Supreme Wright.

[The camera cuts to Wright, nodding in approval.]

LW: You're not the only one that was out there making new friends, Bobby. When Supreme Wright offered me a chance to be apart of Team Supreme, when he offered me an opportunity to take revenge against YOU, I couldn't say "Yes." any faster. Because I'll make DAMN sure, that you're going to become nothing more than any casualty in this wa-

[Just then, the crowd ERUPTS with cheers as they see Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch appearing atop the aisle. O'Connor has a mic in his hand as he points an accusing finger towards Wallace.]

BOC: If you've proven anything at all, Larry... it's that you don't know the first thing about friends. Because all you've done is turn your back on the only real friends you had in this sport in exchange for a tracksuit and a den of vipers!

[Wallace scowls as O'Connor nods at the wildly cheering crowd.]

BOC: You say you got revenge on me? Well, I say I'm still here standing and fighting. So if you really crave revenge that much why don't you see if you have what it takes to finish what you started and fight me right here, TONIGHT?

[The camera cuts back to a clearly flustered Wallace, who turns to Wright, looking for an answer. Wright gives him a hard glare and slightly nods his head. Looking more sure of himself, Wallace turns his attention back to O'Connor.]

LW: Yeah, well...there's nothing more I'd love than to humiliate you in front of the entire world tonight, Bobby! You want a piece of me tonight? You got it! I accept your challenge!

[O'Connor grins, giving a nod as he starts making his way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Wow! We've got an impromptu match about to go down. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's going to be "Flawless" Larry Wallace taking on Bobby O'Connor in one-on-one action and you do NOT want to miss that!

[As O'Connor strides down the aisle, 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 on the ring where Bobby O'Connor and Larry Wallace are trading hostile words from across the ring!]

GM: Welcome back, folks, and we are about to see two former tag team partners, turned bitter rivals collide! Bobby O'Connor takes on Larry Wallace, the man that turned his back on him on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: Woah woah woah! O'Connor was the one that turned his back on Wallace! You heard what Wallace had to say, Gordo!

GM: All I heard was the delusional rantings of another young man whose mind has been poisoned by Supreme Wright! The way he can manipulate people is unbelievable.

BW: The only thing unbelievable to me is how you can sit here and slander the greatest technical wrestler in the world with such baseless accusations!

[The camera cuts to a shot of Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson seated near the announcers' table, observing the proceedings inside the ring. Meanwhile, Wallace is in his corner getting his shoulders massaged by Ryan Martin, while Matt Lance gives him some final instructions...

"WHUP HIS BUTT, LARRY!"

...and on the opposite side of the ring, Bobby O'Connor is filled with quiet rage, his eyes focused on the man that betrayed him.]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[As soon as the bell rings, O'Connor bursts out of his corner like a bat out of hell at Wallace, who quickly drops down to the canvas and rolls out of the ring to the loud boos of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on now!

BW: Wallace is no dummy, Gordo. He's not going to let O'Connor just run up to him and punch him in the mouth!

GM: For someone who was supposedly eager to humiliate and embarrass Bobby O'Connor, Larry Wallace doesn't seem very keen on engaging him in a fight.

[He turns to a nearby camera, pointing to his temple.]

LW: I'M TOO SMART FOR THAT!

[Lance and Martin applaud Wallace's brilliance as he beams proudly. However, they break away when they see Bobby O'Connor is right behind him!]

BW: Hey, watch out!

[As soon as the words come out of Bucky's mouth, O'Connor's spun Larry Wallace around and ROCKS him with a massive right hand! He grabs Wallace by the arm and then whips him violently into the guardrail!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT INTO THE GUARDRAIL! Larry Wallace is in a world of hurt!

[Grabbing Wallace, O'Connor throws him under the ropes and back into the ring. As Wallace tries to get back to his feet, the Missouri native makes a break into the ropes, building up speed as he rebounds off, sprinting past a rising Wallace and bouncing off the opposite ropes...]

"SMMMAAACCKKK!!!"

GM: DON'T FEAR THE REAPER!!! LARRY WALLACE JUST GOT TURNED INSIDE-O-

"SMMMAAAAAACCKKK!!!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! THE BIG BOOT! CAIN JACKSON JUST RAN INTO THE RING AND LAID OUT BOBBY O'CONNOR WITH THAT CURSED BIG BOOT!!!

[Having gotten out of his seat, Jackson wasted no time getting into the ring and kicking Bobby O'Connor right in the face with a massive Big Boot he never saw coming. However, as soon as he did that, all Hell breaks loose, as Jack Lynch dives right into the ring and LEVELS Jackson with a lariat!]

GM: And now Jack Lynch is in the ring! He's all over Cain Jackson!

[Lynch is raining down right hands on Cain Jackson as the referee frantically calls for the bell.]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: Bobby O'Connor is going to win this one by disqualification, but the issue between The TexMo Connection and Team Supreme is far from over!

[Seeing Jackson in trouble, Martin and Lance rush into the ring to save their superior. However, Jack Lynch sees them, getting up on his feet and leaping up into the air, taking down Alex Martin with the Fierro Press to a big roar from the crowd! However, Matt Lance is immediately there to take

advantage of the opening Lynch provides him, leapfrogging over Lynch from behind and DRIVING him face-first into the canvas!]

"OHH!!!"

GM: There's that leapfrog bulldog we saw from Matt Lance two weeks ago!

BW: He calls that the "Dirty Dog"! And that name is appropriate...that move was filthy!

[Getting back up to their feet, Jackson and Martin join in with Lance, putting the boots to Jack Lynch to a massive chorus of boos. A bloody and dazed Bobby O'Connor stumbles to his feet, blood freely flowing down his face and pulls Cain Jackson away, exchanging punches in the middle of the ring with the big bodyguard of Team Supreme, but it's clear he's not fighting at full capacity as each blow returned from Jackson rocks him.]

GM: This is bad...TexMo is highly outnumbered here!

BW: At this rate, they might not even make it to Memorial Day!

[Suddenly, a man we haven't seen in a long time comes sprinting down the aisle with a steel chair in hand! BIG POP!]

GM: WAIT! IT'S MICHAEL WEAVER!

BW: Wait a minute! I thought he was gone forever!

[Weaver enters the ring swinging wildly at Cain Jackson, who takes a hard chairshot to the shoulder as he bails out! The Elite Express don't even give Weaver a chance to attack, immediately getting out of the ring and dragging a still unconscious Larry Wallace out with them. Filled with fire, Weaver bangs the chair loudly on the canvas, before shouting at Supreme Wright, still seated in his chair at ringside.]

GM: And some choice words from Michael Weaver directed towards Supreme Wright, the man that put him out of action so many weeks ago!

[As Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch join Weaver's side, Team Supreme regroups around Wright, who rises out of his chair and takes his suit jacket off...

...and then begins to walk away, drawing a huge chorus of boos from the crowd!]

GM: Coward! I name that man a coward, Bucky!

BW: Are you serious?! That's a former two time World Champion! He's the best technical wrestler in the world! If he chose to go back after the World Title, he's win it quicker than that dumb kid Ryan Martinez would make a poor decision!

GM: He's still a coward who is running away from a man who he tried to permanently injure!

BW: Hey, there's a time and a place for every fight... and it's not the right time or the right place when one of those guys has a steel chair aimed at you, daddy!

[With Team Supreme backing down the aisle, the fan favorites hold their ground, calling for the fight to continue. The bloodied O'Connor stands on the middle rope, screaming at the retreating fivesome, waving them back towards the ring as we cut down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Fans, I've got a feeling this war between Team Supreme and the TexMo Connection is FAR from over. But coming up next, as you all know, this summer is going to be a series of International Incidents here in the AWA as we'll be heading to Japan for the last half of July to participate in Rising Sun Showdown 2 with our friends at Tiger Paw Pro before heading to Mexico in early September for Copa de Trios - the big six man tag team tournament that the entire wrestling world is talking about - presented with SouthWest Lucha Libre! In the weeks ahead, we're going to continue taking a look at some of the action from both of those promotions and tonight, we've got a doozy for you, fans. Joining us right now is our International Expert, Dale Adams. Dale, welcome back to SNW on The X!

[Dale Adams steps into view, a grin on his face.]

DA: Thanks so much, Gordon... and as always, the honor is mine to be here on the greatest pro wrestling television show on the planet!

GM: Dale, what do you have in store for us tonight?

DA: As we continue to walk the road towards Japan and Rising Sun Showdown 2, we've got another match from the Tiger Paw Pro promotion. Two weeks ago, we saw a battle between a young lion in Isamu Kobayashi and a veteran in Takeshi Mifune. Tonight, we're going to see tag team action at its finest spotlighting the hottest faction - arguably in the entire world - the Dead Man's Party.

[The camera cuts to a few fans in the crowd wearing (obviously imported) t-shirts for the Dead Man's Party. It's a skeleton with an enlarged skull smiling and dancing. A top hat rests on the enlarged skull, slightly akimbo, as it holds a cigarette holder in one bony hand and a martini glass in the other. Underneath the ghoulish images rests the letters "DMP." The fans gesture to their shirts, screaming and shouting as Dale Adams continues.]

DA: It's going to feature a tag team with AWA ties - the younger twin brothers of "Flawless" Larry Wallace who we just saw out here - a team known as Youth In Asia - taking on Masaru Tanaka and Taichi Taue! Let's go right now to the Ryogoku Kokugikan in Tokyo for this intense battle!

[We crossfade to pre-taped footage. We can hear the slightest sound of Japanese commentary in the background with crowd noise but Gordon, Bucky, and Dale are speaking over it live back in the States.]

GM: Alright, Dale... tell us a little bit about what we're about to see...

DA: You're about to see the incredible striking and submissions of Tanaka and the size and strength of Taue colliding with the brash, arrogant American duo of Chaz and Chet Wallace who call themselves Youth In Asia. They are quick, they fly high, they take risks... and with the aid of the Dead Man's Party, they cheat their tails off, Gordon.

GM: Sounds like we're in for a real treat.

[As the ring announcements are underway, we see the sleek, lithe form of Masaru Tanaka stretching in the corner in a pair of electric blue trunks with silver arrows down the hips. Taichi Taue raises his hand as he's apparently announced, drawing big cheers in a pair of orange and black trunks that go to mid-thigh. He's wearing matching knee and elbowpads on his thick yet tall frame.

Across the ring, Chet and Chaz Wallace are jogging in place, switching to jumping jacks as the announcer calls their names. In the corner, we can see a really large... and I do mean REALLY large... man. He's wearing a denim vest that just barely fits his frame, covering up a black singlet that goes all the way down to his boots. His hair has been shaved off with the exception of a bizarre topknot that leaves a healthy length of hair.]

DA: You can see the Wallaces there, Youth In Asia... and that man in the corner is the "Head Enforcer" of the Dead Man's Party. Four hundred and thirty-three pounds of nothing but trouble... the One Man Army.

[The OMA is giving a few words of advice to Chet Wallace who stands in shiny purple full length pants with silver glittering tassles. Oh, his name is stitched across his crotch. Classy. Chaz' tights are identical except... well, his crotch is adorned with his name.]

GM: Larry Wallace made his return to the AWA a couple of weeks ago... but from what you've told me, his younger brothers have been making quite the name for themselves in Tiger Paw Pro for quite some time now.

DA: They struggled at first, Gordo... but when they landed in the Dead Man's Party and developed this attitude you see on them now, things changed in a hurry for them. They're currently ranked as the Number Three contenders to the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown titles held at the moment by Air Strike and you better believe they'll be looking for a shot at the winners of that three team ladder match that we'll see at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The solid "CLANK!" of the ring bell signals that the match is underway as Chet and Chaz share a double high five.]

GM: Chet Wallace with the light brown hair. His brother Chaz the bleached blond.

[Chaz grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top to the ring apron. He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, shouting across the ring at their opponents as Chet arrogantly struts out to the middle, stares across the ring at Taichi Taue...

...and gestures at his crotch!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, maybe he's just reminding that big goof of what his name is.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Taue swings a leg over the top rope, forcing his way into the match as Masaru Tanaka ducks back out to the apron. Taue comes lumbering across the ring.]

DA: Taichi Taue carries about three hundred pounds on a six foot ten frame, chasing Chet Wallace back across the ring... and out goes Chet to the floor, just like that...

[The Wallace twin ducks behind the massive form of the One Man Army who stands his ground, inviting Taue to come out to face him. Taue and the OMA trade words as Chet Wallace ducks down, creeping around the ringpost, rolling back into the ring, charging in, leaping up to slam his forearm in to the back of Taue's head from behind!]

DA: The distraction pays dividends for Youth In Asia as Chet gets the early edge, spinning Taue around in the corner... big chop!

[Chet struts out of the corner, lifting his hand and blowing on it. He waves mockingly at Masaru Tanaka from the middle of the ring...

...and then spins around, charging back in, leaping up for another forearm but Taue reaches up, piefacing him out of the sky and throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! You talked about the power and strength of Taichi Taue and we just saw that right there!

[Taue steps from the corner as Chet scrambles up to his feet, charging in to Taue's waiting arms as he lifts him up for a bodyslam...

...and then lumbers in a circle, throwing him onto an incoming Chaz in the slam!]

GM: Haha! Taue sends the brothers together... and out they go to the floor again!

[Chaz and Chet go into an embrace on the floor as Taue lumbers towards the ropes, reaching over to grab each by the hair, dragging them up onto the apron to cheers...

...and the Wallace twins go to the eyes in tandem!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Double eyerake! That's a new one!

[The two step back, grabbing the top rope, swinging their feet up in tandem to deliver a pair of leaping roundhouses to the forehead of Taue, sending him staggering back.]

GM: Illegal doubleteam offense but very effective!

[The duo grabs the top rope again, leaping to the top rope, springing off in tandem with a double flying shoulder tackle, knocking Taue off his feet!]

GM: Wow! The Wallaces knew it was going to take a lot to bring down Taichi Taue and they managed to use both of their bodies to do it!

DA: At a combined weight of somewhere around four hundred and twenty pounds, they needed both of their bodies to do the damage there, Gordon.

BW: You gotta wonder what happened to the kids of "Battlin'" Burt Wallace. Ol' Burt weighed in at about three bills and none of his kids are close to that.

GM: You managed "Ol' Burt" for a time, didn't you?

BW: Sure did. One of the toughest men I've ever met.

[With Taue down on the mat, Chet Wallace runs to the ropes, bouncing off with a legdrop down across the chest. He covers for a two count that Taue throws him out of as Chaz hits the ropes, bouncing off with a leaping legdrop of his own. He also covers.]

GM: Chaz isn't the legal man here and the referee's telling him that!

[As soon as Chaz climbs off of Taue, Chet comes sailing back in with a running senton splash.]

GM: Big backsplash... and another cover!

[Chet applies an arrogant cover, leaning backfirst over Taue and reaching back for one leg. Taue powers out with ease.]

GM: Another two count and Chet is right back to his feet.

[As Taue climbs to a knee, Chet winds up and delivers a right hand... and another... and a third, trying to batter him down to the mat.]



GM: Chet Wallace is trying to hammer the big man back down to the mat but it doesn't seem to be working. Taue's taking all that offense and then some as he climbs back to his feet.

[The big man shoves Chet back into the ropes, sending him bouncing back into a push kick to the chest that sends Chet sailing back through the ropes, crashing down to the floor.]

GM: Chet bouncing around like a pinball in there as Taue staggers towards his corner... tag to Masaru Tanaka.

[Tanaka moves around the ringpost, crouching as he measures Chet who is shouting at the fans...

...and then comes charging down the apron, throwing himself off in a clothesline!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Tanaka gets up, fists balled up as he gives a shout. He leans down, dragging Chet off the floor, throwing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Tanaka's in, dragging Chet off the mat... ohh!

[A stiff kick to the sternum sends Chet staggering back into the corner as Tanaka pursues. Chet leans back in the corner, kicking up to drive two feet into the chest...

...but Tanaka catches the feet, swinging the legs between the ropes, turning the back towards Tanaka!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A brutal roundhouse kick to the small of the back can be heard throughout the arena as Tanaka rears and fires again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The referee steps in, forcing Tanaka back as Chet clings to the ropes, trying to stay on the ropes...

...but Tanaka gives a shout, rushing in to drive both knees into the back, hanging onto the head and neck, dropping back to drive BOTH knees up into the spine!]

GM: OHHHH! What a combination out of Tanaka!

[Tanaka flips Chet onto his back, diving into a cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Chet kicks out, breaking the pin attempt...

...which is Tanaka's cue to flip him over onto his stomach, swinging a knee down into the kidneys. He reaches over, hooking his left hand under the chin of Chet while using his right hand to grab the leg before rolling back into a bow and arrow hold!]

DA: Masaru Tanaka is one of the best submission experts in all of Tiger Paw Pro and Chet Wallace is in a lot of pain trapped inside this punishing hold right now.

[Chaz Wallace slips through the ropes, coming in quickly with a running kick to the ear of Tanaka, breaking the hold.]

DA: You can see the illegal antics of Youth In Asia are constantly on display. They have no qualms with blatantly breaking the rules, guys.

GM: It didn't appear that Chet was in any danger of submitting right there so I'm not sure I understand Chaz running in there like that but nonetheless, it happened and the referee let it happen.

[Chaz backs out as Tanaka climbs to his feet, grabbing his ear as he glares across the ring. He shouts an assumed threat in Japanese to Chaz who responds with a crotch chop.]

BW: Hehe... I kinda like these guys.

DA: They do seem right up your alley, Bucky.

[Tanaka pulls Chet off the mat, angrily pushing him into a neutral corner. He grabs at his ear again, pointing at Chaz before spinning all the way around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and SLAPPING Chet across the ear!]

GM: Good grief!

[Chet winces, collapsing to his knees where he clutches his ear in pain. Tanaka turns, returning a mocking wave to Chaz Wallace before returning fire with a crotch chop of his own!]

GM: Turnabout is fair play, I suppose.

[Tanaka grabs the top rope, throwing a pair of knees to the head of the kneeling Chet Wallace, forcing him through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Chet Wallace out on the apron... and Tanaka's going out after him.

[Out on the slightly-extended Japanese ring aprons, Tanaka pulls Wallace to his feet, throwing a pair of knees into the ribs before hooking a front facelock...]

GM: What in the...?

DA: Could be a suplex coming up here!

GM: Off the apron?!

[But as Tanaka lifts him up, Chet Wallace responds with a short knee between the eyes, landing on his feet inside the ring where he spins, hooking Tanaka in a three-quarter nelson and then drops down to his tailbone, snapping Tanaka's throat down on the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Nice counter out of Chet Wallace... crawling across the ring now...

[The tag to Chaz quickly follows, bringing him into the ring. He jumps up and down in the center of the ring shouting "YOU CAME TO SEE IT! GET ON YOUR FEET!" before breaking into a sprint, hitting the ropes nearest Tanaka... then running across to hit the far ropes.]

DA: The crowd buzzing with anticipation here...

GM: LOOK OUT BELOW!

[But as Wallace approaches at top speed, he slides under the bottom rope...  
...and rakes his fingernails down the back of Tanaka!]

GM: What the...?

DA: The Wallaces certainly enjoy playing with the emotions of both the fans as well as their opponents.

[Chaz Wallace mocks the booing fans from his spot on the floor, pretending to cry as he drags Tanaka up by the back of the trunks...

...and uses the same grip on the trunks to HURL Tanaka into the air, throwing him into the ringsteps!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!

[Wallace smirks at the jeering crowd, cupping his hand to his ear to "hear them better."]

GM: These young men certainly are full of themselves.

[Chaz steps up on the ringsteps, planting his boot on the back of Tanaka's head, pushing his face into the steel...

...and then strikes a double bicep pose, leaning back with a "YEAAAAAH, BAYBEE!"

GM: Unbelievable.

[Straightening up, Chaz STOMPS the back of Tanaka's head into the steel, sending him staggering away as Chaz steps up onto the ring apron, waving his arms for a louder reaction...]

DA: Watch this one, guys... one of the signature moves of Chaz Wallace...

[Wallace sprints down the length of the apron, leaping up to land on the second turnbuckle...]

...and then uncorks a moonsault on the staggered Tanaka!]

GM: Wow! Nicely done... and the fans of Japan showing their respect for that athletic move out of Chaz Wallace.

[Chaz pushes up to a knee, throwing his arms out and waving for more cheers. The referee orders him to get the match back into the ring.]

GM: Wallace rolls him back in, climbing up on the apron himself...

[He throws a right arm into the air, pumping it up and down a few times before leaping into the air, springing off the top rope, corkscrewing around through the air...]

