



“True friends are the ones who never leave your heart, even if they leave your life for a while. Even after years apart, you pick up with them right where you left off, and even if they die they're never dead in your heart.”



In Memory of  
**ANDY DORAN**  
1982-2015

[An unusual start for this night on The X as we do not begin with our usual title sequence but rather a simple fade up from black into the interior of the Veterans' Memorial Coliseum. The shot is of the ring, surrounded by AWA competitors past, present, and future.

Inside the ring is Gordon Myers in a black suit, white dress shirt, and black tie. He adjusts his glasses, checking his notes as the camera comes on him.]

GM: We in the AWA come to you tonight with the heaviest of hearts. Earlier this week, we lost a member of the AWA family - someone who has been here with us since the beginning.

Andrew Doran is not a name that will instantly be recognizable to you fans here in the building or around the world however he was an integral part of the day-to-day operations here in the AWA. A Jack of all trades, Andy was involved in every aspect of the company and upon learning of his passing, AWA co-owner Todd Michaelson remarked that there would be no AWA without Andy.

[Myers blinks a few times, his voice having cracked at the end of his sentence with emotion.]

GM: Our hearts are with his family and friends tonight as we do what we believe he would have wanted - get right back inside this ring and do what we do better than anyone else.

At this time, we ask that you please rise for a moment of silence as we toll the bell ten times in honor of Andy.

[Myers lowers the mic as a graphic comes up on the screen of a smiling Andy Doran as the bell begins to sound.]

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

"DING!"

[As the final bell tolls out, the crowd begins to cheer in tribute...

...and we slowly fade to black. Goodbye, old friend.]



SATURDAY  
NIGHT  
WRESTLING

AUGUST 15TH, 2015

[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 Shadoe 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 Portland, Oregon in the Veterans Memorial Coliseum! And we are LIVE for what promises to be another exciting night of American Wrestling Alliance action as we bring you SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

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

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 black 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 scarlet sportscoat over a sunburst yellow shirt. He's opted for a bleached white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the

camera, jerking a thumb at "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde.

BW: Gordo, you're a man of the people, right?

GM: Well, I don't-

BW: And you're a wrestling historian, right?

GM: I certainly try to-

BW: So, you would know that this city hasn't seen a decent bit of pro wrestling since the late 90s, right?

GM: I'm sure they've-

BW: So, City of Portland, I've just two words for ya... You're Welcome.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Bucky Wilde is, of course, referring to the legendary IIWF - the Double Eye - that made its home here in Portland back in the late 90s. That particular company was where many of the top stars - the legends in the history of this sport - got their first nationally televised spotlight. I'm talking about guys like Casey James and Tiger Claw... like JW Hardin and Brody Thunder... like Steve Kowalski and-

BW: Essentially a bunch of guys whose days are done and nobody cares about anymore. I don't want to talk about old fossils, Gordo... I want to talk about the future of this industry. I want to talk about guys like Rob Driscoll... like Johnny Detson... like Calisto Dufresne... like Cain Jackson and Supreme Wright... like-

GM: I think we get the idea. Many of the names you mentioned just now will be here later tonight but fans, this is a jam-packed show. We've got the remainder of the first round of the Stampede Cup here tonight. We've got the World Television Title on the line. We've got Hannibal Carver here to respond to the challenge of Ryan Martinez from two weeks ago. We've got-

[Gordon is in mid-sentence when someone decides to get the show going.

Music is heard over the loudspeakers. Music that hasn't been heard in the AWA in quite some time. Music that is instantly recognizable to professional wrestling fans around the world.

Music that is sure to cause the Portland crowd to ERUPT in jeers.

Korn and the Dust Brothers' contribution to the soundtrack for the motion picture "Spawn" comes over the sound system.

Or more accurately... kicks the PA.]

GM: What in the...?

[The crunchy guitars and electronic percussion is in place before the curtain parts and one of the most hated men within the Portland city limits strides into view.

Yes, it is current AWA co-owner and former EMWC owner Chris Blue.]

BW: What in the world is HE doing out here, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea. Chris Blue, of course, is often at AWA events in his status as an AWA co-owner and executive but... this is Portland.

BW: Listen to these fans, Gordo. You'd think he passed a ban on beards or microbrews or something the way these Portland lunatics are booing him.

[Blue is clad in a buttoned black sportscoat and tan pants, approaching the ring as he looks out and shouts "thank you!" to the booing Portland fans.]

GM: This man makes himself at home in the front office these days but there is no doubt that he once made his living out in front of booing crowds as well. He's right at home with a reaction like this.

BW: Some people might even say he LIKES this type of reaction, Gordo.

GM: That may be true as well. But he's in the ring... and he's got the mic. I literally have no idea what we're about to hear but I wouldn't even dream of changing the channel, fans, because this just got REAL interesting.

[As Blue steps into the ring, he gestures for the house mic, slowly walking around the ring, looking out on the booing fans that somehow get even louder. A slight smirk crosses Blue's face as he does a throat-slashing gesture, waiting just a moment for his music to cut out at his signal. The boos are even louder with the music gone as Blue raises the mic to his mouth.]

CB: Well, well, well...

[Even this simple statement earns the ire of the assembled Portland masses. Blue smirks again.]

CB: I missed you too. The grand city of Portland!

[There's a mixed reaction to this as many just want to cheer their own city while the others pick up on the sarcasm.]

CB: I honestly have to say... that after all these years...



[Dramatic pause.]

CB: ...the stench of this city STILL makes me sick to my stomach!

[HUGE burst of jeers pour down on Blue who lowers the mic to chuckle to himself. He's obviously enjoying this.]

CB: I mean... you would think that a place that gave birth to true legends like Casey James...

[Cheers.]

CB: John Wesley Hardin...

[Cheers.]

CB: Brody Thunder and Serge Annis...

[Cheers upon cheers.]

CB: Tiger Claw and Steve Kowalski...

[More cheers! Blue pauses.]

CB: The Highwayman and the Meatman...

[And there's the boos again. He smirks once more.]

CB: The fact of the matter is - the thing that has always stuck in the craw of each and every single one of you Portland fans who thought you witnessed God's gift to professional wrestling in that mudhole that Spreadbury ran - is that men like James, Claw, and Annis... they may have made their name here in Portland.

But they became LEGENDS in Los Angeles!

[More boos!]

CB: Los Angeles is where Casey James went to war with Caleb Temple in a rivalry too intense for Uncle Dan to even DREAM of putting into his rings. Instead he took an icon like Temple and stuck him in a go-nowhere tag team with Gunnar Gaines-

[Big cheer for the local hero!]

CB: ...yeah, you WOULD cheer Gaines. He was nothing but an anchor around the neck of Temple who would've taken every single victim he could find in Portland and burn them alive.

Los Angeles is the place where Tiger Claw shook off the shackles of being a sidekick who the suits here just didn't get and became a GOD who choked out opponent after opponent after opponent..

And Los Angeles is the place that Steve Kowalski - the Fury himself - came to while wearing the IIWF World Title to look for REAL competition!

[Blue lowers the mic, taking his moment to soak up the jeers of the crowd. It's been a long time and he loves every second of it.]

CB: In fact, when I was told that the AWA was coming here, my first instinct was to stay home.

[BIG cheers for that!]

CB: But...

[He raises a finger.]

CB: I wasn't sure if I'd get another opportunity to do the one thing in this city... in this ring... in this hellhole of a 'burg whose own sense of self-importance to the history of professional wrestling is more inflated than Joe Petrow's own ego...

[Another shot across the bow. Blue lets the noise die down before he finishes.]

CB: The one thing that I've always... ALWAYS... wanted to do.

[Blue takes the mic, setting it down on the mat...

...and then lowers his hand in the vicinity of his zipper.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait one damn second! He's not gonna-

BW: He is! He is!

[But before Blue can get the AWA kicked off of national television, the opening riff of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers. ]

GM: I never thought I'd be happy to hear that music, but thank goodness this has been interrupted!

[The first one out is Brian Lau. The Hall of Fame manager is wearing a black sportscoat and a pair of black slacks. Under his sportscoat is a T-shirt whose "Engine of Destruction" logo can be seen across his chest. Tonight he's wearing a pair of silver and black mirrored Ray Bans. Behind him is the always imposing figure of Brian James. The Son of the Blackheart is wearing a black tank top and a pair of blue jeans, both fists covered in white tape. The pair stride purposefully down the ring and enter the ring. Lau, a smirk on his face, produces a microphone and speaks.]

BL: Mr. Blue... take your hands off your pants. This isn't 1998, most people have high definition channels now.

I don't think you want everyone seeing your shortcomings in full 1080p, do you?

[That gets a cheer from the rowdy Portland fans.]

BL: I suppose I shouldn't be shocked by this, ahem, vulgar display of power. Because what have you ever been, but a vulgar little man who came in to desecrate what people built through their blood, sweat and toil?

You built an Empire, Christopher Blue. But that Empire was founded on the bones of the great men who came before you. What did you ever do, but pillage and strip mine every other company? What did you ever do, but take people who already at the top of their game, and ride them until they had nothing left to give?

What was your great innovation, Mr. Blue? Was it putting a pearl handled razor into the hands of a stunted little derelict?

Or was it staging a gynecologist's dream match? How many chapters of your DVD are you doing to devote to that debacle?

No, all of the things you're remembered for all came from someone else? Or are you going to continue to tell the world that Alex Martinez was some rookie sensation that you just stumbled upon?

You paid me and mine well. But don't come here, to Portland and act like you've come down on high to bless us with your presence.

[All of this has gotten the Portland faithful on Lau's side, and for the first time in perhaps ever, he's being cheered wildly.]

BL: But to be honest, none of that really offends me, Christopher Blue. No, what really offends me is that you think you're the one who's going to burn Portland down to the ground one more time.

It's going to be me!

[There's a bit of confusion among the fans.]

BL: Most of the best parts of this city left when I brought Casey James and Tiger Claw with me to you.

And the last real man, the last person worth anything in this rain soaked hellhole left when this man...

[Lau points to his six foot six charge.]

BL: Left for the AWA!

[Now the fans are booing vociferously.]

BL: No, I'm not going to defend Portland. And I am certainly not going to defend the Double Eye, because if ever there was a promotion that deserved to die, you can bet your last dollar it was the IIWF!

But you, Christopher Blue, need to take a page out of Spreadbury's book, and get the hell out of this ring!

Your time has come and gone, Mr. Blue. And in fact, if you won't walk out, I'm going to make sure you're carried out!

[Blue sneers at Lau.]

CB: You son of a...

[His words trail off as he mutters under his breath. He angrily lifts an arm, stabbing a finger in the air in Lau's direction.]

CB: You've got a lot of nerve, you know that?

When you and yours ended up out on your asses after that Triple Cross dust-up, who the HELL was there to pick up the pieces and promote you in the way you DESERVED to be promoted?!

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

CB: Me, that's who. I gave you a platform to stand on... I gave you a spotlight to stand in. I gave you, James, Claw... the opportunities to show the world that Spreadbury was wrong to choose others over you and what happened?

All three of you...

Casey James... Tiger Claw... Brian Lau...

[Blue glares at Lau.]

CB: ALL THREE OF YOU END UP IN THE HALL OF FAME!

[Lau smirks, giving a mocking bow.]

CB: You ungrateful son of a-

[Blue suddenly lashes out, shoving Lau hard in the chest with both hands, knocking him down to the canvas to a mixed reaction from the Portland crowd who - quite frankly - can't stand either one of these guys at this point.]

GM: That... might be the biggest mistake that Chris Blue has ever made.

BW: Ronnie D sends his regards.

[Lau slowly gets to his feet after being knocked down. Seething, he pauses to dust himself off, straightening his coat.]

BL: You had your chance. And touching me? Well, that was the last mistake you'll ever make...

Brian, end this man, will you?

[Brian James, who had been standing by quietly, just waiting for his manager to unleash him, rushes forward, grabbing hold of Blue with his left hand.]

GM: Uh oh! James has got him! James has got him!

[His right hand is cocked back, fingers curled into a tight fist when...]

[Cue the sinister Halloween theme.

Cue black and white strobe lights.

Cue some of the crowd screaming in anticipation.

As a massive frame steps through the curtain, the cheers of the fans in attendance get louder. The strobe lights die down and we fully recognize the man at the head of the aisle.

Otto Verhoeven.

The Butcher.

Wearing a grey dress shirt and matching pin-stripe pants, there is no denying that some years have passed since he was last on TV. He seems to be even bulkier than in the past. His bald head shows a lot of scars that his crew cut had hidden. But his facial expression is more than familiar to anybody who has ever seen him fight, a mixture of disgust and intense, barely contained hatred.]

GM: My stars! It's... it's The Butcher himself! Otto Verhoeven is coming to the ring and- Bucky, did you EVER think we would see him in an AWA ring?

BW: Gordo, I didn't ever think we'd see him ANYWHERE again!

[As The Butcher makes his way to the ring, Lau moves forward, putting his hand on James' wrist and shaking his head. Reluctantly, Brian James releases Blue, just as Verhoeven enters the ring. The two behemoths stare at one another for a long, tense moment.]

GM: The Butcher and the Son of the Blackheart in a standoff!

BW: Gordo, can you believe this!? Whatever happens next... it won't be pretty!

[The two men slowly take several steps back, as Verhoeven points to Lau's mic. The manager hands it over to Verhoeven, and then he takes his place behind James, who hasn't stopped looking at The Butcher.]

OV: Herr Blue! I did not think we would meet again, least of all...

[He makes a sweeping gesture with his left hand.]

OV: ...here.

[Cheers again. Surprisingly, Otto lets the fans have their moment.]

OV: These people know I never liked them. All those years ago, I worked hard to prove that their champions... their heroes, were feeble and poor excuses for men.

[He takes a step forward and his voice rises in volume.]

OV: But for all my anger and all my "hass", my grudges... this here was my HOME.

[Big cheer for the Teutonic Terror's words!]

OV: This was where I was RESPECTED and FEARED!

[Another big cheer!]

OV: This was where I made my mark EACH and EVERY week and without the "Doppel I"... Germany's Premium Athlete would have been a lot less infamous!

[The ever smirking Blue steps closer to Verhoeven.]

CB: Herr Verhoeven... on this... we agree.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

CB: It was this city that you called home... it was in this city that you were respected and feared... and it was in this city that you made your mark each and every week.

[He baits the hook.]

CB: Which is probably why when your name comes up every year around Hall of Fame time, people lament about what MIGHT have been!

You see, Otto... there is no doubt that your glory days were in Portland instead of a place that truly mattered.

[The Portland fans let him have it for that.]

CB: They say it's better to burn out than to fade away...

[Blue lifts an arm, gesturing to the German Juggernaut.]

CB: Well, people... you're looking at living proof of what a burnout looks like!  
ACK!

[With speed belying his girth Verhoeven's right hand shoots first and clamps tightly around Chris Blue's neck as he glares down on him. He still has the mic in his left hand, though.]

OV: Nein! Your disrespect tonight will not be tolerated! And worst of all...

[He glares down at the squirming Blue, his eyes wide with rage.]

OV: You mentioned Claw, you mentioned Hardin and Kowalski and Thunder and James... YOU WILL NEVER FORGET THE BUTCHER AGAIN!

[Verhoeven hurls the mic aside, turning to face the hard camera as the Portland crowd goes nuts at what is about to happen... what they've seen happen to so many helpless victims over the years.]

GM: VERHOEVEN'S GOT HIM! VERHOEVEN'S GOT BLUE BY THE THROAT!

[Verhoeven gives a nod to the roaring Portland crowd before he heaves the former EMWC owner upwards, twisting around...

...and brings him CRASHING down across his own bent knee!]

GM: SLAUGHTERSLAM! SLAUGHTERSLAM! MY STARS, HE MAY HAVE CRIPPLED CHRIS BLUE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING HERE IN PORTLAND!

BW: Blue's not moving, Gordo! He's down on the mat and he hasn't moved one single inch! As God as my witness, he's been broken in half and there's a whole lot of wrestling fans - hell, a whole lot of WRESTLERS - who'll be putting Verhoeven on top of their Hall of Fame ballots for that very thing they just saw! Incredible!

[Verhoeven steps back, staring down at Blue...

...and Brian Lau moves forward, stepping right over the fallen co-owner of the AWA.]

BL: Well, I've got to hand it to you Otto. Do you mind if I call you Otto? That was a thing of beauty.

And I think I'd like to shake your hand!

[Lau extends his hand to The Butcher, where it hangs in the air.]

OV: Herr Lau, my hands have been sullied by touching one reptile tonight... do not expect to make that worse.

You wanted me to part of your Syndicate once. I rejected you, because my crusade had a different goal than just lining YOUR pockets with US dollars. I remember what happened afterwards.

Perhaps, tonight... I can do one more thing I wanted to do for 20 years.

[A stunned Lau opens his mouth to say something, but a look from Verhoeven silences him. The Butcher takes a step forward, and as he does, Lau scurries right behind James. Brian James, not at all intimidated, steps forward. Safely behind James, Lau speaks once more.]

BL: Careful, Mr. Verhoeven, you're about to invite yourself to a dance you're not going to walk away from now.

I'm going to give you the same opportunity that I gave Blue. Walk out now, or be carried out later.

[Verhoeven's eye wander up and down Brian James for a moment.]

OV: So this is what you want? One more shot against the German Juggernaut? Bait me one more time into the ring to show off your new meal ticket?

Let us do this.

Let me prove to you... to the rest of Portland and to everybody who watches the AWA that even in 2015, Otto Verhoeven can still prevail.

[The crowd cheers the idea of that!]

GM: What?! Otto Verhoeven... he wants a match with Brian James?!

BW: Hey, you know the wrestlers' saying - "Never show up at a building without your gear." You better believe the Butcher came ready... just in case!

[Lau nods his head, patting his charge on the chest.]

BL: Then go get your gear, and go get yourself ready. Because tonight, the final nail in the coffin of Portland wrestling gets hammered in, courtesy of a BlackHeart Punch!

[Verhoeven drops the mic, throws his arms out to his side and bellows, loud enough for everyone to hear, "WELCOME TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE"!

Just as it seems the melee is going to break out early, officials finally hit the ring, separating the two men as EMT's move in to wheel out the fallen Chris Blue.]

GM: We've got a match! We've got a match that NOBODY watching this show tonight had any idea we might get to see! Brian James, the son of the



Blackheart, taking on Otto Verhoeven, the German Juggernaut... the Teutonic Terror... the Butcher himself! My stars! What a way to kick off Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The two men are trading words off-mic, being held apart by a sea of officials as we fade to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just

to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by...

...as we fade to black.

We fade up from black on a sight familiar to pro wrestling fans - the burned out shell of the IIWF Coliseum, the sight of many of the sport's biggest moments. In front of it stands three men in matching midnight blue attire - the three men known as the Dogs of War.

Pedro Perez speaks first, sweeping an arm across the horizon.]

PP: Behold the ultimate battlefield. The sport of pro wrestling has seen a lot of fights... a lot of battles over the year but very few wars have raged like it did back in the late 90s in this place.

[Perez scoffs.]

PP: No, I'm not talking about Dan Kauffman versus Chris Quigley or ol' Mad Dog Watkins against Creed... I'm talking about the war that took place beyond the curtain... the war that took place in the offices.

The battle lines were drawn... this place...

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder.]

PP: Against the boys down in Los Angeles. And oh, what a war it was, boys.

[Wade Walker nods his head in agreement.]

PP: As a kid, I sat glued to my seat wondering what would happen next... wonder who would show up where next... would it be Kowalski? Would it be Annis? Maybe James and Claw going back to Portland? You just never knew what was going to happen...

...just like right now.

[Isaiah Carpenter steps forward to speak.]

IC: You see, the Dogs of War have spent the better part of over a year and a half showing the world that we weren't the ones to mess with! When the three of us step into the ring together - just the three of us - we're undefeated.

Let that ring in your ears for a second.

Un. De. Feat. Ed.

[Carpenter nods.]

IC: That means that NOBODY can touch us. Ain't no one been able to step to the Dogs of War and walk away to tell the tale. Just look at SuperClash last year. A so-called Dream Team comes together. Juan Vasquez, the pillar this joint is built on. Hannibal Carver, a heartbeat away from being the World Champ. And Alex by God Martinez, a walking war machine carved out of flesh and muscle.

We saw them come... and you saw them go, carried from the ring after the Dogs got through chewin' them up.

We showed the world firsthand that you don't spit in the wind... you don't tug on Superman's cape... and you don't call out the Dogs of War.

[A manic Pedro Perez breaks back in.]

PP: But that's what you done, boys! That's what you done! Over and over again, we heard the Dead Man's Party callin' us out... not by name because they ain't got the stones for that... but by telling everyone that THEY were the ones to beat... that THEY were the ones not to be messed with.

[Perez waggles a defiant finger.]

PP: They were wrong. The three men you see before you are the baddest men on the planet. WE'RE the most dominant faction in the world today... maybe ever.

But when it came time in Tokyo for the Dogs to prove to the world that we're exactly what we say we are...

[Perez lowers his head as Wade Walker steps in, his deep baritone voice filling the air as he glares with intensity into the camera.]

WW: We failed.

[Perez nods as he lifts his head, slipping an arm over the powerful shoulders of Walker.]

PP: That's right, big man. And we can stand here all day blaming this person and that person but the fact is, we dropped the ball in Tokyo and we didn't get the job done.

[Walker shoves Perez off of him, his face etched in stone.]

WW: We WON'T make the same mistake again.

[A surprised Perez steps back as Carpenter edges in.]

IC: This time, DMP... you just got us to deal with. This time... you're gonna be on OUR turf and playing by OUR rules. And this time... YOUR time... is up.

[Carpenter chuckles.]

IC: A lot of people are sitting back right now thinking that the Dogs are outgunned in this fight. They see a big pile of guys on the other side staring back at the three of us. They think that these Dogs have bitten off more than they can chew. That the odds of us coming out of this still undefeated is astronomical.

What do you think, big man?

[Walker is trembling with rage as he speaks again.]

WW: Never... tell me... the odds.

[Walker palms the camera lens as Perez and Carpenter laugh in the background, shoving us to black.]

We fade back up on a panning shot of the Portland crowd, still buzzing at what they've seen already.]

GM: Welcome back to Portland, fans, here on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X as we-

[Suddenly. "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play to an almost immediate negative reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Seriously? What now?

[Out from the back comes Johnny Detson in a particular foul mood. Detson is wearing a pair of jeans with his Fox Network sweat jacket zipped up. He pulls his hood down as he looks out at the crowd in complete disgust before heading straight for the ring.]

GM: It's a night of interruptions here in Portland, fans, as I can assure you that Johnny Detson is NOT scheduled to be out here at this time.

BW: Hey, when you're the Number One Contender, you make your own schedule!

GM: That title, like most every other title he gives himself, is self proclaimed.

BW: Oh, I beg to differ, Gordo. In the most recent edition of the AWA's Top Ten Rankings, if you put your beady eyes next to Number One - it says Johnny Detson clear as day! The office says he's the Number One Contender, I say he's the Number One Contender, and most importantly, HE says he's the Number One Contender, daddy!

GM: Yet it's Hannibal Carver who appears to be next in line for a shot at the World Heavyweight Title... a much-awaited shot I might add.

BW: And I'm guessing that particular miscarriage of justice is EXACTLY what Johnny's out here to address.

[Detson slowly climbs into the ring, producing a microphone from his jacket pocket. He pauses as the music fades, looking out angrily at the jeering crowd before he raises the mic and begins to speak.]

JD: I told you so! I told you all this would happen. This is a travesty... this is a conspiracy!

[Detson nods in agreement with himself.]

JD: Here you have standing before you the Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight Title. The man that took Ryan Martinez to his very limit and had him escape on a fluke. So what does your champion, your White Knight do?

[Detson extends his arm outward, pointing to some far off distance.]

