

Saturday Night Wrestling



June 20th, 2015
Viejas Arena
San Diego, California

[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 San Diego, California in the Viejas Arena! 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.

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 deep purple sportscoat over a sunburst yellow 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. And Bucky, tonight, we're kicking off one of the biggest months in the history of this company.

BW: You better believe it, Gordo! We're two weeks away from the 4th of July and that big All-Star Showdown live in prime time from Hawaii on the FOX Network. The Rumble, daddy! One of my favorite nights of the year!

GM: In addition to that, we're less than one month away from Rising Sun Showdown 2! The AWA's heading back to Japan for that big event in the Tokyo Dome!

BW: Are you gonna be making the flight and joining me this year, oldtimer?

GM: That remains to be seen but before we get to the Rumble... before we get to Japan... we're here in sunny San Diego, California for the very first time on television! And tonight is a big one because the World Heavyweight Title will be on the line!

BW: That's right, Gordo... and the original dumb kid, Ryan Martinez, doesn't have a clue who he's facin' cause he gave the man who wants his title more than anyone else - Johnny Detson - the right to pick his challenger!

GM: We'll find out more about that later tonight but what about the Stampede Cup, Bucky?

BW: The Stampede Cup - the biggest tag team tournament in the world - is already underway and we're going to see two more matches of that tournament right here tonight.

GM: We've got the mad Russian himself, Maxim Zharkov in action... Brian James will be here... Juan Vasquez competes here tonight... and we've got The Call Of The Wilde featuring Supernova and Shadoe Rage!

BW: And you don't want to miss that one 'cause I've got REAL big news for them!

GM: We've got all of that and so much more but before we go any further, let's take a look at some comments recorded earlier tonight by the AWA President, Landon O'Neill, addressing the situations two weeks ago of Dave Bryant and Hannibal Carver!

[We crossfade to black for an instant before coming up on AWA President Landon O'Neill sitting behind his desk with a beautiful shot of downtown New York City behind him. He is (as always) well-tanned with the brightest-bleached teeth you might ever see. He's in a charcoal grey sportscoat, white dress shirt, and navy blue tie. The smile fades as he gets his serious on.]

LON: Good evening, AWA fans.

Two weeks ago, two incidents occurred that required my office to step in and make some sort of statement. These two incidents, while both egregious,

were very different in nature and as such, have merited very different responses from my office.

[He lifts a sheet of paper to read from it.]

LON: Hannibal Carver.

[O'Neill visibly grimaces as he says the name of the man who has spent more time in his office than his cleaning lady.]

LON: Once again, Mr. Carver has seen fit to stray outside the lines of behavior that the American Wrestling Alliance expects of their top performers. Mr. Carver caused damage to AWA video and audio equipment. He also physically threatened AWA employees.

[He lets the words hang for a moment.]

LON: However...

[Dramatic pause.]

LON: On this occasion, Mr. Carver was able to resist his usual urges and did not PHYSICALLY harm anyone involved.

As such, Mr. Carver has been fined for his choice to damage our equipment but he has not been suspended.

[He sets the paper down, looking firmly into the camera.]

LON: That said, the AWA has ZERO intention to allow "Maniac" Morgan Dane to compete inside an AWA ring. So, if Mr. Carver insists on this desire to face Mr. Dane in a so-called Japanese Death Match, he will be allowed to do so...

...at Rising Sun Showdown 2 in the Tokyo Dome under the banner of Tiger Paw Pro.

[O'Neill pauses, presumably to allow the cheers inside the Viejas Arena die down.]

LON: Now, onto Mr. Bryant.

[O'Neill somehow gets an even MORE serious look on his face.]

LON: Mr. Bryant's actions during Saturday Night Wrestling are considered INEXCUSABLE by this office. I have spoken to Mr. Bryant and I believe he meant no harm to the fan injured in his attack. I also have spoken to Mr. Lake and expressed my opinion that he bears some of the responsibility for that injury due to his own actions.

However... at the end of the day, it was Dave Bryant who threw the fireball. It was Dave Bryant who injured the fan in question.

[He raises a lone finger.]

LON: I can NOT ignore what happened to that fan. The trust of our fans that we will keep them safe is the number one priority to all of us here at the American Wrestling Alliance and Dave Bryant fractured that trust.

Mr. Bryant was informed that as of today, he is hereby suspended for THIRTY DAYS!

[O'Neill again pauses, again presumably to allow the fans to soak up the news.]

LON: He WILL miss tonight's show. He WILL miss the Rumble which he was scheduled to participate in. And he WILL miss Rising Sun Showdown. All unpaid.

Mr. Bryant has accepted this punishment without appeal and has been warned that any future action along those lines may cause his immediate termination from his AWA contract.

[He stares into the camera, making sure his statement is clear.]

LON: It promises to be one of the biggest months in AWA history and I can't wait to see how the rest of the summer unfolds! With this business taken care of, let's head back down to ringside and enjoy the rest of this star-studded night in San Diego!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Big news all around there by the AWA President. Hannibal Carver fined but not suspended and his request to meet Morgan Dane in a Japanese Death Match at Rising Sun Showdown has been approved!

BW: That's going to be something to see, Gordo. No one will want to miss those two lunatics when all bets are off like that.

GM: Carver may have gotten off easy in the eyes of many but I don't think you could say the same thing about the former World Champion, Dave Bryant, who just got hit with an unpaid 30 day suspension which will take him out of the Rumble on the 4th of July AND out of Rising Sun Showdown. Two major events for the AWA will be without the Doctor of Love due to his actions two weeks ago.

BW: You don't think he got off easy? There was a whole lot of talk in the locker room that he should be FIRED for what happened two weeks ago - no pun intended.

GM: Fired?! Were you hanging out with Demetrius Lake again?

BW: I can neither confirm nor deny that.

GM: Fans, let's head up to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

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

PW: Tonight's opening matchup is a TRIOS MATCH scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring to my right... from New York City... at a total combined weight of 678 pounds... the team of Johnny Lowe... Keith Mason... and Pete Porter!

[You can hear crickets at the reaction for the team from the Big Apple.]

PW: And their opponents... coming down the aisle from Gun Barrel City, Texas and A Classified Location respectively... at weight unknown... the team of The Longhorn Riders and Ultra Commando THREEEEEEEEE!

[A brief bugle call blasts over the PA, and a snare drum follows with a long uninterrupted drum roll. The fans jeer as a tall muscular man in a camo mask and bodysuit strides through the curtain with an arrogant swagger in his step. He wears a military helmet in a color that matches the dominant color of his camo, with a long piece of camo fabric covering the sides and back of the neck. He also sports a dark tan leather bandoleer with many pouches. His boots are combat boots and his gloves are black and well-worn.]

After a moment, the Longhorn Riders stomp into view to join him as the music switches to the driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride." Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

GM: Now this is quite the intimidating team, Bucky.

BW: The Longhorn Riders may have had their Stampede Cup dreams dashed back at Memorial Day Mayhem but they've dusted themselves off and now they're looking for the Copa de Trios later this summer - and look at the partner they've gotten themselves!

[The crowd continues to jeer as the Commando marches on down at his own pace, moving with a bearing that suggests extreme confidence. He points threateningly to a fan waving an American flag before stepping through the ropes and into the ring.]

GM: Ultra Commando 3 has got no friends here in San Diego tonight. San Diego's always been quite the military town and-

[We cut to the crowd where a pair of Marines are letting the Commando have it.]

GM: -yep, there are some proud members of America's fighting force right now letting this no-good traitor have it!

BW: Traitor?!

GM: Have you heard some of the disgusting comments he's made about this country, Bucky?

BW: He's got some controversial views but that hardly makes him a traitor.

GM: As someone who bleeds the red, white, and blue, I can tell the Commando that he should love it... or LEAVE IT!

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

GM: Alright, fans... as we get closer and closer to Copa de Trios, the six man action here in the AWA is picking up as all these teams are hoping to be picked for that field that will be heading down to Mexico City to battle it out to see who is the best trio in the world.

BW: And that prize sitting in the bank ain't too shabby either, Gordo. Remember, those are US dollars - not pesos.

GM: Two weeks ago, we saw the Dogs Of War in action as well as the trio of Cesar Hernandez, La Fuerza, and Caspian Abaran. These three men are looking to make an impression just like both of those squads did in Kansas City.

[The Riders step out to the apron, leaving the masked man inside the ring with Johnny Lowe... who we know is Johnny Lowe thanks to the lettering going down the leg of his red full-length tights that reads "LOWE" in white.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Johnny Lowe rushes across the ring, leaping up to throw a dropkick at Ultra Commando III. The Commando takes a step back, surprised by the attack that draws cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Lowe goes high with the dropkick!

[Lowe scrambles up, throwing a second dropkick that connects with the chest of the masked man.]

GM: A second dropkick on target!

[The Commando's arms flail backwards, trying to keep his balance as Lowe climbs back up, taking aim again...]

GM: Third time's a charm?

[Lowe leaps up for the third dropkick as the Commando steps to the side, shoving the legs aside and causing Lowe to crash down to the canvas, cutting the cheers of the fans short.]

GM: And just like that, Ultra Commando III takes control... ohh! Heavy elbow drop down across the lower back of Johnny Lowe!

BW: Since the Commando won't give us his weight, we just have to take a guess but I'd say that's somewhere in the ballpark of 250 pounds dropping down on Lowe.

GM: 250?! He's 300 if he's an ounce!

BW: You might be right, Gordo. The camo is slimming on him.

[The masked man drags Johnny Lowe up by his brown and blonde streaked hair, pulling him to his feet before blasting him with an overhand right between the eyes, sending Lowe back down to the mat.]

GM: He pulled the man up just to knock him back down.

BW: You gotta be impressed by this team that's come together, Gordo. Everyone knows how great the Longhorn Riders are but this Ultra Commando is an enigma.

GM: Well, we know that he claims to have been trained by a man named Super Commando. Longtime wrestling fans might remember the Ultra Commandos... one of the top tag teams of the 1980s.

BW: They were one of the best teams in the world, Gordo. They won titles in just about every territory they competed in... and this guy trained with one of 'em!

GM: So he claims.

BW: You gonna call him a liar? You might as well. You already called him a traitor!

GM: He IS a traitor, Bucky! The last time I checked, that's what you call an American citizen who denounces his own country!

BW: Some might call him a patriot! Isn't free speech protected in this country? Isn't that what he's doing?

GM: Oh, I respect his right to say it but I just don't like what's coming out of his mouth! He claims to be a former military man - a former special forces commando - and now he talks about America like this?!

[In the meantime, the masked man has pulled Lowe up again, blasting him with a forearm shot to the pectorals that sends him staggering back into the ropes where the Commando slaps the hand of "Slim" Jim Colt.]

GM: The tag is made as the Commando shoots him off to the far side...

[The Commando shows some surprising athleticism as he drops down at the feet of Lowe, forcing him to leap over him, continuing on towards Colt who nearly removes his head from his shoulders with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! What a clothesline by "Slim" Jim Colt! The Longhorn Riders are coming off that loss to Next Gen back at Memorial Day Mayhem, ending their hopes of winning the 2015 Stampede Cup but they're right back in the thick of things now!

[The crowd jeers as Colt puts the boots to Lowe, forcing him across the ring towards his own corner where he wearily reaches up, slapping the hand of Pete Porter.]

GM: The tag is ma-OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Jim Colt lashes out with a right hand, knocking Porter off the apron to the floor before he can even get inside the ring. Colt takes a swing at Keith Mason as well, knocking him down to the floor too.]

GM: Jim Colt going after the men in the corner... and now he's going out to the floor!

BW: I talked to the Riders earlier tonight and you talk about two guys in a bad mood, Gordo. They're in a bad mood on the best of days and after losing their shot at a million dollars, they're in an even WORSE mood.

GM: We may be about to see that.

[Lifting Porter off the ringside mats, Jim Colt holds him across his body in slam position...

...and RAMS his back into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST! COME ON, REFEREE!

[Referee Davis Warren slides out to the floor, verbally reprimanding Jim Colt who raises his hands, sneering at the jeering fans.]

GM: Jim Colt just put a hurting on Pete Porter out there at ringside. Jim Colt, one of the sons of the legendary Sam Colt. And when we talk about the Ultra Commandos, you've also gotta talk about the Cowboys From Hell - another great legendary tag team that Sam Colt was a part of.

BW: Two of the toughest men I ever saw in the ring. This six man team is a legacy of some serious tough guys, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. And keep in mind that Pete and Jim Colt also trained at the Keening School of Grappling Arts in Tucson, Arizona so they're no slouches in that ring at all.

BW: I might not like the Keenings but you gotta respect the work they do as trainers. If the Riders went there, you know they're on the verge of greatness at any given moment.

[Jim Colt shoots Porter under the ropes into the ring before pulling himself up on the apron. He turns to glare at the booing fans at ringside before stepping through the ropes. He reaches down at a kneeling Porter...

...who EXPLODES upwards with a headbutt to the midsection!]

GM: Porter goes downstairs!

[With Jim Colt doubled up, Porter throws a stiff uppercut to the chin!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by Pete Porter, climbing up to his feet now...

[Porter winces as he rises, grabbing at his lower back before reaching out to grab Jim Colt by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[Porter bounces off the far side towards Colt who uses Porter's momentum against him, lifting him up under his arm, swinging his feet into the air and his body around a full rotation...

...and DROPS him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll knock some of the fight out of Pete Porter, I'm guessing!

[Colt strides to the corner, angrily slapping the hand of his brother, pointing at the downed Porter.]

GM: In comes big Pete Colt... six foot three and 291 pounds of tail-kickin' machine.

[Each Colt grabs Porter by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: Doubleteam coming up...

[As Porter rebounds, the Colt shoot him skyward, letting him flail wildly as they vacate the area underneath him, causing him to crash facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! Good grief!

[Jim Colt nods, exiting the ring as he leaves "Texas" Pete to deal with the downed Porter. Colt stomps the back of the head a few times before the referee backs him off.]

GM: The Riders certainly do seem to be in a poor mood here tonight. I'm guessing they could end this thing right now if they chose to.

BW: And I'm guessing they're going to choose to punish this kid.

GM: For what?

BW: Being born.

[Colt pulls Porter off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a side headlock, twisting his body away to shield the official...

...and DRIVES his extended thumb up into the throat of Porter, sending him coughing and gasping down to all fours!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hehehe... referee didn't see it so he can't call it, Gordo. Pete Colt couldn't have executed that any better if I had personally taught him how to do it.

GM: Are you saying-?

BW: Nah, my managing days are over, Gordo... you know that.

GM: Until that paycheck is better than the one you get now?

BW: Everybody's got a price, Gordo.

[Pete Colt ignores the questioning official as he drags Porter off the mat, hooking him and taking him over with a snapmare into a seated position where he SLAMS his knee into the back of Porter's head, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Pete Colt's just bullying this young kid around the ring now as Keith Mason and Johnny Lowe shout encouragement from the corner.

BW: If they really want to encourage Porter, they should encourage him to give up. "Call it a day, Pete!" "Look for a day job, Petey!"

GM: Would you stop?!

[Pete Colt watches as Porter drags himself towards the voices of his partners. Colt shouts at the corner, waving them in. Keith Mason trades words with Colt which seems to make the big man angrier as he pulls Porter up by the back of the tights, rifling him into Porter's corner and shouts, "TAG HIM, BOY!"]

BW: Uh oh.

[Keith Mason slaps the hand, angrily stepping through the ropes, charging at Pete Colt. He lands a forearm to the chest... and a second... and a right hand...

...all of which draw a smile from Pete Colt before he slams a knee up into the midsection to cut off the offense!]

GM: Mason down to the mat... and a big double axehandle keeps him there!

[Colt leans down, grabbing a foot to haul Mason back towards the corner. He reaches out, tagging in the Ultra Commando.]

GM: The masked man back in, pulling Mason up...

[He lifts him up with ease over his shoulder, walking around the ring with him like he's preparing for an inverted atomic drop and with a bellow, charges to the neutral corner, slamming him back against the buckles!]

BW: Ohh! That'll knock the wind out of ya!

GM: The Commando sends him from corner to corner...

[Ultra Commando 3 dashes across the ring, moving pretty methodically as he raises his arms...

...and SLAMS a double axehandle into the chest of the cornered Mason!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: He calls that Heavy Fire, Gordo! Keith Mason taking Heavy Fire in the corner!

[The masked man grabs Mason by the hair, pulling him towards the corner where he throws him in. He raises a boot, planting it on the windpipe, choking the air out of Mason as the referee starts his five count.]

GM: Blatant choke in the corner, fans!

[The Commando breaks at four, stepping back...

...which allows Jim Colt to loop the tag rope around the throat of Mason, strangling him some more!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this! This team from New York is obviously outmatched so what's the point in cheating?!

BW: Force of habit?

[Colt lets go, leaving the rope dangling as the referee approaches, shouting at him, accusing him of using the rope. Pete Colt loudly explains that Mason was using the tag rope to keep from falling down as the official shakes his head.]

GM: The Commando drags him out of the corner...

[Turning Mason towards the ropes, the masked man delivers a shove to the back, sending Mason bouncing chestfirst off the ropes, staggering back towards the Commando who takes aim, winds up...

...and SLAMS his fist down into the kidneys!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Surgical Strike!

[With Mason reeling, the Commando muscles him up over his shoulder in a back suplex before twisting him out...

...and sitting out in a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: BUNKER BUSTER! THAT'S IT!

BW: Or is it?

[The Commando spins out to his feet, slapping the hand of Pete Colt who steps in, quickly tagging his brother.]

GM: A pair of tags... and I have a feeling that Keith Mason's night is about to get a whole lot worse!

[Pete Colt quickly elevates Mason up on his shoulders in an electric chair lift, holding him high as Jim Colt scales the turnbuckles, looking out at the limp Mason...]

GM: Mason's already out! There's no call for this! There's-

[Jim Colt takes flight, extending his arm to catch Mason across the collarbone, sending him flipping off Pete's shoulders, crashing chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: COLT REVOLVER!

BW: There's no getting up from that, daddy.

[Jim flips Mason over as Pete takes up a protective stance, eyeing Lowe and Porter as the referee counts to three.]

GM: It's over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers as Jim Colt climbs to his feet, raising his arms as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match... the team of the LONGHORN RIDERS and the ULTRA COMMANDO THREEEEEEEEEE!

[The fans continue to boo as all three men raise their arms in triumph. Jim Colt is incensed by their boos, causing him to stomp Mason over and over, sending him under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: What a bunch of bullies these three are!

BW: Successful bullies. Bullies who might be a couple of months away from being a half million dollars richer!

GM: That may be true but- well, they're leaving the ring at least. Hopefully that's the end of that.

BW: It is... because they're on their way to be interviewed at the stage!

GM: Seriously? Keep the mic out of that traitor's face please! Mark Stegglet, this one is on you.

[We cut to the interview stage where Mark Stegglet is standing, shaking his head.]

MS: I'll do my best, Gordon. We're fresh off an impressive victory for the team of the Longhorn Riders and Ultra Commando 3... three men who are looking to get invited to the Copa de Trios down in Mexico City to battle with the best six man teams in the world... gentlemen, come on in here if you please...

[The hulking trio joins the much-smaller Stegglet on the interview stage. Pete Colt gives a loud guffaw as he plants a forearm on the shoulder of Stegglet, causing him to wince and noticeably sag on that side of his body.]

MS: Maybe get your foot off my shoulder, champ?

[Pete Colt grins as he lifts his arm, allowing Stegglet to straighten up.]

MS: As I was saying, with that win tonight, you guys have sent notice that you're one of the teams to beat in-

[Pete Colt grabs the mic.]

PC: NO, NO, NO! Not ONE of the teams, runt! We are THE team to beat here in the AWA... in Japan... down in Meh-HE-CO... over there in the UK with the Queen's men... you name it! We just showed that the best teams in the world are born and bred right here in the U-S-OF-A... and when we head to down there for that tournament, we're gonna prove it again!

MS: Of course, you're referring to Copa de Trios.

PC: I don't speak no Spanish, Stegglet.

[Ultra Commando steers the mic towards him.]

UC3: That's right. None of us speak Spanish. You know why, Stegglet? Because we're in America!

[The largely-Latino San Diego crowd lets him have it.]

UC3: While I may not see eye-to-eye with many of the policies of this country, I certainly recognize that it's a better place to be than the third world hole known as Mexico!

[More jeers!]

UC3: In fact, as someone who has shed blood in defense of this country, it makes me sick to my friggin' stomach that the AMERICAN Wrestling Alliance is going to lower themselves to the common denominator and head down into that cesspool for that tournament. Stegglet, it is plainly obvious that the best teams in the world are here... in America. So make those luchador maggots come HERE to fi-

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Cesar Hernandez striding through the curtain, his face twisted in anger. He approaches quickly, climbing up the steps to the stage as Mark Stegglet tries to step between them.]

MS: Gentlemen... gentlemen, please... Mr. Hernandez, we want no trouble out here.

[Hernandez nods.]

CH: I believe you don't want trouble, amigo... but these three gordotas are another story!

[The crowd cheers Hernandez.]

CH: You have a problem with Mexico?!

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

CH: Then you have a problem with me!

[Ultra Commando 3 steps closer, staring down through his mask at Hernandez who has the fans solidly behind him in San Diego. The Riders

slowly move to the sides, trying to encircle Hernandez who sees them coming and steps back, lowering his hands to be ready for a fight...]

GM: Uh oh. This might not be turning out the way Cesar Hernandez was hoping, Bucky.

BW: It's turning out EXACTLY how I was hoping!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers again as La Fuerza and Caspian Abaran make their way from the locker room, taking up defensive stances next to their partner. The presence of La Fuerza's 2x4 seems to give the Riders pause as they backpedal, pulling the masked man back as well.]

GM: Oho! So they're not so tough when the odds are even!

BW: EVEN!? That masked mental midget is carrying a weapon! How is that even?!

GM: La Fuerza brought his equalizer and that seems to have changed the minds of the Commando and the Riders as they're getting the heck out of Dodge, Bucky!

[With the rulebreakers backpedaling to the jeers of the crowd, Caspian Abaran grabs the mic.]

CA: Not so fast! These people in San Diego want to see you PAY for your words, tonto!

[Another big cheer!]

CA: You go get ready because later tonight, I'm coming to the ring... and I want to see you on the other side!

[The crowd is ROARING now! Abaran hands the mic back to Mark Stegglet who shakes his head.]

MS: How about that, guys? A special challenge has been issued for later tonight with Caspian Abaran looking to go one-on-one with Ultra Commando 3! Will the masked man accept? We'll find out but right now, let's go backstage to Melissa Cannon who is standing by with the names of more participants in this year's Rumble! Melissa?

[We cut back to the backstage area where Melissa Cannon is in front of a large AWA backdrop. Cannon is wearing a black dress with thin straps and a big grin.]

MC: Thanks, Mark... one of my favorite events every year here in the AWA is the Rumble and we're now just two weeks away from this year's edition of it! It's one of the most important matches of the year because the winner earns themselves a future shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title! Throughout the night, I'm going to be coming to you with the latest names to be added to that big match! Let's take a look at what we've got so far!

[We cut to a graphic showing thirty silhouetted figures with the Rumble logo and info surrounding them.]

MC: The man who knocked out the GFC Heavyweight Champion at Memorial Day Mayhem - KRAKEN is in the 2015 Rumble!

[Kraken's image appears in the graphic, holding up his backfist hand.]

MC: One of America's favorite tag teams are in the Rumble but on this night, it'll be every man for himself. Of course, I'm talking about JACK LYNCH and BOBBY O'CONNOR - the TEXMO CONNECTION!

[Jack and Bobby appear in the graphic.]

MC: The man who went to war with KING Oni back at Memorial Day Mayhem looks to survive another war in Hawaii when DERRICK WILLIAMS enters the 2015 Rumble!

[The graphic has a new addition.]

MC: This year's Rumble will certainly have an international flair when two of Tiger Paw Pro's greatest - YOSHINARI TAGUCHI and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, NOBORU FUJIMOTO - join the list of thirty!

[Those two international superstars appear from the shadows.]

MC: Thirty men will be striving to see who will earn a future shot at the World Heavyweight Title... but this man already knows what carrying that crown is all about. Former World Champion, CALISTO DUFRESNE, is in!

[A smirking Dufresne appears in the graphic.]

MC: Will the fates play a hand in determining the winner in Hawaii? If they do, we might all want to put our money on THE GLADIATOR! He's in the field of thirty as well!

[The Gladiator appears, arms stretched over his head as he looks towards the heavens.]

MC: It takes a whole lot of power to toss twenty-nine men over the top rope to the floor so why not get the STRONGEST MAN IN ALL THE LAND - HERCULES HAMMONDS - in the mix?!

[The powerful Hammonds strikes a double bicep pose in the graphic.]

MC: And the last man to be announced so far will look to add a piece of hardware to his family's impressive history... BRIAN JAMES is in the Rumble too!

[A determined James and smirking Brian Lau appears in the graphic. We fade back to Melissa.]

MC: Ten men in... twenty spots to go. And I was JUST handed the names of three more competitors to add to the list!

[The graphic returns to the screen.]

MC: How about a man who ALREADY carries championship gold? The WORLD Television Champion, "SENSATIONAL" SHADOE RAGE, makes the field of thirty!

[Another image appears in the graphic... quickly followed by another.]

MC: And these days, wherever Shadoe Rage goes, you're sure to find this man... THIS! IS! SUPERNOOOOOVA! The former Rumble winner is in there too!

[One more image appears.]

MC: "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett has been silent on whether or not his Demon will appear in the Rumble after making a shocking debut during it in 2014... but we CAN reveal the THE LOST BOY will be representing Fawcett's twisted family!

[The graphic fades to reveal Melissa again.]

MC: Thirteen men in. Seventeen men left to be revealed. We'll be hard at work backstage all night trying to fill in those gaps for you so that before we go off the air tonight, you'll know the entire field of thirty! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[Crossfade back down to ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Melissa. Wow. That's quite the field already, Bucky. You look at that list and you see several potential Rumble winners!

BW: Absolutely. Calisto Dufresne is a former World Champion in his own right. You know he'd love to put that title back around his waist again.

GM: Supernova, a former Rumble winner himself. Shadoe Rage, the current Television Champion.

BW: WORLD Television Champion.

GM: My mistake. A man the size of Kraken could be a real threat to win the whole thing in there... not to mention a dangerous competitor like Brian James.

BW: You talk about this thing being every man for himself but you also see O'Connor and Stench getting announced together. You think those two don't stand a chance of surviving if they work together?

GM: Plus, we've got international participation this year in the form of Fujimoto and Taguchi and after seeing the Tag Title Double Crown established, you better believe one of those guys would like the chance to wear AWA gold. Some tremendous competitors already announced and even more on the way throughout the night. Switching gears though, fans... two weeks ago, a new team debuted here in the AWA, making a big first impression when they knocked off The Walking Dead to earn themselves a spot in this year's Stampede Cup tournament. Of course, I'm referring to the Rotgut Rustlers. We saw the rough and tumble side of the Rustlers two weeks ago... tonight...

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: You've gotta see it to believe it. Roll the tape.

[We fade through black to an establishment that could be called a dirty dive bar, only that would be too charitable. A pair of rough-looking customers rack up billiard balls for another game as the doors swing open. In walk the unlikely [especially in this bar] pair of Chester Otis Wilde and Buddy Ulysses Loney. Well, trio really if you count Mable the pot-bellied pig being held by Chester. The two get plenty of strange looks from the clientele, and a silence only broken by the shout of the bartender.]

B: We don't serve their kind here!

[Chester and Buddy look at each other confused. Buddy turns back toward the bartender after an awkward few seconds.]

BUL: What?

B: Your pig! It'll have to wait outside. We don't want it here.

[Buddy opens his mouth to protest when Chester claps an enormous hand on his shoulder.]

COW: Now don't you fret none, Buddy. Me and Mable will go for a nice walk so she can go an' do her business.

[Before Buddy can reply, Chester nods happily and ducks out the door once again. As the door slowly shuts we can see the big man place Mable gingerly on the ground and grab hold of her leash. Buddy turns to look at the denizens of the bar and a look of recognition causes a big grin to form on his face.]

BUL: Well, howdy there, good neighbor!

[The camera pans to see sitting at the end of the bar none other than "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner and Tombstone Anderson. Tombstone is staring intently at his big glass mug of beer as Turner quickly turns with a scowl on his face... a scowl that quickly softens when he sees the cause of the shouting is Buddy.]

ST: Well hell, get your fat behind over here, bawh.

[Buddy waddles over to the Rotgut Rustlers side of the bar, nearly knocking over the two men playing pool with his four hundred pounds plus frame.]

ST: Good to see you made it, pull up a chair--

[Sam looks up and down at the mountain of a man before him.]

ST: Pull up five chairs.

[Buddy chooses to lean up against the bar instead, not trusting the bar stool to support him. He looks around nervously.]

BUL: Um... Chester, he... he told ya?

[Sam smirks.]

ST: Told us what, son?

[Buddy gulps.]

BUL: That I... that I'm... well, shucks... that I'm bashful around the wimminfolk something terrible.

[Buddy looks away quickly, trying to see if anyone overheard as Sam puts the bottle of beer in his hand down on the bar.]

ST: Shoot, ain't nothing to it, hoss. Me and Tombstone here each have a gal at home waiting by the mailbox for those checks to appear so we know something about the fairer sex. As if I had to tell you, what with my seven kids...

[Sam notes the blank look on Buddy's face.]

ST: Oh hell. Well, when a man and a woman love each other, they lay down in that marital bed—

[Buddy's look becomes, if you can believe it, even blanker.]

ST: Here, lemme show ya!

[Turner grabs hold of a napkin, and pulls out a small golf pencil, and seems ready to draw a diagram for the clueless member of the Wilde Bunch. Mercifully, Tombstone looks up and shakes his head, yelling "No!" as he cuts off what would no doubt be a cringeworthy exchange.]

TA: Sam! What'd I tell ya about your diagrams!

[Sam's face looks comically let down, as he crumples up the napkin, mumbling to himself.]

TA: Now listen, you and your cousin, it's about time you boys had yourselves some dates. You see all them pretty girls that flock to Travis Lynch and them Air Strike kids? Well, what do they got on you and your cousin?

[Buddy scratches his head.]

BUL: They... well, gosh... they got real purdy faces, Tombstone!

TA: Yeah, but you two got big old arms and legs!

[Sam's head pops up, his expression brightening.]

ST: Speaking of big ol'...

[Sam leans closer to Buddy, whispering into his ear. Buddy's eyes go wide as Turner grins, leaning back with bottle in hand.]

ST: ...you take your good wife and lay her down on the--

[Tombstone is about to cut Sam off when Buddy pipes up.]

BUL: Tractor?

[An awkward silence follows.]

TA: Listen, people look at me, and well, you know I'm not gonna be on no posters. I got this one crazy eye. I got the big old beard, and the stringy hair. But I've been married for ten happy years, and before that, I never went home alone. And you know why? Because I know what the ladies are looking for.

Do you know what that is, Buddy?

[Buddy's face screws up in concentration.]

BUL: Someone who knows how to tend a barn?

[Sam leans in.]

ST: Hell son, no. It's like I was tryin' to tell you. Sometimes a man and a woman lie down and do a sort of... "love handshake". First the man--

[Tombstone is up on his feet, clapping his hands over Buddy's ears, shaking his head at Sam. With a shake of his head that sends his wild hair flying everywhere, Tombstone settles back in his chair.]

TA: These are city girls, Buddy. What're they gonna do with a darned barn?

BUL: Well, I can teach 'em my pig whistles. You wanna hear?

ST: Hell no we don't want to hear no pig whistles! We invited you out because that other rawboned boy told us you didn't know a damn thing about talking to no woman! It's a damn crying shame is what it is! And we told them down at the office because I figured I'd educate my kids sitting at home on the birds and the bees so I could get it out of the way and collect a damn paycheck at the same time!

[After all this, poor Buddy is looking quite shell shocked. Tombstone lays a hand on his shoulder, trying to calm the poor innocent.]

TA: Listen Buddy, there's only one thing a lady is lookin' for in a man. Don't listen to none of that stuff that Sam said. The only thing you need, Buddy, is confidence!

[Buddy's head cocks to the side.]

BUL: You sayin' it's a coincidence?

ST: It's a coincidence I don't slap the damn taste outta your mouth for wasting my time! Now I still got to tell my kids about the damn facts of life and at this rate Sam Jr, Daisy, Frances, Theodore...

[Tombstone pipes in.]

TA: Don't forget about Albert.

ST: That's right, you too Albert! By this rate they ain't never gonna learn!

[Tombstone shakes his head as he veers the conversation back on track.]

TA: No, Buddy, confidence.

Look at me and Sam. Ain't no one thought we were gonna come and take out them two zombies. But you know what we had? We had confidence. We knew we could do it.

And soon? We're takin' on them two guys in the Lights Out Express. And ya know what, Buddy? Ain't no one thinks we can beat former tag team champions neither! But me and Sam... we been all over this world, and we beat all the best tag teams there is.

And we're gonna beat them Lights Out Express boys too! Because if there's one thing we got, its confidence.

That's what you need, Buddy.

So you see that girl right there? That pretty little blonde? You go up and you say hello to her, and you tell her that your name is Buddy Odysseus...

BUL: Ulysses

TA: Yeah, that! You tell her that your name is... what you just said, and you go ask her out on a date.

ST: You listen to ol' Tombstone here. You may grate on my nerves but you and your kin are good people. Well, except for that windbag announcer. You can do this, me and Tombstone will be sitting right here cheering you on.

[Buddy takes in a deep breath, looking back and forth between the Rustlers. He exhales slowly, stands on his feet. He licks both of his palms, and uses them to slick back his hair, before he begins to stride across the bar.]

TA: Look at him! I'm so proud, ain't you Sam?

ST: I'll be proud if he don't squash her flatter than a pancake, I tell you what.

[But no sooner does he take two steps forward, then...]

"CRAAASSHH!"

[Buddy runs right into a table, spilling drinks all over the pair of mean looking bikers who are sitting there. The pair of them stand up, looking at the gulping, terrified Buddy. The camera cuts to The Rustlers.]

TA: You see what I'm seein', Sam?

[For once, Sam doesn't reply. He nods stoically as he finishes off his beer quickly as he can. Meanwhile, Buddy puts both of his hands up and smiles good-naturedly.]

BUL: I'm awful sorry about that, boys.

Biker: Who you calling a boy, chubs?!

BUL: Now now... I don't want no trouble.

[Just then, Sam walks towards Buddy and the two menacing bikers, empty beer bottle in hand.]

ST: You hear that boys?

[Sam nods at Buddy.]

ST: He don't want no trouble.

[The two look at Sam intensely.]

ST: Problem is?

"SMAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The intense stares that are hitting Sam don't last long however, as one of the bikers is sent flying by the charging boot of Tombstone Anderson.]

ST: WE DO!!

"SMAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[With that, Sam quickly smashes his beer bottle over the head of the biker that isn't currently getting stomped on the ground by Tombstone. He grabs the groggy man by the shirt, hurling him into and on top of the pool table. He grabs a pool cue and hoists it over head as Buddy apologizes to the bartender for his friends behavior as we fade back out to Gordon and Bucky at ringside. Bucky's head is down on the announce desk, lightly smacking his forehead into the wood over and over again. Gordon is chuckling.]

GM: Bucky?

[Bucky groans in response.]

GM: Bucky, were you watching?

[Another groan.]

GM: Well, fans... Bucky Wilde seems to be beside himself over what we just saw out of his nephews but... well, Bucky, we've got a match coming up here. Think you can compose yourself?

[With a heavy sigh, Bucky straightens up, giving a weary nod.]

GM: Attaboy.

BW: There they are, Gordo. A REAL tag team worth talking about. The sensation that's rocking the nation! The tag team that just needs its one big break to take the world by storm.

GM: Are you talking about...?

BW: You bet your bowtie!

GM: Them?

BW: Yes, Gordo, the Fabulous Blue Brothers!

[The camera cuts from the announce team to the skinny, pasty, hapless, helpless poster boys for ineptitude, who are currently milling about the ring, looking out of place and in fear for their lives.]

GM: Bucky, the Blue Brothers have a record of approximately zero and one seventy eight!

BW: That just means that it's time, Gordo! You'll see, tonight, the Blue Bonanza begins!

[Phil Watson stands in the ring, bringing the microphone to his lips, but before he can say anything, The Reverend Horton Heat's "Los Gringos Locos Like a Party" blares over the loudspeakers, and the moment it does, the Viejas Arena comes alive.]

GM: Now here's a true sensation, Bucky. "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner, Tombstone Anderson, the Rotgut Rustlers!

BW: Two weeks ago, they got lucky, but just you watch, Gordo! Tonight that luck runs out. The Blue Bonanza is born tonight!

[The Rotgut Rustlers come tearing out from backstage. Out front is Sam Turner, swinging his bullrope above his head. Already itching for a fight, Turner is shouting at the ring. Maybe at his opponents, maybe just at the world in general. His short, dirty blond hair crowns his head, while his face is screwed up in what would be a comical expression of anger, if it weren't so frightening. Already itching for a fight, Turner is shouting at the ring. Maybe at his opponents, maybe just at the world in general. His short, dirty blond hair crowns his head, while his face is screwed up in what would be a comical expression of anger, if it weren't so frightening.]

GM: There he is, Mr. Congeniality himself!

[Behind him is the Bad Man from the Badlands, Tombstone Anderson. Anderson stomps his way to ringside, hollering the entire time. And after each bellow, the crowd responds in kind. Tombstone is quite the sight. Standing six feet, nine inches tall, and weighing in at two hundred and eighty pounds of muscle and sinew, Anderson is built like a monster. His arms are thick, his legs are even thicker. His chest is well toned. He doesn't have a six pack, but he's clearly someone who's in shape, with a very slight bit of fat right at the gut serving as a testament to his love for the drink. But more astounding is Anderson's hair. He's got long black hair that's composed of tight, spiral curls that goes in every direction. Between that, and the long, thick and equally untamed beard, all anyone can really make out a part of crazed eyes. Anderson wears a simple pair of black trunks. He's got a long, black elbow pad on his right arm that extends from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His boots are covered in silver/grey fur, which look more than a little dingy.]

GM: I tell you Bucky, that's a face only a mother could love!

BW: Not his mother. I heard when he was born, his mother slapped the doctor!

[As the music continues, the Rustlers hit the ring, Sam in the middle of the ring, swinging his bullrope overhead, which sends Phil Watson out of the ring, heading for cover. Fools they may be, stunned by the display, Andy and Will Blue look on like the proverbial deers in the headlights, until Tombstone comes charging forward.]

GM: BIG BOOT SENDS ANDY BLUE OVER THE TOP ROPE!

[With Sam still swinging his bullrope, Tombstone grabs hold of Will Blue and whips him hard into the turnbuckle. Seeing this, the referee signals for the bell, which is just barely audible over the sound of the Rustlers' music, which is still playing!]

GM: I guess this contest is under way.

BW: The Blues are going to rally, just you wait!

[Tombstone goes charging towards Will Blue, but then stops, as he sees that Sam is still swinging his bullrope. With a roar, Tombstone pulls the rope out of his hands, and throws it over the top rope. Sam stares at his partner, and puts up his dukes.]

BW: These two idiots are going to fight each other!

GM: They are certainly an unorthodox pair.

[Before Sam can throw a punch, Anderson smacks him on the chest, and points him towards the still winded Blue. Immediately, Turner pivots and begins throwing lefts and rights to the face and body of Will Blue, before finally pulling him out of the corner.]

BW: Any chance we can turn this song off!?

GM: Not sure we need to. Tombstone Anderson has Will Blue by the wrist, he sends him to the ropes, he catches him. Backbreaker. Turner is on the second rope.

[The airborne Turner brings his knee across the throat of Blue, and then quickly scrambles for the cover, while the wild eyed Anderson stomps around the ring.]

GM: WAGON CRASH!! ONE.... TWO.... THREE!!! IT'S OVER!

[And with the Rustlers' music still playing, the two orneriest brawlers in the AWA move to the center of the ring, their hands raised in victory.]

GM: The Rotgut Rustlers make quick work of the Blue Brothers. And I guess the Blue Bonanza will have to wait another week Bucky, as their record falls to zero and one hundred seventy nine... or thereabouts.

BW: I don't even have the words, Gordo.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, the Mad Russian - Maxim Zharkov is in the house so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

As we fade back, we land back on the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: The Legends Of The Northeast DVD is one of the hottest sellers in AWA history and I know that my next guest is a big fan of many of the competitors showcased on it. Ladies and gentlemen... NYC's own...
DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[The crowd loudly cheers as Otherwise's "Coming for the Throne" starts up through the arena and out from the entrance comes Derrick Williams. Williams is dressed in street clothes, a pair of brown boots, jeans, and a brand new, just available on AWAShop 'Young Lion' Derrick Williams T-shirt. He slaps hands with the fans as he walks up the steps to the platform, shaking hands with Stegglet as the interview starts.]

MS: Derrick Williams, this has been quite the month for you. You had that much-anticipated showdown with KING Oni back at Memorial Day Mayhem, watching your mentor and trainer Kevin Slater injured in the process. Then two weeks ago, you scored a victory and were right here speaking to me when you were - in my opinion - rudely interrupted.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Yeah, Mark... Oni was tough. My arm and shoulder are all banged up from the beating I took from him... but I'll get past it. And yeah, he broke Kevin's hand...

[The Young Lion shakes his head, slamming his fist into an open palm.]

DW: He broke his hand and I was ready to get right back in there. But Kevin told me to walk away. Kevin told me that it was his fight now... not mine. That I needed to focus on myself... on my career.

[He shrugs.]

DW: He pretty much demanded it actually. And if training under him taught me anything, the Wild Thing can be a real hard guy to refuse when he sets his mind to something.

[Williams smiles as the crowd cheers.]

DW: So, I showed up two weeks ago, won my match, and was ready to come over here and tell you all about how I'm going to Hawaii, how I'm climbing in that ring with twenty-nine other men... how I'm-

[He snaps his fingers.]

DW: And just like that, Callum Mahoney's music hits.

[The crowd jeers. Williams nods at their reaction.]

DW: Yeah, I wasn't real pleased about it either. You see, the so-called Fighting Irishman showed me something two weeks ago... he showed me a lack of respect. Mahoney doesn't respect anyone. He didn't respect Sultan Azam Sharif when he attacked him and broke his arm. He didn't respect his teammates at SuperClash when he turned on them. He doesn't respect anyone... and if he thinks he's going to stroll past me like I'm not even the-

[Just like two weeks ago, Williams is interrupted by The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" playing 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, strides through the entranceway. He has on a black T-shirt, with the words "I BROKE THE SULTAN'S ARM" in a large white, blocky font across the front, over his usual ring attire.]

GM: Much like he did two weeks ago in Kansas City, Callum Mahoney has once again interrupted Derrick Williams' post-match interview.

BW: Well, it's about time.

GM: What do you mean by that?

BW: Williams is out here taking up valuable air time talking about Kevin Slater... talking about Sharif... talking about all this ancient history. It's about time Callum Mahoney came out here and got this show moving along!

GM: But Derrick Williams wasn't done talking!

BW: Sounds like he is now.

[The camera cuts back to Williams who is watching the Armbar Assassin as he walks down the aisle, not even acknowledging Williams' presence. The Young Lion turns to Mark Stegglet, holding up two fingers and mouthing "Rumble" before the camera cuts back to Mahoney.]

GM: And I believe that was a warning to the Fighting Irishman, Bucky. Derrick Williams has been interrupted two shows running but in two weeks at All-Star Showdown LIVE on the FOX Network, Derrick Williams is going to be in that thirty man Rumble and if Mahoney's there, I bet Williams is going to make sure the Irishman notices him then! Fans, we've got to take another quick break and, hopefully, get Mahoney's opponent out here by the time we come back to Saturday Night Wrestling, right here on The X!

[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, as we fade to black.]

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some chryon identifying him for the benefit of non-wrestling fans: "THE KING OF WRESTLING DEMETRIUS LAKE"

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assailants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

We cut back to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by to announce the competitors for the next match. Mahoney has removed the black T-shirt to reveal the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front of his black singlet. He paces his corner, awaiting the start of the match. Across the ring from him is a slim young man, with short, slicked-back black hair, wearing a pair of white tights, with the branches of a yellow lightning bolt forming an electrifying pattern all over it, and white boots with black trim.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Intro-

[The ring announcer is interrupted and has to scramble out of the way, as Mahoney charges across the ring, throwing a forearm into the jaw of his opponent, sending him back into the turnbuckles. The official signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: No time for introductions as Mahoney strikes before the bell! He is laying into this kid, whose name I don't even know, with a flurry of kicks to the gut and punches to the ribs...

[With "the kid" leaning against the buckles, Mahoney manages to knock him off his feet with a well-placed clubbing forearm to the ear.]

GM: He puts the kid down... and now he seems determined to stomp the kid right through those turnbuckles!

[The referee is loudly counting, getting up in the Fighting Irishman's face, ordering him to step back.]

GM: The official is trying to force a separation, but I'm not sure how smart that is, trying to wedge himself between Mahoney and his opponent. I have no idea what's gotten into Mahoney, but this is uncalled for!

[Mahoney lets off a bit, just enough to step back, grab the opponent's arm and pull him to his feet. He jerks the opponent by the arm towards him, hooks both the opponent's arms behind him and throws him overhead with an underhook suplex.]

GM: Butterfly suplex nearly breaks his opponent in half! He could probably call it a night here, but I'm guessing the sadistic Irishman is not done.

BW: The effective Irishman!

GM: Mahoney drags him up...

[The Irishman whips him towards another corner, sending him crashing hard into the buckles, causing him to flop forward down onto his chest from the impact.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: A whole lot of guys seem to have a burr under their saddle here tonight, Gordo. They're taking it out on their opponents.

[Mahoney grabs an arm and drags the opponent to his feet, then, palming the opponent's face, shoves him back into the corner.]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

BW: Mahoney's stepping out on his own. See, he's not such a bad guy after all, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about-

[Mahoney comes charging back in...

...but his opponent lifts both legs, planting the soles of his boot into Mahoney's face.]

GM: Ohh! Mahoney might need some dental work after that!

[The Fighting Irishman staggers back as the young man slams a hand down on the top rope, giving a shout as he charges out of the corner...

...and gets caught with a back elbow across the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OH!

[With the kid down on the mat, Mahoney takes aim, dropping a big elbow down across the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: Elbow after elbow being driven down into the chest of this young man who is certainly paying the price for booting Mahoney in the face.

BW: The Armbar Assassin didn't like that one bit and he's making him pay for it! He's teaching him a lesson about respecting his betters...

[Mahoney leaps up, planting a heavy knee into the sternum!]

BW: ...and that knee drop lands to make sure the lesson sticks, daddy!

[Ignoring the official, the Fighting Irishman drags the kid off the mat, tugging him into a single arm lock before DRIVING him down with a single-arm DDT!]

BW: POGUE MAHONE!

GM: That might've ripped the shoulder right out... and if it didn't...

[Mahoney quickly scissors the arm, rolling into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: ...this will! The Armbar is locked in and it won't be long now until-

[The young man who still never got introduced shouts out, quickly submitting.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! Another submission win for Callum Mahoney and- come on, ref! Get him to break the hold!

BW: He's got a five count.

GM: Well, use it! He's trying to break the kid's arm!

[The official begins the count, but Mahoney releases the hold at four. He stands over his defeated opponent, shaking his head.]

GM: Finally, he breaks it.

BW: The arm?

GM: I meant the hold but quite possibly. The Armbar Assassin going back to what originally got the attention of the masses - that devastating armbar submission hold.

[The referee tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney pulls away, heading instead to the corner and waving Phil Watson over. The ring announcer approaches, holding out the mic, which Mahoney grabs, before turning back and approaching the young man who is now seated in the center of the ring, shaking out his arm.]

GM: What is this all about?

[As Mahoney looms over him, the young man holds out one hand, trying to reason with Mahoney, as the official gets down on one knee next to him and does the same. Mahoney's eyes darts between both men, as he brings the mic up to his lips.]

CM: I could have broken your arm. I could have made yet another statement tonight, but look at you! It wouldn't have been much of a statement. After all, two years ago, at Opportunity Knocks, I arrived in the AWA, but nobody heard my statement then! When I broke the Sultan's arm, I thought that was quite the statement...

[He looks up and surveys the crowd, who is showering him with jeers, coldly.]

CM: ...but it seems like nobody was paying attention. Well, on July fourth, on the second anniversary of my AWA debut, in Wailuku, Hawaii, at least twenty-nine other men WILL be paying attention as Callum Mahoney, the Armbar Assassin, is announced the winner of the Rumble.

[Mahoney drops the mic and exits the ring. He makes his way up the aisle, arms raised, seemingly oblivious to the jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Callum Mahoney is looking to make a statement, perhaps the biggest statement of his career, in the Rumble at All-Star Showdown, but I'm not sure if there are too many guys in the back willing to let him do so at their expense, Bucky.

BW: Lots of guys can talk a big game, Gordo, but a strong showing in the Rumble, and I wouldn't put it past the Fighting Irishman to put on a strong showing, would get you noticed in a hurry. We still have no idea why he's been interrupting Derrick Williams of late. Could it be a cry for attention, or is the Armbar Assassin sending a message to the young man from Brooklyn?

GM: Callum Mahoney becomes the 14th man to enter this year's Rumble and remember, we'll be checking in with Melissa Cannon all night long to find out who else will be joining him. But right now, let's shift gears and talk about the Stampede Cup!

BW: The biggest tag team tournament in all of wrestling!

GM: You're absolutely right about that. The best tag teams in the world - from the US, Mexico, and Japan - are colliding in this massive tournament to find out who is the best tag team in the world... who will walk out with a million dollars... and who will walk out with that treasured Stampede Cup. Later tonight, we're going to find out the final three teams in the first round - the representatives from SouthWest Lucha Libre, from Tiger Paw Pro, and the winner of the final play-in match pitting Team SAMURAI against the Hell Hounds. That match is coming up shortly but before we can get to that, let's hear from one of the teams in that battle - The Hell Hounds with their manager, Charisma Knight!

[The camera cuts to the back interview area, where the one and only "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing in the center of the shot next to Charisma Knight, adorned in her usual red blouse, her red streaked black hair falling loose to her shoulders. Flanking both, are the monstrous Hell Hounds, already in their entrance gear, holding their horned helmets at their sides.]