...and sits out in a split-legged fistdrop!]

GM: All that for a fistdrop?

DA: For Youth In Asia, it's as much about showmanship than it is about impact at times, Gordon.

GM: Apparently so.

[Chaz pulls Tanaka off the mat, throwing him back into the Wallace Brothers' corner before he slaps the hand of his twin brother.]

GM: In comes Chet...

[The duo steps out of the corner, striking a pair of double bicep poses before snapping back with a pair of mule kicks to the midsection. Chaz steps out, backflipping to snare a headscissors on Tanaka, his hands firmly on the mat as Chet steps out of the corner...]

GM: What in the...?

[Chaz pushes up, tucking his head, and using the headscissors to hurl Tanaka towards his waiting brother who catches the off-balance Tanaka,

lifting him up onto his shoulders into powerbomb position, going into a full spin...]

GM: 360 degrees around...

[...and DOWN into a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Chet keeps his legs on the arms, pinning the shoulders down as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Tanaka kicks out, breaking up the pin. Chet scampers up to his feet, reaching out and slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: Another tag!

[Chaz pulls Tanaka off the mat, using a snapmare to take Tanaka over into a seated position as the brothers rush to the ropes behind Tanaka, rebounding back, flipping over into a double rolling neck snap!]

GM: Another nice doubleteam!

DA: They're not done, Gordon!

[The duo kips up in tandem. Chaz runs to the ropes as Chet sets up, ducking down...]

GM: Backdrop!

[But as Chaz approaches, he spins around, using Chet's back to backflip into the air...

...and CRASHES down on a prone Tanaka with a makeshift moonsault!]

GM: WOW!

[Chaz hooks a leg as Chet vacates the ring.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! TH-

[Tanaka kicks out again, breaking the pin attempt. Chaz angrily gets up, stomping Tanaka into the mat. He plants a boot in Tanaka's chest, shouting "COUNT 'IM, REF!" as he strikes a most muscular pose.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Tanaka picks the ankle, dragging a surprised Chaz down to the mat, rolling quickly into an anklelock!]

DA: TANAKA HOOKS THE ANKLELOCK! ONE OF THE SIGNATURE HOLDS OF-

[The crowd groans as Chet rushes back in, throwing a back elbow to the jaw to break up the hold! Taue starts to come in but the referee cuts him off, forcing him to exit as a reeling Tanaka falls back to the ropes. Chaz crawls across, tagging his brother again.]

GM: Constant tags by Youth In Asia, trying to keep the fresh man in the ring.

[Chaz and Chet approach Tanaka who is up against the ropes, using a double whip to send him into the Wallaces' corner. The duo turns, looking towards the nearest camera, shouting in unison... "DROPKICK PAAAAAARRRRTTTTYYYYYY!"]

GM: Dropkick Party?!

[Chaz rushes in, throwing a running dropkick on the chest of Tanaka, keeping him there as Chet follows in, throwing a second dropkick. Chaz is right behind him with a third... and Chet keeps the flow going with a fourth!]

GM: Dropkick after dropkick in the corner!

[A double hiptoss out of the corner sends Tanaka flipping over into a seated position. The duo rushes to the far ropes, dropping Tanaka to his back with a double low dropkick!]

DA: The Dropkick Party is the Wallace twins kickin' it into overdrive - pun intended!

[The duo kips up again, Chaz grabbing Chet by the arm and whipping him towards the corner..

...but they put on the brakes, reversing it which sends Chaz into a running dropkick that sends Taue sailing off the apron to the floor!]

GM: TAE GETS SENT TO THE FLOOR!

[In the meantime, Chet lifts Tanaka up in a bodyslam, hanging him upside down from the corner.]

GM: They've tied Tanaka to the Tree of Woe and-

[Chet and Chaz race to the two corners adjacent to Tanaka, giving a quick "one-two-three" before charging in, leaping up, and DRIVING four feet into the face of Tanaka!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Chaz rolls to his feet, giving a big crotch chop in the general direction of the fans as Chet pulls Tanaka out of the corner, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Taue reaches under the ropes, dragging Chet to the floor. He grabs him by the throat, lifting him up into the air...

...and THROWS him spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[With Chet down, Chaz rushes across the ring, leaping into the air to sail between the top and middle ropes, driving both feet into the face of Taue, sending him staggering back into the commentary tables at ringside.]

GM: Taue's in trouble out on the floor!

[Chaz grabs Taue by the hair, smashing his head into the wooden table. He climbs up on it, turning towards the fans, throwing yet another crotch chop to the crowd...

...which is Taue's cue to grab him, lifting him into a gorilla press!]

GM: Taue's carrying him all the way across the ringside area! Look at the strength of Taue!

[Taichi Taue throws Chaz between the ropes, sending him bouncing off the canvas. The big man climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He slowly raises his right hand to a big cheer...

...and grabs the dazed Chaz by the throat!]

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

BW: Chet and Tanaka are the legal men!

GM: I'm not sure the referee even knows who is legal at this point!

[Taue lifts Chaz up into the air...

...and DRIVES him down on a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: CHOKESLAM BACKBREAKER!

[Taue applies a lateral press...

...but the referee pats him on the shoulder, waving his arms wildly.]

GM: He DID know! The referee DID know who was legal and he's telling Taue right now!

[Taue slowly climbs to his feet, arguing with the official as Chaz rolls from the ring...

...and the One Man Army climbs the ringsteps, shouting at Taue!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait one second!

BW: The referee's telling the big man to stay out there... but who's gonna stop this guy if he wants in there?

[OMA steps through the ropes, giving a bellow as he stares across at Taue who nudges the official aside. The fans begin to stir, reacting loudly to this showdown.]

DA: The One Man Army - the Head Enforcer for the Dead Man's Party - has been a thorn in the side of many here in Tiger Paw Pro for months, including Taue... and you better believe that Taichi Taue would LOVE to get his hands on the One Man Army right now!

[The crowd can be seen reacting wildly as Taue and OMA come face to face in the center of the ring. OMA is trashtalking, his topknot swinging wildly as he runs his mouth...]

GM: Is this match over?

BW: I haven't heard a bell. One Man Army hasn't touched him yet!

[With the staredown underway, no one seems to notice Chet Wallace rolling back into the ring behind Taue. He leaps up to the second rope, springing off with a dropkick between the shoulderblades, sending Taue sailing forward towards OMA who hooks him in a bearhug, lifting him up...

...and PLANTS him with a crushing spinebuster!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The referee looks about to signal for the bell when Wallace springs up, arguing that Taue attacked OMA and the big man was defending himself. The referee looks doubtful... but waves for the match to continue as OMA exits the ring.]

GM: This isn't fair at all!

[Chet Wallace stomps the hell of Taue, forcing him under the ropes to the floor...

...and turns right into a series of alternating chops and forearms from Tanaka, brutalizing him against the ropes!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Tanaka grabs Chet by the arm, wheeling him across the ring...]

GM: KNIFE EDGE CHOP TAKES HIM DOWN!



[Chet scrambles up, charging in, and gets flattened by a second chop. The same thing repeats for a third time as a fired up Tanaka slams his hands down into the mat, giving a shout to the fans who are rallying behind him.]

GM: Tanaka's got Wallace in trouble! They're the legal men!

[Tanaka grabs the rising Wallace, lifting him into a fireman's carry, holding him there as he walks out to the center of the ring...]

DA: Tanaka's calling for one of his signature moves - Shokku Kick!

[Tanaka moves in a circle, showing off the trapped Chet Wallace...]

...when Chaz Wallace suddenly springboards off the top, driving a missile dropkick into the face, sending Tanaka falling back as Chet yanks him down in a CRUSHING crucifix driver!]

GM: OHHHH! RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!

[Chet quickly pulls Tanaka off the mat, hoisting him up over his shoulder into a fireman's carry of his own. Chaz scrambles up, rushing to the corner where he slingshots up, landing on the top rope, raising his arms over his head, gesturing for cheers as Chaz rushes forward, leaping up to drop Tanaka with a somersault Samoan Drop, rolling up to his feet as Chet comes soaring off the top rope...]

DA: 450 SPLASH!

[...as Chaz deadleaps to the top rope, facing the crowd, leaping backwards and twisting around in a Phoenix Splash!]

GM: CORKSCREW SPLASH!

DA: TOGETHER, THEY CALL IT "MOTHER'S MERCY!"

[Chaz rolls off as Chet dives into a cover, hooking both legs as Chaz races across, throwing himself between the ropes, wiping out an incoming Taue!]

BW: TAUE GETS DROPPED!

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

"CLANK!"

GM: Youth In Asia wins it!

[Chaz and Chet fall into a kneeling embrace, celebrating their victory as One Man Army climbs in to join them. Chaz rushes him, leaping up as OMA catches him, holding him high as Chaz throws an arm in the air, celebrating their triumph as Chet mounts the midbuckle, crotch-chopping away like a madman.]

GM: Ughh. I've seen enough of this now. Dale, thanks for joining us once again.

DA: My pleasure as always, Gordon.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, Supernova is in action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

A white screen fills with a rising red sun. The sounds of "Bad Intentions" by Zomboy kicks in as a shot of Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion in a flowing red and white robe and matching sunglasses fills the screen. He points towards the camera, looking down over his tinted lenses as we break into a series of action shots.

Kenta Kitzukawa laying out a poor soul with a lariat that flips his opponent end over end before dumping them down to the canvas.

The face-painted War Pigs deliver their WMD finish, crushing their victim with the top rope clothesline into an inverted bulldog.

Yoshinari Taguchi lifting an opponent for a suplex, swinging them down so their legs hit the top rope, slingshotting them back up, and then dropping them down in an impactful Brainbuster.

The duo known as the Devil Dogs take to the sky with a doubleteam move - Koji Kawada sailing off the top with a frog splash as his partner, Sho Kanemoto comes right down after him with a Shooting Star Press.

Faces familiar to AWA fans - Violence Unlimited - fills the screen as Danny Morton holds up the Stampede Cup while Jackson Haynes shouts unheard threats at the camera.

We cut to a shot of VU in action as Haynes lifts an opponent for a powerbomb while Morton grabs the hair, swinging the victim down for even more impact before cutting to a shot of the Tiger Paw Pro logo. A voiceover sounds.]

"WRESSSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYYY!"

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro:

The Antons vs Youth In Asia

The Monkey Bar Heroes vs The Antons

Takeshi Mifune vs Yoshi Yoshi

Noboru Fujimoto vs Koji Kawada

...before we fade to black.

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

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Dallas Texas, weighing 245 pounds, SCOTTY RICHARDSON!

[Richardson, a tall, lanky wrestler with short black hair and a goatee, wears a shirt that says "THIS SHIRT IS BETTER THAN YOU". He flexes his muscles.

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: And his opponent, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... THIS... IS... SUPERNOVA!

GM: And here comes the man that will challenge Shadoe Rage for the TV title at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: You mean, the man who cheated his way to that match! We all saw he pulled the tights, Gordo!

GM: Be that as it may, Rage accepted that five-minute challenge and it backfired on him!

BW: Yeah, Gordo, just keep ignoring the evidence of how Supernova cheated! Won't someone please think of the children?!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: And this match is about to get underway... and look at Richardson.

[Richardson is flexing his muscles, pointing at Supernova, then pointing to himself, his words heard on camera.

"They're gonna give ME the title shot after this match!"]

GM: Richardson seems to be a bit overconfident.

BW: What's wrong with confidence, Gordo? At least Richardson has it, while a man who pulls the tights has no confidence in himself.

GM: I'll remember that the next time I see Shadoe Rage pull the tights.

BW: And I shall deny ever seeing that happen!

[As Richardson walks up to Supernova, the face-painted wrestler steps forward, flexing his muscles and grunting, causing Richardson to back pedal.]

GM: So where's his confidence now, Bucky?

BW: Oh, it's still there. He's just making sure Supernova doesn't give him a low blow or something.

GM: I see.

[Supernova motions to Richardson to come forward, and he slowly moves in, the two locking up. Supernova backs Richardson into the corner quickly.]

GM: Supernova with the advantage... the referee calling for a break.

BW: You know Supernova won't give him one.

[Supernova slowly backs away, but Richardson fires off a punch to the midsection.]

GM: More like Richardson won't give a clean break.

BW: Only because he wanted to beat Supernova to it!

GM: Richardson with more blows... but look at this!

[Supernova just stares back at Richardson, who backpedals again.]

GM: Those shots had no effect! And now Supernova with a series of forearms!

BW: Better check for closed fists, ref!

GM: Are you gonna stop this nonsense?

BW: It's called objectivity, Gordo!

[Supernova quickens the pace of the forearms, backing Richardson up. He takes Richardson and whips him to the opposite corner. As Richardson staggers out of the corner, Supernova lifts him up.]

GM: Look at the strength possessed by Supernova! And he sends Richardson down the hard way!

BW: He can show off all he wants, but he'd never be able to get somebody like Shadoo Rage up like that!

[As Richardson lies on the canvas, Supernova comes off the ropes, leaping up high for an elbowdrop.]

GM: And look at the elevation on that elbowdrop!

BW: Rage does it better, Gordo! Supernova will find that out soon enough!

[Supernova rises to his feet, then pulls Richardson up as well. He backs him to the corner, giving him a kick to the midsection, before whipping him to the other corner.]

GM: Hold on... could we be seeing it already?

BW: He wants to make quick work of him.

GM: THERE IT IS! THE HEAT WAVE!

[Supernova comes flying across the ring, crashing into Richardson's chest. Richardson stumbles forward, as Supernova shoves him to the canvas.]

GM: And now Supernova has Richardson by the legs... here comes the Solar Flare!

BW: He's got it locked in the center of the ring!

[Supernova applies his patented Texas cloverleaf, then leans back on Richardson.]

GM: The referee checking with Richardson... and that's it! Richardson has had enough!

[As the bell rings, and Supernova is releasing the hold, Shadoe Rage slides under the ropes and leaps onto Supernova's back, driving his knees up into Nova's lungs and falling backward. The impact drives the air right out of Supernova's lungs.]

BW: Where did the champ come from?

GM: I have no idea, Bucky. I didn't see him come down the ramp. Did he come through the crowd?

BW: Wherever he came from, daddy, we know where he's going. Right after Supernova's head!

[Rage takes a few mincing steps towards the stunned Supernova before he winds up and drops an elbow to the throat. Rage pushes to his feet and drops another one.]

BW: Uh oh!

[Rage drops another elbow. And another one. And another one. And another one. And another one.]

BW: Seven straight elbow drops! I told you Rage did it better, Gordo!

GM: And he's not finished!

[Two more elbow drops find their mark before Rage pushes to his feet and basically with one leg leaps high in the air and drives the tenth elbow drop down into Supernova's heart.]

BW: Rage staked him good with that one.

GM: But where's he going now?

BW: Right to the top!

[The champion pushes himself up onto the second rope and then the top with none of his usual grace.]

GM: Rage awkwardly getting to the top rope. He is still feeling the effects of Cesar Hernandez's devastating figure four.

BW: I know just how he feels! That filthy Hernandez. He tried to destroy the champ but he failed.

[Rage perches on the top rope, gathering his balance. As the crowd boos, he stretches both arms high in the air, staring up at the heavens and muttering something under his breath. His hazel eyes flare to life as he leaps up and out, locs flying, cameras flashing as he crashes down with the Angel of Death Drop into Supernova's heart. The ring shakes as he lands.]

GM: He might have crushed Supernova's chest with that move!

[Rage steps on Supernova's throat, pinning him beneath his boot and slaps his hands together three times.]

BW: He just pinned Supernova in under three minutes, Gordo! Shadoo Rage just beat the challenger in under three minutes!

GM: This isn't an official match!

BW: Tell that to the champ, daddy! He just won!

GM: He may have attacked Supernova from behind! He may have put him down with that flying elbow! But we'll see what happens at Memorial Day Mayhem when those two men come face-to-face with the World Television Title on the line! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see tag team action with the Northern Lights!

[Fade to black as Rage continues to taunt Supernova.]

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade to black.]

Fade back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in between the Global Tag Team Champions, Air Strike. Michael Arons is

standing there in his pink Air Strike Fan Club tee shirt with jeans and Cody Mertz is standing in a green and white trimmed track suit. Both men are smiling as Stegglet starts to speak.]

MS: Guys, I'm standing here with Air Strike, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions... who in just two short weeks will be at Memorial Day Mayhem in the first ever Winner Takes All Dual Championship ladder match!

[The duo exchange a fist bump as Stegglet continues.]

MS: Gentlemen, you sure look in great spirits but I have to ask if that mood won't change the closer we get to the daunting, grueling match you have upcoming.

CM: Mark, we are focused. It's been a long time since we can honestly say that but Air Strike stands before you fully focused on the task at hand.

[Aarons nods in agreement as Mertz continues.]

CM: And truth be told, the time for talking is over. We were the first ever dual tag team champions so everybody knows what we are capable of. The War Pigs have been throwing teams around like lawn darts for the past month and a half so we know what they are capable of. And the Lights Out Express...

[Mertz grimaces a little bit.]

CM: We all know firsthand how underhanded they can be. How they seek out any advantage and then exploit it. And still, even underneath all that... they are world class athletes not to be taken lightly.

[Mertz looks back at Stegglet.]

CM: So Mark, you say daunting, you say grueling and we'd be fools not to agree. But Air Strike is focused which makes us confident. Because if there's one thing that Air Strike has proven, it's that when we are focused, we're a hard team to beat.

[Aarons steps closer to Stegglet, smile beaming ear to ear. He holds his arms out and looks towards the ceiling.]

MA: Stegs, ladders reaching twenty feet in the air sure sounds like high flying!

[Aarons mocks climbing a ladder as he continues.]

MA: Climbing up to the top of that ladder with two other teams nipping at your heels, sure sounds death defying!

[Aarons makes a belt motion.]



MA: Grabbing those AWA tag team titles from the Lights Out trio sure sounds like tag team reacquiring!

[Smirking, Aarons points at himself and his partner.]

MA: Then who better to send out there for this AWA historic match than the high flying, death defying, tag team championship reacquiring... Teen Age Dream Team in Air Strike. The match was made for us. Nowhere for Lights Out to run anymore. Nothing for the War Pigs to complain about anymore. Up there, in the altitude is where Air Strike shines. So come Mayhem, me and my main man Cods over here, are going to climb that ladder... rung by sweet rung... grab those titles, and become the two time -- two title holding tag team champions of the world!

[FIST BUMP~!]

MA: Cementing us as the greatest tag team going in the world today!

"Is that so?"

[All eyes turn to the voice that comes from off-camera. And as the two members of Air Strike watch, into the frame steps the massive form of a man who'd once been their friend, Brian James. The son of the Blackheart is shirtless, wearing a pair of black jeans, with his white towel over his bare shoulders. His dirty blond hair is wet, as James has clearly just emerged from the showers. James moves to stand in front of Aarons and Mertz, looking in the direction of Mertz first.]

BJ: I've got nothing to say to you, so you just stand there and keep your mouth shut while I talk. My business is with him.

[James points to Aarons.]

BJ: You and I are friends, Michael. I've always liked you. And you know what? I've seen what's happened to you since SuperClash, and I don't like it one bit.

Violence Unlimited stole your tag team titles. The Lights Out Express beat you, cleanly and easily. The War Pigs are out here beating you as badly as you used to get beaten when we'd spar in the Combat Corner. No one respects you. Most people don't even like you.

But I'm your friend, and I'm here to help you out.

Because you and I, we've both got the same problem – both of us had tag team partners that let us down!

CM: The only person letting people down is you, Brian.

[James draws in a breath, exhaling it slowly as he regards Mertz.]

BJ: Didn't I tell you to be quiet?

I'm talking to my friend. You stay right there and keep on being a disappointment.

Now, Michael. I know you remember what happened last time we teamed up. I carried you all the way to the finals of the Stampede Cup after little Cody here stubbed his toe and had to home. And we would have won the Cup that night, if you hadn't dropped the ball.

But like I said, I'm your friend, I can forgive that.

I'm willing to let you team up with me again. Because that's the kind of friend I am. I'm going to let you team up with me again. I'm going to let you be carried on my back, once again. And all you have to do is be quiet and do what Mr. Lau and I tell you to do.

And I promise you, I'll get you those tag belts back. And this time, we will win the Stampede Cup.

So what do you say, Michael? You cut the dead weight, just like I did. Tell Cody here that its time to go. And you and I? We can rule the world again.

What do you say?

[Aarons turns towards his partner then back at James. Turning again to Mertz, he opens his mouth.]

MA: In a word—

[Aarons turns right back and faces James.]

MA: --NO!

