

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

June 6th, 2015
Sprint Center
Kansas City, Missouri



[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 Shadoc 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 Kansas City, Missouri in the Sprint Center! 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 blazing orange sportscoat over a deep purple dress shirt. He's opted for a bleached white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde. Memorial Day Mayhem is in the history books and what a historic show it was, Bucky!

BW: Just when you think the AWA can't get any better, we go and put on a show like that one, daddy! Mayhem lived up to its name for sure!

GM: It certainly did... and now everyone is looking ahead to the hottest summer on record! Rising Sun Showdown 2 LIVE from Tokyo, Japan is just around the corner but before we get there, what about the Rumble? What about All-Star Showdown coming to you LIVE from the big FOX Network in prime time?

BW: Move over Empire. See you later, X-Files. The AWA is comin' town and we're kickin' all the doors down!

GM: But that's still about a month away. Right here tonight in Kansas City, we've got-

[But Gordon Myers is interrupted by the sounds of "Kashmir" from Led Zeppelin which in turn is met with a huge almost-instantaneous negative reaction from the crowd.]

BW: The Standard of Professional Wrestling is here, daddy!

[Out from the curtain walks Eric Somers, arms crossed, looking throughout the crowd. Next comes Calisto Dufresne, arrogant smirk on his face. Then comes Johnny Detson and he comes out dressed to wrestle, gold tights, black boots, black sweat jacket with the Fox logo over the left breast. He also has on a Fox network hat pulled down to his eyebrows as if to cover his forehead completely. But it's not what's he's wearing that brings the crowd to a new level of hatred, but what he's holding. His briefcase with the Steal the Spotlight contract inside, high over his head for the whole arena to see.]

BW: Johnny Detson is here and his dressed to compete, is this going to be the night?

GM: Folks, Johnny Detson and Company barely survived that brutal steel cage match against Hannibal Carver and they probably wouldn't if it wasn't for the returning Morgan Dane. But despite all that, we've all heard the rumors, we've seen the internet reports and heard it on the AWA hotline, that Johnny Detson is looking to cash in that Steal the Spotlight contract and take on Ryan Martinez and it looks like that is coming true and the fans don't like it one bit! But who can blame them?

BW: Who can blame them? Who could blame Johnny? He's the Standard for a reason. Look, Ryan Martinez put up one heck of a fight daddy and no one knows yet what kind of shape he's in mentally or physically, but you know it can't be good.

GM: The Steal The Spotlight rules are clear. Johnny Detson cannot cash that contract in at any time and in any place. He MUST give advance notice of the match... sufficient advance notice in the eyes of the AWA President.

BW: Is two hours enough? Can he make the challenge right now for tonight's Main Event?

GM: That's not my call. If he issues the challenge, we'll need to get a ruling.

BW: So maybe the Steal The Spotlight rules aren't clear after all.

[Gordon chuckles as Detson is taking his sweet time getting to the ring; making sure everybody sees the briefcase. He pauses for a moment to jaw with a fan in a White Knight t-shirt and then with one wearing a Blackout shirt. He finally gets to the ring, goes over to Phil Watson, and grabs the mic from him before rolling into the ring. With Dufresne to his right and Somers to his left, he holds the briefcase up high with one hand and brings the mic up to speak with the other.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen...

[But that's as far as Detson gets before a new wave of boos rain down on him causing him to stop rather than scream over them. He lowers the briefcase and glances over at Dufresne and the duo exchange a smirk.]

JD: If I may?

[But he may not as the crowd only gets louder in its attempt to drown out his attempts to speak.]

BW: People, please show some respect, The Standard is trying to speak!

GM: Respect! He manipulated the situation at Mayhem to steal a win from Hannibal Carver and I think, just like these fans probably think, he's about to do the same thing to Ryan Martinez!

[Every attempt by Detson to speak is met with an even greater attempt by the crowd to not let him. Now the smirk is gone as Detson is visibly frustrated by this which only makes the crowd grow stronger. He hands the briefcase over to Somers and is shouting something at Dufresne which is drowned out by the crowd. Suddenly, he storms over to the ropes. Standing on the bottom rope, he leans over towards the crowd.]

JD: IF I-

[But he cannot as he's met with an even louder response. Detson is livid as he hops off the bottom rope and begins jumping up and down, stomping his feet. He's screaming at Dufresne, pointing out to the crowd. Finally, he rolls out of the ring to a mock cheer. He storms over to the timekeeper table and points at Phil Watson, demanding he stand up. Thrusting the mic into his chest, he begins screaming at the announcer. Watson just stands there and nods before beginning to speak.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

[As Watson begins to speak, the crowd dies down a little bit, allowing him to continue.]

PW: The Standard of Professional Wrestling, Johnny Detson, has demanded that you immediately quiet down and allow him to speak.

[Members of the crowd immediately roar with shouts of "NO!, NO CHANCE!, and DETSON SUCKS!" Watson holds up his hand to continue.]

PW: And if you do not stop immediately, Johnny Detson will leave the ring and the arena right now!

[Detson snatches the mic away as the crowd continues to boo. He rolls into the ring and stands in the center, a look of disgust plastered on his face, as he starts to talk.]

JD: Now before I was interrupted...

[But Detson is interrupted again by a new wave of hostility that drowns him out. He places his hands on his hips as a small chant starts picking up steam. Louder and louder it gets until almost the entire arena is chanting in unison.]

"DET – SON SUCKS!!!	DET – SON SUCKS!!!"
"DET – SON SUCKS!!!	DET – SON SUCKS!!!"
"DET – SON SUCKS!!!	DET – SON SUCKS!!!"
"DET – SON SUCKS!!!	DET – SON SUCKS!!!"
"DET – SON SUCKS!!!	DET – SON SUCKS!!!"

[Detson looks around the arena, hatred building in his eyes. He looks at Somers, looks at Dufresne and shrugs. Then he simply extends his arm out in front of him and lets the mic drop down, crashing on the canvas. The crowd erupts in a huge mock cheer as Detson waves off the crowd in disgust and rolls out of the ring.]

GM: Folks, I don't believe this but Johnny Detson is leaving. I don't know what Detson was going to say and we may never know but obviously this crowd wasn't interested in hearing it. Johnny Detson is leaving and if he's to be believed, he's leaving Kansas City altogether.

BW: I hope these people are proud of themselves. Johnny Detson was probably going to make history here tonight and these people ruined it!

[With Dufresne and Somers close behind, Detson storms off; mouthing off about being disrespected and trading verbal barbs with just about every fan at ringside. He stands at the entrance curtain and again waves off the crowd in disgust with both hands before disappearing in the back.]

GM: Well, fans... it looks like Johnny Detson is calling it a night and that can only be good news for the World Heavyweight Champion! Fans, right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with what should be a very popular trios team! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing behind a wall of luchadors who are excitedly talking to one another, patting

each other on the back, giving high fives, and generally just getting hyped up.

On the far left of the screen is La Fuerza, in a red and white bodysuit and white “skeletal” mask. He does spooky fingers at the camera, sticking his tongue out from the hole cut for his mouth.

Caspian Abaran is on the right, pumping a fist with enthusiasm as he stands with his fellow luchadors.

And Cesar Hernandez is dead center, dressed for action, except for a red and white t-shirt that reads “LUCHADOR FOR HIRE.” Stegglet’s voice is heard but he is not seen from behind the three men as he speaks.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon, and while this may be one of the most popular trios you’ll run across in the AWA, right now they’re focused not on winning fans but on winning matches. You three gentlemen coming together now cannot be a coincidence.

[Cesar Hernandez flashes a million dollar smile as he turns, finally showing Mark Stegglet to the camera.]

CH: Coincidence? I don’t think so, amigo. You see, Mark, they say that blood is thicker than water but sometimes, you make friends in this business who are just as close to you as family ever could be! These two men are my friends... mis amigos... no, no, no... mi familia!

Later this summer, the AWA is heading to Mexico for the very first time for Copa de Trios and for the three of us, it’s like a homecoming. And we can’t think of any better way to celebrate that homecoming than to go into that big event as family and walk right out the other side as the best six man tag team in the world!

[The mic slides over in front of Caspian Abaran.]

CA: That’s right, Mark. There’s going to be a lot of people who think we can’t do it... a lot of people who think we don’t stand a chance. But I’ve been an underdog all my life. And when I went down last week to Dallas to Combat Corner Wrestling, even though I was one of the most experienced luchadors on the show, I was STILL an underdog because I walked right into that locker room and said “Give me the biggest guy you got!” They did. And what happened, Mark?

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: You won.

CA: Exactly. We’re going to go to Mexico for the biggest fight of our lives. A fight that no one will think we can win... except for us. And that’s all that matters, muchacho.

[The mic is stuck in front of La Fuerza’s skeletal face.]

LF: You smell that, Mark?

[Stegglet sniffs the air, shaking his head.]

LF: It's the eight hundred pound Dog of War in the room. At the end of the day, that's what we're talking about, right? That's what we're all talking about. The Dogs Of War say they were born for this tournament... they were bred for this tournament. They're treating this thing like a foregone conclusion.

[La Fuerza gives a "tsk, tsk" sound as he waggles a skeletal finger at the camera.]

LF: Bad Doggies. Someone needs to send the three of you to Obedience School because everywhere I look...

[He looks down, gesturing for the camera to follow.]

LF: Oh!

[He lifts his foot up, wiping it frantically on the ground.]

LF: I keep stepping on the same caca spewing out of your mouths!

[Hernandez and Abaran chuckle at their ally's antics.]

MS: I have to say, gentlemen. There are a lot of people who wouldn't dare to speak about the Dogs Of War in this fashion. They're one of the most dangerous-

LF: The most dangerous threats to your carpet because they're not potty trained?

MS: No, they're-

LF: The most dangerous threat to that spot on your windshield you keep wanting to clean off?

MS: I can't-

LF: -believe that the Dogs Of War are left alone to walk around without a leash?

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: I just hope you gentlemen know what you're doing.

[Hernandez claps him heartily on the shoulder.]

CH: We're not afraid of the Dogs Of War. If they want a fight, they know where they can find us... but I've got a feeling they're going to have their hands full later tonight. Arriba!

[Hernandez uppercuts the air as the other two men strike a fighting pose and we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is in the midst of three competitors already.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening contest is a six man tag team match set for one fall with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... they are THE SHADOWS!

[The three men, dressed in black masks and bodysuits from head to toe, each of varying body sizes and shapes, throw their arms in the air to jeers from the Kansas City crowd.]

GM: The Shadows in the ring awaiting what I expect will be quite the reaction from these fans when their opponents hit the ring.

BW: Are you kidding me? Kansas City fans have the King of Professional Wrestling as their local hero. They're not going to be impressed by that twit Hernandez and his pair of mules.

GM: Ahh, your bitterness never ceases to amaze me.

BW: You're already making me regret not letting Temple carve your face into a Jack-O-Lantern.

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

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 691 pounds... from Mexico... they are CESAR HERNANDEZ... CASPIAN ABARAN... and LAAAAAA FUERRRRZAAAAAA!

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

A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Caspian Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.

A tall man with broad shoulders and a barrel chest, La Fuerza is very clearly in good shape, despite being a bit pudgy through the middle. Of course, his red and white bodysuit prevents anymore details about his physique from being known, as it's not tight enough to really show off said physique. Likewise La Fuerza's face is obscured by his famous skull mask: a stark

white mask with two black circles over the eyes and a skeletal toothy grin. He also has bright white gloves on his hands, giving them a skeletal look. He carries a wooden 2X4 over his shoulder, pausing to "fire" it in the direction of the camera like a rifle before breaking into his trademark jig.]

GM: Listen to the reaction for this trio!

BW: Ridiculous. Demetrius Lake is the gold standard for professional wrestling in Kansas City... plus you've got legends like Hamilton Graham who've worked here for decades... and these idiots are getting cheered?! I just don't understand fans sometimes.

[The Mexican trio makes their way down the aisle, slapping all the hands they can see as they head towards the ring. As they draw near, La Fuerza leans over, pressing his forehead against a young boy's before drawing back and doing his jig, imploring the youngster to do the same. Of course, that happens to an even bigger reaction. The trio climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as referee Ricky Longfellow inserts himself between the two teams, holding them at bay.]

GM: Trios action kicking off the show here tonight in KC and while the majority of the AWA is looking ahead to the Rumble and Rising Sun Showdown, these three have their gaze locked on the Copa de Trios in Mexico City coming up in September.

BW: It's good to have goals, Gordo.

GM: Well, I agree with that but I'm surprised to hear-

BW: It's good to have goals so that your heart is broken when someone crushes your goal and rips it away from you! Ahahah!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Longfellow gets four men out and two men in before he waves for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and we're underway here on Saturday Night Wrestling where it's going to be Cesar Hernandez starting things off against... well, I suppose we'll have to go with Shadow #1.

BW: Pretty sure that's Shadow #3.

GM: You honestly can tell these three apart?

BW: Their mother can't tell them apart. She was puzzled when they came out wearing those masks.

GM: I see.

[Hernandez ties up in a collar and elbow with the masked man, quickly spinning out into an armtwist.]

GM: And Cesar Hernandez is nothing if not predictable in his early offense. He loves targeting the arm out of the gate and it's been a sound strategy for him over his twenty year career. 41 years old out of Guadalajara, Mexico, Hernandez takes him off his feet with an armdrag!

[The veteran releases the limb, climbing back to his feet quickly so he can take the incoming Shadow down with a second armdrag, moving to a knee as he traps the arm under his armpit in an armbar.]

GM: Hernandez moves pretty well for a man of his age as we saw recently in two very thrilling encounters with the World Television Champion, Shadoc Rage. You know, Bucky, I feel like a lot of competitors in the AWA take Hernandez too lightly but this is a man who has held many titles - not just in Mexico but in places like San Francisco, Houston, and even our old friend, Blackjack Lynch's PCW.

BW: His glory days are long past him though. Sure, he might surprise someone now and again these days but if you're really going to put money on him in the Copa de Trios, you're going to find yourself out a steak dinner... unless you go to his restaurant where it's 2 for 1 steak dinner Sundays. Just don't ask what kind of meat it is.

GM: Bucky!

[The Shadow has worked his way back to his feet during the banter, still trapped in the armbar as Hernandez backs to his own corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Caspian Abaran.]

GM: The tag is made and Abaran's climbing the ropes already!

[The luchador leaps from the top, bringing a forearm down solidly across the tricep, leaving the Shadow staggering away, clutching his arm. Abaran pursues, twisting the arm around into a hammerlock...

...and then spinning out, using his leg to back kick the back of the Shadow's knee, sending him crashing down on his own arm!]

GM: Wow! Innovative offense out of Caspian Abaran - the man formerly known as El Principe Del Sol... the Prince of the Sun. He lost that name... and his mask in 2013 in SWLL before making his way here to the AWA in hopes of reviving his career.

[As the Shadow struggles to get off the mat, Abaran grabs the arm, shooting him across the ring...

...and HURLS him up and over with a high impact armdrag!]

GM: Wow!

[As the Shadow climbs off the mat, he gets met with a dropkick that sends him sailing through the ropes, crashing down in a heap out on the floor!]

GM: Look out here!

[The ringside fans climb to their feet, getting pumped as Abaran gets a running start...

...and HURLS himself between the ropes, flipping over in a somersault onto a stunned Shadow!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE!

[Abaran pops up, pumping a fist to a big reaction from the KC crowd. He pulls the Shadow off the mat, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. The former masked man climbs up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Catapult!

[...and CRASHES down on the Shadow with a splash!]

GM: That might be all! One! Two! No, he didn't get him there!

[Abaran rolls right up to his feet, throwing a glance to his corner where La Fuerza sticks out a foot, holding it up between the ropes. Abaran pulls the masked man up, slamming his head down into the boot before slapping La Fuerza's hand.]

GM: Another tag and in comes La Fuerza!

[There's a cheer - especially from the kids - for the colorful La Fuerza as he slingshots over the ropes. He grabs the Shadow by the arm, whipping him across the ring. He sidesteps the rebounding Shadow, leaning down to sweep the legs out with his right arm, sending the Shadow sailing through the air before crashing down on his butt to laughter from the crowd.]

GM: La Fuerza has certainly shown a playful side in his time here in the AWA so far but in SWLL, he's a multiple time champion including stints as a Trios Champion and a Tag Team Champion - one of those reigns alongside Cesar Hernandez so those two are no strangers to one another.

BW: They used to be rivals too and boy, would I love to see Hernandez take that 2X4 right between the eyes.

[La Fuerza rushes to the ropes, rebounding back with a low dropkick on the seated Shadow, earning a two count.]

GM: Two count only as La Fuerza comes back to his feet, twisting the arm around...

[He pulls the arm back into a hammerlock before ramming the Shadow shoulderfirst into his own corner, allowing another Shadow to tag in.]

GM: Shadow #2 is in.

BW: Pretty sure that's Shadow #3.

GM: Well, until they get numbers stitched on their tights, they're going to have to deal with the numbers I give them, Bucky.

[La Fuerza catches a rapidly incoming Shadow with a drop toehold, bouncing his face off the mat. The luchador slides to his feet, quickly tying up the legs of the Shadow...

...and rolls him back in a bow and arrow!]

GM: Elevated surfboard applied by La Fuerza and this'll really torture the spine of an opponent!

[The Shadow is screaming in pain as La Fuerza moves the arms, stretching him again and again...

...until the third Shadow breaks the submission hold with a boot between the eyes to jeers from the fans!]

GM: An illegal assist by Shadow #3.

BW: Pretty sure that's-

GM: Would you stop?!

[La Fuerza climbs off the mat, rubbing at his forehead as he wobbles to his corner, tagging in Cesar Hernandez who comes tearing into the ring, racing across, leaving his feet to BLAST Shadow #3 between the eyes with a dropkick, sending him sailing down to the floor!]

GM: Cesar Hernandez is in and he's fired up, fans!

BW: That hot headed temper of his on display.

GM: Take a look into the eyes of the veteran!

BW: I'd rather not. I've seen that look in his eyes before.

[Gordon chuckles as Hernandez circles back to Shadow #2, catching him with a pair of overhead elbows as he rises, sending the masked man falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Big right hands back in the corner...

[He grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring. Hernandez walks to his corner, slapping the hand of Caspian Abaran who steps in, slapping La Fuerza's hand...]

GM: All three men are in!

BW: Now where's the referee during something like this?!

[Abaran and La Fuerza grab Hernandez by the arms, whipping him across the ring into a running clothesline. Hernandez promptly drops down on all fours as Abaran tears across the ring, springing off his partner's back into a spinning leg lariat in the buckles!]

GM: OHHH!

[Abaran drops down on all fours as well, giving La Fuerza a king-sized launching pad as he pumps his arms in the corner, bringing the crowd to their feet. He lowers his head, charging across the ring...

...and slams on the brakes, pulling up short just before reaching Hernandez. He tilts his head before leaping up, landing on the back of Hernandez. He wobbles, trying to catch his balance as the fans laugh.]

GM: La Fuerza's putting on a show tonight!

[He hops again, landing on Abaran's back, throwing out his arms to balance himself...

...and then springs off, throwing a right hand to the jaw of the Shadow!]

GM: Haha!

[Abaran and Hernandez exit the ring as La Fuerza makes a big deal out of shaking out his hand, cradling it in his arms. He walks over to the official, holding it out...]

GM: What in the world...?

[La Fuerza is insistent as Ricky Longfellow protests... and then finally plants a kiss on the hand.]

GM: Awww, the referee kisses the boo boo on La Fuerza...

[Who promptly spins around, throwing a spinning backfist that takes the Shadow off his feet!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot that was!

[Dashing to the side, La Fuerza runs towards Shadow #1 who balls up a right hand, ready to throw...

...but La Fuerza slides through the legs to the floor, reaching up and yanking the feet out from under the Shadow, bouncing his chin off the ring apron!]

GM: La Fuerza's as tricky as they come as he scales the ropes, standing tall...

[La Fuerza gives a war cry before leaping off the top, sailing through the air, and crashing chestfirst down on the prone Shadow!]

GM: Big splash off the top! He's got one! He's got two! He's got three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And victory for this brand new trio!

[La Fuerza climbs to his feet, raising his arms as Hernandez and Abaran come in to join him, raising their arms as well. As Danny Elfman's "This Is Halloween" begins to play over the PA system, the skeletal luchador rolls from the ring, moving over to the ringside barricade and waving some of the younger fans into the ring.]

GM: This is one of my favorite sights in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: Young impressionable children dancing with a guy dressed like a walking skeleton? You're a twisted son of a gun, Myers.

[As La Fuerza accompanies the young kids back into the ring, a cheer goes up as dancing breaks out in the ring. Fuerza is teaching the kids some weird knee bending inward jig as Hernandez and Abaran laugh from the corner.]

GM: The fans here in Kansas City are having a good time already and we're just getting started! Fans, back at Memorial Day Mayhem a couple of weeks ago, former World Champion Supreme Wright suffered a knee injury during the tag team showdown with the TexMo Connection. Right now, we're going backstage to Cain Jackson to learn all about his condition!

[The scene cuts to a shot of the massive Cain Jackson, standing in front of the camera. Behind, stand Matt Lance and Alex Martin, collectively known as The Elite Express. Jackson is dressed in his trademark sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status as the top disciple of Team Supreme. Atop his head, he wears the black stetson that he took from Jack Lynch. Lance and Martin are dressed in the standard red and black tracksuits. Jackson stares into the camera with a stern look on his face, arms crossed over his chest.]

CJ: At Memorial Day Mayhem, this army suffered its greatest loss. Supreme Wright became a casualty in this war. His kneecap...

[Jackson's face turns from a stern look into an angered grimace.]

CJ: ...CRACKED and DISLOCATED by Jack Lynch's Iron Claw.

[He removes the black stetson from his head and throws it down on the ground.]

CJ: Supreme Wright will recover from this setback, Lynch. He will return to this sport that he loves. And he will make DAMN sure that we will win this war. But until then, *I* am the general of this army.

And we WILL have our vengeance.

[Jackson crosses his arms over his chest once again, lifting his head, staring up at the lights.]

CJ: Alex...Matt.

[Lance and Martin remain silent, staring straight ahead.]

CJ: Tonight, you two will take on Lynch and O'Connor...and you will defeat them. Failure is NOT an option.

Is that understood?

[Lance and Martin hesitate to answer. Jackson turns his head to them, repeating his question.]

CJ: Is that understood?

[The two give each other a look, before nodding at Jackson in the affirmative. Satisfied with their response, Jackson turns his attention back towards the camera.]

CJ: You may have won that battle, Lynch...

[Jackson bends down and picks up the stetson off the ground. He dusts it off and places it back atop his head.]

CJ: ...but this war is NOT over.

[And with that, Jackson walks off camera, with Lance and Martin following behind him. Fade out.]

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 coming back up reveals "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by with Kraken, the latter wearing a dark blue polo shirt tucked into black slacks. Noticeably missing from Kraken's attire is the mask he nearly always wore, and the big man's bright red hair is buzzed very short. A short beard and mustache adorn his face -- as does a grin a mile wide. He claps Blackwell on the shoulder, eliciting a slight wince.]

LB: I'm here in the back with Kraken...and only Kraken, it seems. Was there some falling out between you and the Robfathah, or...

[Kraken interrupts.]

K: Nothin' like that, Sweet Lou. After Memorial Day Mayhem, he an' I sat down and we had a talk. I ain't ever had the people behind me like they were behind me at Memorial Day Mayhem...and I liked it, Lou!

[Kraken is absolutely beaming.]

LB: There were an awful lot of people chanting your name after you knocked out Ru --

K: No, no, don't ruin this with his name! I know you gotta ask me about it, but ask me later, Lou. Gettin' back to your first question, yeah, from now on...it's just me. No mask, no manager, just a man out to carve what he can before God, bad time, or luck decides he ain't got it in him anymore. The Robfathah an' I been runnin' together a long time, but when I told him that I had to take care of my own business an' he had to take care of his, he stuck out his hand, I shook it, an' we went our separate ways. He ever needs me, he knows how to find me, but as of now, this ship's just got ONE captain.

["Sweet" Lou nods.]

LB: If you don't mind me asking, where's this ship planning to sail next?

[A chuckle rumbles out of the big man.]

K: I like you, Lou...so I'm gonna give you a scoop. There's a lil' Rumble comin' up on July 4th...maybe you heard about it. Ain't no names in it yet, so I'm happy as hell to tell you, tell the world, that the first man to enter the Rumble...is ME!

[Kraken grins.]

K: Now, I know a lot of ya are gonna stand up and talk about how you're gonna win, how nobody can stop you, how this is YOUR year...well, I got news for ya. There's about three hundred an' twenty pounds of ass-kicker who doesn't give a damn who you are or whose year it is, an' while I don't know about takin' the whole thing home, I can promise that it's gonna take a hell of a lot of ya to get me outta that ring!

[Kraken pounds one fist into his open palm, then looks over at Lou and nods.]

K: A'right, Lou...you wanna ask me about that guy, you can ask me now.

LB: At Memorial Day Mayhem, you knocked out Rufus Harris -- the GFC Heavyweight Champion. He's still the GFC Heavyweight Champion, and ...

[Lou hesitates.]

K: Go on! He ain't here, he can't hurt you.

LB: ...well...he seems clinically incapable of keeping his mouth shut. Do you think he'll ever show up here again?

[Kraken chuckles.]

K: Ya know, Lou...Harris calls himself "The Rottweiler" an' I'll give him his due, it felt like if he ever really clamped on, gettin' away from him woulda been damned hard. That said...

[Kraken holds one balled up fist, staring at its back briefly before turning it around to show the camera.]

K: I think that's one dog who ain't gonna be barkin' at me anymore.

[Kraken laughs as the picture fades out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina and weighing in at 250 pounds... Alex Worthey!

[The crowd applauds politely as Alex Worthey raises both his arms into the air. He rolls both of his shoulders back a few times as the sounds of a lone saxophone are heard. "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, and soon the curtains part as "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a curvaceous, alluring auburn haired beauty, attired in a shim tight black crop top, black leather pants and black heels, come into the arena.]

PW: And his opponent... on his way down the aisle, hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at 251 pounds...

"RED HOT" REEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[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.]

RS: Cut the music.

[Rex pauses as the music stops, but the boos in Missouri do not stop.]

BW: Listen now, Gordon, he's got a message.

GM: I'm listening to the boos.

[Summers continues.]

RS: What I'd like to have right now, is for all you overstuffed... mindless... Missouri mules...

[The crowd lets him have it for the insult.]

RS: ...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.

[Rex drops the mic, and as the music starts to play again, he begins to disrobe as the auburn haired beauty stands behind him taking the glittering garment off his shoulders, folding it neatly, as the chiseled Summers flexes a little for the crowd.]

BW: Look at the biceps! The delts! The pecs! The abs!

GM: The man certainly is put together. I'll give him that much.

BW: Don't sound so sad when you say it, Gordo. Rex Summers is more than a pretty face and a ripped body... he's a former PCW World Champion and a former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion. This guy's got it going on inside the ring as well as young Mr. Worthey is about to find out firsthand.

[Alex Worthey turns around and grabs the top rope to stretch out a bit more. Before "Darkest Light" fades away, Summers charges forward and drives a double axe handle to the back of Worthey's head!]

GM: The bell hasn't sounded yet!

BW: Worthey should know better than to turn his back to a competitor of Summers' caliber.

[There's no question 'Red Hot' doesn't need the bell as he drags the face of Worthey across the top rope.]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatantly illegal ropeburn by Summers!

BW: Can't really be illegal if the bell hasn't rang yet, can it?

[The Kansas City fans boo Summers as he applies a side headlock before driving his fist into the side of Worthey's head. A second blow lands, sending Worthey falling backwards as the referee waves for the bell to sound.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Summers gets read the riot act by the official for the closed fist. He raises his arms, shaking his head as Worthey grabs his face down on the canvas.]

BW: Summers fully complying with Longfellow's orders and breaks the legal headlock.

GM: Legal? It was plain as day Bucky, he was driving closed fists into Worthey's skull.

BW: But like I said, that was all before the bell... and besides, it's not like you're doing a whole lot of crying when Travis Stench uncorks that discus punch or Vasquez throws that Right Cross. Those are both clenched fists too, you know?

[As the voices of the AWA argue about the legality of Summers' actions, 'Red Hot' grabs Worthey by his hair, but the young man from Myrtle Beach catches him with a right hand to the mid-section that doubles him over.]

BW: Oh look! Alex Worthey with a closed fist and no one bats an eye.

GM: As they say, Bucky, follow the golden rule and that's what Worthey is doing!

[Worthey straightens up, throwing a second haymaker, this one bouncing off the jaw of Summers, sending him falling back into the ropes as Worthey advances.]

GM: Alex Worthey fighting fire with fire as he advances on Summers...

[Worthey grabs a handful of hair, nodding his head, throwing a vicious European uppercut up under the chin, snapping Summers' head back.]

GM: Oh! Hard shot there by Alex Worthey, looking to take the fight to Rex Summers in this one and perhaps score a major upset here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[With Summers on the ropes, Worthey grabs the right arm, sending him across the ring...]

GM: Worthey shoots him across... clothesline ducked by Summers... slams on the brakes and-

[The crowd groans as Summers reaches back, grabbing Worthey by the head, and drops down, jolting the neck against the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! A reverse neckbreaker of sorts by Rex Summers and just like that, he turns the tide.

BW: If Worthey really thought he was going to score the upset, Summers just gave him a rude awakening, daddy.

[Summers climbs to his feet, placing his hands behind his head and begins to gyrate his hips. The males in attendance boo loudly but a series of high pitched screams can be heard as well.]

GM: Arrogance personified right there, Bucky.

BW: He's not arrogant, Gordo. He's just giving the ladies what they don't get at home.

[Despite Bucky's claims, the arrogant Summers blows a kiss to the crowd before turning back towards Worthey, dragging him off the mat by the hair...

...and gets plucked into a small package!]

GM: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS-

[The crowd deflates as Summers narrowly escapes the cradle hold, climbing off the mat, an angry expression on his face as he slams a boot into the side of the rising Worthey's head!]

GM: Ohh! Summers got caught playing to the crowd and it almost caught him.

BW: Almost only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, daddy.

GM: Now will you admit he's arrogant?

BW: No, but what I will admit is that he's vicious. That kick to the head - there's another there - that's the same vicious streak that won Summers the Longhorn Heritage Title back in 2012 - the same title that we now call the World Television Title.

GM: Summers is a heck of a competitor, that's for sure... there's no denying that. But what I'll continue to argue is that his arrogance - his over-confidence - whatever you want to call it continues to be his undoing.

[Summers pulls Worthey off the mat, throwing him headfirst into the turnbuckles.]

BW: If I didn't think Alex Worthey had the same level of intelligence as Bobby O'Connor, I would be worried for his marbles as Summers is just unrelenting in his smashing of his face into the turnbuckles.

GM: How can you question Bobby's intelligence?

BW: How can you not, Gordo? He's friends with the Stenches!

[Worthey falls to a knee as "Red Hot" flexes his left bicep, smirking at the reaction before grabbing the head of Worthey, slamming his head into the middle buckle this time. The referee shouts at Summers, ordering him to release the grip on the hair. Summers obliges, stepping back and allowing Worthey to climb back up off the mat.]

BW: Look at Summers following the referee's directions. He practically lives by the rulebook, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break!

[Summers measures Worthey as he staggers out of the buckles, throwing his weight back into the ropes, charging back out, and connecting solidly with the back of Worthey's head using a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Summers stands over Worthey, flexing the same arm he just used for the clothesline.]

BW: He calls that the North Star Lariat and did you see Worthey's melon bounce off the mat, Gordo?

GM: I certainly did... and look at Summers...

[The other arm comes up to join the first, forming a double bicep pose as Summers straddles Worthey, a foot on either side of him.]

GM: More showboating by Summers and you would think he might've learned his lesson after Alex Worthey almost pulled off the upset the last time this happened, fans.

BW: Worthey's on Dream Street right now, Gordo. Summers could pose for a half hour and still get the three count.

GM: We'll see about that as Summers brings him up to his feet...

[The well-conditioned rulebreaker slowly twists the arm around in an armwringer before yanking Worthey into a double underhook...

...and SPIKING his skull into the canvas!]

GM: HEAT CHECK!

BW: One of the most devastating maneuvers in the whole sport and it's academic after that one, daddy!

[Summers rolls into a cover, his hand on his fist as he just barely rests one arm across the chest. The referee counts once... twice... and Summers blows a kiss at the camera as the three count comes down.]

GM: That's all she wrote. Rex Summers picks up the win here in Kansas City... and yes, he may have attacked Alex Worthey before the opening bell even sounded but-

BW: But it's nothing two no accounts like Lynch and O'Connor wouldn't have done.

GM: I highly disagree with that one.

BW: Respectfully?

GM: Hardly.

["Darkest Light" by The Lafayette Afro Rock Band begins to play as Rex Summers' arm is raised in victory. His alluring auburn haired escort for the evening enters the ring and offers him his robe. He just motions for her to exit the ring before he does the same, stealing a quick glance at her backside.]

GM: Fans, let's go to Mark Stegglet who is about to get some post-match comments from "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[We cut over to Mark Stegglet who is standing atop the interview platform.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Fans, I am standing by here at the interview platform on Saturday Night Wrestling where we're about to hear from a man who has held gold in the AWA before and is certainly targeting more gold in the very near future. Of course, I'm talking about Rex Summers... "Red Hot" Rex Summers...

[Stegglet seems to be trying to buy time as he looks towards the aisleway where Summers is obviously taking his sweet time in getting to the interview area.]

MS: Mr. Summers, come on in here...

[We cut the aisle where Summers winks at a young lady with blonde hair which has a few purple streaks running throughout. It takes another few moments for Summers to join Stegglet at the interview area and Stegglet does not waste another moment.]

MS: While you seemed to have been distracted for a few moments just now, you picked up a victory here tonight in Kansas City.

[Summers looks down with disdain at Stegglet.]

RS: Listen here, Shrimpy Stegglet... what you call a victory is nothing more than business as usual for "Red Hot". Just like what's his name...

MS: Alex Worthey. His name is ALEX WORTHEY. Don't you think you should know the names of the other athletes in the locker room that you'll be facing inside that squared circle?

[Summers does not look impressed at all with Mark Stegglet sticking up for Alex Worthey. He makes a dismissive gesture like he's brushing away Stegglet's comments.]

RS: You know...

[He eyes Stegglet up and down, lifting his right arm and forcing Stegglet to flex it. Stegglet jerks his arm away angrily as Summers chuckles.]

RS: ...Minuscule Mark... you don't need to know what I think. Your job is to hold that microphone so everyone gets what they want... to hear Rex Summers speak.

[An arrogant grin crosses the lips of Summers as Stegglet just shakes his head in disgust.]

RS: And Stegglet, there's only one thing that you...

[He looks out at the crowd.]

RS: ...and these Kansas City creampuffs need to know and that's the fact that I've got a long list of ex-lovers and they'll all tell you I've got the biggest...

[Summers smirks for a brief second, casting his eyes downwards before popping out a double bicep pose.]

RS: ...biceps they've ever seen.

[Stegglet again shakes his head with disgust.]

MS: I don't like what you're implying at all, Mr. Summers. In fact, I think this interview is ov-

[Summers angrily turns, grabbing Stegglet by the shirt.]

RS: I don't THINK so, Stegglet! I decide when I'm done talking... not you...

[The crowd boos as Summers looks out over them.]

RS: And certainly not them.

[He shoves Stegglet back a half step. Stegglet brushes himself off, straightening out his clothes.]

MS: It doesn't sound like this Kansas City crowd is very impressed with-

[Summers interrupts.]

RS: Who cares if these Cowtown chubbies are impressed? You see these water buffalos here? They break out in a sweat just sitting up in bed at night... and their poor unfortunate women are stuck waiting on them hand and foot... sweat pouring down their chins as they wonder what they did to get lucky enough to have a prize slab of fat, goin'-nowhere pieces of trash in their lives.

[The camera pans the Kansas City fans, the men in attendance are booing loudly as a few of the ladies nod their heads in agreement.]

RS: Look at 'em, Stegglet. Sweating like unwashed hogs.

You know what you didn't see me doing tonight when I defeated Joe Show?

MS: ALEX WORTHEY!

[Rex Summers continues to speak, completely ignoring Mark.]

RS: Sweat. You didn't see me sweat... and if you don't believe me, Stegglet...

[He leans out his face, pointing to it.]

RS: Just lay your hands on my brow and tell me what you feel.

[Stegglet shakes his head, refusing to oblige. Summers blindly reaches out, grabbing the arm, jerking it up against his forehead. Stegglet angrily pulls his hand away as Summers smirks.]

RS: Nothing, small fry. You feel nothing 'cause it's dry as bone, son. 'Cause your boy... Alfredo?

[Stegglet glares at Summers who is baiting him now.]

RS: Whatever... he wasn't a challenge... in fact there's no one in the AWA that can make me break a sweat.

[He pauses, snapping his fingers.]

RS: Wait, wait... I take that back. Melissa Cannon looks like she might get me to-

[Stegglet rips the mic away.]

MS: That's it! We're done here!

[Stegglet stalks off as a throaty chuckle can be heard from "Red Hot" for a few more moments.]

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: AWAshop.com.

Fade back from commercial. The light comes up as the screen fades in from black but you wish they didn't. The single naked bulb reveals three horrors.

On the left side of the screen you're faced with the dilapidated figure of Dirt Dog Unique Allah. He's a nightmare with his sunken and unfocussed red eyes, ragged clothes and unkempt tangled hair. His ragged wife beater is stained a dark yellowy grey.

On the right side of the screen is the hulking horror of Henri LeMarques. He utters strangled snarls as his neck is twisted at an odd angle, the old hangman's noose around his neck showing the livid scar at his throat. His eyes are empty, rolling. The giant is composed of slabs of muscle running to fat. His mouth works in a strange chewing motion.

And despite their horrific appearance, the Walking Dead are not the scariest people in the shot. That honor belongs to Poet. The priestess of the dead dominates the shot with her horrific scars and tattered filthy dreadlocks. Her face is painted with white greasepaint into the grotesque caricature of a skull. She glares into the camera.]

P: Dere comes a time when every man must pay for dem sins. Dere comes a time when every man must face im nightmares and im soul must be laid bare and expose to the world to destroy. Dere comes a time when dem who tink deir evil will not come to light. And dat is when de Walking Dead will come and tek you low.

[There is menace in her voice.]

P: De Dead are de test from Sutekh. Him bring us forward to tek down all the teams dat ate too weak. Our strength grows with each victory. Our power increases with each conquest and each soul we take. We are sent to pursue de weak. Sutekh despises the weak. Sutekh as commanded us to tear de troat out of every team we face and we will be rewarded with a return to life, a return to glory. A return to the warmth and wealth of 'umanity.

[She embraces herself and hugs herself tightly.]

P: You left us on de street to die. You left us to suffer in the cold. You once cheered us and gave us your favor. And then when we failed and fell, all of you forgot us. You called us weak. You called us failures. You left us behind to die. But tanks to Sutekh, we walk. De Dead dem does walk and we walk wit you. We follow you and wait for you to be weak. And den we take you down.

Bring your mysterious team. Dey are not stronger dan us. Dey are not better dan us. Dey will not claim us. De Dead will win and you nightmare begins in earnest. Be alert because we cold breath is pon you neck. We dead hand is around your troat. We teeth will rip out your heart. You tought we was gone but we've come 'ome. We've come 'ome.

[The shot slowly fades to a dark blue AWA backdrop, with "Sweet" LouB lackwell standing in front of it. Blackwell tugs on his collar, clearly a bit apprehensive before speaking.]

SLB: Fans, joining me at this time are the newest addition to the tag team roster here in the AWA... and the team who will be facing The Walking Dead in tonight's Stampede Cup play-in match. A team with quite a reputation preceding them that stretches everywhere from Texas to Japan, Tombstone Anderson and Sam Turner... the Rotgut Rustlers!

[There's quite a commotion as Anderson and Turner make their way to the interview area. Turner is a large man, muscular without being really defined. He has short dirty blonde hair and facial hair that's the product of not getting around to shaving in a month or so. He wears a pair of blue jeans and a white t-shirt that reads "I'D RATHER DIE IN MY FORD THAN BE CAUGHT IN A CHEVY". In one hand he holds a bullrope with a cowbell attached and in the other a rusty tin coffee can that he spits some tobacco spittle into. Turner looks off camera, and with an exaggerated wave of his arms begins screaming for someone to "get out here!" But Turner's partner is heard well before he's seen, as a wild shriek fills the interview space.]

"WHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[And in walks, no, not walks, in STOMPS, Tombstone Anderson. 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. Anderson doesn't stay still, but stalks back and forth behind Blackwell and Turner.]

SLB: Uhh...and I use the term loosely, gentlemen.

[Blackwell looks back and forth at the two wildmen, his loose hand tugging at his collar.]

SLB: The first question most people around here have, where have you two been?

[Turner grabs Blackwell by the wrist, swinging the microphone towards him.]

ST: We been in the third world, representing the United States of Texas, bawh!

[Blackwell looks with disgust at his jacket sleeve, which is already covered in tobacco spittle.]

SLB: Ugh, why has it taken you two so long to get back to the states and more importantly... to the AWA?

ST: It's called a statute of limitations, I tell you what!

[Tombstone stops for just a moment.]

TA: HAHAHA!!!

[And as his partner resumes his stomping, Turner slaps Blackwell on the back, exploding with laughter. His demeanor gets serious in an instant once he sees that Lou has fallen to the floor as a result of his friendly backslap.]

ST: What in the... get the hell up off that floor and show some damn class! My wife and seven kids are at home watchin', yer makin' me look bad!

[Finally stopping, Tombstone looks at his partner, his head flying back in shock.]

TA: SAM! What're you doin'? Remember talked about how you need to be a PRO-FESS-IO-NAL??? Look what you've gone and done to this fine man.

[Anderson bends over, and doesn't offer Blackwell a hand so much as he grabs hold of him, one hand on his wrist the other on his lapels and hauls him up to his feet, righting him with a bit too much force.]

TA: HELLOOOOO Lou Blackwell! Ya all right? Just a little misunderstandin', huh?

[Much to Blackwell's chagrin, Anderson attempts to smooth out the wrinkles on his coat, only to knock poor Lou off balance. Anderson doesn't seem to notice.]

TA: Sam, you apologize to the man! Jack Lynch had to pull a lotta strings and call in a lot of favors to get us these jobs, and now you're goin' and messin' it up already!

ST: Aw dang it I'm sorry, bawh. I just get revved up being in front of the cameras and the big lights again.

TA: There, now the man apologized! Shake his hand Lou Blackwell, we only just got here and I don't want there to be no problems!

[After a brief and very wary handshake with Turner, Lou finally brushes himself off, muttering "This is a rented suit, good lord".]

SLB: Someone who may be not as excitable but every bit as deadly as they come are The Walking Dead. What is your game plan going into The Cup?

ST: The Walking Dead? Lemme tell you something about those two. This ain't no Creature Double Feature at the local drive-in! This is a chance for me and my partner to keep the lights on and our families fed in the same damn country our families actually live in. So those two varmints can dump dirt from the graveyard in their shorts and keep each other up all night like a couple of sorority sisters with all the scary stories they want. When that bell rings, it'll be me and Tombstone with our hands raised... and that's the lord's honest truth!

SLB: And you, Mr. Anderson? I know that you two have been in the ring with some tough customers over the years. But on this, your first night in the AWA, you've really been thrown into the deep end of the pool!