JD: He runs for the hills just as fast as he can. Your White Knight is ducking me!

[Detson again nods as the crowd loudly disagrees.]

JD: There is no way that the next title shot should go to a man who your Number One Contender has already beaten soundly.

[Detson stops and holds up two fingers, smirking.]

JD: Twice.

[Detson laughs for a second before composing his serious expression.]

JD: Ryan Martinez is making this make believe grudge up to hide from the fact that everybody knows. That if Ryan Martinez were to face me again... HE WOULD LOSE!

[Crowd is deafening with their disagreement now as Detson just nods.]

JD: And that World Title would be firmly around my waist!

[And just like that, the familiar opening of Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers. At the first notes, the fans are on their feet. By the time the drums kick in, the fans are stomping their feet. And as the chorus rings out, the fans are singing along in unison.]

GM: Here he comes, the World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: For now, Gordo! Right up until the man already in the ring takes it.

GM: He had his chance, Bucky. And in front of forty thousand Japanese fans and millions worldwide, he met the same fate as the Wise Men, as Supreme Wright, as Caleb Temple, and as Dave Bryant, he fell to the AWA's White Knight!

BW: You got some pompoms to help you out with that cheerleadin', Gordo?

[As the fans clamor for his arrival, out walks Ryan Martinez. He's wearing a white T-shirt, with the words "White Knight" stenciled in red over his chest. On the back is a golden shield with a pair of swords crossed over it, while on the right sleeve is an AWA logo. He also wears a pair of black jeans. Over his left shoulder is the grandest prize in all of professional wrestling, the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Martinez, his eyes narrowed and face set in determination, makes a determined stride towards the ring and enters it quickly, moving to get in the face of Johnny Detson. After a bit of off-mic jaw jacking between the two, Martinez steps back, bringing a microphone to his mouth.]

RM: Ducking you?

[The fans are clearly behind Martinez, as their loud jeering of Detson attests.]

RM: Last time we were in an AWA ring, I wasn't ducking you, Detson.

I was beating you!

[Another roar from the crowd.]

RM: Now, you can say anything you want Detson. You can call yourself "The Standard," or any other thing. You can stand here in this ring and talk until you're blue in the face. But you know, I know, and every person watching knows that there's only one way to tell who the best in the world is.

And it's sitting right here on my shoulder!

[Martinez looks towards the title belt, as again the fans roar in approval.]

RM: Do you deserve a title shot? Of course you don't. Are you the Number One Contender? The office says you are... but that three count in Tokyo tells me you're not!

[Martinez exhales, as the fire comes into his eyes.]

RM: You caught me on a good night, Detson. Because I'm in the mood for a fight. So I'm not going to duck you, Detson.

I'm going to challenge you.

Right here, tonight, live on your favorite station and mine, The X.

[Big cheer from the Portland crowd now on the verge of seeing a title match as Martinez points to the Fox logo on Detson's sweatshirt.]

RM: You and me, for the World Heavyweight title. One more time.

What do you say, Standard?

[Detson's eyes go wide from shock as the crowd roars its approval of the challenge. Detson, however, quickly recovers and starts to shout at Martinez before walks over to the rope and begins to tug on them as if to stretch, but he quickly stops and grabs at his shoulder.]

BW: We're going to get a title match?! Here?! Tonight?!

GM: Ryan Martinez is a fighting champion and he's proving it here in Portland as he's offering Johnny Detson - the Number One Contender according to the official rankings - a title shot!

[Swinging his arm in an over dramatic windmill motion, Detson glares at the World Champion. He stops swinging his arm and raises the microphone.]

JD: No.

[Detson smirks as the crowd boos.]

JD: You'd like that wouldn't you, White Knight? Come out here; shock me with a title match? Have me accept when I'm not mentally prepared, when I'm not dressed to compete here tonight. No, you won't be getting off that easy.

[Detson continues to shake his head as if he's trying to convince himself.]

JD: No, if you were any kind of real champion, you'd give a little time for preparation. You'd give me a time and a place right here, right now of when Johnny Detson gets his rematch, not some shock and awe sneak attack you're proposing right now!

[Martinez looks at Detson, his head cocked to the side his brow raised. Finally, with a shake of his head, he addresses his challenger again.]

RM: Can't say I'm surprised.

But you know what Detson? As I was watching you prance around, I realized two things. Number one, beating you was one of the most satisfying moments, not only of my career, but of my entire life. And number two, I'd like to relive that moment.

So you want a time and a place?

[Martinez scratches his chin for a moment, before finally nodding.]

RM: September Fifth, Mexico City, Mexico!

Copa de Trios!

Twenty-one days enough time for you to prepare, Detson?

[Detson smiles as he nods his head.]

RM: Then we've got a date. You and me... with this...

[He holds up the title.]

RM: ...on the line...

[Detson interrupts.]

JD: Assuming you get past Carver in Las Vegas in two weeks.

[He smirks at the assertion. Martinez glares at him, slowly nodding.]

JD: Well then champ, I guess there's only one thing left to say.

[Detson turns, stepping through the ropes to stand on the apron.]

JD: I guess we better make sure you're still the champ after Las Vegas, right?

[Detson gives off a chuckle, dropping the mic in the ring before hopping off the apron. He backpedals down the aisle, looking back up into the ring where Martinez is glaring at him.]

RM: You're asking me if I'll still be the champion on September fifth? Johnny Detson, you can...

[Martinez lifts the microphone high over his head, and as he shouts his answer, the mic picks up the fans saying the same thing.]

"COUNT ON IT!!!"



[With that, Martinez throws down the microphone, where it lands right at Detson's feet. The two men trade words off-mic as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Wow! Ryan Martinez is living up to that fighting champion reputation as he's just set up two of the toughest title defenses in a matter of weeks that you can imagine. If Hannibal Carver accepts his challenge, those two will collide two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas... and if Martinez survives that encounter with the gold, he'll defend it against Johnny Detson in Mexico City a week after that!

BW: You talk about your dumb kid moves. Martinez never ceases to amaze me.

GM: That's because you confuse courage for a lack of intelligence! Fans, it's already been a wild night here on Saturday Night Wrestling and it's only going to get better so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

A black and white shot comes up on the screen, showing the Main Event of the original SuperClash, a snap shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez colliding. A voiceover begins.]

"It began with a clash of two of the AWA's greatest of all time."

[The shot of Vasquez and Scott turns into another shot of them battling at SuperClash II before we jump ahead to SuperClash III where we see William Craven, now unmasked from his disguise as The Minion, assaulting Alex Martinez.]

"We've seen surprise clashes..."

[And then to SuperClash IV where Joe Petrow and "Big" Jim Watkins are tearing each other apart.]

"Clashes of legends..."

[On to SuperClash V with some highlights from the tag team battle between the Blonde Bombers and SkyHerc.]

"Clashes of athleticism..."

[SuperClash VI's spotlighted footage is of Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez lighting it up in the middle of Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of sports and entertainment.]

"Championship clashes..."

[The black and white footage goes to color, speeding up drastically to show match after match after match after match, getting faster and faster until slamming to a halt, showing an aerial shot of Minute Maid Field, the site of SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas.]

"What kind of clash will we see this year?"

[The shot slowly fades to a graphic advertising the big event...

...and then back up through pink on the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing - awkwardly - alongside the pink boa wearin', Diet Coke sharin', kiss-stealin', cop-a-feelin' son of a gun known as Casanova who is clad in powder pink trunks and pink-tinted sunglasses in the shape of hearts. They are in front of a locker room door that clearly says "CASANOVA"... well, as clearly as you can in silver glittery script.]

SLB: Casanova, after months of... provocation on your part, Hannibal Carver is in the building here tonight and while he's got bigger fish to fry, you have to be concerned that he's noticed your... antics.

[Casanova throws a lop-sided sneer in Blackwell's direction.]

C: "Provocation." "Antics." You can hide your disgust through your thinly-veiled comments, Blackwell, but both you and I know that true love turns your stomach. Ever since that little doll in Mobile, Alabama took you for all you had and left you high and dry while she went down the road with the Hell's Angels.

[Blackwell's face turns red.]

SLB: How do you- we're not here to talk about me!

[Casanova throws a finger up, placing it firmly against Blackwell's lips, causing them to squish against his face.]

C: No. We're not. We're here to talk about romance. For months now, I can feel his hands on me... his fingers running through my hair... his smile at my whispered words. And tonight... tonight, it's magic time.

The world may think that my dear sweet Hanny has come to this god-forsaken hole of a city to answer the challenge of young Martinez but we all know different. Hanny will play his role... he will play the part that he's been asked to play. But deep inside, it's not the World Title he wants to strap around his waist.

[Casanova takes a deep breath, slowly exhaling as a hiss through his lips.]

C: It's... me.

[He leans forward, winking into the camera.]

C: I'll be waiting. Toodles.

[With a smirk, Casanova turns, opening up the locker room door, and stepping through...]

SLB: That man sends shivers down-

[From within the room, a bellow rings out - harsh, deep... not the light, airy tones Casanova put on moments ago.]

C: WHAT THE [BLEEP?!]

[Blackwell recoils in surprise, shoving the door open.]

SLB: Casanova? Are you... oh my word...

[As the cameraman steps into view, we see Casanova's manager, the obnoxious Mickey Cherry laid out on the floor, his head resting in a pool of his own (presumably) blood. A few feet away? A broken beer bottle. Casanova is kneeling, nearly in tears as he checks on his manager's condition.]

C: Get help! BLACKWELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET SOME GOD D-

[Abrupt cut back to ringside.]

GM: A most disturbing scene back there in the locker room of Casanova and... well, we certainly didn't see who assaulted Mickey Cherry but there's a very clear implica-

BW: What are you saying?!

GM: It looked pretty obvious to me. The broken beer bottle is certainly something you could assume-

BW: Are you saying that Hannibal Carver assaulted an unarmed man?!

GM: I wouldn't want to accuse anyone without clear cut evidence but-

BW: If that's true, he should be BARRED from ever getting a shot at the World Title and Johnny Detson should receive his shot two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas, Gordo!

GM: Well, I certainly doubt that's going to happen. Mr. Carver knows that the front office has him on a very short leash after his actions in the past and I'm sure he'll be very careful not to do anything that would cost him that long-awaited title opportunity.

BW: You act like Carver has that kind of forethought, Gordo. He's a savage animal with a bloodlust and a killer instinct that says the right answer in any situation is to lash out at the closest warm body.

GM: Fans, we'll bring you an update on Mickey Cherry's condition as soon as we have one but right now, let's go down to the ring for some one-on-one action!

[The camera pans to the ring where James Reed stands in the ring. He's wearing full length forest-green tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots.]

PW: Introducing first, he hails from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and weighs in at 270 pounds...this is...

JAMES REED!

[A polite round of applause comes forth from the Portland crowd as Reed stands there awaiting his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...

"STROKE ME STROKE ME"]

GM: I thought Rex Summers was supposed to be facing James Reed tonight.

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a fiery red head beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing an Egyptian blue halter top and a pair of form fitting white pants.]

BW: Well, it seems Rex Summers has decided to change things up a bit tonight.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by...

[The next words are dripping with disgust.]

PW: ...the luckiest girl on the planet tonight...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length blue 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 as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side, beaming at the camera. They walk up the steps together where she sits on the middle rope, allowing Summers to easily step into the ring where he grabs at the mic.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The boos come louder from the crowd as the music stops.]

GM: The fans in Portland are letting the arrogant Rex Summers know exactly how they feel about him.

BW: All they are doing is showing the world how the green eyed monster owns Portland, Gordo.

[A smirking Summers raises the mic as the young lady accompanying him stands off the side, rubbing his neck with her hands. He throws her a glance, smiling before speaking again.]

RS: Sweetheart, do you hear these people? Do you hear how each and everyone of them wants to be where you are... in your heels... next to the hottest man to ever step foot into The City of Roses?

[She nods gleefully as he looks out into the crowd.]

RS: And can you blame them, Sweetheart? Of course you can't.

[A look of disgust crosses the face of Rex Summers.]

RS: For a place nicknamed the City of Roses, this place reeks of the pungent, putrid sweat of the pitiful Portland peons, who look like they just crawled out of the Columbia River.

[The boos pour down... mostly. Still some females squealing though.]

RS: Ladies... tonight, when you look at your final mistake in life laying next to you, drool running from the corner of their mouths, crumbs from tonight's dinner all over their beer gut, know that once your eyes are closed, you can envision 'Red Hot' Rex Summers...

[He smirks.]

RS: And be taken to ecstasy. Now hit my music as I show you all what a true man looks like!

[In a shock to no one, the arena once again fills with boos, as the sensational looking blonde begins to remove the robe from the back of Summers.]

BW: Love him or hate him, you cannot deny that Rex Summers has perhaps the greatest physique in the wrestling world, daddy!

GM: I certainly think there's far more that hate him than love him.

[On cue, the camera cuts to a middle-aged woman screaming and holding up a sign that reads "SEXY REXY!" in silver glitter amidst a glittering red heart.]

BW: You might need to check the batteries in your hearing aid, Gordo, because this place is alive with the Sounds of Summers, daddy!

GM: Nevertheless, Rex Summers may have his work cut out for him tonight when he takes on James Reed who is no slouch inside the squared circle.

BW: You still on this kick about Summers facing stiffer competition?

GM: I believe he's been taking the easier path so far, yes, and if he expects to get a title opportunity, he needs to face higher-level competition.

[As the bell rings, James Reed pulls down on the top rope, stretching his arms and shoulders for a brief moment. He slowly turns around and is met by a quick kick to the mid-section that doubles James over.]

GM: Sneak attack from behind from Summers at the bell!

BW: Rex is gonna end it early!

[Summers grabs the arms of Reed, trying to secure the double underhook that leads directly to the Heat Check DDT...

...but Reed struggles enough to prevent "Red Hot" from locking up the arms, pushing Summers back into the corner where he throws a haymaker to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Reed! A second one and he's got Summers reeling in the early moments of this one!

[Summers staggers out of the corner towards the middle of the ropes where Reed grabs an arm, looking for an Irish whip.]

GM: Big whip by the Pittsburgh native... clothesline ducked by Summers...

[Building momentum, Summers bounces off the far ropes...

...where Reed lifts him by the leg, dropping him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: Flapjack by James Reed!

BW: Right on Summers' moneymaker!

[Summers comes up grabbing at his face as Reed climbs to his feet, pumping his arms to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: Looks like Remy might have underestimated James Reed, a former EMWC World Champion.

GM: A former what? James Reed was no such thing, Bucky! Wait, are you talking about Joe Reed?

BW: Exactly. James Reed.

GM: Those are not the same person at all! "Crimson" Joe Reed is a multi-time World Champion and Hall of Famer and James Reed is... well, not.

BW: Ah, my mistake. See, when there's a man the caliber of Rex Summers in the ring and a lovely Summers' Sweetheart on the outside, you sort of forget the Reeds, Hammonds, Williams and Hernandezes of the world.

[Gordon can be heard sighing as Summers slaps the mat hard and begins to push up to all fours. James Reed drives the sole of his boot into the back of Summers forcing him back to the mat. Another stomp by Reed and the former Longhorn Heritage Champion is forced to the canvas once again.]

GM: James Reed staying on the attack as he goes to the ground and pound method drilling elbow after elbow into the head of Rex Summers.

BW: You're ignoring the fact he has the hair!

[The referee tells James Reed to release the hair of Summers as he delivers a third elbow to the back of Summers' head.]

BW: This is getting ridiculous! Come on, zebra - do your job right!

GM: Why don't I ever hear you getting this worked up when it's Bobby O'Connor or Ryan Martinez who's on the receiving end of the rules being bent?

BW: Don't even start, Gordo. It's not like those Martinezes are the most rule abiding family in this business. And as for O'Connor, he does enough crying when he's getting beat no one needs to do it for him.

[The referee finally steps in and grabs the shoulders of James Reed, pulling him back.]

BW: Finally, the referee drags Reed off the former World Television Champion.

GM: Well, it may be a matter of semantics but you should recall that when Summers held gold here in the AWA, he was actually the Longhorn Heritage Champion - the title that would later become the World Television Title.

BW: Like I said, a former World Television Champion.

[Gordon sighs again as Summers pushes up off the mat, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs just before Reed grabs his muscular arm again, whipping him hard into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Summers hits the buckles hard and James Reed is looking to score a big upset here tonight in Portland!

[Rushing into the buckles, Reed lands a clothesline that lifts Summers off the mat before his legs drop back down, feet resting on the mat again.]

GM: Wow! What a clothesline by the Pittsburgh native!

[The referee again steps in, telling Reed to back off as he pushes Summers' head back, throwing an elbow to the side of the jaw!]

BW: Again, this guy is cheating his tail off and no one's doing anything about it!

GM: The referee's counting, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but when I tell you that, you nearly have a fit out here!

[Reed lands a second back elbow that rocks "Red Hot" Rex Summers as the official steps in again, putting his arm in front of Reed and forcing him to step back. Reed turns to argue with the official.]

GM: Now, I don't particularly care for when officials put their hands on a competitor and-

[With Reed distracted by Davis Warren, Summers takes advantage and connects with a solid left into the jaw of Reed!]

GM: Oh! Straight left hand right on the button!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Summers SMASHES Reed's face into the top turnbuckle. As Reed staggers back out, Summers dips down, scooping him up, spinning around and slamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Summers drops him with a body slam... taking aim...

[Summers lifts his right arm, curling it into a single bicep flex. He plants a kiss on the bicep before dropping the elbow down into the chest... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Summers dropping elbow after elbow down into the chest of James Reed after that big slam...

[Climbing back to his feet, Summers lifts both arms into a double bicep flex before slipping his hands behind his head, swiveling his hips in the direction of the crowd which draws a mix of jeers and squeals...

...until Summers leaps into the air, planting a knee down across the sternum of Reed!]

GM: Ohh! That might be enough to finish the man off right there!

[Summers rolls to his side, resting his head on his fist as he waves for the referee to count.]

GM: Arrogant cover by Summers... and of course, James Reed is out at two. There's no way you're going to pin someone like that.



BW: Challenge accepted!

GM: It was NOT a challenge and as Summers... oh, come on! That's a choke, fans!

BW: Looks like an inverted front chancery to me. Nice technique.

GM: It's a choke hold! Call it for what it is, Bucky!

[With the referee counting, Summers breaks the chokehold, climbing off the mat. Davis Warren and Rex Summers have a verbal exchange as James Reed crawls across the ring, using the ropes to drag himself back to a standing position...

...as Summers shoves the official aside, rushing across the ring and connecting with a running clothesline that takes Reed over the top rope, dumping him down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: OHH! Aggressive move by Rex Summers right there sending James Reed all the way over the top rope and down to the floor...

BW: Don't look now, Gordo, but Sexy Remy is heading out after him.

GM: Sexy Remy... ugh.

BW: Don't hate him 'cause he's beautiful.

GM: Oh, there's plenty of other reasons to dislike this man for sure.

[Out on the floor, Summers drags Reed off the padded concrete, dragging him into a front facelock. He slings Reed's arm over his neck...]

GM: Wait a second! There's no call for this, Bucky! There's absolutely no reason for him to-

[Summers powers Reed up into the air, dumping him down on the barely-padded floor in a spine-shaking suplex!]

GM: OHH! Impactful suplex by "Red Hot" Rex Summers right out here by us on the floor and I'll tell you, that's a complete lack of regard for another's man health!

BW: This is a rough business, Gordo. Every man who steps into the AWA ring knows the risks involved.

GM: This business is about defeating an opponent... not attempting to cripple them.

[Summers climbs to his feet, soaking up the jeers of the Portland crowd as he turns towards the announce table, shouting in their direction.]

BW: Hah! Rex said that one was for you, Gordo!

GM: Me?! What did I do?!

BW: Maybe he listened to some of the junk you were saying about him last time out.

GM: Despicable. He's got no one but himself to blame for his actions.

BW: That's not what I just heard. James Reed can blame you for that suplex.

[The referee's continuing his ten count as Summers slides into the ring to break the count.]

BW: Summers showing that he's always aware of what is going on as he breaks the count at eight.

[He once again rolls to the floor, grabs Reed, and slides him back into the ring.]

BW: Great sportsmanship there as Summers helps Reed back into the ring.

GM: Oh sure. Great sportsmanship!

BW: I'm glad we agree.

[Back inside the ring, Summers pulls Reed off the mat. He grabs a front facelock, looking for another suplex but this time, Reed drops down to a knee, blocking the lift attempt.]

GM: Summers can't get Reed all the way up from that kneeling position... ohh! Hard elbow to the back of the head!

[A look of frustration crosses the Saint Paul native's face as he unloads with a series of elbows to the back of Reed's head.]

GM: Summers just driving the point of his elbow into the skull of Reed, trying to beat some of the fight out of the Pittsburgh native... now he pulls him right back up...

[He hooks him again for a suplex, lifting him up...

...and then hangs him out to dry over the top rope, dropping his opponent gutfirst over the cable!]

GM: OHH!

[Summers smirks at the crowd's reaction, brushing his hands off slowly before placing his hands on the back of his head, pushing down to flex his well-cut abs for all of Portland to see.]

GM: How can one man be so arrogant?

BW: Rex Summers recently had those abs insured by Lloyd's of London, Gordo. They're worth one million dollars now!

GM: You don't know the name of James Reed but you know how much Rex Summers' abs are worth... you amaze me, Bucky.

[Grabbing Reed by the hair, Summers flips him over the ropes and down to the mat before attempting a cover.]

GM: Summers covers for one... two... and no! Reed kicks out!

[Summers glares at the official as he climbs to his feet, obviously telling him to count faster.]

BW: And Summers is not a happy camper right now.

GM: After his showboating, Summers only has himself to blame.

[Dragging Reed off the mat by the arm, Summers twists the arm around before ducking under it, lifting Reed up and setting him back down in an Inverted Atomic Drop!]

GM: Down across the knee... and Summers to the rope, rebounding back...

[The running Summers extends his left arm, **BLASTING** the dazed Reed in the back of the head, knocking him back down to the mat!]

GM: There's that North Star Lariat.

BW: It's one of the most brutal lariats in the business, Gordo.

[With Reed down on the mat, Summers taps the bottom of his right elbow a couple of times as he takes a few steps backwards. He holds the point of his elbow as he steps forward and drops the elbow to the back of his head.]

GM: Another hard elbowdrop.

BW: Totally different style though. The other were those traditional elbowdrops but that one was **DRIVEN** down into the back of the head and neck!

[Climbing back to his feet, Summers drags Reed off the mat, pulling him to his feet with authority with a yank of the arm, twisting it around in another armwringer...]

GM: Summers yanks him into that short-arm knee to the gut!

BW: There's no fight in Reed this time as Summers underhooks both arms...  
**HEAT CHECK!**

[Reed's head is driven hard into the mat by the double arm DDT.]

BW: Count along with me, Gordo! One, two, three! That's all she wrote!

[As the bell sounds, Summers rolls off Reed, climbing to his feet to allow the referee to raise his hand in victory. That only lasts a moment as Summers pulls his arm away and places both hands behind his head. He begins to gyrate his hips as the Summers' Sweetheart motions towards Summers like he is a showcase on The Price Is Right.]

GM: Rex Summers with another victory... a hard-fought win this time over James Reed.

BW: You happy now, Gordo?

GM: Well, it's certainly a step in the right direction but I'm telling you, there's an entire locker room full of competitors who will be more than willing to step up to face Rex Summers if he wants to prove he deserves a title opportunity. Fans, we're going to take a quick break as Rex Summers and his so-called Summers Sweetheart are making their way over to Colt Patterson at the interview position. We'll be right back.

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

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

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

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

# I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

# Because you light up the path

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

Fade back up to live action - this time to Colt Patterson at the interview platform where he's been joined by a sweaty Rex Summers who is being dabbed with a white towel by the Summers Sweetheart for the evening. Patterson is dressed in a zebra print t-shirt with the sleeves cut out. He's got rose-colored sunglasses pulled down to the tip of his nose so he can look over them at the subjects of his interview. A black do-rag covers his head as he speaks.]