[Shaking his head, he continues.]

MA: In two words – HELL NO! You know Bri- you're right, last year we did take the world by storm. Last year, I certainly would have been left in a heap as the Bombers mangled me if you hadn't helped me out. Last year...

[Aarons looks James up and down.]

MA: Back when you were Brian James and not some carbon copy wannabe version of your old man!

[Now Aarons takes a deep breath to regain his composure as James glares a hole through him.]

MA: But like you said we're friends. So as your friend, I'm telling you to step out of the shadow that you yourself walked in. You're not Casey James and you never will be. You're Brian James, and I always liked him better.

[Aarons points at himself and then Mertz.]

MA: And as far as the tag titles go... don't worry we got that covered. And as far as the Stampede Cup... we got that covered too. Now you want to talk about Copa de Trios? You want to talk about putting the PLUS back in Air Strike? You want to add the muay thai to the hi-

[Aarons stops short as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan barge onto the scene. Both are dressed for action and the ever-aggressive Wes Taylor promptly sticks an open palm right in Michael Aarons' face.]

WT: I'm begging you... please don't embarrass yourself any more.

[Aarons slaps the hand away angrily. Taylor comes forward but Tony Donovan hooks him around the neck, pulling him back.]

TD2: Hang on there, Wes -- we're too damn good to fight for free, remember?

[Tony claps Wes on the shoulder, then turns to face Air Strike.]

TD2: A fact that you two ought to be grateful for. If Wes, or Brian, or I were lesser men, you two clowns would be seeing double and spitting teeth.

WT: That's right. And if my partner didn't make things clear to you right there, I'm about to. You insulted Brian James... and with that, you insulted us.

[Donovan nods behind his partner.]

WT: And while Brian would LOVE the opportunity to shove his shinbone straight through your jaw... he just doesn't have the time.

[Taylor gestures to he and Donovan.]

WT: But us? We've got all the time in the world. Now, we're going to let you walk tonight... and we're going to sit back at Memorial Day Mayhem and we're going to root for you guys. We're going to root hard. Because at Saturday Night Wrestling two weeks after Mayhem in Kansas City?

We plan on beating the Double Crown Champions... and we plan on doing it in the first round of the Stampede Cup.

[Taylor turns towards the camera.]

WT: Hear that, pops? Book it.

[A smirking Taylor and Donovan walk off camera with a sneering Brian James, leaving Air Strike behind. Mertz shakes his head in disappointment as Aarons just smirks.]

MA: Stegs, if Team Daddy Issues wants to take on Air Strike after Mayhem?

[Aarons glances at Mertz who nods.]

MA: Then they can consider their challenge accepted!

[The Air Strike duo exchange a fist bump and walk off in the opposite direction of the trio.]

MS: Challenge issued? Challenge accepted! Four weeks from tonight, we'll see Air Strike versus Taylor and Donovan in the first round of the Stampede Cup! Fans, let's go back down to the ring for tag team action!

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

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from parts unknown, weight unknown, THE MEN IN RED!

[Two masked wrestlers, all dressed in red, obviously, raises their arms into the air, drawing mild boos.

Those boos turn to cheers as "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgares Machins plays over the PA, going straight to the chorus.]

PW: And their opponents, from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty-eight pounds... RENE ROUSSEAU... CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[Jogging down the aisle comes the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choisnet. Both men wear white satin ring jackets with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" stitched on the back in blue, and the Quebec and Maine flags intercrossed on a patch on the right chest. Both wear white trunks, kneepads, and boots (the same flag logo is on the boots). They wear blue wristbands, and Choisnet wears full forearm supports in blue. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choisnet sports dark brown hair in a ponytail. Both have the classic clean-faced good looks popular with the ladies, and the cheers are definitely high in pitch. Rousseau and Choisnet are on either side of the aisle, slapping hands as they run down.]

GM: The Northern Lights are set for tag team action tonight! It's been a while since we've seen them in the AWA... I understand they've gone on a tour of Tiger Paw Pro the past few months.

BW: Yeah, but with the Stampede Cup approaching, all the AWA teams are wanting to get a piece of the action.

[The duo proceed in opposite directions upon reaching ringside, slapping hands all the way around the ring. They do a high five as they cross opposite the aisle, and go past one another to complete the circuit.]

GM: Are you suggesting that the Northern Lights might want in on the Cup?

BW: I don't doubt they will, but would they stand a chance in the field? The Lights Out Express, The Walking Dead, Strictly Business, Donovan and Taylor, The Hell Hounds... and that's just the top of the list!

GM: Yes, there are a lot more teams than those five who will want in.

BW: I'm talking about the teams that stand a chance to win, Gordo!

GM: As usual, you sell anyone but your favorites short.

[Choisnet and Rousseau enter the ring, removing their jackets and handing them to a ringside attendant, as the bell rings.]

GM: This one getting underway... Rene Rousseau starting things off against one of the Men in Red.

BW: How do you tell the Men in Red apart?

GM: That's a good question.

BW: I'm sure I'll figure it out!

GM: [sarcastically] I'm sure you will.

[Rousseau locks up with the masked wrestler in the ring, backing him up into the corner. The referee calls for a break.]

GM: Rousseau traps one of the Men in Red in the corner... referee wants a clean break... oooh, cheap shot by the masked man!

BW: Well, we know how to tell them apart now, Gordo.

GM: Oh, really?

BW: Yeah, one of them is in the ring, the other is on the apron!

[The masked wrestler fires shots upside Rousseau's head, then tries to ram his head into the turnbuckle, but Rousseau blocks it.]

GM: Rousseau blocking that attempt by the Man in Red... and it's the Man in Red kissing the turnbuckle!

BW: How do you kiss a turnbuckle when you have a mask on?

GM: You know what a metaphor is, right?

BW: No, but if you hum a couple of bars, I'll fake it!

[Rousseau picks up the masked wrestler and slams him, then drops an elbow across the chest.]

GM: Rousseau in control of things right now... and there's the tag to Choisnet. They Irish whip the Man in Red... nice double clothesline!

[The Northern Lights exchange a quick high five, as Rousseau exits the ring.]

GM: Choisnet now dragging up the masked wrestler... snap mare takes him over, and now a reverse chinlock.

BW: Yeah, Shawney may be having his way with this guy, but that doesn't mean he'll have his way with somebody like the Lights Out Express.

GM: That's Shwa-nay, Bucky.

BW: You've got a strange way of pronouncing Lights Out Express, Gordo!

[After a moment, Choisnet pulls the Man in Red to his feet, backing him into the ropes, then whipping him across the ring.]

GM: There's an Irish whip... standing dropkick and down goes the masked man!

BW: Wait, I figured out who the Men in Red are.

GM: Do enlighten us.

BW: They're the guys wrestling the Northern Lights!

[The masked wrestler in the ring rolls to his corner to tag his partner, who comes charging at Choisnet.]

GM: The second Man in Red in the ring... Choisnet sidesteps the charge... he goes after him... but the masked man sends him into the buckles!

BW: Now that's when you go low on him!

[The masked wrestler hammers away on Choisnet, then gives him a boot to the midsection. He then goes to pick him up for a slam.]

GM: The Man in Red scoops him up... wait, Choisnet slid behind him! And a backdrop suplex by Choisnet!

BW: Shawney may want to make the tag!

GM: That's exactly what he does! Rousseau back in the ring... the Man in Red is up, but a dropkick sends him back down!

[Rousseau goes to the corner, where he mounts the second rope.]

GM: Rousseau on the second rope... he leaps off... axehandle connects and down goes the Man in Red again!

BW: I thought the Man in Red tagged out already.

GM: I mean the Man in Red in the ring.

BW: You figured out how to tell them apart? What's your secret, Gordo?

GM: One of them is in the ring, the other one is not.

BW: Oh, you just took the easy way out! I'm not impressed!

[Rousseau plays up to the crowd, before grabbing the masked man by the legs.]

GM: Looks like Rousseau wants to go for that patented Quebec Crab.. oh, but the other Man in Red breaks it up!

BW: And here comes Shawney!

[Choisnet exchanges blows with the second masked wrestler, then sends him into the ropes, taking him over with a back body drop.]

GM: And Choisnet making quick work of the masked man... now he's being directed back to his corner.

BW: Rousseau's back up... hey, he's got them both!

[Rousseau has dragged up both masked wrestlers, then rams their heads together. He then takes one of the masked men and tosses him through the ropes.]

GM: And that's one less Man in Red in the ring!

BW: How do you know the one still in the ring is legal?

GM: I thought you were the one who could tell the difference between them.

BW: I've been trying to analyze the match!

[Rousseau picks up the other masked wrestler and powerslams him to the mat, then tags Choisnet.]

GM: And Choisnet tagged back in... the Man in Red is down... no, wait, Choisnet has him up.

[Choisnet sets the masked wrestler on the top rope, then climbs up after him.]

GM: Uh oh, we may be about to see that patented cradle superplex!

BW: But Rousseau isn't leaving the ring yet!

[As Choisnet hooks the Man in Red, Rousseau gets behind them, then lifts Choisnet onto his shoulders.]

GM: Look at this... Rousseau has Choisnet on his shoulders... and there's that superplex! The Aurora Borealis!

BW: I'd just call it the end of the match!

GM: It certainly is!

[Choisnet covers the masked wrestler as the referee delivers the three count.]

GM: And there's the three count! What a win for the Northern Lights! Let's get the official word.

[Choisnet rises to his feet as Rousseau joins him again.]

PW: Here are your winners... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[Rousseau and Choisnet play up to the crowd a bit, before ducking between the ropes and heading up the aisle.]

GM: What a victory for these two gentlemen. I understand we're going to have a few words from Rousseau and Choisnet. Let's go up to Mark Stegglet.

[We cut to Mark Stegglet at the interview podium.]

MS: All right, fans, the Northern Lights with the victory tonight... gentlemen, if I could get a word with the two of you...

[Choisnet and Rousseau head up to the podium. Choisnet plays up to the fans as Rousseau shakes Stegglet's hand.]

MS: Gentlemen, it's good to see the two of you back in the AWA... I'd sure like to get some words from you about what you think about the tag team scene here.

CC: You know, Mark, there's a lot more talent here than there has ever been. It's without a doubt showing that the AWA is the place to be to find the best wrestling talent around! Now, my partner and I, we got to wrestle in Tiger Paw Pro, and there's some good competition there, but we've seen a lot of those wrestlers show up here, so I think they know the best place to find the best wrestling talent there is!

RR: It's not surprising that the best talent would come here, because all these good people out here know that the AWA is the best in the business! And we know with the competition here, it's not going to be an easy road to get to the tag team titles, but we feel we have as good of a shot as anyone else here.



MS: I'd like to know what you think of some of the new tag teams that have arrived on the scene here. Any thoughts about these new teams that are catching your eye.

CC: Well, Mark, it's great to see a lot of new teams here, especially the younger talent making their way here, because that's what keeps the business going. I was fortunate to have a man here who wanted to team with me, and show me what the business was all about. So I feel obligated to do the same for a lot of these younger teams here.

RR: Why, earlier tonight, we struck up a conversation with a couple of young guys named Howie Somers and Daniel Harper. It really makes me feel good to know that guys like that will come talk to me about advice... just as Chris once sought advice from me. And I'm more than happy to give them a few pointers, and pave the way for the next wave of wrestling stars, because as Chris said, it's how we keep our business going. And I...

[Rousseau stops in mid-sentence as the crowd alerts him to the presence of two other men by the boos they're raining down towards the entrance portal from which Strictly Business has emerged. The two men are clad in their wrestling attire and look none too happy. Northern Lights watches warily as the two fellow veterans approach.]

MS: Strictly Business, this isn't your tim-

[Stegglet is cut off as "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian snatches the microphone from him.]

MS: Are you two serious? You want to "pave the way for the next wave" of guys in the back? For what? Next thing you know they'll be taking your jobs and you two will be back in Canada running the moose rodeo circuit again.

AT: Have you boys even seen the "next wave" of guys they're paradin' out here? They're ridin' on the coattails of their famous fathers. They don't need another leg up. They got the gift of a last name but they don't have the talent to back it up.

[The crowd "oooohs" at the comment as the Northern Lights scowls at Tucker and Sebastian.]

MS: You two are better than that. But you're not better than \_us.\_ The Stampede Cup is around the corner, and I hope and pray that we can run into you two bleeding hearts in the tournament. And if prayer doesn't work, an envelope of cash usually does.

AT: You want to help the teeny boppers runnin' 'round this place? You know how that's done? By teachin' 'em hard lessons. Lessons that we plan on teachin' at the Stampede Cup.

[Tucker pauses, a smirk playing across his face.]

AT: Then again... why wait?

[The crowd murmurs a bit as Northern Lights immediately take a defensive posture as Strictly Business stares, looking ready to pounce. Instead, the two men smile and turn their backs to Northern Lights, where they see the Men in Red stumbling back towards the locker room. The veterans take a quick look at one another and then start heading towards the masked duo.]

GM: Oh no, this isn't going to be good.

BW: Whaddya mean, Gordo? They're going to dispense some wisdom like Northern Lights recommended!

[They cut off the Men in Red before they can reach the entrance portal, who put their hands up to show they mean no harm to Strictly Business. Except that it's the other way around. Tucker turns to the side and...]

GM: OHH! CHRONIC JUMBLE JAW FROM ANDREW TUCKER!

BW: Man in Red number two is gonna need a dentist!

GM: That's Man in Red number one, Bucky.

BW: Whatever!

[Man in Red #1 goes down in a heap as Mike Sebastian begins to fire rights and lefts, backing the #2 towards the ring.]

GM: Leave these two young men alone! They've already had their match tonight!

BW: Maybe O'Neill will give them two paychecks for this.

[Sebastian rolls Man in Red #2 into the ring as Tucker follows him in. He stumbles to his feet as Tucker buries a foot in his gut before dropping him back down to the mat with a rocker dropper.]

GM: Someone get out here and stop this!

[It's too late for that as Sebastian climbs to the top rope, leaping off with the Stock Market Crash frog splash.]

BW: FLASH AND CASH!

[Sebastian hooks a leg and Tucker dives on the mat with a mock referee count, and the "match" is over as quickly as it started. Tucker raises Sebastian's arm in victory as they stare down the aisle towards Northern Lights, who are hovering over the fallen Man in Red #1.]

GM: Despicable. Strictly Business has fallen far from the legendary tag team that were such fan favorites around the world, Bucky. They're bitter. They're angry. And they're looking to take all that out on men like the

Northern Lights and Next Gen. But speaking of next generation competitors, let's go backstage where I'm told Mark Stegglet is standing by with Michael Weaver, Jack Lynch, and Bobby O'Connor!

[Crossfade to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is backstage, flanked by three determined men. On the left is Michael Weaver, on the left is Jack Lynch, and in the center is Bobby O'Connor, an arm over each of his partner's shoulders. Blood pours freely from O'Connor's busted forehead, but though he's wobbly, he remains fiercely determined.]

MS: Gentlemen, it probably goes without saying, but it does have to be asked. How are you three holding up after what we saw earlier tonight?

[Weaver is the first to answer.]

MW: I'm here and I'm still standing, Mark. I would like to say I'm back to do what I get paid to do, be a professional wrestler. Sadly, that isn't the whole answer. Because I'm not allowed to. Those men have forced my hand. I tried being civil, I tried treating them like a sportsman AND a gentleman.

[Weaver shakes his head.]

MW: Unfortunately they've shown me and everyone else they are neither of those things. Like it or now, this is a war. I've been a casualty of it. And for that reason, like it or not... I'm now a soldier in that war.

MS: Mr. Lynch, I know you can't be happy about this.

[The Iron Cowboy's usual laconic stoicism is gone, and in its place is a fired up Texan, whose eyes are wild.]

JL: Mark, you ain't even scratched the surface of how I'm feelin' right now!

You heard what Michael said. You've heard what I've said before. You heard it from Bobby's mouth too. This is war, and trust me, "not happy" don't cut it when it comes to describin' how I'm feelin' right now.

Look at my friend's face, Mark!

[The camera zooms in close to the bloody face of Bobby O'Connor.]

JL: I've been in a lotta fights in my life. And I've fought a lotta men. I've busted a lotta skulls, and hell, I've my skull busted open a whole lotta times. It comes with the territory, and I ain't never been one to shy away from spilled blood. And we all know the same is true of Bobby.

But this? This ain't gonna stand Mark!

I ain't lettin' this go, and I ain't lettin' Supreme Wright or Cain Jackson or any other bastard in a tracksuit get away with what that they've done to me or to my friends.

In two weeks' time, me and Bobby, we're goin' down to the Cajundome. And we ain't goin' for no wrestlin' match. We ain't goin' for a fight. We only got one thing in mind, and that's winnin' this war.

And ain't no war ever ended with a three count!

Jackson, Wright. I want ya to do me a favor. Get yourself a copy of the last two SuperClashes. And you watch the matches I was involved in. 'Cuz I went to war then too. I want ya to see what happened to the Bullies. And I want ya to see what I did to Lake.

And I want ya to understand, that ain't nothin' compared to what I'm fixin' to do to you two!

There's casualties in every war. And it won't be no different at the Cajundome. You two got blood on your hands. My blood, Bobby's blood. So me and Bobby? We owe ya. And we aim to cash in.

But I ain't the one who should be sayin' this.

Bobby – you tell 'em what's in store for them.

[Bobby nods, his face hanging low. He begins to speak, his eyes closed.]

BOC: I've said it before. Don't mistake my kindness for weakness. Don't mistake it for me being out of my depth, either.

[O'Connor looks up at the camera, eyes blazing with intensity.]

BOC: My grandfather is Karl O'Connor. He taught me the dreaded O'Connor sleeper. He taught me to never back down.

My father is Cameron O'Connor. He taught me how to take a licking and keep on ticking. He taught me to fight the good fight...

[O'Connor points at his face, now covered in a crimson mask.]

BOC: ... no matter what the cost.

[O'Connor shakes his head, his hands balling into fists.]

BOC: My mentor was Hannibal Carver.

[Jack takes a step back, stunned by hearing O'Connor mention a name he hasn't uttered in quite some time.]

BOC: He taught me things I can't mention in good faith when I know there's children watching. Awful things, some of them keep me up at night. But after tonight, after everything you've done to me and my friends?

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: I have no choice... no choice but to show each and every one of them to you.

And none of us on either side may ever have sweet dreams ever again.

[With that, O'Connor walks off in silence... leaving Mark Stegglet and his two friends equally as stunned and speechless. We slowly 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 fade back up backstage with Colt Patterson and a wild-eyed Shadoe Rage.]

CP: We're back with Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X and, champ, I gotta apologize to you. I was worried that you didn't have things in hand with Supernova, but once again you proved to the world that there's nobody in this business that can beat you!

[Rage wheels on Patterson, getting right up into the microphone.]

SR: Supernova, see, you think you can embarrass me? You think you can steal from me? I didn't even take three minutes to put you down like the cowardly dog you are! It didn't take three minutes! How does your chest feel? Huh? How does it feel to have that big elbow driven through your black heart! I told the world I could beat you. And I did! With one injured leg!

Memorial Day Mayhem, Citizens of Rage Country, tune in, come down to the arena! You are coming to witness an execution because Supernova is going to flame out! Believe me, the man is dead! Your greatest World champion says so. Believe me!

[With that, Rage limps away.]

CP: Supernova, I think you started a fight that you just can't finish. I hope you can handle the heat, buddy, but I don't think you can!

[And with that, we fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing next to the chiseled physique-ownin' "Red Hot" Rex Summers.]

MS: Rex Summers, it took three years to see you back in an AWA ring and I have to know what have you been doing during your time away from the AWA?

["Red Hot" Rex Summers tilts his head towards Mark Stegglet.]

RS: Listen close and listen good, you walking bag of bones... no one wants to hear you right now, they want to hear from "Red Hot" Rex Summers, but I'll help you earn a paycheck by letting you keep talking to me. But I'm the one asking the questions right now, Stegglet.

[Stegglet looks annoyed.]

MS: Alright... well... ask.

[Summers smirks as he pulls the mic away, gripping it in his hand.]

RS: Tell me something, "Minuscule" Mark Stegglet... when you see Rex Summers walk an aisle... when you listen to that crowd... when every single fiber of your being becomes alive... what does it FEEL like when I walk the aisle?

[Stegglet looks puzzled as Summers holds the mic in front of him.]

MS: Well, uh... the crowd reacts like-

[Summers disgustedly shakes his head side to side, pulling the mic away.]

RS: The crowd? That's what you want to talk about? The crowd. We'll get to the crowd in a second, "Shrimpy" Stegglet... but what I'm asking is... what did it FEEL like?