SLB: Fans, in just a short while, the Stampede Cup marches on, and I'm here with the team that'll be taking on Team Samurai in the last "play in" match, The Hell Hounds, led by Charisma Knight.

[Blackwell turns towards Knight.]

SLB: Now Ms. Knight, your team has had one match thus far in AWA, and you made a massive push to get in this tournament, some might feel your men are bit, underserving.

CK: Underserving? There's a reason we're entered in this tournament and it's not just my smiling face, Blackwell. You say we've had ONE match in the AWA thusfar and that's just plain wrong. We've had one TELEVISED match. But while the network suits quiver in their boots at the sight of my men, we've been winning matches over and over again on AWA live events... we've been winning matches before Saturday Night Wrestling goes on the air. And everyone wants to talk about Tiger Paw Pro and the level of competition there... what do you think my boys did in Japan, Blackwell?

SLB: Well, if the fans called my hotline at 1-8-

[Charisma interrupts.]

CK: SIX... AND... OH! A clean sweep, Blackwell. Every team they put in front of us, we put down. So, you call us undeserving?

[She gets an impish grin on her face.]

CK: I say you just haven't gotten to know us yet. And tonight, we're going to prove it against Team SAMURAI. Blaster, dear, would you like to enlighten everyone?

[The brown-mulleted taller Blaster laughs a bit before talking.]

B: Heh, Team SAMURAI. Two up and comers in Japan playing here. Boys, you got the wrong draw. There's a reason we're called the Terrors of the Territories. We'll chew you up, spit you out, and have a whole lot of fun doing it, right Tank?

[Focus shifts to the slightly shorter, but much stockier Tank.]

T: Focused on an old tradition. Samurai died out a hundred and fifty years ago, and we're intending to take out the last two in a few minutes. Boys, this ain't Japan. We know Japan, and you haven't faced anything like us. At the end of the night, you'll just be another stepping stone on our way to the Stampede Cup, and then the World Tag Team Titles.

CK: My boys are ready, and tonight is just the first step.

[The Hounds leave the shot, leaving Blackwell to stare at the camera.]

SLB: Two big guys with a chip on their shoulders like that... and that piece of work leading them? Whew. I'm not sure I'd want to be in Team SAMURAI's boots for this one. Fans, let's head down to the ring for more action!

[Cut to the ring where a man with a beer gut pushing 50 in plain dark blue tights wearing a sweater crudely embroidered with the word "HUGH" on the front stands in one corner.]

BW: It's that time again, Gordo. Pray for this poor schlubb Jenner.

[Phil Watson takes it away!]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a special five-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Wheeling, West Virginia, weighing in at 243 pounds... Hugh Jenner!

[Jenner throws both hands into the air to no one in particular.]

GM: Hugh Jenner in the ring... the Jenner family is a common sight at ringside whenever Jenner wrestles. I can't help but notice they've decided to take a pass this week.

BW: Gordo, I don't know if I want to see what's about to happen to this soup can in a minute or so.

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the "Soviet March." Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov-- the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators.

Behind him, adviser Jackson Hunter, a middle-aged man with a perpetual scowl on his face, his ubiquitous clipboard under one arm, a briefcase with a large red hammer-and-sickle decal in the other.]

PW: And his opponent... accompanied to ringside by Jackson Hunter... From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

GM: Bucky, we've seen Maxim Zharkov offer this Five Minute Challenge to all North American wrestlers at all our non-televvised events- young Paulie Italiano came the closest three nights ago in Flagstaff, Arizona--

BW: [interrupting] Like they say in journalism, Gordo, "don't bury the lead." The closest Paulie came to lasting the full five minutes with The Tsar was two minutes and forty seconds.

GM: That may be true but--

BW: And Zharkov had the match won, by the way, after ninety seconds. He just spent the last minute of the match unnecessarily - but beautifully - powerbombing Paulie. That'll learn him to make commie jokes on Twitter.

[Zharkov, with one swift motion, leaps onto the ring apron, throws his arms upward, casting his cloak off. He quickly steps through the ropes and begins a quick series of last-minute stretches on the corner. Hunter hovers over him, cajoling him with instructions-- Zharkov dispassionately ignores him.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hunter jumps down from the apron, still pointlessly coaching the impassive Zharkov, who now stares down his opponent in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Zharkov has been impressive since his in-ring debut earlier this month: undefeated, and he has managed to dominate every bout. But I have heard that this "Magadan Coalition" fronting Maxim Zharkov has cherry-picked all his opponents thus far. It does lead me to wonder what will happen when the Monster from Magadan faces an actual challenge he is not prepared for.

[Before Zharkov can lock up with Jenner, the crowd begins chanting. Zharkov cannot help but notice, furrowing his thick eyebrows...]

"U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!"

[Hugh Jenner smiles with the chant and pumps his fist in rhythm with it, which just encourages the crowd more.]

BW: Come on, people! I'm as red-blooded as any other American, but let's not be a bunch of deluded jingoists here!

GM: Collar-and-elbow tie-up now... Not something I'd expect out of a powerhouse like Maxim Zharkov, but I don't know that we've seen an athlete like him - shoves Hugh Jenner away to the ground!

[Jenner rolls the ropes, looking up at his opponent. Zharkov throws his fists, looking down at Jenner, and roars.]

"U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!"

BW: Chant all you want. You can't rattle the comrade.

GM: Jenner back up, locking up with Zharkov again. Jenner's got that low center of gravity, it might be an advantage to him. Maxim Zharkov backing Jenner into the corner with ease now, and the referee has to call for a break.

BW: Like anyone is going to tell The Tsar what he can and can't do.

[Zharkov oppresses Jenner deep into the turnbuckles until the referee counts 'four,' then abruptly releases the hold, then shouts...]

“PUSH-KAAAAAA!”

GM: Zharkov thrusting those massive palms into the skull of Jenner. The official should really consider stepping in here!

[Jenner is badly dazed. Zharkov locks his arms around his opponent and arches back...]

BW: HOLY--!

GM: Oh... Oh... Oh my stars and garters... Maxim Zharkov just tossed poor Hugh Jenner two-thirds of the ring with a belly-to-belly suplex!

[Zharkov springs to his feet, glances quickly at his manager Jackson Hunter, who is miming pointing to his non-existent wristwatch. Zharkov then throws his arms apart and roars again.]

GM: Jenner back up again, but just barely.

BW: Who can be surprised after a massive throw like that?

GM: Zharkov swoops in. Hugh Jenner trying a couple of open-handed punches to his opponent, but with no authority - Maxim Zharkov is just shrugging them off.

“U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!”

[Zharkov is impassive, standing over his dazed victim. He rears back, dropping an overhand forearm strike to Jenner's upper back, doubling him over.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov has him hooked, hoists Hugh Jenner up, looking for that--

MZ: [seemingly finishing the thought] “TSAR BOMBAAAAAA!”

[Zharkov tosses Jenner to the canvas with the crucifix powerbomb, quickly floating over and locking in a seated full nelson.]

BW: And look at that, Gordo! Just effortlessly locking in that Gorynch!

[Zharkov leans back mercilessly, bending Jenner nearly vertical in the Gorynch!]

GM: And Jenner has no place to go but to submit; again, another dominating performance from Maxim “The Tsar” Zharkov.

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: The unofficial match time I think is one minute, forty-five seconds. And that's about the median match time.

[Zharkov keeps the hold locked on after the bell as his opponent begins howling in agony.]

GM: Bucky, someone will have to stop this Soviet monstrosity. Enough, already!

BW: Let's not be blinded by patriotism, Gordo!

GM: I'm not blinded by patriotism, Bucky. Zharkov is a specimen, no doubt, but he is bully who is hand-picking his victims - finally Zharkov releases that Gorynch. "Sweet" Lou, I don't envy you at all - over to you.

[Lou Blackwell is now in the ring as Hugh Jenner is helped away.]

SLB: Thank you, Gordon and Bucky. Jackson Hun--

[Jackson Hunter cuts him off by taking Lou's wrist hijacking the microphone.]

JH: American Wrestling Alliance... please attend carefully.

["Sweet" Lou looks understandably disgusted. Hunter returns his scowl briefly.]

JH: ...And don't you stick your bottom lip out at me, you tedious little capitalist shill. It's your type that'll charge two dollars a minute for water while this state burns to ashes in wildfires. And I'm all in favor of throwing lit matches in the dead grass.

[Hunter turns back to the camera.]

JH: Is there no one within the sound of my voice that wants to test Maxim Zharkov? We offered this five-minute challenge as a way to level the playing field, because we know that no North American athlete can defeat Zharkov - we were just hoping that someone would have the resilience to last five minutes!

[He holds up the briefcase with the hammer-and-sickle decal.]

JH: Fifteen thousand in cash money! That's the kind of money that you'd sell your own body on the black market for! No one! No one can even come close. I expected more of a fight out of this loudmouth country.

[The crowd buzzes, waiting to see if anyone intends to accept the challenge.]

GM: A bold challenge laid down by Jackson Hunter, waiting to see if any proud American is going to step up and shut him and his Russian's mouth! I tell you, Bucky... there's a whole lot of anti-American sentiment going around these parts these days with the 4th of July just a couple of weeks away.

BW: Freedom of speech is on display everywhere you look, Gordo.

GM: That's certainly one way to look at it.

BW: Right now, it's hard to call Hunter wrong because I don't see a single person walking through that curtain to-

[On cue, the crowd begins chanting "U-S-A" again, as another man with a buzzcut, square jaw, and an iron-on "USA" shirt enters the ring.]

GM: Hey! Alright! There's a proud American for sure!

BW: Oh, this guy is going to get crushed, Gordo.

GM: Only one way to find out.

[The individual swiftly makes his way down the aisle, head held high, before pulling himself up on the apron. He wipes the soles of his boots on the mat, staring in at Maxim Zharkov as Jackson Hunter turns to acknowledge him.]

JH: Who are you supposed to be?

["Sweet" Lou turns over the microphone to the interloper.]

CS: Charlie Stephens. CORPORAL Charles Stephens to be precise.

[Big cheer!]

CS: And I've been listening to you run your mouth for months now about the country that I served with pride. I've listened to you talk down about these people, my people, and everything my country stands for. So I'm here to stand up and once again offer my service to my country.

On July 3rd, I plan on going to Oahu, touring Pearl Harbor, and paying my respects at the U.S.S. Arizona to the thousands who died so you would have the right to be here today as free men to say what you say and do what you do.

[Stephens takes a moment to compose himself. Hunter and Zharkov are impassive.]

CS: And then on July 4th, I'm going over to Maui to the War Memorial Stadium. I'm going to stand in this ring LIVE on the FOX Network at All-Star Showdown... waiting for you.

Zharkov, I'm asking you...

[Stephens steps closer to the massive Russian, and looks up into his eyes.]

CS: Are you gonna be there?

[The crowd cheers and begins chanting again. "Sweet" Lou turns the microphone over to Zharkov, but is intercepted again by Jackson Hunter.]

JH: No offense, son, but I think you've been listening to a little too much--

[Zharkov snatches the microphone, startling both "Sweet" Lou and his own manager. He hasn't taken his eyes off Charlie Stephens.]

MZ: DA!

[A huge cheer from the crowd! Zharkov thrusts the microphone back into Lou Blackwell's hands and abruptly exits the ring; Hunter, still taken aback, follows after him a couple seconds later, nattering away at his client. Stephens begins leading the crowd in a "U-S-A" chant once again.]

SLB: There it is! Charlie Stephens, the first man to step up and volunteer for The Tsar's five minute challenge for fifteen thousand in cash! And just added to the AWA Hotline tonight, we have news about the surprising connection between Maxim Zharkov's manager Jackson Hunter and one of top ten ranked wrestlers in the AWA! Call 1-900-877-5515 for more! More to come on Saturday Night Wrestling; stay tuned.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a play-in match with the winner earning entry into the 2015 Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

DONG

[With the toll of the bell, the lights in the arena go out, an audible air of excitement from the crowd starts up, as it usually does whenever someone does this.]

DONG

[With the second toll, an eerie red light comes up from the back of the entranceway area.]

DONG

[The third toll signals the billowing of smoke from the ground, creating an almost unsettling affect, broken up by the unmistakable guitar of Angus Young playing the opening chords of AC/DC's "Hells Bells", each bell toll following brings up white lights flashing in time to the tolls, switching over to the base drum hits when they kick in.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by their manager Charisma Knight... from Newark, New Jersey, weighing in at a total combined weight of 575 pounds...

TANK and BLASTER, THE HELL HOUNDS!

[As Phil finishes their intro, the silhouettes of two large men and one woman appear in the entranceway, bright lights behind them dimming as the front spotlights hit, revealing the Hell Hounds and their manager, Charisma Knight.

The two near 300 pounders are unsettling in their entrance gear of silver Horned demonic dog head helmets, studded sleeveless leather overcoats with spiked epaulettes on the shoulders, studded black gauntlets, and silver studded shin pads over their standard long black and red tights with their names written on the sides.]

GM: Look at the size of these two!

[Charisma holds out her arms, herself dressed modestly for a female in wrestling, black short heeled boots, black leggings underneath a dark red skirt, matched by a dark red buttoned up blouse that matches the dark red streaks in her otherwise jet black long hair. She smirks as the Hounds look around the arena, soaking up the fear, nodding first to the taller 275 pounder Blaster on her left, and the 300 pounder Tank on her right.

Charisma begins to walk toward the ring, the boys flanking her, matching her slow deliberate pace. As they reach the ring, both Terrors hold open the bottom rope for Charisma to enter the ring, then step through themselves, mounting the corners facing the hard camera and raising their arms while

Charisma stands in-between in the middle of the ropes, smiling as the looks from one beast of a man to the other. Then descend from the corners and begin removing their excess entrance gear, finishing with their masks, revealing the black and red war paint splattered over their faces.]

PW: And their opponents...

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

PW: From Japan... at a total combined weight of 458 pounds... Shigehiro Ishikawa and Jun Komachi...

TEEEEEEEEEEEAM SAMURAAAAAAAIAI!

"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: The final play-in battle for the 2015 Stampede Cup as these two very different teams square off to see who will advance and who will go home early. Any predictions, Bucky?

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo. Look at the size of the Hell Hounds. Team SAMURAI is giving up about a hundred pounds or more to those two beasts. Size doesn't always matter but in this case, I expect Charisma's boys to roll over these two.

GM: We're about to find out as AWA official Ricky Longfellow steps out to the middle and-

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: -here we go! It's going to be Shigehiro Ishikawa starting it off for Team SAMURAI against the near-three hundred pound Blaster from the Hell Hounds.

[Blaster slowly emerges from the corner, staring across at the much smaller man with a grin on his face. He waves Ishikawa forward.]

GM: Ishikawa's only giving up about thirty pounds but he's a half foot shorter than Blaster.

BW: A whole lot of leverage advantage, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[The two men come together in a tieup and Blaster holds his ground, allowing Ishikawa to try and shove him back.]

BW: Look at that. He can't even budge him!

GM: Ishikawa's giving it everything he can but you're right, Bucky... not moving an inch...

[But Ishikawa is moving an inch and then some as Blaster straightens up, gives a bellow, and HURLS Ishikawa across the ring, sending him rolling head over heels before ending up on his knees.]

GM: Man... a whole lot of power there.

[Blaster smirks as he strikes a double bicep pose. The crowd jeers as Ishikawa slowly climbs to his feet, dusting himself off as Jun Komachi shouts encouragement from the corner.]

GM: It looks like Ishikawa's going to try it again... slowly moving towards Blaster who is waiting for him...

[Blaster goes high for the lockup again as Ishikawa ducks under it, spinning around to throw a kick to the side of the knee!]

GM: Oh! Leg kick by Ishikawa!

[He throws two more, leaving Blaster reeling, trying to stay on his feet as Ishikawa rushes forward, bullrushing the larger man back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Whoa! Look at that! Ishikawa showing he's no slouch in the power department himself, shoving Blaster all the way back to the corner and-

[Ishikawa spins to the side, throwing a knife edge chop.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Blaster instantly clutches at his chest, staggering out of the corner as Ishikawa shakes out his hand.]

GM: The Firecracker King strikes early in this one, leaving Blaster in a bad way... but Ishikawa's following after him...

[He shoves Blaster into the neutral corner, measuring him a second time,]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oof! What a shot!

[Blaster recoils from the chop again, staggering down the ropes where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Uh oh... and here comes the big man!

[Tank slowly gets into the ring, staring at the unflinching Ishikawa.]

GM: The big man is in! Six foot five and three hundred pounds but Ishikawa is NOT backing down, fans! The fighting spirit is strong in this one!

[With a shout, Ishikawa rushes forward, throwing rights and lefts, raining them down on a surprised Tank who attempts to cover up as Charisma Knight screams at him from the corner.]

GM: Ishikawa's all over him, battering him back!

[As Tank's back touches the buckles, Ishikawa grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: From corner to corner goes the big man... and here comes Ishikawa!

[The Firecracker King leaves his feet, throwing a forearm smash into the jaw! He gives another bellow before whipping Tank across a second time, charging after him...

...which makes him easy prey as Tank runs up the corner buckles, leaping blindly backwards to smash his elbow back into the chest of Ishikawa, wiping him out!]

BW: Holy- did you SEE that?!

GM: Incredible show of athleticism on the part of a three hundred pound monster!

[Tank rolls to a knee, looking out to Charisma who applauds gleefully. She shouts at Tank who nods before pulling Ishikawa off the mat, slinging him effortlessly over his shoulder...]

GM: Tank's got him up... and I don't like the looks of this, Bucky.

[Tank strides around the ring, ending up in the neutral corner with Ishikawa over his shoulder...

...and with a bellow, he charges across, DRIVING Ishikawa backfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

[Holding onto the middle rope, Tank immediately launches into a series of shoulder tackles to the mid-section, lifting Ishikawa up off the canvas as the referee starts his count, trying to force Tank to abandon his attack in the corner.]

GM: Come on, Ricky! Get him out of there!

[At the count of four, Tank backs off, leaving Ishikawa hanging onto the top rope, trying to stay on his feet. Tank approaches, pulling Ishikawa out of the corner by the arm, yanking him into a front facelock...]

BW: And I think Ishikawa's about to go for a ride!

[Tank walks Ishikawa out to the middle of the ring, lifting him effortlessly up into a vertical suplex...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: My stars! Look at the power!

[The crowd is buzzing at the power of Tank as he leaves Ishikawa dangling upside down for a long, long time...

...before finally bringing him crashing down in a spine-rattling suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Tank rolls into a cover - one! Two! No!

[Tank grunts as Ishikawa escapes the lateral press, climbing up to his feet. He reaches out, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: Tag is made... in comes Blaster now for the double team...

[Tank lifts Ishikawa up under his arm, dropping the Firecracker King down across his knee in a backbreaker. He holds him there as Blaster steps forward, giving a shout before leaping up...

...and DROPS a heavy leg across the throat!]

GM: OHH! That might be it, fans!

[Tank exits the ring as Blaster attempts a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! Again, Ishikawa slips out!

[Blaster angrily slaps his hands together three times in the direction of the official who holds up two fingers. Charisma can be heard screaming like a banshee at Ricky Longfellow also.]

GM: Blaster only got two and he doesn't like it.

BW: Neither does Charisma and I trust her to the end of the Earth.

GM: I see.

[Blaster climbs to his feet, dragging Ishikawa up with him. He walks him back towards the Hounds' corner, applying a bodylock...

...and HURLING Ishikawa over his head, bouncing him three-quarters of the way across the ring and off the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: But he made a mistake there! Look at where Ishikawa is! Look at-

[Jun Komachi lunges over the ropes, slapping the hand of his partner!]

GM: Tag!

[Komachi slingshots over the ropes, rushing across the ring towards Blaster. He drops into a baseball slide, going between the legs of Blaster like a speedy blur!]

GM: Whoa! Komachi is SO fast in there!

[Back on his feet, he greets the turning Blaster with a leaping knee strike RIGHT on the chin!]

GM: OH!

[Blaster stumbles back, arms wheeling around in the air, trying to keep his balance as Komachi dashes to the ropes, building up a head of steam as he rebounds off...]

GM: Komachi builds up momentum... ohh! Running thrust kick to the chest!

[The blow sends Blaster falling back into the ropes where Komachi rushes to the far side, rebounding again...]

BW: I get sea sick watching this kid, Gordo.

GM: Constant motion!

[Komachi baseball slides between the legs of Blaster again, going right out to the floor where he reaches back in, pulling on the ankles and causing the big man to topple over to his chest!]

GM: He trips up the bigger man! Komachi all of five foot seven inches and 205 pounds!

[He pulls himself up on the apron, slingshotting over the top rope, dropping an elbow on the back of the head of Blaster, smashing his painted face into the canvas!]

GM: Komachi lands the elbow... and Blaster slides out to the floor...

[Blaster reaches up, grabbing his nose, checking for signs of blood as Komachi points at him with both hands. Unbeknownst to Blaster, Komachi is rushing across the ring, hitting the far ropes, building unbelievable speed as he comes sailing across...

...and drops into a baseball slide dropkick, slamming his feet into Blaster's face, sending him falling back, crashing down to the floor as Komachi lands on his feet on the floor, throwing his arms apart as the crowd shouts, "SAFE!"

GM: The fans are solidly behind Team SAMURAI here tonight!

[Komachi climbs up on the apron, thrusting a fist in the air and earning even more cheers as Tank comes into the ring, charging down the length of the ropes.]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Komachi drops down, arching his back and ducking under a clothesline attempt. He grabs the ropes, slingshotting over the top rope, hooking Tank around the head with his legs...]

GM: Headscissors coming up- NO! TANK BLOCKS IT!

[Tank powers Komachi up, holding him up on his shoulders where Komachi opens fire, raining down short right hands to the skull...

...and Tank shoves him off, causing Komachi to backflip, landing on his feet!]

GM: Komachi counters... CLOTHESLINE!

[But Komachi drops down, pulling the top rope with him and sending Tank tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor next to his partner!]

GM: Oh my! Charisma Knight is BESIDE herself out there on the floor, screaming at her charges and-

[Komachi again builds a head of steam, dashing off the far ropes, barreling across...

...and takes flight, flinging himself over the top rope with a somersault plancha that wipes out an off-balance Tank! The crowd EXPLODES for the dive as Komachi rolls back into the ring, shouting to the cheering crowd!]

GM: These fans love Jun Komachi and he feels exactly the same way!

[With Knight on the floor shouting at her men, Komachi walks around the ring, continuing to fire up the crowd. Blaster slowly climbs up off the mat, dragging himself up on the apron...]

GM: Blaster's back on the apron but he looks a little dazed still.

[Komachi moves in, landing a pair of forearms to the jaw. He turns, dashing across the ring again as Blaster comes through the ropes...

...and OBLITERATES Komachi with a lariat!]

GM: OHHHH! HE TURNED HIM INSIDE OUT!

[A sneering Blaster climbs from his knees to his feet, reaching back to tag Tank. He yanks Komachi into a standing headscissors while Tank starts to climb the buckles of the neutral corner.]

GM: Blaster's got him up! A crucifix powerbomb on the way!

BW: He calls it the Terrorizer!

[Blaster hurls Komachi through the air, driving him down with a crucifix powerbomb. He straightens up, taking a knee, pointing to the other corner where the 300 pound Tank sails off the top, dropping a flying splash down on the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's gotta be it!

[Blaster explodes from his feet, connecting with a back elbow that sends Ishikawa sailing off the apron as the referee counts.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Charisma Knight gives a triumphant shout as Blaster joins his partner in mid-ring, raising his hand as he climbs off the mat.]

GM: The Hell Hounds are victorious and that means they've won a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament!

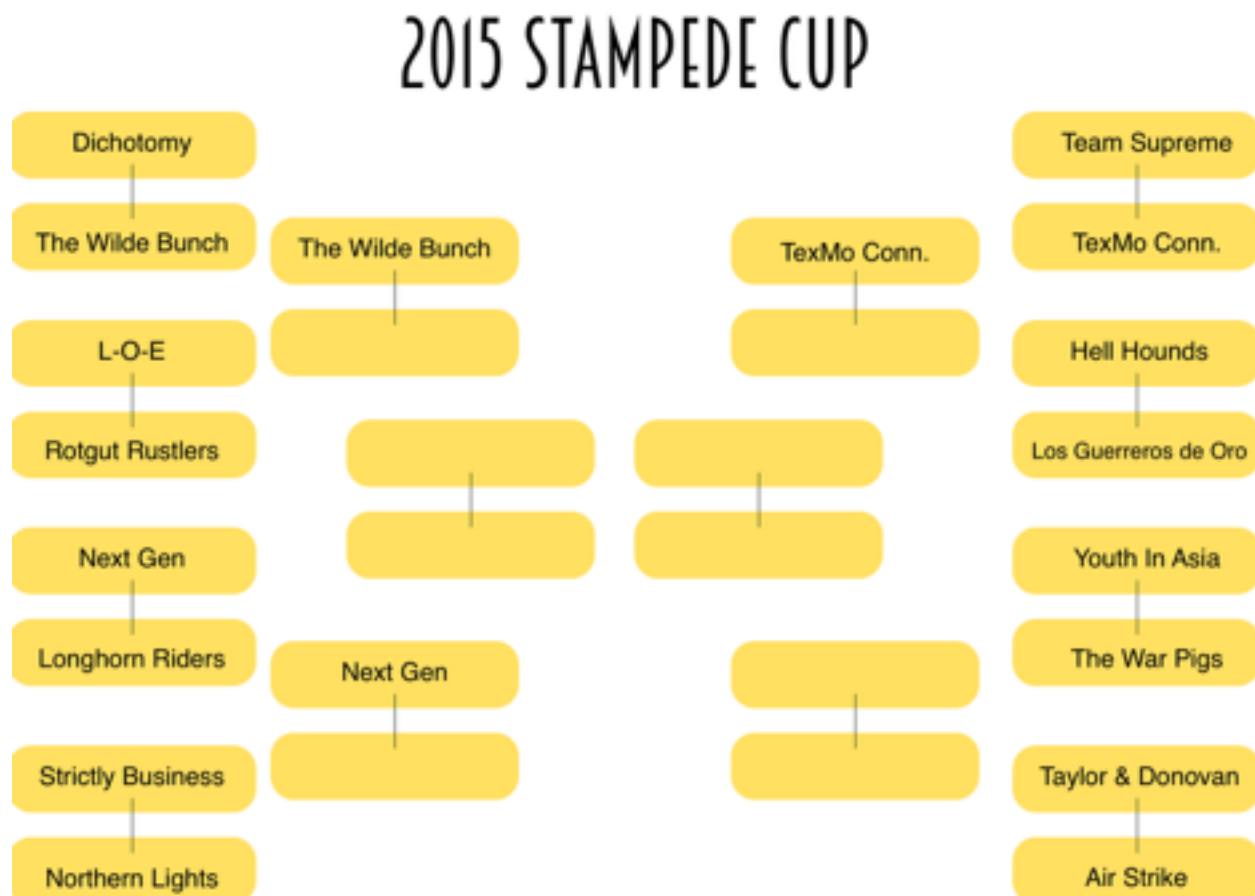
BW: Hey, I'll give credit where it's due, Gordo... Team SAMURAI put up one heck of a fight but in the end, they were just outsized and outdone.

GM: The Hell Hounds are moving on and with more on the Stampede Cup, let's head backstage to Melissa Cannon! Melissa?

[We cut back to the locker room area where the original AWA ring announcer is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MC: Thanks, Gordon. A big win right there for the Hell Hounds, winning the final play-in and moving into the tournament field where they're going to be taking on the team who will represent SWLL - Los Guerrero de Oro - in the first round. With that news - and the news that Youth In Asia will be representing Tiger Paw Pro - let's take a look at the updated bracket for the tournament!

[The graphic comes up on the screen to show the tournament as it currently stands.]



MC: With the play-in matches and tournaments complete, we finally know the teams who are still remaining in this battle for a million dollars, the right to call yourselves the best team in the world, and the Stampede Cup trophy itself. Later tonight, we'll see The Northern Lights compete against former World Tag Team Champions in Strictly Business in a first round match as well. The Stampede Cup continues to get better and better and I'll be checking in with you later tonight with an updated bracket, fans! But right now, let's head over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by at the interview stage! Mark?

[Cut to Mark Stegglet is standing by on the interview platform.]

MS: Thanks, Melissa! Ladies and gentlemen, joining me right now: Willie Hammer!

[The crowd cheers as the mini-afroed Willie Hammer enters the shot, smiling at the reception. He has on white trunks with green trim around the waist and the bottom of the thighs and a Combat Corner Wrestling t-shirt.]

MS: Willie Hammer, two weeks ago in Kansas City, Sweet Daddy Williams, Skywalker Jones and yourself fell short of victory against the Dogs of War; a trio whom you had challenged. In fact, Pedro Perez won the fall for the Dogs by choking you out. Going ahead, what's next for Willie Hammer?

WH: The fans here in San Diego...

[Hometown pop! Hammer grins at the reaction.]

WH: ...know what's next: I'm gonna fight; fight for each and every opportunity to come my way and maybe, just maybe, one of those opportunities will bring about some sort of success for Willie Hammer. And every once in a while, an opportunity to leapfrog ahead presents itself, much like the Rumble coming up July fourth in Wailuku, Hawaii at All-Star Showdown!

MS: Are you saying that you've entered the Rumble in two weeks' time?

[Hammer nods.]

WH: That's right... and after I shine tonight, Mark, I plan on continuing to shine when I enter the Rumble and win it all!

[Hammer claps Stegglet on the shoulder as "California Love" by 2Pac, featuring Dr. Dre and Roger Troutman starts to play. He turns and descends from the interview platform.]

GM: Willie Hammer's headed to the ring for one-on-one action, fans, and we'll be right back with that match and a whole lot more after the break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

As we fade back up to the ring, a now-shirtless Willie Hammer is swinging his right arm around, working the crowd up, while Allen Allen stands across the ring from him, looking on with disdain.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 207 pounds... Allen Allen!

[Allen arrogantly flicks his shoulder-length blonde hair, sneering at the crowd's negative reaction to him.]

PW: And his opponent... from South Central Los Angeles... weighing in at 280 pounds... WILLLLLLIIIIIE HAMMMMMMERRRRR!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and this bout between the young man from South Central Los Angeles and Jacksonville's Allen Allen is underway!

[The two men circle a couple of times before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring.]

GM: Right into the tieup... and you gotta think that Willie Hammer, with a 70 pound weight advantage will have the edge in this type of grapple.

[Hammer proves Gordon right, backing Allen easily across the ring towards the ropes where the veteran Allen quickly turns it around, using Hammer's momentum against him to shove him back against the ropes.]

GM: Nice reversal by the veteran. Will we get a clean break here?

[Allen steps back, hammering a forearm across the chest of Hammer...

...and getting one to the jaw in response, knocking him down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: And the Combat Corner graduate returns fire in kind!

[Allen scrambles to his feet, staggering in a circle, holding onto his jaw as Hammer steps away from the ropes, grabbing Allen by the sides of the head. He slams his skull into Allen's!]

GM: Headbutt stuns Allen Allen! And a second one takes him off his feet!

[With the crowd cheering, Allen rolls to all fours as Hammer drops down in a similar position...

...and rams his head into Allen's!]

GM: Another headbutt! Unique offense out of Willie Hammer and he's got Allen Allen in trouble!

[A second ramming headbutt rolls Allen to his back as Hammer climbs off the mat, waving his arms at the cheering crowd, doing a little shuck and jive for the San Diego fans.]

GM: And Willie Hammer is having a good time here in San Diego, fans!

BW: Maybe if he wasn't so worried about having a good time, he wouldn't have gotten choked out by Pedro Perez two weeks ago, Gordo.

GM: I don't think those two things have anything to do with one another.

[Hammer turns back towards Allen, holding up his right arm, swinging it around and around as he motions with his left hand for Allen to get up off the mat.]

GM: Willie Hammer's waiting for his opponent to climb to his feet and the Jacksonville native is slowly but surely getting there...

[As Allen rises, Hammer lashes out with a left jab to the jaw... and another... and another... quick and snapping blows to the chin that snap Allen's head back time and time again.]

GM: The skilled fists of Willie Hammer have Allen Allen on Dream Street... and look at him go!

[The crowd cheers again as Hammer dances from side to side, shaking his moneymaker...

...and throws a devastating right uppercut that whips Allen's head back, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: What a right hand that was! Willie Hammer obviously learned the art of fisticuffs very well at the hands of his uncle, former AWA competitor Soup Bone Samson.

[Moving into the corner, Hammer grabs an arm, whipping him across the ring. He falls back into the buckles, stomping his right foot a few times, running in place for a few moments...

...and then barrels across the ring, leaping into the air, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Allen!]

GM: Oh, what a shot that was! Corner to corner, leaping into the air, the full nine behind that forearm blow!

[He drags Allen out to the center of the ring, hooking his arm around Allen's head and neck, lifting the arm to trap it with the other...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[Hammer powers Allen up into the air for a uranage before sitting out in a thunderous sitout slam!]

GM: OHHHH! That might do it!

[Down on the mat, Hammer kips up to his feet, throwing his arms up into the air, giving a shout to the San Diego crowd before pointing to the corner buckles.]

GM: Look at the athleticism of Willie Hammer as he approaches the corner and- whoa!

[Gordon reacts to Hammer deadleaping from the mat to the top rope, twisting around to face his downed opponent...

...and leaps sky high, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: HAMMER TIME!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of the near-three hundred pounder crushing down on the chest of Allen, planting his fists on the chest as the referee counts one...two... and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And just like that, an impressive win for Willie Hammer!

BW: I gotta admit - the kid's got athleticism for weeks. I don't know if that's enough to get him to the next level but he can move, fly, jump, and whatever else you want him to do in there.

GM: But let's see if he can continue to impress when the AWA rolls into the War Memorial Stadium in Wailuku, Hawaii on July fourth for the annual Rumble!

["California Love" plays as Hammer gets back to his feet and has his arm raised by the official.

Cut to a powdery pink color. A voice is heard.]

“Bee to the blossom...”

[The shot pulls back a little more, revealing some glittering silver amongst the pink.]

“Moth to the flame...”

[As we pull back further, the silver appears to be glitter shaped into letters.]

“Each to his passion...”

[The shot moves back slowly, revealing the letters in full - “CARVER” - with a matching silver heart around it. The camera slowly pans over to reveal the form of Casanova, heavy red rouge on his cheeks and dark blue on his eyelids. His lips have been painted a deep purple. A small bouquet of flowers is tucked behind his ear, resting against his bleached blonde hair. He smiles - a seductive grin if there ever was one.]

C: “What's in a name?”

[He lifts the sheet of paper with Hannibal Carver's shimmering name...

...and plants a kiss on it, leaving purple stains across the silver glitter. The camera holds on the kiss-print as we slowly fade back out to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: I... I'm not sure I have the words after that.

BW: Unrequited love is a horrible thing to behold, Gordo.

GM: Is that we're calling this... bizarre obsession that Casanova seems to have for Hannibal Carver?

BW: What would you prefer to call it?

GM: Disturbing. Fans, let's head up to the ring.

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

PW: This next contest is set for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit!

BW: I can almost guarantee you this won't take no twenty minutes, Gordo!

GM: I'm inclined to agree.

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring, from Wichita, Kansas. Weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty pounds, here is... GEORGE TALBOT!!

[The crowd reacts with a moderate sized cheer for the Wichita native.]

PW: And his opponent, accompanied by his manager, Brian Lau. From Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAMMMMMESSSSSS!!!!

[Boos greet the opening guitar riff of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo." Coming out first is the manager of champions, Brian Lau. Dressed tonight in a grey suit, the lights glinting off his aviator sunglasses, Lau's head is held high and his hands grip his lapels, his mouth going a mile a minute as he taunts the jeering fans.]

GM: Brian Lau, wasting no time in angering the fans.

BW: When you're Brian Lau, when you're the only manager in the Hall of Fame, you don't have time to make friends with the humanoids, Gordo!

[Behind him, moving at a deliberate pace, is the hulking form of Brian James. The son of the Blackheart cuts an imposing figure. Six foot six, and nearly three hundred pounds of muscle, this is a man made for destruction. 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, before James pushes down the top rope and steps over it. With Lau in front, both men move to the center of the ring.]

GM: Two weeks ago, we saw him win a match when the referee stopped it.

BW: Because that referee had mercy on the poor idiot who made the worst mistake of his life getting in the ring with Brian James.

GM: I'll agree with this much Bucky, that was merciful.

[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. Normally, Lau would open the box and place the mouthguard over his charge's teeth. But not tonight...]

GM: TALBOT LEAPS OVER LAU, AND HE'S THROWING HANDS AT BRIAN JAMES!

[Lau hits the canvas hard, and scoots across it, still on his posterior, before rolling out of the ring. Stunned, James takes a step back, as the referee turns to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Talbot is staying right on top of Brian James. In just about a month, TORA will be taking on Brian James at our second annual Rising Sun Showdown. This might well be a blueprint for how to face Brian James!

BW: Let me tell you something Gordo. When you're facing Brian James, you don't need a blueprint. You need a roadmap that leads as far away from the arena as possible!

[Warned about closed fists by the referee, Talbot uses a series of open handed palm thrusts to the chest to knock James back. Off balance, James nevertheless stays on his feet. Encouraged by the cheers of the crowd, Talbot sends James into the ropes.]

GM: Bucky, this could be the start of an upset!

[James comes off the ropes, and Talbot leaps in the air, body flying forward.]

GM: Fierro Press! Talbot feels the momentum!

[Talbot leaps at Brian James, and right into his waiting arms. James overcomes his initial daze and rushes forward, driving Talbot into the corner, all of the air coming out of Talbot in a single explosive burst.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: You were saying, Gordo?

GM: Just like that, the momentum has shifted.

[As Talbot is released and his feet hit the mat, James wraps his arms around the back of Talbot’s head, pulling him forward, into his waiting knees. The Son of the Blackheart unleashes a devastating flurry, knees crashing into the face and chest of the helpless Talbot.]

BW: Whatever he got from that quick attack is all gone Gordo.

GM: I will say this Bucky, Brian James is a lot for any man to handle, and probably too much for George Talbot.

BW: Which reminds me, Gordo. What’s gonna happen in two weeks, when Brian James enters the Rumble? How is anyone going to get that monster over the ropes?

GM: You have to figure that Brian James is one of the favorites to win that match, Bucky.

BW: And if Brian James won the Rumble? That would put the World Heavyweight Title one Blackheart Punch away from being under the control of Brian Lau!

GM: That’s a terrifying thought.

[Speaking of Lau, he’s on the apron now, calling to James. After a final knee drops Talbot, James moves over. With an enormous smile on his face, Lau places the mouthpiece in his charge’s mouth.]

BW: Look at that commitment to safety. That’s what makes Brian Lau such a great manager, Gordo!

GM: Give me a break!

[Talbot rises to his feet slowly, and with Lau offering some advice to James, Talbot takes his opponent’s distraction as an opportunity, and charges forward, driving a knee into James’ back!]

GM: There’s still some fight left in Talbot!

BW: And Lau goes crashing to the floor. I think James must have run into him!

[A replay shows that, in fact, Lau jumped back at the last moment. Still, both James and Lau are dazed, with James stumbling back. Talbot bounces against the ropes, and drives his shoulder into James, trying to tackle him.]

GM: James is doubled over, but he's still on his feet!

BW: Brian Lau said it two weeks ago. No one at all has taken the big man off his feet since SuperClash.

[With James bent over, Talbot bounces off the ropes once more, and leaps over the back of Brian James, sliding under him, trying to use his momentum to bring James down,]

GM: Sunset Flip!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo!

[James reaches down, and with his left hand, takes hold of Talbot's hair, pulling his opponent off the canvas and setting him on his feet.]

BW: Brian James showing his incredible mix of strength and balance! That's not something you can overcome, Gordo!

[James holds Talbot prone, and then delivers a series of brutal elbow strikes to the face of Talbot, until Talbot hands fall limp, his weight supported only by James' grip. James drops Talbot to the mat, and then bounces off the ropes himself. As Talbot slowly pushes himself up, James drives his foot into the center of Talbot's back.]

GM: Curb Stomp!

BW: And look at Lau! He's motioning for James to bring Talbot over!

[James grabs hold of Talbot's hair, and drags him across the canvas, where he drapes Talbot's throat across the bottom rope. Lau rushes forward, reading Talbot the riot act, as James grabs the top rope, and puts his foot on the back of Talbot's neck.]

GM: James adding unnecessary insult to injury here!

BW: Hey, he interrupted Brian Lau. You didn't think Brian James was just going to let that go, did you?

[The referee begins to lay on the count, just as the referee reaches three, Lau reaches back, and at the count of four...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

BW: Hahaha! I love it.

[James lifts his foot, as the referee begins to scold Lau.]

GM: That was completely uncalled for!

BW: It was still great, Gordo!

[James takes Talbot, and whips him hard into the corner. The son of the Blackheart runs to the opposite corner, and then, building a head of steam, rushes forward, leaping to the middle rope at the last second, and unleashing a brutal shin kick to the side of Talbot's head, before leaping back. It all happens quickly, and in one fluid, graceful motion.]

GM: I will say this Bucky, that never fails to amaze!

BW: Lau has been saying it for months. There's no better athlete, there's no more brutal striker, there's no more terrifying presence than Brian James. You take any one of the qualities he has, and you've got a World Champion. You put them all in the same package? Watch out daddy, because Brian James is a man that everyone should fear!

[James steps back, and lets Talbot stumble forward. Seizing Talbot, he takes his wrist and lifts his arm, bending it behind his head. James turns to the side, and pulls his free arm back, fingers curling into a fist. Then, with a twist of his body, he drives that fist into Talbot's chest with terrifying velocity.]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!!

BW: This is over, Gordo!

[And indeed it is, as James places his boot on the center of Talbot's chest and the referee falls into position.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner of the match...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAMMMMMESSSSSS!!!!

[Lau hits the ring, racing past the referee so that he can raise his charge's arm in victory.]

GM: Brian James with another decisive victory.

BW: What's gonna happen Gordo, when in two weeks, Brian James enters the Rumble? And what's gonna happen when TORA has to come face to face with that monster?

GM: To be honest Bucky, I'm afraid to find out. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet's standing by with one of the teams competing in the first round of the Stampede Cup later tonight - the Northern Lights!

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands between The Northern Lights. Rene Rousseau stands to Stegglet's right. He is dressed in a white satin ring jacket, white wrestling trunks, wristbands and boots. Chris Choynet, who stands to Stegglet's left, wears bright blue wrestling trunks with a thin white stripe down the waist, two thin white stripes down the sides, blue elbow and knee pads and white wrestling boots.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Fans, later this evening, The Northern Lights will step into the ring against Strictly Business in a first-round match for the Stampede Cup. Rene and Chris, this is certainly a big opportunity for you to raise your standing in the tag team scene in AWA.

RR: Mark, you are correct, but this match tonight means a little more than that. You know, I've always prided myself on giving back to this business, because that's what I learned from the guys before me. See, I was once a youngster who didn't know everything there was to know about this business, so several people took me aside and told me what it was all about. And yeah, there were those older guys who weren't willing to give me the time of day, and the youngsters who thought they knew it all. At that age, I vowed never to become like those veterans who showed no interest in the young talent, and to especially make sure the youngsters I taught understood what respect was all about.

MS: You know that Strictly Business believes that they have been disrespected by many in the wrestling world, particularly the younger wrestlers in the locker room now.

RR: See, Mark, I know about what Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian have accomplished in that ring. Who doesn't know that? They are all-time greats in this business and I'll never pretend otherwise. I don't know, though, what they were like as youngsters, but I know they've become like the veterans I never wanted to emulate. Hey, I understand everybody wants to be number one in this sport, that's everyone's goal. But for them to turn up their noses at every younger wrestler who just wants advice, that disgusts me. So, tonight, Chris and I are going to give Strictly Business a lesson about what respect for this business is really all about.

MS: Chris Choynet, some might call you one of those youngsters who got advice from Rene.

CC: Mark, I'm not gonna deny it. Rene has taught me so much about this business, and although I've only been wrestling for a few years, I want to give back as much as Rene does. Talking to some of the up and comers in the back, guys like Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, I definitely see two guys who want to learn from those before them. Attitudes like that are what make this business enjoyable, while it's attitudes like those of Tucker and Sebastian that just aren't needed. Strictly Business might be all-time greats, but they sure aren't acting like it. And Rene and I, well, we know exactly how to take care of rotten attitudes, don't we?

RR: That's right, Chris. Strictly Business, you may be one of the best tag teams to step into that ring, but that doesn't make you unbeatable. Tonight, we're taking you down and moving on in the Cup.

MS: All right, fans, these two men certainly sound confident. Let's go back to ringside!

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

PW: The following contest is an eight man tag team match set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... the team of Paul Rose, Teddy O'Toole, Reed Martin, and Connor Jackson!

[Four men look out to the crowd for support, getting little.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The arena lights cut to black.]

GM: Here comes trouble!

[An ominous high-pitched cackle comes over the PA system. The video walls flicker with static before an image fills the screen - it's a skeleton with an enlarged skull smiling and dancing. A top hat rests on the enlarged skull, slightly akimbo, as it holds a cigarette holder in one bony hand and a martini glass in the other. Underneath the ghoulish images rests the letters "DMP."

The infamous logo for the Dead Man's Party.]

GM: Japan's most infamous faction, the Dead Man's Party is heading for the ring!

[There's a strong negative reaction from the AWA fanbase as the opening notes of Oingo Boingo's "Dead Man's Party" comes over the PA system.]

GM: These men have challenged the AWA to a seven-on-seven match at Rising Sun Showdown 2... but tonight, it's going to be four on four, Bucky.

BW: But WHICH four?

GM: An excellent question as it seems... yes, all seven are coming to the ring.

BW: No, no, no, Gordo... not just seven. They've got the big man with 'em!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway as a multitude of colored lights flash all over the Viejas Arena, lighting up the crowd, hitting the ring. We can see the "enforcer" of the DMP, One Man Army, leading the pack. The sneering and egotistical Wallace twins - also known as Youth In Asia - trail close behind him, throwing crotch chops at the fans along the railing. Right behind them comes Elijah Wilde and Yuma Weaver, the former pointing out people in the crowd to laughter from his ally. "Jumpin' Johnny Skye is next,

atop the shoulder of "The Rebel" Ricky Royal. Bringing up the rear is Jay Alana, the leader of the Dead Man's Party.]

GM: Eight men heading down the aisle... that's a small army, Bucky.

BW: Which may be why no one's tried to step to them yet, Gordo. We saw these guys interrupt a title match two weeks ago - a World Television Title match - and not a single member of the AWA locker room decided to step up to them. That's gotta say something about these guys.

GM: It says they're dangerous... they're volatile... and they're out in serious force here tonight in San Diego as well.

[Upon reaching the ring, the eight men fan out, two on each side of the squared circle as the four men inside the ring look around nervously.]

BW: How would you like to be in there and looking out at that?

GM: I'd prefer not to... but at Rising Sun Showdown, seven of the AWA's top competitors will be doing exactly that. We still don't know who will make up Team AWA but we hope to learn more about it here tonight LIVE on The X.

[Jay Alana takes the lead, stepping up on the ring apron. He looks out to all four sides of the ring, resting his eyes on all seven of the other members of the Dead Man's Party, taking them all in...

...and then slowly points, giving the order as to who will take part in the match.]

GM: It looks like it's going to be Ricky Royal... Johnny Skye... Yuma Weaver... and your nephew, Elijah Wilde, Bucky.

BW: About time we get some real talent inside that ring.

[The four mentioned competitors climb up on the apron, taking their spot in the corner as Alana gives some instructions to the squad before dropping down to the floor. A smirking Johnny Skye slingshots himself over the top rope in a somersault, landing on his feet and gesturing to himself to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: "Jumpin' Johnny Skye, the YouTube Sensation, will be starting it out for the Dead Man's Party apparently... and Skye was quite the fan favorite in this business until hitching his wagon to these jackals.

BW: Pssssh. What does being a fan favorite get you? Not a bigger paycheck. Not a better shot at gold. Nothin' but trouble if you ask me.

GM: Well, no one asked you about that... that's for sure.

[As the bell sounds, Johnny Skye swiftly moves in on Reed Martin before pulling back, running his hands through his hair with a grin.]

GM: Skye certainly is full of himself.

[Reed Martin comes in on Skye, lunging and dropping down to grab a leg, ripping it out from under Skye.]

GM: Nice single leg takedown by Martin... trying to roll Skye into a half Crab right off the bat!

[But Skye swiftly gets to the ropes, shouting "GET HIM OFF!" to the official who obliges, forcing Martin to back away. Skye pulls himself up by the ropes, shaking out his leg as he glares at Martin.]

GM: That one seemed to catch Johnny Skye off-guard.

[Reed Martin circles Skye who matches his movement before Martin lunges in a second time, running right into a knee strike to the top of the skull by Skye!]

GM: Ohh!

[With Martin down on all fours, Skye drops down, sweeping out the arms with a back kick, popping up to his feet and promptly leaping into the air, flipping backwards into a double kneedrop on the lower back of the downed Martin!]

GM: Goodness! What athleticism out of Skye!

[Johnny Skye pushes up to his feet, grabbing Martin by the arm, dragging him back to the DMP's corner where he slaps the hand of Yuma Weaver.]

GM: Uh oh. In comes the Native American who Todd Michaelson once called one of the most naturally-gifted wrestlers he'd ever seen. Weaver just was unable to put it together here in the States but he's been very successful in Japan, Bucky.

BW: Look at this, Gordo...

[Weaver steps in, sneering at the crowd...

...and unleashes a brutal knife-edge chop across the chest, knocking Martin off his feet into a seated position in the corner!]

GM: Good grief! A thunderbolt from the heavens right from the hand of Yuma Weaver!

[The referee shouts at Weaver who chooses to ignore him, planting a boot down on the windpipe, choking the downed competitor. He grits his teeth, his jet black hair split by a solid chunk of bright red as he tries to rip the air from his opponent.]

GM: The referee finally backs him off...

[Which is the cue of Chaz Wallace to reach through the ropes, pulling on the throat of Martin as well!]

GM: Oh, come on! It's a four on four... do we really need more people out here for this, ref?!

BW: Hey, that's a good point but Longfellow never said anything about it so the DMP is out here in full force.

[Wallace backs off as the referee turns back around to find Martin coughing on the canvas. Yuma Weaver slowly approaches, dragging Martin off the mat.]

GM: Weaver's dragging Martin across the ring by the hair... and just flings him into his own corner. Weaver's demanding someone else tag in...

[Connor Jackson slaps the hand of his partner before slingshotting over the top rope, clapping his hands together, rushing at Weaver...