CP: Welcome back to Colt on The X... where the pleasure is all yours! I'm being joined by the one they call "Red Hot" and Rex, it's obvious to see why you earned that nickname. Because without question, there is no one in the AWA that can compete with you.

[Colt flexes his own well-defined right bicep, but shakes his head knowing he doesn't measure up to Rex.]

CP: Two weeks ago, we heard the comments from a certain AWA announcer...

[Rex shakes his head and rolls his eyes.]

CP: ...who thinks it's time you faced some real competition here in the AWA.

[Summers nods as he leans over the mic.]

RS: The rumblings and opinions of many here...

[Rex stares at the ample chest of his lovely lady for the evening as he is saying the sentence.]

RS: ...are busting out all over.

[Colt smirks as Rex lets out a throaty chuckle.]

RS: And one of those gossipers is sitting at ringside, Mister Gordon Myers.

[Rex stares towards the ringside area as Colt speaks.]

CP: I, for one, want to know how you feel about Myers saying it's time for you to step up and face real-

[Still staring towards ringside, Rex cuts off Colt in mid-sentence.]

RS: So the competition that the AWA has put before Rex Summers isn't good enough for you, Myers?

[The camera shot cuts to ringside for a moment where Gordon Myers shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Rex Summers has paused in his words, giving Colt the chance to seize the moment.]

CP: It seems to me that Gordon over there doesn't think you could defeat the likes of Hercules Hammonds, Derrick Williams or even Cesar Hernandez.

[Rex looks disgusted at the mention of those men's names.]

RS: You want the opinion of a real man, Myers? Well, here's an opinion, give Hammonds a big red nose and ship him off to the three ring circus... 'cause that's where clowns belong!

And here's another one for you. Derrick Williams was the talk of the Twitter verse till he ran into that walking mountain, KING Oni. Now when people mention his name... all you hear are crickets so tell Rex Summers how he's real competition.

[There is a moment of silence before Rex Summers breaks it.]

RS: Exactly, Colt, he's not. Just like there was no true competition for "Red Hot" Rex Summers in PCW all those years ago... just like there was none for me when I was in the AWA before... and just like now, there's absolutely no one that can-

[Suddenly, a chant breaks out that is quite audible in Portland.]

"CE-SAR! CE-SAR! CE-SAR!"

[Colt looks around with disgust as Rex pauses in mid-sentence, a look of ill humor on his face.]

RS: Hernandez? Do these Portland Paupers really believe Blackjack Lynch's charity case would truly be a challenge to this?

[Rex places his hands behind his head and flexes his abdominal muscles, giving the ladies of Portland a thrill.]

CP: Charity case?

RS: No need to play coy, Colt. Your family was always close to the Lynches so you know better than anyone that ol' Blackjack let Hernandez work in Texas in exchange for working on the Ranch.

[The crowd boos loudly.]

CP: Rex, are you saying-

[Summers raises his hand.]

RS: Hey, I'm just going by the word on the street... but let's get back to Myers. For a man who is supposedly the best in the business at his job, let me give you a history lesson, old man.

Cesar Hernandez chased the PCW Heavyweight Championship for six months and time after time, he failed... just like when he was swimming across that river trying to get into the States!

[More boos!]

RS: The man racked up more time in the water than the US Olympic Swim Team, Colt.

[Summers seems to be enjoying himself quite a bit.]

RS: But once he got here and once he got the man before you right now, "Red Hot" Rex Summers, in that ring... he couldn't get the job done. In front of his wife who took up three front row seats on her own...

[Summers sneers at the jeering crowd.]

RS: ...and his kids who... well, let's just say you could throw a rock from the ring and hit a Hernandez kid that night in El Paso when we fought for the title.

That night I hit the Heat Check... I got the one-two-three... and I got my hand raised, Myers... and I showed Hernandez' wife... his kids... and everyone who chanted his name just like these pathetic Portlandites...

...what a loser he truly was.

[Summers smirks as the jeers pick up again.]

RS: But any time Hot Blooded Hernandez wants a shot at the Hottest Body In Pro Wrestling, you have him give me a call...

[He throws a glance over at the Sweetheart.]

RS: ...but don't be surprised if it goes straight to voicemail. Come on, Sweetheart, let's blow this joint.

[Summers leans over, blowing a kiss towards the camera as he and the Sweetheart exit out of the camera's view.]

CP: Rex Summers telling it true here tonight in Portland. Take that, Gordon Myers. Now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first in the ring... from Austin, Texas... he weighs in at two hundred sixty-one pounds... Benjamin Depue!

[Depue flexes arrogantly and flicks sweat off his brow toward the hard camera position.]

[The opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA.]

PW: And his opponent... about to make his way down the aisle... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at two-hundred nine pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

GM: Caspian Abaran must be looking forward to Copa De Trios; we've heard rumblings that he's looking to make a statement in his home country.

BW: Well, keep in mind that "help me, I'm don't know what I'm doing out here" is a kind of statement.

[Quickly arriving at ringside, Abaran jogs down the apron and around to his left. He turns and spreads his arms out to the side, reaching them forward to acknowledge the crowd. The nimble luchador then backflips over the top rope into the ring, and proceeds to the opposite corner to greet the fans there.]

DING! DING! DING!"

[Abaran hops down from the buckle and jogs to meet his opponent.]

GM: And Abaran, as seems to be typical in his run in the AWA is giving up a size advantage here... over fifty pounds and seven inches. Locking up with the big Depue, that might be a mistake... Caspian Abaran goes behind and takes out the big guy's legs!

BW: More heart than brains, Gordo. That's not gonna get him anywhere in the AWA.

GM: Depue back up, but Abaran is like greased lightning with a side headlock on his opponent. Depue shoving him off, but Abaran hits the ropes running... Textbook flying headscissors and Abaran is relentless, keeping his opponent off guard!

BW: Where has this consistency been all through his run here, Gordo?!



GM: I think he's fired up... He wants to participate in Cope De Trios, coming up on the fifth of September - OOH! My stars!

[Depue turns Caspian Abaran a full 270 degrees with a lariat.]

BW: Ya can't keep doing low-level moves in the AWA! Ya gotta go for impact!

GM: Caspian Abaran, feeling the effects of that clothesline - wait! He draws his opponent into a small package! One... Two-count!

BW: No way is a small package a viable option on a guy that big, Gordo.

GM: I disagree, Bucky. I think I get Abaran's strategy. He wants his opponent to expend his energy kicking out of near-falls and getting up from those takedowns! Depue back to a vertical base... Abaran leads him right into Mexican armdrag!

BW: Gordo, so what kind of statement is this Abaran going to make to bring him back to prominence in Mexico? He's not in any title chases!

GM: I have no idea, Bucky, but he seems to have something in mind... Depue irish whipped to the corner... Leg lariat coming up... No Depue dodges it, but Abaran lands on the apron, already climbing the turnbuckle...

BW: Look out!

GM: Abaran somersaults from the top rope and takes the big man down with a body press! Hooks the leg! Two... and three! Abaran uses his speed to chop down a bigger wrestler!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner, CASPIAN... ABARAN!

[The referee raises a pumped Caspian Abaran's arm.]

GM: Decisive victory from this young man from Mexico; this is the most energized we've seen him in months. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is at ringside to get a word with our victor... take it away, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Thank you, Gordo and Bucky... Caspian Abaran, three weeks from tonight, Copa De Trios takes place in your native Mexico and you say you're going to be there. How do intend on getting there?

CA: Lou, I think back to three months ago, when I was defending my honor in this ring... and I was interrupted by a man with no honor and no respect for the great tradition of wrestling in America or for that matter, Mexico. I think of how he has strut around in front of all these great fans and how he sneers and scowls down at them, while avoiding any real challenges.

[Abaran points to the camera.]

CA: Maxim Zharkov, The Tsar: I address you tonight. You saw you have fifteen thousand in cash for any man who can last five minutes in the ring with you? You can keep that money for yourself. I know I can do battle with you for five minutes, because I will fight on behalf of every tradition you have disrespected in that sacred ring. I answer your challenge, Mr. Zharkov, and I will do so with eyes of all Mexico looking up at me at Copa De Trios, and the Prince of the Sun will rise again!

[The fans cheer the challenge and Abaran turns to acknowledge them.]

SLB: There you have it! Maxim Zharkov has another man who wants to answer the five-minute challenge, and it could be his toughest opponent yet! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's "The Professional" Dave Cooper in action so don't 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 AWAshop.com. Get yours today!

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

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

SLB: Fans, in just a few minutes, we are about to see an individual who we had not seen in the AWA in more than a year, but this man interfered in the recent National Title match between Rob Driscoll and Travis Lynch... this man will be wrestling in just a few minutes, but I want to first get a few words from him.

[That's the cue for "The Professional" Dave Cooper to walk in front of the camera. Cooper is dressed in a brown vest, black wrestling trunks, black kneepads and white wrestling boots. He has a smirk on his face. He is accompanied by Miss Sandra Hayes who is in a stylish skintight black bodysuit with a teardrop-shaped cutout to expose some cleavage. Her hair is pulled back into a ponytail.]

SLB: Dave Cooper, the man known as The Professional, let's get right to the matter at hand.

[Hayes clears her throat.]

SLB: And... of course, Miss Hayes as well.

[She nods approvingly.]

SLB: Dave Cooper, you attacked Travis Lynch during his National Title match against Rob Driscoll, costing Lynch the opportunity to become the new National Champion and denying him a shot for as long as Driscoll holds that title. What do you have to say for yourself in denying that young man an opportunity to...

DC: [holds up his hand] All right, Sweet Lou, that's just about enough out of you! You stand there and tell me that I cost Travis Lynch an opportunity. The fact is, Travis Lynch had plenty of opportunities and couldn't get the job done. So he did what every Texan is an expert at, and what every Texan is an expert for that matter, and that's making excuses for every time they aren't good enough to get something done for themselves. You look at how every Texan likes to brag about how independent they are, how they can stand on their own two feet and don't need anybody to bail them out, but the instant they come up short, they cry about it, they make excuses and they point fingers at anybody but themselves. That's the reason why nobody can take Texas seriously, and that's the reason why I don't like anyone in that Lynch family.

SLB: You have some nerve to run down a whole state and the residents who take pride in, Dave Cooper. And while Travis Lynch may not be getting

another crack at the National Title for a while, he has his sights set on you and getting even for what you did a couple of months ago.

[Cooper chuckles, shaking his head as Hayes throws back her head in a sharp laugh.]

DC: See, this is the problem with Travis Lynch... as good of a wrestler as he may be, he wants to pretend that he's up there with the elite in professional wrestling. Well, Travis, you aren't in my league, you aren't in Rob Driscoll's league, and you need to stop pretending that you are. Because if you step in the ring with me, you will find out the hard way why I am among the cream of the crop, why I am a former AWA Tag Team Champion, and why I should have been challenging for the World Title, the National Title or the TV Title a long time ago. Not some drunken lowlife like Hannibal Carver, not some face-painted pretty boy like Supernova, and certainly not anybody from that Lynch family!

MSH: In case you're missing the message, Blackwell, Dave is making it real clear that in the very near future, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll is not the only member of the Lion's Den who'll be wearing championship gold.

[Cooper points a finger at the camera.]

DC: That's right... so let me give you some advice, Travis Lynch. I want you to watch real close what I do to my opponent tonight. I want you to watch how the elite in professional wrestling get it done. How a man who is not afraid to face anybody, who has made life miserable for every single person who was unlucky enough to step into the ring to face me, and who has taken the best effort from the best in this business and thrown it right back in their faces, goes out there and gets the job done. And then, maybe... MAYBE... you might understand what needs to be done to give yourself even a 10 percent chance of beating me.

[He laughs a bit as Sandra shakes her head with a "Nope! Not a chance!" off-mic.]

DC: Now who I am kidding. Travis Lynch is good, but good isn't good enough to beat the elite, which is what I am, which is what Driscoll is, and which is what the Lion's Den represents. So better yet, Travis, after you watch what I do to my opponent, you'll realize you need to just back off and don't bother to challenge me, unless you don't mind me kicking your punk rear end from one side of the ring to the other.

[Sandra Hayes points a finger at Blackwell.]

MSH: And you, Blackwell, better learn to show a little more respect to The Professional and stop making these accusations about how he cost Travis Lynch something or any other outlandish claim you want to make about the Lion's Den!

[Cooper grabs Blackwell by the collar.]

DC: That's the end of the discussion, Blackwell... I've got a five and dimer to go beat up now!

[Cooper walks off the set as Blackwell turns to the camera and Hayes stays standing next to him, an arm over his shoulders.]

SLB: That man has got such a big head, it's a wonder he can fit it through a door. Gordon and Bucky, back to you.

[We cut back to ringside.]

GM: Fans, Dave Cooper is set to make his return to the AWA ring tonight, and it sounds like he has no concern for how he cost Travis Lynch the National Title and Lynch laying down a challenge in his direction. Honestly, Bucky, he sounds like he's worried about Travis Lynch.

BW: Worried? What is there to worry about? You heard the man... Travis Lynch thinks he's one of the elite, but he's not, and the Lion's Den are! I can't wait to see what Dave Cooper does tonight, as he demonstrates to everyone why he is one of the best in the business, and why Travis Lynch needs to learn his place, and it's certainly not taking on men like The Professional!

GM: [shakes his head] Underestimating the likes of Travis Lynch is never smart, Bucky, and I believe Dave Cooper will find that out the hard way someday. Let's go up to the ring.

[Fade to the ring where Phil Watson stands in the middle and Outback Zack Kelly stands off to one corner.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Wagga Wagga, Australia, and weighing 247 pounds... "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[Cheers go up for the somewhat popular Australian, who raises his hands and acknowledges the fans.]

"The Professional" by Leon plays over the PA system and the cheers fade, replaced by loud boos.]

PW: And his opponent, from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and weighing 260 pounds...being accompanied to the ring by Miss Sandra Hayes... "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER!

[The man known as "The Professional," Dave Cooper, walks out from the back and down the aisle. Cooper wears black wrestling trunks, black kneepads, white wrestling boots, and a brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back in white lettering. He has a smirk on his face, his eyes hardened yet showing a little disdain for the booing crowd.]

GM: It's the first time in more than a year that Dave Cooper has stepped into a ring. You have to wonder if there's going to be some ring rust on him, Bucky.

BW: Are you kidding me? For Dave Cooper, it's like riding a bicycle. When you get good at it, you can pick it up again any time and never miss a beat.

GM: Cooper may very well have problems of his own to deal with, given that Travis Lynch is keeping a close eye on him. And there's a man for whom wrestling is definitely like riding a bicycle, in that he knows exactly what needs to be done.

BW: How can Travis Lynch know how to ride a bicycle? He couldn't even get on one, because he's too busy trying to figure out why it won't stand up by itself.

GM: Will you stop?

[Cooper just smirks at fans as he heads down the aisle, Hayes applauding as he she walks behind him. As they reach the ring, Cooper pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as Hayes climbs the ringsteps, staying on the apron to take the hand off of Cooper's vest after he raises his arms to the jeering crowd.]

GM: Cooper now circling Kelly, and the bell has rung. This one is underway.

[Cooper and Kelly lock up and The Professional gains the early advantage, pushing Kelly into the corner.]

GM: And it's Dave Cooper backing up the Australian into the corner. The referee is asking for a clean break here...

[Cooper slowly pulls away, but at the last second, he fires off a shot right to Kelly's face. Hayes laughs loudly at ringside, shouting, "Get him, Dave!"]

GM: And he's not going to get it! Dave Cooper now hammering away on Zack Kelly!

BW: See, this is what separates the elite from the good, and that's a man who knows how to take advantage of the situation!

GM: Dave Cooper now sending Kelly to the opposite corner with an Irish whip... he comes charging in... and look at that!

[Zack Kelly raises up a foot to catch Cooper in the face, staggering The Professional. Hayes slams her arms down on the ring apron in surprise.]

GM: Cooper got caught as he came into the corner... and there's a nice clothesline by Kelly! Miss Sandra Hayes isn't liking what she's seeing at this point of the contest, Bucky!

[The Australian wrestler pumps his fist and draws some cheers.]

BW: Oh, sure, Zack Kelly got a lucky shot in! But it's gonna take more than what he learned wrestling alligators and boxing with kangaroos to put Dave Cooper away.

GM: Kelly dragging Cooper off the canvas... OH! A shot to the midsection by Cooper doubles him over!

BW: See, there it is... lure the guy into thinking he has the advantage, then take it right back from him! That's why Travis Lynch can't match up to the elite, because he's too worried about honor and pride and all that other stupid stuff Texans talk about!

[Cooper catches Kelly with a shot right across the throat, drawing a warning from the referee.]

GM: Oh my, blow to the throat by Cooper! Does this man have no honor?

BW: What do you think, Gordo? I just told you that being worried about honor is what keeps you from being elite!

GM: Dave Cooper now with a kick to the midsection. Kelly doubled over, and now Cooper hooks him up.

[Cooper cinches up Kelly's neck, then grabs his trunk and snaps him over to the mat as Hayes again applauds his actions.]

GM: And a snap suplex by The Professional.... OH! He kicked him right in the head!

BW: That's something else only the elite learn to do... kick a man when he's down! Not like Travis Lynch and that honor stuff he talks about!

GM: I call what Cooper is doing dirty tactics, and there are plenty of great wrestlers who don't stoop to his level.

BW: And you think Travis is one of them?

GM: Absolutely.

BW: You really are a Texan, aren't you, Gordo? As in, millions of them in this country and not a brain among any of them!

GM: Will you stop?

[As the banter has continued, Cooper has grabbed Kelly by the leg and applied a stepover toehold.]

BW: See, Gordo, that's what an elite wrestler does! Take the guy down to the mat and work a body part over!



GM: I won't deny that Cooper is a student of the game, and right now, Zack Kelly is in a bad place. Now Cooper's got the other leg... he falls back into the figure-four leglock!

[Cooper falls back to the canvas and wrenches back, with Kelly flailing on the canvas, trying frantically to reach for the ropes.]

GM: Cooper applying the pressure to the legs and Kelly either needs to reverse the hold or get to the ropes. But can he do it?

BW: He can't do it! Cooper's got the hold cinched too tight!

[Hayes grabs the bottom rope, attempting to pull it out of reach as the referee reprimands her!]

GM: Oh, come on! She's blatantly breaking the rules there! Come on, referee!

[The official shouts at Hayes until she lets go of the rope which allows Kelly's hands grasp the bottom rope and the referee orders Cooper to break the hold, but it's not until the count of four that Cooper relents.]

BW: Oh, sure, take the easy way out, just like Travis Lynch would!

GM: Continuing to downplay what Travis Lynch has accomplished is not a wise move, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, and neither is Travis Lynch wanting Dave Cooper in the ring.

GM: Dave Cooper now pulling Kelly to his feet... here's an Irish whip... but Kelly ducks the clothesline attempt... and Kelly with his own clothesline.

[The fans cheer as Kelly knocks Cooper to the mat with a clothesline, and he motions to the crowd to keep it going. He turns back to Cooper, who gets to his knees, only for Kelly to kick him in the midsection.]

GM: Kelly has Cooper and drags him to his feet... he's got a side headlock. And look at him raise up that fist! Looks like he's gonna work him over!

BW: Looks like he's wasting time to me!

[Indeed, before Kelly can deliver a blow, Cooper grabs him by the right leg, bends it as he lifts Kelly up, and drops the leg across Cooper's bent knee.]

GM: Oh no! Cooper with a kneebreaker on Kelly and the Australian is down!

BW: And that's what the elite do... when you got some goof kissing up to the fans, you take him down!

GM: Cooper grabbing the right leg... look at him kick away at the knee and shin! What a brutal assault!

[Cooper takes Kelly by the leg, forcing the Australian onto his stomach and wrenching away at the ankle.]

GM: And look at this... Cooper applying that anklelock! And this time, he has him in the center of the ring!

BW: And now Kelly's got nowhere to go! It's just a matter of time!

GM: Cooper dropping to his knees as he continues to crank away on the ankle... Kelly trying to fight it off!

[But after a few seconds, it's too much for Kelly to take, and he slaps his hand several times on the canvas as Hayes cheers, pulling herself up onto the ring apron.]

GM: But no, there it is! Kelly submits to the anklelock and Dave Cooper takes the win!

BW: And that's why Travis Lynch should be backing off from Cooper! Imagine what Cooper will do to the likes of Lynch if he gets his hands on him!

[The referee calls for the bell and orders Cooper to release the hold. He keeps the anklelock applied for several seconds, but finally releases it.]

PW: Here is your winner, "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER!

[Cooper raises his arms to the booing crowd, then turns back to Kelly and stomps away on the right leg again as Hayes shouts encouragement from the apron.]

GM: Oh, come on, what's this about? He's already beaten the man!

BW: This is called sending a message to Travis Lynch.

GM: For what? Wasn't beating the man enough?

BW: I don't think Travis got the message the first time. You see, you have to repeat a message at least five times before a Texan can understand it!

GM: Cooper dragging Kelly up. Come on, this is uncalled for!

[Cooper whips Kelly into the ropes, then catches him under the legs, turns and drives Kelly hard into the canvas.]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! That's enough!

[Cooper rises to his feet and stomps away on Kelly again, as the referee tries to get Cooper to back off.]

GM: The official trying to get Cooper to stop this assault... WAIT A MINUTE!

[As the referee grabs at Cooper's arm, Cooper turns to grab the official by the shoulder, then he drags him to the side and throws him through the ropes.]

GM: Dave Cooper throws the referee from the ring! That's gonna result in a fine!

BW: It's worth it to make sure Travis Lynch gets the message!

GM: Cooper now grabbing Kelly by the leg. He's gonna try to put that anklelock on him again! Come on now!

[Cooper pulls the leg up, looking to re-apply the anklelock...

...when the Portland crowd suddenly bursts into cheers at the sight of Travis Lynch tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: HERE COMES TRAVIS! HERE COMES TRAVIS!

[Lynch dives headfirst under the bottom rope, springing to his feet as Cooper abandons his efforts to apply the anklelock, swinging at Lynch as he comes to his feet.]

GM: Cooper caught him coming in!

BW: Now you're gonna see a beating, Gordo!

[Cooper lands a few short right hands, backing Lynch up against the ropes where he buries a pair of knees into the gut. The Professional grabs the arm, looking to whip Lynch across but the Texan reverses it, sending Cooper into the ropes where he bounces off before getting LAUNCHED high into the air with a Texas-sized backdrop!]

GM: OH MY! You were saying, Bucky?!

BW: SHADDUP, MYERS!

[The Texan pumps his fists to the cheering crowd, tearing off his super smedium t-shirt and hurling it aside to the cheers of the ladies in the building. As he turns back towards a rising Cooper, he hooks a handful of tights...

...and HURLS him over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: TRAVIS CLEARS THE RING OF DAVE COOPER! OH YEAH!

[Travis steps up on the second rope, reading Cooper the riot act from inside the ring...

...which means he doesn't notice Miss Sandra Hayes, loaded Gucci bag in hand, climbing through the ropes, kicking off her heels, nodding her head before charging from behind!]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Sandra winds up, ready to drive her loaded Gucci bag into the back of the Texan's head...

...but Travis turns around in time to raise a muscular arm, blocking the blow!]

BW: Hey! Get your hands off that lady!

GM: I don't see any lady around here!

[Lynch yanks the bag out of her hand, shaking his head as he throws it aside.]

BW: Now he's stealing her purse, Myers!

[A fired-up Hayes launches forward, ready to claw out the eyes of the Texan who catches her coming in with his powerful arms...

...and pulls her closer, planting a kiss right on her!]

GM: Whooooooooa! How 'bout that?!