[The camera cuts to the wild-eyed Anderson, a toothy grin visible underneath his shaggy beard.]

TA: The Walking Dead.

[Anderson shakes his head, as if the notion just doesn't quite sit right.]

TA: The Walking Dead?

[Anderson cocks his head to the side.]

TA: THE WALKING DEAD!!

[Suddenly, he turns to his partner, and slaps both of his hands onto either of Turner's pectorals.]

TA: THEY GONNA PUT US IN THERE WITH THE WALKING DEAD!!

ST: Well hell yes they are, and I don't care if its the almighty himself... I'm fixing to whoop him to hell and back if it means I get some sawbucks in my pocket, I tell you what.

TA: Lou Blackwell, now I know we only just got here to the AWA, but do you know who I am? My name is Tombstone Anderson, and I am a pro-fessional wrassler! I ain't here to be tanglin' with no dead men. I ain't here to be fightin' no zombies. This ain't no circus, Lou Blackwell!

But you know what? You want us to fight some zombies? Then we're gonna fight us some zombies! I don't know about all that weirdo mumbo jumbo them two are talkin' about. I don't know about no Eg-yptian gods!

But I do know that this here.

[Anderson holds up his right hand.]

TA: Is a big old fist. And if you take this big old fist and you drive it into anyone or anything's head, well, you know what happens, Lou Blackwell?

SLB: I would guess that they go down.

TA: That's right Lou Blackwell! They go right down. Man, zombie, god, pharaoh, mummy, Dracula, King Kong, fishman, whatever. They fall right down. So that's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna get right in the face of that big man, what's his name, Lou Blackwell?

SLB: Henri LeMarques.

TA: Yeah, him! I'ma get right in that big old man's...zombie's, whatever, I'm gonna get in his face and I'm gonna put this thumb right in front of these four fingers, and I'm gonna punch him. And I'm gonna keep punchin' him until he falls down!

And if that other guy, what's his name, Muskrat Jones?

SLB: You mean "Dirt Dog" Unique Allah?

TA: Yeah, that one! Well that one gets in my face, and what I'm gonna do is I'm gonna let my good friend Sam Turner get in the ring and I'm gonna let Sam do whatever he wants. Ya know why Lou Blackwell?

SLB: I hesitate to ask.

ST: Well don't leave them in suspense, damn it.

SLB: Excuse me?

ST: Ask the damn question, I ain't got all night!

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: Why is Tombstone going to let you do whatever you want?

[Turner spits in his coffee tin again, this time dropping it to the floor for emphasis... and causing yet more tobacco spittle to splash on Blackwell in the process.]

ST: Because we ain't here to play no games! This might be our last shot at the big time here in the YEWnited States, and just saying the name of this

great country damn near puts a tear in my eye and makes me have to take off my hat in respect to that great lady.

SLB: You... aren't wearing a hat.

[Turner loses it, swinging his bullrope wildly and narrowly missing Blackwell.]

ST: Well that's just how damn excited I am to be back here, bawh! Don't you NEVER correct a Texan, ESPECIALLY when he's talking 'bout his damn hat! I ain't here to be corrected just like I ain't here to play no games! I got a fat wife and seven kids at home, and they eat me damn near out of house and home. And I know I just called you fat on TV, sweetheart, but you know that's just the way I always liked my ladies!

SLB: Uh...

ST: See now you made me talk out of turn with my missus, NOW she's gonna need a box of chocolates! Those don't grow on trees, bawh! That frenchie and that dogcatcher or whatever in the hell he is are gonna have to pay for one of them Whitman Samplers! I don't care if they're a pair of zombies or two farmhands that snuck a swig of my shine, they sure as hell AIN'T getting in our way of the honor of having our hands raised high OR that fat ol' paycheck when we got that Cup in a deathgrip!

TA: And I got bills to pay, Lou Blackwell!

You may not know us, AWA, but you're about to learn what the Rotgut Rustlers are all about. We ain't pretty, and we ain't fancy. But we get the job done. So Walkin' Dead, you two mosey on down to the ring and tangle with the Rotgut Rustlers.

And they're gonna have to take the "Walking" part outta your names!

Now come on Sam, let's get goin'!

[Much to Blackwell's relief, the two wild men make their exit.]

SLB: Those two are fighting to get into the Stampede Cup? Oh brother. Gordon, Bucky... back down to you two at ringside!

[Crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon is visibly chuckling.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou. The Rotgut Rustlers are here in the AWA and longtime wrestling fans... well, they know something about the Rustlers, Bucky. As do we.

[Bucky looks disgruntled.]

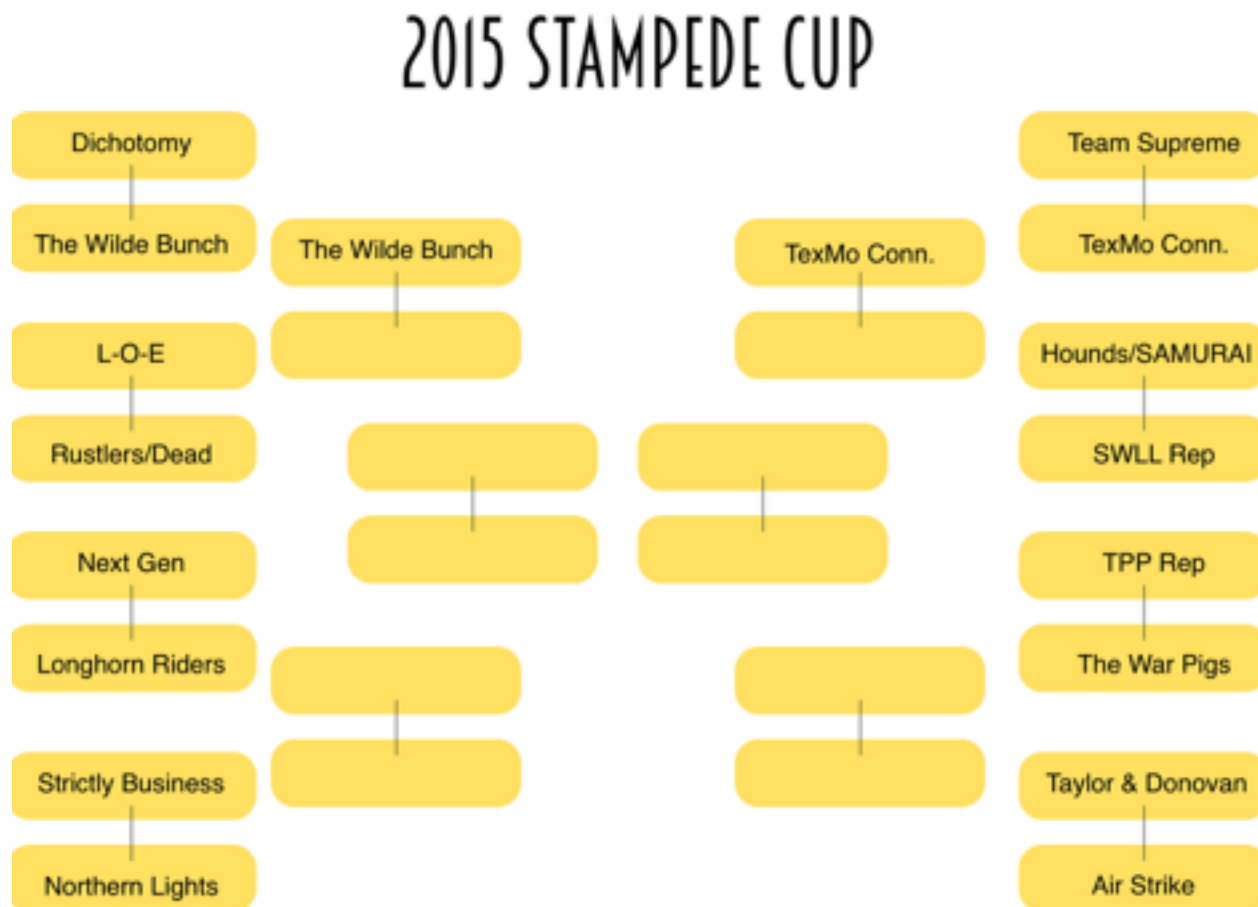
BW: You will smell 'em comin' before you see 'em comin', Gordo.

GM: That's all you've got?

BW: Any friends of the Lynches are an enemy of mine.

[Gordon chuckles again.]

GM: This is going to be a play-in match for the Stampede Cup tournament. Whoever wins this one is moving in and will meet the Double Crown Champions, the Lights Out Express, in the first round of the tournament in the weeks ahead. Let's take a look at that bracket!



GM: Sixteen teams remaining in the quest for a million dollars, the Stampede Cup, and the right to call yourselves the best tag team in the world. This one... whew... it's going to be a wild one knowing the Rustlers like I do. Fans, let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a play-in match for the Stampede Cup tournament! Introducing first...

["Loco Gringos Like To Party" by The Reverend Horton Heat plays over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Coming to the ring now, first, from Sweetwater, Texas, he is... "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner..

[Having heard his name, "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner, comes stomping out onto the entranceway. 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. On his face what can loosely be considered a beard but what is really just facial hair that he hasn't shaved off in the last month. Turner wears black vest over a bare chest, a pair of black trunks, black kneepads and a pair of black wrestling boots. Turner also wears a black elbowpad on his left elbow But the thing that everyone notices is the bullrope, and the cowbell attached to it. Turner alternates between shaking the bell, its clanging filling the arena, and waving the entire rope, lasso-like over his head. And the further down the ring he gets, the more people have to duck to avoid getting brained by the bell.]

PW: And his partner, hailing from Hell's Half Acre, Wyoming, he is... Tombstone Anderson!

[And the moment his name is announced, out comes the wild man himself. Anderson comes charging out, each step gigantic and overly exaggerated. 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.]

PW: They weigh a combined five hundred and thirty five pounds...

THE ROTGUT RUSTLERS!

[Anderson lets out a loud, bellowing roar, and the audience responds in kind, as Turner stomps around the ring, still waving his rope or shaking the cowbell. Finally, after the two men confer for a moment, they enter the ring, chomping at the bit and waiting for the bell.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Suddenly, the lights flicker and cut out as a child-like singing comes over the PA system.]

#This little light of mine
#I'm gonna let it shine
#This little light of mine
#I'm gonna let it shine

#Let it shine... let it shine... let it shine#

[A harsh shrill scream rings out over the PA system before the lights flicker, coming back up to full blast to reveal Dirt Dog Unique Allah, Henri LeMarques, and Poet standing in the aisle. Poet shoves the chalice sky high up into the air, revealing red liquid dripping over the edges and down her arms. She lets loose another wild scream as Allah and LeMarques slide under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Here we go!

[The bell sounds as Allah tangles up with Tombstone Anderson and LeMarques collides with Sam Turner. Fists are flying within an instant as the crowd roars for the match-starting brawl.]

BW: I don't know if trading fists with the Rustlers is the best idea... but I also doubt the Walking Dead are watching any tape back in the locker room to get the ideal strategy.

GM: I gotta imagine you're right about- WHOA! Big uppercut by Anderson sends Allah tumbling through the ropes to the floor!

[Wheeling around, Tombstone Anderson gives a whoop as he throws a forearm off the ear of LeMarques. The referee shouts for one of the Rotgut Rustlers to get out of the ring as they take turns hammering the six foot four inch LeMarques.]

GM: The Rustlers are battering LeMarques between them!

[The fans cheer as Anderson plants a fist between the eyes, sending LeMarques staggering one direction where Turner lands one of his own, sending him back the other way!]

GM: I don't think we're going to see any wristlocks in this one, fans!

BW: No wristwatches either. The Rustlers can't afford jewelry and the Dead don't want 'em!

[The big six foot nine inch Anderson gets forced back to the corner despite some loud protests as Turner grabs LeMarques by the arm, wrapping it around the top rope to keep the big man in place before opening fire with a series of brutal short elbows to the side of the neck!]

GM: Sam Turner - Hang 'Em High - opens fire on LeMarques!

[Turner gives a shout to his corner where Tombstone Anderson swings a leg up, putting it on the top rope as Turner walks LeMarques across the ring, smashing his head into his partner's foot. With a whoop, Anderson tags in, slapping himself across the chest a few times...]

GM: In comes the Bad Man from the Badlands, Tombstone Anderson... oof!

[The crowd groans as Anderson slams a forearm down between the shoulderblades of LeMarques... then an elbow across the back of the neck... then another forearm to the back of the head. He starts swinging wildly, clubbing down with forearm after forearm after forearm, forcing LeMarques down to a knee as the referee steps in, forcing him back...]

GM: Tombstone Anderson being backed off by the official...

[As he moves back in, Anderson gets cracked in the sternum with a lunging headbutt to the chest!]

GM: OH!

[The hulking LeMarques climbs up off the canvas, grabbing Anderson by his long, black hair, slamming a knee up into the chest!]

GM: Big kneelift by LeMarques!

[A second and third knee land before LeMarques bulls Anderson back into the neutral corner, grabbing the hair again, swinging his right hand into the jaw as quickly as he can!]

GM: Man, these two are throwin' some bombs in there, Bucky!

BW: They sure are. I'd say it's not going to do either of their looks any favor... but they're both as ugly as the day is long already so it's not going to hurt anything to beat the heck out of each other either.

[LeMarques grabs Anderson, hurling the 280 pounder into the air with a hip toss, bouncing him off the canvas.]

GM: Sheer power on display there! He just made a near three hundred pound Tombstone Anderson look like a cruiserweight!

[LeMarques lumbers across the ring as Anderson pushes up to a knee, popping up to BURY a right hand into LeMarques' midsection, doubling him up. A smirking Anderson lifts his hands, holding them both in clawhold position...

...and RAKES his fingers down the back of the big man, sending LeMarques wobbling across the ring towards the ropes!]

BW: I see that cheating's not just reserved for the Lynch family. Their friends are in on the act too.

[Anderson gives a wild war whoop as he barrels across the ring, blasting LeMarques with a clothesline in the back of the head, sending him sailing over the ropes and down to the floor...

...and then wheels around, burying a right hand between the eyes of Dirt Dog Unique Allah, sending him sailing off the apron!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot that was!

BW: Which one?

GM: Both of them!

[A grinning Anderson shakes out his hand with a "That one stung!" as he walks across the ring, dropping to a knee and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: You don't want to be out there on the floor with the Rotgut Rustlers, fans!

[Anderson grabs LeMarques by the arm, pulling him off the barely-padded floor...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: 300 POUNDS INTO THE STEEL RIGHT THERE!

[Anderson swings around, catching an incoming Allah with a right hand to the gut. He lifts him up, holding him up with one arm, rushing towards LeMarques...

...and bodyslams him right into his own partner, sending Allah falling into the front row as LeMarques sinks to a knee.]

GM: Ohhh! Tombstone Anderson hurls one member of the Walking Dead into the other!

[He grabs LeMarques by the ears, pulling him off the railing, dragging him back towards the ring...

...but taking the time to SLAM LeMarques' head down onto the timekeeper's table!]

GM: Whew! These two men know how to fight, fans!

[Anderson spins away, grabbing the ring bell.]

GM: Look out!

[He steps towards LeMarques, ready to bash him with the steel bell when Sam Turner's gotta step in the way, throwing his arms out!]

BW: That lunatic Anderson was gonna brain him with the bell and his own partner had to stop him!

[Turner is trying to reason with his partner, first shoving him back, and then swinging around behind him, wrapping an arm around his throat, dragging him back away from LeMarques.]

GM: Anderson's trying to get at LeMarques but Sam Turner may have just saved this match for his team!

[LeMarques rolls under the ropes back into the ring as Turner and Anderson have a heated conversation out at ringside.]

BW: These two idiots are fighting with each other, Gordo! How are they gonna win a match with another team if they can't settle down and stop yelling at each other?!

GM: You know as well as I do that's how these two communicate.

[Anderson rolls back into the ring as Turner grabs him by the leg, holding him there long enough to scamper up on the apron, leaning over the ropes and tagging himself in.]

GM: Turner brings himself in!

[Sam Turner rushes the rising LeMarques from behind, hitting a double axehandle between the shoulderblades that knocks the big man into the buckles.]

GM: Into the buckles!

[Turner grabs hold of LeMarques' wild afro, slamming his head down into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[With a howl, Turner hops up on the middle rope, pumping his right arm a few times...

...and hurls himself off but LeMarques sidesteps, causing Turner to faceplant on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He missed the flying clothesline and-

BW: BOOM!

GM: Big elbowdrop down across the back of the head and neck by LeMarques!

[Pushing his big frame up off the mat, LeMarques reaches out a hand to slap the hand of Dirt Dog Unique Allah. Allah quickly climbs the ropes, stepping off the top in one motion...

...and drops a sloppy leg across the back of Turner's head!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Allah flips Turner over, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Turner kicks out, breaking the pin attempt. Allah climbs off the mat, stomping the chest over and over, landing a dozen stomps before he stumbles towards the ropes, bouncing off...

...and leaping up, dropping a knee down into the chest!]

GM: Allah with a kneedrop, puts him down again!

[Another two count follows before Turner kicks out. Allah again climbs to his feet, raising his arms up, dropping down in a double forearm chop across the torso.]

GM: Unique offense on the part of Dirt Dog Unique Allah right there.

[Allah pulls Turner up by the hair, smashing his skull into the temple once... twice... a third one sends Turner falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Allah follows him in... ahhhh! He's biting him! He's biting him!

[Turner screams in pain as Allah gnaws at his flesh.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[As the count hits four, Allah bounces away, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as he wobbles across the ring to the far corner, moving into a full speed charge...

...and throws himself into a dropkick, blasting Turner up under the chin with it!]

GM: What a dropkick out of Allah!

[Allah pulls Turner from the corner, booting him in the gut, grabbing him by the wrist...

...and yanks Turner towards him, swinging him over in a neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! What in the... have you EVER seen anything like that, Bucky?

BW: I don't even know what to call that. A short-arm neckbreaker?

[Allah sits up, scratching at his chest before leaning back across Turner in a pin attempt.]

GM: Allah gets one! He gets two! He gets- no, that's all!

[Pulling Turner off the mat by the hair, Allah flings him over the second rope, putting his throat down on the middle rope. Allah lifts his leg, planting his shin on the back of Turner's neck, attempting to push his throat down on the ropes...]

GM: Allah's choking him!

[...but as the camera shot cuts to the other side, we see that Turner has slipped his own arm up under his chin, preventing himself from being choked even while he's coughing wildly. Allah turns, looking out to Poet. Turner looks up, flashing an exaggerated wink at the camera as Allah dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Here comes Allah!

[He leaps up, driving himself into the back of Turner's neck as he slides between the ropes to the floor - a move that would normally snap the victim's throat against the middle rope...

...but not this victim who reaches forward, grabbing Allah by the hair with both hands!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him by the hair!

[Holding onto the hair, Turner gets up, pulling hard, dragging Allah back up on the apron and through the ropes so Allah's feet are resting on the middle rope. Turner looks around at the roaring crowd, nodding his head at them as they encourage him...

...and HURLS Allah facefirst into the mat!]

GM: Oh my!

[Turner stumbles away, falling back, reaching over his head, and slaps the hand of Tombstone Anderson!]

GM: TAG!

[Tombstone Anderson comes barreling across the ring, highstepping, swinging his arms back and forth in the air...

...and then charges across, stepping up to the middle rope and BLASTING LeMarques with a right hand RIGHT on the bridge of the nose, sending him falling to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES LEMARQUES!

[Anderson jumps back down, leaning over into a three point stance. He's stomping his foot, screaming and shouting, blowing spit in the air...

...and then barrels across the ring, throwing his shoulder into a rising Allah with a tackle, sending him head over heels back down to the canvas!]

GM: WHAT A TACKLE THAT WAS!!

[The Bad Man from the Badlands grabs Allah by the hair, yanking him skyward into an atomic drop, sending him crashing chestfirst to the corner. Allah turns, staggering back out into an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: A pair of atomic drops and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd ROARS for a double slap on the ears of Allah, causing him to fall back into the turnbuckles. Anderson grabs him by the arm, giving a shout, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Anderson charging in! CLOTHESLINE!

[As Allah staggers out, Anderson lifts him up under his arm, walking across the ring where he tags in Sam Turner. Turner steps in, hopping up on the middle rope as Anderson drops Allah in a backbreaker...

...and Turner leaps off the middle rope, dropping a knee across the throat of Allah!]

GM: WAGON CRASH!

[Turner applies a cover as Anderson charges across, kicking an incoming LeMarques in the ear back through the ropes as the referee counts three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! The Rotgut Rustlers score the upset in their debut and they've made the Cup!

BW: This is a sham, Gordo! Those guys had no business being in the tournament at all! This is another example of those crooked Stenches pulling strings in O'Neill's corrupt office to get more of their buddies in the locker room!

GM: You can argue that they shouldn't be in the tournament but after that win, they're in! They're in and they're going to take on the Double Crown Champions, the Lights Out Express, in the first round of the tournament!

BW: Who will promptly clean their rusty clocks.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett taking us on a trip to the museum and I'm sure you won't want to miss that!

[Fade to black as the Rustlers celebrate their surprise victory.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Carl Riddens?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

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

out the noise. Then King ONI wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black.

We open to a young man, mid-twenties or so, dressed in a black polo shirt and light khaki pants. In front of him are a small group of people of nearly every imaginable ethnicity, gender and age group. Behind him is a gigantic dinosaur fossil skeleton. The young man gestures upwards to its huge skull.]

YM: He may seem ferocious, but when alive the Apatosaurus fed mostly on low-lying plants... despite being what we believe was the largest of all dinosaurs.

[Just then, a familiar voice speaks up.]

"What a pity."

[The young man does a double take towards the location of the voice, and begins hurriedly gesturing farther down the room.]

YM: Now if you'll follow me...

[He pauses, looking nervously again at the owner of the voice.]

YM: Sir, if you'll just follow the group I can guide you--

[Just then a growl is heard. We pan to the right, and see the darkly smiling face of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. He is wearing an entirely white suit as usual, save for the customary blood red necktie and handkerchief tucked into the breast pocket. We pan down a bit, and see the reason for the growling. The Lost Boy is crouched at Fawcett's feet, wearing black wrestling boots, tattered cutoff black denim shorts and a filthy white t-shirt that reads "DADDY'S LITTLE MONSTER".]

"D"HF: Ah, but that is where I am afraid I must correct you.

[Fawcett nods at the steel chain leash gripped in his hand, the only thing keeping The Lost Boy from leaping out at the terrified tour guide.]

"D"HF: It is I who is the guide. The guiding light that can happily send you safely on your way...

[Fawcett pats The Lost Boy on the head.]

"D"HF: ... or with a simple drop of my hand, send you into the purest agony possible.

[The tour guide gulps, slowly backing away before breaking into a mad dash to catch up with the tourist group who by now have left him far behind. Fawcett turns to the camera and flashes his trademark unsettling grin.]

"D"HF: Welcome, dearest friends. I have asked for this time to once again cement my Humanitarian Of The Year status, as I guide all of you through these hallowed halls in which surely you have never tread. A rare moment of education falling upon your tender ears.

[Fawcett turns to face the Apatosaurus fossil once again.]

"D"HF: A true shame. That hulking form, the ability to crush bones beneath its thunderous feet... and wasted on a diet devoid of even a drop of blood. Such shameful squandering of one's natural resources. Such gifts left to waste and rot.

[Just then, a gasp is heard off-camera.]

"D"HF: Thankfully... I know of one who does not waste any of the power he holds in the palms of his mighty hands.

[A mother quickly pulls her two young children to her, as towards Fawcett and The Lost Boy walks KING Oni. He thankfully is without his kabuki-style mask/headdress and is fully covered in his customary all-black robe. For once he is not barefoot, as he wears an enormous pair of Geta, the traditional elevated Japanese wooden sandals making him seem impossibly even more huge than he normally is. He finally stops directly in front of Fawcett, who claps him on his right shoulder.]

"D"HF: For my liege is unafraid of using his immeasurable gifts. He is unafraid to crush the weak under his royal feet. You may ask Slater about that, if you can track down whatever bargain basement hovel he is currently screaming in pain at his crippled hand at.

[Fawcett laughs darkly.]

"D"HF: For unlike this fossil of a bygone age, your KING is unafraid to feed--

[Fawcett's attention is suddenly taken by the tugging of the leash in his hand, as The Lost Boy has begun crawling towards the leg bone of the fossil... gripping it with one hand with his mouth wide open as if he's looking at a rawhide bone. Oni nods approvingly, licking his lips... but it's put to an abrupt end as Fawcett tugs on the leash.]

"D"HF: Now now... a hungry mind is a savage mind.

[The Lost Boy grunts, crawling back towards Fawcett as the bizarre trio begin walking away from the dinosaur fossil. That is, until The Lost Boy's eyes go wide in shock as he stops short. We pan up, and see a group of wax models in the form of a group of cro-magnon "men" and "women".]

"D"HF: Ah yes, see someone you know. The resemblance IS striking.

[Fawcett crouches down to speak close to The Lost Boy's ear.]

"D"HF: But where they were the beginning, you have gone so much farther than whatever passed for their minds could comprehend. Beyond not only them, but beyond those that would diminish you into thinking the ultimate goal is to become a mere man. You are so much more than a science project for that revolting Travi--

[Upon nearly hearing that name, The Lost Boy flies into a rage, unable to be contained by his leash. It's only until Fawcett takes his gem from his pants pocket and raises it in the air does he calm... which seems to take quite a bit from Fawcett, who nearly falls to one knee. He quickly shakes this off, however, due to the shock at hearing a single word.]

"Feed."

[Fawcett looks up, shock showing clearly on his face as he looks at Oni pointing up. We pan further down the wax figures...]

KO: FEED.

[... until we see a gigantic wax reproduction of a Woolly Mammoth.]

"D"HF: Indeed.

[Fawcett's shock turns to a wide grin.]

"D"HF: My liege was fed on scraps. The scraps of Slater and Williams, mere strands of flesh barely clinging to bone. But no longer.

KO: FEED!

"D"HF: For a terrible beast has risen once more. A terrible beast that causes men to avert their gaze and run for their lives.

KO: FEED!!

"D"HF: What you see before you, however, is no mere man. He is a KING. His hunger is more terrible than any can imagine. For he has had to sustain himself on castoff not suitable for the most sickly mongrel. For while a MAMMOTH has gone to the Far East to become a more effective monster, THE KING OF DEMONS has awoken. He has waited longer than recorded history for such a repast to wander into his killing room floor. He shall rend, he shall claw. Mostly importantly, however...

[Fawcett nods as he clutches his gem close to his heart.]

"D"HF: ... he shall--

KO: FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!!

[The Lost Boy rears his head back, howling as Fawcett bows his head. We pan farther back, taking in this macabre scene in once more before fading out.]

And then fade back up to the back, where “Sweet” Lou Blackwell stands, alone for the time being.]

SLB: We are hot on the heels of one of the greatest events in AWA history, Memorial Day Mayhem, and coming up on the horizon is the AWA’s next big extravaganza, the second annual Rising Sun Showdown! Folks, you won’t want to miss this show. Several matches have already been announced. Including the long awaited match to settle a grudge that began at SuperClash. I’m talking about the high flying sensation known as TORA taking on the man who is about to be my guest, the Son of the Blackheart, Brian James! Mr. James, Mr. Lau, if you’d join me...

[The first person to come charging in is Brian Lau, wearing a black suit and tie, Ray Ban Aviator sunglasses on his eyes. Middle aged as he is, Lau is in surprisingly good shape, lean and spry, certainly not in wrestling shape, but in excellent shape for a man of his age. Moving behind him at a much more deliberate pace is Brian James. The massive James is bare chested, and wears a pair of black jeans. His trademark white towel is over his head, obscuring most of his face. James stands behind Blackwell, gripping his left wrist with his right hand, glowering in silent menace.]

SLB: Brian Lau, if I can...

BL: NO! NO! NO! You do not, I repeat, you do not ever talk about TORA before you talk about Brian James! What are you trying to say, Blackwell, that TORA is more important than Brian James?

[Before Blackwell can answer, James clamps a hand down on Blackwell’s shoulder.]

SLB: I... hey! What do you think you’re doing?! Get your hands off me!

BL: I’d watch my tone, if I were you, Blackwell!

[James lifts his hand, though only after a nod from Lau.]

BL: Now you listen, Blackwell. You’re right. We are going to Japan. And we are going to deal with this TORA business, once and for all.

But for all of you who are hoping to see David slay Goliath. For all of you think that spunk and determination are going to win the day? Well, I only have one thing to say to you.

Look at this man right here!

[As Lau points, the camera zooms in on the massive, hulking frame of Brian James.]

BL: Six foot six. Two hundred and ninety five pounds. Three percent body fat. You ever seen a man like this in your life Blackwell? Don't bother saying anything, I already know you haven't.

There's only one way to talk about Brian James. And that's in Shakespearean terms, Blackwell.

He doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus, and petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves.

That's who Brian James is, Lou Blackwell.

You need to understand that there is no other man like Brian James in the AWA. There is no man who is as naturally gifted as he is. No one who hits harder. No one who can do what he does.

In six months, Brian James has not been knocked off his feet. In six months, Brian James has certainly not had his shoulders put down on the mat. In six months, no one has come within a mile of beating Brian James. And TORA, you think you want a match with Brian James?

Seriously boy, what kind of idiot are you?

[The camera pans from Lau to James, who reaches up, pulling the towel off his head.]

BJ: You used to tell me, TORA, that you thought of Japan as your real home. You said your career was born there. That's convenient.

Because your career is gonna die there too.

You think being in Japan means something? You think, what? That you're going to get something over on me by being in that ring? Let me tell you something. I don't care where it is. Japan, Texas, the moon... it doesn't matter, TORA. You want revenge? You want to make me pay? Well, it's good to want things. But let me make this clear...

The only thing you're getting is my fist driven into your heart.

SLB: You're very confident, Mr. James.

BL: Of course he is, Blackwell!

The AWA is a company filled with all sorts of men. Kings, Standards, Knights, War Dogs, Brawlers, Bunkhouses, Iron Cowboys, Demons, and Krakens. But above all of them stands this man, right here. A god among kings. A titan among gods.

No one can beat him. No one will beat him. We're going to Japan, but I promise you think.

And there's one final thing, Blackwell.

Brian James will fight anyone, for any reason, or no reason at all. But I'm his manager. And I don't let the man whose career is under my watch do things for no reason or for no purpose. And we have a purpose in this. And that purpose is simple.

It's been more than a year since Brian James had a shot at singles' gold. And that's a travesty. So O'Neill, I hope you're listening. Because we're going to Japan for TORA.

But we're coming back for gold!

SLB: There you have it, folks! And I'll be honest, if I'm TORA, I'm not sure I'd be looking forward to this match!

[The shot of Blackwell fades out to the ring where we see a lean, African-American man in the squared circle, wearing two tone tights, white boots and black elbow pads. The young wrestler paces back and forth, arms scissoring in front of him as he casts glances towards the entranceway.]

GM: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou... and Amos Carter already in the ring, waiting for his opponent.

BW: He better hope it's a long wait. Because the longer you can avoid the guy who's coming out next, the better!

[A moment later, the heavy guitar riff of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers.]

BW: And here he comes, Gordo!

GM: And based on what we've seen this man do, heaven help Amos Carter!

[First out is Brian Lau, dressed tonight in a sharp black suit, the only other color the white of his crisp, neatly pressed shirt. Over his eyes are a pair of black Ray Ban Aviator sunglasses.]

GM: Brian Lau, looking stylish as ever.

BW: When you're the only manager in the Hall of Fame, when you're the man that every wrestler in the locker room comes to for advice, well, to be the part, you gotta look the part, Gordo!

[As Lau waits, the curtain is forcefully pulled aside, as out steps one of the most imposing, intimidating men in the AWA, the son of the Blackheart, the six foot six, two hundred and ninety pound force of destruction that is Brian James. James has a white towel over his head, which covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl on clean shaven face. James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights.

Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape

extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in black tattoos, each a letter of the Kanji alphabet. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James' legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, before James pushes down the top rope and steps over it. With Lau in front, both men move to the center of the ring.]

BW: And look at that! Carter staying in his corner! Can't say I blame him!

GM: As long as Brian Lau is in the ring, I'd stay in my corner too. You never know what he's got in that devious head of his.

BW: Yeah, he's afraid of what Lau will do to him. I'm sure that's it!

[The camera cuts to Lau and James. Reaching up, James pulls the towel off his head, revealing short, dirty blond hair that's been slicked back. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. As Lau exits the ring, James, instead of dropping into his usual stance, tilts his chin upwards, daring Carter to come forward, but before he can, both Phil Watson and referee Davis Warren move to stand between them.]

PW: This contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Rocky Mount, North Carolina, and weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds...

AMOS CARTER!!

[There's a smattering of cheers, as Carter steps forward, his own chin tilted upwards, refusing to be intimidated.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds. He is the Son of the Blackheart...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAMMMMMESSSSSS!!!!

[As boos fill the arena, James' head bounces from side to side, and then James' entire body is in motion, as he begins to bounce on the balls of his feet, ready for the fight.]

GM: And there are the final instructions from the official, who steps back, calling for the bell.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: As mentioned moments ago, Brian James will be a part of the second Rising Sun Showdown, as he takes on his former tag team partner, TORA. You have to wonder, Bucky, if James' choice in opponents tonight has anything to do with wanting to test himself against a smaller, high flying wrestler in preparation for that match in Japan.

BW: With Brian Lau guiding him, everything with Brian James is in preparation for something Gordo. But if you're asking me if I think Brian James needs to get ready for TORA, well, I'm not sure I agree. Doesn't matter how fast you're flying, you come up against a brick wall, and the only thing that's gonna happen is a splat!

[Carter circles around James warily. For his part, the Son of the Blackheart doesn't engage, but just keeps encouraging Carter to come at him. Finally, Carter rushes forward, and the two lock up, collar and elbow, only for James to shove Carter backwards, that simple movement sending Carter sprawling halfway across the ring.]

BW: Look at that power, Gordo!

GM: There is no denying that Brian James is an incredible physical specimen. There's a lot of big men in this company, Bucky, but I don't know that any of them have the all-around athleticism of Brian James. Speed, power, balance, that's a rare combination in a man of Brian James' size.

[Carter gets to his feet, and charges at James, locking up again, only to get pushed to the opposite side of the ring. This time, as Carter gets up, James points at the ropes.]

BW: He's just daring Carter to come at him now.

GM: You know Bucky, overconfidence has been the downfall of many men here in the AWA.

[Carter charges at the ropes, and comes off them with a full head of steam, driving his shoulder into James' side.]

BW: You think he's overconfident? Brian James didn't budge an inch, Gordo! And look at him, he's smiling!

[The camera cuts to James, who indeed has a faint smile on his face. James points to the opposite rope, encouraging Carter to try again. After a moment's hesitation, Carter does, racing for the ropes, and charges at James. The massive James remains still until just the last moment, when he takes the measure of Carter and then steps back, launching his leg at Carter's temple, and dropping him immediately.]

BW: Did you hear that, Gordo!? It sounded like a gunshot!

GM: And Amos Carter isn't moving!

[Davis Warren moves in to check on Carter, only for Brian James to move forward, preventing Davis from getting too close. James kicks at the mostly unresponsive Carter's face, "slapping" him with his bare foot as a means of mocking him.]

GM: I have to think that Davis Warren was considering calling a stop to this match.

BW: Why do you think Brian James got in there! He hasn't gotten nearly enough of a workout yet!

GM: And look at Brian Lau!

[James' manager is up on the apron, arm over the top rope, pointing at Warren, screaming at the referee.]

GM: This is just uncalled for!

[As Lau is busy giving Davis Warren the business, James takes hold of Carter's hair, and pulls him into a clinch, ragdolling him into the corner. With Carter helpless, James begins driving knee after knee into the face and chest of Carter, keeping the clinch tight so that Carter cannot escape.]

GM: Vicious knee strikes by Brian James. Davis Warren needs to stop messing around with Brian Lau and get in there and stop this!

[As if he'd heard Gordon, though it's more likely that he saw the action of the corner of his eye, Warren breaks away, and begins to lay a count on James, yelling at him to get out of the corner.]

GM: James breaks at four!

BW: That's Brian Lau's influence, I'm tellin' ya, Gordo. You teach your man to take full advantage of every loophole. I used to tell all of my men that as long as the ref never got to five, it was all legal!

[James backs up as Warren checks on Carter. But James isn't idle. Instead, he bursts out of the opposing corner with a full head of steam, charging at Carter. Luckily, Warren's peripheral vision remains superb, as he gets out of the way in a hurry as James leaps to the second turnbuckle, and balanced

perfectly, launches another kick to the side of Carter's head, jumping back as Carter slumps forward.]

BW: He's so methodical in there, Gordo. So efficient. So devastating. We haven't seen Brian James do a lot in this match, but everything he's done has turned the light off behind Carter's eyes!

GM: The word you're looking for, Bucky, is "sadistic." Yes, he's put Carter down with every move. But only the cruelest kind of man keeps doing one thing after another when the very first thing you did was enough to pin a man.

BW: He's got James blood in him, Gordo! What were you expecting?

GM: I was expecting him to remain the polite, nice young man that the AWA fans fell in love with.

BW: That kid, and those days are gone!

[Taking Carter by the hair, James pulls his opponent to his feet. Holding Carter in place, James begins to unleash another assault, as first he drives an elbow into Carter's face, then doubles him over with a knee to the gut. James finally uses his grip on Carter's hair to send him into the ropes. As Carter rebounds, James catches him in a waist lock and pivots, driving Carter into the corner.]

BW: I think I heard a rib snap, Gordo!

GM: Just one, if he's lucky.

BW: I think "lucky" stopped being something you could say about Amos Carter about half a second after that bell rung!

[James steps back, pulling Carter with him. He takes hold of Carter's arm by the wrist and bends it back behind him. James turns his body to the side, closing his right hand into a fist. With an incredible amount of velocity built up over a very short distance, James drives his fist right into Carter's heart. The lights go out for Carter a final time.]

BW: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

GM: James going for the co- wait a minute!

[James' momentum is stopped by Lau, who is up on the apron again, yelling at James to keep going.]

GM: Come on! This match is over! This is sick!

BW: This is for TORA, Gordo. This is so he knows what he's in for!

[James reaches for Carter, but before he can get to him, Davis Warren steps between them, frantically waving his arms.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: Wait a minute, what just happened?

GM: Davis Warren has called a stop to the match, but why.

[Lau is already in the ring, screaming at Davis, who is doing his best to ignore the manager, as he speaks to Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has determined that Amos Carter is unable to continue. Therefore, the winner of the match by referee's decision...

BRIAN JAMES!!!

[The fans boo loudly, as Lau begins to jump up and down all around James in exuberant jubilation. For his part, James remains still and stoic.]

BW: Wow Gordo, I didn't see that coming!

GM: Well, as we saw at Memorial Day Mayhem, when Ricky Longfellow called a match to a stop for blood loss, it is within the referee's discretion to end a match when he has determined one man cannot go on. And there was no doubt that if Brian James had continued to beat on Carter, the young man's future would be in serious jeopardy.

BW: I won't fault the referee for sparing the kid, but you have to figure Gordo, that it ain't a smart thing, sending Brian James away before he's had a chance to satisfy his bloodlust.

GM: Nevertheless, I do believe that Warren Davis made the right call.

[As James and Lau exit the ring, Davis calls for EMT's to tend to Carter. And as they do, we cut to commercial.]

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...

...and then back up on a piece of pre-taped footage with the backdrop of the "local medical center" in Lafayette. Standing in front, the camera only filming chest up, is "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater.]

KS: You know, 7 months ago, when Fawcett decided to use me to pump up his monster, I took my shot. I started it. And I was willing to stand at that, let Derrick chase the Demon if he wanted, and I was gonna go back up to Boston, and wait until the next DVD or T-shirt commercial Empire wanted me to do. But that wasn't good enough. Fawcett kept poking, and poking, and if it was only at Derrick, that's the game. But he poked at me. And he poked, and he poked, and finally I had enough, and I showed back up, I got my shot in, and tried to help Derrick slay Oni.

And I'm proud of Derrick. He was outmatched, outgunned, outweighed, out everything'ed, and he just kept going, he didn't quit. He stood up in the face of fear and he popped it in the mouth and he did me proud. I don't care that he lost, he did what he needed to do. He's young, he's still getting his legs under him, and he has his whole career in front of him. But, we circle back to Fawcett, and him not leaving well enough alone. You see, I was planning, on after Memorial Day Mayhem, win or lose for Derrick, I was gonna ride off back to Boston, and run my business until I got the call from Empire to make another appearance. But...

[Slater holds up his right hand, cast and bandaged and immobilized.]

KS: Doc had to have the last word. Shattered hand, 8 broken bones in there, about 10 pins, a plate, and five hours of surgery to fix it. Got damn lucky I didn't need a bone graft on one. So yeah, I'm riding off back to Boston for a while. I've told Derrick, to move on, to go have his career, to not get into my war, he's not ready. And he will.

Because Fawcett, this has now become war. This wasn't just a shot and you having fun, this is my livelihood. This keeps me out of training the kids at my school for months. This goes beyond a statement. You wanted to cement yourself, fine. You did. But you also brought me back into the game. You think I'm letting this...

[He points to the casted up right hand with his left]

KS: ... go and just walk away. No. But it's different for me this time. I'm not getting in the ring myself to take care of this. I have to plan this all differently.

So Doc, I'm not through with you. I'll be back, and it's now my mission to see you and your menagerie of monsters destroyed. I'll be back for you, not today, not tomorrow, maybe not even 6 months or even a year from now. But some time in the future, when you're standing center stage with your minions doing whatever, thinking you're on top and unstoppable, you'll turn around and there I'll be, and I'll be bringing hell with me.

I'll see you around Doc, have fun until then.

[Slater walks out as the camera fades back to live action, showing "Sweet" Lou Blackwell up in the ring... and he's not alone.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and if you want to hear more about what Kevin Slater has planned for "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, make sure you call the hotline at 1-900-877-5515. Kids, get your parents' permission before dialing... and fans, with me at this time are two people who were involved in one of the biggest controversies we've seen in recent memory. Standing to my right, the man on the losing end of the controversial decision, the challenger to the National Title at Memorial Day Mayhem, Travis Lynch.

[Lynch waves at the cheering crowd, who explode on the announcement of his name. Travis is in street clothes of blue jeans, a white t-shirt with the sleeves cut tight around his bulging biceps, and a pair of cowboy boots.]

SLB: And to my left is the manager of "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, the so-called Perfect Ten herself... Miss Sandra Hayes. Sandra-

[Hayes, dressed in fitted black pants with light pinstripes and a white blouse, cuts off Blackwell.]

MSH: Blackwell, try to get with the program. Rob Driscoll and I are business partners. Managers arrange airplane tickets and rented cars. I arrange the biggest coups in the wrestling business. Write it on your hand if you have to, Lou, but get it right.

[Blackwell grimaces at the barb and continues.]

SLB: I'll see if I can remember, Sandra. Conspicuous by his absence tonight is the AWA National Champion, one "Diamond" Rob Driscoll. Where is your...

[Here comes the finger quotes.]

SLB: ..."business partner," Miss Hayes?

[Sandra takes the microphone and smiles faintly for a moment.]

MSH: Let me give you a history lesson, Blackwell, and Travis, you might want to pay attention too. I'll try to speak slow enough for you.