...who sidesteps and uncorks a second knife edge chop, causing the athletic Jackson to flip inside out before crashing down to the canvas in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another big chop by Yuma Weaver!

BW: Did you see Jackson flip on that?! He might've cracked every rib in his chest off the impact of that chop!

[Weaver stomps across the ring, slapping the hand of Ricky Royal who steps in.]

GM: Ricky Royal in an AWA ring legally for the first time in many years.

[Royal pulls Jackson off the mat, joining Weaver in whipping him across the ring as Weaver and Royal take a three point stance together...

...and run Jackson down with a brutal double tackle, sending him pinballing through the air, crashing into the ropes, and rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! What impact on that doubleteam!

BW: You've gotta be impressed by the Dead Man's Party, Gordo. There's no wasted movement in there at all. They're striking first... they're striking hard... and they've got no mercy, sir.

[Royal moves towards the ropes only to be backed off by the official, allowing Chet Wallace to lift Jackson off the mat. Chaz joins him in a double atomic drop lift, setting Jackson down in a seated position on the ring apron as the Wallaces scamper up on the apron, one on each end...]

GM: Referee, turn around!

[Youth In Asia comes charging down the apron in tandem, leaving their feet...

...and DRIVING four feet into the skull of Jackson!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A DROPKICK PARTY!

[Jackson slumps against the ropes as the twins high five one another on the floor, twisting around for a double jumping crotch chop aimed at the front row, earning the ire of the San Diego crowd.]

GM: The Wallace twins, the younger brothers of “Flawless” Larry Wallace, striking illegally to great effect out on the floor.

[Royal steps closer to the ropes again, ignoring the official this time as he reaches over, stepping up on the middle rope as he applies a front facelock, slinging Jackson’s arm over his neck...]

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[...and DEADLIFTS Jackson off the mat, bringing him all the way over the ropes and down with a spine-smashing superplex!]

GM: That’s gotta be it!

[Royal rolls to a knee, looking to the corner where Elijah Wilde is insistently sticking out his hand, shouting “TAG ME!” Royal nods, slapping Wilde’s hand.]

BW: Ahhh, a family member I can be proud of.

[Wilde comes in fast, a blur of motion as he rushes in, leaps up, and drops nearly 300 pounds down in a senton on a stunned Connor Jackson!]

GM: Big senton - a page out of Willie Hammer’s playbook perhaps.

BW: Oh, don’t let him hear you say that. He’ll rip that page out of Hammer’s playbook once and for all.

GM: Look at this! LOOK AT THIS!

[With Jackson down on all fours, Wilde steps in behind him, applying a waistlock...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[Wilde deadlifts him off the mat, keeping him going, and HURLS him up and over, folding him on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex that draws an “OHHHHH!” from the crowd.]

GM: Good grief! Not a single care about the welfare of his opponent - dropping him right down on his neck!

[The bulky Atlanta native turns towards Jackson's corner, flashing a middle finger in their direction.]

GM: Oh... my apologies, fans. The AWA doesn't like to see things like that but this Dead Man's Party is certainly out of our control these days.

[Wilde turns back towards Jackson, dragging him off the mat and flinging him towards the corner, waving for another opponent...]

GM: Paul Rose coming in, charging fast...

[But Wilde catches him coming in, swinging him under his arm in a full rotation for a sidewalk slam...

...but brings him CRASHING down across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE CALLS THAT THE WALK ON THE WILDE SIDE! AHAHAH! I LOVE IT!

[Wilde doesn't waste a second, yanking Rose off the mat, pulling him into a standing headscissors. He powers Rose up, holding him straight up and down...

...and then stampedes across the ring, HURLING him off into the turnbuckles!]

GM: BUCKLE BOMB!!

[With Rose's arms draped over the buckles, Wilde SMASHES a forearm into Teddy O'Toole's face before lifting Rose's limp arm to slap O'Toole's.]

GM: I suppose that's a tag.

[Wilde reaches over the top, hurling O'Toole into the ring with a biel throw.]

BW: Jay Alana certainly likes what he's seeing out there.

GM: How can you tell?

[The camera cuts to the leader of the DMP, looking stoically into the ring as Wilde pulls O'Toole off the mat, sinking his teeth into his nose, causing the referee to erupt into a count.]

GM: Break it! Break it!

[At the count of four, Wilde shoves O'Toole away, sending him falling back into the ropes. The referee shouts at Wilde who responds by spitting in his direction.]

GM: Disgusting! There's no call for that!

[The referee warns Wilde who smirks in response as he approaches O'Toole who is back against the ropes...

...and spins around, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Wilde!]

GM: Oh! O'Toole stunned him!

[O'Toole throws a second and a third, backing Wilde out to the center of the ring as the crowd rallies behind him. He gives a whoop, rushing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: O'Toole off the ropes!

[...and runs right into Wilde who shoves him skyward, catching him on the way down on his shoulders, and DRIVING him down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH! That's gotta be it!

[Wilde steps back, looking out at Alana who points to Johnny Skye. Wilde nods, slapping Skye's hand who slingshots to the top rope, standing tall, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

GM: Johnny Skye's gonna fly!

BW: YouTube get ready! You're about to have another upload!

[...and SNAPS OFF a lightning quick 450 splash, crushing O'Toole beneath him!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Cradling his own ribs, Skye settles into a cover for the referee's swift three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Dead Man's Party with a win in impressive fashion here tonight in San Diego and-

BW: They're not done, Gordo!

[With the rest of the group joining the four men in the ring, One Man Army bounces off the ropes...]

GM: NO!

[...and CRUSHES O'Toole underneath his 400+ pounds!]

GM: GAAAAH!

[The One Man Army slowly gets to his feet, crossing his arms as the smirking Wallace twins roll O'Toole out of the ring. Phil Watson grabs the house mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the mat-

[Watson's words are cut off by Yuma Weaver snatching the mic away.]

YW: Quiet, little man. Even these morons in San Diego can see who the winners are.

[The San Diego fans let Weaver have it. He smirks at them, waving a dismissive hand.]

YW: I didn't give a DAMN about you people when I was here before... what makes you think I give one single care what you think of me now?

[The boos intensify.]

YW: The Dead Man's Party has three statements to make tonight.

[He gestures to the laid out bodies of their opponents.]

YW: You've just seen one of them. Now, the Boss will give you the second...

[Weaver dips his head in reverence as he offers the mic to Jay Alana, the leader of the Dead Man's Party. Alana is in a white dress shirt, unbuttoned several buttons to show off a dark-skinned chest with gold jewelry hanging from his neck. He raises his hand, showing three fingers.]

JA: Three times. Three times the Dead Man's Party has spoiled your plans.

At Memorial Day Mayhem, we sent that pretender Farelli to the hospital where no one's heard a word from him since. WE did what you wouldn't do. That man stood in this ring...

[He points down to the canvas.]

JA: ...and insulted the men who came before him... who paved the way to let a fool like him exist. He insulted men like my father... the great Kai Alana.

[He points to the camera.]

JA: YOU should have handled it. But WE did.

[He lowers one finger.]

JA: Your training school - your young pups who think they're the future of this business - decided to have a show. Their first show. It was a big night for them. They were all so happy and excited.

Until we arrived and showed them the TRUE future of this business.

[He lowers another finger, leaving just one.]

JA: Two weeks ago, two of your best were set to meet for one of your titles. "This is it," we thought. "This is the one." "If we interrupt this one, they'll have no choice but to fight back."

[Alana laughs - a dismissive deep, booming chuckle.]

JA: Nothing. We laid a beating on Supernova. We laid a beating on one of your champions, that relic of days gone by, Shadoc Rage. We put them both on their backs.

And none of you came for us.

None of you DARED to try to stop us.

[He gestures to the downed bodies.]

JA: And after what you just saw, I don't expect that to change anytime soon.

I certainly don't expect it to change in two weeks in MY hometown. I AM Hawaii - born and bred. You people want to come to my hometown, host a show, and not invite ME?!

[Alana shakes his head with disgust.]

JA: I invite myself!

I am coming to that Rumble... and I am coming to win it.

[The fans are jeering the leader of the DMP loudly. Alana looks around with disgust. He points to them.]

JA: You don't like it?

[He nods, turning his point towards the camera lens.]

JA: You don't like it?

Do something about it.

[Alana throws down the mic, gesturing for the Dead Man's Party to exit the ring.]

GM: The Dead Man's Party is dominant, Bucky. I'm starting to grow very concerned about who will make up Team AWA at Rising Sun Showdown. Who is it going to be?

BW: That's a great question, Gordo... but I got a better one.

GM: Oh?

BW: Yuma Weaver said they had three statements. The match was one. Jay Alana entering himself into the Rumble was two. What was three?

GM: I don't... what are you saying?!

BW: I think we haven't seen the last of the Dead Man's Party here tonight, Gordo!

GM: My stars... you may be right. But Jay Alana has made one thing crystal clear. He WILL be in that Rumble in two weeks' time... and he WILL be coming to his hometown to win the whole thing! Who else will be in the Rumble? Let's go backstage to Melissa Cannon to find out!

[Cut back to the locker room where Melissa Cannon is again standing in front of a large AWA backdrop.]

MC: Thanks, Gordon... some chilling words there by Jay Alana and the Dead Man's Party. Now, apparently Alana has entered the Rumble, increasing that international flavor in the big event! But in addition to that, we learned earlier tonight that both Callum Mahoney and Willie Hammer had joined the field of 30 as well.

[A new graphic comes up, showing those three spots filled now as images of Alana, Mahoney, and Hammer appear.]

MC: But what about a name you didn't hear yet? How about the current leader of Team Supreme - CAIN JACKSON?

[Jackson's snarling visage appears in the graphic.]

MC: With Cain Jackson in there and the TexMo Connection in there, things could get EXPLOSIVE in two weeks' time in Hawaii! In addition...

[Melissa's words trail off as she looks off-camera. She pauses, gesturing to the cameraman who pivots and picks up Johnny Detson walking down a hall in the backstage area. Eric Somers is there behind him carrying the ever important briefcase. Calisto Dufresne is also there talking with Detson as Melissa Cannon comes jogging into the picture.]

MC: Johnny, Calisto... a word?

[Detson and Dufresne stop walking but haven't stopped their conversation as they seem to be going back and forth on something. Finally, Detson says "I got this." And then turns to Melissa.]

MC: Johnny Detson, last Saturday Night Wrestling you announced that you will cash in the Steal the Spotlight contract at Rising Sun Showdown 2 and face Ryan Martinez for the World Title.

[Detson holds up a finger interrupting Melissa.]

JD: Melissa, if I may? As I've repeatedly said, I will be in Japan wrestling for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship. Whether your White Knight is my opponent remains to be seen as I understand it he has a title defense tonight.

[Detson shoots Dufresne a glance and then smirks.]

MC: You know he does and you also know that he's demanded you name his opponent.

[Chuckling, Detson continues.]

JD: Yes, of course I know. Good old Ryan Martinez. The AWA White Knight. A man who fights with all heart.

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: And that's your problem. Because while you fight with your heart; Johnny Detson, the Standard of Professional Wrestling and FUTURE AWA World Champion fights with his head. Smartly. Wisely.

[Again, Detson smirks.]

JD: I don't go looking for fights when I don't have to. I don't go around creating problems so that I can be the solution. So you can fight with your heart, just like when you fought Caleb Temple last month and just like tonight when you fight the opponent of my choosing.

MC: Everyone wants to know who that opponent is going to be tonight.

JD: Melissa, I just told you I'm a wrestler who uses his head. So when you look around here, there's a choice that's so obvious its almost not thinking at all.

[Detson shoots another glance at Dufresne who just smiles confidently, dusting himself off, chin high as he looks ahead into the camera.]

JD: So obviously when I was told that Ryan Martinez demanded that I pick his opponent tonight, there was one name that came to mind.

[Detson smiles and looks over at Dufresne. Slapping a hand on Dufresne's shoulder, he leans in towards Melissa.]

JD: Callum Mahoney.

[A look of shock comes over Melissa's face but that pales in comparison to the look of disbelief on Dufresne's. Detson just smirks, oblivious to it all. Dufresne turns towards Detson, his jaw dropped as Melissa shakes her head.]

MC: Callum Mahoney? But I would have thought that-

JD: Yes, the Armbar Assassin himself will tonight get the opportunity to lock in one of the hundreds of submission holds he possesses and grind Martinez into a fine dust. And IF Martinez can get past Mahoney and IF Martinez can get to Japan, the Standard will be there to sweep up the pieces and lay claim to HIS prize... the AWA World Heavyweight Championship.

[Detson smirks as Dufresne is still staring at him in disbelief. Not noticing, Detson taps his head with his index finger.]

JD: Good luck in your match... champ.

[With that, Detson lets out a laugh as he walks away, Somers following behind. Dufresne, still in disbelief, just stands there as the duo walks off camera, leaving only him and Melissa Cannon as we slowly 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: With the battle to see who will represent SWLL in the Stampede Cup in the books, the attention of the lucha libre world turns towards the upcoming battle between Veneno and El Caliente - a rematch from their epic encounter earlier this year - in a 2 out of 3 Falls encounter!

[Veneno flips over the top rope, scissoring Caliente's head between his legs, flipping him over to the floor.]

VO: Two of the best high flyers in the world collide one more time!

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

[Fade to black.

Fade up to backstage, where Brian Lau stands with his main charge, the Son of the Blackheart, Brian James. The two are alone together, rather than being joined by an interviewer. James stands silent, arms crossed over his bare chest, a white towel covering most of his face. Lau wears an exasperated and incredulous look on his face.]

BL: Two weeks ago, I found myself living through the impossible! Because two weeks ago, I found myself wishing something.

I found myself wishing I was TORA!

[Lau screams the words, becoming animated in his actions. Behind him, James remains still, a pillar of muscle that the more manic Lau buzzes around.]

BL: And why you ask?

Because apparently, TORA lives in a magic world filled with fairies and rainbows and endless dreams of magic! An enchanted land where anything is possible.

It's the only explanation I could come up with. TORA must be from a magical realm where the wishes of idiots come true!

How else could the words that came out of TORA's mouth two weeks ago have been possible?

[Lau looks to James, who only grunts, flexing his arms and chest.]

BL: Do you really think, TORA, that you can find an opponent that's going to prepare you for Brian James? Do you truly believe that there is a man, beast or machine on this earth or in this universe that can come close to giving you what Brian James is going to be bringing to you, come Rising Sun Showdown?

It's like you were never there in the ring next to the man. It's like all those high jumps you've done in your career have deprived you of so much oxygen that you've suffered permanent brain damage!

I just... I just... I don't even understand!

[Again, Lau looks to James, shaking his head in disbelief. In response, James unfolds his arms, and begins to crack his knuckles, as if this is all he needs to say.]

BL: You think you're prepared for Brian James? You think you've found new life in Japan? You think that have even the most infinitesimal inkling of the beating that you're about to endure?

No TORA.

NO. NO. NO. NO. NO!!!

[Lau's face has begun to turn red.]

BL: Nothing and NO ONE is going to get you ready, TORA. You could train for a thousand years. You could learn every secret of every ancient master of every combat art there is, and you will not be even one quarter of the way prepared for Brian James.

You CANNOT prepare for Brian James. You CANNOT make yourself ready. You WILL NOT have any ability to last more than three minutes against the Son of the Blackheart. No matter what you say, you will fall to Brian James.

So don't tell these idiots in the audience, who lap up every deluded word that passes your lips that you're ready. Don't fill these mouth breathing troglodytes with hope! It's not fair to them. It's not fair to them to think that if they just put down the Häagen-Dazs they can make something of themselves. They look up to you. Because like you, they're nothing at all except hopes and dreams that will never come true. You're their representative, and you're doing nothing but filling them up with false hope.

Brian James was born a better man than you, TORA. Brian James became a better wrestler than you. On every level, by every measure, you do not, will not, and cannot measure up against Brian James.

Brian James is going to destroy in Japan. And the only thing that's going to come of your delusional belief that you have even a one percent chance of making it out of this match with the possibility of someday returning to a pro-wrestling ring is that, just before your eyes roll back into your head and you pass into oblivion, you'll have the knowledge that you're going to be returning to your fantasy dreamland.

But that's Japan...

[Lau calms slightly, inhaling and exhaling until his demeanor settles.]

BL: In two weeks' time, Brian James is going to be entering the Rumble. He's going to be entering the ring, and one by one, twenty nine other men are going to be exiting the ring.

Until no one is left standing but the son of the Blackheart – BRIAN JAMES!

And that, that's not a delusion. That's not a fairytale. That, ladies and gentleman, is a promise. You are looking at the winner of the 2015 Rumble. You are looking at a man who, going forward, is going to carry a shot at the World Title in his back pocket.

And that should make all of you afraid. Because once he's won the Rumble, it will only be a matter of time before Brian James is the next World Heavyweight Champion. And if you're Ryan Martinez, that's enough to make you happy that Johnny Detson has already called in his opportunity. It means you get to delay the inevitable just a little bit longer.

But whoever holds that title, just remember, that Brian James isn't a dream, and the terrible things he does to TORA won't be an imaginary story.

It will be very, very real. And TORA? You're about to be very, very hurt.

[We slowly fade away from Brian Lau's determined face on a shot of Phil Watson standing inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Boston, Mass... Curt Tompkins!

[The clean-cut Tompkins raises a hand to a mild reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A flourish of tinkling bells is heard followed by the 70s disco-ish sounds of Rod Stewart's "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" sparking jeers from the San Diego crowd.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry...

[Boos rain down on the scrawny manager who lets everyone hear the sound of his high-pitched voice as he comes walking through the curtain, holding

up a frosted pink heart-shaped mirror, turning to face the curtain so that the man walking through can instantly see himself in it.]

PW: From the Sunset Strip... weighing in at...

[Watson does a doubletake at his cards.]

PW: ...an undisclosed amount...

He is...

CAAAAAASAAAANOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The curtain parts as Casanova waddles through, his pink trunks covered in wisps of sheer material that gives the viewer a tease of what's underneath. He clutches one of these wisps to his mouth, batting his heavily made up eyelashes at the nearest cameraman before continuing on down the aisle.]

GM: The always-controversial Casanova making his way down towards the ring, fans.

[Reaching the ring, Cherry slides in first, waving everyone aside so he can find the perfect place to stand with the mirror as Casanova daintily (as dainty as a guy well North of 300 pounds can be) climbs the ringsteps. He swings around, backing down the length of the ring apron before ducking through the ropes, unwrapping the silk to reveal himself in all his chubby, pasty glory.]

GM: Casanova will certainly never be confused for a physical specimen inside that ring, Bucky.

BW: Maybe not but my mama always never judge a book by its cover... unless it looks boring. Then throw that thing away.

GM: Well, there's one thing you can never describe Casanova as and that's boring, fans.

[Casanova primps his bleached blonde hair in the mirror for a few moments before turning to face his opponent with a "HE'S UGLY, MICKEY!" protest, pointing angrily towards Curt Tompkins.]

GM: Casanova seems to be taking issue with the looks of his opponent, Curt Tompkins, here tonight.

BW: Can't blame him for that. That guy looks like he stopped a runaway car... with his face.

GM: Very nice.

[Cherry steps out to the apron with a loud, "YOU GOT THIS, BABY! YOU GOT THIS!" before dropping to the floor, leaving Casanova to pull on the

corner ropes, stretching out and preparing for battle as referee Johnny Jagger signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And we’re off and running in this one right here in San Diego!

[The two men come out of their corners, spinning around one another. Tompkins goes for a tieup but Casanova ducks under, coming up with a smile as he primps his hair to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Tompkins tried to get right down to it but Casanova had other ideas.

[Casanova struts around the ring a bit, taunting the ringside fans as Tompkins waits in the center, his fists balled up at the ready.]

GM: What do you know about Curt Tompkins, Bucky?

BW: Nothing.

GM: Nothing?

BW: Nope.

GM: An excellent job doing research here tonight.

BW: Hey, if the kid is lucky, he’ll last a minute with Casanova. I won’t even have time to get into his background before he’ll be- HAH! I told you, Gordo!

[The crowd groans as a second attempt to tieup with Casanova is thwarted with a knee to the gut to double Tompkins up and a hairpull throwing him backfirst to the canvas. The referee reprimands Casanova who giggles as he walks away.]

GM: A blatant pull of the hair to take Tompkins off his feet and Bucky, it’s the elephant in the room... what in the world is going on with Casanova and Hannibal Carver?

BW: I have no idea, Gordo, and I’m not about to ask. As far as I can tell, it’s a one way street though. Casanova has repeatedly mentioned Carver over the past few months but Carver hasn’t uttered a single word back in Casanova’s direction.

GM: Are these mind games that Casanova is attempting to play or does he sincerely have some sort of feelings for Carver?

BW: I wouldn’t begin to be able to decode what’s going on in Casanova’s head.

[As Tompkins pulls himself up off the mat, Casanova is waiting with a boot to the gut. He hooks a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck. He

reaches up, planting a kiss on his palm, blowing it towards the camera before he takes the youngster over with a vertical suplex, pausing at the top for effect before bringing him crashing down...]

GM: A nice suplex by Casanova. You know, Bucky, underneath all the theatrics, Casanova is an excellent competitor inside the ring.

BW: Absolutely. For those of who remember him back in his Playboy days, Casanova is a top flight technician and can move incredibly well for a man of his size.

GM: Putting that on display right now as he hits the ropes... and goes high into the air for an elbowdrop!

[Casanova rolls his body weight onto the chest, earning a two count before Tompkins kicks out.]

GM: Two count there... and Casanova showing off that killer instinct as he drags Tompkins up and RAMS him headfirst to the corner!

[Spinning Tompkins around, Casanova lays in right hand after right hand to the midsection before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Big whip coming up...

[But Tompkins manages to reverse it, sending Casanova across the ring where he leaves his feet, SMASHING hard into the buckles!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The big man staggers out, Mickey Cherry frantically shouting as Tompkins doubles up...

...and LAUNCHES Casanova into the air!]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP BY CURT TOMPKINS! And listen to these fans in San Diego cheering for the upset!

[Tompkins looks out at them, nodding his head, clenching his fists, shouting as he goes towards Casanova who has rolled to his knees, lifting his hands and begging for mercy...]

GM: Casanova's trying to put on the brakes but-

[But Tompkins approaches anyways, pulling him off the canvas...

...and getting his eyes raked in exchange!]

GM: Ohh! Casanova goes right to the eyes!

[Lifting Tompkins around the torso, Casanova twists to the side and DROPS him throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OHHH! HE HANGS HIM OUT TO THE DRY!

[Tompkins hits the mat, clutching his throat, kicking his legs into the mat as Casanova sneers at the protesting official, shoving him aside to pull Tompkins up to his feet, securing a three-quarter nelson...]

BW: Oh! Oh! He told me he's calling this the Passion Pit!

GM: The what?!

[...and DROPS down, driving Tompkins' skull into the canvas with the very same move that Hannibal Carver refers to as the Blackout!]

GM: OHH! He got all of that!

[Casanova rolls Tompkins to his back, applying a sloppy cover as the referee counts once... twice... and Casanova blows another kiss towards the camera as the mat is slapped a third time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Casanova rolls off his opponent, taking a seat on the mat as Mickey Cherry slides in, jumping around the ring ecstatically as Phil Watson makes it official.]

GM: Casanova with a victory here tonight using the maneuver that you said he's calling... what was that, Bucky?

BW: The Passion Pit.

GM: The Passion Pit. Identical in every way to Hannibal Carver's Blackout.

BW: Really? Didn't notice.

GM: Are you kidding me? Fans, we've got to take another quick break but when we come back, "Red Hot" Rex Summers will be in action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring from Rocky Mount, North Carolina and weighing in at 225 pounds here is... AMOS CARTER!!

[The San Diego crowd applauds as Amos Carter raises both his arms into the air. As the sounds of a lone saxophone is heard, Carter turns and looks down the aisleway towards the curtain. "Darkest Light" by The Lafayette Afro Rock Band begins to resonate throughout the arena. The crowd responds by booing at the top of their lungs.]

GM: We're about to see the entrance of a man who is far from cracking the Most Popular AWA competitors ranking.

BW: Only if you survey the men.

[Soon, the curtains part as "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a ravishing beauty with long deep burgundy colored hair. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing a sheer white shirt revealing her black bra underneath, a black mini-skirt, and heels.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at 251 pounds...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length red robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks

slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe.]

GM: Rex Summers with his... well, let's just call her his "friend" of the week... heading towards the ring.

[Summers ducks through the ropes, gesturing for Phil Watson to hand over the mic. Watson reluctantly obliges.]

RS: Cut the music.

[Rex pauses as the music stops, but the boos in San Diego do not stop.]

BW: Gordo, I'd listen up... I'm pretty sure whatever he says will apply to you.

GM: Would you stop?

[A smirking Summers continues.]

RS: What I'd like to have right now, is for all you flabby, slow-moving San Diego sloths to shut up and keep the noise down... while I take my robe off and show all the ladies what a real sexy man is supposed to look like.

[Unsurprisingly, the arena fills with boos as the lovely lady begins to remove the robe from the back of Summers.]

GM: What I can't figure out, Bucky, is how Summers can get any self-respecting young lady to come out here with him every week.

BW: You can't? Look at the guy! Women love a man who looks like he's sculpted from marble and you can't argue that Summers isn't in shape.

GM: He may look like a million bucks but he's a pauper in the attitude department.

BW: When you're built like that, Gordo, women don't care what a man says.

[Gordon exhales in exasperation as the bell sounds to signal the start of the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The two competitors begin to circle one another at the sound of the bell.]

GM: Well, at least this time, Summers didn't attack the man before the bell like we saw two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: Gotta vary your attack. Smart strategy.

[The duo comes together for a collar and elbow when Summers suddenly rakes the eyes of Carter.]

GM: Despicable. Has this guy every read ANY rule he won't break?

BW: I'd hope not. You gotta be willing to do whatever it takes to succeed in this business. Rex Summers can't be pulling any punches just because something is illegal.

[The referee reprimands Summers as he advances on Carter, driving his boot up into the midsection of his opponent.]

GM: Summers goes downstairs with the boot, finally a legal move.

BW: The eyerake wasn't that bad. Just barely illegal.

GM: Barely... what?! How can something be BARELY illegal?

BW: It's not like he clubbed the guy with a baby seal.

GM: I... you're too much, Bucky.

[With Carter reeling, Summers grabs the wrist, twisting the arm around, yanking Carter into a knee to the gut...]

GM: Uh oh! Summers goes downstairs with the kneelift and-

BW: Here it comes!

GM: Already?!

[Not wasting any time, "Red Hot" Rex Summers pulls Carter into a double underhook, pauses to smirk at the jeering fans...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and DRIVES his head soundly into the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! Heat Check DDT connects!

BW: And claims another victim. This one's in the books, daddy.

[The referee counts once... two... and three.]

GM: Once again, Rex Summers picks up a victory but just like before, he needs to use an underhanded tactic to gain an advantage.

BW: What? I've seen Supernova rake the eyes and you never call it underhanded. Are you jealous of Sexy Remy, Gordo?

GM: Sexy Remy? Oh, brother.

[Rex Summers has gotten back to his feet and places his hands behind his head. As "Darkest Light" begins to play in the arena again Summers begins to gyrate his hips as he stars at a platinum blonde in the front row.]

GM: There's a whole lot of emotions in this building towards this disgusting piece of work but jealousy's not one of them if you ask me.

BW: Lust?

GM: Perhaps.

BW: You really think these San Diego sweatogs aren't jealous of Rex rockin' a six pack while most of them - including you - are sportin' a keg?

GM: Give me a break. Fans, Rex Summers is making his way back up the aisle towards the interview area and to our own Colt Patterson. Colt, take it away, old friend!

[We cut over to the interview platform where Colt Patterson is standing. Colt's rocking a silver beret and sparkling matching vest with no shirt underneath, showing off his well-toned physique.]

CP: When Colt Patterson is on the scene to talk to someone, you know it's someone worth talking to and there's maybe no one I'd rather talk to in the locker room these days than "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[After a moment, Rex Summers steps into view as the fans in San Diego once again erupt into a chorus of boos. Summers nods at Patterson before shaking his hand.]

RS: It's nice to see "Skimpy" Stegglet has been replaced by a man who knows real talent when he sees it.

CP: Real talent is an understatement, Rex. Let's run it down for the knuckleheads at home who don't know your background. Former PCW World Champion workin' for Tightwad Lynch.

[Summers nods.]

CP: Former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion... which basically means you're a former World Television Champion.

[Another nod.]

CP: And perhaps most important of all, the possessor of the best physique in the entire American Wrestling Alliance.

[A smirk and a nod.]

CP: In fact, Rex... let's give these ladies in San Diego what they came to see...

[Summers grins before busting out a double bicep pose to the thrill of some of the ladies in attendance.]

CP: Look at the peaks! This is a man who is put together! And when I talk about it...

[Colt busts out a single bicep flex of his own, looking down at the bulging arm.]

CP: Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. And I also know what I'm talking about when I talk about impressive victories inside the ring. Rex, that was REAL impressive in there. In fact, it may be one of the quickest wins on record here in the AWA.

RS: You're sounding surprised like "Mini" Mark would be, Colt.

[Patterson lifts his hands, begging off.]

CP: No way, Rex... but what I am surprised about is you wasting your time on chumps like that guy when you should be facing the best that the AWA's got to offer. You got the resume. You got the skill. And you definitely have the physique for it!

[Summers shrugs it off.]

RS: What you saw tonight is the second best thing Rex Summers does, Colt.

[Summers winks at the camera.]

RS: I win! Famous Amos there felt the Heat Check...

CP: One of the most devastating moves in the entire AWA.

RS: Oh, that it is, Colt.

When that bell rings, I'm rough... I'm brutal... but I've got a soft spot for chumps like that guy. I try to make sure they remember what happens after their brush with greatness with yours truly. Now, that may not always happen because while the Band-Aids may cover up a bullet hole, there's absolutely nothing they can do for the Heat Check.

[The fans boo once again. Summers looks out with disgust.]

RS: Looking out at this crowd, I think I took a wrong turn on the freeway tonight, Colt.

CP: Whaddya mean?

RS: I must've ended up at Sea World 'cause all I see out here are whales.

[The boos get even louder! Rex and Colt grin at the cheap shot.]

RS: I gotta correct you though, Colt.

[Colt looks surprised.]

RS: You see, you called the Heat Check ONE of the most devastating moves in the entire AWA. It is THE most devastating move in the entire AWA. Forget the Brainbuster. Forget the Claw. Forget 'em all. You can doubt me if you want but there is a long list of others here in the AWA and the PCW that can back up my claim. In fact, let me pull a page out of Jack Lynch's playbook and tell you a story about one of those men.

[Colt Patterson rolls his eyes as the fans cheer at the mention of Jack's name.]

RS: The night I won the AWA WORLD Television Championship, big ol' Robert Donovan felt the Heat Check. And the man everyone was saying was a shoe in to win the AWA WORLD Heavyweight Champion fell into a tail spin. A tail spin he thought teaming with his ol' buddies Wyatt and Rogers would be able to pull him out of. But those two couldn't help him. You see he won't admit it but the Heat Check broke him... the man who already had a problem counting to two began to see three wherever he looked...

[San Diego boos "Red Hot" once again.]

CP: These fans sure seem to dislike Robert Donovan, Rex.

RS: Can't say I blame them Colt, I have more talent below the waist than he had in his entire body.

[Colt Patterson looks away from the camera quickly, trying to hide his smirk. After a few moments, he regains his composure and begins to speak again.]

CP: I have to ask Rex, it's been a couple of months since you have returned to the AWA now, but the question is what is Rex Summers going to do next?

[Rex looks at Colt and nods his head.]

RS: Finally, someone in the AWA asking me the right question. Before I answer that let me ask you a question, Colt. What is my profession?

[Colt looks at Rex a bit quizzical.]

CP: A professional wrestler... why?

RS: 'Cause when I walk down the streets of San Diego, I think these women think I'm a chicken salesman... because all I can hear them say is how much they want my-

[Colt yanks the mic away, shaking his head.]

CP: Woah! Rex, this is still a family show.

[Rex winks at the camera.]

CP: And on that note, I'm being told we've gotta go to break. Rex Summers has got a bright future in front of him here in the AWA for sure. Fans, we'll be right back.

[A smug smirk crosses Summers' lips as he hits one more biceps pose before black engulfs the screen.]

Fade to white.

A glowing red sun starts to slow fade in and rise all at once as the "metal" stylings of "Gimme Chocolate!!" by BABYMETAL starts to play. As the sun fills the screen, beams of red energy and light fly off it as the Tiger Paw Pro and American Wrestling Alliance logos appear on either side of the screen...

...and CRASH together in a burst of sparks as the vocals kick in accompanied by a voiceover.]

"Last year, the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro made history with the very first Rising Sun Showdown!

This year... we do it all... over... again."

[A high energy segment of clips from the first Rising Sun Showdown go flying by. After about ten seconds of this, we cut to a white screen again. A picture appears, accompanied by the kanji and English versions of the name underneath.

The white screen is filled with the information about the show:

"RISING SUN SHOWDOWN 2
TOKYO DOME
JULY 18th, 2015"

[Fade to black...

Fade in on the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is sandwiched between two men who look quite agitated. One of the men is Tony Donovan, II who's wearing a blue and black tracksuit, hoodie down, and a really damned irritated expression. The other is Wes Taylor in a pair of blue jeans and a black t-shirt with "HOOK 'EM UP" written in plain white block text across the chest.]

SLB: Gentlemen, for the second show running, you've had your first round encounter with Air Strike bumped. This time is due to injuries suffered by Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz at the hands of...

[Blackwell's words trail off, eyeing both men.]

WT: What?

[Taylor cracks a grin.]

WT: Oh, I get it. You think it was us?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: I certainly wouldn't put it past you two gentlemen to try and get an advantage by-

[Taylor interrupts.]

WT: By taking Cody Mertz' baby-kissing mouth and slamming it into the hood of a Ford?

[He smirks as Donovan leans in.]

TD2: No, no, Wes, he's clearly talking about trying to use Michael Aarons' skull as some sort of windshield removal device.

[Taylor takes the mic again.]

WT: I wouldn't put it past us either, Lou. In fact, it sounds like a hell of an idea.

[Nods from both men.]

SLB: So, you're saying that you-

WT: No.

SLB: No?

WT: Nope. As much as we would love to claim responsibility, it wasn't us.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

TD2: Got something you want to say, Lou?

[Tony takes a half-step towards Blackwell, looming over him.]

TD2: I'm gonna let you off easy and tell you this one time, Blackwell -- Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor are a hell of a lot of things -- good-looking, immensely talented, oh, I could go on and on -- but one thing we are NOT... are liars. Maybe you don't like us, maybe nobody does, that doesn't mean a damn thing to us, but before you say something you might regret, just think about it. What the hell good does it do us to lay out Air Strike in a damned parking lot right before they're getting their shot at those big, pretty gold straps -- and two weeks before we were supposed to get them in the ring?

[Blackwell tries to respond but Tony rolls right over him.]

TD2: None! It doesn't do us a damn bit of good. Mertz and Arons are such goody two-shoes babies that there's no way they'd have turned down making that match for the belts as well as to see who keeps going in the Stampede Cup, so it didn't do us any good to see them bloodied up before they even got the chance. The Lights Out Express was clearly ready to lose, and we'd have damn sure preferred they lose to the two guys who I'm pretty sure would've put those belts right up for us two weeks after getting beaten the hell up in a ladder match.

Think about it.

[Tony emphasizes that with a single poke to Blackwell's chest, and then backs away.]

WT: Besides, Lou... contrary to some guys around here ducking every match offered to them, we WANT this match with Air Strike. We want to get those two in the ring and prove that they're not half the team that Tony and I are. You see, we've been watching them for months now... we knew this chance would come... and we're ready for them. We're ready for Mertz' high-flying and heart. And we're ready for...

[He shrugs.]

WT: ...whatever Arons does. We're ready for 'em both... and when we get our hands on them, it's going to be our chance to show the entire world what Air Strike does better than anyone else.

[He pauses, looking at Lou. Lou doesn't bite.]

SLB: What?

WT: Come on. You know you want to ask.

SLB: I most certainly-

WT: Do it.

[Blackwell throws a look over his shoulder at the surly-looking Donovan before sighing.]

SLB: What do they do better-

WT: THEY LOSE!

[Taylor cackles with glee, turning to walk away...

...and stopping short as two men walk into view: Cain Jackson and Larry Wallace.

The massive Jackson is dressed in a black t-shirt with a white imprint of the bottom of his boot apparently caving in someone's chest. Beside him, Wallace is dressed in a similar shirt, only it's the imprint of two boots turned

sideways, depicting a dropkick. Cain wears a grim expression on his face, but Wallace is all smiles.]

SLB: Cain Jackson! What are you-

[Jackson turns and glares at Lou. Blackwell immediately clams up, not wanting to aggravate the big man.]

CJ: Tony. I suspect you already know why I'm here.

[Donovan's face is neutral, but he nods, almost as if he knows what Jackson is here to say.]

CJ: When you left us, you knew it wasn't without certain...obligations.

SLB: "Obligations"? What do you mean by that?

CJ: When Mr. Donovan over here decided to spread his wings and leave the nest, Supreme Wright wasn't exactly happy. He saw it as an act of disloyalty. Insubordination. And although he would allow Tony to leave Team Supreme, it wouldn't be without penalty.

[From behind Cain, we see Larry Wallace pop his head over Jackson's shoulder and cackle.]

LW: We're talking SNAP, CRACKLE, POP, Louie!

[Larry makes a breaking motion with his hands, like he's snapping a twig in half.]

CJ: But I talked him down. I convinced Supreme that someone with Tony's limitless potential could still be a valuable ally in the future. And lucky for Tony...Supreme saw it my way and agreed.

SLB: You're not saying what I think you're saying, are you?

CJ: What I'm saying...is that Tony Donovan owes me a favor.

A BIG favor.

[He turns to stare Donovan directly in the eyes.]

CJ: And now I'm cashing in.

[Donovan doesn't say a word, while Taylor seems a bit confused, trying to digest everything he just heard.]

CJ: We plan to challenge Lynch, O'Connor, and Kenta Kitzukawa at Rising Sun Showdown...

...but we need your help, Tony.

[There's a look of uncertainty on Donovan's face, which only draws Jackson's ire.]

CJ: You saw what they did to Supreme at Memorial Day Mayhem, didn't you!? That man was your teacher! That man was more of a father to you than your own father ever was! After everything we've done for you, you owe him this much!

[After a moment of thought, Donovan nods his head. However, just then, Wes Taylor interrupts.]

WT: If you get Tony...you get ALL of us. I want in on this.

[There's a mild look of surprise on Cain's face, but the current leader of Team Supreme smirks and nods.]

CJ: Fine. If you want to join in, then go ahead. The more the merrier.

[And with that, Jackson holds out his fist to Donovan and Taylor. The two meet his fist with their own. Larry Wallace runs around from behind Jackson and joins in on the meeting of fists.]

LW: Aw yeah! This is gonna' be good!

[We fade out from the backstage area...

...and up to a panning shot of the Viejas Arena crowd before cutting to Phil Watson standing inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 451 pounds... the team of Otto Lister and MISTER SADISUUUUTO!

[The latter bows at the jeering crowd before performing the ceremonial salt ceremony in the corner as Lister bounces from foot to foot swinging his arms across his chest.]

GM: It's been a little while since we've seen Mr. Sadisuto on Saturday Night Wrestling, Bucky.

BW: I heard he's been working on other things.

GM: That's as vague as it can get. Any more details?

BW: Not... yet.

[Sadisuto dusts off his hands as the guitar rips through the air signaling the arrival of the other team.]

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

[The crowd EXPLODES as Black Sabbath's "War Pigs" tears through the air. Richard E. Lee is the first one through, wielding a rolled up newspaper as Sabre and Hammer stride through after him...

...and he points the paper towards the ring, sending them charging down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: Uh oh! Uh oh!

[Sabre slides under the bottom ropes, coming to his feet with a running clothesline that takes Sadisuto over the top rope, dumping him down to the floor as Hammer slides in. Otto Lister rushes him, throwing a pair of forearms to the chest that don't seem to faze the much bigger man who responds with a boot to the gut and a clubbing forearm across the back that knocks Lister flat!]

GM: The War Pigs are on the WARpath here tonight in San Diego!

[Hammer pulls Lister off the mat, flinging him into the ropes...

...and catching him on the rebound, lifting, pivoting, and DRIVING him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!

[Hammer climbs to his feet, holding both thumbs straight up.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Already?!

[The War Pigs' powerhouse drags Lister off the mat, tucking his head between the legs and lifting the 200 pounder up into an electric chair lift, standing and waiting as Sabre mounts the buckles, giving a shout...

...and takes flight, snaring Lister around the head, dragging him down and DRIVING the back of his head into the canvas with an inverted bulldog headlock!]

GM: WMD!

[Sabre flips Lister over, planting his palms on his chest, keeping his arms at full extension as he sticks out his tongue angrily, earning a quick and merciful three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! You talk about a throttling! The War Pigs have just DESTROYED their opponents here tonight!

[Richard E. Lee slides in, waving the referee away as the crowd roars for the dominant victory. As Phil Watson raises the mic and makes it official, Lee gestures for the mic.]

REL: THIS?!

[Lee chuckles.]

REL: THIS WAS JUST A TASTE OF WHAT'S COMING NEXT!

[He shoves the mic in the direction of the hulking Sabre.]

S: Where you been, Pigs? Where you been? That's what we've been hearing for the past month. We lost that ladder match and the whole world thought we were off lickin' our wounds. But it wasn't us who needed their wounds licked!

'Cause we went to Mexico and we beat up some chumps down there.

Then we went to Europe... and we beat up some more chumps over there.

And then? Then we went back to Japan... and we showed the Land of the Rising Sun just why the War Pigs are the most dominant team of the last decade over there.

[Sabre rolls his muscular neck before continuing.]

S: And yeah, I'm talkin' to you, Haynes... I'm talkin' to you, Morton. You boys think because you derailed that Tinker Train set two weeks ago that that makes you big and bad?

[He shakes his head.]

S: Maybe you've forgotten who we are. We're the War Pigs, boys. He's big...

[He jerks a thumb at the scowling Hammer before turning the thumb back at himself.]

S: ...and I'm bad. Ain't that right, Hammer?

[Hammer gets the mic.]

H: BROKEN BONES. BLOODIED FACES. SHATTERED DREAMS.

[He holds up three fingers as he ticked them down one by one.]

H: The three secret ingredients that spell one delicious meal for the War Pigs - the Stampede Cup. The gold? Yeah, we still want the gold... we still want ALL the gold. So, VU... your day is comin'.

But it's going to feel so much sweeter to take your titles when the whole world is callin' us the best team walkin' the damn planet.

Stampede Cup... the Pigs are comin' for ya.

[Hammer throws down the mic as "War Pigs" starts to play again, the trio leaving the ring as the crowd cheers.]

GM: You talk about intensity! You talk about being driven! Who in the world would want to be in the paths of those two men as they try to battle their way to the 2015 Stampede Cup?

BW: Not me. And I'm starting to feel a little sorry for their first round opponents, Gordo.

GM: Not me. Youth In Asia won the right to represent Tiger Paw Pro in the tournament and... well, I think they deserve any beating they get. Fans, the War Pigs just mentioned the brand new Double Crown Champions - Jackson Hayn- wait a second... what's going on here?

[With the Pigs out of the ring, we find Mr. Sadisuto back inside, holding the back of his neck and shouting in broken English at the downed Otto Lister.]

BW: It seems like Mr. Sadisuto isn't too happy about Lister costing them the match.

GM: Costing them-?! Are you kidding me?! Lister took a beating while Sadisuto sat out on the floor!

BW: Yeah, and if he'd been able to avoid getting run down like a turtle on a desert highway, Mr. Sadisuto would've come back and cleaned house!

GM: You're delusional! And if he actually believes that, he's even MORE delusion- oh, come on!

[The exclamation from Gordon is mirrored by the fans jeering as Sadisuto starts putting the boots to the downed Otto Lister.]

GM: The man just got destroyed by the War Pigs! There's no call for this!

[Sadisuto grabs the legs, pulling them apart, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

GM: No, no! Don't do it!

[...and DROPS down flat, driving his skull into the groin of Lister!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A smirking Sadisuto climbs to his feet, bowing to the jeering crowd before making his exit from the ring.]

GM: Terrible. Absolutely terrible. Fans, let's go to the interview via satellite with the new tag champions!

[We fade into a black screen as the Tiger Paw Pro logo slowly fades in. A familiar gravelly voice that we recognize as belonging to Danny Morton can be heard shouting...]

"BEST TAG TEAM IN THE WOOOORRRRLLLLLDDDD!!!"

[The logo then fades out as "Shout at the Devil" by Motley Crue begins to play. As the song plays, we see several action shots of Violence Unlimited laying waste to their competition. Footage of Jackson Haynes obliterating opponent after opponent with his trademark powerbomb and the Whiskey Lullaby. Rapidfire cuts to Danny Morton hitting Oklahoma Stampedes and Backdrop Drivers on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes.

The music then cuts off, as we cut to Morton and Haynes, standing in a studio somewhere, with both of their Stampede Cups, the AWA World Tag Team titles, and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown titles all on display. Danny Morton is wearing an "American Murder Machine" t-shirt with a image of him about to Oklahoma Stampede an unfortunate opponent into the canvas. Next to him stands Jackson Haynes, in a white t-shirt with his bloody face over a Confederate flag backdrop. The two are all smiles, hardly able to contain their laughter.]

DM: Can ya' believe it, Jack!? Air Strike slips on the world's biggest banana peel right before their title match and suddenly we got a shot at the titles! Not even back in the good ol' U.S of A for an hour and we walk away with the AWA World Tag Team titles and the Global Crown Titles! I think someone up there likes us!

[Morton points to the heavens as he cackles with glee.]

JH: It doesn't matter if it was divine intervention or a deal with the Devil, Danny! When opportunity knocked, Violence Unlimited smashed in that damn door and TOOK IT! We TOOK that opportunity...we TOOK that challenge...

[Morton spins Haynes around to look at him.]

DM: ...AND THEN WE TOOK THEIR TITLES!!!

[The two howl with laughter.]

JH: Now, I know The Lights Out Express been whinin' and complainin' and cryin' their little hearts out about how UNFAIR it was that Violence Unlimited whupped their sorry butts all up and down Missourah. But I gotta' ask ya' Danny, what exactly was unfair 'bout that beatin' we gave'em?

DM: I guess we were just a little tougher competition than they're used to in the AWA, Jack!

JH: I figure that just might be it, Danny. It's just soooo unfair that Violence Unlimited ain't like the pansies that you're used to! 'Cause I ain't some pretty boy with gobbily gook in my hair wearin' jeans tighter than Henrietta Ortiz-Lynch's girdle at an all-you-can-eat buffet, the fact we beat you like a drum HAS to be unfair!

DM: They WANTED that fight, Danny! And they GOT a fight! And they WERE fighting!

[A big grin forms on Morton's face.]

DM: ...FIGHTING for their lives!

[More laughter from the champs.]

JH: But we're not cowards, boys. We're actually sweeter than honey. I mean, we're even kind enough to let someone else win the Stampede Cup for a change!

DM: I don't know, Jack...another million dollars would've been pretty swell!

JH: We ain't greedy, Danny! The way we've been takin' the AWA's money the last few years, it almost seems like we're robbin'em! Besides, we got everything that already matters!

[He takes a step back and points to all the hardware behind him, while Morton goes to pick up them up to show off to the camera.]

DM: We've got Stampede CUPS. We got ALL the gold!

[He puts them down and walks right up to the camera for an extreme close-up.]

DM: And there's NO doubt in ANYONE'S mind right now, who the greatest tag team on this planet is!

[Morton sticks out his tongue, nodding his head up and down, before Haynes drags him off the camera.]

JH: Enough braggin', Danny! Time to get down to business!

[Haynes stares right into the camera.]

JH: Listen up and listen good, ladies! If The Lights Out Express wants their rematch, if Air Strike can crawl outta' their hospital beds and learn to look both ways before crossin' a street, if The War Pigs can finally muster up enough courage to step into the ring with us...we'll be right here waitin' for'em! We're Violence Unlimited! The greatest and most dominatin' damn tag team ever put on God's green Earth! And if it's a fight you want?

[Morton shoves Haynes aside and grabs the camera, staring right into it.]

DM: IT'S A FIGHT YOU'LL GET!!!

[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 AWAshop.com. Get yours today!

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

As we fade back up, we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell uncomfortably sandwiched between Chester O. Wilde and Buddy U. Loney - with a squirming and squealing Mable in his arms.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. The Stampede Cup is in full effect but what team is still steaming mad that their invite got lost in the mail? I can't tell you here but if you call the hotline at 1-900-877-5515,

I've got all the scoop too hot for television. Speaking of too hot for television, gentlemen...

[Blackwell grins as he eyes Buddy Loney.]

SLB: What in the world went down in that saloon with the Rotgut Rustlers?

[Loney grimaces, shifting his weight as he looks around.]

BUL: That? Oh, well...uhh... them boys are good fellas and they... uhh, well Chester told 'em that I... umm...

SLB: He told them you had some issues with the ladies?

[Buddy's eyes go wide.]

BUL: We on television, Cousin Sweet Lou! I don't need no one knowin' my business!

[Blackwell chuckles, raising his hands.]

SLB: My apologies. But gentlemen, all kidding aside, you two have signed up for quite the challenge here tonight as I've been informed that the two of you have accepted the Open Challenge of the Dogs Of War!

[Chester grins.]

COW: That's right, "Sweet" Lou! We heard that them nasty, rabid Dogs were lookin' for a scrap and the Wilde Bunch was lookin' to oblige 'em with one.

[Blackwell nods, looking back and forth.]

SLB: That's great, Chester... and I'm really looking forward to the match but...

[He keeps looking around.]

SLB: But where's your partner?

[Chester scratches his chin, looking at Blackwell.]

COW: Uhh, you feelin' okay, "Sweet" Lou? My partner's right here!

[He claps Buddy on the shoulder hard but doesn't move the big man.]

SLB: Sure, but... this is a six man match. You need another partner!

[Chester scratches his head this time.]

COW: We do?

SLB: Yes! There's three of them and only two of you!

[Blackwell looks over at Buddy.]

SLB: Two and a half maybe.

[Chester shakes his head.]

COW: No, no... we can't take Mable out there. She can't be our partner...even if she would make a better partner than that scheming polecat, Pedro Perez!