BW: WHAT?! HE CAN'T DO THAT! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

[Hayes' battling hands go limp for a moment, actually grabbing at Travis' back.]

GM: Sandra Hayes isn't fighting this!

BW: She... of course she is!

[Lynch releases her from his grip, watching as she steps back, the slightest of smiles on her face before she angrily wipes at her mouth, dropping to the mat and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: I think she might have liked it, Bucky! Maybe she's had the hots for Travis Lynch all along!

BW: No! There's no way that a woman with the class of Miss Sandra Hayes would have any feelings for a piece of- look at him going through her bag now!

GM: Travis Lynch taking a peek, perhaps trying to uncover the secret behind that knockout blow and-

[With Lynch looking in the bag, Dave Cooper slides back into the ring, charging Travis from behind...

...who wheels around, Gucci bag in hand, and SLAMS it into the skull of Dave Cooper, causing him to fall flat on his back like trying to make a snow angel!]

GM: Oh my stars! He knocked him cold! Travis Lynch just knocked him into the middle of next week with that loaded Gucci bag, Bucky!

BW: He's... he's a monster, Myers! He attacked Dave Cooper from behind, he kissed Sandra Hayes against her will, and then he used a weapon that he brought into the ring to assault Cooper again!

GM: He... what?! You're completely out of your gourd! He didn't do ANY of those things... well, maybe Miss Hayes will tell a different tale but from where I'm sitting, I think she enjoyed every bit of that kiss, Bucky!

BW: AAAAAAAAAGH!

GM: Fans, we'll be right back!

[The camera cuts to Miss Sandra Hayes, face red as she wipes her mouth and backpedals down the aisle as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

# I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

# Because you light up the path

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

And as we fade back to live action, we find a red-faced and livid Miss Sandra Hayes pacing back and forth, muttering angrily to herself as Mark Stegglet slowly approaches.]

MS: Miss Hayes?

[Hayes doesn't even hear him, so engrossed in her self-conversation. Stegglet tries again.]

MS: Miss Hayes, can I have a word?

[Hayes wheels around on Stegglet, shoving a well-manicured fingernail in his face.]

MSH: YOU CAN HAVE \_TWO\_ WORDS, STEGGLET!

[Stegglet jerks the mic away before that can happen.]

MS: Please... I just want to get your thoughts on what happened out there.

[Hayes looks incredulously at Stegglet.]

MSH: What happened...? WHAT HAPPENED?! That ape in human skin, Travis Lynch, put his filthy, disgusting hands on me!

MS: His lips too.

[Stegglet smirks as Hayes seethes.]

MSH: You think this is funny, Stegglet?! DO YOU?! This isn't the slightest bit funny! These idiot people cheer for a pig like Travis Lynch who has done NOTHING in this company except live off his daddy's name and degrade women everywhere! Those women... excuse me, those GIRLS... out there that scream for him? They've got no self-respect! They see the muscles and the dopey face and they think he's some kind of a sex symbol! I see him and I see the guy who mistreated Sunshine and sent her packing from the AWA! I see the piece of filth who just put his unwanted hands on me! He's disgusting! He's garbage! AND I... WANT... HIM... GONE!

[Hayes spins away, letting loose a huge scream.]

MS: Miss Hayes, what are you trying to say?

[Hayes turns back, fire in her eyes.]

MSH: What I'm trying to say, you mentally-challenged moron, is that my man, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, isn't here yet tonight... but when he arrives, he's going to gut Travis Lynch like a damn fish!

[Stegglet recoils from her anger.]

MS: But after their last meeting, Rob Driscoll won the right to never defend the title against Trav-

MSH: I NEGOTIATED THE DAMN CONTRACT, STEGGLET! I KNOW WHAT IT SAYS!

[Hayes' rage is off the charts at this point.]

MSH: And I also know that I put in a loophole. Rob CAN choose not to defend the title against Lynch. He doesn't HAVE to choose that.

MS: Are you saying-

MSH: I'm saying that I don't give one single damn that Travis Lynch was supposed to never get another shot at "Diamond" Rob Driscoll and the National Title... because he's getting one tonight!

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS at that news as Hayes seethes.]

MSH: And this time, Stegglet... Rob's going to make sure that piece of filth never... wrestles... again.

[Hayes spins away, storming off as a wide-eyed Mark Stegglet looks on.]

MS: My oh my... guys, it sounds like we just got ourselves a Main Event!

[Crossfade back to a stunned Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark... what in the world just happened there?

BW: Sandra Hayes lost her cool... plain and simple. That beast Travis Stench crossed a line and Sandra snapped! She just played right into his hands.

GM: His lips too.

BW: Oh, you're a real riot, Myers.

GM: So, Miss Sandra Hayes has made it official - Travis Lynch will challenge for the National Title right here tonight when "Diamond" Rob Driscoll arrives at the arena... and Driscoll will have Dave Cooper nowhere in sight as we've been told that he's been rushed to a nearby medical facility with a possible concussion at the hands of that loaded Gucci bag.

BW: Stench forces himself on Sandra after concussing Dave Cooper with a foreign object and you're still going to cheer him on?!

GM: Hey, Travis didn't bring that bag into the mix. That was all their doing!

BW: Excuses, excuses.

GM: Fans, nevertheless, we've got a Main Event on the books and you can only wonder how "Diamond" Rob Driscoll will react to this news where he gets there. Our cameras will stay back in the parking lot area and we'll bring you there when he arrives but right now, let's go backstage to a team who has their own big night ahead of them in Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan!

[A cut to the back brings us to three men -- one, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, wielding a microphone as always. The other two, flanking him, are Tony Donovan, wearing a black hooded tracksuit trimmed with blue, and the other Wes Taylor in a white t-shirt with "OUTLAW" in black block font on the front with a pair of black wrestling trunks and boots. Both look vaguely like cats who got into the cream, smugness radiating from the smirks on their faces.]

SLB: Folks, I've been...accosted...

[Tony interrupts.]

TD: Whoa, whoa, whoa, Lou! We have a great story to tell the people -- are you so upset that we outscoped you that you're willing to falsely accuse us of pulling you out of your comfortable chair and demanding an interview?

SLB: Well, in fact --

WT: Because, Lou, if you really don't want to talk to us, we can take our business down the road to someone like Colt Patterson - a journalist with TRUE integrity!

[Blackwell seethes as Tony laughs.]

TD: All right, Lou, we'll let you finish. Go ahead -- ask us the question!

[Lou sighs, then continues.]

SLB: What's the "story" you're talking about? What's so important that you two felt like you could just demand an interview?

[Tony is shaking his head mockingly.]

TD: Oh, Lou, come on. Where's the build-up? Where's the suspense, the tension leading up to the big finish? You've been doing this interview thing for ages, and you still haven't figured that out? You just went straight to the question, no panache, no pizzazz, nothing.

WT: What we're saying, Lou, is that the hype machine begins with that gaping hole two inches above your chin and we're looking for a little love right now. Make us feel it, Lou. Make us feel it.

[Blackwell glares at Taylor who shrugs.]

TD: Well, sometimes you just have to work with what you've got, huh, Lou?



[Tony claps Lou on the back, hard enough to nearly bowl him over, and Lou looks none too pleased.]

TD: Anyway, my friend, have we got a hell of a story for you. Did you know...

[Tony leans over, putting his head right next to Lou's.]

TD: ...that Air Strike are nowhere to be found tonight?

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: What?! No, I haven't heard that at all...and coming from you, I'm not sure I believe it!

[Tony stands back up, jaw dropping.]

TD: What? How could you say that, Lou?

[Tony looks over at Wes in faux shock.]

TD: He doesn't believe me, partner! This man, on television, accuses me of a straight-up, bald-faced lie!

WT: The only lie around here, Blackwell, is the lies that Air Strike and the front office have been telling for the past few... what? Weeks? Months?... about this match not happening. How many times, Lou? How many times have we been told that the match was coming... and then it wasn't because Cody Mertz broke a nail... because Michael Aarons' mirror in his locker room wasn't the right size... because the suits were just too damn scared that we'd take the poster children of the tag team division and leave their pretty little faces scraped off on the bottom of our boots!

TD: You're damn right! We WANT this match, Lou! We've wanted it for weeks -- hell, I stood right up and said I hoped Air Strike won the tag team championship, so that when Wes and I march out to that ring and put those two bums on their backs for the one, two, three, WE would be the tag team champions! Air Strike talk big for a couple of no-name punks, they got a hell of a lot to say about us only existing in this sport because of our names...

[Tony sneers.]

TD: So where the hell you at, Air Strike?! You've managed to get out of this match for months, your back is finally put up against the wall, and lo and beeee-hold, you're nowhere to be seen? You know what that makes me think about you, Air Strike? You wanna know what that makes me think, Sweet Lou?!

LB: Not rea --

[Tony runs him over. Verbally.]

TD: I think you just might be cowards, Air Strike! I think when Brian parted ways with you two, he took the only set of...

[Tony looks down, then back up at the camera, smirking.]

TD: ...guts between the three of ya! You want to prove me wrong, prove US wrong?

WT: Then do what we've been doing every single week since this match was announced.

Show up.

[Taylor sneers at the camera, stalking out of view and leaving a grinning Tony Donovan with his forearm resting on Blackwell's shoulder.]

SLB: These guys say Air Strike's not in the building! Is it true? I'm going on a mission to find out but in the meantime...

[Donovan interrupts with your stereotypical TV announcer voice.]

TD: Let's go back to the ring for more action!

[He points in an exaggerated fashion towards the camera, leaving Blackwell shaking his head as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is... as he always is.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in a total combined weight of 590 pounds... Beef Bonham and Eddie Love Bone!

[The duo earns some jeers from the crowd... and rightfully so... I mean, Bonham is wearing a black singlet with "BEEF" written across the gut in white block font while Eddie Love Bone's flannel is a nod to the crispy Seattle scene.]

PW: And their opponents...

[There's a momentary pause before the sounds of pigs squealing alongside some banjos being plucked before the PA system comes to life with "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" by Billy Currington to cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Making their way down the aisle... from Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at a total combined weight of 702 pounds... being led to the ring by Mable... Buddy and Chester...

THE WIIIIIIIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain parts as the pot-bellied pig known as Mable wobbles into view to the laughter of the crowd. A moment passes before Chester Otis Wilde

bursts through the curtain, throwing an arm up in the air. He's a hoss of a man - standing about 6'7 and weighing just shy of three hundred pounds crammed into a pair of stained blue overalls with no shirt underneath, revealing his forest of chest hair. His face is covered in a mess of a beard, tangled and matted.

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

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

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. I'm actually surprised to see my nephews out here tonight.

GM: Why is that?

BW: Before the show, Buddy had to use the restroom...

GM: Yeah?

BW: I heard they found him two hours later wandering in the woods.

GM: Would you stop?!

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

GM: The Wilde Bunch in action here tonight but you know they'll be watching later tonight when the former World Tag Team Champions - the Lights Out Express - takes on the Rotgut Rustlers to see who will meet them in the Quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup tournament.

[Finishing their walk down the aisle, Buddy and Mable are stepping into the ring as Chester heads down the ringsteps to the floor, a big smile on his face.]

GM: Don't look now, Bucky.

BW: Get him away from me! I just got the last flea out from the last time he did- AGGH!

[Chester rushes around the ringpost, physically yanking "Uncle Bucky" out of his seat into a big sloppy hug. Bucky instantly tries to wiggle free but Chester is paying him no mind, shaking him back and forth and loudly exclaiming how good it is to see him. A grinning Chester sets Bucky back down, giving him a back slap hard enough to throw Bucky over the announce table, wincing in pain. Chester pauses to shake Gordon's hand - a gesture that leaves Gordon also wincing in pain.]

GM: Quite the grip on that young man and that's what either the LOE or the Rustlers have to look forward to in the weeks ahead - the raw-boned power and size of these two. They're good-hearted as anyone you'll ever come across but they're also strong as oxen and tough as nails.

[Beef Bonham marches up to Buddy, jerking a thumb at his chest, making the "belt gesture" and proclaiming loudly and with feeling...]

"BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEF!"

[The crowd jeers as Buddy looks confused.]

GM: Alright... Beef Bonham making sure everyone knows his name. You know, Bucky... I gotta wonder what kind of parents name their child "Beef."

BW: Hey, we're in Portland, Gordo. Maybe this guy's the son of the Meatman.

[Gordon chuckles as the referee signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: There's the bell and we're off and running.

BW: Won't be much running with my idiot nephews in there. The last time they saw the inside of a gym was when they took that proctology class. And boy, was Jim mad about that.

GM: You're really in fine form tonight, sir.

[Beef Bonham and Buddy Loney come together in a collision of... well, beef. The two bulky competitors shove each other about for a bit before Beef Bonham actually manages to power the four hundred pounder back into the buckles. The referee steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: I can't believe Beef Bonham actually managed to get Buddy back into the buckles like that. Shows a lot of strength out of the Seattle native.

BW: But will he break clean?

[Bonham plants a hand on the chin of Buddy, pushing it back...]

...and then suddenly steps back, jerking two thumbs at his torso with a very loud and boisterous...]

"BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEF!"

[The crowd boos again as Buddy Loney claps his hands together, moving out of the corner towards Bonham who quickly backpedals across the ring, getting pushed back into his own corner as he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Tag made by Bonham... in comes... is this right? Eddie Love Bone?

[Bucky chuckles at Gordon's disgust as Love Bone slingshots over the top rope, burying a right hand into the gut of Buddy Loney. Bonham slams a fist down between the eyes. The two exchange taking shots at Loney, chopping him down to a knee where they switch to double axehandles.]

GM: Love Bone and Bonham are doing a number on Buddy Loney in the early moments of this one... the referee's trying to get Beef Bonham out of the ring...

[Bonham raises his arms, stepping out as Love Bone lays in boots to the ample gut in the corner before tagging his partner back in.]

GM: Quick tags by Bonham and Love Bone, making the exchange again...

[This time, they set for a double whip, looking to shoot Loney across the ring...

...but Cousin Buddy is going nowhere, gritting his teeth and staying where he stands.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Pull harder, you fools!

[They go for a whip again...

...nothing.]

GM: This may not turn out well for Bonham and Love Bone...

[Buddy straightens up, yanking both of his arms, pulling his opponents into a double shoulder tackle that takes them both off their feet.]

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: Your biased commentary towards the shallow end of my gene pool disgusts me, Gordo.

[Buddy grabs Bonham by the goatee, dragging him across the ring where he slaps the hand of Cousin Chester.]

GM: The tag is made and here comes nearly seven feet tall, nearly three hundred pounds of a hoss of a man in Cousin Chester.

BW: They're big... they're tough... but they're the only guys who could hide their own Easter Eggs.

GM: Would you stop?! Sheesh, what's gotten into you tonight?

BW: I can't stand the thought of these two mental midgets getting their grubby fingers on the Stampede Cup, Gordo. That's the kind of stain you never get out of something.

[Chester backs Bonham up against the ropes, pushing his head back to expose his chest...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and slams home an overhand slap across the chest, leaving a red welt on Bonham’s pale skin!]

GM: GOOOOOOD GRIEF! You could hear that one all the way up on the top of Mount Hood!

[Grabbing Bonham by the arm, Chester shoots him across, and connects with a back elbow on the rebound that sends Bonham sailing up into the air before crashing back down on the mat.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch is certainly having their way with Bonham and Love Bone at this point in the contest...

[Chester pulls a struggling Bonham off the mat, scooping him right up in his arms. He swings him around, swooping him as he does...

...and hurls him down with a big slam. He stands over him, giving a big whoop before hitting the ropes, swinging his right arm around and around and around, leaping in the air, and landing a high impact elbowdrop to the sternum!]

GM: OHHH! Good night!

[Chester pushes up to his knee, smiling as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: Chester back on his feet now.

[He pauses, waving to his Uncle out at ringside.]

GM: Look at that. He’s waving at you.

BW: No, I think he just caught a whiff of his own stench.

GM: Bucky!

[Chester stands over Bonham...

...which gives Eddie Love Bone the chance to slingshot over the top, rushing across the ring, leaping up to land a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Eddie Love Bone is in there illegally, attacking Chester from behind!

BW: Best way to do it if you don’t want him to see you!

[Love Bone batters Chester up against the ropes, hammering and hammering...

...until an angry Chester reaches back, hooking Love Bone under the armpit, and HURLS him up and over the top rope with a hiptoss that sends him bouncing off the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: DQ! DQ! RING THE BELL!

GM: For what?!

BW: He intentionally threw the guy over the top rope! Are you blind, Myers?!

GM: That's not a disqualification here in the AWA!

BW: It's not?! I thought we had a vote on that!

GM: ...in 2008! And the vote went AGAINST making that the rule!

BW: Well, I demand a recount!

[Chester turns back to Bonham, dragging him off the mat by the arm and firing him into the turnbuckles. He charges in after him, laying in a devastating running clothesline...

...and then slaps his partner's hand, holding Beef in place as Buddy stomps across the ring, backing into the far corner...]

GM: Buddy Loney creating some distance...

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Uh oh! Cousin Buddy's backfield is in motion, fans!

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

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

GM: PIG IN A BLANKET! ONE! TWO! THREE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

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

GM: Another win for the Wilde Bunch and these two are gonna be hard to beat in the Stampede Cup tournament, Bucky.

BW: Don't say that, Gordo... don't even THINK that... I'm beggin' ya.

GM: And in a special treat, Bucky, I'm being told that YOU are going to interview your nephews right now.

BW: I'm... huh? Who said?!

GM: It's coming right over my earpiece right now.

BW: There must be some sort of mistake! I demand a recount!

[Gordon chuckles as we crossfade to a shot of the announcers at ringside. Cousin Chester is quickly approaching as a grumbling Bucky gets out of his seat.]

BW: Alright, fine... I'll be the professional here.

[A thunderclap of a back slap nearly knocks Bucky down as Chester steps into frame, a huge grin on his face.]

COW: Boy, howdy... this is a real treat, I tell ya. A real treat!

BW: Yeah, well... the pleasure is all yours. You two won again. You must be... proud or whatever.

[Gordon shakes his head as Chester doesn't even notice the slight.]

COW: Of course we're proud of winnin', Uncle Bucky... but what we're more prouder of is all these great people comin' out to cheer for us!

[Big cheer! Bucky looks around with disgust.]

BW: Yeah, these people are cheering for you now but how quickly will they turn on you when you LOSE inside this ring?

[The crowd boos. Chester looks puzzled.]

BW: Oh, come on... you must realize that in the second round of the Stampede Cup tournament, you're going to face the Lights Out Express.

COW: Or our buddies, the Rustlers!



[The crowd cheers. Bucky gives a dismissive gesture.]

BW: The Rustlers are tough guys, I'll give 'em that much... but they're facing former World Tag Team Champions... former Tiger Paw Pro Tag Crown Champions. They don't stand a chance against the L-O-E... and neither... do... you!

[Bucky jabs a finger into his nephew's chest for emphasis, a cocky smirk on his face as Chester still looks puzzled.]

COW: Uncle Bucky... you think we're gonna lose?

[The sadness in Chester's face draws an "awwwww" from many in the crowd.]

BW: Are you deaf as well as du-

[Bucky gets cut off by the arrival of Cousin Buddy standing up against his back, looking down at the announcer. Buddy suddenly stops, grabbing at his collar.]

BW: I... uh... well, no... no! Of course not! You guys are my blood and blood is thicker than water!

[Chester shakes his head.]

COW: Not that water out beyond the outhouse back home. That water is so thick you could stick a shovel in it and it'd stand taller than a toothpick in Mama's cornbread!

[Bucky's face twists with disgust.]

BW: On that note, I'm sure you two want to get back there so you can see who you'll be facing and...

[Bucky checks his watch... a watch that isn't there.]

BW: ...yup, we're out of time. So long, boys!

[An oblivious Chester grins, waving to the crowd as he, Buddy, and Mable make their way back down the aisle to their music.]

BW: See, professional to the end, Myers.

GM: You're too much. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Back to the product splash.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends as we fade up to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by with AWA original Sweet Daddy Williams who is wearing a white t-shirt with "HAMMER TIME" in red block font across the chest.]

SLB: I'm backstage here in Portland with Sweet Daddy Williams and, judging by what you're wearing, I'm guessing you're on Cloud Nine about your protege's title opportunity here tonight.

[Williams grins a smile that would warm up a snowman's heart.]

SDW: You got that right, baby... but let's call a spade a spade. You call 'im my protege but it's more than that. That kid is like family to Sweet Daddy Williams. He's blood to one of my best friends in Soup Bone Samson and when he was down on his luck on the streets of Los Angeles, it was Sweet Daddy who swept him up in my arms like a guardian angel and carried him right down to a doorstep in Dallas, baby.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: A very close relationship indeed but Sweet Daddy, what do you think his chances are against a competitor like the veteran Shadoe Rage?

SDW: Shadoe Rage's been up and down the highways and byways like Sweet Daddy himself... and we in Portland, jack! We in the town that Shadoe Rage burned oh-so-bright in, fightin' with his brother to win gold, fightin' the Fury with the lights turnin' on and off... don't know what in the world was up with that...

[Blackwell chuckles as Williams continues.]

SDW: But every dog has his day, ya hear me? Shadoe Rage has been clinging to that title like a scrappy ol' dog hangin' on to yesterday's bone for almost a year now. He's been fightin' 'em off... Supernova, Cesar Hernandez, yours truly... he's livin'... he's survivin'! But that dog's day is comin' and it's comin' tonight here in Portland.

I've been in the gym with Willie Hammer, ya see. The man is stronger than ever. Faster than ever. And better than ever. And when he gets his hands on Shadoe Rage tonight, you gonna see things inside that ring that you didn't think a man could do, jack! You gonna see things that'll make you rub your eyes and go... "Did I just see that?" YES YOU DID, BABY!

And when the song's been sung and the dance has been done, you're gonna see somethin' else... you're gonna see Willie Hammer standing in the middle of that ring holdin' up that shiny piece of silver, baby... and you can believe ol' Sweet Daddy on that one.

[Williams claps Blackwell on the back, grinning as he walks out of view.]

SLB: Sweet Daddy Williams showing a lot of faith in his friend and student Willie Hammer who will challenge for the World Television Title later tonight...

[Blackwell's words trail off as his eyes drift off-camera. He grimaces for a moment and then gestures to the cameraman who pivots, focusing on the form of Miss Sandra Hayes who is still angrily pacing back and forth, muttering to herself.]

SLB: Miss Hayes, a word?

[Hayes freezes in her tracks, obviously surprised by Blackwell's presence.]

MSH: You.

[She sounds disgusted. She rolls her neck, trying to relieve the tension as she runs a hand through her hair. With a long sigh, she nods.]

MSH: Fine. What do you want?

SLB: Well, in light of the challenge issued by yourself to Travis Lynch later tonight, I have to ask... have you informed "Diamond" Rob Driscoll - who is still not at the building - of this match waiting for him?

[Hayes grimaces.]

MSH: I tried! I phoned and I texted and...

[She shakes her head.]

MSH: I don't know. I can't reach him. All I can do is stand here and wait for him.

SLB: What do you think his reaction will be given how close he's come to losing that title to Travis Lynch on more than one occasion?

[Hayes glares at Blackwell, burning a hole through him.]

MSH: I... he'll be fine! It's important to me so it'll be important to him!

[She bites her lower lip, looking uneasy.]

SLB: Are you... sure?

[Hayes starts to speak...

...and then shoves Blackwell out of her way, stalking out of view.]

SLB: Trouble in paradise? Fans, don't go away, we'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, microphone in hand.]

SLB: My next guests are two men who've taken by the AWA by storm. Two men who thundered and, on their first night, defeated The Walking Dead and earned their way into the Stampede Cup. I'm talking of course about "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner, and his partner, Tombstone Anderson, The Rotgut Rustlers!

Gentlemen, if you would...