When you're a wrestling champion, such as Rob Driscoll, you have an obligation to defend the gold on almost a daily basis. As the AWA National Champion, the champion of this nation, Rob Driscoll has been contracted out to defend his title in every corner of this country, from Bangor, Maine to Portland, Oregon.

It is his duty to show the fans of AWA wrestling how an elite athlete conducts himself in and out of the ring, and furthermore, it is his obligation to raise the standard of excellence every time he defends his title.

THIS is how a champion acts. THIS is how a champion conducts himself. THIS is what a champion looks like, walks like and talks like. It's a burden he doesn't carry lightly, Blackwell. He has to show people like Travis Lynch just what it means to be a champion, and believe me, every small town has a Travis Lynch. You can shake a tree and ten guys who were homecoming king who think they're the real deal will fall out.

But, much like Travis Lynch, they all fall at the hands of the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling. The greatest talent on God's Green Earth, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll.

[Lynch bristles as Hayes smugly grins.]

MSH: So where is Rob Driscoll? He's defending his title in Decatur, Illinois to open the show, and then hopping on a plane so he can wrestle in the Main Event somewhere else. Because that's what champions do.

Not that you would know that, Lynch. And not like anyone who pays a ticket to watch the AWA would know that. The AWA World Title hasn't been defended on television in MONTHS, and we believe that the highest ranking, most credible and authentic champion going today is Rob Driscoll. And that's why we are prepared to-

[Travis can take no more.]

TL: Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute. I know that's bottle blonde hair, but you might be getting dumber every time I hear ya.

[Big cheer! Hayes seethes at the interruption AND the insult.]

TL: Your man walked out with the belt, but that wasn't no successful title defense. That was a tail kicking, that was a beat down, in plain English.

Sandy honey, I kicked his ass all over every square inch of that ring.

[The crowd goes CRAZY at that as Hayes scowls.]

TL: And I don't blame him one bit for hiding behind some phony schedule, because he knows, just like you, that if it weren't for a bit of bad luck, I'd be holding that title up for all of the good people here to see.

[The scowl changes to a smirk as Hayes responds.]

MSH: Bad luck? Bad luck? He beat you bloody, Travis, even YOU understand how important blood is! It's that red stuff! In your VEINS! It helps you live, y'know?

[Hayes looks at Travis for a response.]

MSH: Tell me you understand what blood is.

[Hayes eyes go wide as she snipes at Lynch who shakes his head before responding.]

TL: What I understand, MISS Hayes, is that I was light headed, I could barely see and I was bleeding like a pig at the slaughterhouse.

[Hayes shouts "that's right!" off-mic as Travis raises a finger.]

TL: But what I also understand is that if I had ten more seconds, bloody or not, I'd be AWA National Champion!

[Big cheer from the Kansas City crowd!]

TL: And you know that in your heart, even if ya sold that to Rob Driscoll too, along with your hair...

[She fumes as she flips her blonde hair back.]

TL: Your soul...

[The crowd cheers as Travis looks her up and down.]

TL: ...and your body.

[BIG CHEER! Hayes shouts off-mic, taking two steps towards Travis as Blackwell tries to intervene.]

SLB: Settle down! Settle down, please!

[Hayes is still shouting as a smirking Travis raises the mic again.]

TL: I know every trick in Rob Driscoll's book, I know every move he's going to make, and God willing, if I'm lucky enough to get one more crack at it, the only Blank Check he'll be needing is one to cover the medical bills.

[The fans cheer at the steely glare of Travis Lynch, and Lou Blackwell pipes up.]

SLB: Well then, Travis Lynch, I believe you might be in luck.

[Hayes, sneering and making faces a moment ago, snaps her head to attention with an off-mic "WHAT?" Blackwell ignores her before he continues.]

SLB: Because the reason you both have been called out here today is to set the terms for a rematch!

[The crowd EXPLODES!]

BW: WHAT?!

SLB: The amount of phone calls, emails, faxes and tweets stemming from the way the National Title match ended has been overwhelming. AWA President Landon O'Neill was forced to set up a separate phone line and email address just to deal with all of the fans who voiced THEIR disapproval at the way the match came to a close.

And because you demanded it, fans, the AWA is going to deliver.

[The crowd cheers again as Sandra is shaking her head back and forth.]

SLB: Earlier this week, we announced that the AWA would be returning to the big FOX Network on the 4th of July for another edition of All-Star Showdown LIVE on national television... where once again, the entire world will see "Diamond" Rob Driscoll step into the ring, the National Title on the line, as he puts it up for grabs against the Number One Contender to that title, Travis Lynch!

[Lynch smiles, pumping a fist enthusiastically as Hayes flips out, shouting at Blackwell. Her words are just a mess of shouts and screams that can't really be deciphered or understood.]

SLB: Miss Hayes, Mr. O'Neill knew you'd be displeased at this news... so he offers an accommodation. When Lynch and Driscoll meet for the National Title at All-Star Showdown...

[Dramatic pause.]

SLB: ...it will be for the FINAL time!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Travis Lynch arches an eyebrow. Hayes does the same, suddenly a lot more interested.]

SLB: Win or lose, that will be the last time those men square off for the AWA National Title. And just to make sure that the conditions are to the competitors choosing, President O'Neil has declared that both competitors can name ONE STIPULATION that will ensure the match comes to a satisfying conclusion. Now we understand that this is sudden for both parties, so you have until-

[An enraged Hayes cuts Blackwell off.]

MSH: No no no, that won't be necessary. We have heard enough of the excuses from you, Travis Lynch, you've got an answer for everything! And I have the full confidence of my business partner, the Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling, the Greatest Talent on God's Green Earth, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, when I say that we agree to this FINAL...

[She lets the word hang over Travis Lynch, a smile creeping back onto her face.]

MSH: ...showdown. And in that showdown... OUR stipulation is simple.

This match WILL NOT be able to end due to excessive blood loss. The referee did you a FAVOR, Lynch, he saved your life! But this time, trailer park, you'll not have that crutch to lean on. No blood stoppage, no referee stoppage. If you want the referee to have to scrape you off the mat with a spatula, then so be it. The next hotline Landon O'Neill has to set up will be so your precious fans can cover your hospital bills.

[Hayes pushes the microphone into Blackwell's chest and yells off mic, angrily stomping out of the ring and marching down the aisle.]

LB: Travis? Your choice?

[Lynch rubs his chin for a few moments before speaking. Shouts of "I QUIT!", "STEEL CAGE!", "TEXAS DEATH MATCH!", and several others are heard from the crowd as Lynch leans forward.]

TL: Lou. I'm a simple man. All I have EVER wanted was a match with Rob Driscoll, one on one. No tricks, no gadgets, no funny business. If I can't beat him one on one, in this twenty by twenty foot ring, then I'll know I've done my best and I'll admit he's a better man.

But every time I get Driscoll in the ring, he's never alone. He's got Sandra Hayes' purse, he's got Sandra Hayes and the damn time keeper's bell. He's NEVER been man enough to face me one on one. I don't know if he's scared, if he's insecure or what, but he's got about a month to figure it out.

Because on the 4th of July from Hawaii on All-Star Showdown with the entire world watching, Rob Driscoll has gotta go one on one with me in this squared circle, and you, Sandra Hayes...

...are BARRED FROM THE BUILDING!

[Cut to the aisleway, where Hayes goes ballistic, screaming at the ring and pointing her finger at Travis, as the fans erupt.]

TL: You ain't beat me yet, Driscoll, you've had your little pet do all the hard work for ya while you crawled away. Well, I guarantee, come Independence Day, your Perfect Ten ain't gonna be in the building, but I've got a Perfect Five knuckles that's gonna put a dent in that face of yours and bring home the National Title for all of these people! I will see you in Hawaii, Driscoll, bring your lunch bucket!

[Lynch turns away to a big cheer as Blackwell wraps it up.]

SLB: You heard it right here, fans! Travis Lynch and Rob Driscoll will collide on All-Star Showdown with the National Title hanging in the balance for the final time! No referee's stoppage! No Sandra Hayes in the building! What's going to happen when they meet one more time with the gold on the line?! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's Stampede Cup time here in Kansas City so don't you dare go away!

[Travis exits the ring, slapping all the hands he can as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufrense using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Back to the product splash.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We open to a simple light bulb, swaying back and forth.]

"All this..."

[A cough is heard.]

"All this..."

[The hiss of an aluminum can being opened.]

"All this blood."

[We pan down, and seated in a metal folding chair beneath the swaying light bulb is Hannibal Carver. Dried blood on his face, he appears to not have changed his clothes or even cleaned himself up since we last saw him. He lifts a can of beer to his lips, pouring it down his throat... never stopping until the can is empty.]

HC: It can't ALL be mine...

[Carver crushes the can in his hand... and begins smashing himself in the forehead until he draws blood.]

HC: ...can it?

[Carver explodes with anger, causing him to sprawl to the floor as he growls in pain and immediately puts a hand to the side of his neck.]

HC: CAN IT?!

[Carver winces in pain as he once more shouts "CAN IT?!"... until his breathing slowly but surely gets under control. He nods his head, his teeth gritting with pain as he continues to rub his neck.]

HC: Thanks, I needed that.

[Carver's low grunt becomes a laugh, low at first but gradually rising in volume. He continues cackling, wincing in pain all the while as we fade to backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who stands between The Longhorn Riders, Pete and Jim Colt. The brothers are dressed in their Harley Davidson T-shirts, blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots and brown leather cutoff gloves. Jim Colt has his black motorcycle helmet, but Pete's is missing.]

SLB: Tonight, fans, the Stampede Cup continues, and these two men, The Longhorn Riders are going to face Next Gen. The situation between these teams has...

[Pete reaches over to grab the microphone.]

SLB: Hey, what do you think you're doing?! I've got a job to...

[Pete yanks the mic out of Lou's hand and cuts him off.]

PC: SHUT UP, LITTLE MAN! Those punks Somers and Harper are in possession of stolen property! They took my helmet, they still won't give it back! Well, tonight, Jim and I gonna show everyone what we do to no-good thieves like those Next Gen punks! We're gonna tear 'em up, get my helmet back, move on in the Stampede Cup, and prove once and for all those Next Gen punks don't have what it takes to make it the AWA!

[He shoves the mic back to Lou.]

SLB: You have got some nerve! Everyone knows it was the two of you who attacked Howie Somers after the bell and hit him over the head with that helmet!

[Jim nudges Lou with his elbow, forcing him to turn.]

JC: Minutia, Lou, minutia, that's all it is. Doesn't give them the right to take what isn't there's to begin with. Just like they aren't gonna take victory tonight in the Stampede Cup. My brother and I have been waiting too long to get that World Tag Team Title shot we've deserved for so long, but never get to prove it because everyone is scared to death of us. Those Next Gen kids might have backbones, but they sure don't have any brains, because stealing from my brother and I wasn't smart, and it sure as heck isn't smart wanting us in the first round of the Cup. Tonight, Next Gen goes out, we move on, and we keep proving that every other tag team better watch out for us, as we go on our way to winning the Cup and finally getting that World Tag Title shot we want!

[He looks at Lou for a moment.]

JC: You ain't worth any more of our time, small fry. Let's go, Pete.

[As the Riders leave, Pete roughly bumps into Lou.]

LB: Hey, I've got lawyers, you know! [Shakes his head.] Mark Stegglet, let's go to you.

[The camera cuts to another area backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is to his left, Daniel Harper is to his right, Julie Somers stands next to Daniel. Howie and Daniel are dressed in their usual wrestling attire, Julie in her usual red T-shirt and white shorts. Howie holds a motorcycle helmet in his hand]

MS: Fans, the Stampede Cup continues tonight as Next Gen is set to face the team we just heard from, The Longhorn Riders. Next Gen, tonight is your chance to not only move on in the Cup, but to perhaps settle a few other burning issues. Your thoughts, Daniel.

[Daniel raises a finger toward the camera]

DH: Longhorn Riders, you keep talking about how you're gonna use us to prove you deserve a World Tag Team Title shot! The only thing you've deserved the past few months is a lesson in manners, courtesy of Next Gen! You say you got a problem with us because we took your motorcycle helmet? Well, we've got a problem with you swatting us over the heads with that thing! And after tonight, we're gonna settle our problem by taking both of you down hard!

[Julie takes Daniel by the shoulder.]

JS: Easy there, my friend, easy there. Save it for the match tonight.

[Daniel steps away for a moment, looking a little frustrated.]

MS: Howie Somers, you were on the receiving end of a helmet to the back of the head after your last encounter with the Riders. Do you believe you will settle the score tonight?

[Howie puts his hands on his hips but keeps a calm tone.]

HS: Settle the score... there's a lot of things we've had to settle as of late, starting with the Riders. Mark, let me tell you about why I've kept this helmet.

[He raises the helmet up.]

HS: You see, after I got whacked in the back of the head with this thing, I had to deal with a bump for several weeks. I couldn't see it, and as much as I wanted to go get a mirror each morning to look at it, I didn't need to do that, and I'll tell you why. I certainly could feel it, not just when I put my hand to the back of my head like this...

[He makes the motion with his hand.]

HS: ...but whenever I lay down in bed, I could feel that bump as I rested my head against the pillow, and I couldn't get much sleep unless I turned on my side. And because I couldn't see that bump, I made sure I put this helmet right by my bed, so I could have a reminder as I went to sleep, and a reminder when I got up in the morning, about what The Longhorn Riders did to me and about the debt I have to collect from them.

[He motions to Daniel.]

HS: Now, my partner Daniel here, he's certainly getting wound up about tonight, but it's hard to blame him when he doesn't want one of his best friends get hurt or have to deal with pain like that.

[Daniel walks up toward Howie and the two now look at each other.]

HS: But I'm telling you, Daniel, save that anger for tonight's match, my friend. Because I can guarantee you that my anger is gonna be unleashed on the Riders tonight, and if you do the same, then there isn't any way that the Riders are gonna get past us.

[He turns back to the camera.]

HS: And when it's all said and done, we're gonna be the ones moving on in the Stampede Cup, continuing to prove we belong in the AWA, and that while it may take time for us to get to the top of the ladder, we're gonna get there. And whether we next face a team we respect like the Northern Lights, or a team with issues like Strictly Business, I can promise you, Next Gen is gonna keep proving we belong.

[Julie turns to Mark.]

JS: There's not a whole lot less to say, is there, Mark?

MS: Well, unless you have anything to say?

JS: Just one thing.

[She motions with her arm.]

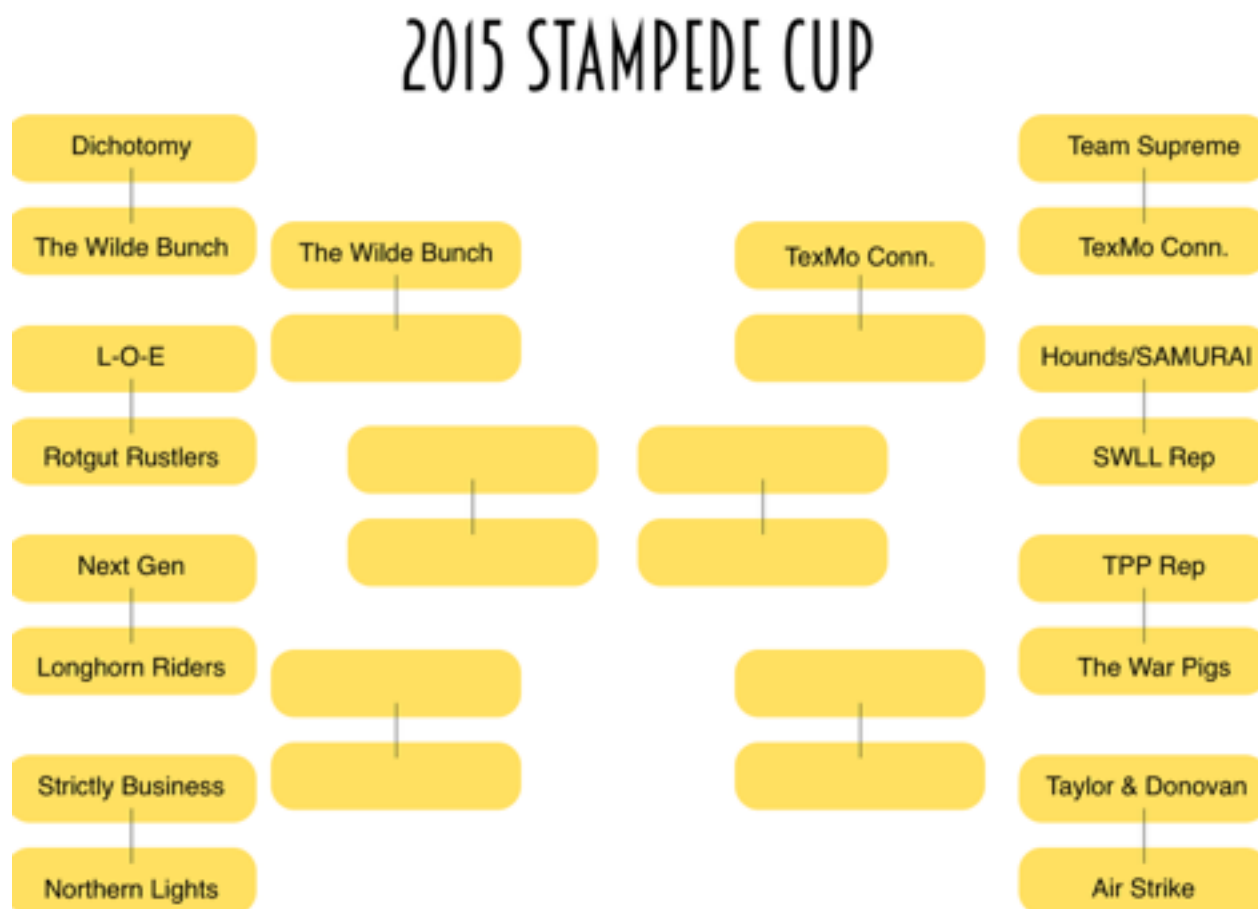
JS: Gentlemen, to the ring!

[Howie and Daniel exchange a high five, then the members of Next Gen depart.]

MS: Fans, let's get back to ringside!

[Crossfade back the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and it appears as though these two teams are ready for action in their quest to move on to the second round of the Stampede Cup tournament, fans. Let's take another look at that bracket!



GM: The winner of this one will move on to Round Two where either the Northern Lights or Strictly Business will await them. Bucky, as you look up and down the matches already set for this tournament, which ones are you looking forward to the most?

BW: Well, you just mentioned one of them, Gordo. The Northern Lights are a solid team but they're getting in there with former World Tag Team Champions and one of the best tag teams in the history of our sport. The words "big" and "britches" come to mind. Also, I can't wait to see what happens when Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor get their hands on those scrawny punks in Air Strike.

GM: Both should be outstanding contests just like the one we're about see so let's head up to Phil Watson right now and get this show on the road!

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

PW: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a ROUND ONE match in the 2015 Stampede Cup tournament! Introducing first...

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

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

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

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown hair color. 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.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots. Their manager, Julie Somers, is dressed in a red shirt with "Next Gen" printed on it in white lettering, and white Spandex shorts.]

PW: Introducing, from Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, at a combined weight of 495 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by their manager, Julie Somers... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[The trio looks at each other, Howie and Daniel nod their heads, then they run right down the aisle toward the ring, sliding in under the ropes, as the Riders meet them and begin stomping away at Howie and Daniel.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: We’re off and running in this - another first round match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Jim and Pete Colt pull Daniel Harper and Howie Somers to their feet respectively, working them over in opposite corners with wild haymakers. The referee is frantically trying to get it down to a one-on-one inside the ring as Pete Colt lands three big knees to the gut of Somers while Jim Colt delivers a vicious back elbow to the ear of Harper. They throw a glance and a nod at one another, grabbing Next Gen by the arms...]

GM: Here we go!

[The two veterans go to whip the two young lions towards one another, a move that is reversed by Harper and Somers who send the Riders crashing into one another instead to a big cheer!]

GM: BIG CRASH IN THE MIDDLE!

[Jim Colt stumbles backwards, swinging at the air as Daniel Harper takes aim, throwing a dropkick that connects between the shoulderblades of the veteran, sending him crashing into his brother a second time!]

GM: AND DOWN THEY GO, FANS!

[The crowd is cheering as Pete Colt rolls out to the floor, Howie Somers steps out on the apron, and Daniel Harper goes to work pulling Jim Colt off the mat, blasting him across the jaw with a forearm smash that sends him staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: We’ve got a fight on our hands in this one as the Longhorn Riders attempt to get over the hump and make it into the second round of the Stampede Cup tournament! It would be a huge win for those two - one of the most underrated teams in all of wrestling, Bucky.

BW: A HUGE win. Moving into the tournament with a chance to face either Strictly Business or one of their longtime foes, the Northern Lights, in the second round would be something else.

[Pulling Jim Colt by the arm, Harper shoots him across, catching him in the gut with a right hand on the rebound.]

GM: Harper goes downstairs on "Slim" Jim Colt... pulling him towards the corner now...

[Harper grabs the arm, twisting it around and slapping the hand of his partner. The 265 pound Somers steps in, hopping up to the second rope where he drops off with a double axehandle across the twisted limb. Julie Somers applauds from the floor as Somers grabs the arm, twisting it again right around into a hammerlock.]

GM: Rear hammerlock slapped on by Somers... ohh! He rockets Jim Colt shoulderfirst into the turnbuckle!

[Grabbing Jim by the head, he spins him around into a firm right hand across the jaw, tagging Harper back in.]

GM: Quick tags on the part of Next Gen... what's this one here?

[The crowd cheers as Somers and Harper doubletwist the arms, twist them back the other way, and then double knife-edge chop Colt off his feet!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the young tag team who has really turned some heads in their early days here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: To me, this is their first real test though, Gordo. Yeah, they've knocked off a few teams but the Riders are gonna give these two a trial by fire.

GM: But they've beaten them before.

BW: Even a stopped clock is right twice a day.

GM: I see.

[Harper pulls Jim Colt up again, twisting the arm around...

...and getting a stiff punch to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Ohh! Closed fist by Jim Colt!

[Harper staggers back, blinking his eyes as Jim Colt shakes out his limb. Colt stomps across the ring, heading towards the smaller Daniel Harper...

...who quickly drops down, scissoring the ankle, and taking Colt off his feet with a drop toehold!]

GM: Nice execution right there!

[Colt's face bounces off the mat, leaving him reeling as Harper floats over, hooking the arm and settling into an armbar, straddling the lower back of Colt, getting low as he squats down and stares right at Pete Colt who paces back and forth, laying the badmouth on the 19 year old.]

GM: Daniel Harper all of 19 years old inside that ring.

BW: I've got shoes older than him.

GM: Really?

BW: Sure. Wouldn't wear 'em though. I only wear a pair of shoes once, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure that's true.

[Harper drops to a knee, cranking back on the limb as Jim Colt grabs at his shoulder, giving a shout of "He's got the hair, ref!" The referee checks and a stunned Harper shakes his head.]

GM: He obviously doesn't have the hair.

BW: Obviously is a pretty strong word, Gordo. He's 19. That means he's quick and sneaky.

[Harper's words with the referee cause him to get distracted as Jim Colt forces his way up to his knees, slamming his head into the midsection of Harper.]

GM: Oh! Jim Colt goes downstairs and-

[Colt gets up, heading towards his corner...

...but Harper hangs on, giving the arm a yank and taking Colt right back off his feet and down to the canvas. Cheers go up for the embarrassing move. Colt is screaming and causing a ruckus as Harper drags him by the arm across the ring, tagging Howie Somers back in.]

GM: Another tag by Next Gen while the Longhorn Riders have yet to get even one.

[Somers steps in, raising an arm, and bringing an elbow down across the shoulder. Harper steps out as Somers whips Colt across the ring...

...and bounces off the ropes before he DROPS him with a leaping shoulder tackle!]

GM: OH MY! 265 pounds got up in the air on that one! Somers, much like his partner, has been wrestling since a very early age. He started training at the age of 16 before making his debut at 18 after being trained by his Uncle, Eric Somers - a former AWA tag team champion but currently the muscle for Johnny Detson.

[Colt tries to crawl towards his corner but Somers has other ideas, shaking his head as he uses the back of Colt's pants to drag him up to his feet, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Somers powers him up! Holding him high!

[...and DROPS him with a backdrop suplex that has a ton of impact!]

GM: Wow! Impactful suplex by the young man from Boston, Massachusetts as he puts Jim Colt down HARD on the canvas, Bucky.

BW: And Jim Colt ain't a small man. 250 pounds just went up and down like he was nothing. This kid is strong, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is as he gets back to his feet, pulling Colt up with him, shoving him back into the corner again... and again a tag to Daniel Harper and Julie Somers, their manager, certainly likes what she's seeing.

[We cut to Somers at ringside shouting encouragement as Daniel Harper slips back into the ring, burying a knee into the gut of the cornered Colt before grabbing the arm, twisting it around again...

...and getting his eyes raked!]

GM: Oh! Jim Colt goes to the eyes!

[Colt surges forward, grabbing the blinded Harper around the torso, twisting slightly and DROPS him throatfirst over the top rope!]

GM: WOW! Where did THAT come from?!

BW: That was sheer desperation, Gordo! But he got it in there and it might give him enough of a window to get across the ring and make the tag to Pete who's fit to be tied right now!

[Jim does indeed reach the corner, slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: There's the tag and in comes "Texas" Pete Colt - nearly three hundred pounds right out of Gun Barrel City... OHHH! Big running kick to the ribs sends Harper through the ropes and out to the floor!

[Somers gives Colt an earful as they trade words, Colt ducking through the ropes to the apron. He drops down to the floor.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have gotten this fight out to the floor and I promise you, that's not where Next Gen wants it!

[Pete Colt pulls Daniel Harper up by the hair, trashtalking him as he turns him around...

...and SLAMS his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the apron!

[Colt nods his head at the jeering crowd, pulling Harper's head up and repeating the act. He turns towards the booing front row, shouting "SHUT

YER PIEHOLES!" which, of course, only gets louder boos. A smirking Colt grabs Harper by the arm...]

GM: Look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHIPS HARPER INTO THE RAILING!

BW: That oughta shut those people up! He put this young pup right in their laps!

[Pete Colt is laying into the fans verbally as he approaches, grabbing Harper by the hair again, slamming a knee into the sternum... and a second... and a third before using the hair to THROW Harper's back into the steel a second time!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, Davis Warren is warning him! What more do you want, Gordo?

GM: I want him to be a little more proactive and prevent this from turning into a street fight.

BW: As long as it's within the rules, the Riders can turn it into anything they want, Gordo.

[Colt is still trashtalking the fans as he drags Harper off the railing, rolling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Colt puts him back in and the big man's rolling back in himself now.

[Climbing to his feet, Pete Colt drags Harper up by the hair, using a snapmare to take him over...

...and then JAMS his knee in between the shoulderblades, kneeling down into a rear chinlock!]

GM: Down into the chinlock and Pete Colt's just YANKING back on that chin, really cranking the neck and back of Daniel Harper.

BW: You know, Gordo... you called Harper a young lion earlier.

GM: I did.

BW: He's too young to be a young lion in my book. I think I'm gonna start calling him "Cubby."

GM: That's as disrespectful as it comes so I'd expect nothing less from you.

BW: Cubby's in some trouble here, Gordo!

GM: I'm not even going to dignify that with a remark.

[Pete Colt grumbles at the referee to "ASK HIM!" The official obliges but Daniel Harper refuses to submit as Colt pulls back on his chin. Julie Somers shouts some words of advice to her charge from the floor as Harper grabs at the hands, trying to free himself.]

GM: Harper's looking for a way out of this painful chinlock...

[Colt suddenly releases it, climbing to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and LAYS into the back of Daniel Harper with a soccer kick to the spine using his big cowboy boot!]

GM: That big brown leather cowboy boot to the back... and I'm not entirely sure those boots are legal.

BW: Those? They've been wearing those for years, Gordo.

GM: I know... I'm just saying that I bet I could find something wrong with them.

[With Harper reeling, Colt drives the knee between the shoulderblades, pulling his chin back into another chinlock.]

GM: And Colt goes right back to the chinlock, really putting strain on the neck of the young man from El Paso, Texas.

[Julie Somers gives a shout of "COME ON!" and starts clapping her hands over her head, inspiring the crowd to start clapping along with her.]

GM: Julie Somers getting these fans behind her man!

[Somers starts slamming her arms down into the mat in rhythm, really getting the crowd going as Harper clenches his fists, pumping his arms, trying to get up off the mat...]

GM: Look at Pete Colt! He can't believe it!

[Harper somehow gets his legs under him, pushing himself off the mat as Pete slips the hold into a side headlock...

...and gets an elbow buried into his gut!]

GM: Harper fighting out of it!

[A second elbow loosens the grip.]

GM: The kid is coming to life!

[A third one breaks the hold as Harper starts to make a move towards his corner but Colt reaches out, hooking the hair...

...and HURLS him backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! Into the buckles again!

[Pete Colt reaches out, slapping his brother's hand angrily. Jim steps in off the exchange as they corner Harper, laying in kick after alternating kick to the midsection in the turnbuckles.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders have Daniel Harper trapped in the corner!

[Howie Somers makes the situation worse as he steps in, trying to help his partner...

...only to have the official turn his back on the doubleteam, cutting off Somers' efforts!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, that's all Somers' fault! He got in there illegally and it's the responsibility of the referee to get him out of there so the match can continue!

GM: But look what they're doing to Harper!

[The jeers intensify as Pete Colt chokes Harper while Jim continues to kick the torso. Finally, an exasperated Somers steps out as Pete Colt does the same, leaving Harper down on all fours gasping for air.]

GM: The Riders operated illegally there and you know it, Bucky.

BW: I know that Howie Somers caused it. Face it, Gordo. These kids are just too young and inexperienced to be a serious threat in this Stampede Cup.

GM: We'll see about that as Jim Colt... ohh! Big kick to the ribs!

[Harper flips over onto his back, grimacing as Colt takes aim, dropping a knee down into the ribcage, forcing Harper to sit up in pain...

...until a hard right hand knocks him back down. The referee warns Colt for the clenched fist as he climbs back to his feet.]

GM: Jim Colt pulls Harper off the mat... side headlock...

[Colt turns his body, shielding the referee before he JAMS his thumb up into the throat of Harper, leaving him back down on all fours, gasping for air again. Colt chuckles as he backs off, raising his hands as the official shouts at him for what he BELIEVES happened.]

GM: Another illegal blow!

BW: Ref didn't see it, Gordo. You can't call what you THINK happened... although that's what Warren is trying to do right now. Typical incompetent referees. It's hard to imagine how a single profession can attract so many morons.

GM: Bucky!

BW: I call 'em how I see 'em, daddy.

[Jim Colt moves back in, planting a hard kick into the chest of the rising Harper, knocking him back on his rear in the corner. Colt grabs the top rope, openly planting his boot down on the windpipe of the 19 year old, strangling the air out of him!]

GM: Now that's a blatant illegal action! He's choking him right in front of the referee!

BW: And Davis Warren is counting like he's supposed to, Gordo. Stop getting yourself all worked up!

[At the count of four, Colt backs off, again raising his hands and pleading his innocence. He moves past the official, pulling Harper to a knee...

...where Harper buries a forearm smash into the midsection!]

GM: Harper goes to the breadbasket!

[He lands a second one, sending Colt staggering back. Harper climbs to his feet, fists balled up, showing the kind of fire that brings the fans to their feet...

...when Pete Colt reaches over the top rope, grabbing a handful of hair, yanking Harper off his feet!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee jumps up, getting in "Texas" Pete's face, shouting at him, pointing at him, and generally being a fired-up official as Pete Colt shakes his head, pleading his case.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders are bending and out and out BREAKING the rules at every opportunity here tonight, Bucky!

BW: Hey, the referee can disqualify them if he thinks they've gone too far.

GM: We're closing in on the ten minute mark of this one and I think they've gone too far!

BW: If you to relive your glory days as a referee, I'm sure we can dig up a striped shirt for ya.

[Jim Colt grabs Harper, lifting him up for a bodyslam, driving him down to the mat in the center of the ring before leaping up and dropping a thunderous leg across the chest!]

GM: Wow! Big leaping leg... and that's a cover, ref!

[Davis Warren drops down, counting to two before Harper escapes out from under the seated Colt.]

GM: Two count only there...

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Colt slaps his hands together three times as he climbs off the mat, reaching out and slapping his larger brother's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to bring in "Texas" Pete... and here comes the doubleteam...

BW: Too close to the other corner!

[Dragging Harper to his feet, Pete and Jim rocket him across the ring, joining hands in a clothesline attempt but Harper ducks under it...]

GM: Blind tag!

[Harper bounces back, ducking the clothesline again, grabbing the ropes to slam on the brakes. He smiles, pointing behind the Riders...]

...who get BOWLED over with a Howie Somers double clothesline to a big cheer!]

GM: OH MY!

[Somers spins around, grabbing his partner by the hand...]

...and they drop a rising Jim Colt with a double clothesline, sending him rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Jim Colt rolls out... and Next Gen is on a roll!

BW: The Riders made an unlikely mistake for a veteran team and they allowed the tag to Somers who is all over them right now!

[Harper grabs Pete Colt by the arm, twisting it around before whipping him into the corner. Somers walks to the opposite corner, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times to rally the fans behind him as Harper grabs him by the arm, whipping him across...]

GM: BIG RUNNING CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[As the near-300 pound Colt staggers out, Somers hooks him in a bodylock...

...and lifts, twisting, and DRIVING Pete Colt down to the mat with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY! That might do it!

[Somers waves his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before attempting the cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But "Texas" Pete is tougher than that, lifting a shoulder at two.]

GM: Two count only! Pete Colt kicks out in time!

[Somers claps his hands together, showing a flash of frustration as he climbs to his feet, moving after Pete Colt who is attempting to crawl away from Somers.]

GM: Pete Colt trying to create some space but Howie Somers is having none of that, moving in right behind him...

[Somers lifts Pete up by the arm, scooping him up with ease.]

GM: 300 pounds up in the air! Whoa nellie!

[And the 26 year old SLAMS Colt down in the center of the ring, taking a second to smash a closed fist off his own chest to a big reaction from the KC crowd!]

GM: Listen to these fans rallying behind Next Gen!

[Somers pulls Colt off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break. Somers obliges before BLASTING "Texas" Pete in the sternum with a clubbing forearm smash!]

GM: What a shot!

[The blow knocks Pete down to a seated position in the corner where Somers pulls him up again, scooping him up into his arms, walking around the ring in a show of strength...]

GM: Somers has power for days and then some!

[...and HURLS him down to the mat in another big slam!]

GM: Good grief! The ring shook on that one!

[Somers stands over Pete, watching as the veteran rolls over to his stomach, pushing up to all fours...

...and then BLASTS him with a double axehandle across the back, knocking him right back down where he considers slamming home the two-handed blows, getting the crowd to count along!]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Somers explodes in a burst of youthful enthusiasm, giving a shout to the fans as he stalks away from the downed "Texas" Pete Colt.]

GM: This kid is fired up!

[Somers gives a nod to the crowd as he walks to the corner, crouching down as he starts swinging his right arm back and forth...]

GM: Looks like Howie Somers is setting up for a clothesline!

[As "Texas" Pete climbs up off the mat, Somers comes storming towards him...

...and runs right into a crouching Pete who hurls the 265 pounder skyward, stepping back and allowing Somers to CRASH chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Colt falls back against the ropes, smirking as Somers rolls to his back, clutching his ribcage. "Texas" Pete reaches out, slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: The Riders make the tag and they've got Somers in some trouble here, fans.

[Somers gets sent into the ropes where the Riders connect with a double boot to the chest that flattens him. "Slim" Jim Colt attempts a cover as Pete vacates the ring.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! No! Somers slips out the back door at two!

[Jim Colt pushes to his knees, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers insistently. "Slim" Jim shakes his head as he climbs off the mat, measuring the rising Somers before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Jim off the far side... here he comes!

[...and LANDS a brutal running kneelift that snaps Somers' head back, dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was and... no cover though. It looks like "Slim" Jim Colt has other ideas!

[Jim Colt again backs to the ropes, waving a hand, shouting at Howie Somers to get up off the canvas as he slaps his brother's hand.]

GM: Another tag... bringing "Texas" Pete back into the ring...

[Both men are back in again, each standing on the opposite side of the rising Somers...]

GM: What are they setting up here?

[As Somers pushes up to his feet, Pete and Jim charge towards one another, lashing out with a clothesline...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and hitting each other as Somers bails out of the way!]

GM: THEY MISSED! THEY MISSED!

[Somers staggers, stumbles...

...and DIVES to slap the outstretched hand of his partner!]

GM: TAG!

[Daniel Harper slingshots over the top rope, rushing into the fray where he grabs Jim Colt by the back of the head before PASTING him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Oh!

[He swings around, grabbing Pete Colt by the back of the head and giving one to him as well!]

GM: Uppercuts all around for the Longhorn Riders!

[Jim Colt staggers back in on Harper who lifts him up, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop before grabbing an arm and whipping him towards Pete who is doubled up from the uppercut...

...and ends up backdropping his own brother!]

GM: OH MY!

[Jim Colt rolls to the floor as Harper grabs Pete, whipping him in, catching him on the rebound in a side backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Right down across the knee!

[Climbing up off the mat, Harper walks around the downed Pete, lifting his feet up...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Listen to these idiots telling Cubby to cheat!

[Harper nods...

...and then STOMPS Colt down in the lower midsection!]

GM: Ohh! That looked above the belt to me, Bucky!

BW: I don't think so!

[Harper smiles at the crowd as he pulls Pete Colt off the mat, landing a pair of European uppercuts, knocking Colt back into the ropes where he grabs the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Pete Colt sets for a backdrop but Harper is moving fast, leaping into the air, hooking Colt and dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Pete Colt breaks the pin at the last moment by SLAMMING his heels together on the ears of Harper!]

GM: Ohh! Near fall right there!

[Harper is moving a little slower as he gets back to his feet, dragging Pete Colt into a front facelock, slinging his arm across the back of his neck.]

BW: No way, Gordo.

GM: He's trying to get the 300 pounder over!

[But Pete Colt spins out of it, holding the arm, pulling Harper towards him for a short-arm clothesline but Harper ducks under, hooking Pete...

...and SNAPPING him back in a Russian legsweep, rolling through it to his feet where he promptly DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the throat of "Texas" Pete!]

GM: Wow! What a combo!

[Harper reaches back for a leg, hooking it as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NO!

[Harper pushes up off the mat, showing a little frustration on his face as he climbs to his feet.]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: We’ve reached the halfway point in the time limit.

[Harper drags “Texas” Pete off the mat, reaching back to the corner where he slaps Howie’s hand.]

GM: Tag!

[The bigger member of Next Gen steps in, powering “Texas” Pete up with ease, holding the three hundred pounder across his chest as Harper vacates the ring...

...and DROPS straight down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A DIVING save by Jim Colt saves the day for the Longhorn Riders!

[Jim Colt is putting the boots to the downed Howie Somers as the referee shouts at him, trying to get him to vacate the ring...]

GM: HARPER!

[The crowd cheers as Daniel Harper rushes in, leaping up to land a forearm on the jaw of Jim Colt, knocking him down to the mat. Harper pulls off, ignoring the official’s cries as he pulls Jim Colt up by the hair with one hand, doing the same to Pete on the other side...

...and CLASHES their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER BY DANIEL HARPER!

[The blow knocks both Riders down to the mat where Jim Colt rolls out of the ring, leaving Harper and Somers alone in the ring with “Texas” Pete...

...until the referee steps into Harper’s path, shouting at him, ordering him out of the ring!]

GM: Somers to his feet, pulling Pete Colt up as the referee forces Daniel Harper back out to the apron!

[Somers lands a pair of forearm smashes, knocking Pete back against the ropes where he grabs the arm, attempting an Irish whip...]

GM: Reversed!

[The reversal sends Somers towards the ropes where Pete Colt hooks the ankle, tripping him and sending him facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[A smirking "Texas" Pete lays the badmouth on Somers as he approaches, lifting him off the mat. He strides across the ring, tagging his brother.]

GM: The tag is made to "Slim" Jim and... look out here!

[Pete turns Somers towards the corner, ducking down to slip his head between the legs, powering Somers up in an electric chair lift as Jim starts to climb the ropes.]

GM: They're looking for the Texas Revolver! If they hit this, they're headed to the second round!

[But as Jim reaches his perch, Somers rifles off a series of short right hands to the head, dropping down behind Pete and giving a big shove, sending him towards the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Jim gets knocked off-balance, falling to the apron and then down to the floor!]

GM: Somers reversed it and saved himself!

[A fired up Howie Somers grabs Pete by the arm, sending him across to the Next Gen corner, running in after him to smash his 265 pounds into the chest in an avalanche!]

GM: Big splash in the corner... the tag!

[Harper comes back in, hooking Pete in a side headlock, rushing out of the corner...

...and DRIVES him facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!

[Harper flips Colt to his back, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[From his spot on the floor, "Slim" Jim Colt grabs the foot of Harper, dragging him off his brother to break the pin!]

GM: Jim Colt breaks it up again! Come on, Davis Warren! Do something about this!

[Jim Colt climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Harper pulls to his feet, turning to trade words with Colt, hands on his hips...]

GM: Look at Pete Colt! Look at him, Bucky!

[Rolling to his feet, Colt reaches down, very obviously sticking something down into his cowboy boot. He straightens up, stomping down a few times on the mat...]

GM: He's loading up that boot! Daniel Harper needs to turn around!

[But the fired-up 19 year old is shouting at Jim Colt, accusing him of costing Next Gen the match...

...when Pete Colt suddenly surges forward, swinging his foot up towards the back of Harper's head but a shout from Julie Somers is the cue for Harper to dive out of the way, watching as the boot catches Jim FLUSH under the chin, sending him sailing off the apron and down to the floor to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE COLDCOCKED HIS OWN BROTHER! HE-

[Harper surges forward, hooking a rear waistlock, charging Pete Colt into the ropes where he rolls him back...]

GM: White Lightning rollup...

[...and throws himself backwards into a bridge!]

GM: ...NATURAL BRIDGE! TAKING A PAGE OUT OF ADAM ROGERS' PLAYBOOK!

[The referee drops down, counting the struggling Pete Colt's shoulders.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: They've done it! Next Gen is moving on to the second round!

[Harper bails out of the cradle, rolling out to the floor to join a celebrating Howie and Julie Somers as an enraged Pete Colt comes to his feet, shouting at the official, chasing him from the ring as well!]

GM: Pete Colt is hot! But that doesn't matter because the Longhorn Riders are OUT of the 2015 Stampede Cup!

BW: The Riders made a mistake and it cost 'em big time here tonight in Kansas City, Gordo. These two little punks are heading into the second round where I'm sure Strictly Business are going to show them their walking papers.

GM: Not so fast, Bucky. In order for Tucker and Sebastian to meet Next Gen in the second round, they've gotta beat the Northern Lights to do it! And we're being told that that particular match will take place right here in two weeks' time from San Diego! With Next Gen putting a notch in the win column, let's take a look at the updated bracket for this year's Stampede Cup tournament!

[The graphic appears on the screen.]



GM: Three teams have made it to the second round... five spots remaining! The Stampede Cup is in full swing and is just starting to heat up! Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back after this break!

[Fade to black on the celebrating Somers twins and Daniel Harper.]

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the squared circle where Phil Watson is standing alongside a man shadowboxing in the corner.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a special five-minute time limit.

BW: Five minutes?

[Bucky doesn't get to continue before Watson does.]