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: But that doesn't answer the question, Chester... Buddy... who is going to team with you against the Dogs Of War?

[Chester looks at a non-existent watch.]

COW: Shoot, it's almost match time too. Buddy?

[Buddy sticks out his tongue, twisting his face into his thinking pose.]

SLB: Is he-?

[Chester holds up a finger to his lips, shushing the interviewer. Suddenly, Buddy snaps his fingers.]

BUL: I got it! Come on, Cousin! We got work to do!

[The Wilde Bunch - Mable in tow - goes rushing out of view, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: I hate to be the bearer of bad tidings but... well, I can hear the Wilde Bunch's music starting to play and... they may not have time to find a partner! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We crossfade from "Sweet" Lou back inside the Viejas Arena where the entrance music for the Wilde Bunch has indeed started to play.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and we can hear the music here in San Diego. The Wilde Bunch is due to come out here to the ring to answer the challenge of the Dogs Of War... but are you really trying to tell me they didn't realize they needed a third man for a six man tag team match?!

BW: Oh, I wouldn't put anything past these two morons, Gordo. They might've been thinking about teaming with the pig!

GM: I highly doubt that... but the question is WHO will be their partner?

[As "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" by Billy Currington continues to play to cheers from the crowd, Phil Watson begins the introductions.]

PW: The following six man tag team match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... on their way down the aisle... first, from Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at 702 pounds... being led to the ring by Mable... BUDDY AND CHESTER...

THE WIIIIIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNNNNNCH!

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

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

GM: Well, here comes Buddy and Chester but seriously, where is their partner? I'm getting concerned for one of the most popular tag teams in the AWA.

BW: They could use getting their heads stomped silly. Might knock some sense into them. Then again, probably not.

[The Wilde Bunch gets halfway down the aisle, pausing for a little square dancing do-si-do to a big cheer. They break apart, looking back down the aisle.]

GM: Who's it gonna be?

[The music dies out as all eyes turn towards the entrance curtain, awaiting the arrival of the Wilde Bunch's tag team partner for this six man Open Challenge...

...when out through the curtain walks a diminutive young man in what is easily identifiable as lucha libre ring gear.]

BW: Who the heck is this?! Did they just pull some poor schlub off the street?

GM: Not a chance! That's Haruna! This young man - all of 19 years old - is one of the top young stars of SouthWest Lucha Libre! He's... lemme see here... yes, he was scheduled to be in singles action later tonight but apparently desperate times calls for desperate measures and the Wilde Bunch have drafted this young man into action!

[Haruna looks a bit puzzled, looking back and forth as he walks through the curtain. He's wearing long white tights with gold trim on the front and rear

panels of his legs. His upper body is bare but he's sporting a white mask with the red sun of the Japanese flag splashed across the face, eyeholes, nose holes, and a mouth hole cut in the sun. The "beams" of the sun stream down to his neck and across the back of his head. He is a smallish competitor - probably nowhere close to six feet tall and nowhere approaching two hundred pounds.]

GM: Being in San Diego here tonight, many of the stars of our sister promotion down in Mexico, SouthWest Lucha Libre, made the trip up to the States for tonight's show... luckily for the Wilde Bunch.

[As Haruna approaches the duo, Chester grabs him by the arm, forcing him into an awkward do-si-do.]

GM: Haha! I love it!

BW: This kid... you said he's 19?

GM: 19 years old, absolutely.

BW: He's in for a rough night thanks to these two morons. They just put him right in the line of sight of the Dogs Of War! I doubt he'll be sending my idiot nephews any thank you cards after tonight.

GM: You never know, Bucky. Anything can happen here in the AWA! Fans, we're going to take a quick break while these three get to the ring and when we come back, it's six man tag time here on The X so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Carl Riddens?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoo Rage just kick down the front door to attack Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the ring where the Wilde Bunch and Haruna have gathered, discussing strategy on the night.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can tell, Bucky has survived the usual family hug.

BW: I need to invest in a bodyguard... or a taser.

GM: Don't you dare. That's one of my favorite parts of the show.

BW: I shoulda let Temple gut you like a fish.

[As the announcers bicker, the music drastically changes as the lights cut. Midnight blue spotlights begin to circle over the San Diego crowd as the sound of snarling and snapping dogs fills the PA system.]

GM: And if the words "here comes trouble" were ever meant to apply to three men, it's the three men we're about to see heading towards the ring, fans.

[After five seconds or so, the dogs are replaced by KISS' "War Machine." The crowd ERUPTS at the sounds of it, jeers all around for the most deadly trio in professional wrestling. The spotlights finally land on the men they're looking for...]

GM: Here they come!

[Pedro Perez leads the way in a pair of midnight blue pants and a matching flak jacket. His fists are both taped, slamming them repeatedly into one another as he shouts threats all the way down the aisle while walking through the jam-packed crowd.

Isaiah Carpenter is right behind him in a similar outfit but he's got long stark white gloves on either arm, running up to mid-forearm. He's the epitome of cool - not the tag team - not even bothering to waste a word on the three men in the ring or the fans booing their heads off as he approaches.

Wade Walker brings up the rear, built like an ever-lovin' brick shit house. He's solid muscle with ripped arms and a well-toned chest slightly visible below the midnight blue flak jacket vest. He keeps his head on a swivel, ready to take out the first sign of any threat towards he and his partners.]

GM: We're just over a year now since the Dogs Of War arrived in the AWA and in the time since, they have proven to be one of the most dangerous units this sport has ever seen.

BW: Most successful too, Gordo. No one's beaten 'em yet. Not even close!

GM: Well, we can argue about the "not even close" thing but it's true, no one has put the Dogs Of War down for a three count or gotten them to submit in a trios match.

BW: Which HAS to make them the odds-on favorite to walk out of Mexico City with the Copa de Trios, Gordo.

GM: It's hard to argue that point, Bucky. Until someone proves otherwise, the Dogs are the team to beat... but could tonight be the night? Could the Wilde Bunch and Hurana have what it take to put them down for the first time?

[Pedro Perez hurdles the barricade...

...and dives under the bottom rope, coming up with his fists balled up and at the ready. The Wilde Bunch steps back, Chester putting an arm in front of Hurana as Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker climb up on the apron, staring across at their makeshift opponents. Carpenter leans over, whispering something to Walker which causes Walker to crack a smile.]

GM: Wade Walker is obviously amused by somethin-

[Suddenly, Hurana ducks under Chester's outstretched arm - not hard considering his size - sprinting across the ring. He steps up on the second rope, leaping up to snare the head of Wade Walker between his legs, swinging over the top rope towards the floor, and SNAPS Walker over, off the apron, and down onto the barely-padded floor with a hurrcanrana that gets the fans on their feet instantly!]

BW: HOLY-

GM: This guy's gonna be something else! He's a sight to see, Bucky!

[The masked man climbs to his feet, pumping a fist to the cheering crowd as Isaiah Carpenter waits, watching...

...and BURIES a back kick into his masked mouth, sending Hurana staggering back as the referee rings the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running before the bell but there it is nonetheless!

[Carpenter jumps up to the second rope, springing backwards, twisting around into a somersault...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: We've got bodies all over at ringside!

[Pedro Perez stands, staring out in shock at his partner. He spins around quickly, ready to strike...

...and finds himself face to face with BOTH members of the Wilde Bunch!]

GM: Uh oh! Pedro Perez is in trouble, fans!

[Perez breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes, rebounding back...

...and running right into a double shoulderblock that takes him right off his feet to a big cheer!]

GM: The Wilde Bunch drops Pedro Perez like a bad habit!

[The referee steps in, forcing Buddy Loney to step out to the apron. Chester nods to the cheering crowd as he bends over, pulling Perez to a knee where Perez lashes out with a stiff-fingered blow to the throat!]

GM: Pedro Perez breaking the rules early. To the ropes again...

[But as he rebounds, he runs right into Chester Wilde who scoops Perez up into his powerful arms. He swings him around, swinging him up and down, up and down...

...and then finally throwing him down in a big slam! Perez grabs at his lower back, rolling towards the ropes.]

GM: Pedro Perez may have had enough of this one already... uh oh!

[The crowd roars as Perez finds his path to the floor blocked by the massive bare feet of Buddy.]

GM: Perez was looking to get out of there but Cousin Buddy's got other ideas!

BW: He can't do that, Gordo!

GM: He just did, Bucky!

[Perez rolls back, climbing first to his knees and then to his feet, his eyes wide with anger. He points at Buddy who simply grins a lopsided dopish smile, watching as Perez turns around to complain to the official...

...and gets flattened with a right hand by Cousin Chester!]

GM: Big right hand by Chester!

[Perez scrambles up, taking a second haymaker across the jaw that puts him down on the mat.]

GM: Make it two!

[As Perez gets up a third time, he stumbles towards Buddy who is out on the apron. Buddy grabs a handful of hair, looking out at the crowd for support. Getting it, he winds up and smashes his skull into Perez, sending the Puerto Rican sailing through the air and down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh yeah! Pedro Perez took all that headbutt and then some!

BW: What in the world does that even mean?!

[With Perez down on the mat, he rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring towards his corner. Chester takes two steps in pursuit but then pulls up as Perez tags the outstretched hand of Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: The first tag of the match brings Isaiah Carpenter into the ring.

[Carpenter slingshots over the top rope, pointing a threatening finger at Cousin Chester. He crouches low, forcing Chester to lean towards him. He edges out of the corner, arms stretched out, judging the distance...]

GM: Carpenter looking to lockup perhaps...

[As Chester leans even further over, Carpenter EXPLODES upwards with a leaping knee strike to the chest, stunning the larger man. Chester spins away, leaning over as he grabs at his chest.]

GM: Good shot to the chest by Carpenter!

[Moving swiftly, Carpenter drops to a knee in front of Chester, throwing a stiff uppercut to the chin, sending him staggering back towards the Dogs' corner.]

GM: Uh oh! Chester's in the wrong part of town, fans!

[Carpenter throws a quartet of kicks to the gut, keeping Chester against the buckles as Pedro Perez shouts encouragement. The referee steps in, forcing Carpenter to step back as Perez loops the tag rope around Chester's throat!]

GM: Referee, turn around!

[The crowd jeers as Perez tries to choke the life out of Chester with the rope while Isaiah Carpenter argues with the referee.]

GM: Chester's having the life strangled out of him!

[Perez finally lets go of the rope, stepping back as Carpenter shoves past the referee, charging into the corner, leaping up to land a forearm on the jaw!]

BW: And as usual, the Dogs Of War are showing that when they can work as a unit, there's no one in this business that can compete with them, Gordo.

GM: There's a whole lot of teams that would take issue with that statement.

BW: No doubt. But they'd be wrong.

GM: Carpenter with the tag to Perez...

[The hot-blooded Perez steps in, taking turns throwing kicks at the midsection of Cousin Chester as the referee starts his five count. Each grabs an arm, looking to whip Chester across towards his own corner...

...but pulling him back towards them at full extension, sending him crashing back into the Dogs' corner!]

GM: Oh!

[Carpenter steps out as Perez grabs a loose side headlock, slamming his clenched fist up into the skull of Chester, forcing him down to a knee on the mat.]

GM: Perez battering Chester down to the mat.

BW: See? I told you my idiot nephews were going to be outgunned in this one.

[With Perez arguing with the official, Chester stands up, lifting Perez off the mat...

...and hurling him halfway across the ring!]

GM: Whoa! Chester fighting out of it!

[Chester stumbles out of the corner, looking across to Buddy and Haruna's outstretched hands.]

GM: Chester's trying to get across there...

[But Pedro Perez has other ideas, scrambling off the mat, throwing a kick aimed at the midsection but Chester catches the foot!]

GM: Chester caught him!

[Perez is hopping on one foot, asking Chester to set him down as Chester shakes his head, looking out to the crowd for support...

...and swings the leg around, causing Perez to spin in a circle before Chester lifts him up, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! That'll have you singing soprano!

[Chester steps past the hurting Perez, reaching a hand out...

...but Perez hooks his overalls from behind, yanking him backwards, holding tight and preventing the tag...]

GM: Perez is hanging on but he can't outmuscle Cousin Chester! How long can he-

[At a nod from Perez, Carpenter and Walker storm the ring, rushing past the protesting official, slamming into Haruna and Buddy Loney!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Carpenter and Walker, trying to get them back across the ring as Pedro Perez reaches around and rakes the eyes of Chester!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: You seem upset, Gordo.

GM: These guys are breaking every rule in the book!

BW: I think they skipped Chapter Six, Codicil Seven, Sub-Section B.

GM: And I suppose you-

BW: No ferrets in the ring.

GM: I... give me a break!

BW: It's been known to happen! Immediate disqualification!

[Perez drags the blinded Chester across the ring, slapping the hand of Isaiah Carpenter who steps in, slapping the hand of Wade Walker.]

GM: Double tag... and all three of them are in now.

BW: Have you EVER seen a six man tag use that double tag to such great effect? Most teams struggle with effective double teams... these guys use TRIPLE teams!

[Carpenter and Perez pull Chester out of the corner, setting for a double suplex.]

GM: Oh, that's a lot of weight for these two to get up in the air!

[With much effort, Carpenter and Perez get Chester airborne as Walker steps in, dropping to his back and lifting both legs up...

...and they DROP Chester gutfirst across the bent knees!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That looked like the Dogs were taking a page out of Supreme Wright's playbook - a little bit of Fat Tuesday!

[As Carpenter and Perez vacate the ring, Walker shoves Chester off his legs, rolling him to his back. Walker climbs to his feet, dropping a heavy forearm down across the sternum... and again... and again...]

GM: Wade Walker lowering the heavy artillery on Chester O. Wilde.

[Walker backs off, turning to glare at a shouting Buddy Loney.]

BW: Oh, I'd love to see Wade Walker shut Tons O' Fun's blubbery mouth once and for all.

[Walker raises a hand, menacingly pointing at Loney.]

BW: Do it, kid! Pop that fat slob right in the lips he lays on that pig!

[Walker and Buddy are trading words for several moments before the former college football star turns back towards the downed hillbilly who has pushed up to a knee, clutching his ribs...]

GM: Chester's trying to get off the mat and-

[The crowd ROARS as Chester unloads with a right hand to Walker's midsection!]

GM: Chester goes downstairs!

[Chester lands a second blow, sending Walker staggering back as Chester climbs to his feet, looking towards the corner, wobbling across the ring.]

GM: He's looking for the tag again!

[But Walker grabs the back of the overalls, yanking back to bury a forearm into the lower back. He slams a double axehandle down across the back... and again.. and again... and again...]

GM: Hammering away, driving Chester like a nail into the canvas!

[With Chester flat on his belly on the mat, Walker lets go a roar, throwing his arms back. He turns back towards the other corner again, glaring at Buddy who is shouting encouragement to his cousin.]

GM: Wade Walker seems to really be sporting a bad attitude here tonight. He's upset about something for sure.

BW: He's upset because Lard Boy is givin' him grief from the corner.

GM: Your vitriol towards your own family is especially high here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Elijah did fine earlier.

GM: That's not who I was referring to and you know it.

[Walker walks closer to the other corner as the official shouts at him, ordering him to back off as Buddy straightens up, threatening to backhand Walker if he gets any closer.]

GM: We've got a bit of a stand-off over there between Wade Walker and Buddy Loney, fans. I'm not sure what in the world is-

[Suddenly, Hurana grabs the top rope, swinging his legs up to catch Walker right between the eyes with a boot!]

GM: OHH!

BW: What the-?!

[Walker staggers back, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. He angrily rushes forward towards Hurana...

...who ducks down, avoiding the blow to the head. He uses the middle rope to slingshot himself forward, slamming his shoulder up into the gut of Walker, doubling him up...

...and then swings his left leg up, catching Walker between the eyes with the heel of his boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hurana moves SO fast!

[Walker falls backwards again as Hurana grabs the top rope, ready to springboard but the referee steps in his path, raising his arms, shouting at Hurana to stay back...]

GM: Walker's trying to push past the referee! He wants Buddy! He wants Hurana! Walker's temper is boiling over tonight in this one as the referee tries to keep him at bay!

[But as Walker spins away, he comes face to face with Cousin Chester who is on his feet, clapping his arms together on the ears of Wade Walker who staggers towards the corner where Buddy does the same thing, staggering Walker!]

GM: Two bellclappers!

[Chester falls forward, slapping the hand of Hurana who grabs the top rope, leaping to the rope, springing off the top, throwing himself into a corkscrew crossbody onto a surprised Walker! Hurana rolls right off, not attempting a cover as he rolls to his feet.]

GM: Hurana's in and cover your ears 'cause this kid may be about to break the sound barrier!

[Back on his feet, Hurana runs to the neutral corner, leaping up to the middle rope, leaping again to land on the top...

...and uncorks a twisting moonsault onto a stunned Walker!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: This kid's flying so high, he's out of orbit, daddy!

[Hurana pops up to his feet, twisting an arm around to a big cheer as he grabs the rising Walker by the arm.]

GM: Armwringer by Hurana... he's going downstairs!

[A pair of leg kicks has Walker slightly off-balance as Hurana rushes the ropes, running up the buckles, leaping off, twisting around, and dragging Walker down with an armdrag!]

GM: Hurana is a blur of motion in there, fans! I apologize for not even being able to TRY to call half of what this young man is doing in there! 19 years old! Can you believe it?!

[Walker rolls out to the floor, shaking out his arm as he turns towards the crowd, taking some verbal abuse as Hurana builds up a head of steam, rushing across the ring...

...and turning around at the last minute before moonsaulting OVER the ropes, catching Walker flush across the chest!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Pedro Perez drops off the apron, marching around the ringside area towards where Hurana is on his feet, saluting the cheering fans. Perez blindsides him with a right hand to the ear, knocking him down.]

GM: Oh! From the blind side, Perez knocks him flat!

[Perez puts the boots to Hurana for a few moments, the referee loudly protesting as the Puerto Rican drags Hurana off the mat.]

GM: This young man Hurana is one of the fastest rising stars in all of Mexico but he's made quite the reputation for himself in Japan as well. With that mask, you might guess that he's spent some time in the Land of the Rising Sun and actually, I've been told that he spent his formative years training in the Tiger Paw Pro dojo!

[Perez goes to throw Hurana under the ropes into the ring but Hurana catches the ropes, swinging himself back around where he lashes out with a kick to the ear of Perez!]

GM: OHH!

[Hurana pops back up to his feet inside the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands. He slingshots over the top...

...and hits nothing but barely-padded floor when Wade Walker surges forward, shoving his own partner clear!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Wade Walker leans against the apron, staring down at Hurana who is clutching his chest out on the floor.]

GM: Hurana crashed and burned there!

BW: That's the problem with that high risk offense, Gordo. It looks great when it hits but when it misses... man oh man, does it miss!

[Walker drags Hurana off the mat by the mask, laying some trash talk on him as he lifts Hurana up into a gorilla press...]

GM: Walker presses him with ease!

[...and DROPS the masked man facefirst on the ring apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Walker surges towards the railing, smashing his closed fist into his chest, earning jeers from the ringside crowd as he taunts them.]

GM: Wade Walker is FIRED UP tonight, fans!

[The former football star pulls Hurana's limp form off the mat, throwing him back into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Walker grabs Hurana before the luchador can even THINK of making the tag... look at Cousin Buddy, how bad does he want in there right now?

[A quick cut to Buddy Loney shows him pacing back and forth on the apron.]

BW: That's the most cardio he's gotten this year, Gordo.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Grabbing the masked man with the left hand, Walker delivers a series of short right hands to the skull, sending him falling back into the neutral corner. He grabs the arm, rocketing him across the ring, falling to a knee from the effort...

...which sends Hurana SLAMMING into the buckles, sailing over the ropes, the ringpost, and crashing down to the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Walker stands in the middle of the ring, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as he strides to his corner, slapping the hand of Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: There's a tag...

[Carpenter drops off the apron, moving quickly around the ring, pulling Hurana off the floor by the eyeholes of the mask, pushing him down onto his knees...

...and starts tearing at the eyehole of the mask, ripping it apart!]

GM: Carpenter's trying to rip the mask off! We all know how important the mask is to the lucha libre culture - this is the ultimate insult by Isaiah Carpenter, Bucky!

BW: Maybe he just wants to see if that guy's as ugly as he expects.

GM: Bucky...

BW: I mean, you gotta be pretty ugly to wear a mask to the ring, right?

GM: Bucky!

BW: You've seen Abaran's face. There's no wondering why he wore one.

GM: BUCKY!

[Carpenter uses the mask to slam Hurana's head down into the edge of the ring apron a few times before shoving him back under the ropes. He pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and catapults over the top with a somersault senton, crashing down across the luchador's chest!]

GM: Flipping backplash connects - and our first cover for Carpenter!

[A two count follows before Hurana escapes.]

GM: Two count only.

[Carpenter climbs to his feet, grabbing the mask to haul Hurana off the mat, hurling him using the mask into the buckles. The Dog of War puts the boots to him, earning a four count before he backs away, leaving the luchador gasping for air in the neutral corner...

...and as the official reprimands Carpenter, Pedro Perez takes the time to run down the apron, grabbing the top rope, swinging his feet up to kick the luchador in the back of the head!]

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: Great teamwork, isn't it?

GM: It is, I'll admit that... but it's also highly illegal, Bucky. And you know that.

[Carpenter moves back in, dragging the luchador towards the Dogs' corner where he slaps the hand of Pedro Perez.]

GM: Perez back in off the tag...

[A double whip sends Hurana across the ring as Carpenter and Perez conspire on a double back elbow, knocking Hurana off his feet.]

GM: Perez with a cover of his own now... but still only a two count.

[Perez glares at the official as he gets up, reaching out and tagging Carpenter back into the ring.]

GM: Another double team coming up it looks like.

[This time as they do the double whip, Carpenter and Perez join hands for a running double clothesline...

...that Hurana easily ducks under, rushing to the ropes, leaping up to the second rope, springing high into the air, facing away from Carpenter and Perez!]

GM: What in the...?!

[The crowd ROARS as Hurana sails backfirst into the duo, knocking both men flat!]

GM: HURANA WIPES 'EM BOTH OUT... and now he's GOTTA make a tag, Bucky!

BW: If he's gonna do it, this would be a good time to make it happen!

[Hurana rolls over to his knees, looking up at the corner where Chester and Buddy are both waiting with their arms out. Wade Walker slams a hand down on the top turnbuckle, shouting at his partners...]

GM: This is his chance! The 19 year old's gotta get across that ring and make the tag to one of the Wilde Bunch!

[Moving slowly, Hurana crawls on his hands and knees across the ring...

...until Pedro Perez hooks an ankle, preventing him from going any further!]

GM: Perez cuts off the tag!

BW: Brilliant move!

[But Hurana rolls to his back, slamming his heel repeatedly down into the face of Perez, breaking his grip! The crowd is ROARING for the young luchador as he rolls back to his knees, lunging forward...]

GM: TAG!

[...and the cheers get LOUDER as Cousin Buddy lumbers through the ropes into the ring!]

GM: THE BIG MAN IS IN! KATIE, BAR THE DOOR!

[Buddy is moving as he comes through, bull-rushing across the ring to throw his 400 plus pound frame at Wade Walker, sending Walker falling back through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: BUDDY CLEARS OUT WALKER!

[Buddy turns back towards Isaiah Carpenter, pulling him off the mat and chucking him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Carpenter's out as well!

[And as Pedro Perez climbs to his feet, he spots a massive hillbilly waiting for him!]

BW: No, no, no!

GM: My stars, fans! Cousin Buddy is all alone in there with Pedro Perez!
The streak could be coming to an end here tonight in San Diego!

[Perez begs off...

...and then rushes forward, throwing fists as fast as he can at the bulky
frame of Cousin Buddy who absorbs them all!]

GM: Perez is all over him! Pedro Perez is beating the tar out of him!

[Buddy suddenly gives a shout, surging forward, lowering his shoulder, and
DRIVING Perez back into the neutral corner!]

GM: OHH! He might've broken him in half, fans!

[Grabbing the arm, Buddy whips Perez across into the other neutral corner
before he backs into the opposite corner. He looks across, glancing around
at the cheering crowd...

...and with a loud "MOOOOOOOOO!", Buddy rushes across the ring, spinning
around...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[Buddy THROWS himself backwards into a corner hip attack!]

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

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

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

GM: First, Buddy gets to work... and now he gets to TWERK!

BW: I... what?!

GM: Get with it, Bucky! It's 2015, daddy!

BW: DADDY?! THAT'S MY LINE, MYERS!

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

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

GM: PIG IN A BLANKET!

BW: NO!

GM: THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Buddy rolls over, placing his four hundred plus pounds across the chest in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CARPENTER WITH THE DIVING SAVE!

[The arrival of Carpenter brings Cousin Chester lumbering into the ring, charging at him. The two break into a tussle, trading right hands, falling into...

...and then over the ropes. Chester hits the floor while the athletic Carpenter manages to land on his feet on the apron.]

GM: Carpenter’s on the apron... what’s he-?!

[Carpenter backs a few feet away, gets a running start, leaps up to plant his foot on the back of Chester’s head...

...and DRIVES it down into the ring apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Chester collapses in a heap on the floor as Carpenter grabs the top rope, ready to strike again. He takes aim at the kneeling Buddy Loney, leaping into the air...

...when Hurana rushes across the ring, leaping up to spring off the top rope right as Carpenter does the same, hooking him around the head and neck, flipping backwards while hanging on!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The duo CRASHES down on the canvas as Hurana executes the damndest counter we’ve seen in quite some time - a one man flipping springboard uranage off the top rope!]

BW: Holy...

[The San Diego crowd finishes that thought, breaking out into a fecal chant that earns some censorship from The X!]

GM: I CAN’T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

[With bodies strewn everywhere, Wade Walker slides back into the ring, taking a crouch on the canvas, waving a hand as Hurana tries to get off the mat...]

GM: The 19 year old is trying to get-

[...and surges forward, EXPLODING into a leaping clothesline on Hurana that flips the luchador inside out, dumping him down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: HE NEARLY TOOK HIS HEAD OFF!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as a camera shot takes roll - Pedro Perez down on a knee on the floor... Isaiah Carpenter and Hurana having rolled out to the floor... Chester motionless on the floor... all of which leaves...]

GM: Look at this, Bucky!

[Wade Walker turns back towards the rising Buddy Loney, shouting at him. Buddy shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs...

...and the two come together to a huge reaction, trading right hands in the center of the ring!]

GM: The two big men of the team are squaring off!

[Loney's haymakers seem to carry a little more weight, battering Walker back into the ropes where Buddy grabs an arm, whipping him towards the ropes...

...but Walker reverses it, powering Buddy into the ropes where he rebounds back...]

GM: Buddy coming off!

[Walker builds up some steam of his own...

...and CRACKS Buddy across the collarbone with a running, leaping double axehandle!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Buddy wobbles, his arms pinwheeling at his sides as Wade Walker backs off, taking a moment to plan his next attack...

...and ducks down, slipping an arm up between the legs of the four hundred plus pound hillbilly!]

GM: HOLY... WHAT IS HE-?!

[The crowd ROARS as Walker muscles the big man up onto his shoulders, lifting him off the canvas into a fireman's carry...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT BUT HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Walker takes two steps, impressive considering the weight across his massive shoulders, takes a deep breath...

...and then leans forward, slinging the huge body down to the canvas with great impact!]

GM: DOWN GOES COUSIN BUDDY!

[With Buddy laid out, Pedro Perez pulls himself up onto the apron, breathing heavily as he climbs through the ropes, stepping up to the second rope as Walker keeps the referee back. Perez raises his fingers in the form of a pistol, pointing at the downed Buddy...]

"TIME TO DIE!"

[...and leaps into the air, DRIVING his two feet down into a double stomp on the skull of Buddy!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Perez rolls off, pointing to Buddy as Walker breaks away from the official, diving into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! I can't believe it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: The Dogs stay unbeaten, daddy!

[Walker slowly gets up, glaring down at the motionless Cousin Buddy as Pedro Perez strides out to join him, trading a high five as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... THE DOGS... OF... WAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!

[The crowd is a bit more split on the reaction this time, some cheering the wild match.]

GM: The Dogs Of War are victorious... but they were beaten, Bucky! Clear as day, the Dogs were beaten.

BW: What are you talking about now?

GM: I'm talking about Buddy Loney hitting Pig In A Blanket on Pedro Perez! He had this match won! If it hadn't have been for Isaiah Carpenter making that save, this match would have been over... and that undefeated streak would've been over as well!

BW: Woulda, coulda, shoulda... the Dogs are still the team to beat.

GM: Still undefeated. Still the best six man unit in the world. But will they be that way after Copa de Trios? Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Stampede Cup time here on The X so don't go away!

[The Dogs Of War are celebrating their hard-fought victory when we fade to black...

We fade back up on a green and white Combat Corner Wrestling logo complete with a driving synth beat in the background. A voiceover begins.]

"The future has begun."

[We see a barrage of quick clips from the first CCW show - Bret Grayson hurling Kerry Kendrick across the ring, Max Magnum tossing Sammy Carson around like a ragdoll, the Dead Man's Party fleeing the ring from Blackjack Lynch.]

"And on June 27th... it continues."

[A graphic comes up showing "JUNE 27th ON FOXSPORTSX.COM"]

"Don't miss a moment when Bret Grayson takes on Kerry Kendrick in a grudge match."

[Footage of Grayson applying the Liberty Lock anklehold on Kendrick.]

"The long-awaited CCW debut of MAAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUM!"

[The hulking behemoth stands next to a grinning Ben Waterson, preparing for action.]

"And in our Main Event, the Dead Man's Party takes on the team of Kenta Kitukawa, Koji Nakano, and a MYSTERY PARTNER!"

[Quick highlights of the last show's Main Event are shown.]

"It's CCW... and we mean business!"

[Another graphic comes up with all the details on the show before we fade to black...

We fade up backstage where Mark Stegglet stands alongside two of the men entering their third Stampede Cup, "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian and Andrew "Flash" Tucker; better known as Strictly Business. Both men are dressed to compete already, Tucker in a long pair of black trunks, black boots with lightning bolts adorning the sides. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders. Sebastian is also ready to compete, his Maui Jim sunglasses resting atop his head adorned with short blond hair.]

MaS: Fans, I'm backstage with Strictly Business prior to their opening round match against The Northern Lights. Gentlemen, my first question is simple:

where have you been? We haven't seen much of you over the past few weeks.

[A nonchalant shrug from Tucker.]

AT: Stegs, when we signed our AWA contract, do you think two guys with our resume signed up to be on the road 300 damn days a year? Hell no. We signed up to be challenged by the so-called greatest wrestlers in the world today. We looked far and wide, top to bottom, an' we ain't seen none o' them, so we took a vacation.

[A shrug from Tucker.]

MS: And why shouldn't we? It's not like we have anything to prove to the kindergarteners that collect paychecks around here. The men whose respect we craved when we were barely able to buy a beer are long gone. Now we spend our money on real estate, stock futures and beer. We're never going to stop buying beer.

AT: We were out in Saint Tropez – that's in France for all you San Diego bums who are in a smoke-induced haze - relaxin' out on Mikey's yacht, entertainin' hordes o' European college girls on Holiday, when we got a call from the boys upstairs. Apparently the Stampede Cup has rolled around again, and they said that the brackets were... what was the word they used, Mikey?

MS: Underwhelming.

AT: Ah yes, the brackets were "underwhelming" and that they needed some star power to get the ratings up. Gotta keep the boys at The X happy, y'know? Fortunately they knew where they could find some.

MS: If the boys up in marketing want to sell 30 second spots for hundreds of thousands of dollars, they're going to have to give the Joe Plumbers at home a reason to tune in. Fortunately, their reason is right here.

AT: Conveniently enough, we're going to be able to take care o' some unfinished business in the first round. Northern Lights was out here a few weeks back waxin' poetic about how they were here to set a good impression for the young pups, blah, blah, blah.

[An eye roll from Tucker.]

AT: This business chews people up and spits them out. Look at our runnin' mates from Los Angeles and Toronto; either hopped up on pills, dead or broke. The lessons this business teaches shouldn't be pats on the head and atta'boys. It's tough lessons comin' from tough men.

Fortunately for these kids, there ain't two tougher men around than us.

And school is in session, boys.

MS: We're not the Cinderella school in this tournament either. There'll be no George Masons or Butlers making a run against us. We're Kentucky. We're Duke. We're Connecticut. We're the team you love to hate.

But hate all you want. Because at the end of all this, we'll be the ones cutting down the nets.

[With that, both men spin on their heels and head off camera, ready for their match.]

MS: Strictly Business has entered the Stampede Cup for the third time and you just have to wonder - is the third time a charm for that legendary duo? Let's go down to Phil Watson and find out!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the 2015 STAMPEDE CUP TOURNAMENT!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The fans turn to cheers as "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgares Machins plays over the PA, going straight to the chorus. Jogging down the aisle comes the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet. 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 Choynet wears full forearm supports in blue. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choynet 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 Choynet are on either side of the aisle, slapping hands as they run down.]

PW: Now coming down the aisle... from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty-eight pounds... RENE ROUSSEAU and CHRIS CHOINET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[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: The Northern Lights have been around the AWA for quite a while but this opportunity to move on in the Stampede Cup tournament could make this their biggest match in their time here, Bucky.

BW: It could. Being IN this tournament is a big deal. Somehow managing to ADVANCE in this tournament would be HUGE for them. But I don't see it happening against Strictly Business.

GM: Perhaps not. Next Gen is waiting in the wings, ready to take on either of these teams in the second round of the tournament.

[Upon meeting on the opposite side of the ring, they both ascend to the apron and leap over the top rope into the ring. Rousseau bounces on his heels while Choynet goes up to the second rope, both firing up the crowd as the music fades.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the Schoolhouse PA system as the crowd leaps to their feet in anticipation. As the opening guitar riffs kick in, the curtain sweeps to the side to reveal Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian; better known to the world as Strictly Business.]

PW: From Oakland and Palm Springs, California respectively... at a total combined weight of 452 pounds...

ANDREW "FLASH" TUCKER...

"MONEY DRIVEN" MIKE SEBASTIAN...

STRIIIIIIIIICTLYYYYYYYY BUSINESSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of the two crowd favorites as they immediately begin making their way towards the ring. Both are dressed as we saw them moments ago, talking to one another as they eye their opposition up inside the ring.]

GM: Former World Tag Team Champions. Many argue that this duo should be in the Hall of Fame alongside the Epitome of Cool, the Fraternity Boys, the Outlaws, and all the rest. A win in this Stampede Cup tournament would go a long way towards making that happen for them.

[Tucker and Sebastian climb up on the apron, barking at the Northern Lights...

...who respond with a dropkick to each opponent, sending Tucker and Sebastian sailing off the apron, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!

[Choynet and Rousseau rolls to the floor, pulling Sebastian off the mat and rolling him back into the ring. Both men go back in after him as the referee shouts for one of them to get out.]

GM: The Lights are starting off hot, shooting Sebastian into the ropes... oh my! Double backdrop by the Northern Lights!

[Sebastian rolls to his hip, cradling his lower back as Choynet ducks through the ropes to the apron. Rene Rousseau drags Sebastian off the mat, driving a short forearm into his lower back.]

GM: The referee calls for the bell and apparently this one is underway despite the wild start.

[Andrew Tucker slowly pulls himself up on the apron, glaring at Rousseau who scoops Sebastian into the air, spins him around, and slams him down to the canvas!]

GM: Big slam by Rousseau!

[Rousseau swings around the downed Sebastian, grabbing his legs.]

GM: ROUSSEAU'S GOING FOR THE QUEBEC CRAB!

BW: If he locks it in, it may be over!

[But before he can apply the submission hold, Andrew Tucker charges in, blasting Rousseau in the back of the head with a forearm smash, knocking him down. A trio of stomps follows, forcing Rousseau under the ropes to the floor...

...which gives Chris Choynet to come in behind Tucker, swinging him around by the arm as the referee protests!]

GM: Overhand chop! And a knife edge chop as well!

[The blows have Tucker backed against the ropes...

...where a running clothesline takes Tucker over the top rope, depositing him down on the floor!]

GM: Choynet clears out Tucker!

BW: The Lights are lookin' good so far, Gordo.

GM: They certainly are... and the referee's forcing him to exit the ring...

[With the referee tied up with Choynet, Sebastian rolls to the floor, grabbing Rousseau by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: Sebastian whips him to the steel!

[Sebastian charges Rousseau, connecting with a clothesline that topples Rousseau over the railing into the front row!]

GM: OHHH!

[A smirking Sebastian rolls back into the ring, pushing up to his feet, shouting at the referee to count Rousseau out. The referee looks puzzled at Rousseau's presence beyond the barricade as he starts his ten count.]

GM: Uh oh! This could be trouble for the Lights! Rene Rousseau got put into the steel and then OVER the steel by Mike Sebastian who looks like he's looking for a countout win!

BW: A countout is as good as a pin or a submission in this one, Gordo. If they win by countout, Strictly Business is still moving on.

[Sebastian shouts at Davis Warren to count faster as Warren's count reaches three as Rousseau grabs the top of the barricade, dragging himself to his knees.]

GM: Rousseau's trying to get back over that railing.

BW: I don't know if he can make it in time, Gordo.

GM: To be honest, I'm not sure he can either.

[As the count hits five, the Montreal native upends himself over the railing, falling down on his back on the ringside floor.]

GM: He got over the railing but the count is up to six and he's down on his back on the padding at ringside.

[Sebastian stands near the ropes, counting along with the official as the crowd cheers Rousseau on, begging him to get to his feet and continue the match.]

GM: Davis Warren calls out seven and Rousseau rolls over onto all fours, trying to crawl to the ring... trying to beat the count...

[Warren's cry of "EIGHT!" has the crowd on their feet, urging Rousseau forward as he crawls right up to the ring apron. Sebastian shouts at Warren again as Rousseau pushes up to his knees, wrapping a hand around the bottom rope at the call of "NINE!"]

GM: He's almost there! He's right on the edge!

[Rousseau pulls hard and yanks himself into the ring just before the ten count comes down. The crowd roars in support of the Northern Lights as Chris Choisnet applauds his partner's efforts...

...and Mike Sebastian drops a leg across the back of Rousseau's head!]

GM: Oh!

[Sebastian drags Rousseau up by the hair, swinging him around and throwing him back through the ropes to the floor! The crowd breaks out in

jeers as the arrogant Sebastian struts across the ring, taunting Chris Choynet as the referee starts his count again.]

GM: Sebastian throws him right back out...

BW: But this time, he's going out after him.

[On the opposite side of the ring, Sebastian rolls under the ropes, circling around the ringpost, ducking down to avoid being seen as he creeps along the ring apron, circling another post...

...and DROPS a rising Rousseau with a running boot to the ear!]

GM: Ohh! Rousseau was up to a knee but Sebastian lowered the boom on him from the blind side!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Sebastian drags Rousseau off the floor, slamming his face down on the ring apron!]

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE APRON!

[Sebastian rolls the stunned Rousseau under the ropes into the ring. He climbs through the ropes, slapping the hand of Andrew Tucker who slides down the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: SLINGSHOT...

[...and drops a leg right across the throat of Rousseau!]

GM: ...LEGDROP ACROSS THE THROAT! COVER!

[Rousseau lifts a shoulder at two as Tucker complains about the perceived slow count. He rises, clapping his hands together at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only although Andrew Tucker seems to think otherwise, Bucky.

BW: Hey, you want to argue with one half of a legendary tag team?

GM: In this case, yes.

[Tucker drags Rousseau off the mat, flinging him into Strictly Business' corner. He rushes in after him the half distance of the ring, burying a knee into the breadbasket!]

GM: Knee downstairs... and a quick tag...

[Sebastian steps in as the Strictly Business members take turns slamming fists into the midsection of Rene Rousseau who clings to the top rope, trying desperately to stay on his feet.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Tucker out of there! These two certainly have no issue in bending or flat out breaking the rules, Bucky.

BW: You can't worry about stuff like that when you're trying to be the best in the world, Gordo.

GM: And make no mistake, that's what Strictly Business wants to do. They want to win the Stampede Cup and use that as a springboard to the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

[Sebastian grabs the top rope, throwing boots to the gut as Tucker steps out to the apron. He turns his back to Rousseau, using a snapmare to take him out of the corner into a seated position.]

GM: Sebastian backs off... and flips right over, SNAPPING him down with that!

[Rousseau grabs at his neck as Sebastian sits on the mat, winking at Chris Choynet who angrily slams a hand down on the top turnbuckle with a "Come on, Rene!" to his partner.]

GM: Rene Rousseau is getting worked over by Strictly Business and so far, Chris Choynet hasn't gotten a real opportunity to do anything about it.

[Sebastian slowly climbs off the mat, taunting the ringside fans who are cheering on Rousseau, trying to get him up off the canvas.]

GM: It's so hard for someone who was a longtime fan of this duo to watch them now, Bucky. They were such great fan favorites back in their time in Los Angeles but to see them now...

BW: Now they're worried more about big paydays, Stampede Cups, and World Tag Titles than what these buffoons think of them?

GM: That's one way to put it, I suppose.

[Sebastian turns back to Rousseau, having given the Canadian enough time to stir to his knees. He steps in...]

GM: Rousseau with a shot to the gut!

[Sebastian recoils back, clutching his abdomen as Rousseau climbs to his feet.]

GM: Rousseau's up... looking towards the corner!

[Rousseau lashes out with a boot to the gut of the incoming Sebastian who had his arms raised over his head, looking for a double axehandle blow.]

GM: Downstairs again! Rousseau's trying to get to his corner!

[But as he makes his move, Sebastian hooks his trunks from behind, yanking him into position, and dropping him down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Mike Sebastian drives him down to the canvas with that neckbreaker!

BW: So much for the tag, Gordo.

GM: You’ve got that right... and Sebastian tags Tucker back in.

[Tucker slingshots over the top rope, rushing in to help Sebastian lift their foe off the mat.]

GM: Double whip coming up...

[Sebastian doubles over, elevating Rousseau into a backdrop as Tucker takes flight, connecting with a dropkick that knocks the Canadian out of the sky!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: That’ll give ya a case of whiplash, daddy!

[Tucker flips Rousseau over onto his back, lunging into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! Shoulder up at two!

[“Flash” again glares at Davis Warren, shouting at him.]

GM: Tucker again taking issue with the count as he pulls Rousseau off the mat... big whip!

[Rousseau SLAMS into the buckles of the neutral corner, his head snapping back as he hits them. Tucker backs off, slapping the hand of Mike Sebastian.]

GM: In comes Sebastian... and this looks real familiar, Bucky.

BW: They’re setting for the Launchpad!

[Sebastian lowers himself down to all fours as Tucker backs to the far corner, measuring the opposition as he charges across, springing off the back of his partner...]

GM: TUCKER!

[...and as Rousseau ducks down, front rolling out of the corner, Tucker sails OVER the top rope with a spinning leg lariat, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ROUSSEAU ROLLS OUT! HE'S MAKING HIS MOVE!

[A stunned Sebastian rises up off the mat, spinning to find Rousseau who is along the ropes, pulling himself to his feet, making a lunge as Sebastian charges him...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Rene Rousseau slaps the hand of Chris Choynet who gives a shout as he ducks down, burying a shoulder into the gut of the incoming Sebastian!]

GM: Choynet caught him coming in!

BW: That hardly seems sporting from ol' Shwaneee.

[Chris Choynet grabs the top rope, slinging himself over the top for a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! HE'S GOT HIM DOWN!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

GM: Sebastian slips out at two!

[Choynet pops right up, throwing a dropkick to the chest that sends Sebastian falling back through the ropes, hanging on and landing on the ring apron!]

GM: The dropkick sends him out but he hung on... and now Choynet's going to bring him in the hard way!

[The Portland, Maine native grabs a front facelock, slinging Sebastian's arm over the back of his neck, lifting him into the air...

...and dropping him down with a spine-rattling suplex, floating over into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd groans as Sebastian lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin. Choynet climbs right up, not wasting a second before grabbing Sebastian by the arm, twisting it around and using to whip Sebastian the short distance into the corner, sending him crashing chestfirst into the corner where he staggers backwards...

...RIGHT into Choynet's Side Russian Legsweep, floating over into a pin attempt again!]

GM: OH MY! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Choisnet hooks both legs, holding tight as the official drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Choisnet rolls to his knees, burying his head in his hands. He reaches down, slapping the canvas with both fists as he climbs to his feet, questioning Davis Warren who holds up two fingers.]

GM: The official letting Choisnet know it was only a two count.

BW: Isn't there a problem when BOTH teams think the ref is counting slow?

GM: I think professional wrestlers ALWAYS think the ref is counting slow!

[Choisnet turns back towards Sebastian who is trying to crawl away to the ropes. The Maine native shakes his head, grabbing Sebastian by the legs as Sebastian hooks the bottom rope with both hands.]

BW: Sebastian's got the rope!

GM: But Choisnet's got him by the legs!

[The crowd roars as Choisnet lifts the legs, forcing Sebastian to grab the middle and then the top rope. The referee shouts at Choisnet, ordering him to break the hold...

...which he does, sending Sebastian crashing facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Choisnet grins as he pulls Sebastian off the mat from behind, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Choisnet sets... lifts...

[And takes Sebastian down, holding a picture perfect bridging belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, the former World Tag Team Champion breaks the hold, kicking out in time.]

GM: Another close call for Strictly Business as Mike Sebastian just barely got out of that in time.

[Chris Choisnet hauls Sebastian off the canvas again, ducking down, lifting him up onto his shoulders...]

GM: AIRPLANE SPIN!

[The crowd is ROARING as Choisnet spins faster and faster, twirling a helpless Mike Sebastian through the sky...]

GM: Choisnet's got him going now!

[...but Sebastian spins out of it, hooking a front facelock, and DRIVING Choisnet skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! DDT TO COUNTER!

[The dizzy Sebastian pushes up off the mat, crawling the wrong way towards the corner as the crowd laughs at him.]

GM: Sebastian hasn't got a clue where he is right now, fans!

[Sebastian ends up in the corner where Andrew Tucker reaches over the top rope, slapping his long-time partner's hand.]

GM: Tucker's in!

["Flash" slingshots up to the top rope, springboarding off...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[...and DROPS a crushing leg across the chest of the stunned Choisnet!]

GM: OHHH!

[Tucker jumps up, swinging his arms apart before pulling Choisnet up, dragging him towards the corner where he slaps the hand of Mike Sebastian.]

GM: TAG!

[Tucker grabs Choisnet, hooking his leg around the back of Choisnet's head and neck, leaping up...

...and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: TRENDSETTER!

[The still-dizzy Sebastian is trying to climb the corner buckles when Tucker approaches, yanking him to the top...

...and HURLING him off!]

GM: ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[Sebastian CRASHES down across the chest of the prone Choisnet!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Tucker spies an incoming Rene Rousseau, charging him with a fist between the eyes, knocking the Canadian down as the referee slaps the canvas a third time!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Tucker pumps a fist in triumph as he moves back towards his partner, dragging him to his feet as they embrace to celebrate their big win.]

GM: Strictly Business is moving on to the second round of the 2015 Stampede Cup, fans! A good effort by the Northern Lights but the former World Tag Team Champions outlasted them and Tucker and Sebastian have a date with Next Gen in the Quarterfinals!

[Tucker is all smiles as Sebastian nearly falls down - still dizzy from the airplane spin - a few times.]

GM: The celebration is on as the ring announcer makes it official.

[Phil Watson, take it away.]

PW: Your winners of the match, moving on to the second round...
STRICTLYYYYYYYYYY BUSINESSSSSSSSSS!

[Another fist pump from Tucker as the veteran duo exits the ring, leaving Rousseau and Choisnet laid out inside the ring.]

GM: Could this be the year for Strictly Business to go all the way and capture the Stampede Cup? Our own Melissa Cannon is standing by with an update to the tournament brackets and even more news! Melissa, take it away!

[We cut to backstage where Melissa Cannon is joined by the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers stands to her left and is dressed in jeans and a white AWA T-shirt. Daniel Harper is to Melissa's right and he is dressed in a black polo shirt and khakis. Julie Somers is next to Howie and dressed in jeans and a white blouse.]

MC: At this time, I am joined by Next Gen, who we now know will be facing Strictly Business in the quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup. Howie and Daniel, you two will be facing your biggest test since coming to the AWA. What are your thoughts going into that match?

HS: Melissa, let's get one thing straight: Every match we've had since we've come to the AWA has been a big test. There are no easy victories and every one we've gained, we've earned. We learned from a young age that nothing is given to you, that everything is earned. I'm guessing, though, that guys like Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian, after earning their reputation as one of the all-time greats in tag team wrestling, think they are entitled to have everything they want because they got that reputation. But what Daniel and I also learned at a young age is that, once you earn your reputation, you

can't rest on your laurels because others are out to earn theirs as well, and that's what we plan to do in the Stampede Cup.

MC: You brought up Strictly Business' attitude in recent months. They seem to have taken an interest in the two of you, not because they respect you, but because they think you are a threat to their position.

DH: Melissa, let's get something straight right away. The one thing my mother told me never to do was lie to anyone. Well, I'm gonna tell you three things and none of them are lies.

[He holds up one finger.]

DH: The first is that Strictly Business is one of the best tag teams to ever step into that ring, and some might even call them the best, period.

[He holds up another finger.]

DH: The second is that Strictly Business has earned every accolade they've achieved in wrestling and nobody can take that away from them.

[He holds up a third finger.]

DH: And the third is that Strictly Business is starting to get on my nerves, and I know Howie and Julie feel the same way.

[Howie and Julie each nod.]

DH: Tucker and Sebastian, just because you two have proven yourselves to be the best at what you do doesn't give you the right to go thumbing your noses at every wrestler who walks through that door acting like they want to have it easy. Because Howie and I, we never asked for anything to be easy. No, it's not gonna be easy getting past the likes of you, but we wouldn't want it any other way, because that's the way you earn respect in this business.

But I will tell you one thing that doesn't get you any respect, and that's a poor attitude, and that's exactly what you guys have. I don't expect you two or anybody else to roll out the red carpet for us, but that doesn't mean you can't even acknowledge our presence with a friendly hello. Instead, all I see you do is turning your noses up and grumbling to whoever will listen about all these kids walking around in your yard as if they own the place, when all they're doing is working to earn their place just like you did years ago.

Yeah, your accolades are what everybody dreams of doing in this business, but just two words describe your attitude: It stinks.

[He folds his arms. Melissa turns to Julie.]

MC: Sounds like this Stampede Cup match is more than just about advancing to the semifinals, Julie.