[Stegglet sits in silence.]

RS: I'll tell you what it feels like. The building... just like yours truly... gets red hot.

[He smirks, reaching up to smooth out his mustache.]

RS: With each and every step, the temperature increased in this building, that the sweat begin to pour off these pot-bellied pigs sitting around the ring.

[He nudges Stegglet with a hard forearm to the shoulder. Stegglet grabs at his arm, wincing as Summers speaks.]

RS: Told ya we'd get to them. If you stood out there and looked at them, you'd see them all... the sweat pouring off them like it was the middle of summer at Old Man Lynch's ranch, reaching for their LIGHT beers in hope they can drop a few pounds before they gotta take their shirts off down at the local pool... hoping against hope that their ladies don't see the sweat stains on their five dollar t-shirts they picked up down at the local Wal-Mart... praying their women don't hear them gasping for breath, sucking wind as they take another bite of their cheese covered hot dogs.

[He pauses, turning to the side to flex one bicep with his back to the camera. Summers smirks as he looks over his "loaded gun."]

RS: But their hopes are crushed. Their prayers are ignored. The women see them... smell them... hear them... I can see the look of disgust on their faces. I can see them inching away from them, leaning forward to look upon a real man... and I don't mean you, Stegglet. Hold that mic.

[Stegglet takes the mic as Summers steps in front of him, striking a double bicep pose as the camera holds on his well-defined back and shoulders.]

RS: I'm talking about the only REAL man here in the AWA, Stegglet. No longer do these pour souls have to deal with that dainty duo Air Strike. No longer do they have to suffer with looking at that soft Texan, Travis Lynch.

[He spins around, hands on his head as he shows off his ripped abs.]

RS: Memorial Day Mayhem is coming. Summer has arrived. And the best relief from the heat ain't coming to the building to see the AWA, baby. Because when Rex Summers is in the house, it's just as hot inside... as it is outside.

[The former AWA WORLD Television Champion smirks as he lets out a throaty chuckle.]

RS: You can hear the ladies roar... deep down in their throats with eagerness and lust... the kind of sound the AWA hasn't heard since the last time Rex Summers was here. But this time, I'm not about to let some manager point me in the wrong direction. This time, I'm not tying myself down to one woman.

This time, Rex Summers is here for alllllll the ladies...

[He swivels his hips around in an obscene motion, drawing a strong jeer from the men inside the building.]

MS: You hear that?



RS: Jealousy takes the form of many sounds, Stegglet. You can't blame them though. If I had to look at me...

[He curls his arms up into a double bicep pose, leaning down to plant a kiss on each arm.]

RS: I'd be jealous too. Now, if you'll excuse me Mark, it seems I'm about to make a good girl bad for the weekend.

[He leans forward, planting a kiss on the camera lens before striding out of view.]

MS: Rex Summers, fans. Let's go back to the ring.

[We cut back to the ring, where seated at a black table with his signature gem at its center is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Standing behind him with his massive arms crossed against his equally massive chest is the King of Demons himself, KING Oni.]

GM: And here fans, is what will no doubt be one of the more disgusting displays we've had the misfortune of showing you.

BW: Will you stop being so biased?! Do you know how many of these fans are dumb enough to miss Kevin Slater? They deserve some closure!

GM: Unbelievable.

[Fawcett flashes an insincere grin, raising a microphone to his lips.]

"D"HF: Welcome, friends. We are gathered here today to contact the dearly departed. For although his useless husk may still continue to draw breath... it is a unquestioned fact that the spirit, the very soul of one Kevin Slater has skittered from this plane like so many cockroaches upon having the light of day shone upon them. Not the pleading of his starving family, not the letters of the most diehard of his fans... not even the pleading of his student to teach him how to escape certain death at the hands of the one true KING is enough to bring his spirit back from the brink.

[The crowd boos the hell out of Fawcett, who nods sadly.]

"D"HF: I understand completely. I can empathize how deeply this loss has affected you all. Not from personal experience of course... for I, unlike your dearly departed, am a winner.

[Fawcett chuckles at the continued hate from the crowd...

... until the opening power chords of X's "Wild Thing" turns that smile upside down. The crowd happens to absolutely love it, though]

BW: NO! NO! Are you kidding me?!

GM: I think "Doctor" Fawcett just made contact!

[And with the lyrics, out from the curtain steps one "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater, 45 years old and looking WAY better than Fawcett has led us to believe, wearing sneakers, jeans, an official Empire Sports Legends Collection "Wild Thing" T-shirt (available on the AWAShop website for \$29.99 plus S&H), and his old not-seen-in-forever backwards Boston Red Sox hat. He paces a bit as the crowd cheers for the EMWC and AWA Legend, heading for the raised interview podium, stepping up the steps to the top, staring a hole into the ring as he paces, taking the mic handed to him as the music dies down.]

KS: Doc, either you're the greatest Medium in the world, or someone's been tellin' tales about me.

[Slater pauses a second while the crowd cheers, smirking to the crowd before continuing.]

KS: So, obvious to anyone, I'm not near as hurt as the Doc here has been making it out to be. I'm still in this mortal coil, my wife's not crying at my bedside, my children aren't starving, although my two youngest are living off their grandmother's cooking right now, so they might as well be. But no, I'm not dead.

[He goes from the mild joking tone to dead serious as he looks straight into the ring.]

KS: You, on the other hand. You know Doc, there was a time, little as six years ago, that the day after SuperClash, I would've been banging down Bobby's door, calling him every hour, texting him non-stop, doing everything I could to get reinstated so I ram my fist down that big boy's throat and then smack you upside the head for good measure. Hell, I'd probably do something stupid like jump off the video screen while I was at it.

But, I'm older now, wiser. I'm 45, and I promised my family that after SuperClash II, when Bobby and I settled our issues, that I was done. And I am. And I'm okay with that. Because, like Derrick said earlier, family. And Derrick is family too, and I trust him to get the job done in two weeks. I went back to Boston and am doing my thing at my school because I knew Derrick would take care of business, and he will. He's come a long way in a short time, and Doc, while you were playing Tomb Raider and making best friends with Lau, Derrick was building confidence, experience, and learning. He made friends who taught him extra things I didn't. Now, he's ready, and he's going to take down your pet Mohawk.

[The crowd cheers again, and Slater holds his hand up to quiet them down.]

KS: But you see, there's a problem. And Doc, it's you. You're gonna be standing around out there, waving around that Eye of whatever it is, yelling your stuff, and possibly getting involved. And I know better. So to even the odds, in two weeks, I will be in Derrick Williams' corner at Memorial Day Mayhem to watch him knock the silly ass hair off your boy's face.

[Now THAT pops the crowd.]

KS: And if you, or your pet caveman, get involved, I might just get to see some action after all. Hell, Doc, take your new boy Lau up on his offer to come on down, him and I are OLD friends.

[Nostalgia pop! Slater smirks, looking over, then feigns confusion.]

KS: What's that Doc, actually got nothing so say for a change?

[Fawcett grins.]

"D"HF: You may be rest assured that I ALWAYS have something to say. However, I am also world renowned as not only a great humanitarian... but also a devotee of the unique. So I am more than happy to stand back in awe...

[Fawcett gestures towards Slater.]

"D"HF: ... to listen to the amazing phenomenon of a dead man talking. For if you are so upset at my claims that you had expired, feel free to enter this ring. Because I know of one...

[Fawcett glances at a scowling KING Oni.]

"D"HF: ... who will make that an absolute CERTAINTY. No amount of training, no matter of what you believe you have accomplished in the past will change that. I think a thing, and it becomes reality. I think you cease to exist, and so it shall be.

As far as my friendship with Brian Lau, I do not expect him to answer your weak challenge. Brian Lau is interested in the future, he is interested in the next big thing. Not in a sad old man desperately clinging to his own lackluster past as he leads his charge into a fool's errand.

[Slater clenches his fists, showing signs of at least considering taking Fawcett up on his offer of entering the ring.]

"D"HF: Unfortunately for you, it will only result in more pain. No final vengeful strike upon Brian Lau's chin. No shocking the world by laying my KING to rest. Literally nothing...

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: ... EXCEPT WEeping OVER YOUR STUDENT'S GRAVE.

[Oni steps towards the ropes, looking menacingly at Slater...

...as the crowd starts to buzz.]

BW: We may about to see a repeat of SuperClash, Gord-

GM: Bucky! Bucky! Look here!

[The crowd's buzz starts to turn into a roar as Derrick Williams suddenly appears, having crawled out from under the ring, sliding under the ropes into the ring. He hops up on the midbuckle, swinging his right arm around a few times as Slater exits the podium, making his way towards the aisle.]

BW: Where did HE come from?!

GM: I think he was under the ring! I think this was a setup by Slater and Williams! I think-

BW: DOC! BEHIND YOU!

[Bucky's shouted warning gets Fawcett to turn. His eyes go wide at the sight of Williams but his warning never gets to the ears of KING Oni who slowly turns, stepping across to the center of the ring as Williams LEAPS from the ropes...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and CRACKS Oni with an elbowsmash to the jaw!]

GM: OH!

[The crowd ROARS as the Demon takes two steps back, shaking his head violently from the impact!]

GM: HE STUNNED HIM! HE STUNNED THE DEMON!

[Fawcett's eyes go wide at Oni standing, head down as he places his hand on the side of his head.]

GM: I can't believe it! This crowd is going nuts!

[Fawcett is screaming at Oni, shouting at him to snap out of it. His hand dips into his pocket, reaching for something...

...when suddenly his legs are ripped out from under him!]

GM: SLATER TRIPS UP FAWCETT!

[The former World Champion hauls the "good Doctor" under the ropes, dragging him out to the floor at ringside...

...and PASTES him with a right hand, knocking Fawcett down to the floor to a ROAR from the sold-out crowd!]

GM: SLATER DROPS FAWCETT! HE DROPPED THE DOCTOR!

[A grinning Derrick Williams slides out to the floor, embracing his teacher and mentor as the two men back down the aisle, leaving Fawcett laid out on

the floor and Oni shaking the cobwebs, staring down the aisle at the retreating duo.]

GM: Fawcett's down! The Demon is dazed! Derrick Williams and Kevin Slater have landed one HECK of a parting shot just two weeks away from Memorial Day Mayhem, fans!

BW: Oni's- look at his eyes!

[A burning rage sits behind the orbs of KING Oni who throws his head back in a terrifying roar...

...and then steps through the ropes, marching down the aisle after Williams and Slater, stepping over the prone Fawcett as he hunts for his prey!]

GM: Oni's going after him! The Demon has been unleashed and Fawcett can't control him when he's out cold, fans! We've got to take a break but when we come back, it's time for more tag team action!

[Fade to black on a fuming mad Oni stomping up the aisle.

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 we fade back up to a panning shot of the capacity crowd as Gordon and Bucky begin to speak.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where it's time for some more tag team action in preparation for the Stampede Cup. And coming up is a team I have to imagine is very excited about their possible inclusion in that prestigious tournament.

BW: Yeah, well, maybe we'll finally see them come crashing back to earth when they're forced to face some real competition for once.

GM: Not impressed by them?

BW: I never said that, Gordo. They're talented, that's for sure. I just don't think they're as good as they're being made out to be. Just because they're from Japan, everybody fawns over them. It's ridiculous.

GM: Bucky Wilde, ladies and gentlemen. He always has an opinion on everything. Be that as it may, it's time to go up to the ring for the introductions.

[Cut to Phil Watson standing in the middle of the ring, with a team already standing in the ring, looking up and down at him in disdain. They shudder and.....hug each other? Um, okay. Phil clears his throat and raises the microphone.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team bout scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Miami, Florida... weighing in at 411 pounds...

Aaron Ecstasy and Lance Romance!

[The two men jump around and cheer for themselves, clearly the only ones doing so in front of a baffled crowd.]

GM: What an odd pairing this is.

BW: Been hanging around Casanova if you ask me.

PW: And their opponents!

[The fans cheer in advance, forcing Ecstasy and Romance to try and shush them. It isn't working.]

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

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

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

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

"HE WHO WALKS THE FIRE BREATHES!"

As Matt Heafy shouts out these first words, Komachi makes his way down the aisle, head bobbing to the song. He slaps as many hands as he can, a huge smile plastered on his face. Ishikawa follows, making his way to the ring, eyes focused on the opponents in the ring. He lets the fans pat him on the back as he passes by. As Komachi gets to the ring, he leaps up onto the apron, taking a knee and pointing an imaginary gun at his opponents with a big grin. He grabs the ropes and slingshots himself into the ring, quickly climbing the nearest turnbuckle. He puts his hand up to his ears, as if he can't quite hear the crowd. As they grow louder, he switches to the other ear. He keeps checking as he's not sure they're loud enough. When he's satisfied, he nods and smiles, jumping back down to the canvas. As he gets to the ring, Ishikawa ditches his black silk robe and checks his taped-up wrists. He then climbs into the ring and bows to all four sides. Ishikawa then retreats to his corner, waiting for the bell to be rung. Komachi bounces around from foot to foot, looking at the opponents, waiting for the bell to ring. As they get ready, they exchange a high five, making their decision on who will start the match.]

GM: Wow, every week this team gains more and more fans. One can only imagine how popular they'll be going into the Stampede Cup if they are



lucky enough to get the call. Jason Aizawa has elected not to join us on commentary, so you'll have to pardon us in advance if we have a hard time with move names.

[Ishikawa has elected to start the match and stands in the center of the ring, beckoning one of his opponents to come forward. They look at him in disgust, audibly bemoaning the fact that "the cute one" isn't starting the match. The camera catches Komachi's reaction, as he looks out into the crowd and throws his arms out, shaking his head in confusion. He grabs his Hanshin Tigers jersey and puts it on, waving the opponents off. They look even more disappointed.]

BW: HA! These guys have a little thing for Komachi!

GM: I'm not even going to comment.

BW: That is a comment.

[Ecstasy quickly jumps from the ring, leaving Romance to put his hands on his hips in annoyance. He sighs and turns towards Ishikawa. Ishikawa remains stone-faced as Romance saunters towards him, and runs his fingers across Ishikawa's chest. Ishikawa looks down in confusion, and turns to the ref with a look that says "Can we get on with it already?". The ref quickly calls for the bell to be rung. Ishikawa smiles and nods, rearing back.]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! That will teach Romance a lesson! No matter how many times we see and hear them, those chops are so cringe-inducing.

BW: He isn't called "Firecracker King" for nothing, daddy.

[Romance shrilly screams in pain, holding his chest. He sees a red welt forming as he rubs his chest...

...and then turns, sprinting towards Ishikawa who simply scoops him up, twisting around to drive him down in a swift powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM BY ISHIKAWA! I know the name of that move!

[Climbing quickly to his feet, the Firecracker King hits the ropes, rebounding back, throwing himself up into the air...]

GM: Big running backplash by Ishikawa!

[He flips over into a pin attempt, earning a two count before Romance kicks out.]

GM: Two count only there but as Ishikawa brings the thunder with his high-impact offense, it may not be enough to gain a three count but it's certainly enough to lay in some serious damage.

BW: Y'know, I'm actually going to pay these guys a compliment. We've watched footage of them from Tiger Paw Pro, and we know for a fact that Team SAMURAI has a larger arsenal of offense at their disposal. Yet their AWA matches have largely seen them using the same offense from match to match. That's smart wrestling. Keep the opponents in the dark about what you can do. Then, when it comes time for a tougher test, you can bust out more moves that maybe they're not expecting.

GM: That's actually a very wise statement, Bucky.

BW: Of course it is, Gordo. Just don't expect me to keep praising these guys.

[In the meantime, Ishikawa has let Romance slowly roll over to his corner, tagging in Ecstasy, who hops in. Ecstasy takes one look at Ishikawa and furiously shakes his head. He exaggeratedly points a finger at Komachi and shouts "I want YOU!". Ishikawa chuckles and turns towards Komachi, who's shouting "NO!" Ishikawa doesn't listen though and comes over and tags him in. Komachi sighs, hitting his head on the turnbuckle repeatedly, which causes the crowd to laugh.]

GM: Haha, Jun Komachi obviously the object of this other team's attention, and he's a little hesitant to get in there with them.

BW: You can laugh all you want, Gordo. I'm not real familiar with Ecstasy and Romance so I don't know if they're just playing mind games or...

GM: Regardless of their reasoning, it's obvious that Komachi doesn't feel the same way about them. Ahhh, unrequited love.

[The crowd is now chanting for Komachi, and he turns to them and raises a finger to his lips and shushes them, causing even more laughter. He shrugs and slingshots into the ring. He bounces around, and Ecstasy's eyes follow him, causing him to stop.]

GM: Aaron Ecstasy keeping his eyes on his opponent here... for potentially more reason than one.

[Ecstasy comes forward, looking to tangle but Komachi steps back, shaking his head.]

BW: Komachi doesn't want any part of Ecstasy while I think Ecstasy wants-

GM: Watch yourself, Buckthorn.

[Ecstasy protests as he comes forward again and Komachi backs off again. Ecstasy keeps going faster as Komachi turns and runs away faster. Komachi is so fast that he eventually outruns Ecstasy and laps him, coming up from behind and bumping into him. Ecstasy falls to the mat, grabbing at his rear as Komachi palms his forehead, shaking his head at the fans' laughter.]

GM: The fans here in Mobile are having a real good time during this tag team showdown.

[Ecstasy rolls to his feet, grabbing at his rear as he runs towards the corner, sliding under the ropes to the floor, and falling into a big hug with Lance Romance who had gone to the floor to recover.]

GM: Awww. That's kind of sweet actually.

BW: This isn't going to be very sweet of Komachi though.

[A grinning Komachi looks down at his jersey, causing the fans to get out of their seats.]

GM: Uh oh, I think we all know what it's time for!

[Komachi waits for Ecstasy to turn his attention back to him, and when he does, Komachi runs the ropes, and bounces off, then slides, connecting with full force, sending Ecstasy into the barricade.]

GM: Baseball slide dropkick!

[Komachi leaps to his feet then runs around and takes a knee, throwing his arms out and yelling a word that the entire crowd shouts with him.]

"SAAAAAAFE!"

[Komachi smiles at this and nods.]

GM: This Biloxi crowd is loving every second of Jun Komachi's antics!

[Ishikawa has had enough fun for one match, and he drops from the apron, going over to the opposite corner and tossing Ecstasy back into the ring. Komachi looks confused and yells something out in Japanese to his partner. Ishikawa responds in kind and points at Ecstasy.]

GM: What's this all about?

BW: We all know how stern Ishikawa is. I think he's had about enough of the games, and wants Komachi to get serious about winning. Like you said, Gordo, I'm sure they're excited to be in contention for the Stampede Cup field. I think Komachi needs to get down to business and show why they deserve the spot.

GM: Fair enough. Looks like Komachi's nodding at Ishikawa. I think he understands that when it's time for the Stampede Cup, there'll be no room for the games he likes to play.

BW: He better. Otherwise, they're gonna get bounced from the tournament real quick.

GM: If they even get IN the tournament. That's no lock considering the number of teams around the world looking to be a part of it.

[Komachi shouts out "New move!" and the crowd cheers in response.]

GM: What's he going for here?

[Komachi leaps up into position for a standard crucifix, then violently forces his bodyweight downwards to throw Ecstasy into the mat with greater impact, causing the crowd to pop in awe.]

GM: OH MY! We've seen variations of that move before but Ishikawa calls it the Crucifix Bomb. In the rare instances Komachi has been forced to wrestle singles matches in Tiger Paw Pro, he's used this as his finisher. However, he's not going for the pin here. Instead, he's going to tag in Ishikawa.

[Ishikawa enters and, like his partner, shouts "New move!" to cheers.]

GM: Uh oh. If he's going for the move he's used as a singles finisher, this is going to be devastating.

[Ishikawa gets Ecstasy up in an Argentine Backbreaker and starts spinning around. He releases into a sit-out powerbomb. The crowd pops again.]

GM: Indeed, that is his singles finisher! But once again, no pin attempt.

[Ishikawa makes a cut-throat gesture and points to Komachi. The crowd cheers in anticipation. Ishikawa makes the tag.]

BW: Looks like they want to end this one in a hurry, Gordo. Like I said, smart wrestling. Don't give too much away to your opponents.

GM: Gaining new respect for them, Bucky?

BW: No.

GM: Well, alright then. Ishikawa has him up in position, and Komachi's on the top rope.

[Komachi leaps from the top into a double footstomp, activating the Death Valley Driver from Ishikawa.]

GM: MAMUSHI STRIKE! That's all she wrote!