PW: Introducing first, from Colorado Springs, Colorado, weighing in at 233 pounds... Albert Showens!

[Showens turns to face the mildly appreciative crowd, raising his hand in the air, then tightens the belt on his gi and returns to limbering up.]

GM: Alright fans, this is a special five-minute challenge match; requested by the people behind the man who is about to step into the American Wrestling Alliance ring officially for the first time...

[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: Introducing first/and his opponent... From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

GM: And in that case in that twisted Jackson Hunter's hand is fifteen thousand in cash to go to the first North American wrestler who can last the whole five minutes with this Soviet powerhouse.

[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.]

GM: Bucky, we saw Maxim Zharkov take out both Kerry Kendrick and Caspian Abaran shortly before Memorial Day Mayhem, but we haven't yet seen how The Tsar will fare in one-on-one competition.

BW: Gordo, come on. I saw the comrade here tear apart two veteran wrestlers with his bare hands like they were fresh bread. It's not a matter of 'when' another wrestler can last five minutes, it's 'if!'

"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: No height advantage here, but very obviously a size advantage for the man from Magadan in the former Soviet Union - Showens striking first here, trying to sweep this behemoth to the mat.

[Showens struggles a bit to lock in a judo toss. Zharkov resists, but otherwise, does not counter.]

BW: Gordo, you can't budge him!

[Albert Showens realizes he can't take down Zharkov and backs off, trying to formulate a new plan. Zharkov furrows his giant eyebrows, spreads his fists wide, and utters a mighty roar.]

GM: Certainly some arrogance from the big Russian, letting young Albert Showens strike first.

BW: Young? Zharkov's only 24! How good is he going to get when this genetic superman gets into his prime?

GM: Oh my stars! What a clubbing overhand punch from Zharkov, knocking Albert Showens to the mat!

BW: There's a cure for that guy's skin condition: Let Zharkov knock the ugly right off your face!

[Zharkov rains down a couple more overhead forearms to his downed opponent. Showens scatters to his feet and charges shoulder-first into Zharkov's abdomen.]

GM: And the big Russian is staggered; Albert Showens trying for another takedown, but look at this--!

[Zharkov clasps his arms around Showens' torso and gutwrenches him with ease.]

GM: Zharkov with an almost amateur-style gutwrench suplex. The big man has not left his feet throughout this contest.

BW: Well, I was talking to Jax Hunter out there earlier and tells me that when Maxim Zharkov was seven, they had him teach that move to the Russian Olympic wrestling team. Alexander Karelin nearly won gold with it, you know.

GM: Bucky, Zharkov may be a phenomenally gifted athlete, but I doubt the veracity of much of what Jackson Hunter and this so-called Magadan Coalition tells us.

[In the meantime, Zharkov has locked in a grounded front facelock on his opponent. Jackson Hunter is nonchalantly ticking off boxes on his clipboard. The crowd is growing restless.]

“U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!”

GM: A little over a minute elapsed in this contest and it has been all Zharkov, but he must be cognizant of the time, because if he does not score a fall over Albert Showens in the next four minutes, he is out fifteen thousand in cash.

[Zharkov hoists Showens to his feet while holding the facelock on.]

GM: Irish whip into the corner from Zharkov... a lot of power behind that throw!

“PUSHKAAAAAA!”

[With a bellow, Zharkov charges into the corner after, palm in front of him, connecting with Albert Showens' face. Then another palm strike. And another...]

GM: Oh my stars, Zharkov is using his strength to its maximum advantage! If this keeps up, the official may have to step in and stop this. Albert Showens looks like he's out on his feet from this assault!

[The referee does eventually intercede, warning Zharkov out of the corner. This draws the ire of Jackson Hunter, who begins nattering and loudly criticizing the match official. Zharkov does eventually remove his opponent from the corner by hip-tossing him halfway across the ring.]

BW: Tell 'em, Jax! Make sure your man gets an honest shake here!

GM: The Tsar is obviously not making any fans here tonight, Bucky.

[Zharkov pauses a moment to scowl at the chanting crowd while his opponent struggles and fails to rise from the mat.]

“U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!”

[The massive Russian stands over Albert Showens, throws his arms out to either side and roars again!]

GM: Over two minutes into the contest, and Zharkov may be looking to go home early.

BW: Watch this, Gordo! He calls this the Gorynych!

[Zharkov locks his massive arms behind his opponent's head into a full nelson, then squats down on his back, pulling back with all his might.]

GM: Oh... Oh my stars and garters! A full nelson/camel clutch hybrid! In the hands of this 300-plus pound superpower?!

BW: He's gonna fold him over backwards! He's gonna tear him in half!

GM: Referee in position... Zharkov's opponent has no choice but to submit and this match is over!

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the match... Maxim ZHARKOV!

[Zharkov leans back further for a few seconds after the bell.]

GM: Zharkov should be releasing that hold. The match is over!

BW: Gordo, I know a thing or two about wrestling, daddy. Maxim's got it cinched in so tight it takes him a little while for his fingers to relax. You gotta give these things time!

[Zharkov finally releases Showens, who falls face-first, curling up on the mat. The Tsar raises his hands in the air, long before the referee can do so.]

GM: I have to say it is an impressive debut for this monster. We're getting the official match time now: two minutes and twenty one seconds. Not even half the time allotted. Mark Stegglet is standing by to get a word with the winner...

[Cut to Mark Stegglet, dwarfed beside the massive Maxim Zharkov.]

MS: Thank you, Gordon. Jackson Hunter, Maxim Zharkov... You've said that you didn't want to appear at Memorial Day May--

[Jackson Hunter cuts him off, looking around confused.]

JH: Excuse me? Is this it?

MS: [off-put] Is... What it?

JH: Are you the one the AWA sent to interview Mr. Zharkov? Son, it looks like your head looks like it should be stuck down a toilet back in high school.

[Over the audio, Bucky Wilde audibly snickers. Stegglet is too intimidated by Zharkov looming over him to act offended.]

JH: Fans of the American Wrestling Alliance, please attend carefully. Mr. Zharkov finds it distasteful that a nation that has set aside a day to commemorate war dead would spend it celebrating some jingoistic consumer fantasy. That is why Memorial Day Mayhem was boycotted. Now, I do note that another AWA event is taking place on July 4th: a date which America has decided to throw a party in honor of itself, like the conceited, spoiled teenager of a nation it is.

Well America... every party needs a pooper. I am pleased, proud, and paid to announce that Maxim Zharkov and his fifteen thousand dollars in cash will be appearing live from Hawaii to pour cold, Siberian vodka on your cookouts and fireworks. Unless, of course, there is anyone within the sound of my voice that has the nerve to stop Mr. Zharkov. In which case...

[Zharkov leans into the microphone.]

MZ: Lights out, tovarisch.

[He turns to the now-jeering fans, extending his fists out to either side.]

MS: There you have it, Gordon and Bucky. Maxim Zharkov not only intends to appear at Saturday Night Wrestling on July 4th in Hawaii; he intends on making a statement! And speaking of making a statement, our own Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by with two men who desperately hope to make a statement here in just a few moments! Lou?

[Cut to the backstage interview area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by with Sweet Daddy Williams and the young man many have called his protege, Willie Hammer.

The mini-afroed Hammer has on a Combat Corner T-shirt and white trunks with green trim around the waist and the bottom of the thighs. His jaws are set; his usual jovial disposition replaced by a grim air.

Sweet Daddy Williams, ever the grizzled veteran, is in a white windbreaker jacket over electric blue tights with "Sweet Daddy" stitched on the rump in white. Much like his partner, his fun-loving personality seems to be cloaked in a bit of darkness on this night.]

SLB: Sweet Daddy Williams, Willie Hammer, you laid down the challenge and that challenge has been accepted. Tonight, the two of you and a partner will step into the ring against the Dogs of War, a trio that has proven dominant thus far. As an investigative journalist, I have uncovered many scoops throughout my career, but even now, I have not been able to find out who your partner will be. Would either of you care to reveal who the third man on your team will be? Do you even have a partner?

[Shaking his head, Willie Hammer is first to respond.]

WH: It's not that we ain't got friends, "Sweet" Lou, but times like these, too many of 'em have got their own battles to fight! And those who don't, well, I've got to congratulate the Dogs of War, because they've done such a great job of spreading their brand of chaos and fear that Sweet Daddy Williams and myself might just find ourselves a man down here tonight.

[Williams nods.]

WH: But that's all the more a reason why we've got to go through with it! That's all the more a reason why we've got to take the fight to the Dogs of

War! I could have called my uncle and we know he would have been here standing right between us, but, nah, this ain't his fight. You could say our mouths have written a check that we can't cash when we made the challenge; that we've really stuck our foot in it, but, Dogs of War, like I said when we made the challenge, even if it's the two of us against the three of you, this is a beating that's been a long time coming and we're gonna give you some. Ain't that right, Sweet Daddy?

[The mic slides in front of Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: My young friend here tells it true, Sweet Lou. Now, the list of men who've come up to offer their services here tonight is as long as my arm but we had to turn each and every one of 'em down. Bobby O'Connor? You know that kid is always up for a fight and he was the first to come knockin' on our door... but his fight is with Team Supreme and he don't need this pack of dogs huntin' him down. The Lynches? Always there for ya. But this ain't their fight neither.

[He does the "belt" gesture.]

SDW: And of course, the World Champion offered up his help... but he's got serious business to attend to when it comes to defending that title and these rabid hounds play for keeps so I wasn't about to risk the champion like that. So, we've had our offers... and we've turned 'em all down, Sweet Lou.

[Hammer grins.]

WH: Well... almost.

[Williams chuckles as the two men walk out of view.]

SLB: "Almost?" As a fan of those two gentlemen, I like the sound of that! Now let's go down to the ring for six man tag team action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a SIX MAN Tag Team Contest!

[The lights dim to a midnight blue hue as the sounds of snarling and snapping wild dogs are heard over the PA system to (mostly) jeers from the Kansas City crowd.]

GM: Here they come, Bucky.

BW: Cry havoc and let slip the Dogs Of War, daddy!

[After a few moments, KISS' iconic "War Machine" kicks in to a bigger reaction from the crowd as spotlights begin swirling all over the crowd, trying to find the most dangerous and successful trio perhaps in the history of the business.]

GM: Where are they this time? You just never know where you'll find the Dogs Of War, Bucky.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: The team of Wade Walker... Isaiah Carpenter... and Pedro Perez...

THE DOGS OF WAAAAAAAAAAR!

[Finally, the spotlights land on Wade Walker, Isaiah Carpenter, and Pedro Perez - the trio known as the Dogs Of War - sporting midnight blue pants, boots, and flak jacket style tops. They make their way through the jeering crowd towards the ring, eyes on the squared circle that awaits them.]

GM: Here they come, Bucky...

BW: The most dominant trio to ever lace up boots. Some might say the most dominant faction to ever lace up boots.

GM: That's a long list, Bucky. Including groups like the Syndicate, the Southern Syndicate, Pride, Legion, Redemption, and a whole lot of others.

BW: The Dead Man's Party might take umbrage with it too.

GM: A very good point.

[The trio hurdles over the railing, sliding into the ring where Pedro Perez immediately launches into a verbal berating of Phil Watson.]

GM: Leave poor Phil alone. He's done nothing wrong!

BW: That's not how Pedro Perez sees it.

GM: That man isn't playing with a full deck, Bucky, and you know it.

[With Perez still shouting, Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The KISS' classic is cut off by the self-made stylings of Sweet Daddy Williams as his voice rings out over the PA system.]

"WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIIIIGHT?!"

[The swingin' sounds of "I Wanna Be Your Sweet Daddy" follows in kind as Phil Watson makes the introductions.]

PW: The team of WILLIE HAMMER and SWEET... DADDYYYYYYY...
WILLLLLLLIAMSSSS!

[The teacher/protege duo walks through the curtain into view, wearing what we saw them in moments ago. Each takes a side of the aisle, working their way towards the ring, slapping the hand of every fan offering one up.]

GM: Listen to the ovation for this team, Bucky! We talked about Hernandez, Abaran, and La Fuerza having the support of the fans earlier tonight but this is quite the reaction for Sweet Daddy Williams and Willie Hammer who apparently DO have a partner here tonight.

BW: I find it hard to believe anyone is willing to face down the Dogs Of War with Tubbo and his manchild. Sounds like a show from the 70s, don't it? Tubbo And His Manchild.

GM: You're too much.

[Williams and Hammer enter the ring where referee Ricky Longfellow steps in between the two teams, making sure that the Dogs Of War stay back as Williams salutes the cheering fans and his protege does the same.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams and Willie Hammer form the foundation of what could be an excellent six man tag team and with Copa de Trios on the horizon, you start to look at who on the AWA roster could form a three man team and potentially win that whole thing, Bucky.

BW: That conversation - for me - starts and ends with the Dogs Of War. In their one year - just over a year - they've been the most dominant trio we've ever seen. They are UNDEFEATED as a six man tag team. They knocked off what was essentially a pro wrestling dream team at SuperClash when they beat Juan Vasquez, Hannibal Carver, and Alex Martinez. Who's going to stop them, Gordo? Who's going to beat them?

GM: Perhaps it'll be Sweet Daddy Williams and Willie Hammer right here tonight!

[Bucky chuckles.]

BW: Ever the dreamer, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps. Right now though, my concern is who is going to team with these two because they're coming out here alone.

BW: No one wants to team with Tubbo And His Manchild.

GM: You're really going to stick with that?

BW: Is it trending on Twitter yet?

GM: I... uhh... well, get him back, referee!

[Williams and Hammer are trading words with an irate Pedro Perez as Phil Watson lowers the mic, looking to the fan favorites with a question on his face.]

GM: Who's it going to be?

BW: It's no one! I'm telling you, Gordo... it's no-

[A huge roar suddenly erupts from the crowd as Buford P. Higgins emerges from behind the curtain, trademark golden microphone in hand!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Wait a minute! Wait a single dang minute! You don't mean to tell me HE'S their partner!?

[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: When ya' gotta' take care of some mutts, that's when ya' gotta' bring in the top dog of'em all! And Willie Hammer! Sweet Daddy Williams! They chose the man that's soarin' so high at the top, he's walkin' in the clouds! 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...]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SSSSSSSSS!!!!

["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!

Pedro Perez angrily shouts, pointing down the aisle at the approaching Skywalker Jones who points back at Perez, returning the fire as Buford P. Higgins walks his friend down the aisle. Jones pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes, moving to high five a waiting Williams and Hammer as Isaiah Carpenter pulls Perez back, speaking into his ear as Perez fumes.]

GM: Wow! What a coup for Williams and Hammer! And if you want to talk about a trio that could be a legitimate threat to the Dogs Of War's undefeated streak, we're looking at 'em, Bucky!

BW: And from the looks on the faces of the Dogs Of War, this is obviously not what they were expecting here tonight in Kansas City!

GM: The Combat Corner is well-represented in that ring tonight between Hammer, Jones, and Pedro Perez.

[A brief conversation ensues on both sides of the ring, ending with Willie Hammer standing in one corner while Pedro Perez stands across the ring from him.]

GM: This one looks like it's going to be Pedro Perez for the Dogs starting out against young Willie Hammer.

[Hammer gets in one final high five with his partners before referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hammer dances from the corner, moving around Perez who pivots, fists at the ready. The Combat Corner graduate lunges towards Perez before pulling up short, slipping his hands up into his afro, and wiggling his hips towards Perez who angrily spins, slamming his arms down on the top rope.]

GM: Hahaha... a little bit of showmanship out of Hammer...

[Perez wheels around, charging at Hammer.]

GM: Whoa! Overhead armdrag out of Hammer!

[The 23 year old comes back to his feet, smirking at Perez as he gets back to his feet, charging in again. The self-proclaimed "sweetest chocolate outside of Hershey" takes Perez up and over with an armdrag a second time!]

GM: Another big takedown!

[Perez promptly rolls out to the floor, slamming his arms down on the ring apron as a grinning Hammer turns his back, shaking his hind quarters in the direction of the Puerto Rican who paces back and forth, fuming mad.]

GM: Pedro Perez has lost his temper in the opening moments of this one as Willie Hammer takes him up and over with a pair of armdrags.

[Hammer walks around the ring, waving his arms, riling up the crowd as Perez slides back in, charging Hammer from behind...

...but pulling up short as Hammer rears back a right hand, causing Perez to stumble back, falling down to his rear to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Oho! It looks like Pedro Perez wants no part of that right hand out of Willie Hammer.

[Hammer nods to the crowd, planting a kiss on his knuckles as Perez slides back to the corner, slapping the hand of Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Isaiah Carpenter fresh off an outstanding showing in the Mayhem Match back in Lafayette two weeks ago.

[Carpenter grabs the top rope, doing a front flip over the top into the ring. He swings his arms across his chest a couple of times, circling around the ring. Hammer matches his pace before the two come together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the center, jostling for position...

[Carpenter spins out of the tieup into an armtwist, holding the wristlock on Willie Hammer. Hammer grabs at his shoulder as Carpenter walks him around the ring...

...and Hammer suddenly flips forward, rolling away from the pressure, coming up to his feet where he snaps off a 280 pound cartwheel, and then a standing dropkick that knocks Carpenter off his feet and down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[Hammer kips up off the mat, landing on his feet with a shout as he waves for Carpenter to come at him. Carpenter climbs off the mat, taking a knee near the ropes as Hammer waves him forward.]

GM: Willie Hammer showing some of that agility that is just absolutely stunning for a man of his size. He's just under three hundred pounds and yet he can move like that? Incredible.

[Carpenter climbs to his feet, sidestepping in a circle again as Hammer matches him. They come back into another collar and elbow. Carpenter quickly spins out in another wristlock...]

...and then uses a handful of afro, yanking Hammer off his feet to the mat where he promptly kips back up!]

GM: Whoa!

[The crowd cheers Hammer's skill as Carpenter grabs another handful of afro, pulling him down again...]

...but Hammer kips back up again, shaking his head at Carpenter before reversing the wristlock into an armtwist of his own, torquing the limb of Carpenter!]

GM: Hammer reverses the wristlock into one of his own, really putting the pressure on that limb...

[With a grin, Hammer grabs a handful of Carpenter's stringy hair, yanking him off his feet to the mat!]

GM: Haha!

[Hammer releases, chuckling as Carpenter rolls out of the ring to the floor.]

GM: Some frustration on the faces of the Dogs Of War as things certainly haven't been going their way so far here tonight in this one. Willie Hammer is showing off that skill that made him such a standout in the Combat Corner, Bucky.

BW: He's got talent, I'll give him that. But he's also got no taste in mentors. Do you really think Hammer could actually thrive standing next to Sweet Daddy Williams?

GM: Yes, I do.

BW: You're delusional, Gordo. The fat man doesn't care about anyone but himself!

[Hammer leans over the ropes, waving Carpenter back into the ring as the Dogs Of War member paces the ringside area.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter taking some time to regroup out there... using the count to his advantage...

[As the count hits six, Carpenter pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Hammer. Hammer suddenly advances, coming towards Carpenter who]

hangs onto the top rope, swinging his right leg up to kick Hammer in the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot from the apron!

[Carpenter throws himself into a slingshot somersault, hooking his legs around the head of Hammer, throwing him down to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! What a takedown by Carpenter!

[Carpenter pops up, diving onto Hammer before he can get up off all fours, hammering his fist down into the back of the head!]

GM: Carpenter's all over him!

BW: See, Hammer could've taken advantage of one of the Dogs Of War bailing out to the floor on two occasions tonight but he's already sucked into Williams' garbage, playing to these idiot fans.

[Climbing off the mat, Carpenter rains down stomps on the head and chest of Hammer, keeping him down. With a shout, he moves away, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Carpenter takes aim!

[He leaps off, dropping a forearm down into the chest of Hammer!]

GM: Nicely done!

[Carpenter shoves Hammer back down to the mat, diving across in a lateral press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Hammer lifts the shoulder off the mat. Carpenter grabs a handful of afro, smashing his fist between the eyes of Hammer, knocking him back down to the mat. He climbs to his feet, taking aim...

...and snaps off a somersault legdrop on the prone Hammer!]

GM: OH MY!

[Carpenter scrambles into a lateral press, earning another two count before Hammer kicks out.]

GM: Two count only... and as Carpenter comes to his feet, he makes the tag to the big man of the Dogs Of War - big Wade Walker.

[Walker steps in, marching across the ring with authority as Carpenter drags Hammer up by the afro, grabbing the arm before whipping him towards Walker who muscles the 280 pounder up into the air, twisting around...

...and SLAMS him down hard to the canvas! He throws his arms apart with a "DOOOOOWN!"]

GM: Wade Walker is so impressive inside that ring and-

[Walker suddenly breaks into a dash, leaping up to land a right hand to the jaw of Sweet Daddy Williams, sending him sailing off the apron to the floor. Walker turns, grabbing Skywalker Jones by the afro...

...and HURLS him over the ropes into the ring!]

GM: Walker brings Jones in!

[The former NCAA football great lifts Jones up, powering him up into backdrop suplex position...

...and HURLS him down on top of the prone Hammer!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Jones bounces off, rolling out to the floor as Wade Walker stands in the middle of the ring, gesturing at the downed Hammer. He walks across the ring, slapping Pedro Perez' hand.]

GM: Quick tag right there for the Dogs Of War...

[Walker pulls Hammer off the mat by the afro, holding him up in a rear waistlock as Perez rushes at him, throwing himself up into a single-legged kick to the mush, knocking Hammer backwards...

...and allowing Walker to take him up and over, driving him down in a German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WADE WALKER HITS THE SUPLEX ON A NEAR THREE HUNDRED POUNDER! OH MY!

[Walker pops back up, stepping back out of the ring as Pedro Perez jumps on the chest of Hammer, grabbing two hands full of afro, smashing the back of the head down into the mat again and again as the crowd jeers the wildman of the Dogs.]

GM: Perez is all over him!

[He peels off of Hammer, arguing with the official who tells him to back off.]

GM: The Puerto Rican superstar trying to get past the official but look at Sweet Daddy Williams shouting at his protege, begging him to get to that corner and make the tag...

[Perez shouts at Williams, threatening him...

...which brings the hot-headed Williams into the ring, rushing towards Perez. The official steps in, blocking his path...]

GM: Come on, referee!

[...which allows Isaiah Carpenter to join Perez in the ring, each grabbing a leg to drag Willie Hammer across the ring to the corner. Carpenter steps out before the official can turn around to find Perez raining down stomps on the chest of Hammer.]

GM: Perez again is all over Willie Hammer. There's nothing fancy about the offense of Pedro Perez, just a sheer all-out assault on Willie Hammer as he drags him up by the hair, dragging him to the corner.

[Perez hurls Hammer back in the buckles, tagging in Carpenter... who tags in Walker...]

GM: What in the...?

[Taking aim, Perez charges in first, leaping up to drive both knees into the chest of Hammer. He drops down to all fours as Carpenter barrels across, springing off his partner's back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his knee into the jaw of Hammer!]

GM: Good grief!

[Carpenter and Perez each grab an arm, rocketing Hammer out in an Irish whip towards Wade Walker who lifts Hammer up, pivots, and DRIVES him down in a sit-out spinebuster slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Williams slips in, burying a boot between the eyes of Walker!]

GM: Ohh! That'll break the count at two!

[Walker gets up, glaring at Williams as the referee forces him out of the ring. The big man lifts Hammer up, scooping him up in his muscular arms, grabbing a handful of trunks to muscle Hammer up over his head, throwing him down in a big slam. He turns towards the corner, flexing his arms in front of him as Williams glares, shouting for his student to get to the corner and make the tag.]

GM: Wade Walker sending a message to Sweet Daddy Williams right there, I believe.

[Walker pulls Hammer up, grabbing the arm as he whips him towards the neutral corner...]

...but Hammer leaps up, landing on the middle rope. He springs off, twisting around blindly...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[He catches Walker across the chest, toppling him down to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Walker rolls Hammer off his chest, breaking the pin...]

...but sending Hammer on the right path to get to his corner where Williams and Jones are both waiting with outstretched arms.]

GM: Williams is begging his protege to get to the corner and make that tag!

[Hammer is on his way to the corner when Walker climbs off the mat, approaching from the blind side. He reaches down hooking both legs in a wheelbarrow...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[With the 280 pounder down on the mat, Walker puts on the power, deadlifting him off the mat...]

...and HURLING him down, bouncing him off the canvas with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Walker pops up, glaring down at Hammer before he reaches out, slapping the hand of Pedro Perez who quickly steps up to the second rope, giving a pound of his fist on his chest to the jeering crowd. He plants a foot on the top rope, looking down at Willie Hammer as he steps to the top, spreading his arms wide...]

GM: Pedro Perez is up top! He's gonna fly!

[Perez HURLS himself off the top, floating through the air towards Hammer's prone form...]

...but ends up hitting empty canvas as the South Central Los Angeles native rolls aside!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE HEADBUTT OFF THE TOP!

[The crowd roars as Willie Hammer, down on his stomach, stretches out a hand, pointing to the corner where Sweet Daddy Williams and Skywalker Jones are waiting for the tag!]

GM: Hammer's crawling on all fours, trying to get across the ring and make that tag!

[Williams winces as he stretches his arm even more, trying to get within range of his student who continues to inch closer while Pedro Perez rolls over onto his back.]

GM: Hammer's trying to get to the corner where Williams and Skywalker Jones are waiting for him!

[Isaiah Carpenter shouts at Perez to get up and make the tag as Hammer draws closer to his corner, reaching out his hand only to discover he's still a couple feet out of range!]

GM: Hammer's not there yet but he's getting close, Bucky!

[Hammer moves closer, raising his arm, stretching out...]

GM: TAG!

[The tag brings Skywalker Jones slingshotting over the ropes into the ring. He breaks into a sprint, jumping over the prone Perez, throwing himself into a split-legged dropkick, sending both Walker and Carpenter falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: JONES CLEARS 'EM BOTH OUT!

[Jones scrambles up, quickly grabbing the top rope and catapulting up to the top rope. He throws a glance back at Walker and Carpenter who are still down on the floor...]

"ZERO G!"

[...and hurls himself off the top, flipping backwards while sailing forward, crashing down on a prone Perez!]

GM: SHOOTING STAR CONNECTS!

[Jones bounces off Perez from the impact, wasting a few valuable moments before he can make the cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Wade Walker grabs an ankle, dragging Jones off of Perez...

...and BLASTS him with a standing clothesline, knocking him off his feet, bouncing the back of his head off the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Walker slams his arm across his chest, turning to glare at the jeering fans at ringside while Isaiah Carpenter pulls Jones up, flinging him limply under the ropes into the ring. He scrambles up onto the apron, stretching out a hand towards Pedro Perez who hasn't moved since whiffing on the flying headbutt... let alone after getting squashed under a Shooting Star Press!]

GM: Perez is down but so is Jones thanks to the brutal clothesline out of Wade Walker!

BW: The Dogs Of War are at their best when they're working together... and boy are they working together tonight, Gordo.

[Carpenter stretches his arm over, trying to reach Pedro Perez to no avail. He climbs up on the second rope, repeating the move but the referee waves him off, refusing to allow a tag like that.]

GM: The official says no tag while standing on the ropes. Good call there by Ricky Longfellow.

[Carpenter glares at the official as he steps back down on the apron, stomping his foot a couple of times, shouting at Perez to get up off the mat and make the tag as Sweet Daddy Williams shouts at Skywalker Jones from across the ring.]

GM: Both men need to make the tag but you gotta wonder who's going to be able to get there first.

[Wade Walker climbs up on the apron alongside Isaiah Carpenter, shouting at the downed Perez who has finally managed to sit up, throwing a dazed look towards his corner.]

GM: Pedro Perez is sitting up on the mat, looking to the corner where he's got both partners waiting for him.

[Perez pushes to a knee, head bowed as he tries to shake the cobwebs. He pushes up off the mat, falling forward to tag Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: Tag! In comes Carpenter!

[Carpenter slingshots over the top rope, dropping a knee down into the lower back of Jones. He rolls the high flyer to his back, lunging into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Jones slips the shoulder up at two. Carpenter angrily climbs to his feet, shouting at the official but staying on Jones, pulling him up by the hair. He grabs an arm, whipping Jones across...]

GM: Irish whi- Jones ducks the clothesline!

[Jones rebounds off the far side towards Carpenter, ducking a backhand chop, hitting the ropes again.]

GM: Jones coming on fast!

[He throws himself into the air, knocking Carpenter off his feet with a high impact crossbody!]

GM: Oh my!

[The flying attack has enough momentum to cause Jones to roll off of Carpenter, ending up out on the apron on his back.]

GM: Jones is down on the apron. Carpenter's down inside the ring, clutching his ribs.

BW: He might've cracked a rib or two off that. Jones hit him like a speeding train!

[Jones uses the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet as Carpenter does the same inside the ring. The former World Tag Champion leaps up, springing off the top rope...

...and DRIVES both feet square in the chest of Carpenter, falling to his back as the Dogs of War member goes sailing across the ring, crashing down to the mat and sliding out to the floor!]

GM: SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Jones grabs at the back of his head as he sits up on the mat, listening to the growing buzz from the fans who are eagerly anticipating what's going to come next from the Human Highlight Reel.]

GM: The fans are up! They want to see Jones take flight!

[Pushing up to his feet, Jones bounces a couple of times, pointing out towards the rising Carpenter before sprinting into the ropes, bouncing off, building steam as he charges back towards Carpenter...

...and HURLS himself between the second and top rope, flipping over in a somersault onto Carpenter!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE WIPES OUT ISAIAH CARPENTER!

[The crowd is ROARING for Skywalker Jones as the high flyer lies on his back on the floor. Carpenter is a couple of feet away, sprawled out in the exact same way. Sweet Daddy Williams moves down the apron, shouting encouragement to Jones...

...which leaves him easy prey to a clubbing double axehandle across the back, knocking the Hotlanta native off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Walker smirks at the downed Williams as Willie Hammer circles the ringpost, charging down the apron, leaping up and SLAMMING a forearm into the jaw of Walker, knocking him down to a knee!]

GM: OH! BIG SHOT BY HAMMER!

[But as Hammer lands off-balance on the apron, a running front dropkick from Perez knocks Hammer to the floor. Perez immediately gets back up, charging across, bouncing off the ropes, sprinting at full speed...

...and HURLS himself into a bullet tope, driving Hammer back against the railing!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: PEREZ TAKES OUT HAMMER!

[With bodies strewn about, Skywalker Jones climbs up on the apron, throwing a glance over his shoulder as he grabs the top rope with both hands. The crowd is buzzing as Jones sets his feet, deadleaping to the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD...

[...and BACKFLIPS off the top onto the pile of opponents and allies alike on the floor!]

GM: ...OH MY STARS!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With the crowd buzzing and bodies laid out all over the ringside, Wade Walker gets back to his feet, stomping across the ring where he leans through the ropes...

...and Willie Hammer grabs the middle rope, throwing his lower body up to catch Walker in the temple with a boot!]

GM: Ohh!

[Walker staggers back as Hammer pulls himself up on the apron. He points to the corner, approaching quickly. He climbs the ropes, slapping an open hand into his broad chest...]

GM: Hammer's up and he's going to- WALKER!

[Wade Walker rushes the corner, leaping up to the middle rope, hooking Hammer around his thick torso...

...and twists around, hurling Hammer down to the canvas with a belly-to-belly throw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Walker pops up, giving a shout as he stomps to the corner, leaping up and dropping down into a crouch, eyeing Hammer as the 280 pounder tries to get up off the mat...]

GM: Hammer’s trying to rise but when he does, he’s going to find Wade Walker waiting for him! I can’t even- do you know who the legal men are, Bucky?

BW: Who cares?! This is awesome!

GM: Hammer’s trying to get to his feet... Walker’s set though!

[As the South Central native gets to his feet, Wade Walker comes charging across the ring, lowering his shoulder...]

GM: SPEAR!

[...but Hammer shocks Walker by leaping up, leapfrogging him and causing Walker to SLAM into the turnbuckles! Walker staggers back out as Hammer sets, snapping off a jab to the jaw...]

GM: Jab! Another!

[The crowd is cheering Hammer as he lands snapping jab after snapping jab to the jaw of Wade Walker, stunning the big man...

...and then SNAPPING his head back with an uppercut to the chin!]

GM: Ohhh!

[With Walker falling to a knee, Hammer yanks him into a uranage setup, looking around at the cheering crowd. He muscles Walker up, twisting around to face the middle of the ring...

...and sits out in a thunderous slam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That might do it!

[Hammer rolls into a cover, hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Isaiah Carpenter throws himself on top of Hammer, breaking up the pin attempt JUST in time!]

GM: Oh my! How close was that?! We were a half count away from seeing that epic undefeated streak come to a crashing halt right here tonight in Kansas City!

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: We’ve reached the halfway point in the time limit as Isaiah Carpenter drags Willie Hammer up off the canvas...

[Carpenter puts the boots to Hammer, driving him back against the ring ropes. He switches his stance, landing a few backhand strikes to the cheek of Hammer, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- ducks under!

[Carpenter is again off-balance as Hammer comes on strong, leaping up, leaning towards the opponent, reaching waaaaaay back with his arm, and THROWING it hard into Carpenter’s chest, flipping the smaller man inside out!]

GM: OH MY!

[Hammer pumps a fist, rolling to all fours as the referee tries to get Carpenter out of the ring. Sweet Daddy Williams rolls under the ropes, joining his protege in the ring as he pulls Carpenter up as Walker rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Walker’s out and... ohh! Hard right hand by Williams!

[Hammer throws a left jab, knocking Carpenter back into Williams’ right hand. Carpenter staggers in a circle...

...as Skywalker Jones comes flying in, throwing a right hand to the temple!]

GM: SKYWALKER PUNCH!

[The fist bounces off the skull of Carpenter, sending him spinning away towards Hammer who buries a boot into the gut of Carpenter, tugging him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Listen to these fans! They know they may be witnessing history!

[Hammer reaches down, hooking an arm as the crowd goes ballistic.]

GM: Hammer hooks one arm!

[He reaches down, grabbing the other as the referee forces Jones and Williams from the ring...]

GM: He's got 'em both!

[The crowd ROARS as Hammer lifts Carpenter up, ready to drive him down in a Billion Dollar Bomb...

...but Carpenter flips out, landing on his feet for a split second before leaping up, driving a knee up into the nose of Hammer!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping knee strike!

[As Hammer falls back, Perez hooks him from behind by the afro, dropping off the apron, snapping the back of Hammer's neck down on the top rope, sending him staggering back towards Carpenter who leaps up, grabbing Hammer by the hair, pulling him down onto both knees!]

GM: OHHH! That'll knock the wind out of Hammer!

[Pedro Perez jumps over the ropes, hopping up on the middle rope, springing off...

...and DRIVING both feet down between the shoulderblades, forcing Hammer's chest down onto Carpenter's knees again!]

GM: OH!

[With Hammer down on his knees, Carpenter reaches up, scissoring the head between the legs in a triangle choke!]

GM: He's got him hooked! Out of nowhere!

[Perez bails out as Carpenter rolls the triangle choke to the side, giving him room to slam elbow after elbow down into the trapped skull of Hammer!]

GM: The referee's right there, checking to see if Hammer wants to give up! He's checking to see if Hammer wants to submit to this chokehold!

[The referee kneels down, asking Hammer if he wants to give up as Carpenter continues to rain down elbowstrikes to the head, trying to force a submission in more than one fashion!]

GM: Hammer's trying to hang on! He's trying to survive this chokehold!

[But suddenly, the South Central LA naive's arms go limp, falling to his sides as the referee leans in, grabbing an arm, lifting it up and letting it drop.]

GM: Is he-?

[The referee lifts the arm again, dropping it down...]

GM: One more and it's over!

[Hammer's arm is lifted up, held straight up...

...and dropped down limp.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Carpenter hangs on for a few more seconds before releasing the hold, pumping a fist excitedly as he climbs to his feet where Pedro Perez joins him in an embrace.]

GM: The Dogs Of War scoring a submission victory - well, a referee's decision technically - here tonight to show they're as well-rounded as they come as well, Bucky.

BW: I gotta say that Tubbo and The Boys put on a better fight than I expected but in the end... psssh. No one's a match for the Dogs Of War.

GM: Pedro Perez is calling for the mic right now. What's he-?

[The words of Perez interrupts Gordon in mid-question.]

PP: For over a year now, the AWA locker room has sent us their best...

[He gestures to the downed Hammer as Williams and Jones tends to him.]

PP: ...and every single time, we've sent them back on a stretcher!

[The boos pour down on the arrogant and volatile Perez.]

PP: Once again, we've shown the entire world that we are exactly what we say we are - the best damn six man tag team in the world.

[The mic is handed off to Isaiah Carpenter.]

IC: That's right. And while the rest of the world is looking at the Rumble and Rising Sun Showdown... that's not our focus. Our focus is September 5th in Mexico City when the Dogs Of War FINALLY get the opportunity to prove that to the world all in one night. Because on that night, the best trios in the world will gather there for Copa de Trios...

[He raises a single finger.]

IC: But only one of us is walking out the best in the world and you... you're looking at them.

[He points to Walker and Perez.]

IC: We've still got three months til then though. So you keep sending us what you've got. You keep scouring the locker room to see who wants to step into our yard.

[Carpenter's face twists into a smile, pointing to Hammer.]

IC: Just don't be surprised when they come back like that fat slob there.

[Williams springs to his feet, ready to fight but Jones manages to back him up, keeping him under control. Carpenter lowers the mic with a smirk, tossing it aside as Perez and Walker each raise their arms alongside him.]

GM: The Dogs Of War essentially with an Open Challenge towards the locker room. Send them the best six man tag teams in the world because they're getting ready for Copa de Trios! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to hear some pre-recorded comments from the Maniac himself... Morgan Dane. You do NOT want to miss that!

[The celebration in the ring continues as we fade to black.

Cut to a shot of an Aztec temple, the sun high over the brick structure. Gathered before the temple is a priest wearing an ornate headdress, his body covered in paint.]

VO: Since ancient times, warriors have gathered, testing themselves on sacred grounds. Today, that tradition continues...

[The loud guitar of Los Rabanes' "Ella Se Mueva Cruel" kicks in, amidst a flurry of shots of colorfully doing battle with each other. The cuts are quick, no more than two seconds at most, men leaping, men rolling others up into painful looking submissions, and wrestlers scoring pins on one another. It all goes by in a blur, almost too fast for the eye to follow. The last sight is the pain on the face of Caspian Abaran, as he is forced to relinquish his El Principe del Sol mask.]

VO: For those men gathered in combat, only one word can describe the action...

[As the song continues, there is a shot of El Caliente hitting the Sweet and Spicy Rana on an unsuspecting foe, the move truly spectacular, as he races across the ring towards his opponent, who is sitting on the top turnbuckle. Caliente springs off the second rope, bounces off the adjacent top rope, and then with pinpoint accuracy, hooks his legs around his opponent's neck, executing a perfect huracanrana.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another shot, this time of Super Solar hitting a frog splash on the prone Punky Perra, Perra's pierced and tattooed body bouncing off the mat as the camera lingers on the large sunburst tattoo on Solar's back]

VO: LUCHA!

[El Corazon Negro is shown, engaging in a brutal exchange of chops with Japanese legend GOLIATH Takehara. The large Japanese wrestler's face contorting in pain with each chop from the legend, only for El Corazon Negro to feel the sting of GOLIATH's devastating chops.]

VO: LUCHA!

[Another series of shots of SWLL action, ending with a pair of beautiful SWLL ring girls blowing a kiss to the audience.]

VO: Last week's Battle Of Four ended in controversy as Los Guerreros Del Oro were bested after a low blow from Perra Punky.

[That very same low blow is shown in super slow motion.]

VO: So SWLL officials have declared that the final two teams will battle one more time as Los Guerreros take on Sin Respeto for the right to represent SWLL in the AWA's Stampede Cup tournament!

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

[Fade to black.]

[We fade up on a piece of footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED - AFTER MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM." Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA banner.]

MS: We're here backstage in the aftermath of Memorial Day Mayhem - one of the craziest nights in AWA history - in part, thanks to my guest at this time... sir, if you will...

[With an ominous chuckle, "Maniac" Morgan Dane lurches into view. He's clad in black jeans and a wifebeater that has seen better days. His lengthy brown beard looks tangled and matted in spots. His thinning hair up top is pulled back into a ponytail, showing off quite a bit of retreating hairline. He's carrying the broken shovel in his right hand.]

MS: Morgan Dane, it's been months since we've seen you. What in the world brought you here tonight?

[Dane looks down at the floor, his voice escaping as a growling whisper that is impossible to hear.]

MS: I'm sorry, can you-

[The wild-eyed Dane whips his head back, staring into the camera with his maniacal gaze.]

MMD: DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES! Since I was a boy at Disneyland, that's the story the world told me. Once you've shuffled off this mortal coil, you cease to tell the stories that make the world go 'round.

[He shakes his head.]

MMD: But it's not true.

[He sounds sad when he says it.]

MMD: It's... not... true. Because he... that son of a bitch DIED when he-

[Dane SLAMS the palm of his hand against his temple.]

MMD: -SMASHED a steel chair over my head last September! He DIED that day in Los Angeles... the buzzards circling over his carcass... the maggots crawling to play hide and seek inside his gut...

[Stegglet looks sickened.]

MMD: He died that day... yet for the past eight months, I've had to hear him talk. I've had to hear him talk about Johnny Detson. I've had to hear him talk about the Dogs Of War. I've had to hear him talk about...

[He turns, spitting on the floor, leaving a trickle of spittle on his chin as he turns around.]

MMD: ...Ryan Martinez.

[He nods, raising both hands to reveal he's still gripping the two ends of the broken shovel.]

MMD: A mailman walks down the street. He's got two choices for his next delivery. In one yard, there's a tiny little young puppy yipping. He's jumping up and down...

[Dane smiles... almost sweetly.]

MMD: He's loving the life he has and loving the future ahead of him. He cares what people think about him. He doesn't want to make anyone mad.

[Dane nods, the smile turning darker.]

MMD: And the other yard? That dog has seen better days. He is neglected... abused... tormented. He hates the world and everything in it. He wants nothing more than to raise his leg and [BLEEP!] all over it.

He wants that mailman to walk into his yard. No, no... he CRAVES it. He wants nothing more in his pathetic, miserable life than to sink his teeth into the fleshy soft leg of that mailman, rip his skin from the bone, and drink his blood til it runs down his jowls.

[Stegglet shakes his head with disgust.]

MMD: The dead man... he has a choice to make.

[He holds up one end of the shovel.]

MMD: The young pup...

[And then the other.]

MMD: ...or the miserable wretch facing down the shadow of Death but looking to take as many others as possible with him on the way out.

[Dane smirks - a toothy, evil grin.]

MMD: Your call, dead man.

[Dane turns to walk away but Mark Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Mr. Dane, one more thing... the shovel... why a shovel?

["Maniac" Morgan Dane lifts the shovel, looking at it as if he's noticing it for the very first time. He turns towards Stegglet, shrugging.]

MMD: I could tell you it was the first thing I saw when I got here tonight.

[Stegglet nods.]

MMD: Or I could tell you - 267 days.

[Stegglet looks confused.]

MS: 267 days... what is...?

[Dane interrupts.]

MMD: That's how long it takes to truly, properly dig a grave at the base of Mt. Fuji.

[He grins again.]

MMD: There's a hole in the world waiting. And it's got your name on it, dead man.

[Dane taps the shovel against the wall a few times before walking towards the camera as we fade back out to ringside.]