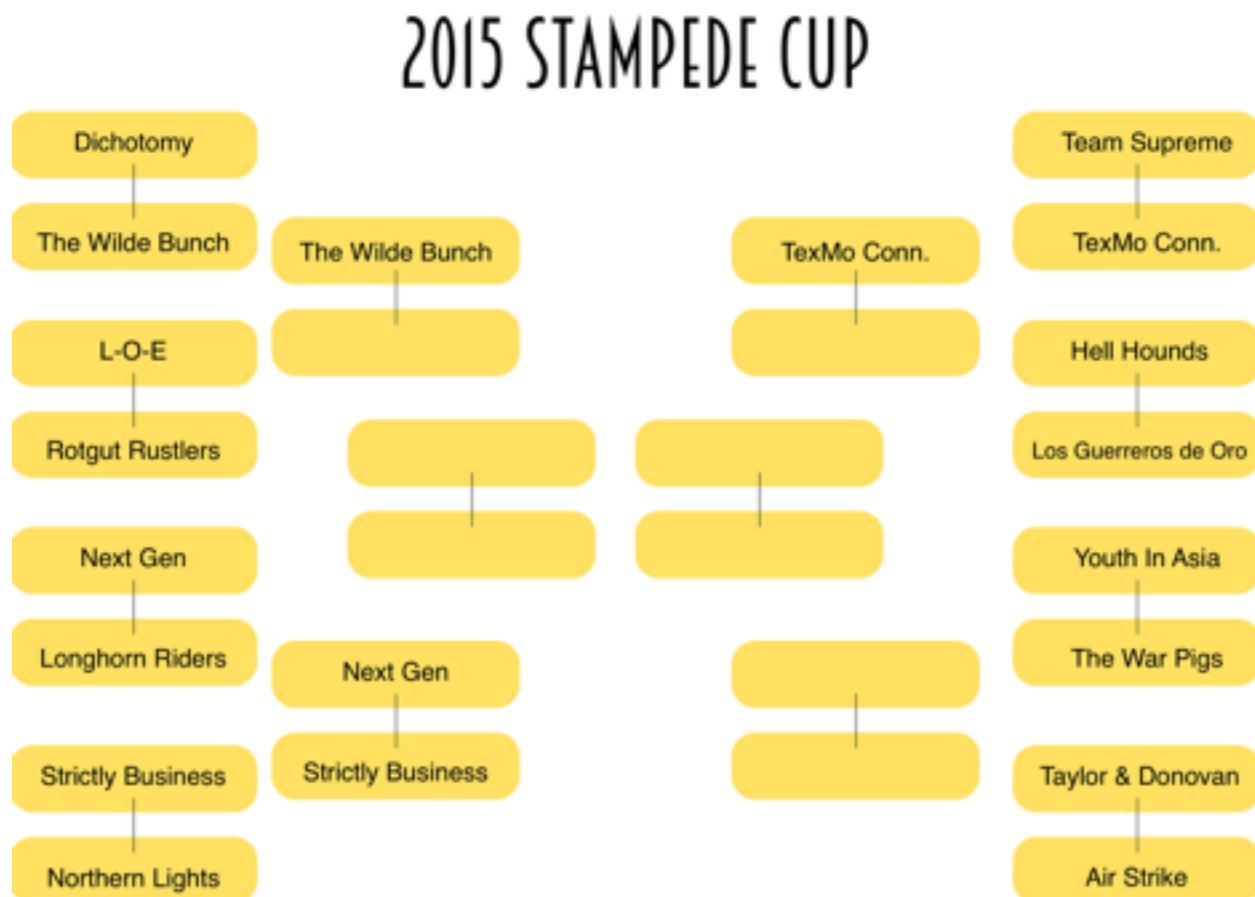
JS: Melissa, you better believe advancing in the Cup is the main goal. But, yeah, there's something else at stake here and that's these two gentlemen proving each time they step into the ring that they belong in the AWA and they are going to make their mark. No matter what the outcome of the match, we'll prove to Strictly Business and every other tag team in the AWA that Next Gen is here to stay and, no matter how tough it gets, we aren't going away any time soon.

MC: Thank you, Next Gen. I'm sure the fans will look forward to that Cup match.

[The trio strides out of view, leaving Melissa behind.]

MC: We now know that Strictly Business has advanced in the tournament and they will collide with Next Gen in the Quarterfinals... but let's take a look at the rest of the updated bracket!

[The shot of Melissa is replaced by the updated version of the bracket, now showing Strictly Business in the second round of the tournament.]



MC: In a bit of breaking news, we have learned that there will be a temporary pause in the Stampede Cup action over the next month as the AWA hits Hawaii and Japan for two big events... in the AWA at least. But what we have learned is that over the next month, the battle between the Hell Hounds and Los Guerreros de Oro will take place in Mexico and the match between Youth In Asia and the War Pigs will take place in Japan. We'll, of course, have highlights of both matches for all AWA fans as well but

as the month of July comes to an end, we'll be oh-so-very-close to being down to the Elite Eight in this tournament, fans!

[The graphic fades, leaving Melissa alone in front of the AWA backdrop again.]

MC: In addition to that, I can now also add a few more names to the list of competitors who will be part of the 2015 edition of the Rumble taking place on July 4th as part of All-Star Showdown LIVE in prime time on the FOX Network.

[The graphic with the Rumble participants announced so far appears on the screen.]

MC: In keeping with the international spirit of this year's summer, moments ago I was informed that Tiger Paw Pro's own, KENTA KITZUKAWA, will be competing in this year's Rumble event!

[The very first graduate of the M-DOJO appears on the graphic.]

MC: The next entry in the Rumble is a former PCW Champion... a former AWA champion... and just might be too RED HOT for the other 29 competitors. Of course, I'm referring to "RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers appears on the screen, an arrogant smirk on his face.]

MC: And finally, the 20th man to enter this year's Rumble...

[Talk about a smirk. The crowd inside the arena ROARS at the sight of the 20th man in the Rumble.]

MC: JUAN VASQUEZ IS IN!

[The graphic fades back to Melissa.]

MC: This year's Rumble, coming to you LIVE from the Aloha State of Hawaii for the very first time, promises to be hotter than ever as 30 men compete for the rare opportunity to compete for the AWA World Heavyweight Title! Fans, let's go back down to ringside to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE. Introducing first... he is the challenger... already in the ring at this time... from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and weighing in at 275 pounds... JAMES REED!

[The giant muscle man known as James Reed starts stomping exaggeratedly around the ring, throwing up his fists and howling to the crowd.]

GM: What an opportunity for this well put together competitor. We don't know the champion's mindset or physical well-being after that attack by the

group known as the Dead Man's Party two weeks ago. He took a brutal flying clothesline that knocked him down HARD on the barely-padded floor.

BW: Gordo, the Dead Man's Party has been sending a message to everybody in the AWA that they're here to take over and so far nobody has stepped up to challenge them. They're dangerous and they're united and the AWA locker room hasn't made a single peep in their direction.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 244 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

BW: Speaking of dangerous, we're gonna see what the champion is like tonight!

GM: He better not take James Reed lightly. Reed is a very strong man and he is ready for this opportunity!

["Fame" by Irene Cara hits as the curtains part and Shadoe Rage emerges in a beautiful deep purple leather robe, matching bandana and silver framed sunglasses. The dreadlocked champion preens for the booing fans as he lifts his ever present microphone to his lips.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country, your champion is here! They tried to assassinate me, didn't they? The Dead Man's Party tried to take out the greatest World Champion in the AWA... but I'm still standing. They tried to decapitate me, but have no fear... your King is still here and I will give you another World title match like you deserve. Dead Men, if you're watching, you struck the first blow, but I will strike the last. Do you understand me?

Watch and learn because you picked a fight you just can't win!

[Rage lowers the mic, stalking towards the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage with some unusually focussed words for the Dead Man's Party members who jumped him the last time out.

BW: You're right about unusually focused but is he gonna go after them all by himself, Gordo? If he does, there might be an opening for a new AWA World Television champion.

[Shadoe Rage deposits the fuchsia and silver AWA World Television title into its plexiglass case at ringside. He hops into the ring, twirling for the fans and then strips out of his robes to show off his fuchsia silver-starred trunks and yellow kneepads and boots. Rage jumps in Reed's face pointing and shouting.]

"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER! SHE'S MINE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway and Shadoo Rage is still jawing in the face of James Reed. These two men are the same height but Reed's got more than 25 pounds on him.

BW: And it's 25 pounds of muscle, Gordo. That makes a difference. He don't look like Henrietta Lynch if you know what I mean.

GM: Will you stop!

[Having heard enough, Reed slaps Rage's hands away from him, drawing a furious look from the champion.]

GM: Uh oh! This one may be breaking down early!

BW: Rage right back in his face let him know that he's the greatest World champion in the AWA.

GM: I think he's forgotten about Ryan Martinez.

BW: No he hasn't, Gordo. No he hasn't.

[Reed is annoyed with the stalling tactics and slaps on a side headlock. As he wrenches it, Rage jumps and slaps futilely at Reed's arms, shouting out in instant pain.]

GM: Reed giving Rage a taste of his strength there. He may be able to pop Rage's head like a watermelon in that grip!

BW: And Rage is trying to find a way out.

[Rage tries to shove Reed to the ropes but the big man puts on the brakes, shouting at the crowd as he continues to wrench on the hold.]

GM: Now, Rage trying to wind his way out but he can't break Reed's grip.

BW: Can Reed submit him to a headlock?

[Trapped in the Reed's grip, Rage tries to turn and twist to no avail. The champion resorts to the only tactic left to him.]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting his forearm!

BW: That's one way out of that headlock.

[Reed dances around the ring, shaking out his arm as Rage pushes the referee aside and flies in with an overhead elbow smash that gets Reed rocking.]

GM: Rage with the Irish whip... reversed!

[Rage goes flying into the corner but dives out of the way as Reed charges in!]

BW: Nobody home!

[Rage rushes in to pin Reed in the corner. He drives three knees into Reed's gut and then rains three elbows down right between his eyes.]

GM: Rage is all over him in the corner!

[The champion steps back, paintbrushing Reed across the face three times before backing off. The challenger staggers out of the corner.]

GM: Very aggressive offense from the champion right there.

BW: And he isn't done.

[Indeed, Rage grabs Reed by his hair and races at the ropes. He leaps over them dragging Reed down, snapping his throat down on the top rope, an action that sends him flipping end over end onto his back. Rage races to the top rope with blinding speed.]

GM: The champion can get up those ropes in a hurry!

BW: You don't got to worry about him going up! It's him coming down!

[Rage stands tall, arms raised as he watches James Reed slowly push up to a seated position on the mat...

...and Rage comes sailing down with a hard double axehandle that knocks Reed flat.]

GM: Death from Above finds its mark!

[Rage scrambles to his feet, dropping an elbow down across the chest... and again... and again...]

BW: This will break your ribs!

[Rage keeps dropping elbows... four... five... six... he keeps going until he drops a ninth elbow and then he leaps high in the air to drive his knee straight into Reed's heart. He rolls on top of Reed for the cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But before the count of three, Rage pulls Reed up by the head, shaking his head at the official as the crowd lets him have it.]

GM: He picked him up! He could have finished Reed there but he picked him up!

BW: Rage is clearly in a bad mood after the Dead Man's Party attack. He's going to take it out on this poor sucker.

[Climbing off the mat, Rage pulls Reed up with him, looking out and taunting the fans...

...who roar as Reed slaps Rage's hands away, suddenly scooping the World Television Champion up into the air for a ring shaking body slam!]

GM: Oh my! Scoop slam out of nowhere by the challenger!

[Reed follows up with a leaping elbow drop to the chest before rolling into a lateral press, reaching back to snag a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd jeers as Rage's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: That was a close one, Bucky.

BW: It was. Rage might've been a little too overconfident there and it nearly cost him everything.

GM: He just barely got that shoulder up!

[With Reed back on his feet, Rage rolls to his all fours, slipping his feet underneath him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He took Reed's knee out! Gordo, it doesn't matter how big you are, you can't do anything without a wheel!

[Rage drags the hobbled Reed off the mat, grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The powerful Reed hurls Rage into the ropes, sending him bouncing back off them...

...where Rage leaves his feet, catching Reed flush with a flying forearm between the eyes!]

GM: Ohhh! Devastating flying forearm by the World Television Champion and that knocked James Reed for a loop! And you can never be safe with the World Television champion... he's so quick and unpredictable inside that ring. You just never know where he's coming from or what he's going to do.

BW: Unbelievable how athletic he still is after all these years. And he's still crazy driven.

GM: Many would say he's just crazy.

BW: That might be true too... but if we're going to stand a chance in the Tokyo Dome against the Dead Man's Party, we might need his kind of crazy, Gordo.

[With Reed dazed, Rage sets him throatfirst over the bottom rope before slingshotting over the top rope, landing on his feet on the apron. He backs down until his back touches the ringpost, getting a running start, and leaps off, dropping a double axehandle down across the back of Reed's neck, jamming his throat into the bottom rope!]

GM: OHHH! Vicious move by the champion!

BW: The champ is through playing! He's going up!

[Rage quickly scrambles back up on the apron, watching as Reed rolls away from the ropes towards the center of the ring. He gets to the top rope quickly and with ease, perching himself atop the ropes, looking down at the gasping Reed...]

GM: Shadoe Rage standing tall above all he can see...

[The World Television Champion points high to the sky, staring up into the heavens before he leaps high into the air and drops down. The point of his elbow gets buried into Reed's throat as Rage's 244 pounds crash down behind it.]

BW: Reed may be big and he may be strong but he isn't invincible. I think Rage saw Jay Alana down there when he jumped.

[Rage scores the pin by stepping on Reed's neck and flexing a most muscular pose as the referee counts three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... and still AWA World Television Champion... SHAAAADOEEEEEE RAAAAAAAAGE!!!

GM: Shadoe Rage with another successful title defense but I think something has finally pulled his attention away from the AWA World Television title. He may have his sights set squarely on Jay Alana and the Dead Man's Party.

BW: The only thing worse than an unfocused Rage is a focused Rage, Gordo. This man is mad, bad and dangerous to know. We don't know what he's going to do and if I were the Dead Man's Party, I'd be keeping my eye out on this man. He could be the most dangerous piece on the board.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see Jericho Kai in action!

[Fade to black.]

A white screen fills with a rising red sun. The sounds of "Bad Intentions" by Zomboy kicks in as a shot of Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion in a flowing red and white robe and matching sunglasses fills the screen. He points towards the camera, looking down over his tinted lenses as we break into a series of action shots.

Kenta Kitzukawa laying out a poor soul with a lariat that flips his opponent end over end before dumping them down to the canvas.

The face-painted War Pigs deliver their WMD finish, crushing their victim with the top rope clothesline into an inverted bulldog.

Yoshinari Taguchi lifting an opponent for a suplex, swinging them down so their legs hit the top rope, slingshotting them back up, and then dropping them down in an impactful Brainbuster.

The duo known as the Devil Dogs take to the sky with a doubleteam move - Koji Kawada sailing off the top with a frog splash as his partner, Sho Kanemoto comes right down after him with a Shooting Star Press.

Faces familiar to AWA fans - Violence Unlimited - fills the screen as Danny Morton holds up the Stampede Cup while Jackson Haynes shouts unheard threats at the camera.

We cut to a shot of VU in action as Haynes lifts an opponent for a powerbomb while Morton grabs the hair, swinging the victim down for even more impact before cutting to a shot of the Tiger Paw Pro logo. A voiceover sounds.]

"WRESSSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYY!"

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro before we fade to black.

As we fade back up, Phil Watson is already in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first... already in the ring... weighing 230 pounds from Wichita, Kansas... Tyler Abrams!

[There is polite applause from the San Diego crowd as the young man waves and tries to court the fans.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Watson is cut off mid-sentence as his microphone goes dead. The arena is bathed in darkness and the AWA video screen lights up with the image of the golden-locked Servant of Sutekh, Jericho Kai.]

JK: San Diego... I've come home!

[There's a smattering of cheers for the mention of their town as the video feed cuts out.]

GM: Jericho Kai trying to curry favor with his hometown... but I'm afraid he's not going to like the result of that.

["This Little Light of Mine" starts to play over the PA system. With the arena in darkness, some enterprising fans whip out their cellphones to light the area around them.]

PW: From Chula Vista, California... weighing 235 pounds...

JERICHOOOOOO KAAAAAAAAAAAI!

[Jericho Kai appears at the entrance ramp to the arena. He looks around at the crowd with a tight look in his eyes and an evil grin. He is dressed in his Egyptian robes, wearing a headdress sculpted into the image of Sutekh. He stalks to the ring, surprisingly alone. There is no Poet Wright and the Walking Dead are nowhere to be seen.]

GM: Jericho Kai is all alone tonight here in San Diego, perhaps wanting to make this return home by himself. And while there are a handful of cheers for the local boy, I can't imagine this is how Jericho Kai was hoping it would go.

[Kai makes his way down the aisle, divesting himself of his robes. He holds the microphone in hand as his music cuts off and the lights come up.]

JK: San Diego, I've come home. Your lost son has returned. I have come to save you from your work a day lives. I have come to demonstrate the power of Sutekh.

[He raises his fist in the air.]

JK: I have come to crush the non-believers... the ignorant... the lost. I have come to send a message here tonight, San Diego, that no amount of muscle will protect you from Sutekh's wrath. No man will stand against him. Not even the strongest in the land.

[On cue, the San Diego crowd lets Kai know who they TRULY support.]

"HER-CUL-ES! HER-CUL-ES! HER-CUL-ES!"

[Kai looks around in annoyance at his hometown fans.]

JK: Don't chant that man's name. It is an affront to all that is right. That man stands in my way. My army needs inspiration. They need a demonstration of my power. They need to be inspired to be stronger. I will not tolerate failure, San Diego. Our Lord Sutekh will not tolerate failure.

[Boos pour down on the bizarre individual - any presence of cheers quickly wiped from existence.]

JK: It is here that I was saved.

[His gaze turns on Abrams.]

JK: It is here that this man will be saved or he will be taken by the jackals.

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: What a bizarre individual this man is... and I suppose we can only be grateful that he has elected to not have the Walking Dead out here with him this week.

BW: Maybe they're being punished for losing two weeks ago in that Stampede Cup play-in match.

GM: That sounds like the kind of thing the self-professed “power of Sutekh” would do.

BW: I don't even know what THAT means.

[Kai locks up with Abrams, jostling for position with his smaller opponent.]

GM: I looked it up actually, Bucky... according to Wikipedia...

BW: Seriously?

GM: Bear with me please. According to Wikipedia, Sutekh is a god of the desert, storms, disorder, and violence...

BW: That sounds about right.

[Kai dips down, hurling Abrams across the ring with a quick armdrag. Abrams scrambles back up, coming swiftly in towards Kai, shooting in for a double leg takedown that Kai leapfrogs over, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Kai showing some quickness...

[As Kai nears his opponent, he leaps up, snaring a headlock, and uses the momentum to drag Abrams back down to the canvas.]

BW: And some athleticism.

GM: Kai keeping the headlock applied, grounding his smaller opponent.

[Kai holds Abrams down on the mat, smiling at the crowd as he lightly pats his opponent on the head before releasing the hold, shoving Abrams away. Kai climbs to his feet, watching as Abrams does the same.]

GM: Kai's arrogance is on full display. He's a skilled wrestler but he seems to be more interested in embarrassing the young man rather than wrestle this match competitively.

BW: Unfortunately, Abrams has got to make him respect him. That might not be an easy thing for him to do.

[Abrams seems up for the challenge as he lunges back into another collar and elbow tieup... but Kai brushes his hands away, locking him into what looks like a waltz as he dances around the ring with Talbot before taking him down with a back heel trip. Kai paces the ring, chuckling as the crowd begins to boo the antics.]

BW: It's just too easy for him. And the crowd might not like it, but there ain't a damn thing they can do about it.

[Kai pauses, planting a foot on the midbuckle as he shouts at the jeering fans.]

"THIS WILL BE YOUR STRONGEST MAN IN ALL THE LAND! NO ONE CAN STAND AGAINST THE SERVANT OF SUTEKH!"

[And just like that Kai switches gears. He charges in and rakes Abrams' eyes, sending the man reeling into the ropes, blinded.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee reprimands Kai as he snares a side waistlock, taking Abrams up and over with a high belly-to-back suplex.]

GM: Oh! Sheer impact on that backdrop suplex... and give me a break! Look at this, Bucky!

BW: I see it.

[With Abrams down on his stomach, Kai mounts his back, paintbrushing him across the back of the head repeatedly.]

"YOU ARE WORTHLESS! YOU ARE THE WEAKEST MAN IN ALL THE LAND! YOU CANNOT STAND AGAINST ME! NO ONE CAN STAND AGAINST ME!"

[Kai grabs a handful of Abrams' jet black hair and SLAMS his face into the mat... and again... and again...]

BW: Kai was playing with him before and he's playin' with him now, Gordo. It just got to be a mean sort of play.

[Kai locks in the fishhooks as he hauls back on Abrams, forcing the young man to scream in pain as Kai throws his head back and laughs, seemingly ignoring the ref until the count gets to four and four fifths!]

GM: Jericho Kai breaking at the last possible second. And look at him rub Abrams' shoulders in an insincere apology.

BW: This guy is doing a number on the poor kid's head. Every move is to let him know that he has no chance.

"HERCULES, PAY ATTENTION."

[With that statement, Kai yanks Abrams to his feet and locks him in a head and arm grip as the kid struggles against it. Kai smiles at him before repeatedly ramming his head into Abrams' with a hard and fast series of headbutts that leaves the kid limp.]

GM: He might have knocked Abrams out with those headbutts!

BW: He had Abrams all locked up so he couldn't defend himself against them, Gordo. You might be right. The kid looks out.

[Kai bends Abrams backwards in the head and arms lock. He looks down at the half-conscious Abrams and a look of pure evil spreads over his face. He hawks and spits in the kid's face...]

GM: Ugh! Disgusting!

[...before he jerks him up in the air and plants him hard to the mat with the Wrath of Sutekh!]

GM: Devastating slam! The referee down to count the one... the two... and there's the three.

BW: That legsweep uranage scores another kill for the Leader of the Walking Dead! The zombies may be hit or miss, daddy, but their leader is locked in.

[Speaking of locked in, Abrams is still locked in the head and arm as Kai rears back from the Wrath of Sutekh, choking the boy in a vice grip.]

GM: Stop this! Stop this! The match is over!

BW: It's over when Kai says it's over!

GM: Abrams turning purple! He's unconscious!

[Kai can be heard screaming while wrenching the head and neck of the helpless foe.]

"WHO CAN SAVE HIM? WHO CAN SAVE HIM FROM SUTEKH'S DESTROYER? WHO CAN? WHO CAN? NOT THE STRONGEST IN THE LAND!"

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[The powerhouse from Tupelo comes barreling down the aisle towards the ring. He dives under the bottom rope, ready to make the save...

...and pulls up short as Jericho Kai has released the submission hold and is now staring dead into the eyes of Hercules Hammonds!]

GM: We've got ourselves a showdown, fans!

[Hammonds is nodding his head, his body trembling with intensity. He starts bouncing on the balls of his feet, the crowd growing louder and louder with anticipation...]

GM: Hammonds is fit to be tied! He's gonna destroy this guy!

[Jericho Kai throws his head back, spreading his arms, welcoming the assault...

...and just as it comes...]

GM: What the-?!

[Out go the lights.]

GM: The lights are out here in San Diego! What's going on?!

BW: I can't see a darn thing, Gordo!

[Several moments pass as flashbulbs pop, breaking through the darkness, trying to illuminate the action inside the ring...]

GM: What is...?

[The lights flicker a few times before coming back up, revealing Hercules Hammonds standing alone in the ring.]

GM: He's... he's gone!

[Hammonds looks around, completely puzzled at what just happened. He looks in every direction as the crowd buzzes with disappointment...

...when the video screen lights up again showing a laughing Jericho Kai.]

JK: Hercules, I told you, man, you couldn't save him. I told you that not even the strongest man in all the land could save that poor boy. He was taken by the jackals. You cannot defeat me, Hammonds.

I laid you low in your hometown. I've proved you weak in my hometown. And I will take your soul if you do not bow to the will of Sutekh, Hammonds.

[Kai laughs again as a fuming Hammonds paces around the ring, shouting for Kai to come back.]

JK: Bow, Hercules, bow... or be taken by the jackals!

[The video screen cuts to black. The fans start booing the loss of the confrontation they saw coming.]

GM: What a... on top of everything else, Jericho Kai is a COWARD!

BW: Or a brilliant strategist depending on your point of view. He decided to bail out and fight another day when the odds are more in his favor.

GM: The odds? You mean when he's got his flunkies with him?!

BW: Maybe, maybe not... but Hercules Hammonds is going to have to get used to the fact that he's fighting a foe that he can't just use his muscles to defeat.

[Hammonds grabs the top rope, throwing back his head with an anguished shout.]

"KAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAI!"

[With Hammonds still in the ring, we cut backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with Air Strike, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Both members are dressed in street clothes and have not been cleared to compete tonight. Both have sour looks on their faces as Stegglet begins to speak.]

MS: Fans, I'm standing here with Air Strike, who over the past several months have had a rather unfortunate series of events...

[Aarons cuts him off incredulously.]

MA: Unfortunate series of events?! Unfortunate?

[Mertz raises his hand as Aarons takes a step closer to Stegglet. Aarons rolls his eyes and takes a step back.]

CM: Mark, we've certainly taken our lumps over the past several months and one might say things haven't exactly gone Air Strike's way. You can just look to two weeks ago and see evidence of that.

MS: Where the two of you were laid out before your scheduled tag team title match.

[Mertz nods.]

MS: Do you know who it was?

[Again, Mertz nods.]

CM: Mark, the unfortunate thing is you have to ask who it was because there's so many teams out there that it could have been. Agree or disagree with what Air Strike has gotten; we've gotten it because we earned it. Win,

lose, or draw... we come here to compete because we're competitors; we go to the fight, not avoid the fight. But as you know, not everyone shares that philosophy.

MS: So who did attack you?

[Aarons, having heard enough, steps in.]

MA: Stegs, it's as simple as the nose on your face. It was Morton and Haynes!

MS: Violence Unlimited?!

MA: Yup, and isn't it convenient too? Since November, we've been calling those two out! And since November, those two have been ducking us! They're scheduled on this tour, they're scheduled on that tour, but one thing they're not doing is getting in the ring with Air Strike!

[Aarons shakes his head in disgust as he looks from Mertz over to Stegglet.]

MA: But what a coincidence! As soon as Air Strike doesn't have gold around their waists, look who can show up in an AWA building! Look who can have an AWA match! A coincidence, right?

[Aarons snorts out a laugh as he continues.]

MA: So Morton, Haynes... we heard you earlier and congrats you should be quite proud! You can say you took an opportunity, you can say it's just a coincidence that you showed up when you knew you didn't have to fight Air Strike, and you can say you're the best team in the world – you can say that BUT – we all know that's not true!

[Mertz now steps in again.]

CM: What we know is this – Violence Unlimited stole our titles last November; and then last show, they stole our tag title shot. What we know is the team we're supposed to respect and revere for their greatness is the most devious, opportunistic team of them all. What we know is instead of facing us, Morton and Haynes attacked us from behind... again. And what we know is this; Air Strike is still owed a shot at the tag team titles.

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: And what that means for you two is that it's Air Strike vs Violence Unlimited one more time! And don't you two worry about coming to us... we'll come to you! So it will be Violence Unlimited against the high flying, death defying, tired of Team Daddy Issues whining – Teenage Dream Team, Air Strike... in Japan... Rising Sun Showdown...

[Aarons finishes by holding two fingers to the camera before turning to his partner and holds out his fist and the duo exchange a fist bump. And with that, the duo walks off.]

MS: Folks, as you just heard Air Strike will be looking to get back their tag team titles from Violence Unlimited at Rising Sun Showdown 2, we'll need to get confirmation on that match, but if true what an encounter that's sure to be. Now, let's head back down to the ring for more action!

[As we come back to the ring, we find Phil Watson, eyebrows raised, surrounded by bodies. Six bodies to be precise.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... being accompanied to the ring by the Longhorn Riders... from a Classified Location... weight unknown...

ULTRA COMMANDOOOOOOOOO THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The jeers pour down on Ultra Commando III who is a tall muscular man who is wearing a desert camo pattern bodysuit with a mask that matches it. He removes his military helmet and bandoleer, handing them out to a ringside attendant as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by La Fuerza and Cesar Hernandez...

CASSSSSPIANNNNNN AAAAAAABARANNNNNN!

[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 before leaping up to the second rope, backflipping down to the canvas...

...where the Ultra Commando assaults him from behind with a running clubbing forearm to the back of the neck! Referee Ricky Longfellow quickly signals for the bell!]

GM: Oh! Blatant Pearl Harbor job by the former alleged ex-special forces commando and Longfellow signals for the bell... we're off and running in this one!

[La Fuerza and Cesar Hernandez complain from the floor as the much-larger masked man rains down stomps on the 209 pound Abaran, forcing him towards the ropes. Reaching over the top, the Commando grabs the middle rope, leaning down to press his boot down on the throat of Abaran!]

GM: A blatant choke by Ultra Commando 3. Fans, if you weren't with us earlier, this match came about when the Commando made some disparaging remarks about the people of San Diego and the nation of Mexico. Cesar

Hernandez and his partners, Caspian Abaran and La Fuerza, took offense and Abaran made the challenge for this match here tonight.

BW: In other words, the Commando's already wrestled here tonight and Abaran's trying to take advantage of that.

GM: That's not what I said at all.

[As the referee's count hits four, the Commando abandons his boot choke, walking away from the coughing Abaran as Hernandez and La Fuerza rush to his side, giving him encouragement as he struggles to get air back into his body.]

GM: The Commando is over here... look at these Longhorn Riders cheering him on.

BW: And why not? The Riders are convinced that this is the magic ticket here. This is the trio that's going to take them to the top of Copa de Trios and win the whole thing.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Ultra Commando walks back across the ring as Caspian Abaran drags himself to a knee out on the apron. The masked man reaches over the top but catches a shoulder to the gut from the formerly-masked man!]

GM: Abaran caught him coming in!

[Grabbing the top rope, Abaran slingshots over, somersaulting to his feet over a surprised Ultra Commando III. With the crowd cheering, Abaran dashes to the far ropes, springing off as the Commando wheels around, rearing back with a right hand...

...but Abaran baseball slides between the legs of the masked man, causing him to stumble off-balance when he whiffs on the right hand!]

GM: Abaran pops up behind... dropkick!

[A second dropkick has the Commando falling back, arms wheeling around as Abaran turns, dashing a few steps to leap up on the middle rope, springing back blindly, twisting around to nail the Commando with a third dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Right on the chin!

[The Longhorn Riders can be heard shouting at Abaran as he dashes to the ropes again, rebounding back off...

...and the Commando steadies himself, unloading with a standing clothesline that flips Abaran inside out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[The Commando stumbles forward, leaning against the ropes as he tries to catch his breath as Hernandez slaps the mat, shouting to his partner.]

GM: Ultra Commando III fired the cannons with that big clothesline and Caspian Abaran may not be getting up from that. A tremendous standing lariat by the big man!

[After a few moments, the Commando straightens up, walking slowly towards Abaran who has rolled into a seated position, breathing heavily. The masked man grabs a handful of hair, yanking Abaran the rest of the way to his feet...

...and uses the same grip on the hair to HURL Abaran through the ropes, depositing him out on the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! He sends him out to the floor... and look out!

[As the masked man strikes up an argument with Ricky Longfellow, the Longhorn Riders start putting the boots to Caspian Abaran out on the floor. Cesar Hernandez and La Fuerza come charging, circling the ringpost to aid their partner...

...but Longfellow spots them and slides out to the floor, blocking their path as Jim Colt pulls Abaran off the mat, lifting him up for a bodyslam, and DROPS him facefirst on the ring apron!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[Pete Colt pulls Abaran off the mat, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring as Ultra Commando III stalks towards him while the other fan favorites argue with the referee out on the floor.]

GM: The masked man is on the warpath again, dragging Abaran up to his feet...

[The Commando easily lifts Abaran up, pressing him high overhead!]

GM: Military press! Look how high he's got him up there, fans!

[He holds him there for a five count before hurling him down to the mat. Abaran rolls to his side, clutching his lower back as the Commando stands over him, measuring him...]

GM: Big elbowdrop! Right across the kidneys!

[Abaran howls in pain as the Commando pushes up to a knee, planting said knee right on the lower back as he grabs Abaran by the hair, yanking him back into a chinlock!]

GM: The Commando's putting the pressure on the lower back of Caspian Abaran... and Cesar Hernandez is shouting for his partner, begging him to break free of this...

[La Fuerza joins in, smashing his 2x4 repeatedly against the ring apron, getting the fans to clap along with him.]

GM: The fans here in San Diego are rallying behind Caspian Abaran, cheering him on... and they're on their feet in the Viejas Arena! Listen to these fans!

[The roaring fans are whipped into a frenzy by La Fuerza and Cesar Hernandez as Abaran starts to fight his way out from under the masked man, battling to a knee...

...where he buries an elbow back into the gut of the masked man!]

GM: Back elbow to the breadbasket!

[Abaran climbs to his feet, landing a second elbow... and a third one breaks the grip, leaving Ultra Commando III reeling. The luchador makes a break for the ropes...

...but the Commando reaches out, hooking a handful of hair, and YANKS Abaran back off his feet, throwing him down to the mat to HUGE jeers from the crowd!]

GM: HE USES THE HAIR TO PULL ABARAN DOWN TO THE MAT! What a disgusting tactic by Ultra Commando III!

BW: Hey, you gotta do whatever it takes!

[Ultra Commando III backs into the ropes, bouncing off, taking aim at the downed Abaran...]

GM: Elbowdrop!

[...but Abaran rolls out of the way, causing the masked man to CRASH down into the canvas! Big cheer!]

GM: He missed! He missed the elbow!

[Abaran rolls out to the apron where Cesar Hernandez is quickly on the scene, talking to his ally.]

BW: Hey, I think Hernandez just slipped Abaran a roll of centavos!

GM: What?! Knock it off, Bucky!

BW: I'm serious. Hernandez just gave Abaran his life savings!

GM: BUCKY!

[The dazed Abaran pulls himself to his feet, looking into the ring where the masked man is climbing back to his feet...]

GM: Abaran's gonna fly! Clear the runways!

[Abaran leaps to the top rope, springing off...]

GM: HEADSCISSORS!

[...and hooks his legs around the head and neck of Ultra Commando III, throwing himself backwards for a rana!]

GM: DOWN GOES THE- NO! BLOCKED!

[Abaran pounds away at the head of Ultra Commando III as the masked man has him perched atop his shoulder, walking across the ring before setting him down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Abaran's trying to fight his way out of this position!

[A few more blows land before Abaran hooks two hands full of mask, leaping off the buckles, twisting around...

...and SLAMS the masked face into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! BIG TIME COUNTER BY ABARAN!

[Abaran dives into a cover, earning a two count before the bigger competitor powers out!]

GM: Two count only...

[Up on his feet, Abaran dashes towards the ropes, throwing himself into the ropes with a handspring, rebounding back towards the downed Commando...

...and back handsprings into a moonsault, crashing onto the prone masked man!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, the masked man powers out before the three count as Abaran pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together.]

GM: Caspian Abaran showing some signs of frustration as Cesar Hernandez shouts at him to keep his head in the match.

BW: Sound advice... even if it's coming from a cretin like Hernandez.

[Abaran turns towards the corner, pointing to the turnbuckles to a big cheer from the crowd. The formerly-masked competitor strides across the ring, planting a foot on the middle rope...]

GM: Abaran's going up!

[...and he takes a little too long to play to the fans, allowing the Commando to climb to his feet, shoving Abaran chestfirst into the buckles where he staggers out into a windup punch to the kidneys!]

GM: SURGICAL STRIKE!

[With Abaran reeling, the Commando hoists him off the canvas as if for a back suplex, twisting him around for a sitout powerbomb...

...but gets flipped head over heels with a rana!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A COUNTER!

[The crowd is roaring as Abaran pops up to his feet, charging across the ring with a sliding baseball dropkick that knocks the Commando between the middle and bottom ropes, falling to the floor as Abaran gets up again, hopping up and down as the crowd roars!]

GM: Wait a second! Abaran to the ropes... off the far side... building up speed...

[Abaran charges the ropes, hurling himself over the top, flipping through the air to wipe out Ultra Commando III!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: TOOOOOOPE CON HILOOOOOOO!

[The crowd is roaring as Abaran climbs to his feet, uppercutting the air to a big reaction from the San Diego crowd. He pulls himself up on the apron, pointing out to the roaring fans as Cesar Hernandez and La Fuerza cheer him on!]

GM: Caspian Abaran's got this San Diego crowd on their feet, roaring their support for him, and you gotta think he feels like he's on top of the world at this stage of the match, Bucky!

BW: He might be but he needs to stay on his man. He's all worked up emotionally and he's letting valuable time for Ultra Commando III to recover to slip by.

[Abaran hooks his arms over the top rope, using it flip over and land on his feet inside the ring. He hops up and down a few times, pointing out at the rising Commando again...]

GM: I don't think he's done! Caspian Air is about to take off again!

[Getting a running start, Abaran hits the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...]

GM: SUICIDE DIIIIIIIV-

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Ultra Commando III comes up swinging his military helmet, SMASHING it into the skull of Abaran!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow knocks Abaran backwards, sending him down to the mat clutching his skull as the referee signals for the bell...]

...and La Fuerza dashes into view, SLAMMING his 2x4 down across the back of the Commando to another big cheer!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Cesar Hernandez rushes into view, hurling fisticuffs at both of the Longhorn Riders who seem surprised by the Latino star's assault!]

GM: THE FIGHT IS ON OUT ON THE FLOOR!

[With the Commando down, La Fuerza rushes into the fight with the Riders. The crowd is ROARING for the wild brawl out on the floor as a flood of AWA officials come pouring from the locker room area!]

GM: We've got a fight out here... and here comes some help from the back!

[In moments, the ringside area is filled with AWA officials trying to break up the brawl at ringside.]

GM: Fans, we're going to need to take a break to get this thing under control! We'll be right back!

[Fade to black.]

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[We fade back to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing at ringside with the luchador trio that we just saw brawling before the break.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X and fans, what we just saw-

[A fired up Cesar Hernandez interrupts.]

CH: WHAT YOU JUST SAW WAS A SHAM! Caspian Abaran, a proud luchador, was on his way to putting that garbage-mouthed bully down for a three count and showing the good people of San Diego...

[Big cheer!]

CH: ...and all of our friends and family back in Mexico that WE will proudly defend them! But that piece of scum used a weapon on Caspian and...

[Hernandez mumbles something in Spanish under his breath as Abaran, holding his skull, steps in front of the mic.]

CA: It's real simple, Mark. Those three don't respect us... and that's a problem. But they also don't respect these great fans who pay their salaries...

[Big cheer!]

CA: ...and that's a BIGGER problem! So, we're out here to say... at any time... at any arena... whenever you three want to settle this inside that ring, we're going to be ready for you!

[Abaran storms off, trailed by La Fuerza and Cesar Hernandez as the San Diego crowd continues to cheer.]

MS: Alright, fans... you heard it! Now, let's head back up to the ring for more action!

[We head back to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by with a familiar stocky grappler.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left... hailing from Catania, Sicily, Italy and weighing in at 250 pounds... THE SICILIAN STUD!!

[The Stud hooks a thumb at the graphic of the Italian thumb on the front of his singlet to some applause before the sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka (<http://youtu.be/nrcmwuBJPFo>) begins to play over the P.A.]

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

KIIIIIIIIING ONIIIIIIIIIII!!

[The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks through the curtains, raising his gem up high for all to see.]

GM: Once again, we see the "Doctor" lead the way for his gargantuan charge--

BW: And once again, here comes man's best friend!

GM: I don't know who would proclaim this person as anyone's friend.

[Indeed, as upon further inspection we can see Fawcett's free hand is gripping a leather strap connected to a chain... which is connected to the thick neck of none other than The Lost Boy.]

BW: That may be Gordo, but who needs friends when you've got a couple tanks like that by your side?

GM: I, along with many, may disagree with his methods... but no one would disagree that Fawcett has surrounded himself with some very dangerous individuals.

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

BW: I bet the Stud never saw anything like that back in the old country.

GM: The closest he probably came was in his worst nightmares.

BW: That's what he gets for choking down a bucket of pasta before bedtime.

[Oni follows Fawcett and The Lost Boy into the ring, removing the mask... revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. He then removes his robe, wearing a black singlet with a dark red mawashi (the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat) worn over the singlet. Fawcett hands both the robe and the mask to a ringside attendant... never lowering his gem as he steps out onto the ring apron, just as Oni and The Lost Boy likewise never takes their eyes off of it.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The opening bell sounds, and were about to get underway. The Stud appears to be taking more of a laid back approach than we've seen out of most competitors where Oni is concerned. We've seen many a competitor charge in with the hope of taking the big man by surprise... but the Stud is keeping his distance, looking for an opening perhaps.

BW: The only opening is the one the King of Demons uses to eat you for dinner!

[Oni glares across the ring at The Sicilian Stud, snarling at the Italian grappler. He finally begins to advance on his opponent, when The Stud buries a quick forearm shot into the stomach of Oni and quickly ducks his charging arms, rolling to safety behind the KING.]

GM: Stinging like a bee, The Stud attacks quickly and just as quickly gets out of harm's way! This might be just the strategy for battling this monster, attacking when possible, and then getting out of Dodge before he has a chance to get those massive hands on you.

BW: The Stud might've been studying some tapes and he definitely got the first hit in... but what does that matter when the guy has no idea you even hit him?

[Continuing his momentum, the Stud comes off the ropes with a clothesline that has no effect on the big man.]

GM: Give him some credit, he may be giving up well over two hundred pounds in this encounter... but now that he feels he has Oni on the ropes the Stud is absolutely unrelenting!

[Undeterred, the Stud comes off the ropes once again...]

BW: Yeah, he's got Oni right where he wants him...

[...only to be caught in a bearhug by the massive Oni.]

BW: ...if his strategy is to tire Oni's arms out before his ribcage gets crushed into kindling, that is.

GM: The unbelievable strength of Oni on display here as he lifts the Stud off the mat with ease... something that, one would think, he will not be able to do against MAMMOTH Maximus.

BW: If that crowd is smart, they'll watch that one from a concrete bunker.

[Oni continues to squeeze the life out of The Sicilian Stud, when Fawcett lifts his gem high in the air and then brings it back down in a quick and fluid motion.]

BW: Wheel out the Excedrin!

GM: Oni with a series of a devastating headbutts to the helpless Stud, who is still trapped in that bearhug!

BW: No way he's ever getting out of this, Gordo!

[Oni ceases after a fifth headbutt, lifting himself up onto his tiptoes and leaps forward... crushing the Stud beneath his entire 514 pounds.]

BW: Well, except for that. Probably wishes he thought of another way out of it, though. Since he's a human pancake now, and all.

GM: The end has GOT to be academic after that... but Oni isn't even attempting a pin!

[At ringside, The Lost Boy rears back his head and lets out a bone chilling howl as Fawcett lifts the gem once more.]

BW: Not until he gives this poor sucker the medicine the good doctor has prescribed!

[His face twisted in rage, Oni grabs the Stud by the head and drags him to the corner. With no noticeable effort, he hoists him up in the air and with considerable violent force he deposits his opponent against the turnbuckles.]

GM: None of this is necessary! The Sicilian Stud is on dream street in that corner, Oni could have ended this long before this!

BW: He's got something to prove. To the world and more importantly... to MAMMOTH.

[Oni stomps to the opposite corner of the ring as Fawcett shouts the familiar refrain of "SPIRITS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN!" as Oni snarls and charges across the ring, sending the Stud tumbling lifeless to the mat with an avalanche. He follows it up by comes off the ropes, leaping in the air and coming violently back to earth with a thunderous splash.]

GM: CRACKED EARTH! One! Two! Three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... KING ONI!!

[Thunderous boos shower down on the big man as he's led out of the ring by the ever present glow of Fawcett's gem. Fawcett cloaks his KING in his robes once again as "Sweet" Lou Blackwell makes his way down to ringside with a wireless microphone in his hand. Fawcett turns to see Blackwell make his way over to the bizarre trio and greets him with a cold smile.]

SLB: Another dominant showing from your... man...

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: ... here tonight, "Doctor" Fawcett.

[Fawcett bows mockingly.]

"D"HF: Oh, a multitude of thanks, my dear friend. I was on the edge of my seat, terrified that my liege would fall to such a ferocious and unstoppable foe.

[Fawcett turns his head to the ring where The Sicilian Stud is still laying flat on his back and laughs darkly.]

SLB: He may have not seen much in the way of a threat tonight, but even you have to admit that the challenge that's awaiting you both in Rising Sun Showdown will be his greatest challenge yet.

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: Again, you are incorrect. Is that a hobby of yours? If so, I recommend you seek a career at being wrong professionally.

[Fawcett pauses, nodding to himself as if he's suddenly made a discovery.]

"D"HF: But then again, I've heard your hotline... so it appears you already have.

[Blackwell fumes as Fawcett continues.]

"D"HF: My lord's greatest challenge is now crushing every single person that sits in every seat every single time he is out here before you all. For that alone, you should all bow and give thanks.

[Yet more boos rain down on the smiling Fawcett.]

"D"HF: No, in Japan he will not find his greatest challenge. MAMMOTH Maximus is an impressive sight to behold, I shall not begrudge you that fact. He has impressed time and again. Not even in the past, but currently. His time in Japan has only increased his power and his skill. He is undoubtedly the most dangerous he has ever been at this very moment. But he will not be your KING's greatest challenge. By the time that bell sounds for the final time, he will be precisely only one thing.

SLB: And what might that be?

[Fawcett smiles.]

"D"HF: Lunch.

[Blackwell nods and brings the microphone to his lips again to ask a follow-up question, when a commotion erupts near ringside. The Lost Boy begins barking more intensely than ever before as Oni bellows... and Blackwell is bent over with laughter.]

"D"HF: This is funny to you?! This is an OUTRAGE!

[Blackwell, still unable to contain his laughter, points at Fawcett... who has been hit square in the face with what appears to be a container of nachos and cheese. Orangeish yellow cheese covers his right cheek and stains his blood-red tie and white suitjacket. His blood-red handkerchief tucked in his breast pocket are smeared with the same liquid cheese and bits of tortilla chip. Oni inches closer, opening his mouth... only to be halted as Fawcett raises the gem which seems to cause him a bit of a strain physically.]

SLB: Oh, I am sorry. You have to admit, that was pretty funny.

"D"HF: I don't HAVE to do anything, you little toad. But if you want something to talk about on that fountain of lies you call a hotline, I have a rare bastion of truth to shine in that colossal waste of your time and everyone's money.

[Fawcett points a finger directly at Blackwell, whose good humor is immediately erased as he realizes he may be in some danger here.]

"D"HF: Soon, very soon... you will be sorry.

[Blackwell gulps, taking a step back as Fawcett points that same finger to the crowd, spinning around so that he may point his accusing index finger towards all in attendance.]

"D"HF: You ALL will be sorry!

[With that, Fawcett storms away, his two monsters following his lead. His scowl only increases with every laughing and mocking fan he passes.]

SLB: Well, fans... the good Doctor may be upset by a plate of nachos being flung in his direction but I have a feeling that's nowhere close to how upset he's going to be when his beast, KING Oni, steps into the ring at Rising Sun Showdown 2 against the American Mastodon, MAMMOTH Maximus. In fact, we received another tape earlier today from the Land of the Rising Sun, showing Maximus in action. Let's roll that tape now with our own Gordon Myers, Bucky Wilde, and our international specialist, Dale Adams, on commentary!

[We crossfade to footage marked "PRE-RECORDED." The video shows a wrestling ring where a match is already in progress.]

GM: Once again, we're pleased to be able to call the action from this pre-recorded contest in Japan. Dale Adams, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling.

DA: The honor is all mine, Gordon... and would you look at the size of this man?

[MAMMOTH Maximus, in a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim stands across the ring from a thickly-built Japanese man, sporting a buzz cut, a neatly-trimmed goatee and black tights, with a string of Japanese kanji, in yellow, down the outside of the right thigh, the word "DANGEROUS," also in yellow, across the seat, together with a pair of yellow boots, with black knee and shin pads, circle each other.]

DA: MAMMOTH Maximus in this one taking on a very dangerous individual that goes by Hamada.

[The two men are circling one another as Maximus tries to advance on Hamada only to have Hamada step back to avoid him time and time again.]

DA: Hamada is known for his striking ability all throughout Japan and one might speculate that Maximus took this match trying to get ready to be punched by a brick wall.

[Gordon chuckles as Maximus advances on Hamada again, only to see Hamada backpedal.]

GM: Hamada seems to be in no particular hurry to engage with MAMMOTH Maximus in this one.

BW: Can you blame him? Look, I'm as big of a KING Oni and Doctor Fawcett fan as anyone and even I have to wonder if Fawcett made the right call by putting Maximus in there with Oni at Rising Sun Showdown.

DA: It is the talk of locker rooms all over Japan. Maximus is one of the most feared competitors in all of Japan and has held the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown on more than one occasion. For KING Oni, still a relative newcomer to our sport, to climb in the ring with Maximus IN Japan is a major news story.

[Hamada sidesteps a Maximus lunge again, angering the masked man.]

GM: It looks like Hamada is trying to make Maximus chase him.

DA: A sound strategy when you realize that Maximus has a few inches and more than few kilograms on him.

BW: Kilograms? Speak English, Adams. We use pounds here.

[A Maximus lunge sees Hamada duck under it, dancing away as he spins back towards an angry Maximus who slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting at the official.]

GM: And Maximus is looking to the official, asking if his opponent is going to be doing this all throughout the match.

[Maximus moves slower this time, edging forward, arms extended.]

BW: He's sticking his arms out, trying to corral his opponent and trap him in the corner.

[He nearly succeeds as Hamada finds himself with his back against the turnbuckles. However, as Maximus moves in to strike, Hamada throws his foot out, the top of his foot connecting with Maximus' jaw, stunning the larger competitor who falls back, rubbing his chin.]

DA: There's an example of the striking skill I was talking about and the big man got rattled by that front ki- look out!

[The crowd buzzes as Maximus surges forward, swinging rights and left wildly, catching Hamada with a few of them before he manages to duck under, moving out of the corner, swinging around, and lashing out with kicks to the leg!]