[Komachi goes for the pin, while Ishikawa makes sure Romance isn't getting back into the ring.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! It's over, fans!

[The crowd cheers as "Kirisute Gomen" plays again.]

PW: Here are your winners, Team SAMURAI!

GM: What a victory for this young up-and-coming team! Stampede Cup, here they come!

BW: Let's not get too far ahead of ourselves. These guys still have a lot to prove. I'll reserve being impressed until they actually beat somebody notable.

GM: I think this team has a very bright future ahead of them, Bucky. Who knows? They could be a dark horse in the tournament, simply for the reason you stated. They haven't beaten any of the top teams here in the AWA. But I think it's only a matter of time before they ascend the ladder and become huge stars here.

[Team SAMURAI leaves the ring and high-fives the fans, before coming over and joining our commentators, who are also joined at this time by Jason Aizawa.]

GM: Gentlemen, come on in here. Another spectacular victory.

[Both men bow to Gordon.]

GM: Hello, Jason.

[Jason nods.]

JA: Hello, Gordon. Bucky.

BW: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

GM: I apologize for my partner, gentlemen.

[Komachi speaks, and Jason translates.]

JA: Don't worry about it, Mr. Myers. Bucky will come around to respecting us soon.

BW: Hey! I already complimented you during the match. Don't get used to it.

[Both men roll their eyes.]

JA: Bucky, I really think the Stampede Cup will open your eyes to just how good my friends are.

GM: Yes, let's talk about that. My broadcast colleague and I mentioned during the match that you must be very excited at the idea of entering the Stampede Cup so soon after your arrival.

[Komachi speaks again.]

JA: Very much so, Mr. Myers. It would mean everything to us to not only be in such a prestigious tournament, but to proudly represent Tiger Paw Pro in it. Who knows? Maybe we'll find ourselves across the ring from some of our old foes from home along the way.

BW: Along the way? You two honestly think you even stand a chance in the first round? Even if you get in, you're not gonna be facing two sashaying weirdoes like you just did in the tournament. This is the best of the best. Tag team wrestling at its finest.

[Ishikawa actually nods and responds.]

JA: We realize this. Our names may not be on the tip of the tongues of everybody in the tournament now, but we promise, by the end, all other teams will realize that this is the year of the samurai. We enter this as somewhat of an underdog, we know, but in the end, the rest of the AWA's finest tag teams will be forced to realize us as a credible threat.

GM: I hate to bring this up, gentlemen, but you have a reputation from your days in Tiger Paw Pro...

[Ishikawa holds up a hand.]

JA: Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Myers, but we know where you're going with this. Realize that this is not Tiger Paw Pro. This is the AWA. Our failures back home haunt us, for sure, but that is in the past. We have learned from our mistakes. We have watched all of the footage to see where we have gone wrong, and we also have watched AWA footage to spot the weaknesses of the other teams here in the AWA. I promise you, nobody prepares for battle quite like we do. We can only hope that it is written in the stars that the Stampede Cup tournament will be our shining hour.

[Ishikawa looks at Komachi.]

JA: We have become brothers in this sport. I don't mean to sound boastful, but we truly believe that this is our time. With the change in scenery for us will come a change in fortune. Will we actually win the Stampede Cup?

[Ishikawa pauses for a second, deep in thought.]

JA: I say nothing is impossible. With the support of the great AWA fans...

[The fans interrupt with a large cheer. Ishikawa nods.]

JA: With the support of the great AWA fans, there are no limits.

GM: Well said. As my colleague noted, you have yet to show a large part of your arsenal in your matches so far. Was that a conscious decision on your part?

[Now Komachi speaks.]

JA: Indeed, it has been. We knew that if we showed off everything against the, shall we say, preliminary opponents that we have been facing so far, that it would provide an opportunity for potential opponents to scout us and figure us out. This way, we come in virtual unknowns.

[Komachi smiles.]

JA: We could not have picked a better time for our arrival. We knew the Stampede Cup was fast approaching. And we knew there was a chance we would be part of it. Now we get to take everybody by surprise. The other teams have so far refused to acknowledge our presence, aside from The Wilde Bunch. By the end of the Stampede Cup? Everyone will be chasing us, I promise it. My partner may not want to make any promises, but I say anticipate complete victory for us!

[The crowd cheers this bold statement, drawing raised eyebrows from our intrepid announcers, Jason, and even Ishikawa.]

JA: Embrace the unknown. Embrace the future. Embrace Team SAMURAI!

[And with that, Komachi leaves and heads for the back. Jason and Ishikawa exchange surprised-sounding words. Ishikawa looks down at the floor for a second, then slowly raises his head and nods.]

JA: Yes, my partner is right. What better place than here? What better time than now? Mr. Myers, Mr. Wilde, our ascension shall be quick. To the rest of the AWA, I say this. Prepare for the new wave of tag team wrestling. The Stampede Cup shall be the scene of our greatest victory. We can only hope that we face The Lights Out Express and Air Strike along the way to prove it. Thank you all for your support!

[Ishikawa bows to the crowd and leaves, Jason quickly following.]

GM: Wow, what an emphatic statement right there from Team SAMURAI! Alright, fans... we've been talking about the Stampede Cup all night. Two weeks ago, we heard the big announcement from the AWA President Landon O'Neill that the Stampede Cup WILL return in 2015 but under a different format from previous years. It will not be a one night - or even a two night - tournament. The tournament will take place throughout the next few months of action but right here tonight, it's time to announce the brackets for the tournament!

[The shot of the ringside commentators fade to a shot of two tag teams.]

GM: The first round will consist of the following matches... at Memorial Day Mayhem, we already know this one. We're going to see Dichotomy collide with the Wilde Bunch in a first round battle!

[Two more teams appear.]

GM: Our second first round match will pit the current AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express, against the winners of a play-in match

between the Rowdy Reles Boyz and the Walking Dead. That makes up the first half of the left side of the bracket.

[The graphic changes.]

GM: The new AWA duo of Next Gen will meet the Longhorn Riders in a first round match and they will meet the winner of a showdown between Strictly Business and the Northern Lights!

[Another change.]

GM: The other side of the bracket features another Memorial Day Mayhem match with Team Supreme taking on the TexMo Connection. They'll take on the winner of a battle that is a bit... nebulous right now. That match will feature a representative still to be determined from SouthWest Lucha Libre taking on the winner of a match between the Hell Hounds and Team SAMURAI.

[Another change.]

GM: How about this one, fans? The War Pigs - one of three teams who may walk out of MDM with both the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro titles - will take on a representative still to be determined for Tiger Paw Pro!

[And yet one more.]

GM: And finally, we heard about this one earlier... the current TPP Global Tag Crown Champions, Air Strike, take on the team of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan!

[The graphic changes to show the full bracket graphic.]





GM: The Stampede Cup is coming and we'll see the first two matches of the tournament in two weeks' time at Memorial Day Mayhem with the rest to come all summer long, fans! Right now, let's go backstage to talk to a man who knows a lot about the tag team division but these days, he's focused on the AWA singles scene - Hercules Hammonds!

[Fade to backstage, where we see Mark Stegglet, standing by with the massive Hercules Hammonds. A big cheer can be heard from the Mississippi crowd when they see one of their favorite sons. The former AWA World Tag Team Champion is dressed in a sleeveless version of his "EIGHTH, NINTH AND TENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!" t-shirt and gold wrestling trunks underneath.]

JS: Hercules Hammonds! You've been away dealing with multiple injuries, but what better place to make your return to the AWA than in your home state of Mississippi!

[Grinning big, Herc throws his head back and shouts at the top of the lungs.]

HH: HERC IS BACK!!!

[A roar can be heard from the hometown crowd.]

HH: Back home in the great state of Mississippi! [POP!] Back home and feelin' the love from my people!

[From inside the arena, we can hear a faint chant of "HERC!"]

JS: And while the fans have certainly missed you, there's one other person here in the AWA that seems to have missed you while you were gone. I'm talking about of course, Jericho Kai, who made it very clear on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, that he is coming after you.

[An annoyed expression forms on Hammonds' face.]

HH: I heard him, Stegglet. I heard ALLL dat mess! Jericho Kai can't move on and he can't let go! The whuppin' Herc put on him's gotten so deep into dat boy's head, he's makin' me his next target...his next obsession. 'Cause he can't move on, 'til Herc IS gone.

[He shakes his head.]

HH: Kai thinks I'm a test from his gods. Called Herc an immovable rock standin' in his way.

[A deep chuckle rumbles from Herc.]

HH: Brotha', lemme' tell you one thing. Hercules Hammonds ain't just a measly rock! Hercules Hammonds ain't even a massive boulder! Hercules Hammonds is a damn MOUNTAIN towerin' high up into the sky and beyond the clouds, bustin' straight on through the atmosphere! And Jericho Kai, you

can keep on climbin'. You can keep on chippin' away at this thousand mile high wall of granite! But you betta' believe THIS is one mountain too big to conquer and too damn sturdy to break!

MS: So are you saying that you're taking Jericho Kai's challenge head-on?

HH: What I'm sayin' Stegglet, is dat I ain't afraid of Jericho Kai! I ain't afraid of no smelly jackals! And I ain't afraid of no Egyptian gods! Just who do you think you're talkin' to?

[Hammonds turns to the camera, eyes open wide, veins popping, looking hyped to the gills.]

HH: BROTHA'! Lemme' refresh your memory! I'm HERCULES HAMMONDS! The strongest man in...

[The crowd picks it up right on cue.]

"ALLLLLLL!!!"

[And Herc continues on without missing a beat.]

HH: ...the land! And I guarantee that if Kai steps to me, he won't BREAK me. He won't ELIMINATE me. He won't DESTROY me. All it'll get Jericho Kai...

...is a one way trip to the moon!

[And with that, Hercules Hammonds stomps off.]

MS: That man is headed for the ring so let's go down to Phil Watson right now!

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

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...weighing in at two hundred and twenty-one pounds...Buck Andrews!

[A plain-looking man with a blonde bowlcut and in black trunks and white boots raises his arm into the air to no reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play, as the Mississippi crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

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

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

"ALLLLLLLLLL!!!"

PW: ..."the Land!"

HERCULLLLEES  
HAMMMMMMOOONDS!!!

[All eyes turn to the top of the entrance way, where we see the massive Hercules Hammonds emerging from behind the curtains. Hercules is a sight of pure physical intimidation, with his shaved head, neatly trimmed goatee and a fierce, intense scowl. He wears a "Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Wonder of the World!" t-shirt over gold trunks and black boots. He stalks his way down towards the ring, eyeing his opponents like a fresh piece of meat.]

GM: What an ovation for Hercules Hammonds by the fans here in his home state of Mississippi!

BW: We haven't seen him since the National Title tournament, but it looks like he hasn't been missing any days at the gym!

GM: Hammonds was nearly put out of action by cracked ribs courtesy of Jericho Kai and his cronies. His match with Rob Driscoll only exacerbated those injuries, but now he's back!

BW: Heck, if Jericho Kai has his way, he won't be back for long!

"DING DING DING"

[Hammonds and Andrews lock up in the center of the ring. Hammonds spins to the side, lifting Andrews up high into the air for an atomic drop or backdrop suplex...]

"OHH!"

[...but instead, THROWS him forward and nearly across the ring!]

GM: What an amazing display of strength from Hercules Hammonds!

BW: Buck Andrews ain't a small man by any means, but guys his size get tossed around like beach balls by Hammonds!

[Andrews gets to his feet, holding his back, only to be scooped up by Hammonds, who drops him across his knee with a backbreaker. Holding on, Hammonds looks out to the crowd, which roars with anticipation as Herc shouts out to them...]

HH: "SHOULD I BREAK HIM HALF?"

[The crowd responds in unison...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES!!!"

[Hammonds then drops Andrews across his knee twice more, before parading him around the ring and then lifting Andrews over his head and laying him across his shoulders...

...and running forward, dropping back into a Samoan Drop!]

"THUUUUUDDDD!!!"

GM: OHH!! Hammonds drives Andrews into the canvas!

[Popping up to his feet, Hammonds struts around the ring, shaking his head like he's cock of the walk. He pulls Andrews to his feet, whipping him into the ropes, before running off into the adjacent ropes and then LEAPING into a diving shoulderblock that crashes into Andrews from the side, sending him nearly out of the ring!]

GM: THE TUPELO TORPEDO!!!

BW: Andrews just got t-boned by three hundred pounds of pure, solid muscle! I don't know if there's anyone in professional wrestling or the NFL that could handle a tackle like that without getting stretched out!

GM: It might be all over but the shouting. Hercules Hammonds has been absolutely dominating in his return to the ring.

[Herc leaps to his feet and beats his chest further inciting the crowd. He points a finger towards Andrews, before gutwrenching him up and onto his shoulder. He holds Andrews there for a moment, looking out towards the crowd...

...before DRIVING Andrews back into the canvas face-first with The Hammonds Hammer!]

GM: THE HAMMONDS HAMMER!

BW: Ain't nobody getting up from that, daddy!

GM: Here's the count! One! Two! Three!

"DING DING DING!"

PW: Your winner! HERCULLLLLLLEEEEEES HAMMMMMMMMOOONDS!!!

[Hammonds climbs up to the second turnbuckle and plays to his home crowd some more when suddenly, the lights go out!]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! What just happened!?

[When the lights come back on, we see the scarred mistress of the Walking Dead, Poet and Jericho Kai, standing in the middle of the aisle...

...and The Walking Dead standing in the ring, surrounding Hercules Hammonds!]

GM: THE WALKING DEAD! Jericho Kai has sent them after Hercules Hammonds!

BW: Hammonds is in trouble, Gordo!

[The smaller Unique Allah is the first to attack, but Hammonds is ready for him, knocking him over with a thrusting kick to the chest.]

GM: Allah didn't stand a chance one-on-one with Hammonds!

BW: Yeah, but this ain't one-on-one!

[However, this leaves him vulnerable to the massive Henri LeMarques, who smashes a double-axe-handle to the Tupelo native's back. He sends Hammonds into the ropes, but he reverses it, running off into the adjacent ropes as he does so...]

GM: THE TUPELO TORPEDO!!! Hammonds actually knocks over the huge Henri LeMarques!

[Hammonds throws his arms back with a roar, earning big cheers from his hometown crowd.]

GM: Hammonds levels him! LeMarques is down!

[As Lemarques is sent down, Unique Allah is right there to leap onto Hammonds... and biting him!]

GM: Dear lord! Allah's biting him in the ear!

[Hammonds bellows in pain as he gets back to his feet, arms flailing, trying to grab at Allah. He gets a hold of Allah and flips him over his head onto the mat.]

GM: Hammonds is getting overwhelmed! This is a two on one mugging by a team who has a chance to win a spot in the Stampede Cup!

[However, just as soon as he does so, LeMarques is shockingly already back up, blasting him down with a clothesline!]

GM: Hammonds just can't fight off these two! They're relentless!

[LeMarques bends down to grab Hammonds by the legs, looking to set him up for a Giant Swing, but Hammonds manages to kick him off. Unique Allah charges but Herc lifts him up high into a military press...]

GM: OH MY!

BW: I can't believe what I'm seeing!

[...and THROWS him into LeMarques! Hammonds lets loose a triumphant roar as the crowd goes wild...

...only to have Jericho Kai suddenly slip away from Poet's side to enter the ring and BLAST Hammonds with a forearm smash to the back of the head!]

GM: NO! KAI!!!

[Wasting no time, Kai drags a stunned Hammonds back to his feet. Hooking Hammonds around the head, Kai bends him backwards and SPITS in his face, before pulling Hammonds up and then driving him into the mat with The Wrath of Sutekh! Massive boos!]

GM: OHHH! The Wrath of Sutekh!

BW: Kai said he was gonna destroy Hercules Hammonds and it looks like he's well on his way to doing it!

GM: Fans, Jericho Kai has struck Hercules Hammonds tonight and he's struck hard. We'll be right back after these commercials.

[The camera focuses on Kai standing over a fallen Hammonds, praising his Gods while the crowd responds with a huge chorus of jeers. Fade out.]

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 up to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: All right, fans, a lot happening tonight, as we get set for Memorial Day Mayhem, and there is plenty to talk about on my...

[Lou is interrupted as Supernova storms onto the set. He's holding his throat, but has a crazed look in his eyes.]

SLB: Hold on a minute... Supernova, what are you doing here?! Shadoo Rage hit you with that flying elbow from the top rope... shouldn't you be getting medical attention!

S: Forget that, Lou! I've got a few things to get off my chest!

[He turns to the camera.]

S: Shadoo Rage, you want to raise the stakes?! You want to get crazy?! WELL, LET'S GET CRAZY! Because that's when I'm at my best, believe me!

[He stops talking, rubbing his throat briefly.]

LB: Supernova, I can understand you being upset, but you certainly need to get with Dr. Ponavitch and make sure you're OK heading into Memorial Day Mayhem!

S: I told Ponavitch I'd manage! And I'll be at Memorial Day Mayhem... and I'll be bringing plenty of the mayhem with me! Rage, you got the drop on me, but now, I'm definitely gonna get the drop on you, and you'll find out come Memorial Day...

[He comes closer to the camera, his eyes bugging out.]

S: THE LAST THING YOU WANT ME TO BE IS ANGRY WITH YOU!

[He then cups his hands to his mouth and howls, but then goes back to rubbing his throat as he storms off the set.]

LB: My goodness, Supernova acted like a man possessed! I don't know if I'd want to be in Shadoo Rage's shoes right now! Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action!

[Fade.

Phil Watson is standing by in the ring alongside a lean-built African-American man with a black buzzcut and a neatly-trimmed mustache. He wears full

length red tights with black bands down the sides and black boots, with red shin pads.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a five-minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Biloxi, Mississippi and weighing in at 238 pounds, he is...

BOBBY KNIGHT!!!

[There is a smattering of cheers for the hometown representative, as Knight raises his right arm, pumping his fist in the air.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play over the arena speakers, causing the crowd to start jeering. Callum Mahoney, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, backs out through the entranceway. He has on a black T-shirt, with the words "MAHONEY NUMBER ONE" in a large white, blocky font across the back, over his usual ring attire.]

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney turns around, his arms held up aloft, as the jeers grow louder, helped in no small part by the words "I BROKE THE SULTAN'S ARM" in a large white, blocky font across the front of the T-shirt.]

GM: Now, that's just uncalled for.

BW: He's the Armbar Assassin. He takes pride in what he does.

GM: He used a chair!

[Regarding the crowd with disdain, lips curled in a sneer, Mahoney makes his way down the aisle. He stops midway, exchanging words with the fans. He threatens to backhand a one of the more vocal members of the crowd and he points to his T-shirt, as we hear him tell the fan, "I did it to him. I could do it to you!"]

GM: Mahoney was very clear about his intentions. He would take out anyone that stood in his way to a first title here in the AWA, by any means necessary.

BW: It's interesting that none of the men he called out has responded. But are they right to overlook this dangerous, dangerous man, or will it come back to bite them when they least expect it?



[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He pulls off the T-shirt and tosses it to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: Mahoney with some choice words for his opponent as both competitors circle each other. Collar-and-elbow! And Knight uses his slight height and weight advantage to back Mahoney into the corner.

[Mahoney throws his arms up, forcing the referee to force the break. Mahoney points to Knight and has some more words for him, which is cut short when Knight comes charging towards him and Mahoney has to scramble to avoid being caught in the corner. Mahoney steps around a collar-and-elbow tie-up attempt, catches Knight's right arm and takes him down with a hip toss, holding on to the arm to stretch it out.]

BW: Mahoney with that dangerous arm work.

GM: No! Knight flips onto his feet, ducks under and reverses the wristlock. And Mahoney is begging off but Knight holds on!

[Mahoney rolls forward to relieve the pressure on his arm and throws a forearm in the direction of Knight's face, forcing the break.]

BW: Heh. There's more than one way to break a wristlock. You keep your fancy matwork, Gordo... I'll take a forearm to the cheekbone.

[Mahoney tries to come at Knight with a go-behind takedown, but gets knocked down onto his butt by a shoulder tackle. Knight tries to stay on top of Mahoney, but is caught in a head scissors.]

GM: Knight is caught, no-

BW: That's one way to escape a head scissors, I guess.

GM: From a handstand position, Knight managed to extricate his head from between Mahoney's legs. And now both men are on their feet and we have a staredown. I guess Knight is not quite the pushover that Mahoney was expecting.

[Another collar-and-elbow tie-up leads to Knight putting the side headlock on Mahoney, who pushes Knight away towards the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney shoves him off...