GM: The return of "Maniac" Morgan Dane caught us all by surprise at Memorial Day Mayhem... but perhaps no one more than Hannibal Carver who found himself a victim at the hands of the Maniac that night.

BW: Morgan Dane is unhinged - plain and simple. He's a man so dangerous, not a single North American company has allowed him to work for them on a regular basis in two decades, Gordo. The only places that'll tolerate his savagery... his brutality... his viciousness... are places like Japan... like Puerto Rico where savagery is a national art form. But he's back. He's back and the question remains - do we have Johnny Detson to thank for that?

GM: I noticed that Mr. Detson had no comment about Morgan Dane earlier tonight. I think that alone speaks volumes. But fans, now we want to talk about someone else whose return to the AWA was revealed at Memorial Day Mayhem... so to speak. The monster known as MAMMOTH Maximus has been in Tiger Paw Pro for about a year now, returning to the land that made him a superstar... but on Memorial Day, we learned that at Rising Sun Showdown 2, he will compete under the banners of the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro as he takes on the undefeated KING Oni.

BW: Can you even imagine that, Gordo? The last time their was a clash like that in Japan, a giant lizard tore apart their city. This is gonna be a LITERAL clash of the titans, daddy.

GM: In just a few moments, we're going to get a glimpse of what MAMMOTH Maximus has been up to in recent weeks in Japan but before we do, I'd like to welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling our resident Japanese wrestling expert... the one and only, Dale Adams!

[The camera pulls back a bit to reveal Dale Adams joining the team.]

DA: Thanks for that kind introduction, Gordon, and as always, the pleasure is all mine. Folks, two matches have been announced for Rising Sun Showdown 2 and we expect more big matches for Tokyo to be announced tonight. One of those matches will see the American Mastodon, MAMMOTH Maximus take on the Demon, KING Oni and right now, we have footage from a recent Tiger Paw Pro show: a match pitting MAMMOTH Maximus against the Young Goliath, Takeyoshi Murayama.

[We cut straight to the ring, where 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 tall, thickly-built Japanese man, with dark, shaggy hair. A chyron appears at the bottom of the screen to let us know that Gordon and Bucky's commentary have been dubbed over the footage, alongside International Expert, Dale Adams.]

"CLANK!"

DA: There's the bell and both men lock up. Almost immediately, Maximus has forced Murayama against the ropes, forcing the official to call for a break.

[Murayama circles Maximus, then moves in for another collar-and-elbow tie up. This time, Maximus forces Murayama into the corner, releases the tie-up and throws his left fist into Murayama's left side, followed by his right forearm to Murayama's face. And another. And another. A clubbing right forearm to Murayama's upper back knocks him downwards, his rump now resting on the bottom turnbuckle.]

GM: And Maximus backs off, motioning for Murayama to get up.

DA: Maximus might have the reputation of being a belligerent bully here Stateside, but in Japan, he occasionally shows glimpses of wanting a close, competitive fight, as opposed to a one-sided beating.

[Which Murayama obliges, as the two bulls lock up once more. This time, it is Murayama who forces Maximus into the corner and lays into him with a flurry of forearms and elbows to the side of Maximus' head. Maximus tries to fight his way out of the corner, but a knee to the gut stops him in his tracks, as Murayama continues to lay into him with forearms and elbows, until one of his forearm smashes to the face is responded to by a shot to his own face.]

DA: Both men now trading blows in the corner, bombing the, well, life out of each other!

GM: A massive swing by Maximus appears to knock Murayama backwards, but Murayama is back on him quickly with a huge swing of his own!

[We cut ahead, obviously skipping some time in the match as the next thing we see is Murayama pulling Maximus into a side headlock, throwing Maximus' near arm over his shoulder and neck. Murayama attempts to suplex Maximus, trying to heave the heavier man up and over, but a right hand to the side forces the break. Murayama hits the ropes and drives his shoulder into Maximus on the rebound.]

GM: As get deeper into the match, Murayama tries to knock the big man down but Maximus stays up! Maximus telling Murayama to try again!

[Murayama obliges, hitting the ropes, and rebounding back into a big clothesline that staggers the American Mastodon.]

DA: Clothesline from hell and back has Maximus reeling!

[Murayama lashes out with a big front kick to the chin, sending Maximus falling back against the ropes.]

DA: At this stage of the match, Murayama had established control and many were looking for an upset over the veteran, Maximus.

[We cut again, this time showing Murayama attempting a short-arm clothesline that Maximus ducks under, spinning around as Murayama lumbers towards him...]

GM: Oh! Maximus returns fire with a clothesline of his own!

[The blow knocks Murayama down to the mat where Maximus takes the mount, throwing down some vicious closed fists at the skull of the lanky Japanese man.]

GM: And a scene familiar to AWA fans here as Maximus asserts his will against the lighter weight man...

[Maximus withdraws at four, climbing up off the mat. He argues with the official, earning some catcalls from the crowd...

...which turns to cheers as Murayama grabs Maximus' left leg and pulls back on it, yanking Maximus off his feet as he tries to hyperextend the knee. He rolls the larger man over and locks on a reverse Achilles tendon hold!]

DA: Murayama showing he's more than just a powerhouse as he uses some slick technique to take the big man down, looking for a submission hold in the center of the ring - trying to lock onto that ankle and go after that Achilles tendon.

GM: Maximus tries to fight the pain, but ends up having to pull himself to the ropes and forcing a break by grabbing the bottom rope.

DA: In fact, Maximus has to use the ropes to pull himself back to his feet.

[Maximus is slow to a knee as we cut again...

...where Murayama has Maximus cornered, teeing off on him with forearm blasts across the chest. He steps back, raising an arm...]

GM: Clothesline on the way perhaps...

[...but as he barrels in, Maximus surges out of the corner, leaping up, clashing his arms together on the ears of the Young Goliath as he slams his bodyweight into him at the same time!]

GM: OHH! Big blow landed by Maximus!

[Murayama shoves himself to his knees, looking to get up.]

GM: Murayama struggling to get up...

BW: And that right hook to the side of his head is not going to help.

[The blow connects solidly, sending Murayama right back down to the mat. Maximus stands over him, taunting with a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" before dragging the Young Goliath to his feet, throwing a left hook to the head at the same time.]

DA: The skilled hands of MAMMOTH Maximus being put to good use and you have to wonder what kind of effect those hands will have on the Demon himself, KING Oni, Gordon.

GM: I have to wonder if Doctor Harrison Fawcett has made a major error in signing the contract for this match. Oni has been an unstoppable monster here in the AWA so far but a clash with Maximus is a whole other story. Derrick Williams fought hard at Memorial Day Mayhem but he was certainly outgunned in that showdown. Maximus will be anything BUT outgunned.

DA: But on the other hand, if Oni can defeat the American Mastodon in the Land of the Rising Sun, who could deny that he's working himself into position for a title opportunity?

[While the announcers were chatting, Maximus has Murayama trapped in the corner with a series of left hooks to Murayama's ribs and right hooks to the side of his head. The official tries to grab hold of Maximus' arm, in order to force the break. Maximus lets off with the barrage of punches, only to take another swing at Murayama's face as he takes one step away from the corner.]

GM: Brutal, vicious... and effective.

[Maximus pulls Murayama out of the corner, taking another swing with his left arm. Only Maximus holding him up prevents Murayama from collapsing in a heap. Maximus maneuvers him towards the center of the ring and wraps his right hand around Murayama's throat, as the normally polite Japanese crowd goes wild.]

DA: Chokeslam!

GM: Murayama nearly folded in half with that chokeslam!

BW: But Maximus is not done!

[Rather than go for the cover, Maximus backs into a corner, while motioning for Murayama to get up. Slowly, Murayama gets back to his feet, shaking his head to try to clear the cobwebs, only to turn around to face a charging Maximus.]

DA: LAAARIIIAATO!!!

GM: Maximus with the cover! One! Two! Three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Maximus' path of destruction continues, but it remains to be seen if he can do the same thing to the monster KING Oni when they meet at Rising Sun Showdown 2!

[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, I hope the good "Doctor" has filled you in on what MAMMOTH Maximus is capable of, because the destruction I unleashed against Takeyoshi Murayama is just a fraction of what I will be unloading on your fat ass!

[Maximus reaches out and engulfs the camera lens with one meaty hand and we cut back to live action.]

Melissa Cannon, the AWA's field reporter, who stands in front of the AWA logo interview set. She is dressed in a summery outfit, but her face looks a little aggrieved. Why? Because of the man standing next to her with his back to the camera. If the wrapped nest of beaded and leather thong-tied dreadlocks doesn't give away the man's identity, the image of the AWA World Television champion cradling the pink and silver AWA World Television title airbrushed onto the lilac leather ring robes certainly gives it away that this is Shadoe Rage.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest right now is the AWA World Television champion, Shadoe Rage.

[The introduction produces a violent shudder from Shadoe Rage who turns sideways to face her, his back still angled to the camera.]

SR: That should be YOUR AWA World Television champion, the "SENSATIONAL" Shadoe Rage. Don't disrespect the champion! Don't degrade the greatest World Champion in the AWA! Say it right.

[Melissa stares down the champion for a moment with a "seriously?" expression on her face and then reluctantly says.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, the AWA World Television champion, "Sensational" Shadoe Rage.

[Rage turns to face the camera, his hyper intense eyes partially obscured by the honey-colored lenses of his fuchsia tortoise shell Wayfarers. He cradles the AWA World Television championship in his arms. He raises the title to kiss the silver plate.]

SR: You still didn't say it right. It's okay, I understand. You don't want to admit it but I am the greatest World champion in the AWA today and this title...

[Rage offers the belt towards the camera.]

SR: ...has never meant so much as it has right now. Because a championship is defined by the champion and not the other way around.

MC: The greatest World Champion in the AWA is a rather bold statement, isn't it?

SR: No it's not. I've been beating the best week after week in championship match after championship match. Nobody else has been defending the World Championship like I have! Nobody has faced the varied level of competition that I have. All great athletes but none of them is good enough to take this title from me. Especially the man called Supernova.

MC: You say that, but Supernova has been seconds away from beating you in your first match at ten minutes. At Memorial Day Mayhem, he was literally a second away from taking that title and tonight he has twenty minutes to work with. I'll be honest with you. I think you're in trouble.

[Rage turns on Melissa Cannon and pats her on the head in a great show of condescension.]

SR: You keep on believing that. I asked for this match. I asked for the twenty minute time limit. And I asked for the time limit for a reason. See, I've been in the ring with Supernova and I know that he's a phenomenal athlete, fast, strong and big. But he isn't faster than me. He isn't tougher than me. He isn't smarter than me. And he certainly isn't better than me. Do you understand?

Supernova is hungry and he wants the World Television title. And that makes people watch the greatest World Champion around to see if I can withstand his assault. But the fans have been cheated. They've seen me turn him back in ten minutes. They've seen me hold him off for fifteen minutes. Now they get to watch my greatness for twenty whole minutes. Isn't that something special, Melissa? Isn't that something special?

MC: It could be. It could be disastrous for you, too. You might not survive all twenty minutes.

SR: Please, I've let Supernova survive all this time. Tonight, I expose him for the coward and the inferior wrestler to me that he is. Supernova can't stand up to the big moment. Hasn't been able to his whole career. For weeks now I've been calling him out on his stage fright. I've been calling him out on hiding behind the face paint. And you know what he's said in reply?

MC: What?

SR: Absolutely nothing. Because he knows that I'm speaking the truth. He's shaking in his tacky boots at the idea of wrestling me for twenty minutes because he knows that Shadoc Rage is everlasting. I can go on and on all night.

MC: Like right now?

[Rage wheels in a circle, chewing his lip in a mix of outrage and disgust.]

SR: Wow, really? That's what you have to say to me? Go ahead, disrespect the greatest World Champion in the ring today. Let me tell you this, Melissa Cannon the Unbeliever, the greatest champion of the world is me! I'm the man everybody came to see! Nobody cares about those other guys! Saying any different is a bunch of lies! Are you a liar, Melissa Cannon? Are you a liar?

MC: No.

SR: So then believe me when I say that tonight I put down Supernova once and for all. I got him for twenty minutes. Twenty minutes of Hell! And at the end of it he's going to be praying for the bell! Goodbye!

[Before Melissa Cannon can react, Rage storms off stage right. He can be heard shouting off camera.]

SR: You're a liar!

MC: Well, Shadoe Rage has a lot to say. Let's see if he's all talk or can back it up in the ring. Now let's go over to Sweet Lou who drew the long straw and is with the challenger!

[As the camera fades you can see Melissa mouth the words: 'What a jerk.'

Fade to another part of backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands next to Supernova. The face-painted fan favorite is already dressed in his wrestling attire.]

SLB: Fans, in mere moments, World TV Champion Shadoe Rage will, once again, defend his title against this man right here, Supernova. Now, Supernova, the first time you met in a signed match it was a 10-minute time limit, then 15, and now 20. Do you think that tonight is the night you'll finally get your hands on that championship?

S: You know, Lou, I gotta give credit to Shadoe Rage, who is like that rabbit the hound is tracking down and keeps finding ways to escape. But the only problem is, sooner or later, that rabbit gets cornered and the hound's gonna get him! And right here [motions with a finger to his chest] is the hound that's eventually gonna corner that rabbit and take him down!

[He then looks to the camera, his eyes widening.]

S: But, you see, this isn't about needing five more minutes every time to get another chance at catching that rabbit! Every time I look into Rage's eyes, I see a man who knows he's backed into a corner! I see a man who knows that time is running out, that sooner or later, he's gonna get caught and we're gonna have a new champion! I plan on that being tonight, Sweet Lou, when I finally bag that rabbit!

SLB: Supernova, I should remind you that a lot of others here in the AWA have their eyes on the TV title as well. Some are saying you're getting more chances than you really deserve. In fact, Shadoe Rage might be implying that when he says you can't beat him!

S: I may not have beaten him, but he hasn't beaten me, either! He can mumble all he wants to about stealth helicopters and grand conspiracies all he wants, but he knows I have him on the run, and sooner or later, I'm gonna catch him! And for anyone who has been waiting for their turn at the TV title, you better believe I'm gonna let anyone who wants a shot, have a shot! The only thing I ask them all is this...

[He gets a wild look in his eyes and raises his voice.]

S: YOU SO SURE YOU WANT TO FACE A MAN LIKE ME NOW?!

[He cups his hands to his mouth, howls, then walks off the set.]

SLB: Now there is a man on a mission, fans! Gordon and Bucky, back to you!

[Crossfade to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou, and the challenger sounds ready for action, Bucky. We could see a new champion crowned right here tonight in Kansas City.

BW: The challenger sounds ready but so does the champion. And you gotta beat the champ to be the champ and right now, Shadoe Rage has been turning back all comers since SuperClash when he won the gold! He says he's the greatest World Television Champion of all time and I believe him. He says he's the greatest champion in the AWA right now and... well, that's a hard one to dispute as well.

GM: It most certainly is not. Ryan Martinez has held the World Title with pride and honor since defeated Supreme Wright back at SuperClash and...

BW: And you can count on one hand the number of times we've seen that title on the line, Gordo. He's a paper champion - pure and simple - while guys like Rage and Driscoll have been taking on the top contenders night after night. Ryan Martinez oughta to be ashamed of himself to call himself the face of this company.

GM: Not in my book. Fans, we've seen these two meet at the Duel On The Diamond when they battled to a ten minute draw. Two weeks ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, they went to a fifteen minute draw. But tonight, they've got twenty minutes to find out just who is the better man. This is going to be a treat for these fans in Kansas City and all of you great fans at home! Let's go up to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a special TWENTY minute time limit and is for the AWA World Television Title! Introducing first... he is the challenger...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: From Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

As he heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: Supernova stepping in there for what many believe may be his final shot at the title. If he can't win it here tonight, can you envision him getting ANOTHER shot, Bucky?

BW: No way. There's too many top contenders lining up behind him that are peeking over his shoulder. Supernova's got one more shot in my book.

GM: The challenger looks ready...

[Phil Watson continues as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Fame" hits and the crowd starts to boo.]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 248 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

SENNNNNNNSAAAAAATIONALLLLLL
SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOE
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The curtains part and Shadoe Rage sweeps out. He is decked out in a lilac leather robe, fuchsia tortoiseshell sunglasses and a brightly-colored purple bandana. He pauses at the entrance to sneer at the crowd, his French Forked beard dancing as he turns his head. With his left hand he raises the pink and silver AWA World Television title. His right hand clutches the microphone.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country, the greatest World champion in the AWA is here! You are about to witness an execution!

[Rage marches down to ringside.]

SR: Supernova, you're mine for twenty minutes! You can't handle that, you face-painted freak. I'm going to prove it to every one of the thousands and thousands of people in attendance. I am the King of Rage Country, I am the best World champion in the AWA and for twenty minutes I'm going to put you through Hell. Survive if you can, coward, because I'm going to extinguish your dying star. You're way outclassed!

[With that, Rage marches to ringside to lock away the World Television championship. After threatening everybody ringside, he sweeps into the

ring, mounting the second turnbuckle to pose for the cameras as he points towards the entrance, uttering curses. Rage drops to the canvas, disrobing, pulling off his bandana and then finally his sunglasses as he hands them to the ringside attendant. He bounces from foot to foot, shadowboxing as he awaits the referee's signal for the bell.]

GM: Here we go, fans. Twenty minute time limit with the AWA World Television Title on the line and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running here in Kansas City!

[The fans cheer as both champion and challenger move out of their corners, moving swiftly to the side, looking for an opening as they circle around the ring a couple of times before coming together in a collar and elbow that Rage LUNGES into!]

GM: Tieup in the center, both men looking for an edge and-

[Supernova drops down, hooking the arm, and taking Rage down to the mat with an armdrag!]

GM: Whoa! So quick for a man of his size is the challenger!

[Rage scrambles up, charging in again...

...and runs right into another armdrag, sending him down to the mat where he slithers under the ropes to the floor. He shakes out his arm as the fans jeer, pacing around the ringside area as Supernova bounces from foot to foot, staying loose as the referee starts his ten count.]

GM: The ten count is underway. Remember, fans... the title cannot change hands on a countout nor a disqualification... both items in the arsenal of Shadoe Rage if he gets in over his head.

[Rage eyes Supernova, muttering to himself as he climbs back up on the apron at the count of six. He shouts in at the challenger, pointing a muscular arm at him. The challenger takes a step towards him but Rage drops off the apron, shaking his head as the fans jeer again.]

GM: And again, Shadoe Rage proving he wants no part of Supernova, Bucky.

BW: What are you talking about? Didn't you hear him with Melissa backstage? He ASKED for this match! He ASKED for this twenty minute time limit!

GM: Are you telling me you actually believe anything this delusional maniac has to say?!

BW: Of course!

[Rage again paces around the ring, stopping to pat the locked case at ringside that houses the World Television Title before climbing back on the apron again. This time, he demands that the referee keep Supernova back as he leaps between the top and middle ropes back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Back inside the ring comes Shadoe Rage...

[Rage rushes across, diving into a collar and elbow again. The force of his momentum knocks Supernova back a few steps but quickly, the powerful challenger recovers, grappling for an edge, planting his feet...

...and HURLING Rage ass over teakettle across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas. Rage ends up sitting against the buckles, shaking his head as the crowd cheers. Rage pops up off the mat, shouting at Supernova who comes barreling across...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[But Rage bails out to the floor, shaking his head as Supernova pulls up short, grinning at the World Television Champion. The challenger throws his head back, giving a howl to the Kansas City fans who echo the cheer in kind. Rage points to his head, shouting at Supernova as he wanders around the ringside area.]

GM: Shadoe Rage got out of there in a hurry... but that had to be much closer than he wanted. It had to be-

[Rage suddenly lunges forward, grabbing Supernova by the ankle, trying to pull it out from under him...

...but the face-painted challenger STOMPS down on the wrist, causing Rage to recoil, cradling his arm in pain!]

GM: Oh my!

[The World Television Champion backs off, shouting at Supernova... then turning his focus on the referee, giving him some attitude as Rage continues to work his way around the ring.]

GM: Supernova is in total control of this one so far, Bucky.

BW: It's still early, Gordo... barely over two minutes into this.

GM: That's true but Shadoe Rage looks less than thrilled with how this is going so far.

[As the referee's count gets to four, Rage climbs up on the apron, getting to his feet, shouting at Supernova from a distance. The challenger takes several steps closer, trying to get within reach...

...but Rage strikes first, burying a thumb into the eye!]

GM: Ohh! The champion with the eyegouge!

[With Supernova reeling, Rage pulls him into a front facelock, slinging the challenger's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Rage is gonna finish Supernova off once and for all right now!

[Rage sets, grabbing a handful of tights...

...and then attempts to lift Supernova up off the canvas, looking to suplex him from inside the ring to the floor!]

GM: The champion's trying to suplex him on the concrete!

[Supernova grabs hold of the ropes, fighting the lift...

...when suddenly the Sprint Center 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 no.

BW: They're heeeeeeeere!

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

GM: Oh my stars!

[The lights stay out for a while as a multitude of colored lights flash all over the Sprint Center, lighting up the crowd, hitting the ring...

...and then with a flicker, the lights come back up, revealing a ring full of trouble.]

GM: THEY'RE IN THE RING!

[And outside of the ring as well as proved immediately when Yuma Weaver snatches Shadoe Rage off his spot on the apron, holding him up in an electric chair. Rage struggles against it, rifling his fist down into the skull repeatedly... over and over again...

...but it's too late as Ricky Royal climbs up on the apron, gets a three step run...]

GM: NO!

[Royal leaps off the apron, throwing a clothesline that flips Rage inside out, dumping him facefirst down in a heap on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Rage down on the floor in a heap, Supernova spins around, ready to defend himself...

...and gets CRACKED with a pair of superkicks!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Having floored Supernova, Chaz and Chet Wallace take the opportunity to rain down crotch chops while the rest of his allies form up around them. Just as we saw them at Memorial Day Mayhem, they are clad in black from head to toe - some have opted for skeleton handkerchiefs covering the bottom halves of their faces.]

GM: Where did they come from?! What in the world?!

BW: The Dead Man's Party is out to prove a point to the entire world... just like they did at Mayhem... just like they did last weekend in Dallas at the first CCW show!

[The Wallaces peel aside, leaving the next man to strike. That man is Elijah Wilde who yanks Supernova off the mat by the hair, using the short hair to fling him into the ropes, stepping back as the One Man Army CRUSHES Supernova under 400 pounds with an avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Dead Man's Party enforcer steps to the side, flinging a limp Supernova back towards Wilde who boots him in the gut, hooking him, hoisting him up into the sky, twisting around...

...and SITS OUT in a spine-shaking powerbomb!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Now THAT is my nephew, Gordo!

[Wilde pulls out of the way, taking a knee, pointing up to "Jumpin' Johnny Skye who has scaled the ropes, standing up top, staring down at the motionless Supernova...

...and leaps up, flipping through the air, CRASHING down on Supernova's prone form!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Johnny Skye puts him THROUGH the mat with the 450 splash!

[With Rage and Supernova laid out, Jay Alana steps out to the center of the ring, surveying the damage. He produces a mic from his jacket. Alana spreads out his arms, pointing to the two laid out bodies.]

JA: I expect by now our message has been received.

[Alana pauses, soaking up the jeers as the Wallace twins exchange a high five behind him.]

JA: I expect by now you understand why we're here.

[Alana pauses again, glaring coldly into the camera.]

JA: I expect by now that the AWA locker room is trembling with fear at the slightest mention of us.

[One more pause.]

JA: My expectations are reality. Where are they? Where are your high and mighty warriors? Where are the heroes of the people?

[Alana's mood changes, increasing in intensity.]

JA: WHERE?!

[He shoves the mic into the chest of a grinning Johnny Skye, spinning around and dragging Supernova off the mat. He yanks 'Nova into a fireman's carry, doing one full rotation to show his limp form off to the crowd...

...and then swings Supernova to the side, sitting out and jamming his jaw into Alana's shoulder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Alana takes a knee, pulling Supernova's limp head off the canvas by the hair, gripping tight as he calls for the mic again.]

JA: The invitations have been issued. The date and time are set. The biggest party of the year - Rising Sun Showdown in the Tokyo Dome. Us...

[He gestures to the men in the ring.]

JA: ...versus you.

[Alana glares down into the eyes of Supernova.]

JA: It's a dead man's party... who could ask for more? Everybody's comin'...

[His gaze lifts, locking in on the camera lens again.]

JA: ...leave your body at the door.

[The arrogant Hawaiian drops the mic on the chest of the motionless Supernova, the crowd really letting this massive group of attackers have it as their music starts to play again. The screen lights up with the dancing skeleton once more.]

GM: Supernova and Shadoe Rage have been brutally assaulted by the Dead Man's Party! This match is over - a double DQ, I guess... a no contest... but it's over and it's over thanks to the Dead Man's Party who have essentially declared war against the entire AWA, fans!

BW: What are they saying? Some kind of a multi-man match challenge? Team warfare?

GM: I'm not sure, Bucky. We... maybe we can find out more information later tonight in the Control Center but right now, we need to get some help out here for Shadoe Rage and Supernova! The Dead Man's Party has struck again and they just don't give a damn who they come for!

[The eight men stand around the motionless Supernova, glaring out into the Kansas City crowd...

...as we fade to black.

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 American Mastodon, MAMMOTH Maximus..."

[Another picture comes from the other side of the screen.]

"...takes on the Demon himself, KING Oni!"

[The two pictures collide in a burst of sparks, replaced by another.]

"The son of the Blackheart, Brian James..."

[Another yet another.]

"...meets one of Japan's favorite sons, TORA!"

[The pictures collide in the same sparks as before, leaving a white screen behind.]

"And that's just the beginning."

[The white screen is filled with the information about the show:

"RISING SUN SHOWDOWN 2
TOKYO DOME
JULY 18th, 2015"

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up to live action backstage where we see Johnny Detson and Eric Somers walking backstage. Detson still has an angered look on his face from the events earlier today. Somers still has the briefcase in his possession. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell coming running into the picture from behind, microphone at the ready.]

SLB: Johnny Detson! Johnny Detson! A word about tonight please?!

[An annoyed Detson stops in his tracks and does an abrupt turn causing Blackwell to stop and jump back.]

JD: Oh, I see... now you want to hear me? Now after I followed through on my threat to leave, you're interested in what I have to say?

[Detson scoffs.]

JD: Fat chance.

[Detson turns to leave and immediately turns right back around not able to help himself.]

JD: I mean, no one can tell Johnny Detson... The Standard of Professional Wrestling, in case you forgot... that he can't speak! I defy that crowd for not giving me a chance to say what I came here to say. How for almost a year Hannibal Carver and myself have been going back and forth only to have our differences settled inside the cold, unforgiving steel and after that

epic, hard-fought battle there's only one thing you can say to a foe like Hannibal Carver...

[Detson looks down at the ground but slowly raising his head, showing off that cocky smirk.]

JD: BACK OF THE LINE, BUDDY!

[Throwing his head back in laughter, Detson turns to share his joy with Somers, who remains stoic. Detson abandons the thought as Blackwell looks on with disgust.]

SLB: That's pretty callous for a man after he barely survived and only after Morgan-

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

JD: What's callous is a no good hack like Hannibal Carver jumping in line trying to take my place as the future World Champion. Hannibal Carver is not the Standard! Hannibal Carver is not the Steal the Spotlight winner! Those honors belong to Johnny Detson!

[Detson points a thumb in his own direction to emphasize the point.]

SLB: Well nevertheless, the crowd tonight obviously thought - from all the chatter, rumors, and as I even reported on the AWA hotline just this week - that you were looking to cash in that Steal the Spotlight contract against Ryan Martinez!

[Smiling, Detson looks at the briefcase.]

JD: Oh Lou, make no mistake, I WAS going to cash in my contract...

[The smile morphs into a more devious looking smirk.]

JD: ...and I still AM!

[In the background, a sound of disbelief, anger, and anticipation can be heard from the crowd who is obviously watching from the big screen as a stunned look comes over Blackwell's face.]

JD: But if there's one thing I'm more certain of now than before the night started; it's that Kansas City sucks, and they don't deserve to see a title match!

[Detson smiles as the crowd is almost trying to drown him out with boos again. Merely background noise though, Detson continues.]

JD: In fact, ever since I came to the AWA, these fans haven't been giving the Standard the proper respect that I deserve!

[Detson nods in agreement with himself.]

JD: That's why I have decided that Johnny Detson will fight for the World Championship...

[He nods, building the anticipation.]

JD: ...in Japan at Rising Sun Showdown Two!

[Detson slaps the briefcase in Somers' arms as he continues to nod his head.]

SLB: What an announcement for Rising Sun Showdown, Johnny Detson will cash in his Steal the Spotlight contract against the World Champion, Ryan Martinez!

[The smile disappears from Detson's face as he glares at the reporter.]

JD: I said the World Champion. Ryan Martinez, while saving the AWA from the problems he himself created, has failed to do one thing... DEFEND HIS TITLE! Now I ask you... is one televised World Title defense fair to this great network?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: So, if Ryan Martinez has any kind of gratitude towards this great Fox Network and their illustrious history of fine television programming, then he'll defend his title with the same vigor that he fights his daddy's battles with!

[Detson smirks and continues.]

JD: The only thing certain about Rising Sun Showdown is that Johnny Detson will be there to obtain the World Title befitting of the Standard. If Martinez is any sort of "white knight" hero, he'll fight his way there and earn it!

[Detson turns, making his point, and starts to walk off. After a moment of letting that sink in, Blackwell turns and follows.]

SLB: But Mr. Detson, what is your involvement with Morgan Dane?

JD: Morgan Dane?

SLB: You can't honestly expect people to believe that you had nothing to do with his arrival on Memorial Day essentially costing Hannibal Carver the match and giving you the victory in the process?

[Detson goes to speak but then stops and shakes his head.]

JD: You want to know about Morgan Dane? Go ask Morgan Dane! But what I will say is that Hannibal Carver should answer for his own sins before he goes around trying to make people answer for theirs. Morgan Dane has an

exceptional skill, if you will, for making people answer for their crimes. Did I bring Morgan Dane back? You could say that I placed a call with an old friend of mine to make sure the Maniac got to Memorial Day unnoticed, unmolested, and unbothered.

SLB: An old friend? Who could that be?

[Detson laughs.]

JD: You're a wise man, Lou...

[Detson leans in pointing a finger directly into Blackwell's chest.]

JD: ...you figure it out!

[And with that, Detson turns and leaves. As Detson and Somers stride out the back door of the Sprint Center, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell turns back towards the camera.]

SLB: You want to talk about a scoop, fans - Johnny Detson has made it official! He'll be cashing in the Steal The Spotlight contract on July 18th in the Tokyo Dome at Rising Sun Showdown 2! What a-

[Blackwell's words trail off as his eyes drift off to the side. He pauses for a moment before gesturing to the cameraman who pivots to find Jack Lynch walking with a purpose through the backstage area.]

SLB: Jack?

[Blackwell and the cameraman opt to pursue the Iron Cowboy.]

SLB: Jack Lynch, a quick word?

[Lynch pauses, turning to look at Blackwell. The steely expression on his face gives us - and Blackwell - the feeling that this may be the wrong time for an interview.]

JL: No words, Blackwell. I don't have time right now. I've got something...

[The Texan's words trail off as he turns towards the door that they're standing in front of.]

JL: ...personal to attend to.

[Lynch spins away, lashing out with a kick that knocks the door in. The Texan strides into the ring, swinging the door shut behind him. A loud voice shouts from inside and soon there's a loud conversation/argument in process. Blackwell places a hand on the door, seemingly ready to push the door in and see what's going on...

...but pauses, lifting his hand away as he sees the sign on the door. The sign that the cameraman is now zoomed in on.

The sign that reads: "TEAM SUPREME."]

SLB: Maybe not. Gordon, Bucky...

[A loud shout rings out along with a loud crash that causes Blackwell to visibly flinch.]

SLB: ...back to you.

[Crossfade back down to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou... what in the world has gotten into Jack Lynch?! What business does the Iron Cowboy have in the locker room of Team Supreme?!

BW: I bet he's begging off, pleading with Cain Jackson to cancel the match between the Elite Express and the TexMo Connection later tonight. Lynch wants no part of Lance and Martin!

GM: Give me a break. That's a situation to follow very closely, fans... but what about the other piece of news we got right there? Johnny Detson is cashing in the Steal The Spotlight contract and he's gonna do it to take a shot at the World Title inside the Tokyo Dome!

BW: Huge news! These idiots here in Kansas City didn't deserve a World Title match anyways! Maybe the respectful fans in Japan will appreciate what Johnny Detson is giving them!

GM: Detson versus Martinez with the World Heavyweight Title on the line! That's going to be something else, fans! But right now, let's head up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, weighing 250 pounds, CUBAN ASSASSIN #6!

[The original AWA enhancement talent raises his arms above his heads, getting a few recognition cheers, but boos otherwise.

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

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the

side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: And his opponent, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

GM: Listen to these fans! The Gladiator has won them over!

BW: It just proves that all these people are just like him!

GM: How so?

BW: They have nothing between the ears!

GM: Bucky!

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

GM: And the Assassin is quick to get out of the way of one of the most intense competitors in the AWA!

BW: The guy's a lunatic! He thinks Roman gods have sent him here? Normal people don't think about things like that!

GM: Gladiator is certainly unique, but nobody can question his success. He's undefeated in the AWA!

[The bell rings and the Assassin comes out of the corner, swinging forearms at The Gladiator.]

GM: The Assasssin on the attack right away!

BW: Well, you gotta strike first and fast, Gordo.

[Not that it's doing the Assassin any good, as The Gladiator barely flinches at the forearms. He then rocks the Assassin with hard forearms of his own.]

GM: The Assassin's efforts are for naught, and The Gladiator has taken control!

BW: Well, like I said, a guy with nothing between the ears isn't gonna feel a thing!

GM: Gladiator sending Assassin into the ropes... look at that clothesline!

[The fans cheer as Gladiator pumps his arms above his head, then drags Assassin back to his feet.]

GM: Gladiator scooping up the Assassin... and look at that slam! Hard to the canvas!

BW: Hey, I'm not gonna deny the man is strong, but he's not smart! Imagine what happens when he meets up with someone who's smart enough to know how counter him!

GM: Gladiator dragging Assassin to his feet again... sending him into the ropes... OH MY!

[The Gladiator catches the Assassin as he comes off the ropes, spinning him around briefly, before dropping him hard with a side slam.]

GM: Tilt-a-whirl slam by The Gladiator! What a move!

[That's when Gladiator rises to his feet, starting skyward and reaching up with his arms.]

BW: And then there's that... what a moron! No smart man gets his advice from the rafters!

GM: Like I said, he's unique...

BW: Oh, just say it, Gordo! He's an idiot!

[The fans cheer in approval as Gladiator turns back to the Assassin, pulling him off the canvas again.]

GM: Gladiator has the Assassin... he has him up over the shoulder... look at him carry him effortlessly around the ring!

BW: And the Assassin isn't exactly a small guy! That's 250 pounds Gladiator has draped over his shoulder!

[Suddenly, Gladiator runs toward the center of the ring, driving Assassin to the canvas with a powerslam.]

GM: Running powerslam! Assassin may be out of it!

BW: He may not be done yet... well, with talking to the ceiling, anyway!

[Gladiator looks upward, stretching his arms up, the fans cheering in response.]

GM: Gladiator takes the Assassin... he pulls him up... overhead press!

BW: And we know what this leads to!

[Gladiator holds up Assassin for several seconds, before suddenly dropping him onto his shoulder and driving him into the canvas.]

GM: Another powerslam! And there's the cover! One, two, and three!

[The Gladiator nods his head each time the referee slaps the canvas and the bell rings.]

GM: Gladiator with another win! Can anyone stop this man?

BW: Like I said, Gordo, you find a man with intelligence and he'll find a way.

[Gladiator rises to his feet and allows the referee to raise his arm.]

PW: The winner of this match... THE GLADIATOR!

[The fans cheer as Gladiator soaks in the adulation, then ducks between the ropes and heads up the aisle, his arms raised in triumph.]

GM: The Gladiator continues his winning ways. I understand Mark Stegglet is going to try to get a few words from him.

BW: Oh great, now we have to hear him talk?!

[Cut to Mark Stegglet, who stands at the interview podium.]

MS: All right, fans, The Gladiator chalks up another victory, and I'm hoping to find out what is next for this young man.

[The Gladiator comes up to the interview podium, turns toward the crowd and raises his arms above his head.]

G: SOUND THE BATTLE CRY, MY GLADIATORS!

[The fans cheer in response. Gladiator then paces around a bit as Stegglet tries to talk to him.]

MS: Gladiator, you are coming off a victory over Frankie Farelli at Memorial Day Mayhem, proving to everyone your earlier win at SuperClash was no fluke! Now, as you are coming off that win, and your win tonight, I must ask you... what's next for you?

[Gladiator stops pacing and turns to Stegglet, raising a finger.]

G: MY BATTLES WITH THE SCOUNDREL FARELLI HAVE JUST BEEN THE FIRST PART OF THE JOURNEY! MORE MOUNTAINS LIE AHEAD FOR ME TO SCALE, TO TEST MY LIMITS AS I CONTINUE MY TRIALS IN THESE LANDS! JUPITER AND JUNO HAVE MADE IT KNOWN THAT I MUST NOW FIND MYSELF A GREATER TEST, A TEST THAT WILL DETERMINE HOW MUCH CLOSER I AM TO MY DESTINY! AND THAT WILL ONLY COME IN DUE TIME!

MS: You talk about tests, Gladiator, but perhaps you can fill us all in, on exactly what you see your next test to be?

[Gladiator stares at Stegglet for a moment and...]

G: SNORT snarl SNORT!

[...that happens, as Gladiator lowers the tone of his voice for a moment.]

G: The next test is already known to you! The next test is already known to all my Gladiators who follow me into battle! The next test has a date and location attached to it... a place they call Hawaii and a date they call the Fourth of July.

[Fans cheer, figuring out where Gladiator is going with this, as he now raises his voice again.]

G: THE RUMBLE IS WHERE ONLY THE STRONGEST HAVE EMERGED VICTORIOUS! IT IS THE TRUE TEST WHERE I WILL DETERMINE EXACTLY WHAT THE NEXT PATH IS THAT I WILL TAKE! WHEN I STEP INTO THE BATTLEFIELD TO FACE TWENTY-NINE OTHERS! TWENTY-NINE NORMALS, SCOUNDRELS, AND THE SELECT FEW WHO HAVE TRULY PROVEN THEMSELVES HONORABLE AND STANDING ABOVE THE REST!

[He turns to face the camera.]

G: I WILL VENTURE INTO THE HEAT OF BATTLE AGAINST ALL AND ANY, AND PROVE MY WORTHINESS ONCE AGAIN TO ALL MY GLADIATORS WHO STAND BESIDE ME, STAND BEHIND ME, STAND TALL AS I FACE WHATEVER CHALLENGES MAY COME! AND AS I PUT MY TRUST IN JUPITER AND JUNO THAT THIS IS WHERE I MUST TAKE THE NEXT STEP, I WILL PROVE THEY CAN PUT THEIR TRUST IN ME TO ACHIEVE NOTHING BUT ONE THING...

VIIIIICCCCCTOOOOORRRRRYYYYY!

[He turns to the cheering fans once more.]

G: CAN YOU FEEL IT COMING, MY GLADIATORS!

[Gladiator then departs the interview set, raising his arms above his head.]

MS: Fans, that's big news! The Gladiator has thrown his name into the Rumble! And I, for one, wouldn't bet against that man! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have more tag team action!

[Fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fade in on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing between two tall drinks of water - Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor.

Tony Donovan is dressed to compete, sporting a black double-strapped singlet with blue trim, "TD2" emblazoned across the stomach. His fists are taped and the less-than-friendly look on his face says he's ready to fight.

Wes Taylor is also dressed for action in a pair of dark blue trunks that extend down to mid-thigh. Silver spurs are on the back framing the word "LEGACY" on the rump. His expression is less the surly one of his partner and friend and more of an arrogant sneer.]

MS: Gentlemen, you're about to walk down the aisle for a very different match than what you had planned on here tonight. Of course, you were scheduled to face Air Strike in a match you asked for - a first round Stampede Cup match. But the events of Memorial Day Mayhem threw that for a loop when the AWA President gave Air Strike an eagerly-anticipated rematch with the-

[Taylor raises his hand, opening and closing it rapidly in mockery.]

WT: Pretty sure everyone knows that story, Steggy.

MS: Please don't-

WT: Oh, come on. Your Uncle made a mint telling people to not call him "Steggy." Maybe if you give it a whirl, you can take over when ol' man Myers heads off to Leisure World.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: You should show some respect for-

[Taylor does the hand gesture again.]

WT: You see... right there... that's the problem, Steggy. Everyone always wants people to show respect. But you see, Tony and I... we DON'T respect ol' man Myers... just like we don't respect you... or those two seat-warmers they've got out in the ring waiting for us right now... or even Aarons and Mertz.

[Stegglet slides the mic in front of Donovan.]

TD2: Funniest part of that is that everyone talks down to us, tells us we're only here because of our last names, ask us what we've done to deserve our spot, and then those same clowns turn around and demand respect from us just because they're older, or more experienced, or they're former champions...

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD2: What a load of crap. I've had people trying to pound that notion into my skull since I signed up for the Combat Corner, and I still don't believe it today. Nobody gets some kind of default respect because of what they've done or been in the past -- it sure as hell never got me or Wes anything special, and our names have been kicking around the wrestling business for decades! So, when you tell us to show respect to anyone, in return we would like to ask a simple question -- what have Air Strike done to earn our respect, Steggy?

[Stegglet moves to respond and Tony just rolls right over him.]

TD2: Nothing. Not a thing. I don't care that Air Strike are former Double Crown champs. I don't care who they've beaten because they haven't beaten the only tag team worth giving a damn about...

[Tony gestures between he and Wes.]

TD2: Us.

[Taylor nods, smiling.]

WT: That's right. But like I said last time out... we're rooting for them, Steggy. We really are. Because we'd like nothing better to get the so-called best tag team on the planet inside that squared circle and show them that while they've had a good run on top of the AWA tag team division... their time is up.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: You're talking about-

[Taylor raises his hand, interrupting a frustrated Mark Stegglet again.]

WT: We know who we're talking about. We're talking about the defeat tastin'...

[Donovan smirks, joining in on the mic.]

TD: Opportunity wastin'...

WT: Title losing...

TD: Fan schmoozing...

WT: FORMER Double Crown Champion Teenage Dream Team.

[Taylor smirks as Donovan sneers.]

TD2: So, Air Strike, maybe you're thinking a couple of upstart punk kids might want to take advantage of this situation -- wait for you to get the daylights beat out of you, come on out and show you why you shouldn't run your mouths at Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan...but no. We want you hale and hearty, good and fit to compete against us in two weeks...because neither of us is interested in listening to you cry about getting bounced out in the first round of the Stampede Cup because you were just too beaten up to overcome the stars berthing in your midst!

[Tony laughs.]

TD2: We're not going to hand you any excuses, Air Strike. You're gonna go out there and win -- or lose -- your shot at the big gold belts on your own, no one to blame, no shoulders to cry on. It's all... on... you.

[Tony nods at Wes.]

WT: At the end of the night, Steggy... Air Strike's going to be the new champions... or not. Either way, it doesn't matter to us because when we get our shot at those two clowns, we're going to show them all the respect in the world... while we're kicking their pretty little teeth down their throats.