[A shout of "WELL GOD DAMN, SON!" Is heard off-camera as in staggers "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner. Lou backs up a step as he sees the tin coffee can in his right hand. Sam shrugs, spits some tobacco juice into the can and tosses it aside. He shakes the cowbell attached to his bullrope directly at the

camera before stepping right next to Lou, thumbs hooked into his black vest.]

SLB: Sam Turner, where is your partner?

ST: Where in the Sam Hill did you get raised where THAT'S how you greet a man, bawh?! Last time I checked, I was a PRO-fessional athlete not someone's damn milk maid! I got enough on my plate with knocking every sorry excuse for a man on their ass around here, keeping the lights turned on at home and keeping all my kids' name's straight I gotta keep a schedule on where my partner is too?

SLB: Well then, I suppose I'll talk to you, Mr. Turner. Tonight, you face your toughest challenge since you've arrived in the AWA. I'm talking about the former World Tag Team champions, the Lights Out Express. That's a tough order for any time, isn't it?

ST: Lemme ask you something, Lou. Those boys ever get blown up?

SLB: I don't believe so.

ST: They ever get a lasso made outta barbed wire wrapped around their throats and then left out to dry?

SLB: That... that isn't in any of the information I have on them, no.

ST: That's right it ain't! Cuz they ain't! And they sure as HELL ain't done it to each other!

[Sam looks down at his right hand, remembering that he tossed his tin can to the floor. He spots it, and spits tobacco juice in its general direction... Much to the disgust of Blackwell.]

ST: That's the difference. Me and my partner? We have. Every damn night out in the Far East, we would stomp the hell out of each other. Bleed each other dry like a pair of hogs plump and ready for Sunday dinner. And then when we was done?

[Sam nods.]

ST: Whoever took the worst whoopin' would buy the first round at the bar. I guess what I'm saying?

[Turner points the cowbell menacingly at the camera.]

ST: I drink Lone Star, bawhs.

SLB: But now, we really have to address the elephant in the room. Or not in the room, as the case may be. I'm talking about your partner, Tomb...

[But before Blackwell can continue, he's interrupted by a loud, belligerent bellowing. And into the frame steps a wild-eyed, scraggly bearded man.]

None other than the other half of the Rotgut Rustlers, Tombstone Anderson. The six foot, nine inch Madman from the Badlands stomps forward, and leans forward, head tilted to the side.]

TA: HELLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOO Lou Blackwell!

SLB: Tombstone Anderson! Where have you been?

TA: You wanna know where I been, Lou Blackwell? Well, Lou Blackwell, I'm gonna tell ya where I been?

I been lookin' for the Easter Bunny!

[Lou does a double take, and then, obvious flustered, stares at Anderson.]

SLB: The... Easter Bunny, did I hear that right?

TA: You bet your britches you heard that right. And you know why I was lookin' for the Easter Bunny, Lou Blackwell?

SLB: Of course... that is, I think...

TA: Well, ya see, Lou Blackwell, I heard there's a whole buncha people on that internet been talkin' about how there's this team that's gonna beat the Rotgut Rustlers tonight. I heard them all sayin' that there's a tag team that's gonna put mine or Sam's shoulders down and knock us right outta this here tournament.

So I figured that this must be the night when all the things that don't exist were comin' out!

Because lemme tell ya somethin', Lou Blackwell. There ain't no Easter Bunny, and there ain't no team callin' themselves The Lights Out Express that're gonna beat the Rustlers neither!

SLB: You're definitely confident. But the Lights Out Express are no joke. I mean, you've got a guy like Lenny Strong, who is capable of knocking anyone out.

TA: Lenny Strong, you gonna mention Lenny Strong to me, Lou Blackwell. Well, lemme ask ya this, Lou Blackwell. What's it that Lenny Strong does?

SLB: He uses that elbow to knock men out. With all due respect, I've seen him knock down bigger men than you.

[Tombstone's head tilts all the way to the side again, as his eyes go wide in outrage.]

TA: You think old Tombstone Anderson is gonna get knocked out by an elbow, Lou Blackwell? Well, lemme tell you somethin'.



A whole lotta people put their elbows in Tombstone Anderson's face. And you know what happened to every one of 'em? They found themselves bein' bent in half, and found themselves with their elbows bein' shoved up places where the sun ain't meant to shine.

Lenny Strong, you wanna hit me with an elbow? Well, you better think twice about doin' that. Because I'm a nasty man, and when I get hit, I get ornery instead of nasty. And when some jerk tries to hit me with his elbow and keep me and Sam from winnin' one million dollars?

Well, that's a nasty and an ornery they didn't teach ya how to deal with in your fancy Combat Corner!

SLB: I know better than to bring this man up to your partner, so Mr. Turner, let me ask you about Aaron Anderson.

ST: You trying to say I'm a soft touch, Lou?! Because you're in for a big damn surprise if that's dancing around in that noggin of yours. That bawh tried to take my partner's name and make some money with it. Well it'll be a cold day in hell when we let them get away with that!

[Sam jabs a finger into Tombstone's chest.]

ST: That's a man right there. He's shed his blood for this sport, just like I have. You think you're just gonna coma along fresh outta your fancy wrestling school and take that from him? That's how he makes his money, that's how his babies stay fed. So enjoy that name for another few minutes, because when the Rustlers are done with you?

[Sam spits tobacco juice on the floor.]

ST: Y'all ain't gonna have enough teeth left to say ANY last name.

SLB: And of course, there's the wildcard. I'm talking about Donnie White.

TA: You wanna talk about Donnie White? Well, then Lou Blackwell, you better talk about the third Rotgut Rustler too!

SLB: There's another one of you?

[Lou's tone is an even mixture of curiosity and abject horror.]

TA: You're lookin' right at her, Lou Blackwell! Tell the man about our third member, Sam!

[Blackwell turns to Turner, confusion showing on his face. Turner, in a very rare moment, actually smiles.]

ST: Oh, you haven't been properly introduced? Well God damn son, I guess my mama never taught me proper social graces.

[Sam raises his bullrope, shoving it right in Lou's face.]

ST: Say howdy to Esmerelda. Esmerelda, this is Lou Blackwell.

[Sam's face slowly returns to a scowl as he realizes that Lou has no intention of shaking Esmerelda's "hand".]

ST: See, they got that third man out there. But we've ALWAYS had our third member of this team... Even when this team was kicking the tar out of each other. So Esmerelda here, she knows all the moves. She knows all the plays in our book. And she knows how to take care of any squirrely varmints that are scrambling around there on the floor. So if that punk tries to get in our war?

[Sam grips the cowbell, holding it mere inches from Lou's forehead.]

ST: First, she's gonna bash this in between his devious eyes and put him to sleep.

[Sam grabs the rope, slowly raising it.]

ST: Then she's gonna wrap herself around his scrawny neck...

[Lou raises his hand high in the air with ferocity.]

ST: AND HANG EM HIGH!

[After all that, Blackwell tugs at the corner of his collar.]

SLB: I see. Well gentlemen, any final thoughts?

ST: Those boys better be ready for the fight of their damn lives. That little coyote on the floor better be ready to shut his yap if he knows what the hell is good for him. And the bank?

[Sam rattles the cowbell at the camera again.]

ST: Be ready to cash our damn check!

SLB: And you, Mr. Anderson?

TA: Just this, Lou Blackwell, there's a million reasons me and Sam got to beat these here Light Out Express boys to a bloody pulp. But only one of 'em really matters.

Them boys have been thinkin' they're hot stuff for two long. Well, tonight them two little boys find out what real men are all about. And they're gonna live up to their name.

Because tonight, it's gonna be Lights Out for them!

[Fade from backstage out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a first round match in 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 opposition.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Lights; Out! A loud whistle screeeeeeeeeeches over the airwaves.]

V/O: ALLLLLLL ABOOOOOOOOooooooooAAAAAARRRRRD!

PW: Weighing in at a combined weight of 505 pounds... they are the FORMER Double Crown Tag Team Champions of the WORRRRRRRLLLLLLD... being accompanied to the ring by "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White...

LENNY STRONG! AARON ANDERSON!

THE LIGHTS! OUT! EXPRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEESSSSSSSS!!!

[The slow clanking of train wheels churning quickly heightens into hard grinding noises just as the hard hitting lead guitar riff kicks in for the "Kundalini Express" by Love and Rockets. The rapid banging of drums and synthesizers fire up next before the methodical and monotone voice of Daniel Ash is cued.]

GM: Former AWA World Tag Team Champions. Former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Tag Champions. This year, they're hoping to add the Stampede Cup to their list of accolades but to do it, they're going to have to get past Tombstone Anderson and Sam Turner here tonight.

BW: Piece of cake.

GM: If the L-O-E is taking the Rustlers as lightly as you are, they may be in for a short night.

[Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson step into view and begin to march towards the ring. Both men wear black track jackets with two white stripes and a gold stripe in-between. Strong is identifiable by the bulkiness on his right elbow underneath the jacket and the fact that he's wearing small black ring trunks with "KO Artist" on the back. Anderson has the full length black pants on tucked into white boots with a double axe on the back and "MAN" in big bold white letters underneath. Donnie White brings up the rear in a matching black track jacket with silver full-length tights underneath. Of course, his mohawk is freshly bleached and spiked to the sky.]

GM: Donnie White, of course, accompanying his allies to the ring and you have to keep an eye on him at all times.

BW: Who wouldn't? He's the life of the party, the apple in your eye!

GM: Oh brother.

[Upon reaching the ring, Anderson and Strong pull themselves up on the apron as White dives headfirst under the bottom rope. He pushes up to his

knees, jerking a thumb over either shoulder as Anderson and Strong step through the ropes, stomping across the ring towards Anderson and Turner...]

GM: The Lights Out Express with some pre-match trash talk and I'm not sure that's the best idea out of-

[Turner and Tombstone have heard quite enough of that as both men lash out with a pair of haymakers that send the former champions reeling. The crowd cheers as White protests before bailing out of the ring as Turner and Tombstone pursue Anderson and Strong across the ring and the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Anderson and Strong attempt to battle back, trading fisticuffs with the wild brawlers - a decision that proves to be poor as they end up back in the corner, getting hammered by both men. A bark from Turner gets Tombstone's attention as they each grab an arm on the opposition.]

GM: Crash course in humility coming up for the L-O-E!

[The duo whips Anderson and Strong from their respective corners, sending them crashing into one another in the middle of the ring to cheers from the crowd. They smash into each other, stumbling apart...

...and get mowed down by running clotheslines from the two fan favorites, sending them down to the mat where they quickly bail out of the ring, looking to regroup!]

GM: And just like that, the L-O-E are on the run here in Portland!

BW: They need some time to take a breather and regroup- hey!

GM: The Rustlers aren't giving them that time! They're going out to the floor, going after them!

[Sam Turner grabs Aaron Anderson by the hair, dragging him away from the ring apron in a circle...

...and SMASHES his head down into the timekeeper's table, sending a stack of papers flying into the air! Turner gives a big whoop as Anderson stumbles away from him, the Texan still in hot pursuit!]

BW: Keep these two lunatics away from me!

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Tombstone Anderson has Lenny Strong down on a knee, hooked in a side headlock where Anderson is repeatedly slamming his clenched fist into the mush of the Knockout Kid.]

GM: It's chaos early on in this one and referee Ricky Longfellow is shouting at all four men, trying to get someone inside the ring.

[Anderson hooks Strong by the nostrils, yanking back hard, causing Strong to scream in pain as Anderson uses the grip to hurl him back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson puts Strong back in the hard way.

BW: Hey, I just realized something. You think ol' Tombstone is related in any way to Aaron Anderson?

GM: It's a pretty common name, Bucky.

BW: I was just curious. I wouldn't put it past Tombstone Anderson to whap a relative with a wooden chair to the noggin.

GM: You've had your fair share of run-ins with these two, right?

BW: Absolutely. Back in Georgia, when I was managing the Heartbreakers, they tussled with these two a time or a dozen.

GM: Any truth to the rumor that Sam Turner once-

BW: I'm not talking about that!

GM: I see. We'll come back to that.

[Tombstone Anderson climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes which is Donnie White's cue to grab him by the leg, slowing him down. The referee is right there to shout at the Mohawked Messiah...

...but it's enough time for Lenny Strong to bushwhack Tombstone Anderson with a running low dropkick to the side of the head as Anderson takes a swing at the Atomic Blonde!]

GM: Ohh! Strong hits hard with that dropkick, putting Tombstone Anderson down out on the floor!

[Strong scampers out after him, pulling Anderson off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG WHIP INTO THE STEEL RAILING!

[Strong takes a knee from the exertion, straightening up and tearing verbally into the veteran again. He turns to the side, running a few steps and blasting Sam Turner in the back of the head with a forearm smash as Turner was about to slam Aaron Anderson on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: We've got a two-on-one on Sam Turner now!

[Anderson and Strong take turns clubbing Turner across the back with forearm smashes before rolling him under the ropes into the ring. Both men climb in with him despite Ricky Longfellow trying to dissuade the action.]

GM: We still have yet to get down to a fair fight in this one as Strong and Anderson both are in- yeah!

[The crowd cheers as a fired-up Sam Turner lands a haymaker between the eyes of Strong. One follows on Anderson, sending him spiraling backwards!]

GM: Sam Turner's fighting back with all he's got!

[He grabs Anderson by the hair, wheeling around to SLAM his head down into the turnbuckles. Anderson spins, leaning back against the corner as Turner stalks out, grabbing Strong by the back of the trunks...

...and ROCKETS him into the midsection of Anderson!]

GM: OHH! Turner sends the two partners into one another again!

[Strong staggers back, falling to his back as Turner stands up, lifting his arms, measuring Aaron Anderson as he stumbles forward... staggering... staggering...

...and as Turner gives a shout of "TIMMMMMBERRRRRR!", Anderson pitches forward, his forehead CRASHING down into the groin of Lenny Strong!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Illegal! Ring the bell!

GM: Bring back some bad memories?

BW: Shut yer piehole, Myers!

GM: My piehole? What in the world has gotten into you?

[Sam Turner scampers around the downed L-O-E, retrieving Aaron Anderson off the canvas. He turns, looking to the corner for his partner...]

GM: Turner looking to make the tag but Tombstone Anderson is laid up against the railing.

[A frustrated Turner turns back to a dazed Anderson being held up by Turner's grip on the hair. Turner gestures to the floor where his partner is leaning against the steel.]

"You do that?!"

[Anderson does not respond.]

"BOY! I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!"

[When Anderson fails to respond the second time, Turner rushes towards the corner, using the grip on the hair to smash Anderson's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him flying backwards through the air before crashing back down to the canvas.]

GM: Goodness. Sam Turner's fired up tonight here in Portland, fans!

[Turner turns, cupping his hands to his mouth as he yells at his partner to get back on the apron.]

GM: Sam Turner really wants his partner back on the apron for some reason... but no luck yet as Tombstone Anderson tries to recover from hitting the steel.

[Turner shakes his head, catching a rising Lenny Strong on the way up with a boot to the midsection before backing him up against the ropes, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip on the way...

BW: Shouldn't you call it a Texas whip? Turner ain't Irish, Gordo.

GM: That's the name of the move, Bucky.

BW: I know that but Turner might get offended. I hear he's pretty proud to be a Texan.

GM: And rightfully so. Sam Turner's a proud alumni of West Texas State, you know.

[Turner shoots Strong across with a whip, burying a right hand in his midsection on the rebound.]

BW: Hey Gordo, you know why grads from West Texas State keep their diplomas on their dashboards?

GM: I'm afraid to-

BW: So they can park in handicap spaces!

[Bucky chuckles to himself as Sam Turner uses a double handful of hair to yank Strong off his feet, throwing him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Sam Turner seems to be holding his own pretty well right now against BOTH members of the Lights Out Express, Bucky... no matter how many insults you throw at him.

BW: Seriously though, I heard that when Turner was at West Texas, he was on the water polo team.



GM: Oh?

BW: Yup, too bad his horse drowned.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Oh, I got a million of `em, Gordo! A million of `em!

[Gordon sighs as Tucker grabs a rising Aaron Anderson by the hair, marching him over towards a doubled-up Strong, grabbing his hair as well...]

GM: Noggin knocker on the way!

[But before he can do it, Anderson and Strong reach out, locking arms to block the move...

...and then switch to a double hiptoss, taking Sam Turner up, over, and off his feet.]

GM: Ohh! The L-O-E counters and takes him down!

[Anderson reaches out, hooking his partner around the waist, lifting him up for a belly to back suplex...

...and then shoves him off, dropping him down in a modified senton on the prone Turner!]

GM: What a doubleteam that was!

[Strong waves Aaron Anderson out of the ring, rolling into a lateral press as the referee gives a two count.]

GM: Two count only for Strong right there but that certainly turned the tide in this one that the Rotgut Rustlers were - quite frankly - dominating until that moment.

[Strong climbs to his feet, stomping Turner a few times in the side of the head. He grabs a foot on Turner, dragging him across the ring where Aaron Anderson reaches over the top rope, tagging his partner's shoulder.]

BW: And this is where the L-O-E excels, Gordo. Quick tags and keeping the ring cut in half.

[Anderson steps in, pulling Turner off the mat with the aid of his partner who has the other arm...

...and together they HURL Turner backwards into the corner, snapping his head back from the impact!]

GM: Vicious doubleteam in the corner as Anderson and Strong throw Turner back into the buckles... and they're gonna do it again!

[A second slam into the corner has Turner slumping down to a knee as Strong steps out. Anderson grabs the short dirty blonde hair of Turner, dragging him to his feet...

...and BLASTS him with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by the very first graduate of the AWA Combat Corner!

[Anderson delivers a second uppercut and a third before the referee's demands to get out of the corner take hold. The Axeman drags Turner away, hooking him around the head and neck, reaching down to grab the upper thigh...

...and HURLS the 252 pound Turner over his head and down to the mat with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: And that's the kind of move that is surprising to see out of Aaron Anderson.

BW: Six foot five, 245 pounds out of Charlotte... but one of the strongest guys in the locker room. So impressive.

GM: Anderson back on his feet, slowly in pursuit... taking his time here.

BW: Why not? Turner's in trouble and Tombstone Anderson is... well, now he's finally getting back towards the ring apron.

[A hurting Tombstone Anderson goes to pull himself up on the apron...

...and Aaron Anderson is thinking differently, charging the corner and swinging his leg up through the ropes, kicking Tombstone back off the apron to the floor!]

GM: And Aaron Anderson gets right over there to make sure Tombstone Anderson stays down on the floor before turning his attention back to "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner...

BW: You know, Turner told me before the show that he hopes these fans in Portland don't start up The Wave here tonight.

GM: Why is that?

BW: 'Cause he can't swim! Mwahahaha!

GM: Walked right into that one... just like Sam Turner just walked right into that forearm smash to the jaw, sending him right back down to a knee.

[Anderson backs off, measuring Turner before connecting with a big boot to the mush, knocking Turner back down to the canvas.]

GM: Sam Turner gets knocked right back down and Aaron Anderson is certainly proud of himself.

[Anderson turns to taunt the fans who jeer in respond as Donnie White shouts, "GET HIM, BABY! PUT HIM AWAY, YAAAAAAH!"]

GM: These men are far from the most popular in the AWA locker room with these fans, Bucky.

BW: Being popular just gets you beaten up. Ask Ryan Martinez.

[Anderson turns back to Turner who is up on a knee, fists balled up as the Axeman approaches...

...and BURIES a right hand in his midsection!]

GM: Turner goes downstairs!

[A second one doubles up Anderson as Turner climbs to his feet, nodding to the cheering crowd as he throws a glance towards his corner where Tombstone Anderson has made his way back up on the apron. He shouts "ABOUT TIME!" to his partner before walking Anderson across the ring...

...where Anderson cuts him off, hooking a backdrop suplex and dumping Turner on the back of his head before he can get to his waiting partner!]

GM: Oh! Anderson with the suplex to keep Turner from making that tag!

BW: Beautiful. You know, Gordo, if I didn't think you'd go crazy without me, I'd take these guys on as clients.

GM: Don't hold up on my account.

[Anderson grabs the arms of Turner, dragging him across the ring where he slaps the hand of Lenny Strong. Strong walks down the apron, grabbing the top rope as Anderson clears out...

...and slingshots over the top, stomping down on the sternum of the Texan!]

GM: That'll knock the wind out of your sails.

[Strong stomps a few more times before shouting across at Tombstone Anderson which brings the pissed-off veteran into the ring. Ricky Longfellow rushes to intervene as Donnie White reaches under the ropes, pulling Turner's arms out to stretch him out under the ropes...

...and Strong slingshots back over the top, sailing down to bury a forearm across the windpipe of Turner before he lands on the barely-padded concrete!]

GM: OHH! Come on!

BW: Hey, the referee's distracted by Anderson! Lenny was just taking advantage of that!

GM: With some help from that twerp Donnie White!

BW: Twerp?! Where do you get off calling someone a "twerp"?!

GM: I call it like I see it!

[White hooks his arms around the throat of Turner, pulling down as Tombstone Anderson and the official bicker. Anderson finally relents, backing down as White scampers away, leaving a coughing and gasping Turner on the ring apron. Lenny Strong smirks as he rolls back in, grabbing the feet to drag Turner back in, flipping into a double leg cradle.]

GM: Strong wraps him up!

BW: He's got him!

GM: No! Sam Turner kicks out at two, keeping the Rustlers' alive in this match and in the Stampede Cup tournament. Remember, the winner of this one will move on to face the Wilde Bunch in the Quarterfinals.

BW: I can't wait to see my idiot nephews getting hit with moves like that. It's going to be one of the highlights of the year.

[Strong pulls Turner off the mat, hurling him towards the L-O-E's corner where he tags in Aaron Anderson.]

GM: Both members of the former champions back in... here we go again...

[Each man grabs the arms of Turner again, pulling him out of the corner...

...and then THROWING him back in, snapping his head back on impact. Tombstone Anderson grimaces, pacing down the length of the apron to shout at Anderson and Strong before the referee backs him off.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson certainly doesn't like seeing his partner in this situation as they set up again... and DRIVE him back into the buckles for the fourth time!

[Strong steps back out as Aaron Anderson pulls a dazed Sam Turner out of the buckles by the hair, walking him out to the middle of the ring. He grabs the arm, backing Turner into the ropes...]

GM: Anderson fires him in...

[Turner rebounds back, ducking a backhand chop out of Anderson.]

GM: Ducks the chop, off the far side...

[The crowd cheers as Turner leaves his feet, connecting with a sloppy as hell crossbody block that knocks Anderson off his feet!]

GM: Where in the world did THAT come from?!

[Turner doesn't even attempt a cover off it, rolling to a knee where he can grab a handful of hair, hammering Aaron Anderson in the temple a half dozen times before pushing to both knees, stretching out his arms towards the corner where Tombstone Anderson is reaching with all he's got!]

GM: Turner's going for the tag!

[But Aaron Anderson slides his arms around Turner's leg, preventing him from getting close enough to tag...]

GM: Turner's being held back! Anderson's fighting it!

[Sam Turner rolls to his back, swinging his free leg up into the air and DRIVING his black wrestling boot down into the mush of Aaron Anderson... and again... and again...]

GM: Turner's trying to kick his way free! Trying to get that tag!

[Seeing his partner in trouble, Lenny Strong starts to come through the ropes, causing Ricky Longfellow to rush in and block his path...

...which is when Sam Turner gets free, making a diving tag from his knees! Big cheer!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES TOMBSTONE!

[The crowd ROARS as Tombstone Anderson ducks through the ropes, giving a howl as he runs wildly in a circle for a moment, flailing his arms about, puffing out his cheeks...

...and just as he grabs Aaron Anderson by the hair, ready to send him into the middle of next week, Ricky Longfellow makes a lunge, wrapping up Anderson around the waist, pulling him back!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: He didn't see it! Brilliant strategy by the L-O-E! They got the referee looking the other way and the referee can't call a tag he didn't see, daddy!