[Knight catches Mahoney with another shoulder tackle on the rebound, knocking the Irishman down. As he gets up, Mahoney backs off into the corner, as Knight stalks him, but Mahoney waves the referee to keep Knight away.]

GM: Perhaps Callum Mahoney is rethinking his approach to this matchup.

BW: And smartly so. If your opponent seems to be getting an edge on you, go a different way to kick his tail, Gordo. Sound strategy.

GM: And just as you say that, Mahoney pulls off a single leg takedown on an incoming Knight... but goes right back to the arm...

[The athletic Knight kips up to his feet, pushing back on his own arm, taking Mahoney down to a knee...]

GM: Wow! Didn't see that one coming.

BW: Neither did Mahoney... and hah! Knight didn't see that eyegouge coming either!

GM: Very funny.

[As Knight stumbles about blindly, Mahoney grabs a disoriented Knight by the back of his head and his left arm, throwing him chestfirst into the corner...]

GM: Knight staggering back... ohh! Hard forearm uppercut by the Irishman!

[With Knight dazed, Mahoney secures a hammerlock, using it to throw Knight shoulderfirst into the corner buckles.]

BW: The Armbar Assassin is moving in for the kill, Gordo.

[Mahoney steps through the ropes, grabs hold of Knight's left arm, drapes it over the top rope and, while still holding on to the arm, hops off the apron, impacting the arm across the rope.]

GM: Ohh! That could snap an arm!

BW: And if that didn't snap it, this might!

[Mahoney immediately slides back into the ring, grabs hold of the arm and takes Knight down with a single arm DDT.]

BW: Pogue Mahone!

GM: And now he's got the right arm scissored and he's pulling back on the left arm!

BW: Celtic Cross! The Celtic Cross is applied!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And submission was inevitable once that hold was locked in, fans.

PW: Here is your winner, by submission...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play, but Mahoney still has the Celtic Cross locked on.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The referee is threatening to reverse the decision, but Mahoney is threatening to end this kid's career!

[The official begins the count, but Mahoney releases the hold at four. He slides out of the ring and raises his arms in the air to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: This guy is a maniac, Bucky!

BW: I would be careful with my words, Gordo, because the maniac is headed this way.

[We hear the sound of a mic being turned on, as Gordon Myers gets to his feet, mic in hand, as the Armbar Assassin approaches the announcers.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa there, Callum Mahoney! What were you thinking? What did you think you were doing trying to injure Bobby Knight after you had already won the match?

CM: What did I think I was doing, Gordon? Whatever pleases me, of course! That's exactly what I did to the Sultan and what I'll continue to do until I've got me some gold around my waist! Because nobody will stop me, Gordon. Nobody! The so-called heroes of the AWA saw what I did and none of them so much as batted an eyelid. Who will stop me, Gordon? Nobody! But I'd love to see someone try!

GM: You are nothing but a bully, Callum. A no-good bully!

[Either Mahoney did not hear Myers' words, or he does not quite care, because he just walks away from the announcers' table and makes his way to the back, arms raised, while the crowd continues to rain boos on him as we abruptly cut to a darkened room, a flickering light in the ceiling giving off the only illumination in it. The camerawork is shaky, maybe a cell phone. A deep, booming voice cuts through the darkness.]

?: Why?

[The voice lets off a laugh, heavy in bass.]

?: Why did you do it?

[The source of the voice steps into view. It belongs to the powerhouse of the Dogs Of War, Wade Walker. Standing in his midnight blue ring gear, Walker points a fingerless-glove covered hand into the camera.]

WW: Why did you walk down the aisle with your brothers and step into the faces of men who had nothing to do with you?

[A slight chuckle.]

WW: Nothing to do with us?

[Pedro Perez breaks in from off-camera, jumping in front of his "brother."]

PP: WE DECIDE WHAT HAS TO DO WITH US! And two weeks ago, when we saw the AWA put on a six man tag team Main Event that didn't involve the best six man tag team in the world... well, that just didn't sit right with us.

Do we have a problem personally with Fat Man Williams? With his flunky? With James and his hangers-on?

[Perez shakes his head.]

PP: Personally, no. But that ring is our yard. And WE decide what offends us. The AWA wants to embarrass the Dogs Of War... they want to humiliate the Dogs Of War by putting six other men in OUR yard and claiming that's a six man tag team Main Event?

Well, we take that REAL personal.

[Perez reaches out, snatching the camera and spinning it around to aim it at Isaiah Carpenter who is seated on a wooden stool, his chin in his hand in something resembling the pose of The Thinker.]

IC: I've been thinking for days now, trying to figure out what the AWA is thinking by poking the Dogs Of War with a stick. I've been puzzling it out - all the possible motivations, all the reasons for their disrespect.

And in the end? I decided I don't really give a damn.

Because the fact is that the Dogs Of War were sleeping... and now we're wide awake. We were resting... and now we're ready for battle. We were at peace... and now?

[The camera turns back to Wade Walker.]

WW: We're... at... waaaaaar.

[Perez turns the camera on himself, his brothers getting behind him in the damndest video selfie you could imagine.]

PP: The AWA front office doesn't listen to our warnings so maybe the boys in the locker room will. Anyone who steps in OUR yard is officially charged with trespassing.

And trespassers...

[Perez lifts his hand, shaping his fingers into a "pistol."]

PP: ...will be shot... on... sight.

[He "pulls the trigger" as we fade to black...

...and come back up on the ring where Travis Lynch and Brad Jacobs are on one side of the squared circle while The Lost Boy and the National Champion, Rob Driscoll are on the other.]

GM: It's tag team challenge time here on Saturday Night Wrestling as these two teams are set to square off.

[We see Driscoll huddling up with his Perfect 10, Miss Sandra Hayes as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett speaks to his Lost Boy.]

GM: This match has Memorial Day Mayhem implications as Driscoll will be defending that National Title in two weeks' time against Travis Lynch and you better believe both of those men will be looking for some much needed momentum heading into the Cajundome, fans!

[As the bell sounds, Travis Lynch insistently points at Rob Driscoll who is grinning out on the apron. Driscoll shakes his head, "dusting off" his hands while he gestures for the Lost Boy to take it to his old foe.]

GM: This is unbelievable to me, fans. When you consider that Travis Lynch actually HELPED this poor soul out from under Sunshine's yoke many months ago... to see Harrison Fawcett twist his mind into going back after Travis is a sad sight to see.

BW: Well, first of all, there ain't that much mind there to twist, Gordo. And second of all, it's all about what you've done for me lately. Travis Lynch "saved" The Lost Boy in your version of truth... in mine, he also left him withering on the vine. He left him all alone in the cold, dark AWA wilderness to fend for himself... and he failed. The Lost Boy was a punchline... a joke... until Doctor Harrison Fawcett took him under his caring wing.

GM: CARING WING!? He kept the man in a cage!

BW: Tough love is called that for a reason, Gordo.

[The Lost Boy lumbers towards Travis Lynch, pulling at his own hair as he approaches...

...and Travis ducks under his outstretched arms, coming up behind him. Lynch makes one last appeal to the Lost Boy to "snap out of it" as Fawcett shouts contradictory orders. The Lost Boy gives his "master" a nod as he turns towards Travis again, marching at him with his arms outstretched.]

GM: He looks like Frankenstein's monster in there, Bucky.

BW: A fitting comparison considering how the good Doctor had to put him back together again after Stench left him to fend for himself.

[Travis ducks under again, throwing a right hand to the jaw as he straightens up. The blow stuns the Lost Boy who falls back a step, rubbing his cheek as Travis stays at the ready, fists balled up for a fight.]

GM: Here we go again... Travis ducks under... boom! Another right hand RIGHT on the button!

[The blows seem to be affecting The Lost Boy but not doing any serious damage to him as he simply shakes his head and then wobbles back towards Travis who has put his back to the corner, ducking down, pivoting, and shoving the Lost Boy towards the corner where Big Bad Brad DRILLS him with a right hand of his own to a big cheer!]

GM: Jacobs from the apron!

[The blow sends the Lost Boy staggering back into a Lynch armdrag. Travis takes a knee, pulling back on the limb as Fawcett, Driscoll, and Hayes all shout at the Lost Boy.]

GM: For a mind as conflicted as the Lost Boy's, you have to wonder if having all these voices at ringside calling to him is a help or a hindrance, Bucky.

BW: How could having three brilliant minds like that EVER be a problem?

[Travis puts his knee into the Lost Boy's chest, pinning his torso down as he pulls back on the arm again.]

GM: Travis trying to weaken the upper body strength, take away some of that power from the Lost Boy.

[The Lost Boy uses his strength advantage to push the knee off of him, climbing to his knees where Lynch holds the wristlock, slamming his forearm down across the bicep a few times before reapplying the armbar.]

GM: Great persistence on the part of Travis Lynch on display here as he keeps the armbar applied... but the Lost Boy is up on his feet now.

[Putting his hand on Travis' face, the Lost Boy powers him back into a neutral corner...

...and then BLASTS Travis across the sternum with a clubbing forearm!]

GM: What a shot!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, The Lost Boy winds up and drills Travis between the eyes with a headbutt, causing Travis' arms to flail back over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: The Lost Boy's got him in the corner... get him out of there, ref!

[The referee starts his five count as the big brawler lays in heavy boot after heavy boot into the midsection of the Texas Heartthrob.]

GM: The referee finally gets the Lost Boy back... but he's coming right back in, grabbing the arm...

[An Irish whip sends Travis crashing into the far corner as the Lost Boy lumbers in after him, head lowered...

...and Travis kicks himself up into the air, driving both feet into the face of the Lost Boy!]

GM: Travis gets the boots up!

[Lynch scampers up to the middle rope, taking aim as he leaps off.]

GM: Double axehan- NO! CAUGHT!

[The face-painted brawler holds Lynch there, absorbing some desperation forearm to the back by the Texan...

...and LUNGES into the corner, driving him back into the buckles!]

GM: Goodness! And the Lost Boy leans over, driving his shoulder right into the ribcage of the Texan! Of course, Rob Driscoll is enjoying every minute of this. Driscoll and Lynch will meet at Memorial Day Mayhem in a rematch of the National Title Tournament Finals and every bit of punishment that Lynch takes tonight softens him up for the National Champion.

[Driscoll kneels down on the apron, having a conversation with Miss Sandra Hayes who looks quite pleased with the action inside the ring so far.]

GM: The Lost Boy grabs Travis by the hair, marching him over to the corner...

[With his MDM opponent in trouble, Driscoll happily tags himself in.]

GM: In comes the National Champion... ohh! Hard right hand to the chops by Driscoll!

[The blow knocks Travis back into the rulebreakers' corner where Driscoll opens fire with kicks to the ribs, leaving Lynch doubled up and gasping for air as he slumps down to his knee.]

GM: Driscoll measures his man... big overhead elbow down between the eyes!

[He uses two hands full of hair to drag Travis back off the mat, slamming a knee up into the midsection of the man who will challenge him for the National Title in two weeks' time.]

GM: Driscoll lifts him up... holding him there... and DOWN into a side backbreaker!

[Driscoll arrogantly shoves Travis off his bent knee, pushing his forearm down into the throat, grinding it back and forth as the referee starts another five count.]

GM: Driscoll not bothering with a cover here.

BW: A pin doesn't matter to Rob Driscoll tonight. This match is all about hurting Travis Lynch and making sure that he's not one hundred percent going into Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Driscoll breaks the choke, grabbing a handful of hair to paste Lynch with punches down between the eyes as Hayes slaps the canvas, shouting encouragement to her man.]

GM: Sandra Hayes and Rob Driscoll are perhaps the AWA's most disliked pairing but they're quite an effective duo as seen by that 15 pounds of gold around the waist of "Diamond" Rob.

BW: Miss Sandra led someone the likes of Terry Shane to being a hair away from the World Title. She took two guys on the brink of obscurity and put the World Tag Team Titles. Just what in the world is she gonna do with a natural talent like Rob Driscoll, daddy?

[Driscoll pulls Lynch to his feet by the hair, slamming him shoulderfirst back into the turnbuckle before tagging the Lost Boy back in. The wildman steps through the ropes, high-stomping around the ring for a bit before barreling into the corner...

...where Travis bails out, causing the Lost Boy to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: HE MISSED! TRAVIS MOVES OUT AND HE'S GOTTA MAKE A TAG!

[Travis drops to his knees, crawling across the ring as the Lost Boy clutches his chest in pain...

...and Rob Driscoll tags himself back in, slingshotting over the top rope, rushing across the ring, dropping a big elbow down to the back of Travis' head, breaking up his attempt to get to the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Driscoll cuts him off!

[Driscoll smirks as he gets up, waving a finger at Brad Jacobs who has his arm outstretched, trying to get into the ring.]

GM: Driscoll taunting Brad Jacobs which doesn't seem like the best of ideas.

[Jacobs slams a hand down on the top turnbuckle, shouting a threat at Driscoll who drags Lynch off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock, and



snapping him over with a suplex. Driscoll rolls through to a knee, spreading his arms wide, gesturing at the crowd who jeers him as Hayes applauds gleefully.]

GM: Rob Driscoll with a nicely executed suplex but-

BW: Nice?! Nice?! That was PERFECTLY executed!

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far as Driscoll climbs back to his feet, dragging Travis back up again...

[Driscoll grabs the wrist, wrenching the arm around. Holding the wristlock, he slams his elbow down into the shoulder once... twice... three times before bending the arm into a hammerlock.]

GM: And now Rob Driscoll switches gears, painting a target on that shoulder.

BW: That shoulder that was basically being held together with spit and bubblegum by the end of the National Title Tournament. You know that thing isn't one hundred percent, Gordo.

GM: You're probably right and if we know that, you better believe that Rob Driscoll does as well.

BW: He's a student of the game. He and Hayes spend HOURS watching video of his prospective opponents. He'll never be outprepared for a match, daddy.

[Driscoll uses the hammerlock to drive Travis' shoulder into the rulebreakers' corner buckles, smirking as he spins him around. He strides across the ring towards Jacobs, striking a double bicep pose in his direction to jeers from the crowd before spinning around, charging across the ring...

...and throwing a high impact dropkick to the shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! Hard dropkick to the shoulder!

[The National Champion climbs to his feet, slapping the hands of the Lost Boy. Driscoll points at the shoulder, shouting at the facepainted wildman as he steps in...

...and slams a knee into the midsection!]

GM: I think Driscoll was trying to tell the Lost Boy to continue working on the shoulder but the Lost Boy seems to have other ideas.

BW: That lunatic barely speaks English.

GM: Doctor Harrison Fawcett is out here trying to get him to go after the shoulder as well. Fawcett's screaming at the Lost Boy, a member of his "family" so he claims.

[The Lost Boy looks at Fawcett for several moments, holding Travis back against the ropes. Travis wildly swings his left arm, slamming a forearm across the collarbone... and another... and another...

...but a harsh back elbow to the side of the head brings Travis down to a knee again.]

GM: Travis tried to battle out but the Lost Boy cuts that off in a hurry.

[The Lost Boy raises his arms over his head, clasping his hands together to drive them down in a double axehandle on the shoulder.]

GM: Ohh! That'll do some damage.

[Driscoll grins, applauding his approval as the Lost Boy delivers a hard boot to the shoulder, knocking Travis back into a seated position in the corner. The National Champion drops off the apron as the referee forces the wildman back...]

GM: What in the... what's Driscoll doing here?

[Driscoll grabs both of Travis' arms, pulling them back, using the turnbuckles in a modified surfboard.]

GM: Driscoll's illegal! Get in there, ref!

[The Lost Boy moves back in, grabbing the top rope to rain down stomps on the trapped Travis as the referee warns both men.]

GM: The referee threatens a disqualification so Driscoll lets go... out here on the floor by us, taunting the fans at ringside. Travis Lynch, of course, is one of the most popular men in the entire AWA.

[Driscoll huddles up with Sandra Hayes and Harrison Fawcett on the floor as the Lost Boy drags Travis up to his feet, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Travis ducks the clothesline... off the far side!

[Lynch leaps over the doubled-up Lost Boy, dragging the wildman down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! ONE!! TWO!!

[The heavy boots of the Lost Boy slam together on the ears of Lynch, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Two count only... but this might be the chance for Travis! This might be what he needs to make that tag!

[Lynch rolls to his knees, crawling towards the outstretched hand of Brad Jacobs. A desperate Rob Driscoll spots the tag coming, sprinting away from Hayes and Fawcett, moving around the corner...

...and YANKS Brad Jacobs down off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Driscoll scampers away from Jacobs who, of course, pursues...

...which leaves Travis with no one to tag as he reaches the corner!]

GM: Travis is there! Travis is ready to make the tag but-

[Jacobs chases Driscoll around the ring where the National Champion rolls back in, charging across to club Travis with a double axehandle in the back of the head.]

GM: Driscoll nails Travis from behind!

[The referee cuts off Jacobs as Driscoll grabs Travis by the hair, dragging him across the ring, throwing him back into the corner where the Lost Boy crushes him in the corner with a running splash!]

GM: Ohh!

[The Lost Boy flings Travis down to the mat by the hair. He stomps out of the buckles, grabbing his top knot, "bangin' his head"...

...and then leaps up, looking for a falling headbutt!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[But Travis rolls to the side, causing the Lost Boy's skull to slam into the canvas!]

GM: TRAVIS MOVED AND THE LOST BOY AIRBALLED ON THE HEADBUTT!

[Lynch rolls to a seated position, the crowd roaring to cheer him towards his corner where Brad Jacobs is waiting with his arm outstretched.]

GM: Jacobs wants the tag! Travis has been in there all alone for almost ten minutes and he NEEDS the tag!

[Travis rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring as a furious Rob Driscoll is screaming at the Lost Boy to get up and stop him.]

GM: The Lost Boy is dazed off that missed headbutt. He's up, sitting on the match but I don't know if he's got enough to stop Travis Lynch here. Lynch is on his way to the corner where Jacobs is waiting for him and-

[Sandra Hayes climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official who turns to respond to her...

...which allows Rob Driscoll to slide through the ropes into the ring, charging across the ring. He grabs Travis from behind by the trunks, dragging him up to his feet, holding him just out of reach of the corner!]

GM: Driscoll cuts him off again... belly to back on the way...

[But as the National Champion lifts him up, Lynch flips over the top, landing on his feet. As Driscoll turns...]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of the Iron Claw being applied on the National Champion who flails his arms wildly, searching for an escape as Lynch hangs on...

...and then shoves Driscoll back towards the corner where Brad Jacobs winds up, blasting Driscoll between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: OH!

[The blow sends Driscoll staggering back towards Lynch who ducks down, launching the National Champion through the air with a backdrop!]

GM: BACKDROP SENDS DRISCOLL DOWN...

[Lynch falls forward just as the referee wheels around...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Brad Jacobs steps through the ring ropes, jogging in place, pumping his arms and legs as he waves for Driscoll to get up to his feet...]

GM: Running clothesline takes Driscoll down!

[Jacobs wheels around, dropping a rising Lost Boy with a clothesline as well!]

GM: Down goes the Lost Boy too!

[Jacobs grabs the Lost Boy by the hair, dragging him up to his feet, lifting him up...

...and PRESSING the three hundred plus pounder up into the air!]

GM: HOLY-

[Jacobs' arms shake with the effort of pressing the three hundred plus pounder up and holding him there... and holding him there... and holding him there...

...and then THROWS him at the rising Driscoll!]

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Driscoll gets wiped out by the flying form of the Lost Boy. Jacobs leans down, slamming both fists into the canvas, pounding on his chest!]

GM: Brad Jacobs is fired up, dragging the Lost Boy off the canvas again...

[Jacobs hooks the arms of the Lost Boy, tucking them under his own arms.]

GM: What is- HEADBUTT!

[The crowd ROARS as Jacobs unleashes headbutt after trapped headbutt to the stunned Lost Boy who absorbs them all, staggering away still on his feet as Jacobs rubs his forehead.]

GM: The Lost Boy is still on his feet but...

[Jacobs lifts his right hand, winding it up Muhammad Ali style before planting a kiss right on his knuckles...

...and BLASTING the staggered Lost Boy right between the eyes!]

GM: HAND OF GOD CONNECTS!

[The facepainted wildman falls to the canvas, barely moving as Jacobs turns to the fans, pounding his muscular chest again.]

GM: Big Bad Brad's got the Lost Boy down and... Driscoll's out on the floor, shouting at Jacobs...

[The former tag champion turns towards Driscoll, marching towards the ropes near the National Champion...

...but Miss Sandra Hayes climbs up on the ring apron, shouting and screaming in Brad Jacobs' direction. Jacobs looks around at the fans, urging him to do something to the much-despised daughter of Lori Dane.]