GM: Hamada turns it around and he opens fire!

BW: He's trying to take the leg out from under the big man!

[Maximus grabs the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Hamada lands kick after kick to the leg. A well-placed kick to the back of the knee causes Maximus to topple to the mat where Hamada leaps atop him, winding up...]

DA: Hamada secures the mount! Maximus doesn't want to be down on his back against this man! Hamada, a student of the legendary Prince Izumi - the biggest star in the history of puroresu here in Japan - has had a lot of Mixed Martial Arts training as well, competing in various so-called Shootfighting promotions over the years.

[Hamada lands three fierce shots to the side of the head before he grabs Maximus' arm that he's attempting to defend himself with.]

GM: ARMBAR!

[But Maximus locks his fingers together, preventing Hamada from hyper-extending the arm.]

DA: Maximus with the best way to avoid that cross armbreaker, keeping his fingers locked together... hanging on for dear life. If Hamada extends the arm, this one will be all over.

GM: Very similar to Callum Mahoney in that respect.

DA: Absolutely.

BW: Maximus proves time and time again that he is not an indiscriminate brute; that he has got brains behind his size and physical strength.

[Hamada continues to pull at the arm, striking Maximus' face with the back of his knee. With great effort, he manages to pry Maximus' fingers apart, but only for a moment, as Maximus hooks them back almost immediately.]

GM: Maximus continues to hang on, blocking that armbar... and now he rolls into it!

[Realizing that he no longer has enough leverage, Hamada releases the hold. Both men scramble to their feet, earning cheers from the crowd...]

...and we cut deeper into the match where Hamada has landed a pair of kicks to the ample midsection, backing Maximus into the corner. He lands two big forearm smashes to the jaw, ready to continue the assault...]

GM: Hamada's got Maximus in trouble!

BW: Spoke too soon, Gordo!

[The super-heavyweight spins Hamada around, pushing his back against the buckles as he tees off...]

GM: Right, left, right, left!

[The brutal staggering blows to the temple leaves Hamada clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet...

...which results in Maximus grabbing his arm, yanking him into a short-arm clothesline, knocking Hamada down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! That one takes Hamada down easily!

[Maximus settles into a lateral press, earning a two count before Hamada slips free.]

GM: Two count only and as MAMMOTH Maximus has managed to turn the tide in his favor, he stays on the attack...

[We cut again deeper into the match where Maximus has Hamada pushed back against the ropes, throwing rights and lefts to the head again...

...when suddenly, Hamada throws himself into a stiff headbutt to the eyesocket!]

DA: Short headbutt stuns Maximus!

[Hamada uncorks a series of roundhouse kicks to the left ribcage, leaving Maximus backpedaling.]

DA: The ever-dangerous feet of Hamada has Maximus backing down...

[Hamada steps back into the ropes, charging back with a front kick to the chest!]

DA: Push kick by Hamada, creating some space!

[Hamada hits the ropes again, building more speed this time...

...and running right into Maximus who leaps up, smashing his body into Hamada while clashing his arms together on Hamada's ears!]

GM: OHHHH!

DA: Maximus using his entire body as a weapon!

BW: A brilliant idea when you're packing as much junk in the trunk as he is.

[Maximus doesn't even bother with a lateral press, lifting Hamada off the mat...]

GM: Suplex coming up...

[...and DROPS Hamada gutfirst over the top rope!]

GM: OHH! HE HANGS HIM OUT TO DRY!

[Maximus hits the ropes, charging back...

...and DRILLS Hamada with a running clothesline, sending him sailing off the apron, crashing into the steel railing at ringside!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Hamada is down in pain on the floor...

...as we cut deeper into the match where Maximus is standing on the middle rope, taunting the fans.]

GM: Maximus is gonna drop all that weight down on Hamada who-

[The cheers go up as Hamada comes to his feet, charging the corner, flipping into a koppo kick!]

DA: MAYBE NOT!

[With Maximus sitting on the top turnbuckle, Hamada throws a knife edge chop across the chest... and a second...]

GM: Hamada opening up on Maximus!

[Hamada grabs Maximus by the head, pulling him down a bit into a brutal forearm strike!]

GM: Big forearm! And another!

[The Japanese fighter steps up to the second rope, landing a trio of forearms to the temple before Maximus returns fire with a headbutt of his own, sending Hamada falling back down on the mat. Maximus rises up, leaping off...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[...but Hamada catches him on the way down, pivoting and DRIVING him into the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd buzzes as Maximus kicks out, promptly rolling out to the floor as Hamada grimaces at the near fall...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Hamada is down on the mat near the corner as Maximus steps up to the second rope.]

GM: He's positioning Hamada for another Prehistoric Plunge. Maximus climbing onto the middle rope, but Hamada is back on his feet!

DA: Hamada wraps his arms around one of Maximus' legs. Maximus trying to punch him off...

[A swipe of his right hand forces Hamada to release the leg. Maximus steps off the ropes.]

GM: Maximus scoops him up... look out here!

[Maximus falls backwards, hurling Hamada across the ring towards the opposite corner with a fallaway slam!]

GM: OHHH! That might be enough, Dale! That might've taken the starch right out of Hamada!

DA: We may be about to find out as Maximus looks like he's going up again.

[Walking across the ring, Maximus steps up to the second rope, bouncing a few times to build momentum...

...which allows Hamada to roll away!]

GM: No, no... Maximus spotted Hamada getting out of there.

[A frustrated Maximus hops down off the middle rope, shaking his head as he approaches the kneeling competitor.]

GM: Maximus moving in and-

[Hamada suddenly surges to his feet, leaping up to lash out with a boot to the back of the head!]

DA: ENZUIGIRI! He caught him!

[Maximus takes a heavy breath, swinging his right hand at the air.]

DA: He's got him rattled!

[Hamada pushes up to a crouch, measuring Maximus...

...and leaps up a second time, lashing out with a kick to the head!]

DA: ANOTHER ONE! HE CAUGHT HIM A SECOND TIME!

[The blow causes Maximus to topple facefirst to the mat where Hamada rolls him over, diving across his chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Maximus POWERS out in time, hurling Hamada off of him.]

GM: Wow! What power!

BW: He won't be doing that to Oni.

GM: No, he won't... that's for sure.

[We cut again, going deeper into the match where Hamada is teeing off with roundhouse kicks to the chest!]

GM: Maximus has taken a tremendous amount of punishment from Hamada in this one but he keeps on coming!

BW: He's gonna have to if he's going to survive the onslaught of KING Oni!

[Hamada lands a high kick to the temple, leaving Maximus dazed but on his feet!]

GM: Wow! How is he standing after that?!

[Hamada breaks for the ropes, rebounding back as quickly as he can...

...and runs RIGHT into a devastating clothesline from Maximus!]

GM: OHHHH! That might be it!

[But Maximus is out to prove a point now, dragging the limp Hamada off the mat, shoving him back into a corner.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Maximus tees off, throwing hooking forearms to the side of the head, rocking Hamada with rights and lefts, battering his head back and forth as the official orders him to let Hamada out of the corner...

...and he drags Hamada right out into a standing headscissors, lifting him up off the canvas, twisting around to face the middle of the ring, and DRIVES him down with a powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!!

DA: He's won the Global Crown with that move before!

[Maximus lunges down into a lateral press, pushing his forearm down into Hamada's face.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HAMADA KICKS OUT IN TIME!

DA: Hamada showing great fighting spirit. He will not stay down. This match is not over yet!

BW: We might not be able to see his face under the mask, but that might be doubt flashing across Maximus' face.

GM: He's staying on him, though.

[Maximus again pulls Hamada to his feet. He throws one arm over his shoulder, wraps his arm around Hamada's waist, lifts him up, and falls backwards into a back body drop. He keeps hold of Hamada's legs, pulling them back and pinning Hamada's shoulders to the mat, but, again, Hamada kicks out at two.]

GM: He kicks out again! That backdrop suplex got another two count but Hamada survived it to keep on fighting!

DA: This match has taken its toll on both men, as they are both slow to make it back to their feet.

[But Maximus gets there first, standing tall while Hamada is still down on his knees.]

BW: Uh oh!

[Maximus grabs Hamada by the throat, hauling him up to his feet.]

GM: He's going for a chokeslam! He's going to try to end this!

[But as he lifts, Hamada lashes out with a knee to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OH!

[Maximus falls back but Hamada keeps on coming, booting Maximus in the gut, doubling him up. Hamada pulls his head into position, swinging his foot up quickly into the face of Maximus!]

GM: Hamada's unloading on Maximus!

[Squaring up, Hamada throws two leg kicks to the outside of the knee, forcing Maximus down to a knee. He lands a pair of push kicks to the face, forcing Maximus to lower his head.]

GM: Maximus is getting chopped down to size! Hamada is relentless with these martial arts kicks!

[Grabbing Maximus by the back of the head, Hamada unloads with kneestrikes to the head, one after another for a half dozen blows...]

GM: Hamada's opening up on him! He's trying to KO the big man!

[Hamada backs off, leaning down to slap the canvas with both hands, letting loose a warrior's cry as he squares up for a roundhouse to the head...

...but Maximus comes up, catching the leg under his left arm!]

GM: Maximus caught it! He caught it!

[Hamada lashes out with a pair of off-balance slaps to the ear, trying to knock Maximus back...

...but Maximus UNCORKS a devastating standing lariat on Hamada!]

DA: LAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOOO!

[Maximus collapses across the chest of Hamada!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! A hard-fought victory for MAMMOTH Maximus!

DA: Another match, another victim to that Lariat that Maximus has been using for the past year or so since returning to Tiger Paw Pro.

BW: He's been using that to put away almost every opponent he faces... but someone like Hamada? That's a whole sight different than KING Oni. It knocked Hamada out cold but will it even be enough to knock DOWN Oni?

GM: We're about one month away from finding out.

[We cut from the ring where the official has Maximus' hand raised to somewhere backstage after the match, where Maximus is standing by, his mask off and the straps of his ring attire pulled down.]

MM: Oni thinks he will be feeding on the flesh of the Mighty MAMMOTH, but let's see how you plan to do so after I knock out your ugly teeth with this...

[Holds up his gloved right fist.]

MM: ...and make you choke on this!

[Maximus holds up his other gloved fist before reaching out and engulfing the camera lens with one meaty hand, as we cut to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.]

We fade up backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing with the heartland's favorite duo, The TexMo Connection. Standing to Stegglet's left is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor in a white t-shirt with a large scythe graphic emblazoned across the front with "BOC" written across the blade and a pair of faded blue jeans along with his customary black and white cowboy-style wrestling boots. On his right is Jack Lynch. The King of Cowboys is dressed, as he always is, in all black. His head is uncovered, his prized black cowboy hat still in the possession of Cain Jackson.]

MS: Gentlemen, earlier tonight, a challenge was issued to you. But before we get to that, I need to ask a question of you, Mr. Lynch. Two weeks ago, well, something happened between you and Matt Lance. Something that you described as personal. Do you care to elaborate?

[The tall and lanky Iron Cowboy's face turns into a scowl, and he exhales slowly, staring a hole directly into Stegglet.]

JL: I do not.

[Taken aback, Stegglet clears his throat.]

MS: But Mr. Lynch, Jack...

JL: Like I said two weeks ago. It was personal. And seein' as how Mr. Lance and his buddy were sent packin' by their own crew, runnin' away with their tails between their legs, I don't see much cause in elaboratin'.

Now let's move on.

[When Lynch's expression makes it clear that he's not budging, Stegglet offers a nod of his head, and turns to O'Connor.]

MS: We'll talk about the challenge in a moment. But let's turn to another challenge. A challenge, and an opportunity. I'm talking about the Stampede Cup. Sometime very soon, you two will be squaring off against either The Hell Hounds or Los Guerreros de Oro. We haven't seen much of the latter team, but the Hell Hounds, as we saw tonight, bring a lot of power and ferocity to the table. How do you intend to prepare for these two teams?

BOC: The same way we always have, Mister Stegglet. By hitting that gym everyday. By running drills in that ring everyday. Those two teams are about as polar opposite as they come, so me and Jack have been going over and over every single bit of offense in our playbook. Whether it's fighting speed or power, me and my partner are ready for whatever comes.

MS: But before you two can get to the Stampede Cup, there is the Rising Sun Showdown. The challenge was issued. Tony Donovan has agreed to rejoin his former Team Supreme teammate Cain Jackson, and he's bringing his current teammate, Wes Taylor along. They've challenged you two and Kenta Kitzukawa to a match. Will you accept that challenge?

[Jack turns to look at Bobby, and the two exchange a look that seems to be asking Steggle if he's serious. With the hint of a smirk on his lips, Jack speaks.]

JL: I think we all know what the answer to that question is. But before we make it all formal like, let's bring out the man himself. Mr. Kitzukawa, if you would?

[Into the frame steps one of the legends of Tiger Paw Pro, Kenta Kitzukawa. The battle tested and battle ready Kitzukawa is looking quite dapper in a fine black suit and tie. As he enters, he offers first a handshake and then a bow to both O'Connor and Lynch. The favorite sons of Missouri and Texas reciprocate.]

JL: You wanna know if Bobby and I will get in the ring and fight alongside this man? Hell Mark, it ain't even somethin' me or Bobby gotta think about.

Of course we accept the challenge. Of course we'll go to Japan and leave Cain Jackson and them two goofs layin' in a puddle of their own blood. But Taylor and Donovan? There's somethin' you two need to think about before you go gettin' all noble and repayin' debts.

First off, Donovan... ya need to understand somethin'. Ain't nothin' a Lynch loves more than kickin' a Donovan's tail except watchin' you run away when you're done. I know you, because I know your blood. You got your daddy's blood in ya, no matter how you might wanna deny it.

You crawl into whatever dark hole your daddy is currently hidin' in, and you ask him what happens when a Donovan comes up against a Lynch. I just hope ya put on a pair of brown pants before ya listen. Trust me, you'll be happy ya made that choice.

Taylor? You might think you're the new version of me. You might think because you got a twang in your voice and a famous daddy that you're the new gunslinger in town? Well, let me quote the greatest cowboy there ever was. You want a piece of me?

[Lynch cocks his head to one side, his smirk morphing into something colder, something that the younger Taylor should find intimidating.]

JL: Well, fill your hand and come for me. And watch what I do to ya.

MS: Strong words from Jack Lynch. Bobby, I've got to guess your feelings are equally strong.

BOC: I'm upset because once again some twisted mind has torn a family apart in this sport. Even worse, it's the family of my tag team partner and friend... heck, more of my brother than a friend really. So I'm upset, but that's not all I feel.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: Pity. Pity for a man who's been so brainwashed he doesn't know when the war is over. We took on Cain and Wright in the middle of that ring, and we won. A count of three, simple as that. Last I checked, this was a sport and not some war torn country. We were the better team on that particular night. A sane man would have taken his lumps, learned something from the experience and moved on.

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Sadly, when you're talking about sane men... you aren't talking about Team Supreme.

MS: And Mr. Kitzukawa, this seems like a very personal crusade for you. Your fans are very familiar with your battles against ACHILLES, a faction that you had a direct hand in destroying. Our fans of CCW have seen you jump in to intervene against The Dead Man's Party. And now, you've joined in the fight against what remains of Team Supreme. What is it about these groups that makes you so eager to see them beaten?

[The always stoic Kitzukawa grows even more solemn.]

KK: Wrestling is the highest form of martial arts, Stegglet-san. That ring is holy crowd, a place made sacred by the traditions of those warriors who have gone before. It is upon every man to maintain the integrity of the ring, to live up to the ideals of the warrior code.

One man fights one man, or one team fights one team. When those lines are crossed. When men join gangs, they dishonor themselves, they dishonor everyone they attack, and they dishonor every man who has ever consecrated the sacred ring with his blood and sweat. And more than that, they dishonor this sport, which I love more than anything.

So hai, Stegglet-san, yes, I will fight against every gang, every faction, every stable. I will fight for the honor of this thing I love.

And I will fight with these two men. Two great men from two great lineages. I thank them for honoring me.

And I promise you, I will not fail.

[Lynch and O'Connor are quite a moment, caught in the power of Kitzukawa's words.]

MS: But will not just be those three men. Larry Wallace is certain to be at ringside, and perhaps Cain Jackson has other reinforcements. Mr. O'Connor, it doesn't seem like the odds will be even, no matter what.

BOC: I know you look at them, with all their soldiers dressed in identical uniforms and I can see why you'd think that. But we have something stronger than that. Stronger than the obsessed teachings of a bitter man.

We have friendship. We have a whole locker room full of good men that are tired of the tricks and the deceit. Heck, if you can make a man like Michael Weaver hit the ring with a steel chair...

[Bobby stifles a small chuckle.]

BOC: ...then I'd say you've got more problems than just me and Jack.

JL: I'd say we got our bases covered, Mark.

MS: I believe you're right, Mr. Lynch.

JL: Cain Jackson, before you get on that plane, I want you to think what you've done to yourself. I want you to think about those two men by your side. One of 'em is your former flunky that you strong armed into fightin' your fights. And the other one is a young punk who ain't got much more than his daddy's name goin' for him.

Now you look at us three.

Every single one of us has been in the thick of it for our whole careers. The three of us, we been fightin' for longer than Wes Taylor has been allowed to vote or Tony Donovan has been drivin'. And them years have taught us the value of things them two punks you got will never understand.

I'm proud to call Kenta Kitzukawa my friend. He's a man of honor and integrity. He's a man that won't shy from a fight and won't crumble when it gets rough. And Bobby? Well, far as I'm concerned, Bobby is as much my brother as Jimmy or Trav. He's as tough as nails, and he's got a history of comin' through for those that are his.

We'll see you three in a month, and after that? Well, I'm guessin' won't nobody be seein' you three for a good long time.

[With decisive nods from all three, Lynch, O'Connor and Kitzukawa make their exit as we fade back up to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic... weighing in at 275 pounds... Angelo Cordero!

[The pudgy brawler raises his arms to jeers.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Los Angeles, California...standing 6'2 and weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUUUUUAAAAAAAAANNNNNN

VAAASSSSSSQQQUUUUEEEZZZZ!!!!

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth begins to play over the PA system as Vasquez emerges to a HUGE roar from the AWA crowd! He's clad in his usual white tracksuit with black trim. Juan enters the ring

and climbs up to the second turnbuckle and receives a loud cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Two weeks ago, Juan Vasquez won himself the right to play match maker for a night. Now that won't happen tonight obviously or two weeks from now at All-Star Showdown but I'm told it WILL happen sometime this summer... and I can't hardly wait for that.

BW: Can I take that night off?

GM: Heck, he's in charge, Bucky... he might GIVE you the night off!

BW: WHAT?! He can't do that!

[A grinning Vasquez sheds his tracksuit, giving the ropes a tug as he waits for the bell.]

"DING DING DING"

GM: The former World Champion, the former National Champion, the Hall of Famer... Juan Vasquez has the kind of resume that most competitors in this sport dream of, Bucky.

BW: Except for Calisto Dufresne who has one to match.

GM: Is that a fact?

BW: Dufresne is a former AWA World Champion... which is more than I can say for Vasquez who won his World Titles elsewhere against lesser competition.

GM: An arguable point.

BW: He's a former National Champion... a title he BEAT Vasquez for.

GM: In controversial fashion.

BW: He's also won the Stampede Cup, something that Vasquez never did!

GM: I don't recall Juan Vasquez ever ENTERING the Stampede Cup, Bucky!

[While Bucky was running down Dufresne's credentials, Vasquez has already managed to turn a collar and elbow tieup into a snapmare before burying a kick into the spine of the seated Cordero.]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Vasquez pulls Cordero off the mat, shoving him back against the ropes. He puts one hand up against Cordero's chin, shoving his head back as he raises the other to his mouth, telling the crowd to quiet down and once they've obliged...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Big overhand chop by Vasquez! That’ll leave a mark!

[Grabbing an arm, Vasquez shoots Cordero across the ring, going low with a right hand on the rebound!]

GM: Vasquez goes downstairs to the breadbasket... off the ropes!

[And straightens Cordero right up with a running knee lift to the mush, snapping his head back!]

GM: Ohh! The kneelift connects and Cordero is reeling early on in this one.

BW: It’s not going to last too long if he keeps taking punishment like that, Gordo.

[An advancing Vasquez drills Cordero between the eyes with a headbutt, sending him staggering into the buckles.]

GM: Headbutt by Vasquez - one of the hardest headbutts you’ll ever see inside the squared circle.

BW: We’ve seen him trade those with guys like Raphael Rhodes and MAMMOTH Mizusawa. He’s got the goods in that department for sure.

[With Cordero staggered in the corner, Vasquez grabs the arm, firing him across, charging in after him...]

GM: RUNNING KNEES IN THE CORNER!

[Bouncing off, Vasquez sets, elevates, and LAUNCHES Cordero through the air, dropping him with a high impact hiptoss!]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[With Cordero down, Vasquez points to the ropes to a big cheer before bouncing off them, leaping into the air, and dropping backfirst on the 275 pounder’s prone frame!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[Vasquez flips over, applying a lateral press for a two count.]

GM: Just a two count there for Vasquez but he’s quickly up to his feet...

[The Hall of Famer drops a high impact elbow down into the chest, scrambling up to drop a second... and a third... and a fourth. The crowd gets louder and louder for each elbowdrop as he drops number five, six, and seven.]

GM: Elbowdrop after elbowdrop by Vasquez!

[Eight and nine cause Cordero's legs to kick up into the air on impact. Vasquez climbs to his feet, raising his right arm into the air, holding it high...

...and leaps up, burying a tenth elbowdrop down into the heart of Cordero!]

GM: THAT'S TEN!

[Vasquez attempts another cover, earning another two count before Cordero kicks out.]

GM: A pair of two counts there as Vasquez climbs back to his feet.

[The former World Champion looks around at the cheering crowd, a grin on his face.]

BW: He's certainly enjoying this.

GM: And why not? Juan Vasquez is a hero to AWA fans wherever he goes. You think about the things he's accomplished during his time here in the AWA. Fighting the Southern Syndicate and "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Battling men like Raphael Rhodes... like MAMMOTH Mizusawa... like the Dogs Of War... like-

BW: I get it.

GM: Then don't act surprised when these people treat one of the pillars this company is built upon as the hero that he is.

[Vasquez is still grinning as he grabs Cordero by the arm, hauling him up to his feet, hurling him into the corner. He approaches quickly, driving a knee up into the ample midsection of Cordero, causing the Dominican to slump to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Cordero's down and-

[The Hall of Famer grabs the top rope, swinging his knee repeatedly into the face of Cordero!]

GM: HE'S HAMMERING HIM IN THE CORNER!!

[Vasquez lands a half dozen knees before backing off, turning to the fans with a loud "ONE MORE?!" They roar in response before starting a chant.]

"ONE MORE! ONE MORE! ONE MORE!"

GM: You hear `em, Juan! Give `em what they want!

[Vasquez tears across the half distance of the ring, DRIVING his knee up into the face of the seated Cordero!]

GM: RUNNING KNEE IN THE CORNER!

[Grabbing the foot, Vasquez hauls Cordero a few feet out of the corner, depositing him on the canvas. He looks out at the fans...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Here we go!

[Vasquez steps up on the bottom rope, backflipping off to land a moonsault!]

GM: Bottom rope backflip splash!

[The Hall of Famer climbs off the mat, stepping up to the second rope before hurling himself backwards, crashing down onto the chest of Cordero!]

GM: That's two!

[He climbs off the mat, slapping the buckle a few times before climbing up to the top rope, looking out at the crowd...

...and flipping off the top, soaring through the air to crash down across the chest of Cordero!]

GM: MOONSAULT CONNECTS!

[Vasquez hooks the leg as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Juan Vasquez scores a victory here tonight in San Diego! The hero of the AWA faithful has-

[Without warning, the arena lights cut to black.]

GM: What the-?!

[An ominous high-pitched cackle comes over the PA system. The video walls flicker with static before an image fills the screen - it's a skeleton with an enlarged skull smiling and dancing. A top hat rests on the enlarged skull, slightly akimbo, as it holds a cigarette holder in one bony hand and a martini glass in the other. Underneath the ghoulish images rests the letters "DMP."

The infamous logo for the Dead Man's Party.]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: If your precious hero wants to be able to walk tomorrow, he might want to RUN right now!

[There's a strong negative reaction from the AWA fanbase as the opening notes of Oingo Boingo's "Dead Man's Party" comes over the PA system.]

GM: Where are they?! Where the HELL are they?!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway as a multitude of colored lights flash all over the Viejas Arena, lighting up the crowd, hitting the ring...

...and as the lights come back on, Juan Vasquez finds himself surrounded!]

GM: NO!

[Vasquez lashes out at the closest body, Ricky Royal, throwing himself at him with a Right Cross that stuns the AWA original. Yuma Weaver comes on quick, spinning Vasquez around but the AWA's franchise player drills the Native American with a headbutt between the eyes!]

GM: He's fighting them off! Vasquez is-

[But as he turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: DOUBLE SUPERKICK!

[The Wallace twins stand over the stunned Vasquez, crotch-chopping all the while as Elijah Wilde drags Vasquez off the mat, hooking one arm in a half nelson and the other in a half chickenwing...]

GM: Wilde's got him hooked! Your no-account nephew!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wilde HURLS Vasquez up and over, dumping him on the back of his head. Jay Alana directs traffic as Yuma Weaver comes back into the picture, dragging a stunned Vasquez off the mat, lifting him up onto his shoulders, staring out at the jeering crowd...

...and DRIVES Vasquez backwards into the mat with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: WEAVERS CRUSHES VASQUEZ UNDERNEATH HIM!

[With Vasquez down on the mat, Johnny Skye comes soaring off the top, twisting through the air...

...and DRIVING Vasquez into the canvas with a 450 splash, bouncing off!]

GM: Good grief!

[Jay Alana steps into the middle of the ring, dragging Vasquez up by the hair, staring right into his eyes, speaking to him.]

GM: What is he saying? What could Jay Alana possibly be saying to him right now?

BW: I don't know but once again, where the heck is the cavalry?! Where are Vasquez' friends?!

[Alana lifts Vasquez up onto his shoulders, holding him there, looking out at the crowd...

...and swings him around into a Death Valley Driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Alana takes a knee, looking down at the motionless Vasquez.]

BW: Well, if that was the third message of the night, consider it received by the ENTIRE AWA, Gordo! The Dead Man's Party just spit right in the face of the face of the AWA... the so-called franchise... the hero... the pillar! They have declared war and...

[The crowd is all over the DMP as they stand in a loose circle around the stunned Vasquez.]

BW: ...and the soldiers of the AWA are nowhere to be seen!

GM: This isn't over, Bucky... this isn't over by a longshot.

[The shot holds on the DMP, the fans still jeering loudly as we fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then back up on a panning shot of the Viejas Arena crowd when the piano and drum open to the live recording of "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong preferred by the self-styled King Of Wrestling plays over the PA, and the fans boo very loudly. It takes very little time for "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake to stalk out from behind the curtain, garbed in his wrestling gear.

The six-foot nine African-American superstar is wearing dark purple trunks with gold monogramming, dark purple boots with a gold crown symbol on the sides, and light golden-yellow kneepads and wrist tape. He's got a light ring jacket on, white satin with KING OF WRESTLING printed on the back in royal purple. A black fedora completes his attire. There is a calm, almost subdued expression on his face, which is unusual for Lake. His round black afro, long conical black beard, and mustache are the most notable features on his face.]

GM: And here comes a man who should have been suspended by Landon O'Neill!

BW: You gotta be kidding me, Gordo. For what? Not diving in the way of Dave Bryant THROWING FIRE?

GM: For pushing a fan in front of him to take the fireball for him! I cannot condone Dave Bryant's actions, but Lake's was even worse! At least Bryant was trying to hurt another wrestler... Lake's the one who insured that it was a fan, of all people, who was badly burned!

BW: He did not! Gordo, you better watch your mouth making accusations about the King. If that fan's lawyers hear you saying Lake was to blame, they'll sue the wrong guy!

[Lake walks around the ring, telling the fans to shut up and respect their King. Naturally, this does not work.]

GM: It's a miscarriage of justice, Bucky. I'm not denying that Bryant should have been suspended, but Lake should have gotten the same punishment.

BW: You act like a) Demetrius Lake had any part in the decision Bryant made to throw fire, b) knew that Bryant was going to try to burn him alive and kept a fan around because THAT'S smarter than calling the police, and c) he pulled the fan in the first place! There's no evidence!

[By this time, Lake is in the ring. He has demanded the mic from Phil Watson and gotten it. He waits for his music to die down, then makes some kind of vague hand gesture at the crowd. His expression grows irritated when they do not immediately somehow understand what he wants.]

DL: Don't you bums know to bow to your King?!

[BOOOOO!]

DL: I don't have time for this right now. San Diego will bow to me when I'm finished, but first I have more important things to do. You see, I am a real man. A real man. And a real man does what he needs to do. A real man apologizes when he owes an apology. I'm not going to be like Annabelle Carver and show the world that I'm an egg sucking dog the way he did when he wouldn't give a man the apology he owed.

[BOOO!]

DL: I am going to give the apology I owe for what happened two weeks ago. I have to set the example as the King Of Professional Wrestling to all of the other wrestlers, so someday maybe they can become real men too. And two weeks ago I did something that was so low, when I look back, I am embarrassed at myself. I did something that is unthinkable to me, and I can go no further without a public apology.

[The crowd mutes a little bit, because that's possibly the most uncharacteristic thing that Demetrius Lake has ever said. His demeanor is serious and seems quite honest.]

GM: This... is unexpected. Is Demetrius Lake actually contrite about what he did to that fan?

DL: I publicly, sincerely, and wholeheartedly apologize... to the state of Missourah.

[BOO!]

DL: I cannot believe that I thought you were booing me. I thought you turned on me, but the truth of it was you saw Dave Cryant a-sneakin' on down that aisle and were booing HIM! I apologize, heart and soul, for what I said. It was said in ignorance, and I will not become Gordon Myers and embrace ignorance.

GM: *hmp*

DL: As a matter of fact, when Dave Cryant come in the ring and tried to burn me, which was a yellow thing to do, Kansas City jumped in the way to protect its King! I pulled a man out of the crowd at random, he took on the identity of the entire city, and he proved himself to be as much of a hero as Dave Cryant is a criminal. I expected him to bow, but he gave me his entire life. So for that, as the King I will allow Missorah to be reinstated as the greatest state in the Union.

[BOO!]

DL: I know these bums are booing, because when they look around these neighborhoods outside this arena, they know California isn't in the conversation. So I'm guessing they associate themselves with Dave Cryant. All these San Diego neighborhoods is fulla spray paint and criminals! And there's no bigger criminal in wrestling than "Attempted Homicide" Dave Cryant. Only the true lowest criminal would try to light another human

being on fire. That's attempted homicide. He tried to burn up my skin and kill me on national television. How is it that the man is not fired?!

How?! You play with fire, you get burnt, but the man was not playing around. If it wasn't for them old age cataracts and the concussion-induced vertigo, he might have hit me with that fire and it would be a national tragedy. The whole country would be in a state of mourning. But he's a low down dirty dog to throw fire near a wrestling fan. Believe me, if I was ever so low that I'd burn a wrestling fan for any reason, you'd all know it in San Diego because you'd be on fire as we speak. I'd burn down San Diego and nobody'd miss it. But I have too much integrity as the King Of Professional Wrestling. Only a bum with no integrity, a low down dirty dog by the name of Dave Cryant, would burn a fan.

The man should be removed from the sport of professional wrestling. Strike any championships he got from the record. Get him out of the AWA for good. Why Landon O'Neill didn't fire the man on sight is a mystery of the ages. He burned up a fan and really should be in prison like any common criminal.

But I am the King of this sport. I will take this into my own hands and get that bum gone. I'll run him out of wrestling, you don't have to worry about that.

[BOOOOO!]

DL: But all you need to remember one thing. All this was about from the very beginning was the AWA World Heavyweight Championship. I made my rightful challenge back six months ago, and that crook Dave Cryant come out and assaulted me while I had a crushed trachea. Now that he's out of my hair for a spell, it's time to refocus on the greatest championship in the sport. I am the future World Heavyweight Champion, no doubt about it. And while Johnny Detson rightfully is the number one contender due to his great win in Steal The Spotlight, it is high time for me to make my move.

And I will do it by doing the same thing I did the last time I wrestled here in California... I'll whup ten men at a time. I will win the Independence Day Rumble two weeks from tonight in Hawaii!

[The crowd boos the proclamation while Lake pauses to nod and let this soak in.]

BW: Wow, the whole complexion of the Rumble just changed, daddy! The King is in! Demetrius Lake is in the Rumble, and he has got to be a favorite!

GM: I think we all expected a major star like Lake to be in, but you're right that he's going to be a major threat.

DL: Dave Cryant was so bent out of shape when I burnt up his banners, but he'll really be burned up when he's sittin' home with the career-ending injury I give him, tuning into SuperClash and seeing the new World Heavyweight

Champion, the King Of Professional Wrestling, the Black Tiger Demetrius Lake.

[BOOOOO!]

DL: My only hope, my only hope in all of this is that somehow Cryin' Martinez doesn't cheat Johnny Detson out of the title somehow. I want to face a true competitor and a major challenge. I want my championship match to be worthy of me. I would whup Cryin' Martinez too fast, and the people wouldn't get their money's worth. We saw what happened on Memorial Day when a eighty year old man tore that bum up. He only won because the old man got so weak minded that he beat himself. Johnny Detson is not weak minded, and is going to beat him the way he beat Annabelle Carver clean in the ring.

But first thing is first. I come here tonight to San Diego to do what I did in Los Ange-lees last year, and that is to clean up a whole ring of bums. I will win the big annual Rumble by chuckin' out everyone in my way. You get me the Lunch boys, I'll throw 'em back to Mexas. You get me Bobby No Honor, and I'll make sure Missourah isn't represented by such a weak minded fool no more. You get me Jerkales Hammonds, and I'll show him who the true strongest man in the land is. You get me the Sad-iator and I'll slap the crazy right out of his head. You get me Kraker Jack and I'll make him know he shoulda stuck to fighting non-wrestlers. It won't be no different than it was in Los Angel-ees, and it won't be no different than what's about to happen... right here tonight!

[The crowd was already invested in jeering Lake out of the building, but they now quiet slightly as now he's talking about this show.]

DL: I know there's a lot of bums in the back that wish they could be in the Rumble. They can't just walk out here when they want to like I can, they can't just put themself in a match the way I can, and they all think "If only I had a shot, I'd throw everybody out and get that big check and that title match". I am the King! I come out here because I can, I put myself in matches because I can, because I am a real man and I back it all up every time. Mr. Road Agent back there behind the curtain, you go through the locker room right now and round up all them bums. You get them out here right now and I'll warm up on 'em. We'll have a Battle Royal right now. I need to train, I need to warm up, and if there's some hobo back there that thinks they can throw six-nine, three hundred fifteen pounds, the ath-e-lete of the day, over that top rope? They deserve the whuppin' they're gonna get. Go on! Get me some competition in here! I'll throw each one of 'em out.

All you people in the front three rows better get your umbrellas, because it's gonna be raining men like a Weather Girls song. Get me some referees to peel these bums off the concrete and cart these bums out of here.

[Lake drops the mic and starts parading around the ring, waiting for some opponents.]

BW: Now that's a real man, Gordo. He's givin' any and all comers a shot to prove themselves!

GM: Uncharacteristic courage by Demetrius Lake. Well, that's a bit unfair. He's always very brave until he's face to face with his enemy. Dave Bryant isn't here, of course, so Lake certainly feels empowered to say anything he wants to about the man.

BW: Get real, daddy. Lake says what he wants, when he wants, and this is no different.

GM: Fans, I'm being told that we will in fact get a battle royal at Demetrius Lake's request, and it will be after the commercial! We'll be back after this!

[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.

When we come back from commercial, the ring is filled with competitors: La Fuerza, Cesar Hernandez, "The Anarchist" Matt Rogers, "Outback" Zack Kelly, Alex Worthey, Kenneth Doll, Madhouse McWesson, Scotty Richardson, The South Philly Phighter, The Brixton Bruisers (Chaingun Harrow and Ripper Brooks), Sweet Daddy Williams, Casanova, and of course, the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake.]

GM: Fans, we're back. And Demetrius Lake has gotten his wish; we're going to have a battle royal right here. And I wonder if Lake was expecting the caliber of opposition that his little challenge has drawn. Cesar Hernandez? The Brixton Bruisers? Matt Rogers? Sweet Daddy Williams?

BW: And don't forget Casanova, pulling double duty.

GM: How could anyone forget Casanova, no matter how much they try.

BW: The King Of Wrestling don't do anything halfway, daddy.

GM: It looks like we're about to...

"HOLD UP, PLAYA!"

[A huge roar suddenly erupts from the crowd as Buford P. Higgins emerges from behind the curtain, trademark golden microphone in hand!]

GM: ...get one more contender!

BW: No way, Gordo, he's too late! The King is forbidding it.

[Lake shakes his head and waves 'no' as he loudly complains that the Battle Royal is full. The best ring announcer in the business is decked out in his all-white suit with a grin a mile wide on his face. He remains standing at the top of the aisle as he brings the microphone up to his lips.]

BPH: Don't you know? Don't you KNOW? Ya' can't throw a party without entertainment! You want a preview of the Rumble? Then you're gonna need the winner!

So, get up, people!

UP!

UP!

UP OUTTA' YO' SEAT AND ONTO YOUR FEET!

'Cause it's time! To pay homage! To...THE MAN!!!

[Buford takes a breath...finally.]

BPH: Introducin' now, comin' in at an eye-poppin', jawdroppin', mesmerizin', stupefyin', UNBELIEVABLE!...two hundred and twenty pounds! He is known all around the world as the greatest high flyer to ever grace the squared circle! Johnny Detson might beg to differ, but this man will ALWAYS be Mister Steal the Spotlight! He is the one true Human Highlight Reel of professional wrestling! Ladies! Please, contain your excitement as he makes his way down to this ring! Hailin' from Hot Coffee, Mississippi! Here is...

Sky. Walker.

[As Buford takes a deep breath, the crowd joins in as they scream the name in unison...]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS!!!!!"

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as Jones emerges from the entrance dressed in a white ring robe with gold trim, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso. One lone spotlight hits him as he drops to his knees and holds his arms out...

"OHHHHH!"

...and he proceeds to "make it rain", showering the crowd with dollar bills that float down from the ceiling! He proceeds to remove his robe, handing it off to Buford, to reveal white leg-length wrestling tights with gold trim. He gives Buford a big million-dollar grin and then takes a step back, before suddenly breaking out into a full sprint and charging towards the ring! Jones leaps at the side of the ring, diverolls through the ropes, lunges to his feet, and hammers Lake with a jumping forearm using all of that momentum, sending the King flailing to the far ropes and falling through to the roar of the crowd!

Harrow and Brooks take this as a sign that the match has begun, and immediately start pummeling the nearest people to them. Before long, fists are flying as the Battle Royal has begun!]

GM: SKYWALKER JONES JUST SENT DEMETRIUS LAKE FLYING WITH HIS RING ENTRANCE!

BW: He fell through the ropes! Not over the top! He's not eliminated!

GM: All kinds of action in there right now! Scotty Richardson and Matt Rogers fighting with the Brixton Bruisers! La Fuerza flies at Skywalker Jones with a tumbling attack! Sweet Daddy throwing big hammering blows at Casanova! Zack Kelly and the South Philly Phighter going at it! Cesar Hernandez grappling with Alex Worthey! Madhouse McWesson chasing Kenneth Doll!

BW: I think La Fuerza wants to challenge Jones to some oneupsmanship, because he's busting out them crazy Mexican flying moves. Got Jones with a wild-lookin' backflip enzuigiri there!

GM: The crowd is electric for all of this action! And Demetrius Lake is as mad as a hornet outside the ring! He thought he was going to get some local preliminary wrestlers to abuse, but now he's got some real competition to deal with!

BW: Just you wait. WHOA! The Brixton Bruisers just bounced Richardson off the mat like a basketball!

GM: And Casanova baiting Sweet Daddy into the corner, now trying to eliminate him. He doesn't seem it at times, but Casanova is tough as nails and has pulled battle royal double duty many times in the past. As are Fuerza and Hernandez.

BW: Yeah, but Casanova didn't team up with people to split all the work and then run away from the Dogs Of War, so he's much more impressive.

[The camera catches up to Kenneth Doll, who is now on the second rope yelling at everyone in the ring.]

KD: EVERYONE STOP! EVERYONE STOP! I DID NOT GET AN ENTRANCE! I REPEAT, I DID NOT GET AN ENTRANCE! HOW CAN I BE EXPECTED TO FOCUS WHEN *blrrrg*

[The Brixton Bruisers turn and pound him in the face simultaneously, sending the 195-pound model wannabe over the top rope to the floor to the approval of the crowd!]

GM: Kenneth Doll's loud mouth gets him el... oh!

[And immediately, Demetrius Lake reaches in over the top rope, grabs Harrow by his dark orange spiked hair, and pulls him out over the top rope as well!]

BW: Ha ha, brilliant! The King saw the biggest threat and neutered it! If these dummies let the Brixton Bruisers run through as a tag team, they'd destroy everybody. But he got one of 'em unawares and now that threat is gone!

GM: I wouldn't say gone, as Ripper Brooks just pelted Lake with a huge meaty haymaker! Lake back on the floor, but he has not gone over the top rope.

[Let's look at the rest of the action, because commentary isn't going to be able to cover everyone. Madhouse McWesson is putting the boots to Alex Worthey, Cesar Hernandez has Matt Rogers in an armlock and is doing a good job keeping it on despite Rogers' nimble escape attempts (though Scotty Richardson is about to hit him from behind), Casanova has waved over the Phighter and they're both trying to dump Sweet Daddy, Zack Kelly

is sneak-attacking Ripper Brooks (to little avail), and La Fuerza and Skywalker Jones are making fast moves trying to get behind the other.]

BW: You know, none of these guys are officially in. You gotta figure that whoever the King throws out last has a good shot of making the field.

GM: That's a fairly ridiculous foregone conclusion. Sweet Daddy Williams fighting his way out of the corner. Shot to Casanova, shot to the Phighter, and back again! GOING FOR THE RILEY ROUNDUP... no, Casanova dropped and rolled under the bottom rope to the apron!

BW: He's too smart for that.

GM: Agreed that you need to get him in a much more damaged state before you can try such a finishing maneuver. And... WOAHH! Matt Rogers went for the Scythe Kick but Hernandez ducked! Off the far ropes... and Rogers ducks El Misil De Jalisco! Several close calls with finishing maneuvers... OHHHH!

BW: THAT'S HOW YOU HIT ONE, DADDY!

GM: TIGER STRIKE ON ZACK KELLY AS HE WAS FIGHTING RIPPER BROOKS! Demetrius Lake is finally back in the ring, and he snuck right up behind the Australian battler... and eliminates him with ease! Brooks charges... and Lake with a back body drop eliminates him as well! Demetrius Lake with three sudden eliminations!

BW: Shades of Battle Of Los Angeles!

[The King Of Wrestling sticks his head through the ropes to mock Brooks... at which point Harrow (still at ringside due to his elimination), grabs him and drags him out through the ropes! The crowd cheers as the Brixton Bruisers put the boots to Demetrius Lake on the floor!]

BW: HEY! ARREST THOSE CRIMINALS! THAT'S A MUGGING!

GM: Lake asked for... OOOHHHHH!

[El Fuerza gets Gordon's attention with a backflip elbow out of the ropes, and Skywalker Jones gets more attention by jumping up and hitting a lungblower on an aerial Fuerza!]

BW: The action don't stop, even for felony assault!

GM: El Fuerza seems to want to prove that he's an aerialist of Skywalker Jones' caliber, but that may be a fool's game. You do not want to face Jones on his terms.

[Madhouse McWesson picks up Alex Worthey off the ground by his ears, only for Worthey to pop a sudden go-behind, waistlock him, and launch the much bigger man over the top with a belly-to-back suplex throw! McWesson is eliminated.]

BW: How did Alex Worthey get that big man over and out like that?!

GM: Worthey is one of the most underrated...

[*CRACK*]

BW: Let me fix that. Worthey is one of the most unconscious men in the AWA. Thanks to Matt Rogers' Scythe Kick!

GM: Rogers easily tossing out Worthey after that kick, and we're down to nine. Scotty Richardson and the South Philly Phighter are trying to throw out Hernandez now! Sweet Daddy now battling with Rogers. Jones and Fuerza continue to duel. Casanova skulking around in the ring, and Demetrius Lake is laying on the floor at ringside pretending to be injured.

BW: Pretending! Those hoodlums stomped him after being eliminated, two-on-one!

GM: Lake baited them into that, and you know it.

BW: Well, heh, you're smarter than you look, Gordo. The King didn't outfight or out power those two dummies; he used their crazy fight-fight-fight mentality against them to eliminate them and get them to help him stay outside! It cost him one heck of a beating, but when you're a big time player you pay the big prices to get the big rewards.

GM: Disgustingly crooked, frankly.

[Skywalker Jones shouts out before attempting the short-arm Yakuza kick. Fuerza diverrolls under it, bounces up, and lances into Jones with a spinning kneesmash. Jones staggers against the ropes, and Fuerza takes a quick step towards him... before pivoting and dashing to help Cesar Hernandez! Scotty Richardson sees it coming and lets go of Cesar, pulling the Phighter in front to take the brunt of the flying tumbling attack! The Phighter flies over the top rope, but lands on the apron!]

BW: That's a smart pragmatic move by Richardson! Sacrifice anyone and everyone! Now Fuerza is off-balance and he's putting the boots to... oh!

[He was, but Fuerza jumps up and plasters Richardson with a big right hand. That drops the Texan, and Fuerza reaches down to scoop the legs. The colorful masked luchador starts a giant swing to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Giant swing by Fuerza!

[Fuerza makes sure to move over in Rogers' direction to knock him down by bumping Richardson into his legs. Then he does the same for Casanova (who almost flips all the way over) before going back towards Hernandez. Hernandez crouches down and pushes up Richardson's upper body as he swings by... Fuerza releases at this moment and Richardson sails over the

top rope due to Cesar's assist! The Phighter, standing on the apron, ducks down... which makes the ropes a bit lower for Richardson to clear them.]

BW: What a disaster!

GM: And had the Phighter not needed to duck, Richardson might have been able to grab the ropes! Let that be a lesson to you kids; you betray someone and you might pay for it!

[Emboldened by the big elimination, and the cheers of the fans, Fuerza runs at Jones (who is no longer groggy, and was only staying put to avoid being knocked down by the giant swing), but is stopped short with a swift back elbow! Jones steps forwards and flips back into the Pele Kick... but Fuerza ducks and rolls! Nonetheless, Skywalker lands on his feet, only for Fuerza to launch a Pele Kick of his own! But Jones is still a step ahead, stepping sideways with a short side kick (almost a mini-superkick) to Fuerza's face as he is upside down! La Fuerza shows great body control to also flip through to his feet, but he's groggy and cannot avoid Skywalker's next Pele attempt, sending him over the top rope onto the apron!]

GM: WHAT AN EXCHANGE! La Fuerza with amazing resilience to be able to save himself on the apr...

[*CRACK*]

BW: CALLISTO KILLER! VASQUEZ VANQUISHER! And tonight, the FUERZA FINISHER!

GM: BRUTAL superkick by Skywalker Jones, and La Fuerza is eliminated! An impressive effort, but again, you cannot beat Skywalker Jones at his own game.

BW: And here comes El Thuggo to avenge his partner.

[Cesar Hernandez rushes up to Jones, but waits for Jones to finish mugging to the camera ("He was good. But I'm GREATNESS.") and turn around to face him before punching him to make an attempt at avenging his partner. Matt Rogers leaps into a tumbling clothesline on Sweet Daddy Williams as Casanova hits him with a knee clip! The South Philly Phighter sees that nobody is paying attention to him, and relaxes in the corner.]

GM: A double team on Sweet Daddy Williams, and now Rogers and Casanova trying to eliminate him!

[Casanova waves over the Phighter, and now it is a triple team! Williams hangs on, and kicks Phighter backwards. As Phighter had a tight grip on Sweet Daddy's leg, this helps pull the veteran back in.]

BW: Aw man. A good veteran move by Sweet Daddy, usin' a guy's tight grip to pull him back in. Event that dummy has learned things over the years. Probably by accident.

GM: Rogers is relentless, hammering on Sweet Daddy. Casanova yelling at the Phighter...

[Casanova dismissively waves the Phighter off with the 'you stink' hand motion before turning back to Sweet Daddy. Angered, the Phighter grabs Casanova by the shoulder and slugs him in the face to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: What an ingrate! Casanova was directing him, letting him rest, and that's his reaction?!

[Casanova staggers around crazily before rushing back in, kneeing the Phighter in the chest, hammering him over the shoulders seven angry times, lifting him, and running towards the ropes... only for Skywalker Jones (who has just cartwheeled out of a Cesar Hernandez armbar) to grab the Phighter's foot and pull, taking Casanova off-balance...]

[*CRACK*]

BW: NO! WHY?!

GM: AND THE CASANOVA IT'SALLOVA! Superkick to Casanova sends the big man over and out!

BW: The... WHAT?! Is Buford Hayes feeding you lines?!

BPH: Yup.

GM: Casanova is incensed at ringside, and Jones is feeling it! Running back to Hernandez with a flying leg lariat! And one for Matt Rogers! Lake finally back up in the ring, and there's one for him as well! Demetrius Lake tried to sneak Skywalker Jones from behind, but it didn't work!

[There's a man down in each corner... the Phighter, Hernandez, Rogers, and Lake. Only Sweet Daddy Williams is left standing with Skywalker Jones, and the two men square off... before turning and running to opposite corners! Williams hits Rogers with a buttsmash (turning into the turnbuckle, hitting the seated Rogers in the face with his big glutes) while Jones opts for a spectacular handspring spinning kneesmash on the Phighter! They turn back around, run at one another before doing a dosey-do to get themselves spun ninety degrees to repeat the moves on Lake and Hernandez respectively!]

BW: WHAT IN THE WORLD, MYERS?!

GM: Remember, these two men have done some teaming of late! Jones joined Williams and Willie Hammer for a six man tag match against the Dogs Of War recently, and the trio made a couple attempts to defeat the Dogs on untelevised events as well. They worked out some maneuvers for those subsequent matches, Bucky.

[But all things must come to an end as Jones and Williams meet back in the center and throw punches at each other. The crowd is hot for this action as

Sweet Daddy gets on a big roll, hammering Skywalker to the canvas with authority!]