[Taylor pats Stegglet on the back, walking out of sight as Donovan loops an arm over Stegglet's neck, waiting to hear him throw it back to ringside.]

MS: Two very confident competitors getting set for tag team action. But is it-

[He throws a glance at Donovan.]

MS: -OVERconfidence? We'll find out soon enough. Let's go down to the ring for tag team action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 480 pounds... the team of Paulie Italiano and The Sicilian Stud!

[There's a decent amount of cheers for the duo as they play to the crowd only to be interrupted by ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers.]"

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 503 pounds... the team of TONY DONOVAN and WES TAYLOR!

[The jeers pick up as the legacy duo strides into view, looking just as they did moments ago in their pre-match interview. Taylor takes the lead, taunting the ringside fans as Donovan carries his six foot six frame down the aisle with silent confidence.]

GM: Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor are one of the hot young tag teams here in the AWA... but I've gotta think they're getting waaaay ahead of themselves when they talk about beating Air Strike in the Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: You gotta be confident to win, Gordo. I like what they're showing us. If they don't think they can beat Arons and Mertz, they're sure not gonna do it.

GM: There's a difference between confidence and arrogance and these two may get taught that lesson by Air Strike before too long.

[Taylor slides under the bottom rope, popping his 6'4" frame off the canvas into a crouch as Tony Donovan pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes and pointing a finger of warning at Italiano and the Stud...

...and then rushes across the ring, clubbing the Stud with a forearm across the ear, sending him falling through the ropes to the floor. The referee signals for the bell as Taylor joins his partner, battering Italiano back into the corner.]

GM: We've got a two on one!

[Taylor and Donovan trade off slamming fists into the midsection of Italiano before each grabbing an arm, whipping him across...]

GM: Italiano goes corner to corner...

[Taylor goes in first, landing a running clothesline across the collarbone. Donovan is right behind him, connecting with a leaping forearm smash to the jaw. He steps back, grabbing Italiano by the hair, throwing him towards a waiting Taylor who boots him in the gut...]

GM: You gotta get one of these guys out of there, ref!

[Taylor hooks a front facelock, turning around REEEEEAL slow until both men are facing the rafters...

...and DROPS Italiano down in a neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! That might be all she wrote right there, fans!

[Taylor rolls out as Donovan leans over, yanking Italiano off the mat in a rear waistlock...

...and POWERS him up and over, dropping him down on the back of his neck with a release German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Donovan pops up, throwing his arms apart, soaking up the jeers from the Kansas City crowd. He strides across, tagging his partner.]

GM: Quick tag to Wes Taylor.

BW: Tell me these two don't look great as a tag team, Gordo.

GM: I can't say that and I won't say that... but are they good enough to beat Air Strike? That's another story.

[Donovan whips Italiano across as Taylor steps in, sets himself...

...and THROWS himself into a running leaping back elbow to the jaw, wiping out Italiano with it!]

GM: Wow! What impact on that!

[Taylor throws his arms apart in a “it's over!” gesture, diving into a cover.]

GM: An arrogant cover here... barely putting any weight at all on Paulie Italiano.

[Two referee counts follow before Taylor pulls Italiano up by the hair, smirking at the reaction of the crowd. He yanks the New Jersey native off the mat, throwing him towards the ropes where Italiano falls to his knees, his upper body draped over the middle rope.]

GM: Italiano hits the canvas... here comes Taylor!

[Taylor plants his shin on the back of Italiano's throat, choking him violently. The referee's count reaches four before Taylor breaks, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: What's he-?

[...and slingshots over the top, landing down on the floor where he PASTES Italiano with an uppercut, sending him sprawling back down on the canvas!]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Taylor climbs back up on the apron, taunting the crowd as he steps through the ropes, making the tag to his partner.]

GM: Another tag to Tony Donovan...

[Donovan pulls Italiano off the mat, whipping him to the neutral corner where he charges in after him, smashing his 260 pound frame into the torso of Italiano!]

GM: Big splash in the corner...

[Donovan snags a side headlock, charging out, leaping up...

...and DRIVES Italiano facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Donovan climbs to his feet, staring across at the Sicilian Stud who has made his way up on the ring apron. He sneers at him, leaning down to grab Italiano by the arm, extending his hand towards the Stud.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

BW: This is a pretty charitable move by Donovan, offering to let the Stud tag in.

[He drags Italiano off the mat, shoving him towards the Stud who tags in...

...and promptly gets waffled with a running forearm to the ear! Donovan hooks him, scooping him up, and slamming him down on the canvas!]

GM: Donovan brings him in the hard way... and he tags Taylor back in.

BW: Gotta love those quick tags, daddy.

[Taylor and Donovan each grab an arm, shooting the Stud across the ring, lifting him by the legs...

...and HURLS him straight down on the back of his head with a double standing spinebuster!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Donovan backs away, exiting the ring as Taylor pulls the Stud up by the hair, tagging Donovan back in.]

BW: Back and forth, keeping the opponents off-balance...

[Donovan comes in, lifting the Stud around the torso, lifting him over his shoulder as if setting for an inverted atomic drop, holding him as Taylor steps forward into a front facelock...

...and the bruising duo drops in tandem, driving the Stud's head into the canvas with an elevated DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor rolls out as Donovan applies a cover, getting an easy three count.]

GM: Wow! A dominant effort out of Taylor and Donovan here tonight and if Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz are watching, they've gotta be concerned about what's going to happen when they face down this young duo in the first round of the Stampede Cup! And speaking of the Stampede Cup, let's head over to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by with one of the teams who've already advanced to the second round of the Cup!

BW: Oh please, no. Anyone but-

GM: Yep! Take it away, Mark!

[We cut to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing between Chester O. Wilde, Buddy U. Loney, and the ever-so-precious-pig Mable - the group collectively known as the Wilde Bunch. The former two are dressed for action while the latter is dressed for sloppin'.]

MS: Alright, fans! I'm back here with a team who kicked off the 2015 Stampede Cup in a big way two weeks ago at Memorial Day Mayhem when they defeated Dichotomy and sent them packing at the same time! Gentlemen...

[Buddy clears his throat, tilting his eyes down towards Mable. Stegglet rolls his eyes.]

MS: ...and lady, you've gotta be on Cloud Nine after what went down inside the Cajundome!

[Chester takes the lead, grabbing Mark's hand and pulling the mic in front of him.]

COW: On Cloud Nine? We're flyin' ABOVE Cloud Nine, Mark. If you'd told two country boys like us a year ago that we'd not only be in the biggest rasslin' promotion on the planet... not only in the biggest tag team tournament in all of the rasslin' world... not only beatin' the tar outta two no-account weasels like Ginn and Hoefner... not only... uhh...

[He pauses, scratching his head.]

COW: Where was I goin' with that?

[Stegglet shrugs as Buddy pulls the mic in front of him.]

BUL: What my cousin's tryin' to say, Mark... is that the Wilde Bunch is on Cloud Nine these days!

[Stegglet pauses, looking puzzled.]

MS: Isn't that what I said?

[Buddy looks confused right back at him as Chester is off on the side, still scratching his head.]

BUL: Is it?

MS: Yes.

BUL: You sure?

MS: Positive.

BUL: Huh. Well... if you say so, Mark.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Alright but let's look ahead to the second round. Earlier tonight, we saw the debuting Rotgut Rustlers earn their spot in the tournament but they'll have a tough first round match against the current Double Crown Champions, the Lights Out Express. You two will be waiting in the wings to take on the winner of that one.

[Mark offers the mic to Chester who is still scratching his head, looking puzzled. The mic swivels back to Buddy.]

BUL: Well, I'll tell ya what, Mark... those Rustlers are tough sons of guns who we'd love a chance to tussle with. All those great fans out there, they'd love it too!

[The fans cheer to agree. Buddy gives 'em a big thumbs up and a dopey grin.]

BUL: But you know what they'd love even more, Mark?

[Stegglet shakes his head as Buddy turns, showing his massive hind quarters.]

BUL: They'd love this big ol' hiney gettin' smashed into Strong... gettin' dropped on Anderson... and maybe even gettin' splashed on the 'tomic Blonde!

[Big cheer!]

BUL: No matter who we gotta face in Round Two, the Wilde Bunch - and all these fans - are gonna be happy, Mark.

[Stegglet turns back towards the camera.]

MS: The Wilde Bunch is one of three teams to already advance into the second round of the Stampede Cup but do they have what it takes to get to the Semifinals? We'll find out in-

[Chester suddenly lurches forward, grabbing the mic.]

COW: ...we'd think we were dreamin'!

[He looks pleased with himself, a big grin on his face. Stegglet sighs.]

MS: The Wilde Bunch are looking ahead to the second round of the Cup but can they get past who awaits them? Fans, earlier today, we got some pre-recorded comments from a man who wanted to be here tonight in Kansas City but couldn't be because of prior promotional commitments - the former World Champion, Dave Bryant!

[The crowd cheers for the absent Bryant!]

MS: You may recall that Bryant took quite the attack from Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham back at Memorial Day Mayhem and this is the former champion's first chance to speak since then. Let's hear what he had to say!

[Fade to a shot of a big ol' AWA banner with a man pacing back and forth in front of it. This man is fresh off a victory at Memorial Day Mayhem, but Dave Bryant doesn't look happy about it. On the contrary, the former champion looks angry. He stops, turns to the camera.]

DB: You know, Lake, I actually thought I had you figured out. I thought I'd seen the lowest you could go, and then you do two things that, somehow, manage to surprise me. You send a decrepit old man...

[Bryant almost smirks.]

DB: ...to do your fighting for you, and then after I beat that decrepit old man senseless, you poke your nose in my business. Now, don't get me wrong, that wasn't the surprising part. The surprising part is that you'd humiliate me like that and leave me walking afterwards, Lake. I thought you were smarter than that, and even if you weren't, I'm sure Hamilton Graham let you have it for not putting me out for good.

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: I've watched that footage a hundred times by now, and every time I see it I get just a little bit angrier. You bumrush me after I put that loudmouthed old bastard down for a three count, and you force me to bow at your feet? Do you know how humiliating that is, Lake?

[Bryant's fists are clenched at his sides.]

DB: Of course you do. That's what you're about -- you couldn't give a damn about beating people in the ring, and you've proven that to the world time and again. You'd rather embarrass them, spit on their legacy, then throw in a cheap shot when they aren't looking so you don't ever have to take your comeuppance.

[Bryant takes a deep breath, then lets it out.]

DB: You know, Lake, I don't know what bothers me more -- the fact that, for all intents and purposes, I bowed to you in the middle of that ring or the fact that I was forced to do it. The worst damned thing you can do is force another person into something he doesn't want to do -- I've believed that my whole life, so much that I put myself in an impossible place last SuperClash to try to help a good man get away from a low-down snake in the grass pushing him into places he didn't want to go, into things he didn't want to do. I don't know if any of you've ever found yourself in a place where you have to fight someone and fight _for_ someone at the same time...but I don't recommend it.

[Bryant's eyes narrow.]

DB: ...and I sure as hell don't recommend forcing a man to bow to you and then leaving him walking after. You should've broken my back, Lake, left me crippled, because there's nothing and nobody on this Earth who can stop me from cutting the price of that embarrassment out of your stinking hide! You torched my championship banner, literally spit the ashes in my face, and now this? I'm done being humiliated by you, Lake, and I'm sick as hell of playing this game by your rules. From now on, Lake, we're playing my game, by MY rules, and rule number one from this day forth is real damned simple...

[Another deep breath followed by a noisy exhalation.]

DB: Fight fire with fire.

[We fade away from the former World Champion...

...and up on Mark Stegglet standing inside the Sprint Center atop the interview platform. Behind him, we see a bingo hopper filled with balls.]

MS: Fans, I am standing here now to introduce you to the man that won the Mayhem Match at Memorial Day Mayhem and the right to a mystery prize! Ladies and gentleman... Juan Vasquez!

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the crowd ERUPTS with a massive pop! The cheers only grow louder as the crowd sees former two-time AWA National champion, Juan Vasquez, emerging from the entrance. Vasquez is dressed in street clothes, a black hoodie, the "World's Most Dangerous Group" t-shirt depicting past AWA National champions, and black jeans. He walks up to the platform, shaking Stegglet's hand and then turning to the crowd, thrusting his arms into the air to a huge roar!]

MS: Juan, you survived tremendous odds at Memorial Day Mayhem, but now is the time for you to claim your prize!

[Juan holds up his hand.]

JV: Not so fast, Stegglet. I need to get some things off my chest first. Is that okay with you if we keep up the suspense for a little longer?

[Stegglet shrugs. Juan cracks a smile and ruffles Stegglet's hair, before taking the microphone from his hands.]

JV: At Memorial Day Mayhem, we saw one man do what he always does... fight his heart out, pour every inch of his being and fiber of his soul to outlast every single man that participated in that Mayhem Match and rightfully earn his prize. And we saw another man...and that term loosely... do what HE always does: Try to lie, cheat, and steal his way to a prize that he never lifted a single damn finger to earn.

[Juan shakes his head in disgust.]

JV: Calisto Dufresne...you are the lowest of the low. You are scum of the Earth. You are without a doubt, one of the sleaziest, most manipulative and underhanded bastards I've ever crossed paths with. But...

...I'll tip my hat to you.

'Cause you almost got away with it, amigo. You ALMOST got away with it.

[A chuckle.]

JV: But for once, you didn't get your way. You didn't get to steal my prize. You didn't get to take my hard work, my effort, and my blood, sweat and tears and turn it all to nothing. You didn't get to trample on the fans' hearts one more time. No...you didn't get a single damn thing!

[Juan points to the bingo hopper.]

JV: 'Cause this prize? No matter what it is, I'm smiling. 'Cause it's MINE...it's all MIIINNNE!!!

[Pop!]

JV: And if you got a problem with that?

[He points to the ring.]

JV: You know exactly where you can find me.

[Juan turns his attention back to Stegglet.]

JV: Now let's get me my prize.

[He hands the microphone back to Stegglet.]

MS: Alright, the moment of truth is upon us. I was here moments ago when they brought out this hopper and I took the opportunity to take a peek at some of the prizes in there. Who wouldn't like to see Juan Vasquez enter the Rumble at Number Thirty?

[The crowd cheers. Vasquez grins, stroking his chin.]

MS: Or how about the opportunity to pick a partner and challenge for the World Tag Team Titles?

[Another cheer. Juan nods.]

MS: Perhaps the biggest prize of them all awaits you, Juan... a shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title - a shot you've never gotten!

[The biggest cheer of them all. Juan looks around at the cheering fans, nodding his head.]

JV: I like the sound of that, amigo.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: All of those are in there and a whole lot more. Now, all you have to do is reach your hand inside and pick out a ball, Juan. The prize should be written on the ball.

[Juan steps up to the floater and holds out his right hand, fingers wiggling. He hesitates for a second... and thrusts his hand into the hopper, digging for a moment, before pulling a white ball out. He exams the ball to see what prize he's won. He stares at the ball for a moment, before a huge grin forms on his face.]

MS: Well...what's the prize?

[Smiling to himself, Juan holds out the ball so Mark Stegglet can read it. Stegglet's eyes grow big once he sees what the prize is.]

MS: MATCH MAKER FOR A NIGHT!

[A BIG POP!]

MS: That's...wow. That's an extremely large amount of power you've just been handed, Juan. The entire landscape of the AWA could possibly be changed in one night by your decisions. Your thoughts on your prize?

[Filled with giddiness, Juan sighs happily.]

JV: Steggy...I think we're gonna' have A LOT of fun.

[And with that, Vasquez leaves the platform as the crowd continues to cheer.]

MS: How about that, fans? For one night, it truly WILL be the Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez!

[Stegglet breaks out into a grin, shaking his head.]

MS: I think he's right, fans... I think that WILL be a lot of fun. We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be the young lion, Derrick Williams in action so don't go away!

[Fade to black.

A voice over begins to speak.]

"In the great state of North Carolina he is allowed to turn left at red lights and the traffic stops for him."

[A shot of Aaron Anderson base jumping off of a large building in London .]

"They created a deodorant after him by taking samples of his sweat glands because his smell was so pure."

[Anderson chat it up with several ladies in black cocktail dresses.]

"At the zoo, he is ALWAYS allowed to feed the animals."

[Anderson stands in front of a podium speaking at the Democratic convention.]

"He is... part of the most interesting tag team in the world."

[Cut to Aaron dressed in a black blazer with a white dress shirt unfastened at the collar and matching black slacks and shoes. Beside him, wearing similar suits are the other two members of the Lights Out Express, Lenny Strong and Donnie White. The two of them lift their beverage into the air.]

AA: We don't always drink beer, but when we do, we prefer Dos Equis.

[Anderson toasts his partners.]

AA: Stay thirsty my friends.

[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.]

"And in our Main Event, the Dead Man's Party takes on the team of Kenta Kitazawa, 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...

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for One Fall! Introducing first, from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic, weighing in at 275 pounds, here is ANGELO CORDERO!

[The pudgy, mustached yet balding Cordero raises his hands at the intro, wearing his signature Dominican flag singlet. He jaws at some ringside fans as the boos come down, before the crowd changes into cheers at the jarring opening chord of Otherwise's "Coming for the Throne" starts up]

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

[At the announcement of his name, out from the curtain steps Derrick Williams, a well-built 6'4" man wearing white boots with blue trim and laces, matching blue kneepads and short blue tights with a large white stripe on both sides, and a blue vest. His wrists are taped with black athletic tape, with the tape on the right hand extending to cover all but the fingers. New would be the black neoprene elbow pad/brace on his right elbow, with short hints of white athletic tape peeking out the ends, as well as 3 strips of black KT Tape on his right shoulder area. His brown hair coming down in slight curls down to his even with his chin, which like the rest of his face, is covered in a light beard.

He slaps hands with the fans, soaking in the cheers as he walks down the aisle, popping up on the apron as he gets to the ring. Stepping in, he takes a glance at his opponent, then mounts the corner turnbuckles, raising his

hands to appeal to the crowd, before hopping off and removing his vest, going into a pre-match routine of checking the ropes and last minute stretches, tossing in a few rotations of his shoulder and a quick adjustment of his elbow brace as the bell rings.]

GM: The bell rings and we're off, and Bucky, I'm surprised here that Williams is in action tonight. He's definitely showing the effects of his match with KING Oni two weeks ago.

BW: Yeah Gordo, kid is taped up, but still out here. Shows guts, short on brains, but long on guts.

[Williams and Cordero circle each other before engaging in a collar and elbow tie-up]

GM: Collar and elbow tie-up, and Williams being that taped up can't be goo-

[Cordero breaks the tie-up by slamming an overhead forearm down on the taped shoulder of Williams]

BW: And that's why, Cordero's been around the block enough to know that if someone's injured, you go right after the part. Williams should've taken a month or two off.

GM: Arm wringer by Cordero, and smacking away at the shoulder and elbow of Williams.

[Cordero drags Williams over towards the ropes, wrapping his arm around the top rope and giving it a yank, pulling hard as the referee lays a count on him.]

GM: Get him off the ropes, ref!

BW: He's tryin', Gordo.

GM: The count's up to four!

[Cordero breaks the hold, raising his hands to clearly show that he broke before the five count. The referee lets him have it as Williams pulls his arm free from the ropes. The journeyman pushes past the referee, reaching out for the arm...]

GM: Cordero going right back after- oh!

[The crowd cheers as Williams lands a stiff forearm to the jaw of Cordero with the other arm!]

GM: Williams trying to fight back!

[He lands a second forearm, sending Cordero staggering back before he moves in on him...]

...and the veteran catches him with a boot to the gut before grabbing the arm he was targeting, twisting it around into an armwringer!]

GM: Right back to work on the arm... one elbow down across the shoulder... and another!

BW: Again, Williams is hurt, he's weak, and here he is with a big ol' bull's-eye on him with that shoulder taped.

[Williams takes another shot to the shoulder, before Cordero applies a hammerlock, then rams Williams into the corner shoulder first.]

GM: Cordero is relentless here, just pounding away on that shoulder and arm.

BW: We haven't seen Cordero win much here in the AWA but he could be looking to knock this kid off in an upset.

[Turning Williams back to the corner, Cordero unloads with a pair of forearm shots to the sternum. The referee steps in, forcing the veteran to back off. Cordero nods before moving back in, cranking his right arm back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slaps him across the face!

BW: That's it Angelo, slap the taste outta that kid's mouth!

GM: Not sure that was a good idea, Bucky.

[Williams rubs his jaw, seething with anger as he shakes his head, staring at the veteran before letting out an audible "That all you got?"]

GM: Williams just called him out! He just-

[Cordero balls up a fist, throwing it and bouncing it off the jaw of Williams whose head snaps back...

...and then he straightens up again, shaking it off to cheers from the Kansas City crowd!]

GM: Williams is getting fired up!

[Cordero winds and throws again as Williams blocks it before throwing a right hand of his own, sending Cordero down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Derrick Williams!

BW: Where is he getting this from?

GM: Well, if you've just finished facing KING Oni and surviving, it's not surprising if you learn to take a hit.

[Pulling Cordero up, Williams BLASTS him with an elbowstrike to the temple, sending Cordero falling back into the ropes. Williams shakes out his arm, following him in...]

GM: Williams using that elbow smash... perhaps not the wisest thing to do in his situation.

BW: Still Gordo, I'll give him a point for sticking with what brought him to the dance, but only one point.

[Pulling Cordero off the ropes, Williams spins him around, lifting him up for a back suplex...

...and then dropping him down in an atomic drop!]

GM: Biiiiig atomic drop!

[Williams swings Cordero around, lifting him again and setting him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Two atomic drops... Williams to the ropes...

[The veteran sees the telegraphed clothesline coming, ducking down to avoid it, charging to the ropes himself.]

GM: Both men off the ropes...

[Williams leaves his feet, cracking Cordero across the jaw with a leaping forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! That'll ring the bell of Angelo Cordero!

[Cordero crawls away from Williams, flinging his upper body between the bottom and middle ropes...

...and the crowd begins to cheer as Williams slides out to the floor, moving quickly around the ring to build momentum!]

GM: Here he comes!

[Williams leaps up, driving both feet into the face of Cordero with a basement dropkick, knocking him back into the ring as Williams sits on the apron, looking out at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Williams scores with the dropkick... rolling back in now...

[He climbs to his feet, swinging his right arm around once in the air, wincing as he does.]

GM: He's calling for it!

BW: Aw nuts, we know what's comin'.

[Pulling Cordero off the mat, Williams shoots him into the ropes, waiting as the veteran rebounds. The youngster lifts Cordero up by the upper thighs, twisting around, and DRIVES him down with a back-cracking spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Williams rolls through into a cover, hooking a leg as the referee counts to three!]

GM: That's it! Nice win for Derrick Williams here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling!

["Coming for the Throne" starts up as the ref raises Williams' hand.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this bout, DERRICK WILLIAMS!

GM: Tremendous rebound win here by Derrick Williams, putting himself right back on track.

BW: Yeah Gordo, the kid came back. I expected him to be out for ages with the beating he took at Memorial Day Mayhem, but here he is, scoring a big victory here tonight.

[Williams exits the ring, saluting the fans as he makes his way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Derrick Williams is heading to the back but before he does, he's going to stop in for a chat with our own Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet at the interview platform.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Derrick, come on in here.

[Williams steps in, using a white towel to wipe down his head as Stegglet raises the mic.]

MS: Congratulations on a nice win here tonight, Derrick.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Just another night at the office.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Tonight may have indeed been another night at the office but back at Memorial Day Mayhem, you took on KING Oni in what had to be your most challenging contest to date. What do-

[Suddenly, Stegglet is cut off 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: Callum Mahoney is scheduled for a match tonight, but we weren't expecting him to interrupt Derrick Williams' post-match interview.

BW: He does not look happy, Gordo.

GM: When does he ever? And Derrick Williams' does not look like he appreciates this interruption.

[The shot cuts back to Williams who seems to be protesting to Stegglet who simply shrugs, pointing at Mahoney. The camera cuts back to the Fighting Irishman. Regarding the crowd with disdain, lips curled in a sneer, Mahoney makes his way down the aisle. He stops midway, exchanging words with the fans. He threatens to backhand a one of the more vocal members of the crowd and he points to his T-shirt, as we hear him tell the fan, "You don't want any of this, fella!"]

GM: Perhaps some kind of miscommunication backstage. Callum Mahoney didn't even acknowledge that Williams is out here, fans.

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He pulls off the T-shirt and tosses it to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]

GM: Well, folks, we've got to take a break, while we get an opponent out here for the Armbar Assassin when we come back to Saturday Night Wrestling, right here on The X!

[Mahoney is still pacing as we fade to black.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Carl Riddens?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black.

We fade back to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by to announce the competitors for the next match.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Gladstone, Missouri and weighing in at 250 pounds, he is... BLAKE MOSS!!!

[Moss is a tall, lanky, lightly-tanned blonde, with shoulder-length hair, dressed in white trunks, knee pads and white boots.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney paces his corner, his eyes locked on the young man from Gladstone.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell, and both competitors circle each other.

BW: But they're not locking up, Gordo. In fact, both men have got their fists up in front of them.

GM: Well, Mahoney just took a step towards Moss and Moss immediately backs away.

[Mahoney stands with his arms on his hips, smirking at Moss' caution. He holds up his hands, inviting Moss to lock up, but just as Moss goes for the collar-and-elbow, Mahoney ducks under, positioning himself behind Moss and locking on a side headlock.]

GM: Mahoney using that technical know-how to secure a side headlock almost instantly in this one and-

[Moss uses his height to leverage Mahoney's arm in an arm-wringer before he pulls Mahoney into a side headlock of his own.]

GM: Nice counter by Moss!

[Mahoney throws a pair of forearms to the ribs before shoving Moss off to the ropes, breaking the hold. On the rebound, Mahoney grabs hold of the near arm and the back of Moss' neck, and tosses him over the top rope to the outside.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Callum Mahoney baited Blake Moss right there!

GM: The unconventional fighting Irishman would usually follow his opponent to the outside, taking advantage of the dangerous environs at ringside, but this Mahoney is happy to, I don't know, taunt the young man and wait for him to get up.

[Mahoney stands back, waving for Moss to get up, which he slowly does. Moss pulls himself onto the ring apron, only for Mahoney to charge towards him, grab hold of him by the back of his head and neck, and drag him over the top rope, into the ring.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Mahoney lays into Moss with a couple of stomps to the gut, then pulls Moss to his feet. Mahoney drags Moss over to a corner and pushes him back-first against the turnbuckles.]

BW: Oof! That's a hard chop to the chest!

GM: And another! We knew this was going to get physical and any time a match turns into an exchange of strikes, the Fighting Irishman always comes out on top.

[Mahoney pulls Moss out of the corner, his hands wrapped around Moss' head. He bends Moss over and knees him in the forehead.]

GM: Hard knee to the head!

[He does it two more times, then whips Moss back into the corner.]

GM: Mahoney is manhandling Moss in there, charging in... ohh! Back elbow to the mush by Moss!

BW: He got caught by the rookie!

[Mahoney quickly bails out, checking his nose for any sign of blood...

...but Moss decides to go after him, spinning the unaware Mahoney around, blasting him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes that rattles Mahoney's cage!]

GM: Elbow between the eyes... shoots Mahoney back in...

[Moss rolls in after him only to find Mahoney up on his knees, begging off as Moss stands over him. Moss holds up, looking around at the cheering fans who are urging him to attack the Armbar Assassin!]

GM: Moss is hesitating!

BW: Which is exactly what Mahoney was hoping for...

[Mahoney surges forward, smashing his head into the rookie's midsection, cutting off his offense.]

BW: Haha! Told you, Gordo!

[Coming to his feet, Mahoney grabs the arm, whipping Moss across...

...or tries to, failing as Moss reverses it, sending Mahoney crashing into the buckles!]

GM: Nice reversal!

[Moss charges in, giving a shout as he delivers a leaping clothesline into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Blake Moss is showing us something here tonight, Bucky... and tell me, what does this do for the confidence of Moss, if he were able to beat Callum Mahoney?

BW: Confidence is one thing, Gordo, but cash rules everything around me and if Moss knocks off Mahoney here, he might get noticed by the front office and he might be the next AWA superstar!

[Moss grabs the arm, going for another whip...

...but Mahoney swings his own arm down onto Moss', breaking the grip on his own wrist. He grabs the front of Moss' trunks, dropping down and YANKING, sending Moss crashing chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHH! Unique counter by Mahoney!

[With Moss staggered, Mahoney drags himself off the mat, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and DUMPS the rookie on the back of his head, folding him up with a released German Suplex! Mahoney scrambles to his knees, diving to apply a jackknife cradle, running in place as the referee counts.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! THE ROOKIE KICKS OUT!

[The crowd, starting to sense something out of Blake Moss, gives a big cheer as Mahoney gets up, arguing with the official...

...and DROPS down, smashing his knee down onto the bridge of Moss' nose!]

GM: OH!

[Mahoney leans down, pressing his forearm bone against the bridge of the nose, grinding it back and forth as Moss cries out in pain and the referee leans in to check for a submission!]

GM: Mahoney's punishing the kid right now... maybe feeling a little embarrassed...

[Climbing off the mat, Mahoney stomps the face a few times, earning an admonishment from the referee. He walks around, grabbing the legs, holding them up...

...and BURIES a stomp in the lower abdomen!]

GM: Ohh, where was that, referee?!

BW: Looked good to me!

GM: I'm sure. But that might have hit lower than is legal, Bucky.

BW: The official isn't saying anything for now, though.

[Mahoney grabs Moss by the hair, hauling him to his feet where a European uppercut nearly takes him off his feet. A second one snaps the head back, sending Moss reeling into the corner.]

GM: Mahoney on the attack... look out here!

[The Fighting Irishman smashes a forearm down across the bridge of the nose followed by a headbutt to the eyesocket. He grabs two hands full of hair, smashing his knee repeatedly into the face.]

GM: Mahoney's going too far! He's brutalizing this young man in the corner!

[He uses a snapmare to take him into a seated position on the mat before SLAMMING a boot into the small of the back! He wheels around the other side, sizing up Moss before burying a second kick into the chest of Moss!]

GM: Fists, boots, knees, and elbows! Mahoney is tormenting this young man.

[He flips him over onto his stomach, kneeling down to deathlock the knee, keeping the legs pinned down as he reaches forward, hooking his arms around the face of Moss and YANKING back!]

GM: CELTIC KNOT LOCKED IN!

[Moss wastes absolutely no time in giving up as the referee wheels to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And just like that, Blake Moss finds himself trapped with no choice but to tap out!

BW: And just like last month, Mahoney is reluctant to release the hold.

[The official begins the count, but Mahoney releases the hold at four. He slides out of the ring and raises his arms in the air to jeers from the crowd.]

BW: The Missourian impressed us with his aggression, Gordo, but Mahoney shows, once again, how dangerous a competitor he can be. It wasn't an armbar, but the Armbar Assassin has many weapons in his arsenal.

GM: You and I might not like the attitude, folks, but there is no doubt that that victory was deserved. Fans, last year, Callum Mahoney played a big role in the very first Rising Sun Showdown. But will he be there this year? Perhaps we'll find out right now on the Control Center!

[Fade in on the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. Fade again to Melissa Cannon and Dale Adams sitting at a desk with said monitors behind them, a large one showing the Rising Sun Showdown 2 logo.]

MC: Welcome to the Rising Sun Showdown Control Center - your source for the latest and greatest news when it comes to our second annual supershow from the Land of the Rising Sun! And for the first time, I've got a co-host here in the Control Center. Welcome, Dale Adams!

[Adams smiles.]

DA: Thanks, Melissa. And with Rising Sun Showdown 2 just over a month away, the entire wrestling world is starting to look towards the Tokyo Dome as the date on the calendar grows closer. July 18th is the day that many throughout the wrestling industry have been looking forward to as the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro come together in a celebration of the best professional wrestling in the entire world!

MC: Let's take a look at the matches put together for this epic showcase!

[We fade to a shot showing Johnny Detson and Ryan Martinez.]

MC: This one broke earlier tonight but we can now make it official - Johnny Detson has decided to cash in his Steal The Spotlight contract and in the Tokyo Dome, he'll challenge the White Knight himself, Ryan Martinez, with the gold on the line!

DA: One of the most eagerly anticipated AWA matchups on record and it's going to take place in the Land of the Rising Sun. My sources in Japan are going NUTS at the idea of this taking place in the Tokyo Dome at Showdown and you better believe that the Dome will be rocking in anticipation of this one.

[A graphic comes up with KING Oni and MAMMOTH Maximus.]

MC: We learned about this one back at Memorial Day Mayhem as KING Oni accompanied by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett takes on the monster known as the American Mastodon, MAMMOTH Maximus!

DA: This one is a true battle of the super heavyweights as Oni and Maximus will go to war in the middle of the ring. Oni's putting his undefeated record on the line in a big way, Melissa, and many have wondered if Fawcett is underestimating the American Mastodon to sign the contract for this one.

[The graphic changes to show Brian James and TORA.]

MC: Former partners, former friends... and now inside the Tokyo Dome, they will clash for the first - and perhaps final - time when Brian Lau leads Brian James into action against the high-flying TORA. You can bet that TORA will have the fans behind him in Tokyo, Dale.

DA: He certainly will. TORA is one of the most popular competitors to compete in Tiger Paw Pro ever and the fans will be fully supporting him against his former tag team partner.

MC: TORA has been competing in Tiger Paw Pro for several weeks now doing promotional work for the AWA but this week, our cameras caught up with him to get some words leading up to this big clash!

[Crossfade to footage marked "PRE-RECORDED." TORA is backstage, a towel hanging around his neck, evidently after a battle.]

T: Tick, tock, old friend... tick, tock.

[He grins.]

T: This is EXACTLY what I needed. After months of walking around the AWA like some kind of a zombie... not knowing what to do... not knowing who to trust... not knowing what's next... I came home. I came back to Japan and it was like I could breathe again.

I've fought the best in the world to get ready for you, Brian. I told them to give me all comers. Big, small, short, tall... kickers and punches or flyers and jumpers. I wanted them all.

[He nods with a grin.]

T: That means when you show up, Brian... I'll have fought a dozen guys just like you...

[He pauses.]

T: Almost. See, they may be as tall as you. They may be as strong as you. They may even be as tough as you. But none of them truly are you.

Which means none of them have stabbed me in the back like you.

[A stern expression crosses his face.]

T: I've brought the fight to them with everything I've got, Brian.

So just what do you think I'm going to do to you?

[The camera slowly zooms in on TORA's determined face, landing on his eyes. The shot holds for several seconds before fading back to Melissa and Dale.]

MC: A very determined TORA is ready for battle against his former friend. But when you talk about battles... when you talk about a war... you've gotta talk about the declaration of war from the Dead Man's Party, Dale.

DA: The Dead Man's Party - the most dominant faction in all of Japan - shocked the world with their appearance at Memorial Day Mayhem... and

again at CCW... and again right here tonight. It appears as though they want to make it VERY clear that they're going to be in Japan and they're going to be waiting to see who the AWA sends forth to do battle with them.

MC: I'm told that both Shadoc Rage AND Supernova made phone calls to AWA President Landon O'Neill after that brutal assault here earlier tonight. Mr. O'Neill was said to be livid over the DMP's interruption of the World Television Title Match.

DA: Which means it should surprise no one that President O'Neill has accepted the DMP's challenge on behalf of the AWA. At Rising Sun Showdown, we will see the Dead Man's Party send a team of seven competitors to the ring to face a team put together by the AWA to face them down.

MC: A seven on seven showdown inside the Tokyo Dome and that's gonna be something else, fans! And that's just the first layer of the cake. More matches are brewing. More contracts being negotiated. More rumors are flying. And soon enough, the Rising Sun Showdown lineup will be set and you'll find out all about it right here on the Control Center! For Dale Adams, I'm Melissa Cannon and we'll see you next time from the Control Center!

[We fade to a shot of the RSS2 logo splashed over the bank of television monitors, holding it there for a few moments before the shot fades back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

["Pollax From Rio" by Monochromatic ignites.]

PW: Introducing first, weighing in at a combined weight of four hundred and thirty four pounds...

"PRETTY" KENNY DOLL! "HOTTY" SCOTTY RICHARDSON!

PRETTY HOT STUUUUUUUUUFF!!!

[Doll and Richardson step through the curtain, both men draped in feathered red robes that drape against the floor. Doll's blonde hair is parted perfectly to his left whereas the slightly taller and more muscular Richardson has his stringy black hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. The normally rough around the edges Richardson looks more well groomed than we are accustomed to and his attire of right white ring pants with silver stars along the legs and black boots mirrors that of Doll.]

GM: Well, this is an unexpected pairing.

BW: Great synchronization between the two, these guys just look like a tag team!

GM: Just because you wear matching ring tights-

BW: And robes.

GM: Doesn't make you a great tag team. Wrestlers spend years working together before finding that magical chemistry.

[Doll and Richardson both dive underneath the bottom rope right into a lying down pose. The camera circles above them, spinning slowly, before cutting back to Phil Watson who stands off to the side of the ring.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys blares throughout the arena to a nice ovation.]

GM: Here comes a REAL team, Bucky.

BW: They haven't won a match since the Wise Men era.

[Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks come sprinting out from the back. They stop at the top of the elevated ramp, posing in their flower print board shorts and orange tank tops, raise their "shaka" signs into the air, before skipping back into a full sprint and sliding into the ring.]

PW: At a combined weight of four hundred and eighty-five pounds here are TRAMPUS KENNEDY! VANCE RICKS!

THE SUUUUUUUUUUUURFER DUUUUUUUUUUUDES!!!

[Another pop from the Missouri crowd as Ricks and Kennedy prop themselves on the turnbuckles and raise their hand signs into the air again. Just as they do Doll and Richardson leap up, grabbing both men by their back and neck and snapping them down onto the mat!]

GM: Unexpected aggression out of Doll and Richardson who seemingly are referring to themselves as Pretty Hot Stuff.

BW: I heard that was based on a fan poll. Other names under consideration were Pretty Much Perfect, the Collection of Extremely Sexy Gentlemen, Stud Muffins, and the Pin Up Boyz.

GM: I can't imagine many people voted.

BW: Number one trending topic on Twitter last night.

GM: I highly doubt that.

BW: Would I lie?

GM: Oh, brother. Let's not get into that.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Davis Warren has made this match officially underway and Doll and Richardson are doubling up on Ricks with stomps in the corner. Kennedy, now down on the outside, is already holding the back of his head after crashing down on his neck just moments ago.

[Warren moves in and demands Richardson move to the outside. He does so, but not before landing another quick stomp on the midsection of Ricks.]

GM: Vance Ricks battling his way up off the mat, trying to shake off the effects of the early moments of this one... oh, come on, ref!

[Gordon's outrage comes at Doll using the hair to pull Ricks back down, slamming him down on the mat before quickly dropping an elbow down into the chest, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Quick cover... just a one count but I've got to say, Doll and Richardson are coming to play here tonight. They're wasting little to no time.

[Both men are back up to their feet and Doll pulls Ricks into a headlock. He grits his teeth, squeezing as tight as his hundred and ninety pound frame will allow, but the stronger Ricks pulls his head out and returns the gesture, pulling Doll's head snugly underneath his arm into an air-tight headlock...

...which sets Doll off as he flails his arms wildly!]

GM: It looks as though Kenny Doll isn't too fond of being in a headlock.

BW: It's his meal ticket, Gordo. You've seen his face, right?

GM: I have indeed.

[Doll squirms his way to the ropes and Ricks lets up on the headlock.]

GM: Doll makes his way to the ropes, forcing a break...

[But as soon as Ricks breaks, Doll buries an elbow back into the chest. Doll straightens up, throwing an impactful clothesline that takes Ricks down to the mat. A smirking Doll cups his hands to his mouth in unison with Richardson, belting out "PRETTY! HOT! STUFF!" to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Well, they may indeed turn out to be pretty hot stuff but right now, I'd think Kenneth Doll would be better suited pressing his advantage and not taunting these fans.

BW: He's doing that right now! Look!

GM: Yes, but he wasted valuable time in doing so.

[Doll grabs Ricks by the arm, wrenching the limb around before he reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: This is the first we've seen of Scotty Richardson since apparently getting a bit of a makeover. Always seeming on the verge of breaking through to the next level but never quite capable of doing it, this odd pairing with Doll might be just what this young up-and-comer needed.

BW: I knew, you're sold on the matching pants with the air-brushed silver stars. Admit it.

GM: Hardly, Bucky.

[Richardson drives his boot into the exposed chest of Ricks who falls down to one knee.]

GM: Ricks down to a knee... look out!

[Richardson rears back and slaps Ricks across the cheek, knocking the spit out of Ricks' mouth.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[He struts away, shaking out his hand before tagging Doll right back in. With both men in the ring, they lock up with Ricks and shoot him over with a snap suplex, floating back up to their feet, leaving him in a seated position...

...and drill him with stereo basement drop-kicks!]

GM: Wow, gotta admit –

BW: I knew it!

GM: That was nice, Bucky. But I'm not about to crown them the next anything.

[Doll ignores the thought of going for a pin and instead he and Richardson strike a pose, flexing their muscles over Ricks...]

GM: More time being wasted here by Doll and Richardson...

[...which results in Doll being dragged down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP! ONE!! TWO!!

[The cheering crowd deflates as Doll kicks out.]

GM: Whew! Close on there for the Surfer Dudes as Vance Ricks nearly caught Doll off guard to score for the pin. These two clowns need to spend more time wrestling and less time posing for... what do you call them? Selfies?

BW: I didn't even know you knew what that was.

GM: There's a lot of things you don't know about me.

BW: I doubt that. I've read your Wikipedia page.

[Ricks gets to his knees, stretching out for his partner but Richardson, back in the ring, cuts him off with a shoulder tackle.]

GM: Get him out of there, Davis! Richardson's got no business in there!

[Trampus Kennedy has some firm words for Richardson who cups a hand to his ear, smirking as Kennedy lets him have it. Doll, now on his feet, barks at his partner who repeatedly drives his boot into the lower back of Vance Ricks. The former Male Model taunts Kennedy who is helpless in his corner and joins his partner with stomps.]

GM: They're BOTH stomping Vance Ricks now!

[Trampus Kennedy attempts to get in but Davis Warren throws himself in his path, holding him back and keeping him from getting involved.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, he's gotta keep Kennedy from getting in there illegally, Gordo.

GM: But Richardson's in there illegally!

BW: One thing at a time.

[As Kennedy finally steps back out, Warren turns his focus to Richardson. Richardson slowly backpedals, hands raised as he jaws with the official. With the official's back turned, Doll wraps the tassels hanging from his wrist band around the throat of Ricks and begins choking the Surfer Dude with them.]

GM: Referee, turn around!

BW: Make up your mind, Gordo! He's trying to get Richardson out of there like you wanted him to!

[Kennedy, having seen enough, rushes into the ring but is caught by the official who instinctively had just redirected his attention back to the action.]

GM: Come on, ref! He was just coming to save his partner from a blatant choke!

BW: Richardson back in, these guys are money, Gordo! I'm calling it here and now! Future tag team champions!

[Richardson and Doll hurl Ricks into the corner and pepper him with rights and lefts. Ricks does his best to cover his face but eventually turns the other direction as he tries to shield his body from the blows.]

GM: Kennedy's still arguing with the official which is allowing all sorts of problems to unfold for his partner!

[Richardson lowers himself, grabbing the legs of Ricks and hoisting his lower half up in the air while he grabs onto the turnbuckles. Doll races to the far corner, smacks the buckles, and then races back in their direction and leaps over Richardson, CRASHING down on the lower back of Ricks who crumbles to the ground!]