GM: What's he going to do?

BW: What CAN he do? Jacobs isn't gonna lay his hands on a woman, is he?!

[Jacobs steps closer as Hayes reads him the riot act...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She slapped him! She slapped the taste right out of his mouth!

[Jacobs recoils in shock, grabbing at his cheek as Driscoll climbs up on the apron next to her, reaching over to hook his hands around the face of Jacobs, pulling him back to the ropes...

...but the powerhouse grabs the arms, pushing them off of him!]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[Jacobs swings around, lifting and throwing Driscoll over the ropes and down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[The crowd is roaring as Jacobs pulls Driscoll up by the hair, staring him in the eye. He turns to look at Sandra Hayes, pointing at her...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHO! JACOBS SLAPS DRISCOLL! TAKE THAT, MISS HAYES!

[Driscoll staggers away, falling into the ropes as Hayes throws a tantrum on the floor, kicking and screaming as she slams her leather Gucci handbag into the ring apron. Jacobs smirks as he grabs Driscoll by the arm...]

GM: Driscoll's not the legal man but Jacobs doesn't seem to care!

[A whip sends Driscoll across the ring, bouncing off towards Jacobs who lifts him up, holds him for a moment...

...and HURLS him down in an angry man's standing spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jacobs throws his arms apart, shouting "DONE!" as he paces around the fallen Driscoll...

...and gets nailed from behind by the Lost Boy who clubs him between the shoulderblades with a headbutt! A second and third follow, leaving Jacobs stunned as the Lost Boy spins him around.]

GM: The Lost Boy is the legal man, grabbing a side headlock...

[With a "OOOOH!", The Lost Boy leaps up, driving Jacobs' face STRAIGHT down into the mat with a standing bulldog headlock!]

GM: Good grief!

[The Lost Boy rolls Jacobs over onto his back at a shout from Harrison Fawcett, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Jacobs powers out in time!]

GM: No, no, no! Jacobs breaks up the pin! Jacobs breaks up the pin and-

[Out on the floor, Miss Sandra Hayes huddles up with Rob Driscoll, handing her bag to him as he staggers around the ring...]

GM: What is...?

[Driscoll winds up with the Gucci bag...

...and DRIVES it in between the shoulderblades of Travis Lynch who is up on the apron!]

GM: OHHHH! That loaded Gucci bag to the back of the neck of Travis Lynch!

[Driscoll throws the bag aside, dragging Lynch down off the apron, hooking a handful of trunks...

...and HURLS him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch collapses in a heap on the floor, screaming out in pain as Driscoll launches into a series of brutal stomps on the shoulder.]

GM: Driscoll's going after the shoulder! A brutal assault out here on the floor by Rob Driscoll on the man who will challenge him for his National Title in two weeks' time!

[Driscoll hauls Lynch off the mat again, hooking the trunks a second time...

...and RIFLING him into the post again!]

GM: AGAIN TO THE RINGPOST!

[Lynch collapses on the ringside mats, clutching his shoulder as Driscoll walks over to the timekeeper's table, shoving Phil Watson out of his seat. He grabs the steel chair, folding it up...]

GM: Driscoll's got the chair!

[Inside the ring, we can see The Lost Boy pulling Brad Jacobs up, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Jacobs reversed the whip...

[And as the three hundred pound Lost Boy comes lumbering back towards him, Jacobs muscles him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[Jacobs pushes up to his knees...

...and rolls from the ring, stepping in between a chair-wielding Rob Driscoll and a downed Travis Lynch!]

GM: Jacobs is blocking Driscoll's path! He's not about to let Driscoll use that chair on his partner!

[Jacobs threatens Driscoll who backs off, raising his hands...]

GM: Jacobs chased him off... thank heavens for that...

[Big Bad Brad turns to check on Lynch...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A steel chair shot across the back of Jacobs puts the big man down on his knees as the referee waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's a disqualification but Driscoll doesn't care! He's trying to take Travis out of the title match!

[Stepping over the downed Jacobs, Driscoll twists the chair around with the edge pointing down... and SLAMS it down into the shoulder joint of Travis Lynch!]

GM: Oh, come on! We've got Jacobs down and Driscoll's going after the shoulder of Travis Lynch! We need to get some help out-

[The crowd ROARS as the locker room clears, led by Sweet Daddy Williams and Cesar Hernandez, rushing to the aid of Travis Lynch as Rob Driscoll and Miss Sandra Hayes make a dash for it, leaving Travis down on the mat, groaning in pain.]

GM: Travis Lynch is down... Travis Lynch is hurt... and did Rob Driscoll just accomplish what he set out to do here tonight? Did he take Travis Lynch out of the title match at Memorial Day Mayhem? Fans, we're going to need to get some help out here for the Texas Heartthrob but we'll be right back.

[The camera holds for several seconds on the hurting Travis Lynch as Jacobs kneels next to him, checking on his partner as we fade to black.

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



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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet

plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

## LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[As we fade back up from black, we find Colt Patterson standing in the ring. The ring is littered with black metal ladders set up all over the place. Standing amongst the ladders are the three men who make up the unit known as The War Pigs - Hammer, Sabre, and their manager Richard E. Lee.]

CP: We're back here LIVE on The X and... well, if you've got eyes, use 'em and see that we're here with one of three teams who will compete in a first for the AWA - a three team Ladder Match - at Memorial Day Mayhem with both the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Titles hanging over the ring! Of course, Mr. Lee... I'm talkin' 'bout your boys - Hammer and Sabre - the War Pigs.

[Richard E. Lee in a white suit with a black t-shirt underneath, stands next to Patterson. He's wearing dark, dark sunglasses and is smacking a rolled up paper into his open hand repeatedly. He laughs as the mic comes in front of him.]

REL: HISTORY. History, Colt Patterson, is going to be made in that Cajundome in two weeks' time. One way or the other... HISTORY will be made. Never before have the AWA hung two sets of titles over the ring. Never before has the AWA had a tag team ladder match... and never before has the AWA put THREE teams in the ring together at the same time! You add all that together and we've made history no matter who walks out of Louisiana with those titles, Colt.

CP: But you're lookin' to make even MORE history, I'd wager.

REL: If you were a betting man, Colt Patterson, you'd win that bet. Hammer, Sabre, and myself have heard the rumblings from across the wide sea. We've heard the talk that the War Pigs may be the most dominant tag team in all of Japan... but that we couldn't cut it here in the States. That we FAILED every time we've come to the AWA.

This time, Colt Patterson... failure... is not an option.

[Lee cackles as Hammer grabs the mic.]

H: ONE TEAM... TWO TEAMS... THREE TEAMS... SIXTY-SEVEN TEAMS... it don't matter SQUAT to the War Pigs! They want to hang belts over the ring? We're gonna climb up and get 'em! It's just that simple!

CP: Have you guys ever been in a ladder match?

[Hammer glares at Patterson.]

H: You think one of these pieces of metal scares us?!

[Hammer throws a kick, knocking a ladder over as Sabre grabs the mic.]

S: You keep your ladders, Colt! We don't need 'em!

CP: Don't need them? But it's... guys, it's a ladder match!

S: They hang the belts over the ring... we gotta climb and get 'em... but no one said WHAT we gotta climb! Hey Ricky... how fat is Aaron Anderson?

[Lee chuckles as he lifts his hands, giving an approximation.]

S: Uh huh. And what about his boy toy Strong?

[Lee gives another gesture.]

S: Between those two and those squinty little runts in Air Strike, we're gonna beat 'em til they can't move... and then we're gonna stack 'em and climb 'em 'til we can grab the titles AND change every light in the Cajundome, Colt! And if those four punks ain't enough... then we're gonna go back to the locker room and we're gonna kick the crap out of the Surfer Dudes... and the Bruisers... and the Riders... and the Hell Hounds... and Next Gen... and anyone else who is hangin' around back there... drag them down the aisle, toss 'em on the pile, and stand on top of the entire AWA tag team division like the sons of bit-

CP: Easy there, guys.

[Sabre grabs the wrist, pulling the mic back towards him.]

S: Colt Patterson, I like your smile so I'm gonna ignore the fact that you just cut me off and not break every single molar and incisor in your pretty little head!

[Sabre shoves the mic back as Colt puts it back before Lee.]

REL: Consider this a warning to every tag team in the entire AWA. After Mayhem, your daydreams of winning the titles are OVER! 'Cause you might beat Air Strike. You might beat the Lights Out Express.

But none of you... not a single one of you... is man enough to beat the War Pigs.

[Hammer grabs the mic.]

H: In fact, we're so sure of that... if any of those puffed-up punks in the locker room think they can, come on down here right now, kick the crap out of us... and take OUR spots in that match.

[Hammer shoves the mic away to a stunned Colt Patterson.]

CP: Is that a challenge?

[Sabre grabs the mic again.]

S: You're damn right it's a challenge. Come on, boys. Time's a wastin'!

[Colt Patterson looks puzzled as Richard E. Lee exits the ring, leaving Hammer and Sabre to pace back and forth...

...and as the crowd bursts into cheers, a surprised Colt Patterson decides to bail out to the floor!]

GM: A challenge has been issued and a challenge has been accepted!

[The cheers are for the big brawling duo known as the Brixton Bruisers as they loudly make their way down the aisle.]

GM: The Brixton Bruisers apparently did not take being called out very well. Ripper Brooks and Chaingun Harrow are coming and they're coming to fight, fans!

[Brooks steps in, getting blasted with an overhead forearm smash by Sabre as he steps through the ropes. Harrow follows as Hammer grabs a ladder, shoving the side of it into Harrow's head, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: The War Pigs were waiting for them!

[Hammer folds up the ladder, scooping it up in his arms, holding it across his chest before lifting it higher...

...and THROWING it down on the back of Harrow who is down on all fours!]

GM: OHH!

[Hammer turns his attention towards Ripper Brooks who has managed to batter Sabre back against the ropes, throwing rights and lefts at the chiseled abdomen of the face-painted War Pig.]

GM: Hammer from behind! Ohh! Big double axehandle across the back!

[Hammer grabs the arms, pulling them back to expose Brooks as Sabre winds up, throwing a backhand chop across the chest...

...when the crowd breaks into cheers again!]

GM: The Surfer Dudes!

BW: Oh, I'm going to enjoy this, Gordo!

[Sabre is lighting up the chest of Ripper Brooks as Trampus Kennedy slides under the ropes while Vance Ricks scales the turnbuckles. Kennedy throws

himself at Sabre, knocking him back with a leaping forearm as Ricks sails off the top...

...only to get caught by the powerful Hammer!]

GM: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[Hammer swings Ricks up over his shoulder with ease, charging towards the corner where a ladder is set up...

...and DRIVES Ricks' spine into the ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: We're getting a preview right now of what the War Pigs intend to do inside that three way Ladder Match just two weeks away, Gordo!

GM: We certainly are!

[Hammer flings Ricks down to the mat before Scythe wings Kennedy towards him, setting him up for a Hammer clothesline that flips Kennedy inside out before dumping him down on the mat.]

GM: The War Pigs are taking the fight to everyone in sight...

[Richard E. Lee rejoins his team in the ring, raising their powerful arms as the crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boos.]

GM: ...and the War Pigs are standing tall with bodies everywhere!

BW: We may getting a sneak peek at what we're going to see in the Cajundome, daddy!

GM: You could very well be right... and fans, right now, let's head over to Melissa Cannon in the Control Center to talk about EXACTLY what we're going to see in the Cajundome!

[We fade to 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! Time is ticking and we are down to just two weeks away from the big event coming to you from the Cajundome in Lafayette, Louisiana! Memorial Day Mayhem was the very first AWA supershow and each and every year, we strive to make it bigger and better than the year before. This year promises to be no exception, fans!

[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.

All night long we've been talking about it so let's take a look at what we can expect to see that big night in Lafayette!

[We fade to a graphic that shows Derrick Williams with Kevin Slater on one side of the screen and KING Oni with Doctor Harrison Fawcett on the other side.]

MC: Derrick Williams attempts to climb the biggest mountain since Everest when he takes on the UNDEFEATED KING Oni in what should be Oni's toughest challenge to date. Earlier tonight, we learned that Kevin Slater, Williams' mentor and teacher, would be in Derrick's corner and of course, ever the brilliant and devious mastermind, Doctor Harrison Fawcett will be in KING Oni's corner. Who will come out on top? We'll find out in the Cajundome!

[Crossfade to another graphic.]

MC: How about this one, fans? It'll be the very first match in the 2015 Stampede Cup with The Wilde Bunch taking on Dichotomy! And Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner have pledged that if they do NOT beat the Wilde Bunch, then they will LEAVE the AWA! High stakes in that one!

[Yet another graphic appears - this one with the word "MAYHEM" splashed across it.]

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. If you're not on the show in any other way, you're eligible to compete in this match which means men like Cesar Hernandez... like Brad Jacobs... like Hercules Hammonds... like Maxim Zharkov... all would be potential names to walk the aisle in this one.

[The graphic changes.]

MC: The World Television Title will be at stake in a special fifteen minute time limit match when Supernova challenges Shadoe Rage for the gold! These two have been at it for quite some time now and at Memorial Day Mayhem, Supernova believes those five extra minutes will be all it takes for him to achieve title victory!

[Another graphic change.]

MC: Signed, sealed, and delivered! It's a SuperClash rematch when The Gladiator takes on Frankie Farelli in one-on-one action!

[The face of Hamilton Graham appears.]

MC: The former World Champion has made the challenge. Hamilton Graham wants Dave Bryant one-on-one inside the squared circle in a TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS match! Well, fans...

[Bryant's face is added to the graphic.]

MC: ...not surprisingly, Dave Bryant has accepted the challenge and that match will happen at Memorial Day Mayhem as well!

[The graphic changes to show the TexMo Connection and Team Supreme.]

MC: In yet another first round Stampede Cup showdown, the team of Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor will go to war with Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson in what should be a VERY interesting tag team match!

[Another graphic change, this one showing the National Title.]

MC: The AWA National Title will be on the line when "Diamond" Rob Driscoll with Sandra Hayes in his corner takes on Travis Lynch!

[The words "EXHIBITION MATCH" appear on the screen.]

MC: How about this one? The beast Kraken takes on the Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris in an Exhibition Match. Fans, before we came on the air tonight, we were given the rules for this match - both men will be forced to wear MMA-style gloves, there will be no strikes to the head allowed, and the match will be conducted as three five minute rounds. You can only win by submission or pinfall - NO KNOCKOUTS!

[A shot of several ladders leading to two sets of title belts appears.]

MC: AWA history will be made in the first ever THREE WAY LADDER MATCH! Both the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown will be hanging above the ring as three teams fight their way to claim those titles - The War Pigs, Air Strike, and the Lights Out Express! Put the hospital on standby because someone may be getting SERIOUSLY hurt in this one!

[The ladders fade as the words "STEEL CAGE WARFARE!" appear.]

MC: The cage goes up and the lights go out as Hannibal Carver finally gets his hands on the 2014 Steal The Spotlight winner in Johnny Detson! You know that Eric Somers and Calisto Dufresne will be at ringside for this one that promises to get ugly!

[The screen goes black for a second... and then comes back up with "UNSANCTIONED MATCH" in text.]

MC: This one's not sanctioned by the AWA. The American Wrestling Alliance takes no responsibility for it... they are not in charge of it... and they're simply giving these two men a place to finish their fight. Ryan Martinez, the



World Heavyweight Champion, will collide with the most dangerous man he's ever faced, Caleb Temple in a showdown for the ages. No rules. Anything goes. And if Martinez is seriously injured during the match and misses ONE scheduled title defense, the AWA will STRIP him of the World Title. The stakes are higher than ever for this one, fans.

[The graphic fades to leave Melissa all alone.]

MC: Twelve enormous matches... all the excitement of the American Wrestling Alliance right here on The X! Fans, if you won't be with us LIVE in Lafayette, make sure you're RIGHT HERE on Memorial Day for one of the biggest nights of the year! It's Memorial Day Mayhem and it's coming in just two weeks! From the Control Center, I'm Melissa Cannon... good night.

[Fade to black.

Fade up onto a starry field backdrop as "Hey Driver" by Lucky Boys Confusion begins to play in the background. A voiceover starts up.]

"There's nothing quite like watching the AWA on television but when the AWA comes to your town, you do NOT want to miss all the action!"

[A graphic appears.]

"Tomorrow afternoon in Jackson, Mississippi at Jackson State University for a matinee show featuring Travis Lynch, Supreme Wright, and the Lights Out Express!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Next Saturday, May 16th, the AWA rolls into Memphis, Tennessee for a hot night of action featuring Shadoe Rage defending the World Television Title, the TexMo Connection taking on the Walking Dead, and the monster known as Kraken!"

[Another graphic change.]

"Sunday, May 17th, the AWA is in Shreveport, Louisiana for a matinee show - the final show before Memorial Day Mayhem pitting Supreme Wright versus Bobby O'Connor and Cain Jackson meeting Jack Lynch in a double Main Event!"

[The graphic changes to show Memorial Day Mayhem.]

"On Monday, May 25th, the AWA celebrates Memorial Day like only we can as we hit the Cajundome in Lafayette for the granddaddy of all AWA supershows - Memorial Day Mayhem!"

[The graphic changes again.]

"With MDM in the books, the AWA is back on the road for a pair of big shows on Friday night, May 29th - one in Nashville, Tennessee featuring Ryan

Martinez, the Lights Out Express, and Brad Jacobs and a second in Louisville, Kentucky with Rob Driscoll meeting Travis Lynch for the National Title, Air Strike taking on the War Pigs, and much, much more!"

[Another change.]

"Saturday, May 30th, the AWA storms into Indianapolis, Indiana for a big afternoon show featuring the World Heavyweight Title on the line, the Lights Out Express taking on the TexMo Connection, and so much more!"

[The graphic fades, leaving an AWA logo.]

"It's the American Wrestling Alliance bringing all the stars in the AWA Galaxy to a city near you! BE THERE!"

[Fade to black.]

We fade back up backstage to where we find "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, standing alone with the cameraman. He's already in his wrestling attire, prepared for his match against Hannibal Carver. He looks annoyed, but focused.]

CD: As a mentor, it's important to instruct. To teach. To impart the wisdom of the ages. And as a mentor to our future World Champion, Johnny Detson, it's important that Calisto Dufresne doesn't just tell the man how Hannibal Carver is to be beaten, but to show him.

And that's why I volunteered to face him tonight.

[A nod from Dufresne.]

CD: Besides the fact that the Main Event is Calisto Dufresne's home away from home, sometimes a teacher has to repeat lessons until his student becomes proficient. And as we've learned over the past few months, Calisto Dufresne is quite proficient in pummeling Hannibal Carver from pillar to post. So consider the lesson that I teach tonight rote memorization for our future World Champion.

Sometimes rote memorization can be tedious learning, but I promise that watching Calisto Dufresne inside the ring – poetry in motion – will be hardly boring.

I only ask one thing of that maniac Carver, besides having the testicular fortitude to actually show up in a few minutes.

[A solemn look plays across his face.]

CD: Hannibal, let's keep this clean. We don't need your equally-insane partner in crime – and I emphasize crime – Juan Vasquez poking his nose where it doesn't belong.

This is a battle between two gladiators of the squared circle. Juggernauts of the industry. And we don't need it marred by outside interference that my throngs of adoring fans know is coming from a mile away.

[“The Ladykiller” shakes his head sadly.]

CD: I hope it doesn't come to that, I really don't. I hope you can come to the ring and take your medicine without needing Juan Vasquez to save your bacon and attempt a heinous two-on-one attack on yours truly.

But should Juan Vasquez decide to interfere in my affairs, you can be sure of one thing:

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: Johnny Detson won't be the only one learning a lesson tonight.

[With that, Dufresne walks confidently off camera...

...until a loud “WHAAAAAAAAAAP!” is heard. As the camera quickly pans, we find Hannibal Carver, a dented metal trash can in hand, standing over Calisto Dufresne.]

HC: How do yeh like that, yeh little-

[The audio cuts out for a moment as Carver throws the trash can aside, dragging Dufresne off the concrete floor. With a handful of hair, Carver ROCKETS Dufresne into a wall!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: That dirty, backjumping punk! The match hasn't started yet!

[Carver delivers three big haymakers as the Ladykiller backpedals, falling through a black curtain. The Boston Brawler ducks through the curtain after him in hot pursuit...

...and we cut to a shot from the other side, showing Dufresne crawling for his life from an approaching Carver.]

GM: Carver's coming for him!