GM: This isn't right! Tombstone Anderson is arguing with the official and... look at this!

[With the referee distracted again, Lenny Strong rushes in, grabbing Sam Turner by the ankle, dragging him all the way across the ring towards the L-O-E's corner.]

GM: You gotta be kidding me!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in this one as the referee somehow manages to get Tombstone Anderson back out on the apron... and look at this, quick tag by Aaron Anderson...

[Strong steps back in, helping Anderson back Turner into the ropes for a double whip...]

GM: Double whip shoots him across...

[A double boot to the gut catches Turner, leaving him doubled up as they each hook an arm...]

GM: Double suplex!

[The double snap suplex takes Turner over as the duo push off the mat with their feet, rolling back over Turner, lifting him right back into suplex position where Anderson muscles him up for another vertical suplex...

...and Strong gets a running start, leaving his feet with a dropkick to the face of Turner before Anderson throws him down with a standing release vertical suplex!]

GM: OHHH!

[Anderson steps out as Strong scrambles into another pin attempt. Tombstone Anderson bellows, slamming his meaty arm down on the top turnbuckle a few times.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Turner's shoulder flips off the mat, breaking the pin. Strong glares at the official for a moment before climbing back to his feet, reaching out to tag Aaron Anderson back in.]

GM: The tag is made again... more quick tags by the former champions...

[Anderson slips back in, hooking a rear waistlock as Strong gets a running start, hitting the ropes, rebounding back towards a stunned Sam Turner, leaping into the air...

...as Turner reverses the waistlock, holding Anderson as Strong BLASTS his own partner with a forearm smash!]

GM: OHHH! REVERSAL!

[The referee jumps in front of Strong, forcing him from the ring as Turner switches from the waistlock to a grip on the wrist, shoving Aaron Anderson away from him...

...and then YANKING him back into a short forearm smash that knocks Anderson down as Turner staggers in a circle, gives a big salute...]

GM: TAG!

[...and makes a falling faceplant as he slaps the hand of Tombstone Anderson! The crowd EXPLODES at the tag as Anderson grabs the top rope with both hands, eyes going wide as he nods slowly, puffing out his cheeks before he steps in the ring, rampaging across towards an incoming Lenny Strong...]

GM: Strong's coming in too... Tombstone caught him, swings him up...

[Anderson swings Strong around in a one-armed bodyslam, dipping him up and down before throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: Big slam!

[Anderson lifts his hands, spitting on them both as Strong gets up...

...and RAKES his fingers down the back of the Knockout Kid!]

GM: OHH! BACK RAKE!

BW: Ohhh! What kind of sportsmanship was that, Gordo?!

GM: I don't think anyone's ever accused Tombstone Anderson of sportsmanship, Bucky!

[Anderson watches gleefully as Strong staggers a few feet away, leaving him easy prey as Tombstone lifts him skyward...

...and brings him crashing down tailbone-first on a bent knee!]

GM: Atomic drop connects... and SO DOES THAT!

[A two-step clothesline to the back of the head sends Strong tumbling over the ropes and down to the barely-padded floor at ringside! Tombstone's eyes go wide again, nodding to the cheering fans who know what's coming as he steps out on the apron, lifting his right arm to the sky, swinging it around and around...]

GM: Anderson's got Strong on the floor and now he's REALLY going to give it to him!

[But before he can drop the elbow off the apron, Tombstone Anderson is interrupted by Donnie White pulling himself up on the apron, rushing to attack...]

GM: Donnie White coming in!

[Tombstone loops his left arm around the top rope, falling back as he swings his furry-boot covered left boot up, catching White flush under the chin with a kick that causes him to backflip into the air, flipping over and landing stomach-first on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: HOLY...!

[A nodding Tombstone Anderson steps back into the ring at the sight of Aaron Anderson getting back to his feet. He throws his arm into the air dramatically, walking around, stomping his foot, jumping up and down, blowing spit into the air before settling into a three point stance, his foot still stomping. The fans clap along with the stomp as the Axeman climbs to his feet...

...and in comes Tombstone, charging across the ring, connecting with a lunging football tackle that flips Aaron Anderson through the air, dropping him down to the canvas! Tombstone erupts up, leaping into the air to a big cheer as he reaches the other corner...]

GM: TOMBSTONE ANDERSON HAS GOT THE PORTLAND CROWD WHIPPED INTO A FRENZY, FANS!

[Tombstone marches across the ring, dragging Aaron Anderson off the mat, shoving him into the ropes where he catches him under his armpit on the rebound, dropping him across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Here it comes!

BW: No, no, no! Somebody needs to stop this!

[With Anderson in position, Sam Turner hops up on the middle rope, looking out on the cheering crowd before leaping off, driving his knee down across the throat of the Axeman! Turner rolls out as Tombstone rolls into a cover, tightly hooking the legs!]

GM: WAGON CRASH CONNECTS!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: They got it! They got it! What an upset! The Rotgut Rustlers have beaten the former World Tag Team Champions, fans! Wow!

[The Portland fans are losing it, jumping up and down cheering for the tournament upset!]

GM: The Rotgut Rustlers came to Portland to prove a point and they’ve done exactly that as they score the biggest upset in this tournament and move on to the Quarterfinals!



[Tombstone Anderson and Sam Turner are embracing in the ring, celebrating their victory as the fans continue to cheer.]

GM: The Lights Out Express brought it all... they even had Donnie White get involved but in the end, it's Tombstone Anderson and Sam Turner moving on in this tournament! Wow! Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet in the aftermath of this big moment to take a look at the tournament bracket!

[Cut to the backstage area where a grinning Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: We're back here live in the back of the Veterans' War Memorial Coliseum where the Rotgut Rustlers have upset the former Double Crown Champions to move into the Quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup tournament! The atmosphere here in Portland is electric, fans, and I can't-

[Stegglet is cut short by the sound of a shrill voice shouting from off-camera.]

"HE'S HERE! GET OUT OF MY WAY, HE'S HERE!"

[Stegglet steps back as Miss Sandra Hayes, looking a lot more frazzled than earlier in the evening, comes racing through the picture.]

MS: It appears as though the National Champion, Rob Driscoll, has arrived here in Portland and- let's go! Let's follow her!

[Stegglet and the cameraman go charging in pursuit of Miss Hayes who shoves her way through a pair of doors. As they follow, we find a black stretch limo sitting in the parking lot area. Hayes pulls up as the chauffeur opens the door, revealing the National Champion as he rises out of the car, trademark smirk on his face. He takes one look at Hayes, arching an eyebrow.]

MSH: I've... I was calling... texting...

[Driscoll looks concerned.]

MSH: I...

[Hayes throws a look over her shoulder at Stegglet and the cameraman.]

MSH: GET OUT OF HERE!

[Stegglet and the cameraman quickly back off, though the lens stays focused on Driscoll and Hayes even as they're now out of earshot...

...well, almost.]

"YOU DID WHAT?!"

[The shout from the stunned champion causes Hayes to recoil in surprise as does him nudging past her, storming towards the building with his manager

in hot pursuit. Driscoll sneers at Stegglet as he passes, walking into the building with Hayes trailing behind him with a whimper of "Roooooob!"]

MS: Well, uh... I'd say the National Champion is less than thrilled about the Main Event he finds himself in later tonight. Fans, it's gonna be a wild one here in Portland! We'll be right back after the break!

[Fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black.

We fade back up to live action - a panning shot of the Portland crowd.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here LIVE on The X! It's been an exciting night so far, Bucky, and we've still got a long way to go but right now we've-

[At this point, a lone individual walks down the rampway and toward the ring. Said individual is the manager of Next Gen, Julie Somers. She is dressed in a red blouse and blue jeans.]

GM: Hold on, everyone... what is Julie Somers doing down here?

BW: She's not even out here with the team she manages. What's going on?

[Julie steps between the ropes, motioning toward the ringside table, indicating she wants a microphone.]

GM: Fans, I don't know what Julie wants, unless it has something to do with...

BW: With what, Gordo?

GM: Well, you heard what Melissa Cannon talked about two weeks ago, how she says it's past due to bring women's wrestling to AWA. And we also heard from Julie about how she regrets not taking up Miyuki Ozaki on her open challenge.

BW: Hey, you snooze, you lose, Gordo. Just like Melissa Cannon did at Rising Sun Showdown.

GM: Bucky, that's enough out of you.

[Julie receives the mic from Phil Watson. She walks toward the center of the ring, raising the mic.]

JS: Ever since I came to the AWA, I talked about how I understood that I might not get the chance to do what I love the most, but maybe some day, it would happen.

But I'm here to say that I've waited for that chance long enough.

[A nod.]

JS: Two weeks ago, Melissa Cannon talked about a lot of great wrestlers who paved the way for women's wrestling. Names that I know all too well, because in many of those cases, I didn't just watch them on TV. I got to see them up close.

You see, I spent several years backstage at so many wrestling shows, where I walked around backstage with my brother, in the presence of so many of the top names in wrestling. And I got to meet, in person, some of the best female athletes this business has ever seen.

I talked for hours with Nina Grimsson and was amazed at how much she had learned. I picked the mind of Sierra Browne several times and couldn't believe how much she had to share. I can remember asking so many questions of Tara Marshall and Leanna Love and how they were always patient, because they could tell I wanted to learn from them.

And then there was Stephanie Harper... she didn't just give me advice. When I knew I wanted to step into that ring and do what those all-time greats of women's wrestling did, she trained me, taught me what the world of wrestling was all about.

[She pushes back a strand of hair.]

JS: Now, don't get me wrong... I have loved managing Next Gen. How could I not want to be around my brother, and around one of my good friends, the son of a Hall of Famer. But the fact is, they are able to do what they have trained to do, night after night, for the AWA, and I've had to be content with standing at ringside, encouraging them, all while wishing that was me inside that ring.

But it seems ever since some of the great promotions of the past have faded away, the opportunity for the women who want that chance to step into the ring just isn't there... not here in the AWA, anyway. Oh, I know how Lori Dane tried, and how her push seemed to fall on deaf ears.

Well, I'm not going to let my pleas fall on deaf ears. I'm making one thing absolutely clear, that I don't just want to be standing at ringside, watching my brother and friend wrestle.

I want to be inside that ring, doing what I love.

So I'm out here, just as Melissa Cannon was two weeks ago, telling Landon O'Neill and everyone else in that front office, that the moment's past due, and it's time to bring women's wrestling here to the AWA!

[The crowd is receptive to the idea. Julie nods toward the crowd.]

JS: And it sure sounds like I'm not the only one who believes that!

So I'm hoping that those in the front office are listening, and that they aren't just going to let my pleas be ignored.

[With that, Julie acknowledges the cheering fans, then heads over to the side of the ring, handing the mic back to Phil and ducking between the ropes, then heads up the aisle.]

GM: Julie Somers adding her voice to the cries of the many, many around in the world who are calling for the AWA front office to bring women's wrestling to the American Wrestling Alliance. As far as I know, there has been no official comment from President O'Neill or anyone else but... well, only time will tell if Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon will get their way. Fans, it's time for action here on The X!

[With the camera still on Phil Watson, a lanky young man in red trunks, blue kneepads, and white boots steps into the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from Philadelphia, P-A... he's 243 pounds... Bruce Palmer!

[Palmer bows his head, waving to a few cheering fans as he prepares for what's coming his way.]

BW: And I hope ol' Brucey has his affairs in order.

GM: No kidding. After what we saw two weeks ago, who in the world would agree to-

[The lights drop to black.]

After a few chilling moments in the darkness, a set of bright orange and yellow come up... very, very slowly. The result is the look of a sunrise, casting a glow over the walkway. The camera is right by the lights so the vision is blinded for a moment...

...until darkness appears. Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play as well, giving the whole scene quite the old Western feel.]

PW: His opponent hails from The Deadwoods... weighing in at 301 pounds...

THE HANNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNNN!

[As we cut to a long shot of the aisle and see the tall drink of water known as The Hangman striding down it in an open brown leather full-length trench coat, faded and worn from time. His brown leather gloves are a perfect match. His face is barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over his eyes. Gripped in his right hand tightly? A noose, by God... a noose.

Trailing a few feet behind him is another man, wearing an old-timey black suit. A silver pocket watch chain hangs into view. His eyes are locked on the ring, his face etched with focus as he runs a hand through his wild black beard.]

BW: Gordo, after our last show, I did a little research on the guy who comes out here with The Hangman. His name is Virgil Rockwell... my sources say he was some kind of a lawman out in Arizona somewhere. One of those small towns where old time justice is still the reality of the situation.

GM: Old time justice?

BW: Whippings, hangings, you know...

GM: I most certainly do not!

[Upon reaching the ring, The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell climb the steps. The Hangman steps over the top rope with ease as Rockwell steps through the ropes, accepting the shrugged off trenchcoat. Underneath, we see a sweat and dirt-stained dress shirt that has seen better days along with a pair of brown slacks that are tucked right into a pair of black cowboy boots.

He's close to seven feet tall, lanky and lean but with some muscle tone on him. His skin has been blasted by the sun over the years, leaving it weathered and aged. Long strings of black hair with the beginnings of aging peeking through in streaks of grey hang down to his shoulders. His coarse facial hair comes in the form of a short beard and mustache.

The Hangman stares across at his opponent who seems to be looking for an exit as the big man reaches back slowly, hanging the noose over the ringpost with care. The other man steps from the ring as The Hangman stares out into the crowd, right at a pale young man holding up a sign that reads "THE HANGMAN IS REAL!"

GM: There is a seriously bizarre feeling in the air when The Hangman comes to the ring... a chill almost in the air.

BW: The smell of death.

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far.

BW: Oh, you're right. This kid just needs to change his tights after seeing The Hangman.

[The referee signals for the bell as The Hangman tugs at his right glove, adjusting it in place as Bruce Palmer stays unmoving, staring across the ring.]

BW: Look at 'im, Gordo. He's scared stiff.

GM: Can you blame him? If I was him, I'd be on the hunt for a way out of town.

[The Hangman steps from the corner, slowly and methodically making his way across the ring to where Bruce Palmer suddenly looks back and forth, searching for an idea...

...and springs forward to connect solidly with a forearm on the jaw!]

GM: Forearm shot...

BW: Nothing.

[The Hangman simply stares down at Palmer as he winds up, throwing a second.]

GM: That's two!

BW: He didn't even flinch, Gordo!

[Palmer winds up a third time and ends up with The Hangman's massive paw wrapped around his throat, pushing him back with ease against the turnbuckles.]

GM: That's a choke, ref.

BW: Hangman don't care. He'll break every rule in the book, then write some new ones so he can break them too.

[He easily yanks Palmer from the corner by the throat, Palmer grabbing at the Hangman's wrist as he gets pulled out against the ropes.]

GM: The Hangman is ragdolling this young man around the ring...

[Using his size and power, he pushes Palmer back into another set of buckles, the referee pursuing and complaining about the chokehold all the while. The Hangman finally breaks and when he does, he slams the backside of his elbow into the side of Palmer's jaw.]

GM: Oh!

[A second elbow follows before The Hangman grabs Palmer by the arm, whipping him across the ring. He lumbers in in pursuit...

...but Palmer raises his legs, trying to land a boot to the chin.]

GM: Caught by The Hangman!

[Palmer pleads with The Hangman who is holding him off the canvas, dangling helplessly...

...and then JERKS both legs, yanking Palmer away from the buckles where he lands hard on the back of his head!]

GM: Good grief!

[Grabbing the back of his head, Palmer rolls under the ropes out onto the ring apron as The Hangman tugs at his glove again. We cut out to Virgil Rockwell who has a cold, satisfied smile on his face, watching with enjoyment as The Hangman steps out onto the ring apron...]

GM: Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this.

[Measuring his man, The Hangman takes a two step jump, leaping high to extend his leg...

...and brings it CRASHING down across the chest and throat of Bruce Palmer!]

BW: Total decapitation, daddy! Better check the third row for Palmer's head!

GM: The legdrop with devastating impact as The Hangman rises to a knee on the floor, looking out on the fans at ringside and I would not want to be on the other end of that glare, Bucky.

[Back to his feet, The Hangman slams the point of his elbow down across Palmer's throat which is still dangling off the apron. A second elbow lands before he shoves Palmer back under the ropes, grabbing the rope and pulling himself back up on the apron.]

GM: The Hangman stays on the attack, stepping back into the ring...

[Palmer is crawling for his life, ending up in the corner where he drags himself to his feet as The Hangman approaches the middle of the ring, storming in with an impactful clothesline!]

GM: The Hangman moves well for a man his size as we saw right there and-look out here!

[The Hangman steps back, squaring up to throw a right to the ribs... then a left to the other side... rights and lefts, rocking the body of the stunned Bruce Palmer before a neck-snapping uppercut lifts Palmer off the mat, dumping him down into a seated position on the canvas.]

GM: He nearly took his head off again!



[Stepping closer to the corner, the Hand of Justice plants his foot firmly on the throat of Palmer, pushing down on the windpipe as he tugs on the top rope for more leverage.]

GM: The referee's right in there with the count - two, three, four, five-whoaaa! That was a close one, Bucky.

BW: I told you, Gordo, this guy doesn't care about the rules.

GM: But he risks disqualification doing something like that.

BW: He doesn't care about that either!

[The Hangman again breaks close to the five count, leaning over to drag Palmer off the mat. He slowly twists Palmer's arm around, jerking him into a short knee to the midsection, doubling him up as he hooks a front facelock.]

GM: The Hangman hooks him... I think we know what's coming here...

[With Palmer in position, the Hangman SLOOOOOOOOOWLY turns him over, facing up at the lights with the back of his neck braced against the big man's shoulder...

...and DROPS down to his rear, jolting the neck of Palmer in a neckbreaker!]

GM: Good grief! That'll send you to the chiropractor!

BW: He could end this one at any time...

[Rising to his feet, he looks out to Virgil Rockwell who gives a slow and steady nod to his charge before shouting "SEND HIM TO THE GALLOWS!" The Hangman returns the nod before he turns to face the crowd, slowly lifting his own right hand and gripping his throat with it.]

GM: That'll give anyone nightmares.

[He silently leans over, dragging Palmer off the mat again, powering him right up into a torture rack...]

GM: We saw this two weeks ago! He gets them up there and-

[...and then spins him out, snapping him down with a high impact neckbreaker again!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: He calls that The Rope's End, daddy... and Palmer's dangling in the breeze right about now!

[The Hangman rolls into a kneeling pin, planting his palms on the chest and pressing his own torso up with his arms at full extension as he gets the easy three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[“Man With A Harmonica” begins to play again as The Hangman slowly rises off of his downed opponent as his cornerman enters the ring, a broad smile on his mustached face. He walks to the corner, lifting the noose from off the ringpost and walks over towards his charge who drops to a knee, looking up at the rope. The cornerman looks at the kneeling monster and shouts...]

“LET JUSTICE BE DONE OR THE HEAVENS WILL FALL!”

[...at which The Hangman rises to his feet, taking the noose from Rockwell.]

GM: Now wait... we saw this last time and this is- this isn't right, Bucky! Even you have to agree that there's no call for this!

BW: Well, I never told one of my guys to do this but I don't think I ever managed someone whose hobbies included ropework.

[With the referee loudly protesting, the Hangman leans down, slipping the noose over the head of Palmer so that the rope is around his neck...]

...and starts dragging him using the rope, choking him violently as he pulls him towards the edge of the ring.]

GM: The Hangman's climbing out of the ring and-

[He reaches back under the ropes, grabbing Palmer by the hair, yanking hard to pull him out onto the floor with a splat. He grabs the rope again.]

GM: I don't like this one bit! The AWA's gonna have to do something about this, fans!

[The Hangman turns his back on the ring, slowly dragging Palmer up the aisle as Virgil Rockwell walks before him, a cool and satisfied expression on his face as they head back towards the locker room. The shot cuts from the aisle just before they vanish through the curtain, landing on the pale young man holding up the same homemade sign we saw earlier.]

GM: How can someone actually root for this guy?

BW: I'm not sure he's a fan or just... a realist.

GM: Very funny. Fans, once again, we have received a video tape of a match from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro featuring MAMMOTH Maximus in action as he continues to work towards his No Disqualification match with KING Oni on Halloween Night. First, let's hear from “Doctor” Harrison Fawcett regarding that match and then let's see Maximus in action!

[Fade through black.

We open to a closeup of an office phone, a black leather gloved hand in mid-dial. The "SPEAKER" button is lit up and we can hear a dial tone as the phone connects the call. A voice comes through the speaker after a click.]

"Suicide Prevention Hotline, this is Anthony. How can I help you today?"

[We pan up to see "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett seated in front of the table that the phone sits on.]

"D"HF: I certainly hope so. You see, I'm calling for a...

[Fawcett strokes his chin thoughtfully.]

"D"HF: Well, "friend" is a little too strong a term. I'm merely concerned for my fellow man. I fear someone I know is trying to take their own life.

A: If you think it's that serious you should really get him to call himself... or better yet, consult a mental health professional.

"D"HF: I'm afraid he lacks the basic self preservation skills to make such a move. You see, he narrowly escaped his own decimation at the hands of your KING and yet he still wishes to throw his soul into the fires of damnation once again!

A: I'm sorry... my king?

"D"HF: Indeed, no doubt you see the gravity of the situation. Never before have I seen such a sad case.

A: Is this a prank?

"D"HF: A prank? Here I am, showing concern for my fellow man and you doubt my intentions?

[Just then, two massive hands grip each side of Fawcett's chair as the snarling face of KING Oni comes into view.]

KO: FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!!!

[A silent pause, as the breathing of "Anthony" on the other end of the phone speeds up.]

A: What... what was that?! Sir, are you alright?

"D"HF: I am, as always, the apex of content. You on the other hand...

KO: FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!!!!

[We hear a click, and then nothing.]

"D"HF: It is simply impossible to find anyone that truly cares these days.

[Fawcett turns to look at the camera, as Oni stands up straight and furrows his brow.]

"D"HF: Maximus, as a caregiver myself... I have to profess that I am most concerned. For you did what no one else has done.

[Fawcett nods at Oni.]

"D"HF: You survived. Like all the rest you proved yourself to be completely inept when tasked with defeating my liege... but you walked away from the encounter.

[Oni grips his fist as if he has it wrapped around an invisible throat. He then lifts his arm up and then brings it down in a slamming motion.]

"D"HF: Ever since, my KING has been in the throes of a hunger the likes of which I've never seen. You robbed him of his birthright. To feed on all that dare step in his royal path.

[Fawcett flashes a dark smile.]

"D"HF: Then you did the unthinkable. When everyone else in the world would have counted their blessings and walked away with their life intact... you did the opposite.

[Fawcett shakes his head in mock regret.]

"D"HF: You begged for another opportunity to be destroyed, to be crushed under cloven hooves. You gave your lord and master what he TRULY craved.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Your complete and utter obliteration. And on All Hallow's Eve, the very holiday created to warn mankind of the great danger he brings to every man, woman and child. They all can see the writing on the wall, no doubt it's why that young man hung up the phone once he heard the hopelessness of your case.

[Fawcett picks up the receiver, pointing at the camera.]

"D"HF: We have answered your call, we shall grant you the oblivion you crave. You have wrestled for the good people of Japan for the last time. Your potential future there is gone forever, for I have seen your future...

[Fawcett drops the receiver, fishing his gem out of the breast pocket of his jacket. He places it over his left eye.]

"D"HF: ...and your future is a wooden box.

[Fawcett continues to peer through his gem as Oni clenches his fists, staring down at them with homicidal intensity as we cut straight to the ring, where a male voice can be heard making the introductions in Japanese. 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. MAMMOTH Maximus, as usual, has on 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. His opponent is a clean-shaven, athletically-built Japanese man with short, wavy black hair. He is dressed in a pair of tights, with a white base and emerald legs, and a pair of black boots.]

DA: Here's another match from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro, showcasing MAMMOTH Maximus taking on another of TPP's top stars in Akimitsu Aizawa!