BW: At least they remembered that it's every man for himself!

GM: Just like the Rumble! We will see teamups made and abandoned in moments! That's how this kind of match works!

BW: The King will put an end to this!

GM: The King is laying on the apron after Sweet Daddy smashed into him at top speed! Williams hooks up Jones... RILEY ROUNDUP.... NO! Jones pushes Williams off into the corner, and Sweet Daddy crashed right into the South Philly Phighter!

[The landing was like an assisted Bronco Buster, and the Phighter is out of it. Jones sees a man leaning in the corner, and only one possibility comes to mind. He points at a turnbuckle adjacent to that one as Williams and Hernandez lock up and start exchanging punches and holds.]

BW: Oh no... what's the point of this?! He could just throw the guy out! This is the South Philly Phighter, not Supreme Wright!

GM: Skywalker Jones sees the chance to hit one of the most spectacular moves in the sport! Up on top! The crowd on their feet!

SJ: "___YOUTUBE!___"

[Jones leaps for a coast-to-coast flying dropkick... and comes to a shocking stop in mid-flight as the 6'9" "Black Tiger" catches him in mid-flight! Lake, who is on the ring apron, reaches over the top rope, grabs Jones out of the air, and hurls him sidelong to the floor!]

BW: HA HA HA HA! IDIOT!

GM: OH MY STARS! I don't think Skywalker Jones could have reasonably anticipated THAT!

BW: You better be anticipating with the King Of Wrestling!

GM: Sometimes his antics make us forget how strong he... NO!

[Speaking of forgetting things, Sweet Daddy and Hernandez are trying to eliminate Rogers... but Lake comes up behind them and dumps them both out! Rogers pulls himself back in, only for Lake to grab him by his trunks and throw him out immediately after!]

BW: He just singlehandedly beat Skywalker Jones, Sweet Daddy Williams, Matt Rogers, and Cesar Hernandez at the same time.

GM: HE DID NOT! At no time were all four of those men after Lake simultaneously, and he ambushed every one of them! Plus, the match isn't over... the South Philly Phighter is...

BW: ...a formality.

GM: Well, that may be.

[Lake cockily walks across the ring, crowing about his great win. He easily scoops the Phighter up, and...

...the unmistakable opening riff of "Bad Seed" by Metallica hits the PA. And the crowd EXPLODES.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: OH MY!

BW: HE CAN'T BE HERE! MYERS, DAVE BRYANT CAN'T BE HERE!

GM: THEN TELL _HIM_ THAT!

[Demetrius Lake drops the Phighter as a familiar blue sequined robe, hairstyle, and beard indicate otherwise, as what looks like "The Doctor Of Love" Dave Bryant comes flying down the aisle in a sprint! He slides in the ring, rushes Lake... and gets unceremoniously dumped over the top rope by the King on the other side of the ring! Lake flings him clean out of his robe as he biel throws the intruder out of the ring with ease.]

BW: HA HA HA! He's suspended AND eliminated! There's what would have happened in the Rum... HEY!

[The camera gets a good look at the interloper, and it is not Dave Bryant at all. It's his robe, his trunks, and his hairstyle. But the man underneath all of that is preliminary wrestler Paulie Italiano, wearing a wig (which has also fallen off).]

GM: That was not Dave Bryant at all! I don't know what Paulie Italiano was thinking but... LOOK!

BW: NO!

[Lake glares down and points at Italiano threateningly. He leans over the top rope and tells Italiano that he's going to get hurt real, real bad. His expression is thoroughly frightening as he's clearly enraged.

But he's also clearly distracted... because the South Philly Phighter is able to come up behind him with a lunging, desperate double axehandle... and knock Lake (leaning over the ropes so Italiano can hear him) head over heels to the floor. AT that moment, the Viejas Arena is DEAFENING!]

BW: NO! NO!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: MY GOD, THE PHIGHTER WINS! THE PHIGHTER WINS! THE PHIGHTER WINS!

[Clutching his head in absolute disbelief, the South Philly Phighter looks around to see if it's true. "Philadelphia Freedom" by Elton John starts playing over the PA, and he rolls on the mat flailing in joy! Lake, having landed on his feet, is almost catatonic, gazing off in the distance in horrified shock! Italiano, having at least two brain cells to rub together to breathe, runs for his life. And the fans are going banana!]

BW: Paulie Italiano is going to DIE. And Dave Bryant is going to die harder than Hans Gruber, Myers! You know Bryant planned this! You know he did! He's been mentoring these preliminary kids, you know that!

GM: And one of them is the winner! Bucky, the South Philly Phighter with the biggest win of his life! Demetrius Lake is on the verge of a coronary!

[Lake is shaking his head, clutching the robe in his hand. He is still in shock, wandering the outside, and the crowd revels in this reaction as the Phighter jumps up and down in the ring. The crowd is practically signing along with "Philadelphia Freedom" as Lake rolls into the ring, probably to murder the Phighter. Unfortunately for him, Jones, Williams, and Hernandez have re-entered the ring. Lake stomps in frustrated rage and exits the ring again as Williams and Hernandez put the South Philly Phighter up on their shoulders!]

BW: This is a joke! This is a sick joke! You can't tell me that the South Philly Phighter could ever win a match that Demetrius Lake was in!

PW: THE WINNER OF THE BATTLE ROYAL... THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

BW: DAMMIT WATSON, PAY ATTENTION! YOU CAN'T TELL ME THAT!

GM: Demetrius Lake is getting some karmic payback for... oh no.

[Lake accosts Myers at the commentary table, and shouts into his ear (and mic).]

DL: YOU SAW THAT, TV ANNOUNCER! THIS IS DAVE BRYANT'S ROBE! THIS AIN'T A REPLICA! HE'S BACKSTAGE RIGHT NOW! HE'S ILLEGALLY HERE! I AM GOING TO TURN SAN DIEGO UPSIDE DOWN UNTIL I FIND THAT BUM, AND HE'LL LOOK LIKE HE LOST A FIGHT WITH A LAWNMOWER WHEN I FINISH WITH HIM! THIS IS HIS ROBE! THESE FOOLS CAIN'T HAVE THE BRAINS TO THINK OF HOW TO OPEN A CARTON OF MILK, LESS KNOWN HOW TO COST ME A MATCH WITH A HOMELESS MAN! I'LL WHUP EVERYONE DAVE BRYANT EVER BREATHED ON IN HIS LIFE UNTIL I DRAG HIM OUT AND WHUP HIM TOO!

[Lake tears the robe in two, throws it on the desk, and storms out as the celebration continues. Let's rub it in some more, kay?]

'Cause I live and breathe this Philadelphia freedom
From the day that I was born I've waved the flag
Philadelphia freedom took me knee high to a man, yeah
Gave me a piece of mama, daddy never had

[The announce team is silent for the moment with the Phighter and San Diego celebrating. Also because Lake 'accidentally' pulled a cord out when he stomped away in a huff. We cut to commercial.]

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.]

And then back up on our announce table where Gordon is grinning and Bucky Wilde looks outraged still.]

GM: Fans, we are back, and this place is still electric over what we just saw.

BW: What we saw was garbage! Dave Bryant isn't even supposed to be in this building! But somehow Paulie Italiano, who Bryant is coincidentally tutoring, happens to show up with Bryant's robe and a wig to interfere

against Demetrius Lake in a match nobody knew was gonna happen? He has to be back there! Somebody wake up O'Neill!

GM: Even I have to agree that circumstantial evidence looks incriminating, but without something more concrete...

BW: CIRCUMSTANTIAL?!

GM: It is, yes.

BW: Are you telling me that Italiano is suicidal?

GM: You do remember what he said about Zharkov on social media last week, which is why he's not cleared to wrestle this week?

BW: Fair point, but pulling this off required brains!

GM: Yes, it was likely Bryant, but it can't be proven. Demetrius Lake got some comeuppance for his devious schemes, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer man. Plus, one would think that the South Philly Phighter has to be considered for a Rumble spot, am I correct?

BW: NO! I will vomit in your shoes if that happens because of this!

GM: Perhaps our own Melissa Cannon can shed some light on that situation... Melissa, take it away!

[We cut back to the locker room area where Melissa is standing in front of the AWA backdrop.]

MC: Thanks, Gordon! The Rumble as part of All-Star Showdown is just two weeks away, and fans, while I'll have the final names to add to that list tonight in the Control Center, it's time to add a handful more.

[The graphic appears with the Rumble entries so far.]

MC: We saw Hercules Hammonds attempt to get his hands on the leader of the Walking Dead earlier tonight only for some trickery with the lights to allow him to escape. In the Rumble, there will be no such escape for JERICHO KAI!

[Kai's image fills an empty spot in the graphic.]

MC: Moments ago, the King of Wrestling made it official... even though he failed in his practice Rumble. In two weeks' time, DEMETRIUS LAKE joins the field of 30!

[Lake's face appears.]

MC: Over the past month or so, we've seen some footage from Japan of a former AWA competitor now competing as part of Tiger Paw Pro. But in two

weeks' time, he makes his return to an AWA ring as part of the Rumble -
MAMMOTH MAXIMUS IS IN!

[Maximus' masked face fills a spot on the graphic.]

MC: And if Maximus is going to be there, so is the man who he'll be facing at Rising Sun Showdown 2 in one month's time... and that just might make him the odds-on favorite in this match... I'm talking about KING Oni!

[The graphic fades.]

MC: With 24 competitors in the field and more to come here tonight, I have to say that the upcoming month of AWA action promises to be one of the biggest in AWA history! With the-

[Melissa freezes, her eyes drifting off to the side.]

MC: You? What are YOU doing here?

[The camera drifts alongside Melissa's gaze, locking on a familiar face to AWA fans...

...a face that generates jeers from inside the arena.

Former Women's Champion. Former color commentator extraordinaire.
Member of AWA management.

And one of the most controversial figures in AWA history.

Lori Dane has arrived on The X.]

MC: You got a lot of guts coming here after what you pulled.

[Lori steps closer to her former student, staring her dead in the eyes.]

LD: We need to talk.

MC: I don't think-

[Lori raises a hand.]

LD: Melissa. Please.

[Cannon eyes her former trainer for several moments before slowly nodding her head. Lori gestures off-camera and Melissa reluctantly follows as we fade back out to Mark Steglet who is standing by on the interview platform.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me right now is the man chosen by Johnny Detson to face World Champion Ryan Martinez for the title later tonight...

[Athletically-built, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, Callum Mahoney approaches the interviewer, still dressed in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front.]

MS: Callum Mahoney, are you surprised? Or is this a plan that you have been in on from the beginning? Have Johnny Detson and his, um, consultant Calisto Dufresne given you your marching orders going into the title match?

CM: Firstly, Stegglet, I am not the type of guy you give marching orders to. Martinez himself said he wants to prove himself worthy of being champion and would give any worthy contender a fair shake at the title. I know all of you expect me to go into this match simply to soften the White Knight up for Johnny Detson, maybe injure an arm, but we all know Martinez will just use it as another excuse not to defend the title.

You see, Stegglet, if I do break Martinez's arm, it's so I can become the World Champion. It's so, two years after I made my AWA debut at Opportunity Knocks, I get to walk into the Fourth of July show THE AWA World Heavyweight Champion. See, I am grateful to Johnny Detson for choosing me, but, being the competitor that he is, I am sure he understands I am not going into this title match merely to soften the champion up for him; I am going into this match with the intention of beating Martinez and becoming the champion!

MS: And if that were to happen, will you then be giving Detson a shot at the World Title?

CM: Tell me, Stegglet, what does winning a Steal the Spotlight match entitle you to?

MS: Well, the right to name a match of your choice.

CM: And has Johnny Detson exercised that right?

MS: He has.

CM: And what match has he named as part of that right?

MS: Johnny Detson versus Ryan Martinez for the World Heavyweight Title at Rising Sun Showdown.

CM: Then, Stegglet, my winning the title tonight will do nothing to change that match. Detson will still get Martinez at Rising Sun Showdown; it just won't be for the title, but maybe the Championship Committee will like the match enough for them to name the winner the new number one contender.

MS: Actually, I believe he challenged the World Champion whoever it may-

[Mahoney raises a hand to silence Stegglet, simply shrugging even as the crowd rains jeers upon him, and, with a chuckle, turns around and walks away from Stegglet as we fade down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Mark Steglet got cut off before he said it but Johnny Detson very clearly challenged the World Heavyweight Champion for Rising Sun Showdown so if that's Callum Mahoney, my understanding is that that's EXACTLY who Detson would be facing.

BW: I agree, Gordo... but perhaps Callum Mahoney's interpreting things differently.

GM: That seems pretty obvious. This has been a wild night of action here in San Diego and we've still got more to come but... what in the world is Lori Dane doing here, Bucky?!

BW: I have no clue other than she apparently wants to talk to Melissa Cannon about something.

[Gordon looks incredulous at Bucky.]

GM: I... of course that's true! What is wrong with you, Captain Obvious?!

BW: Hey, I'm just speaking what I see.

GM: The Call Of The Wilde later tonight should be REAL interesting. But right now, as we look up in the ring here on Saturday Night Wrestling, we can see that Albert Showens is already in the ring for his match. Now, who the match is-

[And just like that, the lights go down and the video screen comes alive with bright shining stars on a night sky, as the breezy "OooohhhhHHHHHhhhhhh" opening vocals to "Millenium" by Robbie Williams starts. Sandra Hayes sweeps the curtain away first, black business pants and golden blouse atop high heels. She touches her thumb with her middle and ring finger and points to the curtain, where Rob Driscoll is soon to follow. The fans boo like crazy as the National Champion comes out and he sticks both hands in the air as well, showing off the goods.]

BW: There it is, Gordo! There's your answer! The Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling himself, the Diamond in the Rough, The Man Who Sets the Standard! Rob Driscoll is in the house, daddy.

GM: Nice of him to join us in the midst of an apparently busy schedule.

BW: Rob Driscoll is the best ambassador we got, buddy, and you know that to be true. He's logged more miles than Delta Airlines.

[Driscoll is dressed to wrestle, in purple trunks and boots, with the diamond on the seat in gold. His vest has transformed into a long sequined robe, sans sleeves, black and gold with the ram's head on the back, and "RD" etched into the forehead. They make the short walk to the ring, Hayes saying something that makes Driscoll snicker, and the champion gravitates to the center immediately, throwing his hands up and looking toward the heavens, as Hayes takes his robe off and throws it outside. Driscoll instructs Hayes to

get a microphone, and as his music dies down, Driscoll stands in the center of the ring, title strapped around his waist.]

MSH: Travis Lynch, Travis Lynch, Travis Lynch.

What have we done for you to treat us so disrespectfully?

[The fans boo as Hayes earnestly shrugs.]

GM: Jeez, I could make quite a list!

MSH: You know, Travis, you're like something a desperate celebrity would try to adopt to look like they care, and we've been really nice to you. We have informed you, quite a few times, that you just aren't in our league.

You're not elite, Trav, and it's not your fault. And there's nothing wrong with that, every Denny's needs a bus boy. But you just don't want to accept the truth. You're outclassed, outworked, and outfought.

But you just don't want to hear it. You think you're providing all these little kids with a role model, when you're doing exactly the opposite. In real life, in sports, there WILL be someone better than you. There WILL be some facts you just have to live with.

Rob Driscoll left you lying in a pool of your own DNA at Memorial Day Mayhem, but you didn't get the memo. You don't have the coping mechanism to realize your limits. So now, Rob Driscoll, there's only one thing left to do...

[Hayes turns the microphone over to her business partner and walks away, as the champion takes it with zeal.]

RD: ...and that, my friends, is to leave no doubt.

Travis Lynch, you've been living on the edge of a lightning bolt for far too long. You lost fair and square at Mayhem, and by the grace of God and Alzheimer's, Landon O'Neill gave ya one more chance. If you were a cat, you'd be all out of lives, buddy. You've cashed in all your mulligans, ya used your Get Out Of Jail Free Card, and you've got no more tricks up your sleeve.

You think you got what you wanted, but I'll be damned if you didn't just seal your own fate.

You are about to find yourself, one on one, with the greatest professional wrestling talent on God's green Earth. No stoppage, no referee intervention, and no excuses.

You think telling the Lovely And Talented Sandra Hayes, the Most Powerful Woman In Wrestling, the Woman Who Makes The Meters Go To Eleven...

[Driscoll stops and points at her with his right hand, and Hayes coyly puts a hand to her mouth.]

RD: ...you think banning her from ringside is gonna hurt me? The last time a Lynch was this misinformed, your brother Jack was born nine months later.

When you take Sandra away from ringside, you take away the best strategy manager in the business, no doubt. You take away a wrestling genius from my arsenal, this is true.

But most of all, when you take Sandra Hayes away from the ringside area, you eliminate ANY excuse that could possibly be out there. The referee can't stop it, Sandra can't fix it, and Travis Lynch can't win it. This match is the end of the line for you, sonny boy, it's your last gasp of the good life. Because when I put ya down for good, when your eyes get sunburned from looking at the lights, you won't have anywhere to turn.

Not to me, not to Sandra, not to the referee. You'll have no one to blame but yourself, and what a bitter pill it will be to swallow. You're gonna have to look at yourself in the mirror and admit that all this time, it's been welfare. You've been the lead passenger on the gravy train, front seat, first row.

But it ends, for good. At the Rumble. And you-

[Driscoll turns on his heel to point at Albert Showens.]

RD: You get to be the messenger. Just for you, Travis Lynch, I have asked Miss Hayes to remove herself from the ringside area. Just to let you know, in case you forgot, that I'll be okay without her. And after she goes to the back, why don't you come on down and sit next to my main man Bucky to get a good look at how a real champion acts. I know ya don't know any, you're damn sure not related to any, so do yourself a favor and take notes.

And if you want to forfeit when the match is over, if you want to give up your title shot? I won't blame you a bit.

[Hayes starts to walk down the aisle, as Gordon talks.]

GM: Folks, we've gotta take a quick commercial break, but things are just heating up here on Saturday Night. Sandra Hayes is walking to the back, and we'll see if Travis Lynch answers the call! We'll be right back!

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and back up to the announcers table where the one and only Travis Lynch has joined Gordon and Bucky to call the action.]

GM: As you can see, folks, Travis Lynch has accepted Rob Driscoll's invitation and has joined us at ringside. Thanks for being here, Travis.

TL: It's an honor to be with the great Gordon Myers and the founder of the Houston branch of the Lynch fan club, Bucky Wilde.

[The audience can almost hear Bucky's eyes rolling back into his head as the bell sounds.]

GM: Albert Showens is ready to challenge for the National Championship here tonight and what an opportunity it is for him.

BW: This should be shorter than Rex Summers victory over Amos Carter earlier tonight.

[The barefooted Albert Showens throws a quick straight kick at the champion but Driscoll easily moves avoids it.]

BW: If Showens thought that was going to catch Driscoll off guard he is dumber than the Sten-

[Bucky quickly stops himself mid-word.]

BW: Umm... then my hillbilly nephews. The champ just smirking at Showens as he tries another one of his flashy kicks that is again nowhere near the mark.

TL: Bucky, if you knew anything about what Showens is trying to do in there, you'd know those kicks aren't supposed to be on the mark. They are Albert trying to find his range and showing off his reach a bit.

GM: I agree with Travis.

BW: Of course you would.

GM: Showens is trying to get into the mind of Driscoll by showing him he doesn't have to be right on top of him to win the National Championship.

[Bucky chuckles as Driscoll and Showens tie up in the center of the ring.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup and Showens quickly takes control, dragging the champion into a side headlock...

[Driscoll grimaces as he grabs at the hands, trying to break the grip on his head.]

GM: The National Champion looking for an escape...

[Driscoll slips his hand up into the air but the referee steps in, rapping Driscoll on the hand and preventing the hairpull.]

GM: Driscoll immediately goes for the shortcut but the official stops him short.

[Showens clenches his teeth, cranking down on the headlock as he drags Driscoll to the center of the ring. "Diamond" Rob drives a forearm into the ribs.]

GM: Driscoll's trying to fight his way out of this...

BW: Watch closely, Lynch... this is going to be you in two weeks.

[A second forearm to the ribs loosens the grip but Driscoll still can't get free.]

GM: Driscoll backs Showens up to the ropes.

[With Showens up against the ropes, the referee calls for the break as Driscoll unloads with two more short forearms to the ribcage. With the headlock broken, the champion shoves him off into the ropes.]

GM: Driscoll shoots him off... drop down...

[Driscoll's attempt to trip up the challenger fails as Showens leaps over the drop down, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back towards Driscoll who leapfrogs over the top...]

GM: Showens hits the ropes again...

[And a charging dropkick right on the chin sends Showens down to the canvas!]

GM: Right in the mush!

BW: You see that one, Lynch? That's going to be your face introduced to the champion's feet.

TL: I know you've got some vision problems from time to time, Bucky, so maybe you couldn't see the two times that I've already taken the champ to his limit.

BW: You mean the two times you've come up short? I saw 'em. They're on permanent replay in my living room.

TL: I may have come up short but it's not 'cause he's better than me, Bucky.

BW: So you say. I say if you were better, you would be the champion now but that man, the crown jewel of wrestling is the champion. And if you were paying attention to the ring you'd be seeing why.

[Driscoll has pulled Showens to his feet, applies a front chancery and snaps the challenger over with a suplex.]

BW: That's one of the crispest suplexes I have seen in the AWA, but it is "Diamond" Rob Driscoll in the ring so I'm not surprised. Look at Driscoll, he's so fluid in the ring as he rolls to his feet and grabs Showens by the hair.

TL: I've seen Driscoll first hand and all I've seen is his dependency on purses and ring bell hammers to gain the upper hand. But all that's going away for him in two weeks.

BW: You know what's also going away? Any shot you'll EVER get at Rob Driscoll and the National Title again.

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[An open-handed slap across the face of Showens sends him falling back into the ropes.]

TL: Driscoll's showin' complete disrespect for Albert there.

[And before Showens can respond to the slap, Driscoll grabs his head and just drives him to the mat with a lightning quick headlock takeover. He rolls his weight onto the shoulders.]

GM: One! Two! But Showens rolls right back the other way, escaping the pin attempt.

[Driscoll slips his legs into a different position, forcing the shoulders down again, earning another two count.]

GM: Another two count but Showens is out again.

BW: Are you going to continue to argue that Rob Driscoll isn't a wizard in that ring, Travis?

TL: Never said he wasn't good, Bucky. Just sayin' when he's in the ring with a man he knows he can't beat-

BW: He'll beat Showens, I'm sure of it.

GM: Travis was speaking about himself, Bucky.

BW: Seriously? He's beaten him TWICE... and in Hawaii, it's not gonna be any different.

TL: In two weeks, we'll all know if you're right.

[In the ring, Showens has managed to work himself up to his feet, wrapping an arm around the waist of Driscoll, trying to shove him off into the ropes.]

GM: Showens shoves him off- no!

[Driscoll hangs on with a handful of hair, preventing the escape. He grins, shaking his head as the official questions him about the illegal tactic. The champion holds his ground, grinding the headlock in deeper.]

GM: That headlock is locked in in the middle of the ring...

BW: And Showens ain't getting out of it without losing an ear.

[Planting his feet, Showens snaps an elbow back into the ribcage of the National Champion!]

TL: Come on, Al!

[Showens drives a second and a third elbow into the gut, breaking the headlock. He snares a side headlock of his own, looking to take him over with a headlock takeover but Driscoll slips his leg between Showens' to block, lifting him off the mat...

...and DROPS Showens down on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh! Belly-to-back suplex!

[Climbing to his feet, Driscoll throws a glance at Travis Lynch before hitting the ropes, charging back into a front roll, hurling himself skyward, and crashing down on a prone Showens with a rolling senton!]

GM: Ohhh! Impressive offense out of Driscoll!

[The National Champion flips over, making the cover.]

GM: One! Two!

[But before Showens has a chance to kick out, Driscoll grabs a handful of hair, yanking him off the mat...

...and turns towards the announce table, smirking in that direction as he pulls Showens off the mat, shoving him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: I think that smirk was aimed at you, Travis.

BW: Of course it was. Gordo. Driscoll is showing Sten- Lynch what a true champion looks like.

[The champion double underhooks the arms of Albert Showens and takes him over with a beautiful butterfly suplex.]

GM: Beautiful suplex! Textbook!

TL: No one ever said the guy couldn't wrestle, Gordo. He wouldn't be wearing that belt around his waist if he wasn't one of the best in the world.

BW: At least you admit that.

TL: But I also think he wouldn't be wearing that belt around his waist if it wasn't for Hayes.

BW: You're deluding yourself.

[Driscoll yanks Showens off the canvas in mid-count again, grinning at the fans' angry reaction as he looks over at Travis. A camera cut to the announcer table shows Travis seated at the table, his fists balled up and arms tensed as they rest on the table.]

TL: Driscoll is just toyin' with Showens and this, Bucky, is why I say he can't beat me. He's not a man, he's just a pompous jackass!

["Diamond" Rob Driscoll grabs the back of Showens' hair and rushes towards the ropes.]

BW: He's not a jackass! He's a true champion! He defends his title nightly against all comers... he's the true face of the AWA! And look at this!

[The AWA National Champion leaps over the top rope and hangs Showens' neck across the top rope as he lands on his feet on the outside. The impact sends Showens falling backwards, crashing to the mat in a heap as Driscoll raises his arms arrogantly out on the floor.]

GM: Driscoll with a deliberate attempt to injure Showens right there, sliding quickly back in to cover!

[Driscoll nods his head with the count...]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[...and then yanks Showens off the mat by the hair, smirking at the deafening boos from the crowd.]

TL: Damn him!

GM: Driscoll pulls him up again and the referee needs to take a long look at stopping this thing, Bucky.

BW: Sure. Get it out of your system now because in two weeks, no one's stopping that one!

[The referee is warning Driscoll as he climbs to his feet, dragging Showens up with him. The National Champion directs a comment towards Travis Lynch.]

BW: Did he just say what I think he said?

GM: I can't believe him!

[Travis is silent for a moment as Driscoll grabs the head of Albert Showens and places it between his legs. There is a thud as Travis drops his headset to the approval of the San Diego fans.]

GM: Uh oh! Travis... Travis, please...

BW: Hey, this is that typical Lynch hot-headed temper!

GM: Did you HEAR what Driscoll said?! Can you blame him?!

BW: All he said was that James needs a friend.

GM: He said it's time someone else besides Jimmy was a cripple, Bucky! It was uncalled for and you know it!

BW: Rob Driscoll wanted to get inside Travis' empty head and he did it!

[Travis grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron as Driscoll goes to lift Showens for a piledriver!]

GM: Driscoll's trying to get Showens up! He's trying to spike him right on top of his head!

[But Showens has other ideas, kicking his legs wildly!]

GM: Showens is fighting it! Keep fighting it, Albert!

[The crowd roars for the challenger as he manages to get his legs back down on the mat as Travis shouts at Driscoll, waving for him to come get a piece of him!]

GM: Showens battles out of it... and Driscoll's shouting back at Travis!

BW: Actually, he's yelling at that incompetent referee, telling him to get Stench down off the apron!

[Showens drops to a knee as Driscoll slams a forearm down across the back of the neck. The National Champion lowers the boom with a heavy

elbowsmash down to the back of the neck as well before pulling Showens back into position!]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Travis again shouts at Driscoll, drawing the champion's attention...

...just long enough for Showens to straighten up, backdropping Driscoll down to the mat! Big cheer!]

GM: OH YEAH! THE CHAMPION GOT SENT UP AND OVER BY ALBERT SHOWENS!

[Travis begins to clap, shouting for Showens to get up to his feet.]

GM: The challenger's got all of these fans - AND Travis Lynch - behind him here tonight in San Diego!

[Driscoll is quickly to his feet first, shouting at the official as he moves in on the challenger. As Showens starts to stir off the canvas, Driscoll reaches down, only to be dragged down into a small package!]

GM: OUT OF NOWHERE! ONE! TWO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

BW: Too close!

GM: Albert Showens showing signs of life as he caught Driscoll completely by surprise there! What else does he have left in the tank? What can he use to put the champion down for a three count?

[Travis Lynch is still shouting encouragement from up on the apron as Driscoll rolls up to his feet, glaring at the Texan before driving the sole of his boot into the side of the rising Showens' head!]

GM: Ohh! Driscoll boots him right in the skull!

BW: Like a true champion would!

[Showens hits the mat as Driscoll turns back to the referee, shouting angrily, his face turning red as he repeatedly points at Travis Lynch. The official moves over to Lynch who argues with him, keeping Driscoll's focus on his opponent in two weeks...]

BW: Driscoll telling the referee to get Stench off of the apron!

[With Driscoll's back turned, Showens approaches, twisting around, reaching back to hook his arms around Driscoll's...]

GM: BACKSLIDE!!

[Showens runs in place, trying to get enough leverage to keep the National Champion down for a three count as the referee sprints across the ring, diving to the mat...]

GM: The referee was out of position! Is it enough?!

[The count comes down twice before Driscoll powers out!]

GM: No! He couldn't get him... but you have to wonder if the result would have been different if the referee was in the right spot!

BW: No, no difference at all.

[Showens is moving a little quicker now, perhaps driven by the pair of near falls as Driscoll continues to bark at the official, shouting at him to get Lynch down. A grinning Travis obliges, dropping off the apron as Driscoll turns...

...and gets grabbed by the arm, a judo throw sending him crashing to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[On the outside, Travis is urging Showens to finish off Driscoll.]

BW: Doesn't Stench realize if Showens wins, he may not be wrestling for the National Title in Hawaii?

GM: Sometimes you just want to see a man get what's coming to him!

[Showens raises his left hand into the air as Driscoll pushes himself to his feet.]

BW: What is he doing?

GM: I think he's... he's calling for Travis' Discus Punch!

[The crowd roars as Showens begins to spin...

...but Driscoll seems ready for it, ducking and snaring the left arm!]

GM: Driscoll hooks him! QUEEN CITY CINCH! QUEEN CITY CINCH!

[The crossface chickenwing is locked in in an instant!]

BW: Queen City Cinch! He's got the Queen City Cinch locked on! Pretty boy Stench better be watching closely right now! Driscoll has the answer to that illegal Discus Punch!

[Travis is pounding the ring apron trying to keep Showens fighting but the Queen City Cinch is just too much and in a matter of moments, Showens taps out.]

GM: He's tapped! Showens has tapped out!

BW: But "Diamond" Rob ain't done with him, Gordo!

GM: Come on, ref! Get him off the man!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The sound of the bell doesn't seem to faze Driscoll who rolls Showens so that he's facing Travis. A furious Travis grabs the middle rope, yanking himself up on the apron as Driscoll releases the hold, throwing Showens aside.]

GM: Finally, he lets go... and look at the eyes of Travis Lynch! That's a man determined to give Rob Driscoll EXACTLY what he's got coming to him in two weeks' time, Bucky.

BW: We'll see about that. My guess is we see Travis flat on his back... again.

[Driscoll looks at Lynch the whole time, smiling as the referee raises his hand and stands him up.]

PW: Your winner of the match, and STILL AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION!

"DIAMOND" ROB DRISCOLLLLLLLLLL!

[Seeing Showens roll to the floor safely, Lynch drops off the apron to the floor, glare fixed on the champion. The referee puts the title belt in Driscoll's hand and he immediately thrusts it into the air to a chorus of boos.]

GM: There it is, Bucky... that's what it's all about. Rob Driscoll won that title back in March - the first man to carry the title since it was reinstated as an AWA championship.

[Driscoll and Lynch are trading verbal barbs back and forth, and Driscoll audibly shouts, "Take a good luck, hayseed, this is where it's at!" Lynch scowls, and slowly backs away.]

GM: The animosity between these two is palpable, Bucky, these man cannot STAND one another!

BW: That's competition, daddy, that's what it brings out of you! They started out as professional rivals, but it couldn't be any more personal than it is right now.

[Lynch looks up at Driscoll, pointing out to Showens and holding his fingers an inch apart.]

GM: Travis letting the champion know just how close he came to losing the gold here tonight.

BW: I don't buy that and neither does Stench. He's just trying to play mindgames with "Diamond" Rob and it's real tough to play mindgames when you're completely unarmed.

[Bucky cackles as Driscoll steps out on the apron, shouting at Lynch again, running his mouth in his direction...]

GM: Driscoll continuing to lay the badmouth on Travis Lynch...

[The crowd "ohhhhs!" as Driscoll spits on the man who he'll defend the title against in two weeks!]

GM: What a-

[Lynch surges forward, grabbing Driscoll by the ankles and YANKING his legs out from under him, sending Driscoll falling off the apron, SMASHING his face against the ring apron, and causing the title to fall to the floor!]

GM: OH!

BW: That no-good-

[Lynch backs off, grinning as Driscoll pushes up, turning to face Lynch with blood streaming from his mouth.]

GM: He busted his mouth open!

[Driscoll shouts in Lynch's direction, blood streaming down his chin as Lynch returns fire, trading verbal harpoons with the National Champion!]

GM: Listen to these two go at it! Tonight, it may be words but in two weeks, these two men will climb back into this ring for the final time with the AWA National Title on the line!

[Lynch steps forward as the referee tries to keep Driscoll back, snatching the fallen National Title belt off the ground. He lifts it over his head to a huge reaction from the San Diego crowd as a handful of AWA officials arrive on the scene, making sure this confrontation doesn't escalate any further.]

GM: Travis has got the title!

BW: Give it back! That doesn't belong to you and NEVER will!

GM: It might! Very well might belong to the Texas Heartthrob in two weeks when those two go at it in Hawaii! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't you dare go away!

[Travis and Driscoll continue to trade words over the bodies in between them as we fade to black...]

A glowing shot of a GFC championship title breaks through the black screen. A voiceover begins.]

“Championship glory.”

[Cut to a black and white shot of a young man speaking - early 20’s, short blonde hair cropped close to his skull, a matching goatee. He’s wearing a GFC t-shirt. This man is Elvis Orton.]

“This guy has been ducking me for over a year. When you finally put the two of us together in the Hexagon on the 4th of July, you’re gonna see fireworks alright.”

[Cut to a different man - starkly different - similar in size but with his hair pulled back into tight dreadlocks. His dark skin is somehow made darker by a pair of super-darkly tinted sunglasses. This man is Montell Vincent.]

“All I hear from this boy is jibber jabber. He runs his mouth a good game... not as good as men... but I can hear `im talking. But what I can’t hear is him giving one single reason why I’m not gonna put him out on the 4th.”

[A shot of the two men squaring off at a fight Press Conference as the voiceover returns.]

“Two of the best welterweights in the world with one goal - find out who is the better man.”

[A quick series of shots of Orton in action - a leaping kneestrike to the jaw of a now-unconscious opponent, a big double leg takedown that drives the victim to the mat, some ferocious ground and pound as the referee waves off the fight.]

EO: Vincent wants the world to think he’s the best... but to be the best, you gotta beat the best. Someone said that once. And it couldn’t be more true. You want to be the man, Vincent? You gotta come through me.

[Cut to a similar series of shots of Vincent in action - a flashy spinning backflst flooring an opponent, a leaping front kick catching a surprised opponent on the chin, some brutal elbowstrikes from the mount splitting open a foe’s skull.]

MV: This kid’s been tryin’ to ride my coattails for too long now. He’s throwin’ shade left and right and I’m sick of it. I’m gonna knock him out... but first, I’m gonna break his jaw so I don’t have to hear him run his mouth anymore.

[Cut to the closeup of Orton.]

EO: This isn’t going to be pretty.

[To Vincent.]

MV: This ain't for the faint at heart.

[To Orton.]

EO: He's going down.

[To Vincent.]

EO: He's going OUT!

[The shot of the two competitors comes up again, the GFC Welterweight Title super-imposed over them both. The voiceover rings out again.]

"The Global Fighting Championship will be LIVE on The X on the 4th of July for Bitter Rivalries. Orton versus Vincent. Dawson versus Keith. Ortega versus Soto. And that's just the tip of the iceberg, fans. You do NOT want to miss the action of the GFC!"

[A graphic comes up with all the show info before fading to black.]

We fade up backstage where the World Heavyweight Champion stands alone, microphone in hand, the AWA banner up on the wall behind him. The AWA's White Knight is wearing a dark blue t-shirt, the words "Count On It!" emblazoned across the chest in silver, while the AWA World Heavyweight title is slung over his shoulder. Otherwise, he's dressed in his usual ring gear. Ryan Martinez' left hand holds the belt to his shoulder, while there's a microphone in his right hand.]

RM: Let's get one thing clear – I'm not going to talk about Johnny Detson tonight. What I have to say to you, Detson, I'll say at another time, and then I'll say it again in Japan, but this time, it'll come in the form of more chops than you'll be able to count. But tonight, Detson, you're not going to get the satisfaction of hearing your name pass my lips again.

No, I'm here to talk about you, Callum Mahoney.

[The dark haired Martinez exhales, his game face slowly sliding into place.]

RM: Tonight's the night I know you've been waiting for, Mahoney. Tonight's the night when you get a shot at the World Heavyweight Title. They don't come easily, I know that. And I know that you understand that tonight, you've got to be better than your best. And I also know that you're going to give me the fight of a lifetime.

You're a tough man, Mahoney. I've seen you in the ring. A year ago, in Los Angeles, you and I were on the same side. I know what you bring to the ring. I know what you can do. I've heard the men screaming when you get hold of their arm. And I've seen the men come walking into the back, their arms hanging limp and useless at their sides.

But I'm ready for you, Mahoney. You need to understand that.

[As the camera lingers on his face, we can see in his eyes that Ryan Martinez is indeed ready.]

RM: Right now, you're thinking to yourself that there's no way I can be ready for you. You're thinking that while you can afford to focus everything on your shot tonight, I have to be thinking about other people. The man who sent you after me? We both know why he chose the Armbar Assassin to do his dirty work. And you're banking on me to be distracted. You're thinking I'm going to take my eyes off you, and that's when you'll move in.

You're wrong, Mahoney.

My eyes are clear and they're fixed on you.

You're a dangerous man. You can beat anyone, anyone at all, with that armbar. You hook that in, and it's all over.

But you're not doing that tonight. Not to me, Mahoney.

Because for all the things you can do, one thing you cannot do, one thing you've never been able to do, is beat a champion face to face. And I know you don't like to hear that. But you're a backbiter, Mahoney. You're a bully.

And no bully has ever beat a champion, face to face.

You couldn't beat the Sultan head to head. You couldn't beat Sudakov when you're weren't sneaking up on him. When they saw you coming, you crumbled. Well, like I said, Mahoney, I'm looking right at you.

Tonight's your night. Your night to get beat. Yes, you're tough. Yes, I expect to wake up tomorrow with two black eyes and a body full of bruises. I'm going to that ring tonight expecting a nasty fight with a guy who'll cut every corner and do everything he can to grind me into the mat.

Don't count on my being distracted. Don't expect you're going to jump me when I'm not looking. You're the only person in my sights tonight. And tough as you are? You're not going to get up after the Brainbuster. You come at me, face to face, one on one, and you lose Mahoney. Maybe you don't want to hear that. But tonight, I'm going to prove it to you.

Count on it!

[With a nod, Martinez steps away, as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Some strong words there from the World Heavyweight Champion just moments before he comes down here to compete against Johnny Detson's hand-picked challenger for tonight's Main Event - Callum Mahoney. We've heard from both champion and challenger here tonight... as well as from Detson who intends to challenge the World Champion - whoever it is - at Rising Sun Showdown 2. Bucky, what do you make of this whole situation?

BW: I gotta admit, Gordo... when I heard that Detson was going to be picking Martinez' opponent here tonight, I assumed he'd go with Calisto Dufresne.

GM: I think Dufresne did as well.

BW: It made sense. Someone who has promised to help Detson capture the World Title... someone who might be willing to forego his title aspirations to try and injure Martinez instead, to soften him up for Detson. Now, Mahoney? Mahoney is gonna soften Martinez up - no doubt about that. But if he gets a chance to win the title, you better believe he's gonna take it. This is a... it's a calculated risk by Detson. He picked someone who can do his dirty work... but he also picked someone who could very well throw a monkeywrench in all of his plans. Will it work out for him? We're about to find out.

GM: I couldn't have said it better myself. Phil Watson, the floor is yours!

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

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

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

GM: Ryan Martinez came out here two weeks ago and said he wanted to take on all comers. He wants to defend that title against the best in the world and he certainly has his work cut out for him here tonight.

BW: Callum Mahoney is tough as nails... a former bare-knuckle brawler on the European carnival circuit... and that armbar. Make no mistake, he's got other weapons but if he hooks that armbar on Ryan Martinez, we're going to have a new World Champion right here tonight.

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

GM: Mahoney, at one point, was a very popular competitor here in the AWA but after turning on Sultan Azam Sharif last year at SuperClash and subsequently breaking his arm earlier this year, Mahoney has become one of the reviled men in the AWA locker room.

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops the jacket to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match as we hear the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.

As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, only for the sound to be drowned out by the sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.

A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi" until they two are drowned out by the White Knight's legions of fans.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp. He wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background. The jacket is open, and around his waist is the AWA World Heavyweight title belt.]

GM: There it is, Bucky. The greatest prize in all of professional wrestling today... many would say the greatest prize in the history of our great sport.

BW: You can keep your titles from Los Angeles... from Portland... from Toronto... from South Laredo... from Baltimore, Japan, Tampa, and all points in between. When you're talking about the premier prize in the glorious history of this sport, you're talking about the title that Ryan Martinez is carrying around his waist... for now.

GM: Callum Mahoney stands in his path here tonight and if he can survive that, he's got Johnny Detson, the Steal The Spotlight winner for 2015, waiting in the wings in the Tokyo Dome for Rising Sun Showdown 2.

[The AWA's White Knight moves halfway down the aisle, and then pauses, looking out over the crowd, arms thrown out wide, fingers flexing as the fans scream for their hero. As the crowd continues to cheer wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the

apron, before climbing up on the apron, stepping between the top and middle rope. Entering the ring, Ryan sheds his jacket, and hands it to a ring attendant.

Fittingly, the White Knight's gear is predominantly white – on his hands he wears a pair of tight fitting white gloves that extend from fingertips to wrist. The palms of the gloves are black and each has, embossed in gold, half of a knight's helm, so that the entire helm is formed when his hands come together. On his right elbow is a long elbow pad, also white in color, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His long white ring pants have on the right leg a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.

Martinez removes his belt, bringing it to his lips and kissing the face plate before handing it off to the referee. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night
This is a battle song, we own the night#

[The music fades as Mahoney takes his spot in the center of the ring, barking insults at Martinez who stands in the corner, leaning over to stretch out his hamstrings as Phil Watson begins.]

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

[Boos pour down on the Fighting Irishman who continues to threaten Martinez from across the ring.]

PW: From County Cork, Ireland... weighing in at 240 pound... he is the Fighting Irishman... he is the Armbar Assassin... he is...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOONEYYYYY!

[The jeers intensify as the Fighting Irishman raises his arms over his head, keeping his eyes locked on Ryan Martinez who is swinging his arms back and forth across his chest, hopping on the balls of his feet, trying to stay loose as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Cheers erupt already for the AWA's White Knight.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

RYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[Martinez raises his right arm, eyes locked on Mahoney. Phil Watson makes his exit as Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps between champion and

challenger, making the Irishman backpedal a few steps as he gives final instructions to both men.]

GM: This San Diego crowd is JACKED for this one, fans. You can feel the enthusiasm... the excitement... the intensity in the air as these two men prepare to wage war for the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

[Johnny Jagger puts an arm in front of Mahoney, keeping him at bay until he can signal for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Mahoney comes on fast, trying to corner Martinez. He throws an overhand right that Martinez blocks before blasting Mahoney with a forearm shot that sends the Irishman careening backwards.]

GM: Hard shot by the champion to get things started!

[Mahoney shakes it off, spinning back towards Martinez who greets the incoming challenger with a knife edge chop that blisters the pectorals of Mahoney who staggers backwards, his arms wheeling through the air to keep his balance.]

GM: Another hard shot! The champion showing early on that if Mahoney wants to throw, he can throw down with the best of `em!

[Martinez moves in on Mahoney who lunges forward, hooking a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Mahoney ties him up, trying to slow him down.

[The challenger twists Martinez around, shoving him back against the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break but neither champion nor challenger oblige, jockeying for position up against the ropes. Martinez turns it around, pushing Mahoney back.]

GM: Neither man able to get a clear edge so far...

[The Irishman again spins Martinez, pushing him back against the ropes for a split second before Martinez turns him, shoving him into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The champion got the better of that exchange, putting Mahoney up against the buckles. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger stepping in, calling for the break...

[He gets it as Martinez lets up...

...and Mahoney drills him between the eyes with a headbutt!]

GM: Oh! Mahoney caught the champion by surprise right there!

[With Martinez staggering, Mahoney drills him with an overhead elbow smash down across Martinez' shoulder!]

GM: And right away, Mahoney makes it clear what his target is in this one, fans. He's going right after Martinez' right shoulder, the ailment that has plagued Martinez from virtually Day One here in the AWA.

[Mahoney stalks after the World Champion, pursuing him into the corner where Martinez is grabbing at his right shoulder. The Fighting Irishman spins him around, back against the buckles as he opens fire.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

BW: Wow! Mahoney clubbed him like he owed him money!

[A devastating overhand forearm shot leaves Martinez clinging to the top rope as Mahoney grabs a handful of hair, yanking Martinez back up, and clubs him a second time across the sternum!]

BW: Martinez may have those machine gun chops but I don't know if they're anywhere near as punishing as those forearm blows of Mahoney.

[He yanks the hair again, dragging Martinez straight up and down before BLASTING him with a third forearm to the chest! The referee can be heard ordering Mahoney out of the corner.]

GM: Mahoney's got Martinez reeling early on in this one, grabbing the hair again...

[He throws another forearm, this one blasting Martinez across the left ear, sending him down to a knee near the buckles.]

BW: Callum Mahoney is showing Ryan Martinez that he's not the only hard hitter in the AWA locker room.

GM: After the war that Martinez had with Supreme Wright to win the title in the first place, I'm sure Martinez already knew there were some vicious strikers in the AWA.

BW: Consider it a friendly reminder.

[Hooking Martinez around the head, Mahoney uses a snap mare to take him up and over, putting him flat on his back on the mat before the Fighting Irishman drops an elbow down across the throat!]

GM: Big elbow on target... but Mahoney knows it won't be enough to finish Martinez so he's not even looking to cover him right there.

[The Armbar Assassin climbs off the mat, gesturing for Martinez to get up. As the World Champion rolls to his hip, looking to get back to his feet, Mahoney unloads with a short kick to the shoulder area!]

GM: Oh! He just kicked him RIGHT in that shoulder!

BW: Sometimes the simplest of moves can be the most devastating, daddy.

GM: And you can hear a concerned hush over this crowd here in San Diego, just down the road from Martinez' hometown of Los Angeles. We know he's got friends in the crowd tonight... family as well.

BW: I heard his old man couldn't make it though. Off on the set of Dumb And Dumber.

GM: They're making another one?

BW: No, this one's a documentary about him!

[Mahoney drags Martinez off the mat, pushing him back into the corner again.]

GM: Mahoney backs him down, putting a hurting on Ryan Martinez in the early part of this match. This is Mahoney's first ever shot at the World Heavyweight Title and like Ryan said, those opportunities don't come along very often. You better believe that Mahoney will bring his A game here tonight... ohh! Another hard forearm across the chest!

[The blow leaves Martinez gasping for air against the buckles, his arms draped over the top rope as Mahoney winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But as Martinez reels from the blow, he shifts his stance and returns fire with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mahoney staggers back, clutching at his chest as Martinez pursues.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He's lighting up the Fighting Irishman!

[The World Champion takes aim again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[But as Mahoney falls back, he takes advantage of Martinez' aggression, dropping down, scissoring the left ankle, and dragging Martinez facefirst to the canvas with a drop toehold!]

GM: Oh! Mahoney takes him down out of nowhere and-

BW: HE'S GOING FOR IT!

[The crowd roars with surprise as Mahoney rolls up the torso of Martinez, hooking the right arm with both hands. The crowd exults Martinez to bail out, shouting for the World Champion who reaches out with his left hand, grabbing the bottom rope.]

GM: And Martinez gets to the ropes! The referee orders Mahoney to let go of the arm!

BW: Martinez got REAL lucky there, Gordo. Mahoney had his hands on that arm and he wasn't about to let go of it until the bell had rung and the title was his!

[Mahoney gives up the grip on the wrist, climbing to his feet...

...and booting Martinez in the head as he tries to get up off the mat!]

GM: Oh! Hard stomp to the back of the head by the challenger!

[The blow rolls Martinez onto his back where Mahoney takes aim, stomping down on the right side of the collarbone!]

GM: Mahoney working his way back towards that arm. Always thinking about the injured arm... trying to find a way to soften him up for that Armbar.

BW: Like I said, Gordo... if Mahoney gets that armbar locked in, it's curtains for the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Mahoney measures the downed Martinez before lifting his right leg, tucking it up...

...and DROPPING a heavy knee down across the shoulder, causing Martinez to sit up in pain!]

GM: Ohh! That'll- oh, come on!

[The Fighting Irishman balls up his fist and DRIVES it in between the eyes of Martinez, causing him to flop back down to the mat. Mahoney climbs off the World Champion, dragging him up to his feet by the right arm, twisting it around.]

GM: Armwringer by Mahoney, going right back to work on the arm again...

[Martinez BLASTS Mahoney with a left-handed forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Martinez firing back!

[He uses the left arm to strike again, smashing into the ear of Mahoney!]

GM: He's trying to break that grip on his arm!

[A third forearm strike connects, causing Mahoney's grasp to loosen...

...until he pulls Martinez into a knee to the midsection!]

GM: Well, that will cut off the attack of Ryan Martinez for the moment at least as Mahoney goes downstairs. Irish whip coming up...

[But as he attempts it, Martinez reverses, sending Mahoney bouncing off the ropes...]

GM: Mahoney coming back... LIFT!

[Martinez DROPS Mahoney facefirst on the canvas with a flapjack, leaving the Fighting Irishman down on the mat.]

GM: Martinez took him all the way up and all the way back down HARD to the canvas, fans!

[The World Champion climbs up to a knee, grabbing at his right arm before pushing up to his feet. He plods across the ring, leaning into the ropes as Mahoney tries to get up off the mat behind him...]

GM: Martinez is up but he's unable to take advantage of the situation as the Fighting Irishman is climbing back to his feeeeeeeee-OHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon with a roar as a charging Martinez throws his left arm out, catching Mahoney with a clothesline that sends them BOTH toppling over the top rope, crashing down hard to the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: OVER THE TOP... and both men go down HARD on the floor, fans!