GM: Ohh! Right down across the back! That was illegal - blatantly illegal - but it was effective.

BW: And impressive, Gordo. Come on... give these guys their due.

GM: They've been impressive so far. I'll admit that much.

[Doll, still straddling Ricks, clutches him underneath he chin and pulls back on his jaw. Richardson, still near Ricks' feet, grabs his legs and pulls them up and off the ground.]

GM: What a back stretcher!

BW: I don't know what to call this Gordo but it's sure contorting that back in a way it's not intended to bend!

[The referee, finally getting Kennedy back out, shouts out at the duo who let up off Ricks. Doll slides out amongst the confusion even though he's the rightful legal man and Scotty Richardson yanks Ricks up and whips him across the ring.]

GM: Richardson's not the legal man... clothesline ducked by Ricks!

[Ricks hits the far ropes, coming back fast as Richardson ducks down for a backdrop. But Ricks has other ideas as he leaps over the top, dragging Richardson down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Broken up by "Pretty" Kenny Doll! Great awareness by Doll! The boy has got more than just good looks!

[The official scolds Doll who holds up his hands innocently. Richardson, now on all fours, begins crawling to his corner so Doll quickly makes his way back out. He quickly reaches in and makes the tag and runs forward as Richardson, from his chest, reaches for Kennedy!]

GM: Ricks might make the tag! He's up to all fours!

[Doll races forward and steps onto the back of Ricks and pushes himself into the air, drop-kicking Trampus Kennedy who stands on the side of the apron which launches him to barely padded flooring around the ring!]

BW: What a move by Pretty Kenny!

GM: Ricks is a mess in there right now! He's been in the ring since the match started and desperately needed to tag out there!

[Doll grabs Ricks and shoves him over the middle rope, pressing down over the back of his head and choking him across the ring rope.]

GM: That's another illegal move, ref!

[Warren counts quickly, forcing Doll to break. He grabs Ricks by the hair, dragging him back to the corner where Richardson tags back in.]

GM: Richardson back in... what do we have here?

[The pair of Pretty Hot Stuff hoist Ricks up, drop him forward so his torso bounces off the ropes, and snap him back into a perfect double slingshot suplex!]

GM: Richardson with the cover!

BW: Doll celebrating on the buckles! They've got their first big win and-

GM: Ricks with a kickout just in time!

[Richardson glares at the official before diving into another cover.]

GM: And he kicks out at two again!

[Richardson pounds his fists into the mat while Doll looks over his back shoulder and shouts at Warren who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Your wild cards might be unraveling here, visibly frustrated at the inability to put Vance Ricks and the Surfer Dudes away.

[Richardson pulls Ricks up and walks him back to his corner, tagging in Doll who ascends the outside of the corner turnbuckle.]

GM: I'm not sure what they're going for here but I'm guessing they are looking to put Vance Ricks away for good.

[Doll stands up on the turnbuckle while Richardson hooks Ricks and hoists him into the air...

...only to have Ricks slide over the back shoulder and land behind him!]

GM: Ricks slips out and he shoves Richardson into the corner!

[Scotty Richardson crashes into the corner and the impact sends Doll crashing down groin first over the buckle to the delight of the St. Louis fans!]

GM: This is Ricks' chance! He's looking for Kennedy! Here comes Richardson off the rebound!

[*SLAP-POP!*

GM: He got the tag! Here comes Kennedy!

[Trampus catapults himself into the ring and races to the opposite corner where he dropkicks Doll across the chest and returns the favor from earlier, sending him crashing down to the outside.]

GM: KENNEDY SENDS DOLL TO THE FLOOR!

[He wheels back to his feet where he's met by the swinging right hand of Scotty Richardson which he easily blocks, popping him with a right of his own! Richardson drops to a knee and pops right back only to be staggered with another right, and a third, and a fourth, and finally a fifth one that flattens him!]

GM: Trampus Kennedy just shifted the entire dynamic of the match! He's a ball of fire and he's got Richardson up and he slings him towards the ropes!

BW: Break this up, ref!

GM: Break what up?

BW: Ricks is still in the ring, disqualify him!

[Richardson comes firing back and Kennedy lowers his head, pressing him into the air...]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP!

[Richardson bounces off the canvas, clutching at his lower back as Trampus Kennedy marches across the ring, ducking through the ropes to the apron. He slaps the top turnbuckle a couple of times, throwing the "I love you" sign to the fans as he starts to climb!]

GM: Hang ten, brudda!

[Kennedy steps to the top, raising his arms high...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[...and flips through the air, crashing backfirst down on the prone Richardson!]

GM: FLIPPING BACKSPLASH OFF THE TOP! Kennedy with the cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Richardson kicks out, firing his shoulder off the mat in time.]

GM: Another close call but not enough to put this new team of Pretty Hot Stuff down for a three count.

[Kennedy climbs to his feet, throwing his shaka sign in the air again as he looks to the corner where his partner is starting to stir.]

GM: Kennedy shouting to Ricks... they may be looking to finish this right here and now!

[Kennedy leans down, pulling Richardson off the mat

...and the arena goes black.]

GM: What's happening, Bucky?! We've just lost power in the building.

BW: The idea of the Surfer Dudes winning a match has shut down our electricity.

GM: Fans, hold on for a moment while we get this situated. This isn't-

[The speakers begin to buzz, irritating, ear-numbing even, and then the soft wail of a harmonica penetrates throughout the arena.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: What?

GM: It can't-

BW: What?!

[The symphonic tones of the "Man With the Harmonica" by Ennio Morricone resonates throughout the dark arena. The glow of cell phones begin to radiate, cameras flickering, the crowd buzzing...]

GM: OH MY-

BW: WHAT?!

GM: STARS!!

[...as the lights come back on and HE stands in the center of the ring, a noose coiled between the digits of his brown-gloved right hand.]

GM: THE HANGMAN IS REAL, BUCKY! HE'S REAL AND HE'S HERE RIGHT NOW!

[The camera cuts to the wide eyed stare of fans beside themselves in the front few rows, taken back at the daunting image of the Hangman. Tall, lean, sun-weathered skin. Long strings of black hair with the beginnings of aging peeking through in the form of streaks of grey, coarse facial hair smacked across his jaw. He wears a brown full-length trench coat, faded and worn as if it's been through the wringer and back. A brown Stetson is lowered over his brow as Kennedy and Ricks stand on either side of him as he straddles over the helpless Scotty Richardson.]

GM: Look at this man!

BW: He ain't no man, daddy. He's a monster!

[Trampus Kennedy isn't sure what to do as he stares at the Hangman whereas his partner instantly lunges for the man in the long brown trench coat, swinging powerfully with his right hand that catches the Hangman on the jaw...

...to which is unmoving as the Hangman stands his ground, accepting the blow without so much a flinch.]

GM: Ricks with another right! And a third big right hand!

BW: I don't think he thought this through.

GM: I don't think he has any clue what to do!

[Ricks winds up, cocking back his right hand for a fourth time, only this wild blow is caught by the Hangman who clasps his left hand around the closed fist in such a way that Ricks falls down to his knees. Ricks bellows out and as he does Trampus Kennedy lunges forward and hammers at the back of the Hangman.]

GM: Here comes Kennedy! Trampus is coming to the aid of his partner!

BW: Not exactly the move I'd make in this situation.

[Kennedy hammers at the back of the Hangman who swiftly pivots as he lets go of his noose and stabs his fingers into the chest of Kennedy, gripping him around the heart and bringing him down to one knee.]

GM: WHAT IS THIS?!

BW: IT'S THE HAND OF JUSTICE, DADDY! THE HANGMAN IS LAYING DOWN THE LAW!

[Kennedy instinctively grabs onto the arm that is gripping his chest as he withers in agony. Ricks, now free, charges the Hangman who shoves Kennedy away and jabs both hands forward, snaring a full-speed-ahead

Ricks around the throat and manhandling him into the air! Ricks wildly kicks his feet as the crowd takes notice for the first time of a man at ringside with a cowboy hat, black checkered shirt, and a bow-tie yelling out orders as the Hangman DUMPS Ricks into the corner.]

GM: Who is this man at ringside, Bucky?

BW: I don't know, Gordo, but he seems to be calling the shots right now!

[Ricks lays in the corner of the ring as Kennedy remains hung over the middle rope across from him. A low rising Scotty Richardson begins to stir, unknowingly rising up and into the path and the grasp of the Hangman who effortlessly racks him over his shoulders, walks him around the ring, and locks eyes on the man standing at ringside who judicially raises his hand in the air before twisting his thumb downward...

...and the Hangman shoves Richardson's legs behind him while sinking his left arm around his neck as he lays out!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A NECKBREAKER! RICHARDSON IS OUT COLD!

BW: AND HERE COMES DOLL!

[Kenneth Doll, none the wiser, grabs a hold of the top rope and catapults himself towards the Hangman who from a single knee catches Doll over his shoulder, shoves him up and over himself, and drops him face first onto the turnbuckle. Doll snaps back as the Hangman throws himself into the ropes, bounces back...

...and sends Doll flipping over with a swinging clothesline!]

GM: DOWN GOES DOLL! THE HANGMAN IS UNLEASHING HELL ON THE AWA, BUCKY! WHO IS GOING TO STOP THIS MAN?!

BW: It looks as though Trampus Kennedy is going to give it one more go!

GM: I don't think Kennedy has any clue where he is!

BW: He's a dead man walking!

[Kennedy staggers back first into the Hangman who reaches out, wrapping a gloved hand around the throat of his prey. He stares into the wide eyes of Kennedy, sending fear directly into the heart of the fan favorite before he lifts him into the air...

...and SPIKES him down onto his back!]

GM: He's a one man wrecking crew! There's bodies everywhere, Bucky! Richardson! Doll! Kennedy! Ricks! All of them-

[And then, just as they did before, the lights go out...

...and moments later when they return HE is gone.]

GM: ...

BW: THE HANGMAN HAS ARRIVED, GORDO! AND HE MADE ONE HECK OF AN EXIT!

GM: I'm speechless, Bucky. We've got to cut away and when we come back I hope we have some answers for you!

[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...

...and then back up to a nice, panning establishing shot of the Sprint Center just before the wailing intro to Melissa Aud der Maur's "Followed the Waves" begins to play over the PA system as we see a bleach-blonde Japanese woman with a bored expression on her pretty little face emerging from the entrance. But this isn't just any ordinary woman. With heavy eyeliner, glittery fingernails, bright blue-colored contact lenses and a short-sleeved Rilakkuma bear hoodie over her babydoll "Dead Man's Party" tshirt, this flashy-looking cutie pie is the universally recognized Empress of Joshi Puroresu... Miyuki Ozaki.

To the fans in the crowd that recognize her, she receives respectful cheers, but Miyuki isn't having any of that. In one hand, she carries a microphone... in the other, her trademark taser baton. Always demanding all eyes to be on her, she could catch the crowd's full attention with either object...so she raises her taser baton into the air...

~BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZTTTTTTTT!!!!~

...and gets the full attention she demands.]

GM: What in the world!? Who is that young woman?

BW: Don't you recognize who that is, Gordo?

GM: I'm afraid I don't, Bucky.

BW: And you call yourself the voice of professional wrestling!? That's Miyuki Ozaki! We saw her with November's old group, ACHILLES! She's been dominatin' women's professional wrestling for years! She's been named Female Wrestler of the Year so many times, they've practically named the award after her!

GM: But why is she here?

BW: Cut me a break here! It might seem like it sometimes, but I ain't always got all the answers!

[Ozaki enters the ring, where she bites down on one finger and stares around the arena, surveying the crowd. Giggling slightly to herself, she brings the microphone up to her lips...]

Miyuki: Greetings, lowly worms! It is I! Miyuki-chan!

["Lowly worms"? The crowd reacts appropriately. Miyuki dismisses their negative reaction with a wave of her hand.]

Miyuki: Pleeease, I have no time for your meaningless reactions to being in presence of my greatness. I only hope that you have you been enjoying my Dead Man's Party!

[The crowd stops their booing momentarily to a confused reaction. Did they just hear that right?]

Miyuki: Yes! MY Dead Man's Party! You enjoy watching greatest group of talent in all of wrestling showing their dominance, yes?

[Before the crowd can even process Miyuki's proclamation that she is the mastermind behind The Dead Man's Party, Miyuki once again makes a dismissive wave of her hand.]

Miyuki: But enough about that! Dead Man's Party is business! I am here to make important announcement for personal pleasure! Because when I am not the most brilliant MIND in professional wrestling, Miyuki-chan is the most brilliant WRESTLER...male OR female....in professional wrestling!

[A rather devious little grin forms on that pretty little face.]

Miyuki: And I desire a challenge!

A woman brave enough to face me at Rising Sun Showdown! Yes, Miyuki-chan wishes to face you on the field of combat! A sacrificial lamb to demonstrate Miyuki-chan's undeniable superiority!

All I require is a brave heart, a sturdy body fit to withstand punishment long enough for me to enjoy our time in battle before your inevitable defeat, and a fighting spirit that does fear the end result of standing at the gateways of the afterlife!

[Miyuki tilts her head slightly to the side, batting her eyelashes at the camera.]

Miyuki: These terms are acceptable, yes?

[She tilts her head to the other side.]

Miyuki: ...No?

[She then laughs, once again making a dismissive wave of her hand.]

Miyuki: Oh who am I kidding? You cowardly yankee women would never accept this impossible challenge!

[A big smile forms on Miyuki's face, as she places her hand over her mouth and throws her head back, laughing madly like an evil anime villainess, before throwing the microphone down and exiting the ring. We cut to a shot of the announcers at ringside.]

GM: Miyuki Ozaki is a very... bizarre young lady.

BW: And dangerous as heck. You heard the same thing, I did, right? She's the brains behind The Dead Man's Party!?

GM: I can hardly believe it myself. One thing's for sure...whoever accepts her challenge for Rising Sun Showdown should be know exactly what they're getting into. If The Dead Man's Party's actions have been any indication, there's a very ruthless mind behind that pretty face.

[Gordon throws a glance back up at the ring.]

GM: Alright, fans... now that Ms. Ozaki has taken her leave, we can get back down to business. Take it away, Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The moment that George Thorogood and the Destroyers' "Who Do You Love?" hits the loudspeakers, the Sprint Center is once more hit with a deafening roar of applause and cheers.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas and Jefferson City, Missouri respectively... at a total combined weight of 530 pounds... the team of Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor...

THE TEXMOOOOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNNN!

[Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch enter simultaneously, the former with a big grin on his face as he throws up an arm into the air to salute his home state crowd.]

GM: Welcome home, Bobby O'Connor!

[It quickly becomes apparent that Bobby O'Connor is the hero of the night, soaking up the raucous cheers while standing in his "Fear The Reaper" t-shirt. A few feet away, Jack Lynch looks more solemn than his partner does, hands on his hips, staring at the ring.]

GM: And it's obvious that something is bothering Jack Lynch here tonight, Bucky.

BW: I'm just surprised to see he's still in one piece after storming into the Team Supreme locker room earlier, Gordo.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky. I'm still curious what kind of personal business he had in there.

BW: Whatever it was, he's still minus that Stetson. Cain Jackson is still the King of Cowboys!

GM: Give me a break.

[O'Connor slips an arm over Lynch's shoulders, giving him a few words before a slap on the chest seems to wake Lynch up, bringing a nod from him. The duo makes their way down the aisle, leaning over the railing to slap the hands of their fans as they head towards the ring.]

GM: The TexMo Connection is one of three teams - along with the Wilde Bunch and Next Gen - to have already made the Quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup tournament, Bucky.

BW: Don't fret, Gordo. Soon we'll have some REAL teams in the mix.

GM: A whole lot of tag teams will be squaring off over the next couple of weeks, some trying to join Bobby and Jack in the second round... some trying to get into the tournament at all! We learned earlier tonight that Strictly Business would take on the Northern Lights right here two weeks from tonight to see who moves on to the second round. In addition to that, we'll see the Hell Hounds meet Team SAMURAI with the winner facing the SWLL representative which, if you tune into LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA this week, you'll discover if that representative will be Sin Respeto or Los Guerreros de Oro. So much great tag team action ahead of us in the weeks and months to come, I can hardly wait to see it all.

BW: Forget about weeks and months, we're about to see a barn-burner of a tag team showdown when the Elite Express gets out here.

[Gordon chuckles as O'Connor and Lynch reach the ring, ducking through the ropes, raising their arms to even more cheers.]

BW: Something funny?

GM: Well, Bucky... if we're being honest out here, the Elite Express haven't exactly impressed anyone in the ring yet. They've given it a solid effort every time out but they're hardly setting the world on fire in the tag team ranks.

[Inside the ring, Lynch backs into a corner, staring down the aisle, a curious expression on his face... anxiety perhaps?]

BW: Tonight's the night, Gordo! The Elite Express is going to shock the world and prove exactly why they SHOULD have been given entry into the Stampede Cup tournament, daddy!

GM: That remains to be seen. Jack Lynch again showing some signs of being concerned about this match.

BW: He should be. Lance and Martin are gonna take these clowns to school - Team Supreme style!

[The classic rock song starts to fade only to be replaced by a distorted voice speaking over the PA system.]

"ELITE EXPRESS"

[The lights then come back on as "Centuries" by Fallout Boy begins to play.]

#Some legends are told...

#Some turn to dust or to gold...

#YOU WILL REMEMBER MEEEEEEEE... FOR CENTURRRRIIIIIIEEEEEES!

[At this point, Alex Martin throws the curtains aside, stepping through with Matt Lance right behind him.]

PW: And their opponents... weighing in at 505 pounds... representing Team Supreme...

The team of "Hot Stuff" Alex Martin and Matt Lance...

THE ELITE EXPRESS!

[Tall, lanky and muscular, but still growing into his own body, Martin is a babyfaced, handsome kid that doesn't have that battle hardened or weary look of most ring veterans. His black hair is cut into the style of a faded fauxhawk, making him the type of guy that the girls of tumblr would drool all over.

Lance is the type of kid one would label a "badboy" with model pretty good looks, wild eyes and an undercut hairstyle. The duo wears the signature red and black tracksuit of Team Supreme, but they simultaneously unzip their jackets to reveal t-shirts reading "31337 3XPR355" underneath.

A quick cut to the ring shows Jack Lynch shaking his head back and forth in what appears to be disbelief. We cut back to the Elite Express as they stride down the aisle with exuberant confidence, Lance slaps Martin on the chest and pumps him up with words of encouragement, telling him that they will "destroy these guys". The crowd boos them the whole way down.]

GM: The Elite Express making their way to the ring... a ridiculous name for a team who is only a few months into their active career as a tag team but I'd expect nothing less from these two goofballs.

[Martin stops his partner, turning. Both men nod and do an exaggerated overhead point towards the curtain.]

BW: And here comes the REAL King of the Cowboys, daddy!

[Cain Jackson saunters through the curtain, a cold gaze in his eyes as he stares down the aisle. Jack Lynch's Stetson rests on his head as he walks up towards Lance and Martin. He places a hand on both men's shoulders, speaking quietly to them...

...and then pointing towards the ring, sending Martin and Lance charging down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! Jack Lynch has the referee in the corner and-

BW: What's he doing?!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch yanks the referee's leather belt from around his waist, coiling it up as Matt Lance slides under the bottom rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHIPS MATT LANCE ACROSS THE BACK!

[Lance cries out, Alex Martin grabbing him by the legs, trying to pull his partner free as Lynch lights him up!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Bobby O'Connor approaches, grabbing Lynch from behind, pulling him back just long enough for Alex Martin to drag Lance under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: He got him out of there! Alex Martin got him out of there!

BW: That maniac Lynch should be disqualified for that!

GM: The match hadn't even started yet, Bucky. All that took place before the bell sounded and-

[Lance collapses to all fours on the floor, red welts littering his back as Jack Lynch paces back and forth, swinging the leather belt down on the canvas a few times as he shouts, "GET YOUR ASS BACK IN HERE!" His friend, Bobby O'Connor, pushes Lynch back against the ropes, trying to calm him down as the Iron Cowboy tries to get past him to get back at Matt Lance. Cain Jackson reaches ringside, staring up at Lynch with a cold stare.]

GM: Fans, we're going to try and get this under control but when we come back, it'll be the TexMo Connection against the Elite Express so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Back to the product splash.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We fade back up where Alex Martin is stomping Bobby O'Connor into the canvas.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, Alex Martin took advantage of a distraction by-

[We cut to ringside where Larry Wallace is loudly cheering, slapping the canvas.]

GM: -yes, that man right there.

BW: The man with the Best Dropkick in the World!

GM: Arguably, yes. In fact, I bet his own brothers might argue that point. The Wallace twins - Youth In Asia - call them what you will... the masters of the Dropkick Party. But regardless, Wallace's arrival at ringside distracted his former partner in Bobby O'Connor and allowed Alex Martin to take advantage of him.

[Martin drags O'Connor up by the hair, trash talking all the while as he drags him to the corner, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle before tagging in Matt Lance.]

GM: The tag is made to bring in Matt Lance...

[Lance and Martin square up, each throwing a chop into the chest of O'Connor. A smirking Martin steps out as Lance drags O'Connor out of the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down. He pauses, turning towards Jack Lynch and points at him. Lynch fires off some angry words towards Lance.]

GM: Jack Lynch is a ball of emotions here tonight in Kansas City and-

[Grinning, Lance kisses the palm of his hand, swivels around and slaps his rear end in Jack's direction to jeers from the fans as Lynch angrily paces the ring apron, watching as Lance lands a leaping stomp to the back of O'Connor's head as the Missouri native had gotten to all fours.]

GM: Hard stomp there by Lance. These two are keeping it simple but effective so far in this one.

BW: But you just wonder what untapped potential they've got having trained with the greatest pro wrestling trainer in the world?

GM: You're, of course, speaking of Supreme Wright... the injured Supreme Wright I might add. We learned earlier tonight that Wright suffered a dislocated kneecap at the hands... strike that, the hand of Jack Lynch.

BW: Oh, that's hysterical. That illegal clawhold strikes again!

GM: The Iron Claw is NOT illegal and after Supreme Wright has exerted so much effort in trying to injure people, he has no room to complain when someone injures him accidentally.

BW: Accidentally?! He FELL into that clawhold?!

[With the announcers bickering, Lance continues to rain down stomps on O'Connor before dragging him up to his feet, throwing him back into the neutral corner where he slams a shoulder into the midsection. A second and third follow, leaving the Missouri native gasping for air...]

GM: Matt Lance has Bobby O'Connor in trouble in the corner... Irish whip coming up...

[But O'Connor reverses it, sending Lance CRASHING into the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

[O'Connor collapses to all fours, looking towards the corner as Matt Lance hangs onto the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as he looks towards Alex Martin's outstretched hand.]

GM: Martin's calling for the tag! Lance is staggering, hanging onto the ropes...

BW: Lynch is looking for the tag on the other side of the ring, shouting and smashing that top buckle, cheering O'Connor on... who's gonna make the tag first?

[Larry Wallace is on the floor, shouting at Lance, waving him towards the corner...]

GM: Can he get there? Can Matt Lance get to-

[Cain Jackson steps up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention...

...which allows Larry Wallace to hop up on the apron, delivering a two-handed shove to the back of Matt Lance, sending him staggering towards the corner.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Jackson drops down, allowing the referee to turn around just as Alex Martin slaps the hand of Matt Lance, tagging himself in!]

BW: Here comes Hot Stuff!

[Martin slingshots over the top rope, rushing across the ring, stomping the back of O'Connor's head, cutting off the tag...

...and allowing Martin to get up in the face of Jack Lynch, running his mouth...]

GM: I'm not sure that's-

[Lynch UNCORKS a right hand, sending Martin flying backwards, crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Lynch drops him! Oh yeah!

[The crowd roars as Lynch tries to step in to follow up, only to be cut off by the referee...]

GM: The referee's keeping Lynch back...

[Larry Wallace hops up on the apron, shouting at Lynch as well...

...and earning a right hand of his own, sending him backfirst down on the apron before he rolls off to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Wallace gets one too!

[Cain Jackson is absolutely seething out at ringside, his fists clenched around the bottom rope, glaring into the ring. He shouts at Alex Martin who scrambles to his feet, rubbing his jaw as he grabs O'Connor by the hair, pulling him off the mat...

...and getting a fist to the gut!]

GM: O'Connor with the right hand!

[A second one lands, sending Martin staggering back as O'Connor wheels around, ready to make the tag...

...but a diving Martin grabs the back of O'Connor's trunks, pulling him back into a short forearm to the kidneys. He grabs two hands full of hair...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and YANKS the hair, sending O'Connor sprawling across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES O'CONNOR!

BW: You gotta give Alex Martin credit for that! What a move!

GM: Unique offense out of Alex Martin, dragging O'Connor by the hair across the ring, throwing him down to the mat.

[Martin measures the downed O'Connor, leaping up for an elbowdrop to the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

[Martin rolls to a knee, smirking across the ring at Jack Lynch who is fuming mad, desperately wanting to get in the ring.]

GM: The Elite Express has certainly been impressive so far in this one as Alex Martin drags O'Connor off the mat...

[Martin grabs O'Connor by the arm, whipping him across the ring, setting for a backdrop...

...and gets a boot up into the skull!]

GM: Ohh! O'Connor caught him!

[The Missouri native falls back into the ropes, hanging onto the top rope as the crowd cheers the timely counter.]

GM: O'Connor needs to make the tag!

[Jack Lynch SLAMS his hand down on the top turnbuckle with a loud "COME ON, BOBBY!"

GM: Jack Lynch cheering his partner on! Trying to root him to the corner to make the exchange!

[Alex Martin straightens up, shaking the cobwebs as he sets up, charging at O'Connor...

...who uncorks a stiff left jab to the jaw!]

GM: Left hand!

[O'Connor slips off the ropes, throwing stinging quick left jabs to the head, sending Martin backpedaling away...

...and then SLAMS an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: BUNKHOUSE ELBOW CONNECTS!

[The elbow sends Martin sailing backwards, crashing down to the canvas as O'Connor turns, looking the half-distance of the ring towards his waiting partner. The crowd is roaring as O'Connor stretches out his arm, staggering forward. Behind him, Alex Martin is scrambling towards his corner...]

GM: Both men looking for the tag and-

[Across the ring, Matt Lance tags in a split second before the crowd ROARS as O'Connor makes a diving tag, bringing in the Iron Cowboy!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!

[Lance pulls up as the big, lanky Texan steps into the ring, eyes locking on Matt Lance!]

GM: Uh oh! Matt Lance may have changed his mind about this one!

BW: Who could blame him?! He's probably still feeling those welts on his back from when Lynch took that belt to him!

[Lance looks around wildly, looking at his partner who has fallen off the apron to the floor. He looks over to Larry Wallace whose eyes have gone wide... then to Cain Jackson who grits his teeth and shouts, "NOW!" Lance gulps and then charges the bigger opponent...

...who knocks him off his feet with a right hand!]

GM: LYNCH KNOCKS HIM DOWN!

[Lance scrambles up, attacking again...

...and gets dropped again!]

GM: Lynch puts him down a second time!

[The Team Supreme member scrambles to his feet again, starting in on the Iron Cowboy who cocks his right hand back...

...and Lance drops to his knees, shaking his head, begging for mercy as the crowd howls with derision!]

GM: Matt Lance is begging for mercy but I don't think it's coming from the King of the Cowboys!

[Jack Lynch stands over him, his face carved out of anger, fists at the ready...

...but seems to be hesitating, not moving in right away.]

BW: What in the world is he waiting for, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea. Jack Lynch has Matt Lance at his mercy and he seems to be actually **SHOWING** him mercy!

[Lynch looks around at the crowd encouraging him to take the fight to Matt Lance, shaking his head as Cain Jackson climbs up on the apron, drawing the Texan's attention. Lynch steps towards him, shouting at the current leader of Team Supreme...

...which is Matt Lance's cue to hop up to his feet, charging Jack from behind, blasting him with a forearm shot to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Matt Lance with the cheap shot from behind!

[Lance swings Lynch around, slamming forearm after forearm down like a club on the back of Lynch's head and neck. He grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip, Lynch off the far side...

[The Texan leaves his feet, taking Lance down with a vertical bodypress!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS!

[The crowd is ROARING as Lynch is slamming fist after fist down on Matt Lance who is desperately trying to cover up.]

GM: LYNCH IS ALL OVER HIM! JACK LYNCH IS BEATING THE TAR OUT OF MATT LANCE!

[The referee orders Lynch to back off which the Texan does, angrily stomping across the ring where he slams his arms down on the top rope, spinning around as Lance staggers up, barely able to stand. Lynch throws himself into the ropes, charging back...

...and leaps up, DRIVING his arm across the collarbone of Matt Lance!]

GM: LEAPING LARIAT CONNECTS!

[The blow knocks Lance flat as Lynch dives across the chest, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lynch promptly rolls off the downed Lance, sitting on the canvas, a furious expression on his face. Bobby O'Connor slowly comes in to join him, patting him on the shoulder as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match...

THE TEXMOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNNNNN!

[Lynch drops to his back, rolling out of the ring in a huff, leaving O'Connor behind for a few moments before Bobby hurries after him, trying to talk to him as the duo makes their way down the aisle.]

GM: I'm not sure what's going on here but Jack Lynch seems to be a barely-contained ball of emotion here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Barely contained?! He whipped a man with a leather belt!

GM: Well, that's true. Maybe he didn't contain it but Jack Lynch seems like this war with Team Supreme may be getting the better of him mentally these days.

BW: They may have won tonight but this? This isn't over, Gordo.

GM: No, I'm sure it's not.

[The camera shows O'Connor and Lynch walking back up the aisle...

...and then cuts back to the ring where a burning mad Cain Jackson steps through the ropes.]

GM: Cain Jackson into the ring now... and you can be sure this wasn't the result he was hoping for when he set up this match earlier tonight, Bucky.

BW: Cain's gotta be the leader of Team Supreme while Wright is on the shelf! Of course he didn't want to start things this way! Of course he didn't want to-

[Alex Martin walks over towards Cain, hands outstretched in apology...

...and EATS a big boot to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT ON ALEX MARTIN!

[Cain Jackson stands over the motionless Martin, staring down at him.]

BW: Wow. I... uhh...

GM: What kind of a leader is that?!

[Jackson stalks away from Martin, turning his attention to Matt Lance who is still down on the mat after the lariat.]

GM: Uh oh.

[He leans down, grabbing a handful of hair, dragging Lance off the canvas. Lance looks up at him, a pleading expression on his face as Jackson slams a knee into his gut, leaning down to secure a gutwrench...]

GM: He's got Lance now!

[Jackson gutwrenches Lance up into the air, twisting him around, and DIVING down to the canvas with a spine-rattling powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Jackson slowly gets to his feet, looking down at Lance now as well. The crowd is buzzing at the actions of Cain Jackson, the current leader of Team Supreme, as he turns away from the Elite Express, stepping over the ropes and making his way back up the aisle as Larry Wallace trails along behind him, a surprised look on his face.]

GM: What in the world have we just seen?! Has Cain Jackson just... what? Dismissed the Elite Express from Team Supreme?

BW: I... I don't have an answer to that, Gordo.

GM: The only man who does is walking out of here. We need to get a comment from him after that! Fans, we're going to take a quick break to get Lance and Martin out of there. We're going to try and get someone down there to talk to Cain Jackson and- well... we'll be right back after this!

[Fade to black.

A white screen fills with a rising red sun. The sounds of "Bad Intentions" by Zomboy kicks in as a shot of Noboru Fujimoto, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion in a flowing red and white robe and matching sunglasses fills the screen. He points towards the camera, looking down over his tinted lenses as we break into a series of action shots.

Kenta Kitzukawa laying out a poor soul with a lariat that flips his opponent end over end before dumping them down to the canvas.

The face-painted War Pigs deliver their WMD finish, crushing their victim with the top rope clothesline into an inverted bulldog.

Yoshinari Taguchi lifting an opponent for a suplex, swinging them down so their legs hit the top rope, slingshotting them back up, and then dropping them down in an impactful Brainbuster.

The duo known as the Devil Dogs take to the sky with a doubleteam move - Koji Kawada sailing off the top with a frog splash as his partner, Sho Kanemoto comes right down after him with a Shooting Star Press.

Faces familiar to AWA fans - Violence Unlimited - fills the screen as Danny Morton holds up the Stampede Cup while Jackson Haynes shouts unheard threats at the camera.

We cut to a shot of VU in action as Haynes lifts an opponent for a powerbomb while Morton grabs the hair, swinging the victim down for even more impact before cutting to a shot of the Tiger Paw Pro logo. A voiceover sounds.]

"WRESSSSSSTLLLLLLE GALLLLLAXYYYYYYYYYY!"

[A graphic comes up, advertising the show to come this weekend from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro:

Takeshi Mifune vs Yoshinari Taguchi
The Monkey Bar Heroes vs Youth In Asia
Jay Alana vs Yoshi Yoshi

...before we fade to black.

And fade back up to a piece of footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" where Melissa Cannon is camped out by the door marked "TEAM SUPREME."

MC: Fans, we just witnessed a brutal assault by Cain Jackson on-

[Cannon is cut off by Jackson's arrival, Larry Wallace trailing behind him.]

MC: Mr. Jackson, can you please explain yourself?

[Jackson pulls up short, staring at Melissa.]

MC: Did you just FIRE the Elite Express from Team Supreme?

[Jackson's expressionless face cracks into the slightest smile.]

CJ: I think I just answered that out there... don't you?

[Melissa shakes her head, ready to speak again when Larry Wallace grabs the mic.]

LW: Hey Melissa... Larry Wallace... Best Dropkick of the World... I'm sure you've heard of me.

[Melissa looks disdainfully at Wallace who ignores her, turning to Jackson.]

LW: No disrespect, big man but... if they're out... what about Rising Sun Showdown?

[Jackson shrugs.]

CJ: I've got a plan.

[Jackson turns away, stepping through the Team Supreme door, slamming it behind him as Wallace stands next to Melissa. He creepily slips an arm over her shoulders.]

LW: We make quite the team, Liss.

[He winks as Melissa sighs, walking away from him, leaving him holding the mic all alone.]

LW: Take it away, Bucky!

[He flashes an "I love you" sign with his fingers as we cut away from him...

...and out to the parking lot area where Mark Stegglet is looking around frantically.]

MS: Are we...?

[He turns back, nearly stumbling as he tries to walk backwards while addressing the camera.]

MS: Fans, we were scheduled right now to speak to Air Strike, tonight's challengers in the Double Crown Title Match, just moments before that big showdown but they didn't show up and-

[Stegglet rounds a corner, throwing a glance over his shoulder, and freezes in his tracks with a "Oh god" off mic. The camera follows his gaze to reveal two bodies strewn out across the asphalt, both bloodied... both clutching various body parts.]

MS: Fans, quite obviously... can we get some help out here?!

[There are shouted voices off-mic as well.]

MS: This is Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz... this is Air Strike... but they've been brutally assaulted out here in the parking lot by-

[Stegglet gets shoved aside as medical personnel rushes into view.]

MS: We need to... fans, this is obviously a serious situation here in the parking lot in Kansas City. And you hate to even think it but you've gotta wonder if the Lights Out Express is responsible for this.

[Stegglet's face is covered with disdain as he says it.]

MS: We.... uh... okay, yes... we're heading back to the ring right now for...

[Stegglet grabs at his earpiece, disdain turning to disbelief.]

MS: ...for the Double Crown Title Match?! But...

[The camera's focus holds on the downed and bloody Aarons and Mertz before slowly fading back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the DOUBLE CROWN WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[The crowd explodes!]

PW: Introducing first...

...they are the CURRENT DOUBLE CROWN WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[And the eruption of cheers drops significantly, but it's replaced by the crowd's response – raucous booing to say the least; followed by the churning

vibration of a train's wheels grinding along a railroad track and the whaling voice of a conductor – rumor has it the champs paid Adrian Freeman twenty dollars to do it as he was strapped for cash.]

V/O: This is the final boarding call for Amtrak 66, the northbound Cardinal, departing on track 13 for St. Louis, Missouri...

...ALLLLLLLLLLLL AB0000000000000000AAAAARRRDDD!!!!

["Kundalini Express" by Love and Rockets roars over the airwaves as the curtain is shoved aside by the three men now standing in the entrance portal; Lenny Strong, Aaron Anderson, and Donnie White. Three men, four titles, six hands raised proudly and boldly into the air. Daniel Ash's vocals kick in and the trio begin their ascent towards the ring.]

PW: They are the team of "LIGHT OUT" LENNY STRONG... "THE AXEMAN" AARON ANDERSON...

THE LIGHTS OUUUUUUUUUUUUT EXPRESSSSSSSSSSSS!

[Strong sports a brown mullet, a black and gold track jacket with stripes down the arms, matching short ring trunks, and black shin guards that jet from his knee pads to his boots.

Aaron Anderson's barely noticeable receding hairline is trimmed short, the same length as his facial stubble that is slapped across his jaw-line and neck, and rocking a similar ensemble with his jacket unzipped halfway and favoring long black wrestling tights with a white railroad track pattern up his right leg.

Between them is the always more fashionable and at times even controversial Donnie White. The Atomic Blonde's Mohawk is in full force, spiked to the heavens above, and he is manglammed out with gold eye liner, painted fingernails, a gold choker, and a full body length jacket with the sleeves removed. He wears the hip-length "short" tights in gold and black, matching knee pads, and some old-school reebok high-top pumps.]

GM: The World Tag Team Champions - and Donnie White - on their way to the ring.

BW: They're the Double Crown tag champions, thank you very much... and White is an official co-holder of those titles!

GM: He most certainly is not. While, to the best of my knowledge, the AWA hasn't officially ruled on whether or not any of the three can defend the titles - Strong and Anderson are the ones who won them two weeks ago in that thrilling ladder match, Bucky, so they're the recognized champions.

[The Lights Out Express step through the ropes and circle around senior official Johnny Jagger who extends his hands out for them to hand over their titles. Instead, the trio parade around the ring, gloating, celebrating, and

heralding their titles around much to the displeasure of the Kansas City crowd.]

GM: They're sure not shy about letting these fans know who the champions are.

BW: Why should they be? They walked into the Cajundome, they took on the War Pigs and the AWA's golden boys, and walked out with the top two tag titles in our industry! They have come a long way since the last time they were in Missouri when they were carrying Terry Shane's bags before Dave Bryant kicked his jaw to New Jersey nearly a year ago on the 4th of July!

GM: That much is true. It's been a historic year for the Lights Out Express, capturing the World Titles on two separate occasions and now being the undisputed Double Crown Champions. Nobody is questioning their success, it's their morals, their antics, their lack of appreciation for what they have and the men that came before them that bothers me, Bucky. Fans should be talking about the great series of matches between them and Air Strike but instead all anyone remembers is a loaded elbow pad that sent Cody Mertz crashing down from the ladder. That kid had more heart than the three of those men combined just to show up here tonight and then after what we witnessed moments ago-

BW: What we witnessed earlier had nothing to do with the Lights Out Express! You can't possibly pin that on them!

PW: And their opponents...

[The crowd buzzes, unsure of what to expect, unsure of WHO to expect if anyone at all. The rhythm of "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore & Ryan Lewis kicks in, sending the Kansas City crowd into a frenzy!]

BW: They couldn't.

GM: I told you these guys had heart, Bucky!

PW: MICHAEL AARONS... CODY MERTZ...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!!!

[Strong, Anderson, and White glare towards the entrance way, as does every single fan in attendance who if not on the edge of their seats is standing up and screaming at the top of their lungs...

...only to find themselves waiting with baited breath as nobody emerges from the back.]

BW: What were you saying, Gordo?

GM: If there's a will, or a way, and these two can even limp down to the ring they'll show, Bucky. I know they'll show! These titles and their fans mean too much to them!

[Strong jaws at Phil who shakes his head, only to lift the mic back up after the strong insistence of Anderson who shouts at him as well.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

...AIIIIIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[There's a burst of cheers from the fans but again it is met by nothing and no one. Strong, Anderson, and White all smirk, high-fiving one another and raising their titles up which draws an onslaught of boos from the crowd. Strong shouts out loud enough for the ringside mics to pick up his words.]

LS: Call it! Call for the bell, Jagger!

[Jagger turns towards the ringside officials and holds his hands out at his side. He motions to Phil as the music begins to fade. Watson, pedals around the ring, scurrying away from Donnie White who is shouting at him.]

PW: And... and their opponents! [deflated] AIR STRIKE!

[Ryan Lewis' and Macklemore's beat kicks up again as the crowd stirs in their seats. Lenny Strong lounges against the corner turnbuckles on the far side of the ring while Aaron Anderson does some air squats. Donnie White, now holding all four tag titles, pumps them into the air. Strong can be seen mouthing (shouting) at Jagger "ring the bell!" and the senior official, finally realizing he has no other choice, does so...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The music, still playing, rings over the speakers as Johnny Jagger paces around the ring while the Lights Out Express demand for him to start counting Air Strike out.]

GM: This is a disgrace. Only a team like the Lights Out Express, these... these low-lives would be proud of a moment like this! Look at those goons, gallivanting around like they are the Main Event at SuperClash!

BW: You keep running them down, Gordo, but what have they done? All they have done is show up every single week for the past three years night in and night out and gone hard every single time! They beat SkyHerc for the gold who many thought were unbeatable! They dethroned Air Strike who you praised as the next big thing in tag-team wrestling and they went down to Lafayette and won a match you and everyone else said they couldn't win! Tell me, Gordo? What have these guys done that is oh-so darn wrong?!

"ONE!"

[Jagger, one finger raised in the air, shouts out.]

"TWO!"

GM: Come on, guys.

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

[Again, the crowd starts to buzz.]

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[Fans, all fans, now on their feet, hands cupped to their mouths, yelling, screaming, begging, PLEADING for Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons!]

"SEVEN!"

GM: The fans want them! I want them! I would love nothing better to see Mertz and Aarons sprint down the aisle right now and shut these fools up!

"EIGHT!"

BW: It's not looking like you are going to get that wish, Gordo.

"NINE!"

GM [low]: Come on.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: They've done it!

GM: Oh, please.

BW: The Lights Out Express have successfully defended their Double Crown Titles two weeks after capturing the gold at Memorial Day Mayhem!

GM: You can't be serious, Bucky. Even you know this is ridiculous.

[Victoriously, the Double Crown Champions vault themselves up onto the turnbuckles, lifting the gold into the air. Strong is the first to jump back down and he reaches out for a mic.]

LS: Guys, guys... guys!

[Boos fill the arena.]

LS: I know, trust me, I know... we're disappointed too. I can't tell you how excited we were for this rematch against two young up-and-comers like

Cody and Michael who undoubtedly would have put on quite a show for you all. Those two [Strong shakes his head] those kids got heart, ya know? And it just really EATS me up that someone or someone's would stoop to such a nasty, ruthless, and heartless level and attack America's sweethearts from behind like that. I know that it's just killing Cody and Michael not to have made it out here tonight. Heck, we were all sharing some Club Soda and pretzels earlier and Cody said how much he loves to wrestle in Kansas City, it's like his home away from home!

[Strong lowers his head, shaking it.]

LS: It really gets ya here [pointing to his heart] but as they say in this business...

...the show MUST go on!