[Following the announcements of the competitors' names, we see Maximus reaching behind his head and undoing the strings of his mask. He pulls the mask off, shaking his head at the referee and pointing to Aizawa, then pointing at his face.]

BW: Explain this to me, Adams, why did Maximus remove his mask there?

DA: He's telling his opponent that he wants nothing hidden between them. This is not the first time these two are meeting in the TPP ring and they have developed a sense of respect between the two of them.

"CLANK!"

GM: Both men circling each other. They lock up... And immediately break; neither men able to assert their dominance.

DA: There's that familiarity these two have; it's like they know what the other is thinking all the time.

[Another collar-and-elbow tie-up sees Maximus forcing Aizawa against the ropes. He throws off Aizawa's left hand, freeing up his right arm to lay into the side of Aizawa's head with a clubbing forearm strike. Maximus follows it up with a flurry of left and right forearms to the head, then a series of right and left shots to the side of Aizawa's body.]

GM: More clubbing forearm blows as Maximus literally chops Akimitsu Aizawa off his feet.

BW: The middle rope is the only thing holding Aizawa up and he's trying to pull himself back to his feet with it.

[Maximus gives Aizawa a hand, pulling him to his feet and whipping him across the ring. Aizawa rebounds off the ropes and runs right into the full girth of Maximus' body, collapsing down to the canvas.]

GM: Right down off his feet!

BW: It's like running into a giant boulder, Gordo.

[Maximus stalks his opponent as he rolls to his knees and pushes himself back to his feet. He grabs Aizawa by the back of his head and helps him up, then thrusts his fingers into Aizawa's throat, sending him flying backwards into the corner.]

DA: MAMMOTH Maximus continues to work Akimitsu Aizawa in the corner... Whips him across the ring! HYOOOGE running splash crushes Aizawa in the corner!

GM: A pretty one-sided affair thus far, as Maximus pulls Aizawa out of the corner... Waistlock!

[Maximus elevates Aizawa up and over, throwing him down in a released German Suplex!]

BW: You don't often see such finesse from the American Mastodon, you forget just how many ways he has to take an opponent down.

[With Aizawa laid out courtesy of the release German suplex, Maximus gets to his feet, steps towards his opponent, leaps, and lands with a big splash across Aizawa's chest. He gets to his feet again, hits the ropes, rebounds, leaps, and hits another big splash on Aizawa.]

GM: There's a cover... and somehow Aizawa gets the shoulder up at two!

BW: That's got to be pure instinct, Gordo. A lesser competitor would not have been able to withstand the kind of assault that we've seen thus far.

[Maximus pulls Aizawa to his feet by a handful of hair and lands a couple of stiff shots to the side of a doubled-over Aizawa. Aizawa drops to one knee as Maximus looms over him. Maximus, with a handful of hair, pulls Aizawa's head back and slaps him across the face, which jolts Aizawa back to his feet, allowing Maximus to pull him into a standing head scissors.]

DA: POWERBOMB!!!

GM: Maximus to the ropes again! BIIIG SPLASH!!!

BW: And, again, Aizawa with the shoulder up at two!

[Maximus slaps the mat, as he pushes up onto his knees and glares at his laid out opponent. He slides a hand under Aizawa's head, pulling it off the mat, so that he can wrap an arm around it in an inverted facelock.]

GM: Here's another thing you don't see very often: Maximus applying a Dragon sleeper.

DA: Another longtime foe of Maximus, "Seiryu" Kenichi Noda is known for the Dragon sleeper. No doubt Maximus would have picked it up along the way.

BW: But it's not quite the devastating move he is expecting thus far; the referee is asking Aizawa if he wants to submit and Aizawa is waving it off.

[Shaking his head, Maximus releases the inverted facelock, but quickly transitions into a regular sleeper. Again, the referee asks Akimitsu Aizawa if he wants to submit and, again, Aizawa waves it off. One of Aizawa's seconds on the outside points out Aizawa's foot on the bottom rope to the official, prompting him to call for a break, which Maximus does almost immediately. Maximus rolls to his feet, while Aizawa rolls under the bottom rope to the outside.]

GM: The referee begins the count, but I don't think Maximus wants to wait!

DA: Maximus goes to the outside, not allowing Aizawa much of a breather.

BW: He's got him up. Whip to the barricades!

GM: Aizawa catches himself before crashing fully into those metal barricades...

[Indeed, Aizawa manages to hold his hands out and also uses one of his legs to stop the forward momentum from carrying him into the barricade. Unfortunately, he turns around and is flattened almost immediately by a charging Maximus. Maximus pulls Aizawa to his feet, drags him towards the apron and rolls him under the bottom rope.]

GM: Maximus back in after Aizawa... He's got him up... And another clubbing forearm to the side of the head! And another! And another!

BW: A fourth knocks Aizawa into the corner! Aizawa has to be out of it by this point, Dale.

DA: I should think so, Bucky, and I think Maximus thinks so, the way he is looking at Aizawa.

[Again, Maximus pulls Aizawa out of the corner, to his feet, and into a standing headscissors. Maximus lifts him onto his shoulders, possibly for another powerbomb, but Aizawa slips his legs off Maximus' shoulders, landing on his feet in front of the bigger man.]

DA: Aizawa elbow! Three Aizawa elbows in a row! Discus-

GM: He missed! Maximus stepped back! Maximus catches the leg... Back brain kick!

BW: That enzuigiri stunned Maximus!

GM: Back body drop! Aizawa picked the big guy off his feet and dropped him to the mat!

DA: Guess Aizawa is not out of it, Bucky. He goes for the mount, and an elbow to the jaw of Maximus! And another!

GM: Four! Five! Six! Seven!

DA: Eight! Half that number of hard-hitting elbows from Akimitsu Aizawa is usually enough to knock most men out!

BW: We know Maximus is not like most men, Dale.

GM: Cover! Shoulder up at two and a half!

[And now it's a scramble for both men to get to their feet. They hit the ropes on opposite sides of the ring. Aizawa comes out on the losing end of the rebound, as he smashes into the full weight of Maximus' body. As Aizawa collapses to the mat, he gets a left hook to the side of the head as well.]

GM: Maximus now he's waving his arms in front of him, calling for the end.

BW: He's dragging Aizawa towards the corner, so I think we all know what's coming.

GM: Maximus onto the middle rope!

DA: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!!!

GM: Cover! One! TWO! THR-

DA: Foot on the ropes!

GM: Wow! Aizawa showing tremendous resilience here, managing to get his foot on the bottom rope to save himself from certain defeat.

BW: Akimitsu Aizawa will not stay down! Even now, he is trying to get back to his feet!

[Shaking his head, Maximus 'helps' Aizawa to his feet. He throws his near arm across Aizawa's chest, and reaches behind him with the other arm, lifting him up and dropping him with a uranage slam...

...and then stands unmoving, shaking his head and muttering something to himself. Then, with an air of finality, his jaw set, Maximus wraps his hands around Aizawa's head. He pulls Aizawa, as he has done many times before this, to his feet and into another standing head scissors.]

GM: Maximus has Aizawa up...

DA: POWERBOMB!!!



GM: Maximus holding Aizawa down in the jackknife position for the cover! He gets one! He gets two! He gets three!

"CLANK!"

BW: A uranage, a Prehistoric Plunge, multiple big splashes, and a couple of massive powerbombs, and, finally, Maximus can keep Akimitsu Aizawa down for the three count.

GM: It makes you wonder, gentlemen, what it's going to take for MAMMOTH Maximus to keep the Demon down, if he can keep the Demon down, when he faces KING Oni once again in a No Disqualification match at Halloween.

[We cut from the ring where the official has Maximus' hand raised to somewhere backstage after the match, where Maximus is standing by, the straps of his ring attire pulled down.]

MM: ONIIII!!! I hope you were watching, because if THAT is what I'll do to an opponent I actually respect, think what I will do, with no holds barred, to an abomination like you!

[Maximus reaches out and engulfs the camera lens with one meaty hand and we fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and then come back up to Mark Stegglet who is standing by on the interview platform.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me right now: Willie Hammer.

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

MS: Willie Hammer, tonight, you get a shot at the World Television title, but before I ask you for your thoughts about your match with the World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage, last week, you had some words for Skywalker Jones and his protest at having been outvoted by your mentor,

Sweet Daddy Williams. Obviously, those words did not go down well with Skywalker Jones and he has challenged you, if you have a problem with what he is doing, to tell it to his face. Are you planning on doing that?

WH: Skywalker Jones wants me to go out to the parking lot where I hear he is again tonight and get in his face and tell him just exactly what I think about his actions?

MS: It seems so, yes.

WH: Well, I won't. For two reasons, Mark, and I'll tell you why. You see, a glorified car salesman like Higgins might feel more at home in a parking lot, but that ain't no place for two athletes to be sorting things out. Secondly, tonight, I have the opportunity to become the World Television champion and I'm not about to risk that opportunity just to show Skywalker Jones that not only is he nowhere as popular as Sweet Daddy Williams, he also has an equal in the athleticism department in yours truly. Skywalker Jones will just have to wait two weeks, for when we get to Las Vegas, to put down the picket sign, walk through the arena doors, and step into the ring with me!

[The crowd cheers the potential match.]

MS: That sounds like a challenge. I guess the question remains whether Skywalker Jones will take you up on your invitation and whether he will be stepping into the ring against THE World Television Champion two weeks from tonight. Your thoughts on your upcoming match against the World Television champion Shadoc Rage?

WH: Shadoc Rage is a talented and dangerous competitor, but what really puts him at an advantage going into this match is his obsession: Shadoc Rage is obsessed with the gold. He is obsessed with holding the title. He is obsessed with being the World Television champion. You see, Mark, I want the accolade as much as the next guy, but I'm nowhere as obsessed with the belt as Shadoc Rage is, and that makes him a dangerous man. I'm hungry for the opportunity, but Rage, man, he sounds like the only way anyone would take that belt away from him is by prying it out of his cold, dead hands. Fortunately for me, a man as obsessed as that tends to develop tunnel vision. A man so singularly obsessed tends to look past what's right in front of him. At least, that's what I'm counting on and that's what I plan of taking advantage of, because the harder he tries to maintain his grip on the gold, the least likely he'll see me coming at him from all other angles and the least likely he'll get his hands up in time to stop me. At the very least, Mark, these AWA fans will be in for one heck of a match.

[Hammer turns to the crowd and yells, "Let's do this!" as he leaves the interview platform. Cut to the ring, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands holding the mic, with ref Ricky Longfellow standing alongside.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for the special, "Armbar Challenge!"

[Big cheer!]

SLB: If Derrick Williams can break the arm bar of Callum Mahoney, then the two will have a one on one match at a later date. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the principals...

First, the man that broke the Sultan's arm, the Armbar Assassin himself, CALLUM MAHONEY!

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" begins 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 five words, in a large white, blocky font, arranged top to bottom: "EAT," "DRINK," "ARMBAR," "DRINK," and "REPEAT" down the front, over his usual ring attire.

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 points to his T-shirt and tries to get them to chant along, "EAT! DRINK! ARMBAR! DRINK! REPEAT!" When they don't appear to be co-operating, Mahoney waves them off and continues towards the ring.]

GM: Callum Mahoney, once upon a time, was a favorite of the AWA fans but no longer. His attitude... his viciousness... his mean streak... all contributing factors to the boos you hear right now.

BW: Ask him if he cares.

GM: Oh, I don't believe he does. If he did, he wouldn't have betrayed his team last year at SuperClash... if he did, he wouldn't have broken the arm of Sultan Azam Sharif!

[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 Challenge.]

SLB: And now...

[The crowd boos start turning to cheers]

SLB: The Young Lion of the AWA, the man that promises to become the very first to break the armbar, DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[And Otherwise's "Comin' for the Throne" starts playing as Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. Williams steps out in full wrestling attire, black trunks, black kneepads, with white boots, and his wrists and right hand taped. He slaps hands with the fans as he enters the ring and stares down Mahoney]

BW: He's nuts, Gordo. Absolutely nuts if he thinks he's gonna break the armbar of Callum Mahoney. Sultan is three times the wrestler Williams is and he couldn't do it.

GM: Well Bucky, Williams wanted his hands on Mahoney, and this is the only way he seems to be able to get a chance at making that happen.

[Lou goes to continue the event as the two men stare across the squared circle at each other.]

SLB: Now gentlemen, the rules will be as follows here: Callum Mahoney will apply his armbar to Derrick Williams who MUST allow the hold to be fully applied. The only way Derrick Williams can stop the hold is if he breaks out of it or if he taps out. There are no rope breaks. Derrick Williams MUST counter the hold to escape.

Now, Ricky Longfellow is here to officiate this, call for the break and judge the tap out if necessary. Ricky?

[Longfellow directs Williams and Mahoney as they continue jaw at each other and posture.]

BW: You know something, Gordo, it just occurred to me. This isn't fair to Mahoney.

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: Well, normally, in any match, Mahoney has a whole match to soften someone up, now he's just tossing it on. Williams is fresh, this isn't right!

GM: I don't know about that, even if he isn't worn down, no one's broken the hold... and besides, you just got done telling me how overmatched Williams is!

BW: That's before I realized his evil plan! He really IS Kevin Slater's protege! This is something just like that so-called Boy Scout would pull!

[Williams and Mahoney continue to jaw at each other as Longfellow tries to direct traffic. After a few moments, Williams THROWS himself down to the mat, laying on his back as he extends his left arm, shouting at Mahoney to put the hold on.]

BW: Now look at this, Williams is offering up his good arm. That's not the arm Oni hurt! He wants to be fair, he should offer up the right arm!

GM: Now come on, Bucky, Sweet Lou has left the ring as this special Armbar Challenge is set to begin... and Mahoney is coming over, no. He circles around the ring!

[Mahoney circles the ring shaking his head as Williams sits up, shrugging at Ricky Longfellow, saying "I'm ready!"]

GM: Mahoney seems tentative to apply the hold, like he's having second thoughts.

BW: It's not second thoughts Gordo, it's strategy. He's trying to negate Williams' unfair advantage in not only being fresh, but knowing the hold's coming. Both things don't happen in a regular match environment, so he needs to get everything in order!

[At the official's direction, Williams lays back down on the mat as Mahoney inches closer...]

GM: Mahoney looks like he's about to lock it on...

[He reaches down, grabbing the wrist of Williams...

...and then abruptly breaks away, pointing at the arm, gesturing wildly.]

GM: What happened now?

[Mahoney shouts at the official who shrugs and then leans through the ropes, gesturing to a ringside attendant who hands over a white towel.]

GM: What is this all about?

[Longfellow makes Williams get up so that he can use the towel on the arm. The crowd jeers as Williams looks irritated.]

BW: Of course! Williams, again trying to get an unfair advantage, oiled up that arm so he could slip out of the hold easier!

GM: I find that highly unlikely, Bucky... but it looks like Ricky Longfellow is taking care of it so that Callum Mahoney will have no more excuses and we can get this Armbar Challenge underway.

[Longfellow tosses the towel over the ropes, gesturing again for Williams to lie down on the mat. The Young Lion obliges as Mahoney again starts to move in, wiggling his fingers in anticipation...]

GM: Mahoney moving in... slowly... slowly... slowly...

[He makes a lunge in...

...and then backs off, grabbing at the back of his thigh.]

GM: Now what?

[Mahoney winces as he grabs at his hamstring. He bites his bottom lip as he leans against the ropes, shaking out his leg.]

BW: Isn't it obvious? Callum Mahoney pulled a muscle trying to apply the hold there. He's injured. They should just call this whole thing off.

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky! He's not hurt!

BW: How do you know?! Look at him!

[Mahoney continues to shake out his leg as the referee insists that he apply the Armbar. Derrick Williams shouts something in Mahoney's direction that seems to fire him up as the Armbar Assassin rushes over again, grabbing the arm, scissoring between his legs...]

BW: Callum, don't! You're hurt!

[But Mahoney's hot temper has gotten the better of him as he rocks back, stretching out the arm in an attempt to hyper-extend the elbow...

...and Williams quickly rolls right away into it, managing to lock his hands and prevent the full extension.]

GM: Here we go!

BW: See, right there, if he was worn down proper, he wouldn't be able to do this. They should've let Mahoney beat on him for five minutes or so... free punches... and THEN apply the Armbar!

GM: Give me a break.

BW: Who's teaching Williams how to counter submission holds anyways? I've never seen a drop of mat technician out of him and we all know that Kevin Slater didn't teach the kid holds 'cause you can't teach something you've got no clue about.

[Williams grits his teeth, his feet moving around on the mat while keeping his hands locked for dear life.]

GM: Williams holding on with all he's got because if his grip breaks...

BW: His arm breaks. Period.

GM: Well, I was going to say that if he loses his grip, Mahoney will be able to hyper-extend the arm and that'll be it... but your point is valid as well, Bucky.

[Williams continues to struggle, making a try at getting a leg underneath him to try and push up off the mat but failing...]

GM: Williams trying to get on his feet or perhaps just trying to walk himself around the mat...

BW: Not much point in doing that. Getting to the ropes doesn't break the hold in this one... he's gotta do it on his own.

[Williams swings his legs back and forth, building up some momentum with his hips as the fans cheer him on...

...and then rolls over, getting to his knees!]

GM: Uh oh! Mahoney's in trouble here!

BW: Getting to a base like that relieves a lot of the pressure but I don't know if Mahoney can go any further, Gordo.

GM: He's gonna try! He's got Mahoney on his shoulders, stacked up like he would for a pinning combination but there are no pins in this one. The pressure has to be greatly taken off the arm right now though... and it looks like he's trying to power out of this!

BW: A powerbomb?! Are you kidding me?! This kid doesn't have the strength to-

GM: HE'S DOING IT! HE'S DOING IT!

[The crowd is roaring as Williams, his hand grabbing his trapped wrist, gives a shout, attempting to power Mahoney off the canvas...

...when Mahoney suddenly releases the arm, reaching up to rake the eyes of Williams!]

GM: OH!

[Williams staggers back, the fans cheering that he's out of the hold!]

GM: He broke it! He broke the armbar!

BW: He did not! Mahoney let it go!

[Mahoney scrambles up off the mat, pasting a blinded Williams with a right hand!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by the Fighting Irishman!

[The blow stuns Williams who falls to a knee as Mahoney backs off, gets some speed...

...and BLASTS Williams with a running kneelift, knocking him backwards but he stays on his knee!]

GM: Down goes Williams off that kneelift and- oh, come on!

[A single arm DDT connects, DRIVING the arm and shoulder down into the canvas where Mahoney floats seamlessly over. The crowd jeers as he hooks the wrist, scissoring the arm between his legs, dropping back into the cross armbreaker...]

BW: And NOW the armbar is truly locked in!

GM: The armbar has been reapplied and- come on, ref! Ricky Longfellow is trying to pull Mahoney off of Williams and motioning for help, and Mahoney has this locked in! The arm is hyperextended! He's gonna hurt this kid!



[Williams cries out in pain, screaming and shouting as Mahoney tries to break the arm!]

BW: And you know what the best thing is, Gordo? Williams didn't break the hold! Mahoney released it, then put it back on, at no time did Williams cause the break. He doesn't get his match!

[Mahoney wrenches the hold for a few more seconds before releasing the hold, getting to his feet and raising his hands victorious as Williams rolls around holding his left arm out straight.]

GM: That was disgusting, Bucky, he could've broken Williams' arm.

BW: He may have broken it!

GM: And that thing you said about Williams not breaking the hold... I think that's up to the AWA President Landon O'Neill! Mahoney released the hold for sure but he released it because of the actions of Derrick Williams! I think Williams has an excellent case to claim that he DID break the hold and therefore, he DOES get the match!

BW: Stevie Wonder in a pitch black room would see that one better than you did, Gordo. Callum Mahoney has won the Armbar Challenge and in the process, he got rid of this punk kid nipping at his heels.

GM: Fans, we need to take a break as Derrick Williams is attended to. We'll be right back.

[Fade from Portland...

...and fade in on a silhouetted shot of a burly man - not muscular, not well-toned at all - but big. As he speaks, he uses a heavy accented English - perhaps Russian? The title underneath him reads "Ivan Petrov."]

"For too long, big barking dog has been king of GFC. When I get these hands on him, that changes."

[We cut to shots of GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris shooting in for a double leg, lifting and slamming a nameless opponent time and time again before going back to the silhouetted shot.]

"He can bring the wrestle. He can bring the hands. But his hands are no match for mine."

[Cut again to footage of Harris dropping an opponent with a right hook... then a different one with an uppercut... then a third with a spinning backfist as the crowd goes nuts for each KO. Back to the Russian.]

"The crown rests uneasy on the head of the king. And I come to knock it off."

[Cut to footage of Petrov in the ring, physically dominating opponents as he shoves them back against the cage, hammering with fists to the skull. A bloodied opponent is down on the mat as he mercilessly drives hammerfists down onto him. What amounts to a German Suplex on a third foe, rolling right into the mount where he lands three brutal shots before the referee dives in to wave it off. The Russian is seen one final time.]

"It is time for the Rottweiler to be put down."

[Fade from the Russian to a fuming, seething Rufus Harris staring into the camera. He lets out a huge roar, taking a swing towards the camera as we cut to black.]

A title comes up showing all the information for the upcoming fight event which will apparently be broadcast LIVE on The X.

Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action inside the squared circle where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[The fans in Portland start booing and chanting preemptively.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

BW: It's that time again, Gordo.

PW: Introducing first, from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, weighing in at 250 pounds... Alex Worthey!

[Worthey cracks his neck and stretches on the ropes.]

GM: It's going to be interesting to see Maxim Zharkov taking on a more technically-minded competitor tonight. So far, much of his opposition has been - to put it charitably - on the easy side of the spectrum.

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the "Soviet March." Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov -- the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators. Behind him, adviser Jackson Hunter, a middle-aged man with a perpetual scowl on his face, his ubiquitous clipboard under one arm, a briefcase with a large red hammer-and-sickle decal in the other.]

PW: And his opponent... From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

GM: ...But it is tough to argue against Maxim Zharkov's chances; he has been undefeated since he made his debut three months ago.

BW: You don't get lucky for three months in a row, Gordo!

[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: Maybe, but it is easy to choreograph a winning streak when you cherry-pick your opponent. I've heard that quite a line-up of wrestlers is waiting to test themselves against the big Soviet.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Alex Worthey, a larger competitor than we're used to seeing Zharkov face off against... still giving up nearly a hundred pounds in mass to this meso-endomorphic human tank from Magadan, Russia. Locking up now in a collar and elbow tie-up... Worthey using his speed to catch Zharkov in a rear-waistlock. Give credit to Alex Worthey: he's not intimidated!

BW: He will be.

GM: Worthey, looking to leverage The Tsar... Not sure how effective a takedown will be against the big man... Zharkov reverses into a side headlock!

[Brief cut to Jackson Hunter waving his clipboard at his client.]

GM: Zharkov's adviser Jackson Hunter at ringside... the AWA's most indignant man; Bucky, do you think his presence is even necessary out here? Maxim Zharkov seems to be able to handle himself in the ring just fine.

BW: Zharkov does what he wants, when he wants, daddy. And there's a whole murderer's row of people looking to get rich quick and take shortcuts to get themselves fifteen thousand in cold hard cash. You gotta have someone looking out for you if you make yourself that big a target.

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

GM: The AWA fans here in Portland really letting Maxim Zharkov have it, showing him what they think of his five-minute challenge to any North American athlete. Alex Worthey now trying to slip out of this vice-like side headlock of The Tsar's.

[Zharkov releases the headlock and applies a rear waistlock of his own.]

GM: Zharkov maintaining control here, winding up... OH MY STARS! Zharkov tosses his opponent half-way across the ring with an absolutely massive German Suplex!

BW: An EAST German Suplex, Gordo. We have to respect the naming conventions of the proletariat!