BW: This is Martinez' evil plot, Gordo. The title can't change hands on a countout or a disqualification and he's going to try to get counted out here. He'll lose the match and the winner's part of the purse but he'll keep the World Heavyweight Title.

[The referee starts a double count on both men as the crowd implores Martinez to get off the ground and keep fighting.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is the first one to show signs of life out on the floor, pushing up to all fours. So much for your theory, Bucky.

BW: He's not back in the ring yet, Gordo.

[Martinez pushes off the floor at the count of four, wobbling towards the ring where he pulls Mahoney off the mat...

...who yanks him into a brutal European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Mahoney!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Mahoney SLAMS Martinez' face down into the ring apron!]

GM: And while most guys would want to avoid a brawl with Callum Mahoney, after seeing Martinez in that war with Caleb Temple back at Memorial Day Mayhem, I have to think Martinez might even welcome it!

[Mahoney shoves Martinez into the ring then drags his head under the ropes by the hair. He takes aim...

...and SLAMS an overhead elbow down on the throat of the World Champion!]

GM: Martinez is left coughing and choking down on the mat as Mahoney walks away from him.

[Using the grip on the hair, Mahoney flips Martinez over so that he's facefirst down on the apron. He pulls the hair, dragging Martinez a little further off the apron where he SMASHES his knee repeatedly into the face of the World Champion!]

GM: Mahoney is absolutely BRUTALIZING the World Champion out there on the floor!

[Mahoney throws a half dozen knees before dragging Martinez back under the ropes, dropping him down to the floor.]

GM: Both men back outside again... and perhaps it's Mahoney who wants no part of Martinez in the ring, Bucky.

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. Callum Mahoney's a calculating kind of guy. He knows that he can't win the title outside the ring. He knows he needs a pinfall or submission to walk out of here tonight as the World Heavyweight Champion. He wants to do some damage out on that floor, get Martinez back in, lock on that Armbar, and win the gold.

[Mahoney drags Martinez off the ringside mats, cracking him under the chin with another European uppercut...

...to which Martinez responds with an open-handed slap across the face!]

GM: Oh my!

[A fuming mad Mahoney DRILLS him with another uppercut...

...and gets slapped a second time!]

BW: Martinez is just making him mad, Gordo!

[Mahoney grabs the hair again, throwing uppercut after uppercut after uppercut, laying in a half dozen that leave Martinez reeling against the ring apron...

...before he surges forward, smashing his head into Mahoney's!]

GM: Headbutt!

[He grabs Mahoney by the hair, uncorking some brutal elbowstrikes to the ear!]

GM: Oh! OH! OHHH!

[The blows leave Mahoney down on a knee as Martinez lets loose a howl to his fans who echo in response.]

GM: Martinez has got Mahoney in trouble now! Giving him a taste of his own medicine with those brutal forearm shots to the side of the head!

[A dazed Mahoney lifts off a knee, hoisting Martinez up on his shoulders in a fireman's carry!]

GM: He's got Martinez up! He's got him up on his shoulders and what is he going to do with-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers as Mahoney shoves Martinez up and over his head, dropping him chestfirst down on the steel barricade at ringside!]

GM: Good grief! He might've cracked his sternum, fans!

[Johnny Jagger slides out to the floor, getting up in the face of Mahoney, shouting at him as Martinez rolls back and forth on the floor, clutching his chest in pain.]

GM: Callum Mahoney took a shortcut there. The referee would be perfectly within his rights to disqualify Mahoney for that but I don't think he's going to, fans.

BW: Mahoney just showed Martinez that he's willing to do ANYTHING to win that World Title here tonight... as he should be!

[Mahoney takes a few moments of verbal abuse from the AWA's Senior Official before brushing past him, pulling Martinez off the floor by the hair, swinging him around by the back of the tights...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and throws him shoulderfirst into the steel ringsteps!]

GM: RIGHT ON THAT SHOULDER!

[Martinez crumples to the floor, again grabbing at his right shoulder as Mahoney stands over him, looking down at the hurting World Heavyweight Champion.]

GM: Mahoney strikes and he strikes hard out there on the floor, leaving the World Champion in a bad way.

BW: He's got him right where he wants him, Gordo. Mahoney needs to put Martinez in the ring, hook that Armbar, and walk out of San Diego as the new World Champion.

GM: He looks like he may be taking your advice, Bucky.

[Mahoney hurls Martinez under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him. The Fighting Irishman climbs to his feet, pulling Martinez off the mat and into a tight double underhook. He wrenches up on the butterfly hold a few times, stretching out the injured shoulder...

...and perfectly executes the suplex, hurling Martinez down to the canvas where he floats into a cover, driving his forearm bone right across the cheek of the World Champion!]

GM: Mahoney's got one! He's got two!

[But Martinez' left shoulder comes flying off the mat at two. Mahoney slips into the mount position, slamming his left palm down on the right shoulder!]

GM: Mahoney going right back after the shoulder...

[He lifts Martinez off the mat by the torso...

...and then SLAMS him back down on the right shoulder!]

GM: Martinez' shoulder is taking a pounding in this one just as we knew it would...

[Mahoney suddenly surges into motion, gripping the right wrist with his left hand, swinging his legs around to try and scissor the arm...]

GM: ARMBAR!

[The legs get around the arm but just for a moment as Martinez rolls to his knees, reaching around the legs of Mahoney to SLAM his left fist into the mush... and again... and again...]

GM: Martinez pounding away, trying to break free!

[A well-placed blow to the bridge of the nose breaks the hold, allowing Martinez to yank his right arm free, climbing to his feet and staggering towards a corner, clutching his shoulder.]

GM: Martinez trying to create some distance between he and Mahoney.

BW: Did you see how fast he was out of there? He knows how dangerous that armbar is and he's afraid of it, Gordo!

GM: A healthy respect is the way I'd deem it. He's not afraid of it but he does indeed realize the danger and realizes he needs to avoid that hold at all costs.

[Mahoney rolls to his knees, checking his nose for blood before climbing to his feet. He rushes towards the cornered Martinez, throwing a front kick to the midsection.]

GM: The challenger stays on the attack, driving that boot into the gut...

[He grabs Martinez by the hair, laying into him with a European uppercut that snaps the head back.]

GM: Another uppercut blow by Mahoney.

[He grabs Martinez by the arm, whipping him across.]

GM: Cross-corner whip by the challenger, following him in!

[And he runs headlong right into a raised boot from Martinez!]

GM: OHHH! Martinez got the leg up!

[Mahoney falls back, staggered as Martinez grabs the top rope, steadying himself.]

GM: Mahoney comes in again!

[But this time, Martinez sidesteps, hurling Mahoney chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: He missed and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez secures a waistlock, looking for a German Suplex. Mahoney is quick to land a pair of elbows to the side of the skull, stunning Martinez as Mahoney grabs the wrist, twisting to the side, leaping up to scissor the arm!]

GM: ARMBAR! HE'S GOING FOR IT AGAIN!

[Martinez gets dragged down to the mat with Mahoney's legs wrapped around his arm as Mahoney tries to secure the cross armbreaker that he's become known for!]

GM: Martinez is fighting it! The World Champion is DESPERATE to avoid this hold!

[Mahoney tries to lean back, trying to wrench Martinez' hand out from the grip of the other one...]

GM: Martinez is trying to keep his hands locked together so that Mahoney can't hyper-extend the elbow!

[The crowd is roaring for Martinez as he tries to prevent the Armbar from being applied, pushing himself off the canvas to his knees, and then up to his feet...]

...where he SLAMS a boot into the spine of Mahoney!]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick by the World Champion!

[With Mahoney dangling from his right arm, Martinez opens fire with kicks to the spine...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Mahoney lets go of the hold, slumping down onto all fours on the canvas as Martinez falls back into the ropes, attempting to shake the pain out of his right arm...]

GM: Martinez coming up from behind... waistlock!

[The youthful World Champion snares the waistlock with the hope of performing a deadlift German Suplex on Mahoney who is still down on all fours...]

...but soon recoils, grabbing his right shoulder in pain.]

GM: No, no... he couldn't get it!

[Mahoney pushes up to his feet, moving in from behind on Martinez. He hooks the right wrist, looping the arm around Martinez' throat as he pulls the back of Martinez' neck down onto his shoulder, dropping down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Neckbreaker by the challenger!

[Mahoney rolls into a cover, again driving his forearm bone into Martinez' cheekbone.]

GM: Two count only for the challenger.

[He climbs up off the mat, leaping up into the air, and double stomps the gut of Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! Shades of Anton Layton... and another cover!

[Another two count follows before Mahoney climbs up off the canvas.]

GM: Two count again... and somewhere in this building, Johnny Detson is sitting, watching, and smiling at the torment that Ryan Martinez is going through in this contest, fans.

[Mahoney grabs two hands full of hair, hauling Martinez up and hurling him into the corner. He steps in after him, giving a shout as he squares up...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Mahoney uncorks his own version of Machine Gun Chops in the corner, landing a dozen of them quickly and with great impact...

...until the World Champion's eyes blaze with fury, spinning Mahoney around into the buckles!]

GM: UH OH!

[Martinez looks out at the fans, soaking in their cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] –"

[But as he winds up for the next one, Mahoney catches the blow coming in, hooking it under his right armpit. He leaps up on the middle rope, kicking off, twisting through the air...

...and DRIVES Martinez down to the canvas with a tornado single arm DDT!]

GM: OHHHH! THAT MIGHT DO IT, FANS!

[Mahoney quickly rolls him over, hooking the leg tightly.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Martinez' left shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas to break the pin in time to cheers from the crowd...]

...which quickly turn to jeers as Mahoney spins out of the lateral press, hooking the arm between his legs, grabbing the wrist with both hands...]

GM: CROSS ARMBREAKER!

[Again, Martinez clasps his own hands, trying to prevent the hold from being fully applied - avoiding the possible hyper-extension of his elbow!]

GM: Martinez is fighting it, trying to hang on!

[Martinez flails about, kicking his legs, pulling his arm, trying to wrest free of Mahoney's grip as the Armbar Assassin uses his right hand to slap at Martinez' left wrist, trying to break the grip that is saving the World Title at this point.]

GM: Mahoney's trying to break that counter!

[Martinez shakes his head, fighting to hang on to his own wrist with all he's got. The crowd is roaring for him as Johnny Jagger circles, watching to see if Mahoney can hook in the deadly submission hold!]

BW: Look at the tenacity of Mahoney trying to apply that hold!

GM: But Martinez is just as tenacious avoiding it!

[Martinez again rolls towards his attacker, taking a knee. He takes several deep breaths, climbing to his feet as Mahoney continues to try and get his finishing hold applied...]

GM: Martinez is on his feet... still trapped in the confines of that hold but up on his feet...

[With a shout, Martinez grits his teeth and attempts to lift the Fighting Irishman off the canvas...]

GM: MARTINEZ! MARTINEZ!

[The crowd ROARS as the World Champion powers the stunned Mahoney up into the air. Mahoney looks back and forth incredulously as Martinez lifts him all the way up...

...and COLLAPSES into the buckles with him for a buckle bomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ COUNTERS!

[The World Champion is down on his knees for five seconds before climbing up, grabbing Mahoney by the wrist.]

GM: The champion fires him from corner to corner... here he comes!

[Martinez lowers his shoulder, ready to drive the air out of the challenger with a spear...

...but Mahoney pulls himself clear, causing Martinez to sail between the top and middle buckles, smashing his shoulder into the steel!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief!

[Mahoney slips in behind the World Champion, dragging him down in a schoolboy!]

GM: FOR THE TITLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez lifts a weary arm up into the air, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only but... man oh man, that was a close one, fans.

“FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIFTEEN MINUTES!”

[Mahoney rolls out to the floor, grabbing Martinez by the arms, dragging him under the buckles towards the steel ringpost.]

GM: Oh no.

[Mahoney grabs the right arm of Martinez, taking aim...

...and YANKS him shoulder-first into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Planting his foot on the steel post, Mahoney jerks backwards, straining the shoulder further.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The referee quickly starts a count, getting to four swiftly and causing Mahoney to break off the attack. The Fighting Irishman gives the official some grief from the floor before rolling back in, dragging Martinez off the canvas.]

GM: The challenger’s got the World Heavyweight Champion back against the corner again...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[But as he delivers the big forearm blow, Martinez steps out, grabbing him by the hair, swinging him back into the corner...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Martinez lands the big knife edge chop but instantly recoils, grabbing his own shoulder in pain. He staggers in a full circle back towards Mahoney who rushes forward, dropping the champion with a left-handed clothesline!]

GM: Mahoney takes him down again!

[The Irishman applies a lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[And up comes the shoulder, breaking the pin to big cheers from the San Diego crowd.]

GM: Another near fall but again, Ryan Martinez is able to kick out and save his World Title, Bucky.

BW: But for how long, Gordo? Callum Mahoney has tormented that arm and he’s literally one application of that Armbar away from being the World Champion. How much more punishment can Ryan Martinez take?

GM: If the past year has taught us anything, the answer to that question is - a ton!

[Mahoney sneers at the jeering fans as he circles the ring, moving back in on the downed World Champion. The fans are letting him have it. He stops his attack in mid-motion, turning to shout at the jeering fans.]

GM: Callum Mahoney may be starting to lose his cool thanks to these fans here in San Diego...

[He leans down, pulling Martinez up by the arm, whipping him the short distance into the turnbuckles. He charges in after him, throwing a back elbow into the collarbone!]

GM: Mahoney’s got Martinez reeling...

[He grabs the arm again.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[And as soon as Mahoney hits the buckles, Martinez comes steaming in after him, throwing up his leg...]

BW: YAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAA!

[The foot bounces off the chin of the challenger, sending him into Dream Land as he staggers out into the waiting grasp of the World Champion who tugs him into a front facelock...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Martinez isn't wasting any time!

[He reaches back, snagging a handful of Mahoney's singlet.]

GM: BRAINBUST-

[But he can't get the Irishman up, forced to set him back down. Again, Martinez spirals away, clutching his injured arm as Mahoney counts his good fortune, staggering in on Martinez, swinging him around by the shoulder...]

GM: Martinez kicks him in the gut!

[With Mahoney doubled up, Martinez steps forward, securing a standing headscissors...]

GM: Wait a second!

[He leans down, hooking one arm... then the other...]

BW: HE CAN'T DO THIS!

GM: Watch him!

[Martinez leaps up, DRIVING Mahoney's face into the canvas with a facebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The World Champion flips Mahoney to his back, diving across his chest, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[Martinez rolls off to a seated position, chuckling to himself as Phil Watson makes it official.]

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

RYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAN MAAAAAAARRRRRTII-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers at the sight of Johnny Detson standing over Ryan Martinez, having just BASHED him over the head with the steel briefcase holding the Steal The Spotlight contract.]

GM: Johnny Detson, out of nowhere, just assaulted the World Champion!

BW: For his blatant theft of the Wilde Driver, no doubt!

[An angry Detson slams the case down on the canvas, pulling a dazed Martinez off the canvas, tugging him into a standing headscissors of his own...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait one second!

[Detson reaches down, angrily hooking one arm... then the other...]

GM: NO!

[...and leaps up, DRIVING Martinez facefirst down onto the briefcase!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Detson throws Martinez to the side, climbing back to his feet. He glares down at him for several moments before striding across the ring, gesturing for the mic.]

JD: You think... you can steal... FROM ME?!

[The crowd jeers loudly.]

JD: Up until now, Rising Sun Showdown was business... pure and simple. But you? You just made this personal, boy.

At Rising Sun Showdown, I'm going to embarrass you... I'm going to humiliate you... I'm going to hurt you... but most of all, I'm going to beat you...

[Detson retrieves the AWA World Title, holding it high in the air.]

JD: ...for this! I'm going to become the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[HUGE JEERS!]

JD: And there's nothing that YOU...

[He turns to point at the fans.]

JD: OR ANY OF YOU...

[Even louder jeers!]

JD: ...CAN DO ABOUT IT!

[Detson slings the title belt over his shoulder.]

JD: But it turns out that you and I... we've got one more stop to make on the road to your last night as the World Champion. And at that stop, the fine folks at the FOX Network want a little something special for their Main Event.

They want yours truly.

[Detson blows on his knuckles, nodding at the jeering crowd.]

JD: So, in two weeks' time, at All-Star Showdown... LIVE with the entire world watching, it's going to be a special tag team showdown with you, the AWA World Champion, and a partner of your choice... taking on me, the NEXT AWA World Champion and a partner of my choice.

[The crowd cheers the idea of the tag match.]

JD: But as you sit there thinking about which of your Legion of Super Heroes might want to be your partner, remember that whoever you choose can NOT compete in the Rumble too.

[Detson grins.]

JD: Boy, I sure hope you can find someone... champ. 'Cause if you can't... well, a handicap match is better than nothing, I suppose.

[Detson chuckles, patting the title belt on his shoulder.]

JD: Never let it be said that Johnny Detson was a thief.

[Detson takes the title belt off his shoulder, planting a kiss on it.]

JD: Until we meet again...

[...and dumps the belt down on Martinez who is starting to move. Detson makes his exit to roaring jeers.]

GM: Can you believe that?! Johnny Detson and a partner of his choice against Ryan Martinez and a partner of his choice in two weeks' time at All-Star Showdown!

BW: But did you hear the catch? Whoever is their partners can't be in the Rumble! That means that if Lynch or O'Connor want to help Martinez, they gotta bow out of the Rumble to do it!

GM: Can Ryan Martinez find a partner? Can Johnny Detson for that matter? That's a developing story over the next couple of weeks, fans... but right

now, we've got to take one more break here tonight! When we come back, it's time for The Call Of The Wilde so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We fade up on a seismograph - a mostly straight line moving across the screen quickly, showing vary slight variations. A voiceover begins.]

"Do you feel that?"

[The screen starts to shake wildly, the seismograph going nuts as the line jags up and down at a ridiculous rate.]

"The shaking. The tremors. The quaking."

[The screen shatters into pieces leaving a single word that is shaking up and down...]

"RUMBLE."

[The word shakes at a fever pitch until it cracks, crumbling down in a cloud of dust that parts, leaving a graphic.]

"July 4th. LIVE on The X."

[Fade back to black.]

We 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: AWAsShop.com.]

Fade back from commercial.

We open to an empty room... or presumably empty since all we can see at the moment is a lightbulb swinging from a cord. A familiar voice is heard, the voice of the Boston Brawler.]

HC: Oh, I try.

[The scene is violently interrupted by static. We then see grainy film of a wrestling ring filled with steel chairs, thumbtacks and broken chunks of a wooden table. In the corner, a silver-haired grappler is having his unique hair color stained blood red by repeated blows to his forehead. Forearm shots delivered by none other than Hannibal Carver.]

Static fills the screen once again, and we once again see the lightbulb.]

HC: For what seems like an eternity now, I've tried.

[More static, and we see a steel cage erected around a wrestling ring. Another grappler is handcuffed to the ropes, screaming and begging for mercy as standing in front of him is a hysterically laughing Hannibal Carver... a tooth freshly busted out of his mouth and the blood pouring out of his own mouth forming a kind of grotesque smile on his already sinister cackling visage.]

Static.

Lightbulb.]

HC: But in the end they keep begging. They keep demanding. That bloodsick beast...

[More static, and this time we see a man in a suit struggling to get to his feet in the middle of a wrestling ring. We pan back and see Carver wrapping his knee with barbed wire. He charges at the man, and the screen is filled with static before we can view the no doubt deadly impact that's about to come.]

The image stabilizes, and once again we see that lightbulb.]

HC: ... that lives deep in my mind. The one that I let loose to be the most hated man they ever saw. The one that ended careers before they began. They keep poking and prodding until it comes roaring out again.

[More static. This time we see a masked wrestler propped up on the top turnbuckle, facing the ring. Carver is on the apron and climbs to the second rope on the outside of the ring, hooking the masked grappler's arms to set him up for a Tiger Suplex to the outside as a capacity crowd gets to their feet, not believing what they're about to witness. Fortunately for our more sensitive viewers, the screen fills with static once more. Once more, that swinging lightbulb is seen.]

HC: Well guess what? It's out in the middle of the woods. Screaming and hungry in the middle of a big clearing with all the deer and rabbits.

[More static, and we see a wrestler laid out on a table. We pan up, way up to see the balcony of the venue stop which is perched Hannibal Carver. He grins and laughs manically, leaping off...]

HC: ... and it's about damn time.

[Static. This time, we don't see a lightbulb.]

HC: A man can't force that down for long. He can't deny his true nature without nothing but calamity and destruction being the result.

[A clenched fist.]

HC: He is back. He is storming around like a manic preacher inside my skull. He is telling me it is time for our great life's work to begin again.

[A fist wrapped in barbed wire. Clenching with all the intensity in the world causing the barbs to pierce the flesh.]

HC: I see yer face, and I can only see blood. I can only see the bruises I'm going to place there like a bouquet on a fresh grave. The bones I'm going to break and the flesh I'm going to slice.

[Blood behind to flow from the fist, dripping down.]

HC: But more than all that, I see one thing. I think of one thing, one word.

[We pan down and see the blood dripping down, onto the manic and disturbingly grinning face of Hannibal Carver.]

HC: Home.

[Carver cackles, bringing his fist down and scraping it across his forehead, growling as the barbs slice across the flesh there.]

HC: Sayonara.

[Carver bows his head, revealing a Japanese flag on the wall behind him as we fade out.]

And fade back up on the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. After a moment, we crossfade to Melissa Cannon standing in front of the same monitors.]

MC: Hello, AWA fans, and welcome to the Control Center! It's the hottest month on record in AWA history and it's not because of global warming but rather all the action set up over the next four weeks here in the American Wrestling Alliance! First, let's talk about July the 4th... two weeks from tonight LIVE on prime time on the FOX Network for All-Star Showdown coming to you from Hawaii.

[We see a graphic showing Johnny Detson next to a silhouette and Ryan Martinez doing the same.]

MC: The big tag team battle has been announced - two weeks before they collide for the World Title in Tokyo - it'll be Johnny Detson and a partner of his choice taking on Ryan Martinez and a partner of his choice. However, the stipulation for the match says that whoever these two men pick as their partners can NOT be in the Rumble as well. That'll limit their options but one way or another, we'll get a preview of Tokyo in two weeks in Hawaii.

[The graphic changes to read "ONE LAST TIME."]

MC: The National Title will be on the line in Hawaii when "Diamond" Rob Driscoll defends against Travis Lynch. There will be no referee stoppage and no Sandra Hayes at ringside as these two men collide for the final time.

[The graphic changes to show the hulking Maxim Zharkov alongside a smirking Jackson Hunter.]

MC: The Mad Russian himself, Maxim Zharkov, will be in attendance and he'll take on Charlie Stephens for that \$15,000 in a special five minute challenge.

[The graphic changes again.]

MC: How about this one... just added to the show... the last two teams to hold the World Tag Team Titles are set to collide with the winner moving on to Rising Sun Showdown to challenge the new champions? It'll be the Lights Out Express taking on Air Strike with that title shot on the line!

[And once more.]

MC: And when you're talking about All-Star Showdown, you've gotta be talking about the annual Rumble match. Thirty competitors set to climb into that ring and wage war with the winner earning themselves a future shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Throughout the night, I've given you some more of the names to compete - 24 names to be precise. Well, I've just been informed...

[Melissa beams as a new image is added to the graphic.]

MC: By virtue of his victory earlier tonight, the SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER is in the Rumble! Now, that leaves five spots remaining. I've been informed that four of those spots are being held back by the AWA for surprise entries to be announced on the night of the match. Which leaves one... and that one spot will be filled by you, the AWA faithful. Later tonight, a poll will go live on the AWA website with some potential 30th competitors. You, the fans, will decide who goes in and who stays home. You, the fans, will decide the final man to receive the opportunity of a lifetime - a spot in the Rumble match itself!

[Melissa claps her hands together.]

MC: 30 men, 1 winner... that Rumble is going to be something else. But that's not all, fans. In addition, we've been informed that a large chunk of the Tiger Paw Pro crew will be in attendance in Hawaii, helping with promotional duties. With Rising Sun Showdown just two weeks after this big prime time event, who knows what'll happen? Earlier tonight, we made the major announcement that we would be hosting a VERY special guest at All-Star Showdown. One of the, if not THE, biggest legends in Japanese wrestling history will be in attendance. The legendary Prince Izumi!

[An image of Izumi appears on the screen.]

MC: The AWA as well as Tiger Paw Pro will be rolling the red carpet out for him with a very special awards ceremony. For those unfamiliar with the name, Prince Izumi is often called the father of modern puroresu in Japan. And we've put together this special video package about the man himself! Let's roll the footage!

[We cut to some grainy early color TV footage of two Japanese men striking each other in a ring. Both wear simple black tights and boots. The one getting the edge is larger, faster, and has a very prominent jaw.]

Narrator: In the seventies and eighties, there were two men synonymous with wrestling in Japan. One was GOLIATH Takehara.]

[Some more grainy footage of a HUGE Japanese man chopping a much smaller man to the delight of a crowd.]

Narrator: Takehara was a national treasure, one of the Two Pillars Of Japanese Wrestling. The other was Prince Izumi.

[Back to the man seen in the first clip. Here doing a promotional photo shoot, he is clearly well over six feet tall, with short slick black hair, and a very intense expression. After the promo shot, we see him in action at various times and place against a variety of opponents.]

Narrator: Trained in San Francisco in 1969 by several top American and Japanese stars at the invitation of promoter Davis Prince, Mr. Izumi gained a solid foundation of wrestling skill. He took the name of "Prince" in honor of the man who made his dream possible, and spent several years acquiring a number of martial arts disciplines while paying his dues in the ranks of

professional wrestling. In just a few short years, Prince Izumi was a headline star in Japan.

[We cut to a sitdown interview with Kenta Kitzukawa, one of the top stars of today in Japan. His words are translated via interpreter since the interview was recorded for Japanese television and Kitzukawa isn't showing off his English skills.]

KK: Before Mr. Izumi, wrestling in Japan was very small. Very few pro wrestlers. The good ones went to the United States. Mr. Izumi is the one who came back. He and Mr. Takehara built professional wrestling in Japan. Takehara is the father who started it on television, but Mr. Izumi is the one who made it the biggest sport. We owe him everything.

[More clips of Izumi executing his trademark Enzuigiri, knocking foes for a loop, amongst other maneuvers.]

Narrator: Prince Izumi's trademark wrestling style was revolutionary, blending in martial arts with devastating maneuvers. Izumi called it the "strong style" of wrestling, and many others would follow his example.

[One more big Enzuigiri knockout before going back to a sitdown interview with MAMMOTH Maximus. The giant from San Bernardino needs no interpreter.]

MM: I don't give my respect away cheaply. But this man INVENTED Strong Style wrestling. Think about that. He went to all the martial arts dojos, took what he wanted, laid out anybody who challenged him, and created a style. My style. I have only respect for that man.

[Back to action, and this time it is not a wrestling ring. Izumi is fighting someone on a mat somewhere.]

Narrator: Famously, Mr. Izumi challenged any martial artist in the world to prove his style of professional wrestling as the equal of any style in the world. These challenges usually ended in victory for Izumi, and is one of the reasons that professional wrestling became incredibly popular in Japan. This began in 1977, with the most famous exhibition of all.

[Clips of Izumi fighting Muhammad Ali himself are shown. Over this is a different voice. The chyron tells us VOICE OF: LANDON O'NEILL.]

LON: I helped broker the fight with Muhammad Ali. Ali was on his downward slide; we all knew that. But he hadn't really fallen off as a top fighter until after he fought Izumi. Yes, Izumi's tactics were unusual and didn't contribute to an entertaining fight, I have to admit that. But realistically, he won. Not in the official scorebook, but you look at that fight and see one man inflict all of the damage on the other one and you know who won. The fight didn't do anything good for wrestling in the US, I'm afraid, but in Japan, it was a whole 'nother story. They know who won. And it MADE Izumi there. That and he was obviously the best wrestler in Japan. Top five in the world in my opinion.

[More clips of Izumi in action, and the voiceover continues.]

Narrator: From there, Prince izumi went on to establish and embody the ideas of fighting spirit and the outstanding ability of Japanese wrestling.

[We then see VOICE OF: SOCHIRO MIZUAKI, TIGER PAW PRO WRESTLING SPOKESMAN as clips continue. Mizuaki is speaking English, as he wrestled extensively in the US.]

SM: To put it in short terms, Izumi-sensei is responsible for the success of what we call puroresu. He is not the only one, because Takehara-sensei was also important. But Izumi-sensei is the biggest. Tiger Paw Pro Wrestling does not exist without him. He is called the king of puroresu because that is what he is.

[Now we see clips of post-career life; in the Japanese Diet and meeting with world leaders and people the world over.]

Narrator: After his official retirement in 1998 at age 47, Izumi went on to seek election in the Japanese Diet. He has been a politician, ambassador, and statesman for over fifteen years. He travels the world, using his fame and the idealism of sports to make the world a better place. Even so, he still wrestles once a year to stay in top condition and to give back to his sport. At age 63, he climbed into the ring last November to a sold-out Tokyo Dome.

[Highlights of that event. Izumi is still in amazing shape for an old man, appearing no older than his forties.]

Narrator: Because of his contributions to wrestling, the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro wish to honor Mr. izumi on national US television. He will be in attendance at All-Star Showdown to be presented a plaque for the AWA's Wall Of Fame.

[The final cut is to Prince Izumi himself, seated at his desk. He speaks heavily accented English.]

PI: America was so good to me. I learned to wrestle there thanks to so many American wrestlers and the generous gift of Mr. Prince. The fans always were good to me in USA as well. I always love to watch American wrestling if it is good. The AWA is very good. I am happy and honored to be at the All Stars Showdown.

[We get a final promo shot of Izumi in his prime, and chryon announcing his presence at All-Star Showdown. Then we cut back to the Control Center.]

MC: We are definitely looking forward to seeing Prince Izumi in person... and we hope he'll be in attendance at Rising Sun Showdown as well! Now, moving on to the big event in Japan... come on in here, Dale Adams...

[The AWA's "international specialist" steps into view alongside Melissa.]

MC: Welcome back to the Control Center, Dale.

DA: My pleasure, Melissa.

MC: Let's run down this massive card in Tokyo!

[Crossfade to a series of graphics.]

MC: We heard the six man match made earlier tonight and now it's official that Cain Jackson, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan will take on the TexMo Connection and Kenta Kitazawa... however, AWA and TPP officials have raised the stakes in this one as we've JUST been informed this match will now be a Copa de Trios qualifying match!

DA: Copa de Trios is becoming a hot topic around the wrestling world that will only get hotter with that news.

[The graphic changes.]

MC: The high-flying highlight reel known as TORA will take on his former friend and former tag team partner in the son of the Blackheart, Brian James!

DA: TORA is one of the most popular competitors in all of Japan... in all of the world for that matter. But popularity matters nothing to Brian James and Brian Lau!

[Another change]

MC: We mentioned it moments ago but Violence Unlimited, the new Double Crown Champions, will be putting both titles on the line against the winner of the Lights Out Express/Air Strike match that will take place two weeks from tonight!

DA: Violence Unlimited defeated the L-O-E in one of the most one-sided beatings I can recall seeing. It will be very interesting to see if they can do it again on their own turf inside the Tokyo Dome.

[Another change.]

MC: Reinforce the ring for this one as the American Mastodon, MAMMOTH Maximus, collides with the undefeated KING Oni! Doctor Harrison Fawcett is putting that undefeated streak in serious jeopardy in my opinion, fans.

DA: He absolutely is. Maximus has been virtually unstoppable since his return to Tiger Paw Pro. Defeating Oni would make him one of the top superstars in the world easily and put him right in line for a shot at any title he chooses.

[The graphic changes again, showing Morgan Dane and Hannibal Carver.]

MC: Last year, Juan Vasquez and Demon Boy Ishrinku set the bar with their Death Match... this year, Hannibal Carver and Morgan Dane attempt to clear it with their own Japanese Death Match.

DA: That one will NOT be for the weak at heart, Melissa. Morgan Dane thrives in this kind of environment... and Hannibal Carver seems to have been aching to let this beast out for some time. Katie, bar the door for that one.

[Another change.]

MC: Two weeks ago, the Queen of Joshi, Miyuki Ozaki showed up and made an Open Challenge to any woman in all of America who wanted to stand up to face her.

DA: That's right... and so far... silence. No one has stepped up to answer that call. No one has-

[Melissa's face twists into a disgusted expression.]

DA: What?

MC: Hrm? Nothing. We continue to wait and see if someone will answer the challenge of Ozaki. Moving on...

[A shot of the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown appears.]

MC: In a match just added, we've learned that Yoshinari Taguchi will challenge for the Global Crown one more time! Noboru Fujimoto will put the title on the line against his long-time rival and Taguchi has sworn that if he fails to win the title, he will never challenge Fujimoto for it again!

DA: It's like Scott vs Vasquez... Bryant vs Wright... you name your favorite rivalry and this is the Japanese version of it. One more time and that promises to be one for the ages, fans!

[Another change.]

MC: Of course, the AWA World Heavyweight Title will also be on the line as Ryan Martinez defends the gold against Mr. Steal The Spotlight 2015, Johnny Detson!

DA: The Standard challenging the White Knight. Johnny Detson seems to have momentum on his side but is it enough to put the World Title in his carry-on coming home from Tokyo?

[One more change.]

MC: And it's the one that everyone is talking about... seven on seven with the entire world watching as Team AWA battles the Dead Man's Party!

BW: The most dominant faction in the world taking on... who? We still don't know who will make up Team AWA!

MC: We don't... but we may be about to find out. Fans, it's Rising Sun Showdown... it's All-Star Showdown... it's the hottest month on record for the American Wrestling Alliance and you won't want to miss a single second of it! For the Control Center, this is Dale Adams and I'm Melissa Cannon! So long everybody!

[We fade from the Control Center to the ring that has a red carpet leading from it up the aisle. The ring has a few wooden stools set up and in the middle of it all stands Buckthorn Wilde, a mile wide grin splashed across his face.]

BW: Welcome to that one stop shop for all the news you need to know - The Call Of The Wilde! Forget Sweet Lou's hotline. Forget the websites. When you want to know what's REALLY going on in the American Wrestling Alliance, you come to the one, true source... the man who calls it like he sees it... the man with nothing to hide and everything to tell...

[He takes a deep breath... cracks a grin... and jerks a thumb at himself.]

BW: ME!

[The AWA's color commentator breaks into a wild cackle as the crowd reacts with a solid split between cheers and boos. After a few moments, Bucky waves them quiet.]

BW: Ah, I crack me up. Anyways... let's get down to brass tacks, shall we?

In just a couple of moments, two guys are going to come down here... two guys who've been fighting for months over the World Television Title... two guys who suddenly have a common foe.

Of course, that common foe is the Dead Man's Party.

[Jeers pour down from the overwhelming majority of the crowd. There is a smattering of cheers from some fans that the camera cuts to, revealing a bunch of teen and early 20s guys in Dead Man's Party t-shirts, many that look imported from Japan.]

BW: Fans of this business have heard about the Dead Man's Party for a while now. We've known who they are. We've known they've been out there. But we didn't know they were coming.

At Memorial Day Mayhem, we found that out too. The Dead Man's Party showed up and put Frankie Farelli in the hospital... and no one did a single thing to fight back.

[Wilde nods.]

BW: Then... at the very first CCW show two weeks ago, they showed up again... and no one in this locker room did anything to fight back.

[Wilde nods again.]

BW: Earlier tonight... well, you get the point. Time after time, these outsiders have struck and time after time, not a single soul has done anything!

So, if I have one question to ask the two men about to come out to this ring...

[He rubs his chin before pointing an accusing finger up the aisle.]

BW: WHO'S GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?!

[And that cues up "You've Got Another Thing Coming" and leads to a loud crowd pop. Out from the back comes Supernova, dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt and white shorts. His face is painted black and yellow. He marches swiftly toward the ring, stepping between the ropes, then takes the mic away from Bucky, causing the commentator to take a step back.]

S: WHO'S GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, YOU SAY?!

[The fans cheer.]

S: You know, I'll admit I looked the other way when Dead Man's Party attacked Frankie Farelli, because I don't like the guy! But that wasn't enough for them, was it?

[He paces about the ring.]

S: Oh no, they had to keep poking the bear with the stick, just to see how much it would take to get the bear to respond. Well, Dead Man's Party, congratulations!

[He stops pacing and looks right at the camera.]

S: THE BEAR IS AWAKE AND HE'S COMING FOR YOU!

[The fans cheer. Supernova turns to Bucky.]

S: Bucky, you know better than anyone else how much pride I've had in building this company, in being one of the cornerstones of the AWA! And to the Dead Man's Party, I've got just one thing to say!

[He paces around again.]

S: This is my domain, guys! You want to keep coming here uninvited, then I'm gonna answer you! At Rising Sun Showdown, you get your crew in the ring and come face me and a team I will captain, and you'll get your answer!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, before handing the mic back to Bucky.]

BW: Well, that's nice that you want to answer the challenge, but I've got somebody else who wants his say!

[Cue the bubbling synth beat. "Fame" sets the crowd booing as Shadoe Rage emerges from behind the curtain. He is still wearing his pink trunks and a Shadoe Rage light pink T-shirt with his silhouette in silver. His eyes are blazing. And, as always, he's armed with microphone in hand.]

SR: Captain? CAPTAIN? _CAPTAIN???_

[Rage stares around the arena in stunned disbelief as he strides right up to the set. He stares right through Supernova for a beat before ducking his head and turning in a circle.

SR: Unbelievably unbelievable. This is so unbelievable it's fantastic. If you're the captain then the AWA is the Titanic. You aren't fit for this. You aren't built for this! You, captain? Supernova, that's real bad comedy right there.

[Rage holds up the AWA World Television title.]

SR: I'M THE CHAMPION! I SHOULD BE CAPTAIN! You should be home painting that yellow streak down your back with the same concealer you use to hide that ugly face!

[Rage jabs his finger in Supernova's face.]

SR: I will not be disrespected. Do you understand me? No. No. NO. The Dead Man's Party doesn't get to disrespect me. You don't get to disrespect me. The AWA doesn't get to disrespect me! I'm captain and that's it. Do you understand?

[Supernova and Rage seem about to go at it when Bucky throws himself in between the two, arms outstretched.]

BW: Hold on! Hold on! Hold on!

[Rage turns, shouting off-mic at Wilde.]

BW: Listen... you're on MY show... and _I_ have the mic!

[Rage makes a grab at the mic but Bucky pulls it back.]

BW: And _I_ have the news that BOTH of you have been waiting to hear.

[Supernova steps closer, shouting "What are you talking about?!" off-mic loud enough to be heard. Rage raises a hand, threatening Bucky who steps back, raising his hands again.]

BW: Easy there, champ. Believe me, you're going to want to hear what I have to say. You see, boys... earlier tonight, I spoke to good ol' President O'Neill personally and he informed that after you both spoke to him, he gave this situation special consideration. At the end of the day, he decided there was only one option...

[Bucky grins, stepping back another foot or two.]

BW: Congratulations...

[He extends a hand.]

BW: CO-CAPTAINS!

[Both men seem to lose their minds at this news, shouting at Bucky off-mic. Bucky recoils, covering up from their verbal abuse.]

BW: Hey, hey... I didn't make the decision... I'm just reporting it!

[Bucky grins as the realization that they're stuck with this decision settles over them both. Supernova and Rage lock eyes, staring each other down in the center of the ring.]

BW: The decision's been made. Team AWA at Rising Sun Showdown will be captained by Supernova...

[Big cheer!]

BW: ...AND Shadoe Rage!

[Boos! Rage turns, glaring angrily at the crowd.]

BW: Now... there's only one thing left to do...

[He spreads his arms out in front of him.]

BW: You two need to put together a team.

[Supernova keeps his gaze locked on Rage.]

S: If this is how it's going to be, then I'm picking the first team member. And when you talk about cornerstones of the AWA, well, there's one man who is the first that should come to anyone's mind!

[He motions to the back. There's silence for a moment as all eyes turn to the entrance way to see who will be the first man to join Team AWA. Suddenly, "They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play, drawing an enormous roar from the crowd!]

There, we see Juan Vasquez emerging, still dressed in his wrestling attire from earlier in the night, clutching his ribs and making slow deliberate steps,

but making his way down to the ring with a determined look on his face.
Juan steps through the ropes, taking his place standing beside Supernova.]

BW: Juan Vasquez!? That's your number one pick!?

[Juan grabs Bucky by the wrist, bringing the microphone up to his lips.]

JV: You're damn right I am, Bucky!

[POP!]

JV: The Dead Man's Party thinks they can just stroll into the AWA doing whatever they want. Attacking whoever they want. Thinking that what they're doing is a shock and awe display of their overwhelmin' power.

[Juan laughs, shaking his head in disbelief.]

JV: It couldn't be any further from the truth. They're nothing but a bunch of opportunistic cowards who think ganging up on a man makes'em kings. But this ain't anything new. It was the same with The Southern Syndicate, with The Unholy Alliance, with Royalty, with The Wise Men...

...but they all had something in common.

THEY FAILED!

They failed, they failed...

...they failed...

...THEY...FAILED!!!

[A big cheer from the crowd!]

JV: And after what they did to me tonight, I'm gonna' make DAMN sure that The Dead Man's Party will no different. 'Cause who knows more about fightin' for the honor and pride of the AWA than Juan Vasquez? You ask who's gonna' do something about it, Bucky? Well, you're lookin' right at us, amigo! We're gonna' march into Japan and we're gonna' show the entire world what happens when you mess with the wrong people. At Rising Sun Showdown...

...consider this party over!

[Vasquez's words draw a huge cheer from the crowd. A disgusted-looking Shadoo Rage snatches the mic, ready to speak. He lifts the mic to his mouth...

...and is cut off by the opening guitar riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man. The crowd collectively groans before tossing boos towards the entrance portal from which emerges former AWA World Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a navy blue suit with a white shirt and pink

tie; his blond hair spilling down over his shoulders. He approaches the group with a furrowed brow and annoyed look on his face.]

BW: Welcome, Calisto! What brings you out in the middle of this mess?

CD: Your prayers are answered, Rage. I was sitting around in my plush, individual locker room in the back and I heard something about a team representing the AWA. And then, on cue, in rushes everyone's favorite savior, Juan Vasquez to save the day.

[An eye roll from Dufresne.]

CD: Well, I've had enough of our hero, Juan Vasquez, saving the day. I've made it my duty to end the Juan Vasquez show featuring Juan Vasquez for years. And I'm not about to let you come in here and do it again.

[Dufresne turns to 'Nova and Rage.]

CD: And you two "captains" ought to be downright terrified of Juan Vasquez saving the day. Because you have to know your history to know what happens to Juan Vasquez's friends in these situations.

Fortunately, I sure as hell am not one of Juan Vasquez's friends and I do know my history; so you can be certain that I will not be tossed out with the trash like so many others in Juan's scheme to cater to his humungous ego.

[The crowd almost laughs at this coming from Dufresne.]

CD: I am Mr. AWA, not you, Juan. You weren't here on day one. You haven't been a participant in every SuperClash.

[The Ladykiller jabs a thumb at himself.]

CD: I was. When we were in bingo halls, Calisto Dufresne was selling them out. When we were in middle school gyms, Calisto Dufresne was selling them out. When we were in baseball stadiums, Calisto Dufresne was selling them out.

So when we head over to the Land of the Rising Sun, Calisto Dufresne will be selling that out too, because I'm not going to let Juan Vasquez drive this thing into the ground against a bunch of guys being yanked around by a skirt.

[Vasquez squares off with Dufresne, staring his long-time rival in the eye. Dufresne doesn't back down, seemingly ready for the tussle.]

BW: Gentlemen... come on, guys... let's stay cool here... no one wants-

[Bucky's words are cut off by Shadoe Rage stepping up into the face of Supernova, pointing an accusing finger.]

BW: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Guys, can we keep it together out here? Can we-

[The arena lights cut to black.]

GM: Uh oh.

[An ominous high-pitched cackle comes over the PA system. The video walls flicker with static before an image fills the screen - it's a skeleton with an enlarged skull smiling and dancing. A top hat rests on the enlarged skull, slightly akimbo, as it holds a cigarette holder in one bony hand and a martini glass in the other. Underneath the ghoulish images rests the letters "DMP."

The infamous logo for the Dead Man's Party.]

GM: This just got REAL interesting, Bucky... but I'd suggest you get the heck out of there, my friend!

[There's a strong negative reaction from the AWA fanbase as the opening notes of Oingo Boingo's "Dead Man's Party" comes over the PA system.

The camera cuts to the aisleway as a multitude of colored lights flash all over the Viejas Arena, lighting up the crowd, hitting the ring. We can see the "enforcer" of the DMP, One Man Army, leading the pack. The sneering and egotistical Wallace twins - also known as Youth In Asia - trail close behind him, throwing crotch chops at the fans along the railing. Right behind them comes Elijah Wilde and Yuma Weaver. "Jumpin' Johnny Skye is next, arm on the shoulder of "The Rebel" Ricky Royal. Bringing up the rear is Jay Alana, the leader of the Dead Man's Party.]

GM: We've got eight men coming to the ring right now and only four standing tall waiting for them...

[As the group reaches the ring, they fan out to encircle it, taking spots on all four sides of the squared circle.]

GM: We've got a problem here!

[Bucky has managed to slip out of the ring, rejoining Gordon at ringside.]

GM: Look what you've caused!

BW: Hey, I've got no part in this! It's not my fault these DMP psychopaths show up at the drop of the hat to beat the hell out of everybody in sight!

[With DMP members on all four sides of the ring, Chet Wallace scoops up a house mic.]

Chet: Now, I've never been the math wizard. I've always left that up to my brother. Chaz, you want to give me a head count here?

[Chaz Wallace grabs a mic of his own. Great. He mimes counting.]

Chaz: One... two... carry the six... divided by four... squared...

[He “calculates” by writing in the air with his finger.]

Chaz: By George, I only see four of them, bro.

Chet: That’s what I got too!

[The two jump up, trading an air high five with a “WOOOOO!” before settling back down to Earth.]

Chet: And not only do I only see four of them in here to represent the “mighty” AWA... but those four just don’t seem to like each other too much. Ain’t that right, Weavs?

[Weaver takes his turn on the mic.]

YW: Nah, they don’t like each other at all. Hell, two of `em have been fighting since I was here last time. And the other two? Well, Rage is probably just looking for makeup tips to hide his wrinkles.

[An “ohhhhhh!” rings out from the crowd as Rage shouts down at Weaver. Weaver hands the mic off to Elijah Wilde who snatches it angrily, pacing back and forth.]

EW: I’ve never understood what my Uncle saw in this place. If the four of you are the best this place can do... the army you’re putting in place to stop us...

[Wilde shakes his head with disgust.]

EW: I honestly thought you might be able to put up a challenge. I guess I was wrong. Because it looks like Team AWA is imploding before our very eyes, boys... and I personally CAN... NOT... WAIT... to witness that final destruction at Rising Sun Showdown on OUR turf so that the entire world knows that when you come to the Dead Man’s Party... WE leave your bodies at the door.

[Wilde has circled over to stand next to Jay Alana who chuckles at Wilde’s line.]

EW: In fact... I don’t know about you, boss... but I think I’d like to help this mighty squad out in that department. I’d like to assist in destroying this team... right... now.

[Alana nods, gesturing to his squad. They follow his orders, climbing up on the ring apron on all sides, ready to throw down...

...when the lights cut out again.]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd is cheering, buzzing with anticipation when suddenly...

...the sound of snarling, growling, and barking dogs fills the air!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Midnight blue spotlights start to "search" the Viejas Arena as KISS' rock anthem "War Machine" kicks in over the PA system!]

GM: THE DOGS OF WAR?!

BW: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[It's only a matter of moments before the spotlights land on the trio known as the Dogs Of War - the undefeated trio... the dangerous and dominant trio... the group that many would insist are the most dominant faction in the entire wrestling world.

And they're coming for violence.]

GM: HERE THEY COME!

[Pedro Perez is leading the way, shouting off-mic down towards the ring as Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker trail him. Walker is repeatedly slamming his fist into his open palm as he stalks down the aisle...

...and the lights come back on as Alana orders his crew to attack the four in the ring!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Elijah Wilde makes a bee-line for Juan Vasquez, shoving Vasquez back into the corner where they start trading heavy blows. Johnny Skye and Yuma Weaver push Shadoo Rage into the buckles where Skye holds Rage around the waist while Weaver lets the big chops fly!]

GM: We've got a fight breaking out inside the ring and-

[Perez comes over the barricade, rushing towards the ring, diving under the bottom rope!]

GM: THE DOGS HAVE ARRIVED!

[Wade Walker slides in as well as Isaiah Carpenter leaps to the top rope, springing off...

...and DRIVES his knee into the temple of Ricky Royal, sending the AWA Original falling through the ropes to the floor!]

[Walker rushes across the ring, leaping into the air to DRILL Yuma Weaver with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: SUPERMAN PUNCH BY WALKER!

[He grabs Weaver by the hair, hurling him towards Pedro Perez who grabs him by the hair, running his mouth...

...and CHUCKS Weaver through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: We've got a fight breaking out all over the ring! The Dogs of War came storming in... I don't know why and you may never hear me say it again but... thank the Maker for the Dogs of War!

[Juan Vasquez battles out of the corner and is soon joined by Calisto Dufresne in using a double clothesline to dispatch of Elijah Wilde.]

GM: DUFRESNE AND VASQUEZ WORKING TOGETHER!

[On the other side of the ring, Supernova has Johnny Skye trapped against the buckles, hammering him with backfists to the side of the head!]

GM: The fight is on!

[Having seen enough, Jay Alana vacates the ring, whistling at his troops to follow him. Johnny Skye goes SAILING over the top rope, crashing down hard on the floor next to him. Wade Walker steps up on the second rope, pointing a threatening finger RIGHT at Alana as the Dead Man's Party backs off for the first time.]

GM: THEY'VE CLEARED THE RING! TEAM AWA - ALONG WITH THE DOGS OF WAR - HAVE CLEARED THE RING!

[Walker is shouting at the DMP, quickly joined by Pedro Perez who does the same.]

GM: Fans, I don't know what to make of this! We've gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you LIVE from Hawaii for All-Star Showdown! So long everybody!

[With Team AWA and the Dogs of War standing united in the ring and the crowd going banana, we slowly fade to black.]