AA: And while they were busy eating ice chips and having their pillows fluffed down at Saint Luke's Hospital, we showed up here. Just like we ALWAYS do. Just like REAL champions SHOULD. We made the short turn around from Lafayette to St. Louis because we have a responsibility as CHAMPIONS to defend our gold in every single city that the AWA stops in because that's the kind of men and fighters that we are. Martinez? I heard the boy is taking another night off and another show without defending his strap, a real chip off the old block. Driscoll? Heard some cheap hussy has his ear and she probably told him to lay low after he escaped the Cajundome with a title and his tail between his legs. But us?

[Anderson freezes, looks to White, then looks to Strong.]

AA: We're here in this ring and we're ready for anyone. We battle each and every week bruised, broken, injured, hurt, and exhausted unlike those two schmucks who decided to take the high road and they'd rather wear hospital gowns then lace up their boots and FIGHT us.

[Strong mockingly pleads to Anderson to take it easy, mouthing "relax".]

AA: NO! I'm not gonna relax. That's not in my blood! From my first days at the Combat Corner to my first night here in the AWA, I've never not shown up for a match and when the gold is on the line that's when Lenny, Donnie, and I bring our absolute best. How many shots have we blown? How many opportunities have we let slip through out fingers? You can count them on one hand and right now we've got our eyes dead locked on the opportunity of a lifetime.

An opportunity like no other.

THE STAMPEDE CUP!

[There's a definite chill in the arena after the mentioning of the Cup.]

AA: So if you think we are gonna sit here and cry about Air Strike being dismantled by a couple of hooded thugs while the biggest stage in tag-team

wrestling is forming underneath our very feet than you are sadly mistaken. This year, if you haven't figured it out by now... is the YEAR OF THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS. And the Stampede Cup...

...it is going to look DAMN good in-between these four championship straps!

[There's some jeers mixed in with a lot of heavy boo'ing. The Memphisco strolls to the center of the ring, grabbing the mic from Anderson.]

DW: Donnie White and the Lights Out Express are puttin' EVERYONE and ANYONE on notice. The Cup is FINALLY comin' home to the GREATEST tag team in ALL of the LANDS. The Last of the Mohawkin's knows what ya'lls are thinkin'...."Gee Donnie, ain't it just a forgone conclusion that you three are gonna win?" That's an excellent point my fellow Mohawkins and one that Landon O'Neil asked himself over and over again as he battled with the idea of runnin' the Cup this year. At one point we all thought that the CUP was CANCELLED because O'Neil and his pen-pushers didn't want to travel back to Japan and spend loads of money when they could just hand the Cup to us in Texas or Missouri or wherever else the AWA decided to pony up for one night.

Dee-Dubbya and the Express can't tell ya how much we appreciate all of the support of the Express-ites for sendin' emails, tweetin', pokin', nudgin', and beggin' the boss-man to make the Cup happen because the PEOPLE wanted to see the Express conquer every team in the AWA. It's you all...

[White gestures to all the fans.]

GM: Give me a break.

BW: Let the man finish!

DW: ...and your voice of reason that allowed the Cup to continue on as it should! It is because of you that the unstoppable locomotive known as the Lights Out Express will get to steamroll into San Diego, Hawaii, or Japan... don't matter where and it don't matter who it is cause the outcome is gonna be the same and the night will end with the Express one step closer to finishing this record breakin' year on top. First it was becoming the World Champions, then it was becomin' the Double Crown Champions, and it ain't gonna stop with the Stampede Cup or even the Copa de LOE as the geeks are callin' it on the 'net.

This train ain't stoppin' till it gets to Houston, Texas and on the grandest stage of them all holds up four straps of gold and two cups of silver as the indisputable, undeniable, untouchable and GREATEST tag team of ALL-TIME and we will prove it all over the World over the next six months...

...heck, the iron horse of the tag-team division will prove it here TONIGHT!

GM: What is he talking about?

BW: I think he just laid down a challenge.

DW: The Express will do what no other tag team has EVER done... heck what no other champion in the AWA has ever done! We will defend our titles for a SECOND time against any team who has the guts to walk down that aisle and step into the ring with us!

GM: Whoa!

BW: That's how REAL champions act, Gordo!

[The fans turn towards the entrance way, looking, waiting, watching...]

DW: Ain't nobody man enough to-

[White is suddenly cut off as a VERY familiar song begins to play over the PA system...]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[...as "Shout at The Devil" by Motley Crue plays as Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes emerge from the entrance way to an EXPLOSION of shocked cheers from the crowd!!!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED IS HERE TO ANSWER THE CHALLENGE!!!

BW: NO! WHY!? WHY ARE THESE TWO HERE!?!?!?

[Inside the ring, looks of shock are painted on the champions' faces, as they clearly were not prepared to see the former two-time Stampede Cup winners. Morton and Haynes are dressed in street clothes, but still look more than ready for a fight. Jackson Haynes brings a microphone up to his lips, flashing a disturbing grin across his ugly mug.]

JH: I know that ain't happiness to see us, but ya' might wanna' close yer mouths, boys, before a couple of flies get in there!

[Inside the ring, The LOE are still in disbelief.]

JH: Now, ain't it a hell of a thing. Me and Danny here, me and Danny took some time outta' our busy schedule of bein' the greatest damn tag team on the face of planet Earth to pay a visit to our old stompin' grounds in the AWA...and soon as we arrive here at the arena, we saw one of the most horrible sights that my eyes have EVER seen! Oh man, Danny, I can't even describe it. Tell'em what we saw!

[Haynes shakes his head and passes the microphone to Morton, who seems more hyped up than usual.]

DM: BODIES, JACK! BODIES LAID OUT ALL OVER THE PLACE! BLOOD! GORE! I swear Cody Mertz's head was hangin' onto his neck by a thread! Goodness gracious, Jack...can you believe something that tragic could've happened to a nice couple of kids like Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons? And right before their big time chance to regain the titles!

JH: It's a shame, Danny! It's a cryin' shame!

DM: CUT DOWN IN THE PRIME OF THEIR LIVES! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I CAN'T...

[Morton stops in mid-sentence and grins big at the champions, chuckling to himself.]

DM: ...believe our good fortune! 'Cause if I was hearing right, you want a fight. You want a fight! You want a fight! You want a fight!

YOU WANT A FIGHT!!!

WELL, IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT!? THEN YOU GOT ONE!!!

[Morton slaps himself in the head and face multiple times, firing himself up, as Haynes snatches the microphone away from him.]

JH: You ladies call yerselves the best tag team on the planet. And from the challenge ya' just laid down, yer tellin' the world that you're willin' prove it by wrasslin' US! Well, that's just 'bout all we need to hear. As the man that used to run this place would say...

[A big, disturbing grin forms on Haynes' ugly mug.]

..."Let's hook'em up!"

[HUGE POP!]

GM: This can't be what the Lights Out Express had in mind, fans!

[It obviously isn't as Donnie White looks absolutely petrified at this news. He huddles up with Lenny Strong, pointing down the aisle at the approaching duo. Aaron Anderson shows no fear, bouncing from foot to foot, glaring at Haynes and Morton from afar...]

GM: Violence Unlimited is the one and only two-time winner of the Stampede Cup tournament! Violence Unlimited has held AWA gold and Tiger Paw Pro gold before! Violence Unlimited has come to Kansas City and they've come for gold!

BW: And I suppose we can add another suspect to our list of who was driving that bus that ran down Aarons and Mertz, daddy.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Haynes and Morton roll in, the former immediately coming to his feet, charging across the ring...

...and taking both Strong and White over the top rope with a double clothesline as Johnny Jagger signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO! AND THIS ONE IS BREAKING DOWN ALREADY IN KANSAS CITY!

[Aaron Anderson greets a rising Danny Morton with a forearm smash to the jaw. Morton shakes it off. Anderson throws a second... but Morton again feels nothing, shaking his head.]

GM: Aaron Anderson's firing away but the American Murder Machine has come to fight!

[Anderson grits his teeth, throwing a third forearm smash but Morton starts running in place, nodding his head to the crowd which is cheering the idea of the L-O-E getting pummeled... moreso than cheering the team that held the AWA World Tag Team Titles hostage for months.]

GM: The Axeman lets another one fly!

[And this time, Morton holds his ground, sticking out his tongue, slapping himself across the face...

...before running Anderson down with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by Morton!

[Anderson climbs back to his feet before taking a second one, knocking him back down to the canvas!]

GM: A second clothesline!

[Anderson gets back up, a little slower this time as he throws a wild right hand at the air that Morton avoids, grabbing him by the head.]

GM: Headbutt!

[He hangs onto Anderson, preventing him from collapsing to the canvas as he slams his head into Anderson's again... and again... and again...]

GM: Headbutts aplenty and Aaron Anderson's on Dream Street, fans!

[Grabbing Anderson by the arm, Morton rockets him across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles. The Oklahoma native throws his right

hand up into the air, pacing around the ring before settling down into a three point stance...]

GM: Morton sets!

[As Anderson wobbles out of the corner, Morton comes tearing across the ring, taking the Axeman up and over Morton's own body with a running shoulder tackle!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES ANDERSON! THERE WILL BE NO FIRST DOWN FOR THE LIGHTS OUT EXPRESS!

BW: This isn't fair, Gordo! This isn't what they were expecting at all! This can't be a legally sanctioned match!

GM: That's for the front offices of the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro to decide but I believe it is, Bucky! The Lights Out Express challenged anyone! They said the magic words - they said they'd defend their titles against ANYONE! Well, ANYONE has arrived in the form of Violence Unlimited and-

[The crowd gasps as Morton presses Aaron Anderson up, sending him skyward in a military press. He lowers him down so that Anderson's stomach touches the top of his head...

...and sends him right back up!]

GM: Military press! Morton takes him up and brings him back down... go up down up down up downwwwn...

[Anderson BOUNCES off the canvas after being press slammed. He rolls to his side, grabbing at his lower back as Morton walks around the ring, pumping his arms up and down...

...and aggressively slaps the hand of his partner, bring Jackson Haynes into the match!]

GM: Here comes the Hammer!

[Haynes steps in, wild-eyed and crazy as he drags Anderson off the mat by the arm, giving it a twist before firing Anderson into the neutral corner, charging in after him with a running clothesline to the corner!]

GM: Big clothesline connects!

[He grabs the arm, shooting him across again...]

GM: Another corner-to-corner clothesline!

[Third time's a charm?]

GM: AND MAKE IT THREE!

[Anderson is out on his feet as Haynes turns away, giving a shout to the crowd...]

...who responds in kind because Donnie White is on the top rope, leaping off towards him...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[The Atomic Blonde comes sailing towards him, landing on his shoulders for a hurrcanrana...]

GM: HAYNES CAUGHT HIM!

[White struggles against Haynes, pounding his skull with right hands...]

GM: I don't even know if Donnie White is IN this match! This might be a blatant attempt by the champions to get disqualified!

[...and gets POWERBOMBED into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[White slumps down to a seated position in the corner as Haynes turns around...]

...and gets DRILLED with a forearm smash from Lenny Strong, knocking him down to a knee!]

GM: Big shot by the KO Kid and-

[The crowd ROARS as Danny Morton comes tearing back in, throwing himself into a crossbody on Strong. Morton takes the mount, hammering away on Strong as Haynes rubs his jaw, booting Donnie White through the ropes to the floor before turning his focus back to Aaron Anderson...]

...who comes tearing out of the corner, throwing himself into a clothesline that takes Haynes off his feet!]

GM: DOWN GOES HAYNES!

[Aaron Anderson climbs off the canvas, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture. He reaches down, pulling Haynes off the mat, looking to secure a cobra clutch...]

GM: Anderson looking for Final Combat... that cobra clutch slam...

[But the powerful Haynes is fighting it, trying to block the lift. Haynes throws a hard elbow back into the gut... and a second... and a third to finally break the hold. Anderson winds up, slamming a forearm to the back of the head and neck, knocking Haynes over towards the ropes.]

GM: The L-O-E was caught off-guard by this match but they look like they're trying to get back on track before-

[Gordon gets cut off by Anderson getting swung back into the corner where Haynes throws a boot to the gut before launching into a series of brutal clubbing forearms to the back of the head, knocking him down to all fours where Haynes switches to double axehandles, pounding away until Anderson ends up flat on his belly. The Hammer gives off a tremendous roar that many in the crowd echo.]

GM: Haynes hammers him down like he's driving a nail!

[Haynes stomps across the ring, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag... look out here! Double team on the way...

[A double whip sends Anderson into the ropes, causing him to rebound back...

...and bounce right into a thunderous double tackle from the two-time Stampede Cup champions!]

GM: MORTON AND HAYNES TAKE HIM DOWN!

[Haynes breaks away from his partner, charging the ropes where Donnie White has pulled himself up on the apron...

...and SLAMS a big left hand between the eyes, sending White sailing off the apron to the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: WHITE GOES DOWN AGAIN!

[With White cleared out and Haynes on guard, Morton grabs Aaron Anderson off the mat, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and takes Anderson up and over, driving the back of his head and neck into the canvas!]

GM: BACKDROP DRIIIIIIIVEEEEEERRRRR!

[Morton rolls over, attempting a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd deflates as Lenny Strong pulls the referee out of the ring, shouting at him.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Strong's telling Jagger this shouldn't be happening! He's telling Jagger this isn't fair and he's right, Gordo! This isn't fair at all! This isn't-

[As Strong argues with the official, he fails to notice a stampeding Danny Morton charging across the ring...

...and DIVING THROUGH THE ROPES ONTO HIM!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUICIDE DIVE BY MORTON WIPES OUT STRONG!!

[Morton climbs off the floor, giving off a roar as Jackson Haynes walks around the downed Anderson, pounding his own chest with a clenched fist. He grabs the Axeman by the hair, dragging him off the mat...

...and yanks him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: HAYNES LIFTS!

[He sends him to the top, pausing for a second at the apex of his lift...

...and then THROWS him down with the intent of sending him through the center of the Earth!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!!

[Morton rolls back in as Haynes points to the prone Anderson!]

GM: Anderson's down and possibly out but Danny Morton's going to make sure he's done!

[Morton pulls Anderson off the mat, swinging him over his shoulder with ease. He gives a shout, running across the ring to drive Anderson's back into the buckles...]

GM: To one corner!

[...and then pivots, charging across to the opposite corner as Haynes points to the ground!]

GM: A second corner!

[Morton wheels around again, giving a thumbs down as he holds Anderson over his shoulder with one arm, rampaging out of the corner, leaping up...

...and DRIVING Anderson down with a powerslam!]

GM: OKLAHOMA STAMPEEEEEEEEEDE!

BW: NO!

GM: HE PLANTS HIM!

[Morton pushes up with his palms on Anderson's chest, pressing to full extension, sticking out his tongue as Johnny Jagger drops down.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the Lights Out Express being put down for a three count! Phil Watson has to shout to make himself heard over the rabid Sprint Center crowd!]

PW: Your winners of the match...

[Big pause!]

PW: ...and NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW DOUBLE CROWN CHAMPIONNNNNNNNS...

VIIIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNNNLIMITEDDDDDDD!!

["Shout At The Devil" kicks in to another big reaction as Morton and Haynes reclaim the four title belts they held hostage for so long, thrusting them skyward towards the mostly-cheering crowd!]

GM: We've got new Double Crown Champions! Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes have emerged out of nowhere to claim the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown! They've done it, fans! The Lights Out Express just got de-railed tonight here in Kansas City!

[Morton and Haynes continue to celebrate their victory as the crowd reacts to the shocking title change they've just witnessed!]

GM: Incredible! On a night that was already wild with unsuspected moments, we've perhaps seen the most unsuspected moment of them all as Violence Unlimited steps in for the injured Air Strike and takes the opportunity to deliver a little bit of shock and awe on the Lights Out Express to capture all the gold!

BW: It's not right! It's not fair! It's not even legal! The L-O-E just got robbed!

GM: Well, like I said, it's up to the AWA and TPP offices to decide whether or not it's legal. They obviously weren't ready for this match and got blown out of the water because of it!

BW: I want to see a rematch when BOTH teams are ready for it.

GM: I wouldn't mind seeing that myself but that's for another night. Tonight is about Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes capturing gold here at the Sprint Center! Tonight is about crowning NEW Double Crown Champions here in

Kansas City! What a moment! Fans, we've got to take a break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black on the NEW champions.]

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 from commercial to hear the strains of "Mack The Knife" by Louis Armstrong playing through the arena. The self-styled King Of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake, is stepping through the ropes into the ring to a loud assortment of jeers and boos. The six-nine dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a dusky purple blazer, black slacks, and black dress shoes. Under his blazer is an "old gold" colored dress shirt and a black tie. His distinctive round afro has grown out a bit over the past few months; while normally not especially large, it is starting to get there. His mustache and conical beard remain his most distinctive visual features. Lake walks around the ring, pointing at fans and demanding that they settle down. Predictably, this doesn't help. Given that this is his hometown, he has a smattering of cheers... but the boos are winning pretty handily.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where moments ago we saw new Double Crown Champions crowned but- I don't know why we're rewarding this man with airtime after what he did at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: In Kansas City? Gordo, the fans would riot if the King didn't appear in his hometown!

[Lake appropriates the microphone and begins to speak.]

DL: I expected a hero's welcome from you people.

[BOOOO!]

DL: I DEMAND A HERO'S WELCOME FROM YOU PEOPLE!

[BOOOOOOOOOO! Lake puts his hands on his hips and shakes his head. He slowly turns to each side of the ring and motions for them to cheer, but each time, he is rebuffed. Somewhere between 15 and 20 percent of the crowd is trying to cheer him, though.]

GM: Demetrius Lake has always been so proud of his home state of Missouri, but these great fans are having none of it. I can hear that some of them are determined to ignore his crimes and cheer for the Kansas City native anyway, but they're being drowned out by the rest.

BW: Now Dave Bryant is importing fans into the building to spite the King, just like the Stenches used to do.

GM: Oh, I'm sure.

[Finally, Lake resumes.]

DL: So that's how it is? Fine. Fine. Frankly, I'm tired of representing this state. Now that the AWA is touring outside of Mexas, I can see that I always thought Missourah was the best state in the Union, but next to Mexas any place looks good. It turns out you people are just as low as the rest of them. You probably think Bobby No Honor is your big Missourah hero, because just like you he's a hypocrite.

[BOOOOOOO! Fewer cheers now.]

DL: You can keep your loser heroes. From this day forth, the King Of Wrestling represents only himself and the sport of professional wrestling. I will serve as the King of this sport no matter if you bums choose to turn on me. Betray me. Stab me in the back. You make me sick. I have become fundamentally ill because of your presence. How did my state fall so low that they no longer recognize greatness here?

[Lake waits for an answer to his rhetorical question. About a thousand people shout out answers at once, so it all sounds like loud jeering.]

DL: How did this happen? When did this happen? Missourah was supposed to be better than this. But you can't even look yourself in the eye anymore. You can't recognize me for what I am, the man who rose from among you to become King. You probably would have cheered Dave Cryant if he had the guts to show, wouldn't you?

[Cheers indicate yes.]

DL: That's the end. That's the last straw. You have lost your collective minds. You would cheer Dave Cryant? The man who was afraid to even show his face in Kansas City, knowing as he does that it is the home of the King. And you took his side?

[Cheers indicate that the answer hasn't changed in the past ten seconds.]

DL: I thought I made this clear at Memorial Day Mayhem. That bum had to understand his place. It's not enough for him to be two times the World Heavyweight Champion? It's not enough for him to be associated with all the names that have held that championship? He has to act like this puts him in some legendary status above even that of a King.

[Shaking his head to indicate that he feels this to be inaccurate, Lake starts slowly circling the ring ropes so that he's addressing the whole crowd.]

DL: That's what happens when you trivial lowlives get into a man's head. You talked him up. Made him feel like he could ignore his place. Made him feel like he didn't have to bow before the King. But I am the King of Professional Wrestling. The King of ALL Professional Wrestling. And every man in this sport must bow the knee when I command it. Every man in this building... man, woman, and child. At my word you will bow.

[Beat.]

DL: BOW.

[Lake stretches out his arm, and the crowd... does not bow. They boo.]

DL: Bow. Not boo. Is there a spelling problem in Missourah to go with the low self-esteem and mental derangement that I've already outlined?

[BOOOOOO!]

DL: I see, I see. They didn't put in enough room between the rows. You CAN'T bow. You'd smash your face into the tail end of the person in front of you, which would give you more in common with Dave Cryant than even his five fans would want.

So what I intend to do is this... I heard that they had a giveaway after we go off the air tonight, is that right? Some local radio station was giving away tickets to the next show here. Which obviously means whoever is the champion by then plans to duck me in the Main Event, because if I was in the Main Event you wouldn't HAVE to give away tickets. So they got a raffle box out near the time keeper with the seat numbers in it. Mr. Ring Announcer, you pull one of those tickets out and read me the seat. Whoever's seat you pull, they will come into the ring and bow on behalf of each and every fan in here!

[The crowd reacts loudly to this idea. Some of them seem excited at a chance to enter the ring, though most are unhappy about being forced to bow by proxy. Phil Watson seems extremely reluctant to do this. He tries to explain to Lake that he is not allowed to do that, which works as well as you'd think.]

DL: I am the King Of Professional Wrestling! Whoever told you to keep that box aside is overruled! You open that box and read off a seat number or you'll get in here and bow! And you might bow the same way Dave Cryant did at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The threat is sufficient. Watson begrudgingly opens the box and pulls out a raffle ticket.]

GM: This is insane! Demetrius Lake can't do this!

BW: Telling a King he "can't" do something is a good way to get executed, Gordo. Always has been, always will be.

PW: Section C, Row 5, Seat 17.

[Everyone looks around for the aforementioned seat.]

DL: Who is it? I don't have a seating map in my possession. There... right there.

[Eventually, the visual cues of the fans getting excited and looking at the correct spot draws Lake's attention to a middle-aged male fan. He's a bit overweight and is wearing a button-up blue checkered shirt and jeans. He has a tan skin tone and has medium-length dark hair.]

DL: You won the lottery. Get him in the ring. Security, you get that man up here.

[Security is decidedly NOT helping. The man is shaking his head and slumping back in his seat with a horrified look on his face.]

GM: Get the camera off of that fan! He didn't come here for this!

BW: Film it! All he has to do is go in and bow, and what a story he'll have to tell his grandkids!

DL: Right there, in the blue-and-white shirt, you need to get on up and get in this ring unless I come out and get you up in this ring. I am the King Of Professional Wrestling and the law will not stop me. You see people in this ring get beat just about to death on a weekly basis, often times with chairs and other blunt implements. And nobody ever gets arrested. What do you think is going to happen if I come out there and get you? Nothing... to me. Security, if you want to stop a fan getting beat up, you better get him on in the ring.

[Security is in that area, but are insisting that the fan does not, in fact, do what Lake is requesting. So the "Black Tiger" steps over the top rope and heads that way.]

DL: All he has to do is get in the ring and bow. He is going to represent each and every one of these Kansas City fans, and bow down to the King for all of them. You let him come and there's no fight. I come over that railing and there IS a fight, and we're short two security men the rest of the night. You decide which choice is better for your job.

[Reluctantly, the man gets up, and heads to the end of his row, then towards the railing, flanked by unhappy security guards who don't much like being threatened and are now holding weapons.]

DL: Don't you give me that hard look either. Get over the rail!

[Lake "helps" the fan over the railing with that encouragement, and leads him up the steps. He steps on the bottom rope and pulls up the middle rope.]

DL: This is the only time in a peasant's life that a King will hold his way open for him. I don't want you to tear your quads stepping in my ring and giving you an excuse. That's a Dave Cryant tactic. Using bein' hurt as an excuse to not get what you got comin' to you. If he was here tonight, I'd make him bow again instead of you. I'd whup him so bad he'd bow as many times as I wanted. He'd shine my shoes, he'd apologize for leaving footprints all over my city, and he'd drive out of town so fast Uber would call HIM for a ride.

[The fan is now in the ring, and his knees are shaking a bit. Lake towers over him, and places his hand on the man's shoulder.]

DL: So tell all these people what your name is.

Fan: I...

DL: No, no, no. I haven't GIVEN you your name yet.

[BOO!]

DL: Your name is Kansas City. Tell these bums your name.

Fan: Eduardo...

[Lake just glares. A mean, nasty glare that goes right through you. Eduardo reconsiders his answer.]

Fan: Kansas City! I am Kansas City!

DL: You are Kansas City. And so, Kansas City... bow down.

[The boos are deafening as Lake takes a step back so this man can bow for the entire city by proxy. He is very hesitant to do so.]

GM: This is ridiculous! How humiliating this must be for... what did he say his name is?

BW: Kansas City.

GM: No! His given name... not this garbage that Lake is putting him through. Eduardo! I feel terrible for this man. He came here to watch a wrestling show, not to be humiliated in front of his family and friends and everyone watching throughout the world!

[Eduardo seems resistant. Lake glares at him.]

DL: You got a bit of the Cryant in you, boy? I'm telling you to bow... now.

[Eduardo looks around at the crowd urging him to resist.]

GM: Don't do it!

BW: Are you crazy, Gordo? Do you know what'll happen to this guy if he refuses the King? Off with his head!

GM: I highly doubt that.

[The fan shakes his head again, turning to exit the ring...

...but gets stopped short when Lake grabs him by the shirt collar, yanking it back, causing the man to fall to his knees!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get your hands off him! He's a fan for crying out loud! You've got no business putting your hands on a fan!

[Lake yanks him to his feet, pulling him back by the collar so that he's choking.]

DL: You obviously didn't watch two weeks ago! I made Dave Cryant bow! I made him do it! And if I can make him do it... I can sure as day make YOU do it!

[Lake throws the mic aside, shouting off-mic at Eduardo...]

GM: For the love of- can we get some help out here?! Security is out here shouting at Lake but it doesn't seem to be helping! Demetrius Lake is going to-

BW: BRYANT! BRYANT!

[Without warning, Dave Bryant, in street clothes, hurdles the ringside barricade!]

GM: WHAT?! BRYANT IS HERE! HE'S HERE! WE WERE TOLD HE WAS OUT OF THE AREA ON PROMOTIONAL DUTIES BUT HE'S HERE!

[Bryant slides into the ring, quickly digging into his pocket. He crouches down behind Lake who hasn't seen him since he's so focused on bullying Eduardo. Bryant suddenly comes, raising his hands...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

GM: OH MY-

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Lake and Eduardo pivot just before the fireball scorches the King of Professional Wrestling...

...and the flames BLAST Eduardo squarely in the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[A shocked Lake quickly bails out of the ring, checking his own condition as a stunned Bryant drops to his knees, checking on the burned fan, screaming for medical help!]

GM: The fan... that fan just took a fireball to the face!

BW: Thanks to Dave Cryant!

[Bryant yanks his shirt off, using it to cover the face of Eduardo as a pair of AWA medical team members come rushing into the ring to tend to him. The former World Champion looks crestfallen as he glares out at the retreating - and smiling - Demetrius Lake.]

GM: That son of a- Demetrius Lake just pulled a FAN in front of him to take that fireball from Dave Bryant!

BW: Well, of course he did! The King's not going to sacrifice himself for a mere commoner!

GM: You... I can't believe... fans, we've gotta take a break! We'll be... we'll be right back.

[The shot holds on the ring where Bryant looks horrified over what happened as we slowly fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside. Gordon looks very serious.]

GM: Fans, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where we just saw an absolutely horrible event transpire when Demetrius Lake pulled a FAN in front of an attempted attack by Dave Bryant using a fireball. The fan was burned... we do not know how severely at this time. We do know that the fan is being transported to a local medical facility and that Mr. Bryant is accompanying him on that trip.

BW: Hold up, Gordo. You say it like it was Lake's fault!

GM: Well, he WAS the one who pulled the fan in front of-

BW: A fireball thrown by Dave Bryant! Bryant did this! It was a pre-meditated attack... all that "fighting fire with fire" garbage he spewed earlier. He knew he was going to try to do this if Lake came out here! He knew it! He spread that story that he was out of town to try and lull Lake into not knowing he was here!

GM: But that doesn't make it right, Bucky! Of course, Bryant is to blame in this as well... but first and foremost, our fans are our top priority and they should never feel in danger at one of our events. Demetrius Lake was directly responsible for that fan being in the ring in the first place, Bucky!

BW: Hey, if Kansas City had only bowed like they were supposed to...

GM: Give me a break. Fans, it's been a wild-

[But before Gordon can say anymore, the light dim, and the distinctive tinkling of synth music plays lightly over the loudspeakers. All at once, the thousands of people in the Sprint Center erupt into an ear-splitting cheer. And as the synth bleeds into the sound of pounding drums, the fans' voices are joined by the sound of several thousand feet stomping the floorboards in unison. As one, their voices join that of the song's opening.]

This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war
This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[With Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" hitting full force, out from the back steps the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. Ryan Martinez is wearing a pair of black pants, and a white compression T-shirt, the silver Under Armour logo visible in the center of his chest. Over his right shoulder is the World Heavyweight title, the overhead lights glinting off the face plate. The White Knight's forehead is covered by a large white bandage. There's a noticeable limp in his walk, but Martinez' eyes are clear, and though he's obviously feeling the aftermath of his war against Caleb Temple, he seems to be in good spirits.]

GM: No one thought he could do it Bucky. But Ryan Martinez did exactly what he said. He defeated Caleb Temple. He put an end to that evil man. And he did it without compromising his values. He did by living up to his code of honor.

BW: I'm gonna call it like it is, Gordo. I didn't think the kid had it in him, but he proved me wrong.

[Martinez moves around the ring, slapping the outstretched hands of his fans, offering each a smile, thanking each of them for their faith. He pauses, in front of the announcer's table, and as he does, Gordon Myers comes to his feet, extending his hand. As Martinez shakes it, Gordon leans in close, clapping the White Knight on the shoulder, expressing his thanks. As Myers sits down, Martinez turns to look at Bucky.]

BW: Ya know somethin', you and me? We don't see eye to eye. And I'm not gonna stop riding you or calling things like I see them. But you did save me, and more importantly, you saved Gordon. So this is for you, kid.

[And then Bucky rises, and to the champion, and the audience's surprise, Bucky Wilde gives him a round of applause. Startled, Martinez can only incline his head in thanks. After that, he moves towards the ring, walking up the steps and then moving to the center of the ring. Once there, Martinez thrusts the World Title high into air, head thrown back as he soaks in the cheers of his many fans. Microphone in hand, Martinez places the straps of the belt behind the faceplate, and then rests the belt securely in the crook of his arm.]

RM: Caleb Temple is gone. And he's not coming back!

[Another roar from the crowd.]

RM: There's one little bit of business I need to address. It's kind of become the elephant in the room, if you will.

People want to know why I didn't crush Temple's skull when I had the chance.

[There's obvious unease in the crowd, the memory of a few fans turning against Ryan's decision causing murmurs in the audience.]

RM: I didn't because in that moment, I knew that I had Temple beat. In that moment, I knew I was going to win the match. And when I looked into those cold, dark eyes, I knew that this would be the final moment in a war that began more than fifteen years ago. This was going to be the last time anyone saw Caleb Temple in the wrestling ring.

And it was going to be one of the defining moments of my career.

[Ryan exhales slowly.]

RM: I have come out here many times, before all of you, and I've made a promise. I promised you that, win or lose, what I did would be done without compromise. I made a promise to everyone who can hear the sound of my voice that I wouldn't lose my way. It may not always be the popular decision, but you can be rest assured, that I will keep the promise I've made to each and every one of you.

That's why I didn't cripple a man I already knew was beaten.

I'm nothing without the support of my fans and the help of my friends. I'm here, in the AWA, in this ring, because of the support you have all given me. Everything I achieve in life and my career is because of what you've given me. And I wouldn't deserve any of it if I couldn't keep my promises to you. You deserve my best. And that's what you're going to get.

I did what I set out to do, and I did it without giving in. I fought Caleb Temple, and I didn't beat him at his own game. I beat him by showing him that you don't have to sell your soul to get what you want. All you need is the faith of good, honest people. I knew that, and I proved it. And now, Caleb Temple is gone. But the work, well, that's just begun.

I'm talking about the work of being World Heavyweight champion.

[Once more, the audience is completely on Martinez' side, their cheers signifying their support of his decision and their desire to see him take on his many challengers.]

RM: I am YOUR champion. And I want to be worthy of being your champion. I've neglected the responsibilities of being champion too long. It's time to rectify my oversights. It's time each and every worthy contender, and there are a lot of them, got his chance to prove himself.

And it's time you fans get to see me beat all of them!

[More cheers for the White Knight.]

RM: So whether your name is Demetrius Lake or Rob Driscoll. Whether you're, ahem, World -Television- champion, or whether you broke the Sultan's arm, all you need to do is put your name on the dotted line, and you'll get your chance.

And if you're an Iron Cowboy or a Texas Hearthrob?

[Cheers for the Lynches, cheers that Martinez encourages.]

RM: I'll shake your hand and give you a shot at this gold too. And I'll tell you what, the moment that Hannibal Carver is ready...

[Before Martinez can continue, the chant that erupts every single time he mentions the Boston Brawler by name erupts. A chant that neatly divides the audience in half.]

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

“LET’S GO RYAN!”

“HAN-I-BAL!”

[For his part, Martinez encourages the chant.]

RM: As much as you want to see him take me on... believe me, I want to get him in the ring even worse. We’ve waited a long time to square off, you and I. And if you’re willing to take some advice, here it is Carver.

Beat Dane quickly. I’m getting as impatient as everyone else.

And there’s one other person I need to talk about. I’m not going to say his name, because frankly, I don’t want to give him the satisfaction of hearing it. But everyone knows who I’m talking about.

I’m talking about a man who steals things.

He stole my World Television Title. He stole the spotlight. And now, he thinks he’s going to steal my World Title?

Well, thief, what I have to say to you is the same thing I have to say everyone else in the AWA. The line to the World Title starts in the back.

But it ends right here, with me.

[The camera zooms in on the look of determination in Martinez’ eyes.]

RM: And it’s a brainbuster that’s waiting for each and every one of you.

Count on it!

[And with that, Martinez drops the mic and exits the ring, as cheers ring out all around him.]

GM: Oh yeah! How about that? The World Champion says he’s ready to take on all comers and he says that he’s got a brainbuster with Johnny Detson’s name on it, Bucky!

BW: He can think that all he wants but at the end of the day, he’s got a big problem waiting for him in Tokyo... a problem that could mean the end of his title reign, Gordo.

GM: Martinez heading back up the aisle... it’s been an exciting night of action here in Kansas City, fans. We’ve got new World Tag Team - excuse me, new Double Crown Champions in Violence Unlimited... we saw the Dead Man’s Party once again... we saw-

[As Martinez reaches the top of the aisle, he comes face to face with a man striding through the curtain - a man he wasn’t likely expecting to see on this night...]

GM: HANNIBAL CARVER IS HERE!

[Martinez drops to a halt as Carver approaches. The World Champion's fists clench at his sides, ready for the fight that is sure to be coming his way. The Boston Brawler pauses upon spotting Martinez, stopping a few feet away. The two men stare at each other from the short distance...

...and slowly but surely, the chant breaks out again.]

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

[Both men slowly turn, looking at the largely split crowd chanting their names. This only increases the decibel level, the fans shouting their support for their favorite as the two men slowly turn back towards one another.]

GM: You can feel the electricity in the air right now!

[Carver is the first to break the staredown, continuing to walk down the aisle as a confused Martinez turns, watching his back.]

GM: Hannibal Carver was not here for Ryan Martinez - not on this night!

[The World Champion watches as Carver gets near the ring before turning to make his own exit. The Boston Brawler rolls under the ropes, picking up the fallen microphone.]

HC: Yeh know, something's been on my mind for a long time now.

[He turns to point directly at Bucky at ringside.]

HC: Back when I was just a fan, we all used to toss batteries at yer head JUST because we wanted to crack yer head open.

Now, I ain't got any batteries on me...

[Carver smirks.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: What?!

HC: ...but I think it's time for round two all the same.

[With that, Carver drops the mic and slides to the outside. Bucky goes white as a ghost and just as Carver makes it to the commentary booth, Bucky has jumped the railing and is in the process of using his briefcase to bat away any overzealous fans in his way as he heads for the hills. The crowd explodes at Carver's special brand of chaos, chants of "CAR-VER!" ringing out...

...which slowly but surely are silenced as the Boston Brawler turns his attention towards the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing. As Carver gets right in Gordon's face, the microphones pick up some dialogue.]

GM: Now hold on... hold on just a minute! I've never done you wrong, I--

[The crowd is in stunned silence, unable to believe what they are witnessing. Just then, Carver points towards the entranceway and barks a single order at Gordon that's picked up by the microphones once again.]

HC: SEND MORE COPS.

[That's all that Gordon needs to hear, as he runs for his life and mere seconds later has disappeared through the curtains and into the backstage area. Carver then picks up a steel chair, eliciting cheers from the crowd once more as they await the next bit of carnage from their favorite madman.

Carver raises the chair, bringing it down on the announce table, smashing the glass in on the monitor at ringside. He throws the chair aside, flipping it recklessly over the ropes into the ring before lifting the monitor, ripping it free from all the cables holding it in place...

...and spikes it down on the floor, breaking what was left of it. He grabs the wooden table with both hands, lifting it clear up off the ground as the crowd roars. The Boston Brawler essentially suplexes the table, causing it to break in half upon hitting the floor. He then turns his focus to the ring apron, yanking, pulling, and tearing it free from its bindings, throwing it down to the mat.

The crowd is roaring as Carver reaches under the ring, pulling out a metal toolbox much like the one we saw used by Caleb Temple two weeks prior.

Carver sets it on the apron, flipping it open, yanking tools out and throwing them to the side until he finds what he's looking for...

...and uses it, cutting the ties that hold the canvas down. The fans roar at the one-man Demolition Derby as the cameraman gets closer, trying to see what he's doing. Carver gives the mat a yank, sending him flipping over and exposing the wooden boards underneath...

...and then pivots, snatching the camera out of the hands of the cameraman, sending him falling back down onto his rear end as Carver raises the camera over his head.

He SLAMS the television camera into the ringpost, breaking it badly before throwing it down on the floor. He looks down at the cameraman... then out at the crowd before rolling back in on the exposed boards. He climbs to his feet, pulling more of the mat back to expose more of what's underneath before grabbing the fallen mic again.]

HC: Now... I know what I've just done. I know I probably just signed myself up for another of O'Neill's precious suspensions. But when it feels this good, I'll put my feet up on the dashboard with a six pack in my lap without pay with a smile on my face!

[More cheers for that as Carver sets the discarded chair up in the middle of the ring and takes a seat.]

HC: Yeh see, someone said that the definition of insanity is doing the same things over and over and expecting different results.

[Carver grins.]

HC: And if ANYONE knows anything about insanity, it's ol' Carver.

[Another thunderous chant of "CAR-VER!" breaks out, the Boston Brawler nods.]

HC: Time after time, I do the same thing. Some piece of crap comes out here and runs his mouth or sets out on some cowardly mission. I come out and smack the taste out of his mouth. He runs away like a scared rabbit and makes me go on the hunt. I finally get my hands around the weasel's neck...

[Carver rubs his own neck, perhaps remembering the recent attack he suffered at the hands of Morgan Dane.]

HC: ... and then some other jackass gets in my business. Well, I've had it. I don't care about some sniveling troll trying to take a shortcut to that big ten pounds of gold. I don't care about that punk kid that's holding the belt...

[With that, the cheers get split as dueling chants break out.]

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RYAN!"

"HAN-I-BAL!"

[Carver shakes his head before continuing.]

HC: Like I said, I don't care about that punk kid thanking some old fossil for nearly punching his ticket instead of taking care of business LIKE A MAN like I made him promise me he would. I don't care about getting my hands on either of them and I don't care about that belt. I don't care about this company and I don't care about this sport.

[The crowd quiets down, taken back a bit by Carver's words.]

HC: Because the only thing in this world that I give a damn about right now... is getting these mitts around the rotten stinking throat of MORGAN DANE.

[Just as quickly as they quieted down, the crowd erupts again at the mere mention of Dane's name.]

HC: Congrats junior, yeh got my attention. It's only fair I suppose, since I assume I got yours when I crushed yer already misshapen skull after yeh talked a big game as if yeh knew who the hell I was. When yeh showed up last time, yeh should've seen them all. Damn near messing their pants like the Grim Reaper himself showed up. I'll admit it, I was impressed. I had to see what all the commotion was about.

And when I saw yeh, I almost laughed. Would've laughed, if it didn't make me so damn mad. I was promised the Terminator and instead I got some goof with less teeth than me and a belly full of jelly donuts. So I sent yeh to the hospital for yer trouble, because I was sick of these sissies crying about how they were all dead because big bad Morgan Dane was in town.

[Carver rubs the back of his neck once again.]

HC: But then yeh showed me something else. A reminder to never judge a book by its cover. Because when yeh broke a damn shovel over my head and damn near broke my neck...

[Carver smirks, nodding.]

HC: That was something else, all right. But if yeh think that was the end of it, yer damn wrong. If yeh think I'm gonna head to a hospital bed for months like yer sorry carcass did, yer damn wrong.

And if yeh think I'm gonna set up a match for us to settle this tonight, YER DEAD WRONG.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

HC: Because yeh see... there's a big problem with getting this done in the AWA, because that's the AMERICAN Wrestling Alliance. And right here?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: There's too many rules. There's too many little men in suits that cry when yeh hit them too hard. Yeh take care of business like it begs to be taken care of... and yeh get told that's too much, yeh gotta sit on the bench for a couple weeks. I don't want that, and I ain't gonna have it. No, what I want?

[Carver raises his left index finger.]

HC: I want broken glass.

[Carver extends his middle finger along with his index.]

HC: I want barbed wire.

[The crowd begins to get to their feet with excitement as he extends his third finger, catching on to where this is going.]

HC: I want C-4 explosions.

[The crowd begins chanting "CAR-VER!" as he clenching his left hand into a fist.]

HC: Because we're gonna finish this once and for all. And to finish it, I'm going to where it all started.

Not to the arena where I busted yer skull open.

No, not to my home of Boston no matter how much I love that dirty water.

[Carver nods, as he gets back to his feet.]

HC: To where it ALL started for me in this sport. To where I will make sure it'll end for you.

JAPAN!

RISING SUN SHOWDOWN II!

JAPANESE DEATH MATCH!

[And with that, the crowd blows the roof off the joint.]

HC: Nobody getting in our way. Nobody putting a stop to it until one of us is truly done. Because I don't need to beat you for the one-two-three. I don't need to prove a damn thing to myself or anyone else.

I need to make you bleed and beg for mercy. I need to shred your flesh into ribbons. I have to send you into oblivion with a horrified look in your eyes.

[Carver nods, pointing directly at the camera.]

HC: And O'Neill, I know I probably just made yer hair fall out and I know yer madder than hell at me. But I know yeh'll do the right thing. Because as much as yeh hate me, yeh know I just sold a truckload of tickets to yer little dog and pony show.

[The crowd cheers again, affirming Carver's statemet.]

HC: Not only that, by now if yeh don't know yeh can ask around in the back... because they ALL know if yeh don't let me finish this my way?

[Carver nods.]

HC: I'll just come back week after week, suspended or not, and wreck yer pretty little show until yeh see the light.

And who knows?

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Maybe yeh'll luck out and we'll both put each other's lights outs and yeh'll never have to deal with me again. In fact...

[Carver folds the chair again, lifting it up high.]

HC: Here's some final incentive for yeh to want to see me bleed.

[With that, Carver drops the microphone to the canvas... rearing way back with the steel chair with both hands...]

"THWAAAAAAAAACK!"

[... and with a vicious shot, destroys the last mic in the house with the chair. He raises both of his arms to a huge ovation as we fade to the closing credits.]