[The former World Champion scrambles off the floor to his feet, pleading for mercy as Carver advances on him. Calisto Dufresne backs off, hands raised, begging for the Boston Brawler to back away.]

GM: Dufresne's running for his life and that might be a literal statement, fans, because Hannibal Carver has had enough! He's had enough of the antics of Eric Somers... of Calisto Dufresne... and of Johnny Detson... and he's taking it out on the former World Champion right about now!

[Dufresne suddenly turns and makes a dash for it, charging to the ring, diving under the bottom rope. He climbs to his feet as Carver pursues, sliding in...

...and getting clubbed in the back of the head by Dufresne who hammers his forearm down into the back of Carver's head repeatedly, forcing the Boston Brawler to roll over to his back as the official signals for the bell!]

GM: We're off and running in this one!

[Dufresne grabs a loose side headlock, rifling in punch after punch between the eyes of Carver, dragging him to his feet. He shoves him back against the ropes, throwing a series of kicks into the midsection, leaving Carver hanging onto the top rope as Dufresne hooks an arm...]

GM: Irish whip by Dufresne shoots Carver in...

[A wild backhand chop gets ducked by Carver who hits the far side, hooking the rope to stop his momentum. Dufresne charges him...

...and Carver ducks his head, using a backdrop to send the Ladykiller sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP TO THE FLOOR BY THE BOSTON BRAWLER!!

[A fired-up Carver steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he pulls Dufresne off the mats, takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS him into the steel barricade surrounding the ringside area!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL HE GOES!

[Carver looks out at the roaring crowd...

...that quickly starts to boo at the sight of Johnny Detson and Eric Somers striding down the entrance aisle. Somers takes point, carrying the metal briefcase, while Detson peeks out around him from time to time.]

GM: And here comes trouble.

BW: Trouble for Carver maybe but this could be the break that the former World Champion's been looking for.

[Carver rolls Dufresne's dazed form under the ropes into the ring. He gives a shout as he climbs up on the apron...

...and locks eyes with Johnny Detson who smirks at him.]

GM: Johnny Detson smiling at the man who he'll be locked inside a steel cage with in two weeks' time.

BW: Another travesty if I've ever heard one. "Abuse Of Power" Landon O'Neill strikes again.

[Carver points a threatening finger at Detson who waggles a finger in response, ducking behind his much-larger bodyguard.]

GM: And Johnny Detson's seeking refuge behind Eric Somers as Carver pulls Dufresne up off the mat, still looking at Dets- ohh!

BW: Hah! He took his eyes off the prize and it cost him as Dufresne gives him a shot right in the chops!

[Carver staggers back from the suckerpunch as Dufresne pursues, throwing two more big punches, battering Carver back against the ropes. He shouts something to Detson as he whips Carver across the ring, charging forward to bury a knee into the midsection, flipping Carver over onto the mat.]

BW: Dufresne just told Detson to watch and learn! Johnny Detson should be out there taking some notes to see how a former World Champion deals with the likes of a piece of filth like Carver.

GM: Detson's a former World Champion as well, Bucky.

BW: Not here.

[Dufresne measures the downed Carver, dropping an elbow down into the chest before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Two count only there for the Ladykiller.

[Dufresne climbs back to his feet, stomping Carver a half dozen times, sending him rolling under the ropes onto the floor. The referee steps in, forcing Dufresne to step back...

...which allows Eric Somers to grab Carver's head, pulling it back, and SLAMMING it down into the ring apron!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Somers backs off as the official turns to confront him, shouting at the big bodyguard who begs off, shaking his head as a smirking Dufresne reaches through the ropes, pulling Carver up to his feet.]

GM: Looks like Dufresne's going to bring him in the hard way, fans.

[Setting his feet, Dufresne brings Carver up into the air, dropping him down in a vertical suplex!]

GM: Nice suplex there by Dufresne, floating into a cover.

[Another two count follows as Carver lifts his shoulder in time.]

GM: Dufresne still only with the two count... back on his feet now.

[He leans over, grabbing the legs of Carver...

...and leans back, hurling Carver chestfirst into the turnbuckles with a catapult, sending him staggering back into a sunset flip style takedown!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Carver kicks out again, causing Dufresne to question the official.]

GM: That wasn't even close to a three count in my book but Dufresne's still trading words with referee Ricky Longfellow.

[The Ladykiller grabs Carver, dragging him up to his feet, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Dufresne's going for it!

[But Carver lifts Dufresne up, leaning forward and throwing him a few feet away. Having created space, Carver charges in with a shouldertackle that sends Dufresne falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Carver grabs the arm - big whip coming up!

[The force of the Irish whip causes Carver to drop to a knee, sending Dufresne CRASHING into the buckles. He staggers out towards Carver who ducks down, launching Dufresne into the air...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP TAKES DOWN DUFRESNE!!

[Carver backs into the corner, slapping the buckle a few times, swinging his arm around and around as Dufresne starts to stir on the canvas...

...and Johnny Detson hooks his hand around Carver's ankle!]

GM: Detson hooks him! He's got Carver!

[A furious Carver swings around, kicking at Detson but hitting nothing but ropes...

...which allows Dufresne to rush him from behind, nailing Carver with a double axehandle across the shoulderblades, sending Carver falling facefirst into the corner!]

GM: And again, the interference of Somers and Detson gets the edge back to Calisto Dufresne!

[Dufresne spins Carver around, burying knee after knee into the midsection as Detson shouts encouragement from out on the floor. The referee steps in, backing the Ladykiller off.]

GM: The referee forcing Dufresne to get out of there... but he's going back in!

[As Dufresne gets close, Carver rears back and fires a right hand, bouncing it off the skull!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Carver lands a second, backing Dufresne a few steps away. He winds up for a third, stepping out to the middle of the ring, drilling the Ladykiller again, sending him sprawling down to the mat.]

GM: Three big haymakers and the Ladykiller's on the run again, crawling for his life!

[Dufresne gets close to the ropes as Carver grabs him from behind, hooking the ankle. Eric Somers reaches under the ropes, grabbing Dufresne by the arms, pulling against Carver. The big man's strength wins out, hauling the Ladykiller to safety.]

GM: Somers outmuscles Carver and-

[But Carver doesn't give up, leaning through the ropes, grabbing them each by the hair and CLASHING their skulls together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Dufresne staggers back, falling facefirst to the mat as Carver steps out on the apron, takes aim, and leaps off with a flying forearm smash to the jaw of Somers, sending the big man crashing down on the floor to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: CARVER'S HAD ENOUGH! He's taking out Somers and Detson too!

[The Boston Brawler climbs to his feet, his eyes coming to rest on Johnny Detson whose eyes go wide in response. The Steal The Spotlight winner looks back and forth at the downed Dufresne, the downed Somers, and the all-too-standing Hannibal Carver who points at him and starts walking his way.]

GM: Carver's comin' for Detson! We're going to see Memorial Day Mayhem two weeks early, fans!

[Detson starts to backpedal, wanting no part of the approaching Boston Brawler.]

GM: Detson's trying to back off! He wants no part of Carver!

[Carver circles the ringpost, marching towards Detson who is backing up... backing up... backing up...]

GM: Carver's coming for him! He's coming around the ringpost and-

[And as he does, Dufresne comes from a crouch that was hiding him out of view, striking with a lunging clothesline that takes Carver off his feet!]

GM: OHH! OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: What a beautiful setup job that was by Detson!

GM: You think so, huh? You think Detson set that up and he wasn't just running for his life?

BW: No way, Gordo. It was a perfectly executed plan.

[The crowd jeers as a cackling Detson shares a high five with an agitated-looking Dufresne. The Ladykiller puts the boots to Carver as the referee continues to count.]

GM: Dufresne's got Carver down... he came out of nowhere with that clothesline and that turns the tide in this one again.

[Dufresne drags Carver back to his feet, bouncing his skull off the edge of the ring apron. He grabs Carver by the face, holding him up as Dufresne leans in.]

"I'M A FORMER WORLD CHAMPION! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A DRUNKEN STREET THUG!"

[A slap across the face follows...

...and Carver's eyes go wide with rage!]

GM: UH OH!

[Dufresne winds up, throwing a right hand but Carver doesn't seem to feel it, his head snapping back as he stares at the Boston Brawler!]

GM: No effect!

[The Ladykiller takes aim and fires again... and again Carver advances on him!]

GM: Dufresne may have gone too far and- big right... blocked!

[The crowd roars as Carver uses a right hand of his own to stun Dufresne before grabbing him by the hair, flinging him towards the ring apron where the small of the former champion's back hits the edge!]

GM: Ohh! His back hits the apron!



[Staggering away from the ring, Dufresne walks right into another backdrop, sending him bouncing off the BARELY padded floor!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: That might've broken his back! Dufresne's got a history of back injuries and that sadist Carver doesn't care one bit!

GM: He certainly doesn't!

[Carver glares at Detson who backs off, not wanting to be anywhere near the Boston Brawler as he drags Dufresne to his feet, rocketing him under the ropes into the ring. The Boston Brawler grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...which is Detson's cue to throw himself at the legs, hooking an ankle tight and hanging on for dear life as Dufresne tries to regroup. The referee is shouting at Detson who doesn't seem to care if he gets his ally disqualified!]

GM: DETSON'S GOT THE LEG! DETSON'S GOT THE LEG!

[Hanging onto the top rope, Carver twists around and SLAMS the heel of his boot down on Detson's face, sending the Steal The Spotlight winner spilling out on the floor.]

GM: Detson gets dropped like a bad habit... and Carver's got plenty of those!

[Carver throws a glance down at Detson... then looks at Dufresne... then at Detson... then at Dufresne...]

GM: Hannibal Carver can't decide if he wants to win this match more than spill the blood of Johnny Detson and paint this town red tonight!

[The crowd ROARS as Carver drops off the apron, grabbing a fleeing Detson by the hair...

...and drags him kicking and screaming into a standing headscissors!]

GM: What is he-?!

BW: Oh my god!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Carver nods to them, reaching down to underhook one arm...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE SKULLPUMP! HE'S GOING FOR THE SKULLPUMP ON THE FLOOR!

BW: HE'S GONNA KILL HIM, GORDO!

GM: THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A CAGE MATCH IF HE HITS THIS!

[Carver reaches down, securing the other arm as Detson screams, begging for mercy...

...when Calisto Dufresne comes sailing in from off-camera, drilling Carver in the face with a baseball slide dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd grumbles as Detson scampers away, grabbing at his neck, eyes wide with fear at what he just BARELY avoided.]

GM: Detson’s getting out of Dodge and he’d better thank his lucky stars that Calisto Dufresne had his back here tonight!

[Dufresne throws Carver under the ropes into the ring, throwing a glance at Detson as he climbs up on the apron, stepping back through the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne’s coming back in... pulling Carver up...

[The crowd buzzes as Dufresne yanks Carver into a front facelock...]

GM: He’s got him hooked! Dufresne’s gonna spike him with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma’am and if he does it, it’s all-

[But before he can deliver his match-ending DDT, Dufresne is stunned by Carver charging forward, driving the Ladykiller back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Carver counters!

[The crowd roars as Carver mounts the midbuckle, taking aim with his right hand as the fans count along!]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SIX!”

“SEVEN!”

“EIGHT!”

“NINE!”

“TEN!”

[Carver hops down, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip!

[But as Dufresne approaches the corner, he leaps up to the second rope, springing back, twisting around into a crossbody...

...as Carver pops up, hooking Dufresne around the head and neck...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

[The crowd ROARS as Dufresne’s head is DRIVEN into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[Carver rolls Dufresne onto his back, rolling through to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Carver rolls off of Dufresne as the crowd cheers...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Eric Somers is on his feet, waiting for him with the metal briefcase gripped in his hands!]

GM: What a shot by Somers! Carver went out like a light!

[Johnny Detson rolls into the ring, angrily shoving past Somers as he starts stomping the hell out of the downed Carver.]

GM: Detson’s in as well! Detson and Somers are putting the boots to the man who’ll climb into that steel cage with Johnny Detson in two weeks’ time!

BW: There’s not gonna be any cage match, Gordo! They’re going to take this piece of garbage out right now!

[Detson backs off, waving for Carver to get back to his feet. As the Boston Brawler slowly climbs up off the canvas, Detson buries a boot into his gut, pulling him into a standing headscissors. He reaches down, underhooking one arm... then the other...]

GM: NO!

[...and PLANTS Carver facefirst into the canvas with the Wilde Driver!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Detson laid him out with that!

[The 2014 Steal The Spotlight winner flips Carver onto his back, lunging into a lateral press as Somers drops down to count one... two... three.]

BW: He did it! Detson pinned Carver! Detson pinned Carver!

GM: He did not! That was not a legal pin and everyone watching - including you, Bucky - knows it!

BW: Looked good to me!

[Detson climbs back to his feet, allowing Somers to raise his arm...

...and then points to the downed Carver, ordering Somers to pull him up. The big man obliges, holding Carver's arms behind him.]

GM: Somebody's gotta put a stop to this, fans! We need security out here or-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRIEFCASE BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Carver collapses down, landing facefirst on the canvas, covering his head with his arms as Detson and Somers celebrate their mugging of the Boston Brawler. Detson takes the jeers from the crowd with a smile on his face...

...and then gestures for Somers to pick Carver up again.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Enough is enough!

BW: I'm pretty sure Johnny Detson's gonna decide when Carver's had enough, daddy!

[Somers pulls Carver up, eliciting a collective gasp from the crowd as they see that one of their fan favorites has had his head split open by Detson and Somers.]

GM: Oh! Carver's been busted wide open with that metal briefcase!

BW: And Detson's gonna do it again!

[Somers holds the arms in place as Detson backs up, slapping the briefcase a few times, laying the badmouth on Carver...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: VASQUEZ! VASQUEZ!

[The Hall of Famer slides headfirst under the ropes, throwing himself into a tackle on Johnny Detson, dragging Detson down to the mat. The fists come quickly, battering Detson relentlessly as Somers throws the bloodied Carver aside, moving to aid his employer.]

GM: Somers is on the move and-

[Vasquez sees him coming, breaking away from the downed Detson to bury a right hand into the gut of Somers. The blow doubles him up as Vasquez hits the ropes...]

GM: KNEELIFT!

[The big knee to the mush snaps Somers' head back, sending him staggering back into the ropes. Vasquez lifts the right hand, holding it high to a big reaction as he squares his shoulders, taking aim at the rising Johnny Detson...]

GM: The Right Cross is ready! The Right Cross is set! The-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH! DUFRESNE WITH THE LOW BLOW FROM BEHIND!

[The sneaky Ladykiller landed the uppercut to the groin, leaving Vasquez reeling as Somers pushes off the ropes, hooking Vasquez around the head and neck, powering him skyward...

...and HURLING him down with a standing uranage slam!]

GM: OHH! Vasquez gets PLANTED!

[Somers backs off, glaring down angrily at the stunned Vasquez as Dufresne grabs him by the hair, hammering his forehead with clenched fists as Johnny Detson joins in with stomps and kicks to the body!]

GM: Carver's down! Vasquez is down! This is a street mugging, Bucky!

BW: The numbers game is paying huge dividends for Detson and Co. tonight as they're beating two of the most popular guys in the entire AWA down to the mat! Vasquez and Carver wanted this fight at the start of the night and now they're getting it!

GM: They didn't want it like this!

[Detson drags Vasquez off the mat, throwing him towards Dufresne who boots him in the gut, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Oh, you're real tough now!

[...and SPIKES Vasquez skullfirst into the canvas!]

BW: WHAM BAM THANK YOU MA'AM!

[The crowd is jeering as Dufresne regains his feet, standing over the two men with his arms raised as Somers and Detson do the same.]

GM: Detson, Dufresne, and Somers have beaten the tarnation out of Hannibal Carver and Juan Vasquez! Both men are down... Carver's been busted open as well. This could be a preview, fans... this could be a preview of what we're going to see at Memorial Day Mayhem when Carver and- oh, come on!

[The boos intensify as Detson drops a knee down on the back of Carver's neck. Dufresne is pounding the skull of Vasquez with right hands again.]

GM: Enough is enough! We're going to need-

[The crowd ROARS!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ! THE WORLD CHAMP HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

[The World Champion comes barreling down the aisle, diving under the ropes, popping up to his feet in time to duck a big right hand from Eric Somers, leaving the big man reeling as Martinez hits the ropes and then DROPS Somers with a clothesline!]

GM: Martinez caught him off-balance and dropped him!

[Calisto Dufresne comes charging in from behind but Martinez quickly turns the tide, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: Chops are coming!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But before the champion can get into a rhythm, he's blindsided by Johnny Detson who clubs him in the back of the head, dragging him out to the middle of the ring where he goes for an Irish whip...]

GM: Martinez reverses...

[And comes barreling in behind him...]

GM: YAKUZA KICK!

[The big boot leaves Detson reeling, the crowd roaring as Martinez drags him out to the center of the ring, pulling him into a front facelock.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Martinez slings the arm over his neck, preparing to drop Mr. Steal The Spotlight with a Brainbuster when suddenly...

...the lights go out.]

GM: Oh hell.

BW: I don't like this, Gordo... not one bit... not one little-

[And when they come back on, Caleb Temple has returned once more...

...but this time, he's standing in the aisle, staring up at Martinez who has frozen in his tracks!]

GM: TEMPLE'S HERE! CALEB TEMPLE IS HERE!

[Martinez throws Detson aside, taking a step towards the ropes when suddenly uniformed policemen are on the scene, moving towards Caleb Temple!]

GM: The Mobile PD is here as promised by the AWA President! They're going to arrest Caleb Temple for trespassing and-

[The first incoming police officer gets dropped by a Temple right hand. The crowd nearby goes nuts as Temple suddenly finds himself swarmed by uniformed police, trying to subdue the King of the Death Match! Ryan Martinez steps from the ring, ready to get into the mix when AWA security appears, forming a wall to physically prevent Martinez from getting past them.]

GM: Caleb Temple's going to jail! The Mobile police are gonna drag his sadistic carcass right out of this building, fans!

[A policeman hooks Temple from behind, a nightstick pressed against Temple's chest. The Hall of Famer violently swings his head back, smashing the nose of the man behind him, leaving him bleeding on the floor as he throws himself forward at the next approaching man, sinking his teeth into the face!]

GM: Temple's like a caged animal back there! He's hitting anything that moves!

BW: You're gonna take that man to jail over his cold, dead body, Gordo!

GM: You may be right, Bucky!

[A maniacal Temple locks his hands around the throat of another police officer, throttling him back and forth as we cut back to the ring where Martinez is struggling, fighting to get past a dozen security guards. Just beyond him, we see Somers and Dufresne each holding an arm on the bloodied Carver as Detson prepares to cave in his skull with the briefcase.

Detson rushes forward, briefcase in hand...

...and a desperate Carver yanks his arm, pulling Dufresne in front of him!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd ROARS as Dufresne staggers back from the shot to the head.]

GM: OHH! Carver got Dufresne and-

[He spins to the side, leaping up as he hooks the head of Somers.]

GM: BLACKOUT ON SOMERS!

[Carver pops back up, pointing a finger at Johnny Detson who bails out of the ring, shaking his head as Calisto Dufresne stumbles towards him and Carver leaps up again...]

GM: BLACKOUT ON DUFRESNE!

[The crowd is rabid now, screaming their support for Carver as he leaves Dufresne and Somers laying, pointing at Detson who is backpedaling away from the ring...]

...when suddenly, Juan Vasquez grabs Carver by the shoulder, presumably to congratulate him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH NO!

BW: BLACKOUT ON VASQUEZ!

[Carver pops back up, spotting the downed Vasquez but doesn't seem to care as he throws his bloodied head back, letting loose a scream of frustration... of anger towards the men who assaulted him that are now laid out all around him...]

...except for the fleeing Johnny Detson who is two weeks away from having nowhere to run and nowhere to hide from the Boston Brawler!]

GM: That was an accident, I think!

BW: Was it?! You think Carver really gives a damn who he drops with that thing?!

[We cut to ringside where the World Champion is still trying to fight his way through security who have him fully restrained, pushing him back towards the ring.]

Cut back to the top of the aisle where Caleb Temple lifts a charging Mobile police officer off the floor, flinging him carelessly into the steel barricade. Three more come in a rush, tackling Temple down to the ground where he's angrily flailing at all of them with fists, forearms, knees, feet, his own skull... whatever he can use!]



GM: This place is going nuts! This scene has GONE nuts! Fans, Memorial Day Mayhem may have erupted two weeks early! We're out of time! We'll see you in the Cajundome!

[We cut back to Martinez, still trying to get loose to get at Temple who has been overwhelmed by police at last...

...as we fade to black.]