GM: Naming conventions?! I do not have to respect anyone that shows that little respect for-

BW: [interrupting] Watch this, daddy!

[Zharkov applies the waistlock again on the grounded Alex Worthey and gutwrench suplexes him again.]

GM: Zharkov Suplex... The Tsar obviously wanting to show off his amateur skillset. Locking in a front facelock now.

BW: Every week we see this monster, he keeps showing dominance in everything he does. He's only 23 years old, Gordo! How much better is he gonna get as the years go on!

GM: Zharkov is a specimen, and yes, he is only 23, assuming you believe that he was born on the last day of the U.S.S.R.'s existence.

BW: Why wouldn't you believe it, Gordo? Don't you trust what Jackson Hunter says?

GM: [dodging the question] Zharkov floating over now, keeping Worthey grounded... Full Nelson locked in! He's got the Gorynych!

BW: Lights out, tovarisch!

GM: Worthy with nowhere to go, unable to escape 300-plus pounds of Soviet superhuman on his back. And this match...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...Is over! Just under two minutes for Zharkov to obtain victory, eschewing his usual gameplan of throws and sticking to a more amateur style- come on! You can release that hold at any time!

[Once again, Zharkov keeps the Gorynych locked in longer than necessary, a good ten seconds after the bell has rung.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Zharkov finally releases the hold.]

GM: I'd suggest the AWA should consider fining Zharkov for that behavior, but I'm afraid we'd hear another earful from his advisor. And speaking of

which, Colt Patterson is on his way into the ring to get some post-match comments from Maxim Zharkov and Jackson Hunter.

[Patterson makes sure to step right over Alex Worthey on his way to interview Jackson Hunter in the ring.]

CP: Jax... man oh man... Who is left? Three months and your man Zharkov is undefeated. No one can even last five minutes with him.

JH: Colt, at this point I would say to Mr. Zharkov, "pull up the stakes, close the circus, we're not going to get any more rubes. You've won, you're victorious, let's leave this failed country and it's mediocre wrestlers because there's cold vodka and hot borscht calling your name." But...

[He shrugs.]

JH: Mr. Zharkov is a competitor, and a small sample size with just not do for him. And so, as the weeks turn to months, and the months will become years, and the years will become eras, The Tsar will take on all North American wrestlers. The Tsar will defeat them all, because the lure of the money - the lure of fifteen thousand in cash - is too great.

[Hunter pauses, and the microphone picks up the fans chanting.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

JH: So, fans of the AWA, please attend carefully: there's a lot of inferior athletes out there, and Mr. Zharkov has all the time in the world to dispose of them. Get used to hearing this...

MZ: Lights out, tovarisch.

[Hunter smirks as he and his charge exit, leaving Colt Patterson behind as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

# I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

# Because you light up the path

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

Fade back in backstage at the Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Sweet Lou Blackwell stands by.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, we are just moments away from what should be a hotly contested World Television Title championship match as the challenger, Willie Hammer, goes up against my guest at this time, a man made legend in Portland. Some people call him Sensational. I just call him Shadoe Rage, if you please.

[Shadoe Rage steps into the shot stage left. He is draped in a hot pink leather cape that matches the hot pink strap of the World Television Title draped over his shoulder. The dreadlocked champion keeps his back to the camera, arms akimbo, making sure his back flares as broadly as possible so we can read the words stitched in black leather on the pink robe. BLACK JESUS. Rage holds for a minute before he turns to face the camera. He is a jangle of black bandana, silver beads on the ends of his twin-braided beard and silver framed sunglasses with light pink lenses that semi obscure his hyperactive eyes. The AWA World Television championship is tucked under his arm protectively.]

SR: People of Portland, the prodigal son has come home. It's been a long time but I look around this city with fond memories. Behold what has become of your Black Jesus! I stand before you the AWA World Television champion and I will remain that way!

SLB: Not to get into it with you, but I know somebody who wants to take that title away from you badly! What about it? Are you going to give Supernova his rematch?

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell, you have the privilege... the absolute privilege of standing here with the AWA World Television champion in his return to the city that made him great. You have the longest active reigning champion in the AWA standing here before you and you want to ask me about Supernova?

SLB: Yes I do.

[The champion's eyes pop in disbelief.]

SR: You want to ask me about Supernova? That face-painted coward had all the chances in the world. And he wasted each and every last one. He failed. Even when he tried to sneak attack me, ambush me and stab me in the back, he failed. You want to ask me about Stupidnova? Don't ask me about Stupidnova because he's finished and I'm done. He's never beaten me and he can't beat me.

SLB: Wait a minute! But you've never beaten him either!

[The champion pushes forward against Blackwell, making him fall back a step. He turns his back to the camera as he berates Blackwell, jabbing accusing fingers at him.]

SR: I don't have to beat him! I'm the champion. I just have to outlast him and outlast him I did. He can't beat me, man. Not in 10 minutes. Not in 20 minutes. Not in 30 minutes. Not with all the time in the world. He can't do it. He's not good enough. And he KNOWS it. He's finished. Find somebody else to go after for a belt. Go after that other guy who only shows up every once in a while.

SLB: Are you talking about Ryan Martinez? The WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION?

SR: The other guy who only shows up every once in a while while I'm here each and every week doing the thing against a veritable who's who of professional wrestling. That's what I do. I am a World Champion! And to prove that I am a World Champion I have to fight more than the flavor of the month like Stupidnova. I have to fight the men who earned it. The men who deserve it.

[Rage turns to face the camera again. While his right hand cradles the belt, he removes his sunglasses with his left and places them in his hair. The hazel eyes are fully unleashed on the crowd.]

SR: And now my opponent is Willie Hammer. He's got something in common with Stupidnova in that he's a disciple and protégé of Sweet Daddy Williams so it's still a little bit in the family. A little bit in the family. But let me tell you what I feel when I look at Willie Hammer in the ring. I feel a little bit of pride, man. I put my hand to God!

[He thumps his chest with his right hand and the hot pink and silver title.]

SLB: (confused) Pride?

SR: Yeah, pride. I know you're not used to me giving someone their props but I'll give you all the props in the world, man. You kind of remind me of me!

SLB: (incredulously) YOU!

[Rage stops pounding his chest. He gets eerily calm as he stares right through Blackwell.]

SR: Yeah me. The greatest and longest reign AWA World champion right now. Yeah me. He soars through the air. A proud brotha and phenomenal athlete. But then three minutes later, I start to feel sorry for you because you're out of gas. You don't have the stamina. You don't have the guts. You don't have the heart to do what it takes to get that win. You don't have it. It's not your fault because you were mentored by the ultimate loser, Sweet Daddy Williams.

SLB: You can't say that!

[Rage tilts his head and raises both eyebrows. The moment of confusion passes and he refocuses.]

SR: I can say that! I can say that, Sweet Lou Blackwell, because it's true. Sweet Daddy Williams went down in a heap when he stepped in the ring with me. And we haven't heard from him since. He hasn't been talking his hard times and desire nonsense, has he? Why? Because I proved to him there is a level ten steps above him.

[Rage fully addresses the camera, pointing with his left hand. Muscles jump and twitch with his every action.]

SR: Willie Hammer, you're stepping into the ring with the longest reigning AWA champion. You got ten minutes to take this title from me and I don't think you can do it. Because at minute three you're going to be breathing hard. At minute four, you're going to be looking over your shoulder wondering when that bell will ring. At minute five, you won't be able to lift your heavy arms, your breath will be catching in your throat and you'll start to get desperate because you're in the ring with me, the greatest professional wrestler in the world today.

I'll still be flying, I'll still be skying, I'll still be coming at you. The intimidation of being in my presence is going to beat you. Because I'm the greatest thing on all of television. Every television will be watching me and you'll be in my shadow. Dig deep, Hammer. Dig deep. And you'll be okay. You won't be a champion today and you won't be a champion tomorrow. And you will never wear my belt. But I will make you better for the experience.

[Rage turns his attention back to Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SR: I've done my job, Sweet Lou Blackwell. Now go tell Willie Hammer to get ready because I'm not like Stupidnova or Sweet Daddy Williams. I don't talk it. I walk it. So come walk it, Hammer! You get me?

SLB: (uncomfortable) I got you.



SR: Good.

[And with that the champion sweeps off the stage.]

SLB: Willie Hammer, the AWA World Television champion is fired up for the people in Portland here tonight. I hope you're able to bring the hammer down on his reign.

[Fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer from the Portland crowd!]

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

# CALIFORNIA LOVE #

["California Love" by 2Pac, featuring Dr. Dre and Roger Troutman starts to play. Willie Hammer, wide grin plastered on his face, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a Combat Corner T-shirt, white trunks, with green trim around the waist and thighs, and green boots, with white trim on the tops and white laces, his arms raised, waving them to the music. He keeps his right arm raised, pumping his fist thrice, before making his way to the ring, stepping to the beat of the music.]

# CALIFORNIA #

# KNOWS HOW TO PARTY #

# CALIFORNIA #

# KNOWS HOW TO PARTY #

# IN THE CITY #

# OF L.A. #

# IN THE CITY #

# OF GOOD OL' WATTS #

# IN THE CITY #

# THE CITY OF COMPTON #

# WE KEEP IT ROCKIN' #

# WE KEEP IT ROCKIN' #

[As Hammer struts his way down the aisle, he tries to reach out to as many outstretched hands on either side of him as he can.]

PW: Hailing from South Central Los Angeles, weighing in at two hundred and eighty pounds, he is...

**WILLIE HAMMER!!!**

[Reaching the ringside area, he hops onto the ring apron, and heads to the corner. Hammer steps onto middle rope and, with one foot on the top turnbuckle, holds out his arms to either side of him, palms up, then curls his

fingers, inviting cheers from the crowd. He steps onto the top rope and hops off, landing in the ring, where he proceeds to get down to the music, even as it begins to fade out.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a pregnant pause as we wait... and wait... and wait...

...until a voice cries out over the PA system.]

SR: Portland... your prodigal son... BLACK JESUS has returned!

[The Portland crowd is split - many cheering the acknowledgement of their past history with the AWA World Television Champion.]

SR: And I can't wait to leave!

[The cheers turn to overwhelming boos as "Fame" kicks in and the AWA World Television champion makes his entrance. Shadoo Rage sweeps out, the AWA World Television championship gleaming silver and pink around his waist. The dreadlocked champion glares at the crowd before he pirouettes down the aisle, microphone in hand.]

SR: I was too good for this place and you never appreciated me. So you don't get to cheer me now. No, you don't. You sit there and realize that I am the AWA World Television Champion and your political heroes are nothing. Forgotten. Embarrassments. And you're all embarrassments too. Hang on to bad memories all you want. Go drink a Mooselips in memorial of the best weekends of your life. I didn't get stuck in the past. I got better and moved on to bigger things!

So to Hell with you!

[Whooooa. The crowd DEFINITELY doesn't like that, letting the arrogant and delusional World Television Champion have it.]

SR: Just sit there and be privileged that you get to observe the greatness you ignored the first time around!

[The crowd is booing in full throat as Shadoo Rage locks away the AWA Television Championship in the wooden and glass case at ringside and takes to the ring. He sweeps off his glasses and robes, cursing out the fans as they curse him right back.]

GM: These people in Portland are really letting him have it!

BW: Rage is crazy. We all know that. His pride and imagination take him time and time again. He feels these people didn't appreciate his work in Portland and so now he's letting them have it, Gordo. I swear this man probably carries a grudge with every person in the world. He might even get mad at his reflection.

GM: Why would he be that?

BW: Because he thinks it's copying him, Gordo!

[Rage hands his robe over the top rope to a ringside attendant, pausing to read them the riot act and threaten them with the consequences if something happens to it...

...and then he pivots, sprinting across the ring as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Rage runs right into Hammer who lashes out with a stiff right jab to the jaw.]

GM: Hammer caught him coming in!

[A left follows... then a right... right... right... right...]

GM: Willie Hammer is lighting up the World Television Champion!

[He pulls his right hand back, blowing on his knuckles...

...and then with a grin, he swings for the fences, knocking Rage off his feet and sending him scrambling under the ropes to the floor. Rage angrily slams his arms down on the ring apron, pacing back and forth as Hammer shouts, "COME ON, CHAMP!" at him from inside the ring.]

GM: Rage showing that hot temper out on the floor, pulling himself back up on the apron.

[He points over the top rope at Hammer, laying the badmouth on him. The former Combat Corner student marches across the ring as Rage winds back, throwing a right hand that Hammer blocks before using a right of his own to knock Rage down on the apron, sending him out to the floor again to cheers from the Portland crowd!]

GM: Willie Hammer sends Rage down to the floor again and...

[Hammer steps up on the second rope, waving Rage back into the ring, shouting at him as the champion walks around the ringside area, slowly but surely, plotting his next move as he makes a full lap, pausing once to rest his hand on the title belt case.]

GM: Shadoe Rage perhaps saying his goodbyes to the World TV Title that he's held since SuperClash last year when he defeated Tony Sunn for the gold.

BW: Defeated? He knocked Sunn into retirement with that running kneestrike!

GM: He certainly did.

[Back where he started, Rage goes to pull himself up on the apron, getting there...

...and spitting a wad right in the face of Willie Hammer!]

GM: Oh! Absolutely disgusting!

[Hammer makes a lunge at Rage, leaning over the ropes as Rage drops to the floor, reaching under the ropes to pull Hammer's legs out from under him. He drags Hammer out to the floor, blasting him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Big elbow by the champion!

[Grabbing Hammer by the afro, he spins around, rushing towards the ringside barricade...

...when Hammer reverses it, throwing Rage backfirst into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: Shadoo Rage hits the steel! And the challenger's wasting no time rolling him right back inside the ring!

[Down on the mat near the ropes, Rage is prone as Hammer pulls himself up on the apron. He gives a shout as he slingshots over the top in a somersault, dropping a leg across the chest of the champion!]

GM: OHH! What an athletic move by the nearly 300 pound Willie Hammer! This 22 year old kid from the streets of South Central Los Angeles says he's going to give the kids just like him back home something to be proud of here tonight against the veteran champion!

[Hammer rolls over into a cover, not bothering to hook a leg. He nods his head with the count, getting one... getting two... but Rage's shoulder comes flying off the canvas in time.]

GM: Two count only there for the challenger and just like his mentor, Sweet Daddy Williams, taught him, he's going to stay right on top of Shadoo Rage, dragging him up by the dreadlocks...

[A stiff jab sends Rage staggering back, his arms pinwheeling as he falls back against the buckles.]

GM: Hammer on the move... takes flight!

[Willie Hammer leaps into the air after a running start, looking to drive his forearm through the jaw of the champion who uses the ropes to pull himself from the corner, causing Hammer to slam chestfirst into the buckles.]

GM: Oh!

[And as Hammer staggers back, Rage slips in behind him, leaping up to hook his hands around Hammer's face as he plants his knees into Hammer's back...

...and DROPS back with a Lungblower!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That might do it right there, Gordo!

[Rage promptly muscles the larger man onto his back, diving into a lateral press!]

GM: Rage has got him down! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Hammer's shoulder pops up off the mat at two, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Two count only right there for the World Television Champion who is quickly back to his feet, putting the boots to the challenger, forcing him under the ropes and out onto the apron...

[The referee steps in, blocking Rage's path to Hammer, forcing him back but Rage steps back in, shoving past the official to step up on the middle rope, reaching over the top to grab Hammer by the afro, hauling him up to his feet.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky! Shadoo Rage is going to try and bring the three hundred pounder over the top the hard way!

BW: We've seen him attempt this over the ropes superplex before. Rage is a strong guy but I'm not sure he can pull this one off, Gordo.

GM: He's gonna try!

[Rage slings Hammer's arm over his neck, reaching down to hook the trunks, giving a pull...]

GM: He's setting up for it! The official's trying to get him down!

[But before he can even try, Willie Hammer slips out, grabbing the top rope with both hands, swinging a foot up to catch Rage flush on the forehead!]

GM: OHH!

[The blow stuns Rage but he doesn't fall off the ropes, leaving him in position for Hammer who steps up on the middle rope outside the ring, hooking Rage around the head and neck...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd is buzzing as Hammer nods his head at them.]

GM: We've seen Hammer use this sitout head and arm slam before but never off the ropes like this! This is incredibly dangerous, Bucky!

BW: For Shadoe Rage's title reign - absolutely!

[A desperate Rage lashes out with the trapped arm, smashing his elbow into the side of Hammer's jaw once... twice... three times...]

GM: Rage is fighting back!

[Grabbing Hammer by the afro, Rage leaps off the top rope, dropping down to his knees as he drags Hammer down with him, snapping his throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A COUNTER BY THE CHAMPION!!

[Rage lies on his back on the mat, breathing hard as Hammer is laid out on the floor, coughing and gasping for air.]

GM: A very dangerous move by Shadoe Rage right there and he may have seriously injured Willie Hammer with that very attack...

BW: And he's not done, Gordo.

[Rage climbs off the mat, ignoring the shouts of the official as he climbs to the top rope, raising his arms straight up over his head...

...and plummets from his peak, dropping the double axehandle down on Hammer who is on all fours!]

GM: OHHH! Shadoe Rage scores with Death From Above on a kneeling Willie Hammer!

BW: That's a long way down but Shadoe Rage just don't care, defying death and injury and Father Time himself as he pulls Hammer up, rolling him back inside the ring...

GM: And you know what's coming next, Bucky.

[Rage climbs up on the apron, throwing an arm up into the air to the jeers of the crowd.]

"BLACK JEEESUZ, YEAH! TAKE THAT, SOUNDBITE!"

GM: Did he just point over here and call you "Soundbite"?

BW: I think he called you "Soundbite."

GM: No way. I'm not the color guy around here.

BW: Yeah but you're always talking about how tag teams are made up of the straight guy and the gay guy!

GM: I AM NOT!

[As the announcers bicker, Rage steps to the second rope, then up to the top, raising his arms high over his head again...]

GM: Shadoe Rage standing on high, like he's looking down from the peak of Mount Hood on all those beneath him...

BW: Willie Hammer needs to move or he's done for, Gordo.

GM: The World Television Champion sure is wasting a lot of time up there though... he took his time getting on the apron, climbing the ropes, getting into the ring...

[And with all that wasted time, Willie Hammer is able to stagger off the mat to his feet, turning towards the corner where he spots Shadoe Rage barking at the ringside fans...]

...and he makes his move!]

GM: HAMMER TO THE CORNER!

[The 280 pounder rushes across the ring, leaping up to land on the second rope to BLAST a surprised Rage with a forearm smash!]

GM: OH! RAGE GETS CAUGHT!

[With Rage stunned, Hammer decides to show off some of his high flying technique, leaping into the air a second time, snaring Rage's head between his legs...]

...and SNAPPING him off the top rope, sending him flipping through the air before he crashes down to the canvas!]

GM: HEADSCISSORS OFF THE TOP! MY STARS, WHAT A MOVE!

BW: That's impressive for a smaller guy... it's INCREDIBLE for a guy the size of Willie Hammer!

[Hammer is slow to recover though, giving Rage valuable time to try and recover...]

...when a buzz starts to build throughout the Veterans' Memorial Coliseum.]

GM: What in the... what is THIS all about?!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where a group of young men in hooded sweatshirts and a mix of ballcaps and beanies are marching down the aisle, carrying signs that read "NO JONES, NO PEACE." They are very clearly being led by Buford P. Higgins who is sporting a megaphone, shouting the exact same phrase.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: We'd heard that another protest had broken out spontaneously earlier tonight.

GM: Spontaneously?! My sources say that Skywalker Jones and Buford P. Higgins have been bussing in these protestors every show! He's staging these protests himself!

BW: Your sources? You been calling Blackwell's hotline again?

GM: Whatever the case, I don't see any sign of Skywalker Jones so I suppose that's good news.

[The protest heads down the aisle, fanning out to cover the aisle side of the ring as the signs are pumping up and down in the air and the chant is repeated over and over.]

"NO JONES, NO PEACE!"

"NO JONES, NO PEACE!"

"NO JONES, NO PEACE!"

[Slowly climbing to his feet, Willie Hammer looks outside the ring at the assembled protest, giving a shake of his head...]

GM: Willie Hammer can't believe this is happening during his chance at the World Television Title but the kid needs to stay focused. He needs to keep his attention on Shadoe Rage who is down right now and-

[Hammer suddenly shrugs, breaking into a sprint, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Hammer off the ropes... what's he-?!

[He runs PAST the rising Shadoe Rage, HURLING his near 300 pound frame into the air, flipping over the top rope...

...and WIPING OUT the row of protesters with a somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: I guess that takes care of the protest!

BW: What the-?! They were lawfully assembled! There's no call for this, Gordo! No call for it at all! Hammer should be arrested for attacking civilians who aren't part of the AWA roster!



GM: Hey, Higgins and Jones brought them out here to interrupt a match! I guess that makes them fair game in the eyes of Willie Hammer!

[Hammer climbs to his feet, pumping a fist as Buford P. Higgins, who avoided any contact, fires back verbally. Hammer trades words with Higgins before rolling back into the ring, climbing off the mat and turning to shout at Higgins, yelling at him to get his people out of there...

...which is Rage's cue to pluck Hammer into a schoolboy rollup from behind!]

GM: WHAT?!

[The referee dives to the mat as Rage strategically slips his feet over the middle rope for leverage, unseen by the official as he counts.]

GM: NO! NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[The referee easily completes his three count, calling for the bell to the disgust of the Portland crowd and the great amusement of Buford P. Higgins.]

GM: Hammer got robbed! Willie Hammer got robbed, fans! Shadoe Rage, Buford P. Higgins, they oughta all be wearing masks on their faces because they just pulled off the greatest robbery since the Dead Presidents knocked over all those banks back in the day.

[Hammer is quickly up, shouting at the official...

...and the crowd starts to cheer as a familiar face comes jogging down the aisle to pitch in to the discussion.]

GM: Supernova has hit the ring... and he's telling the referee what happened!

BW: What business is it of his?!

GM: Supernova's telling the official that Rage had his feet on the ropes!

[An angry Supernova pleads Willie Hammer's case to the official who continues to state that he didn't see the illegal leverage, pointing to Rage and raising a hand.]

BW: The ref didn't see it so you can take all the surveys you want and it ain't changing the fact that Shadoe Rage is walking out of this city as the World Television Champion... STILL!

[Out on the floor, Rage is trying to wade past the sea of Jones' protesters to get to his title belt, struggling because of the amount of people...

...which allows a fired-up Supernova to rush towards the ropes, HURLING himself over the top in a plancha onto a stunned Shadoe Rage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: NO! NO! UNCALLED FOR!

[Shadoe Rage is down on the floor, his dreadlocks firmly gripped in the hand of Supernova who is teeing off with right hands to the skull as a disappointed Willie Hammer lowers his head, dropping his hands to his knees in sadness...

...which is Skywalker Jones' cue to rip off his hoodie and ball cap, making himself known to the Portland crowd as he comes charging Hammer from behind, nailing him with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: And Skywalker Jones is in the ring, damn it!

[The former tag team champion is putting the boots to Willie Hammer inside the ring as out on the floor Supernova and Shadoe Rage are back on their feet trading blows.]

GM: We've got fighting inside the ring! We've got fighting outside the ring! It's breaking down here in Portland, fans!

[Rage reaches out, raking the eyes of Supernova before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: He's gonna put him into the post!

[But Supernova reverses the whip and Rage goes SAILING into the post headfirst!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The face-painted fan favorite glares down at Rage...

...and then slides back into the ring, making a beeline for Skywalker Jones who has just dropped a leg off the second rope on the back of Hammer's head!]

GM: Supernova's back in... and Jones rolls out to the floor! What a coward!

[Jones smirks at the angry Supernova who kneels down next to Willie Hammer, checking on his condition as Jones and his entourage make their retreat.]

GM: A total miscarriage of justice on the part of Shadoe Rage with the aid of Buford P. Higgins and Skywalker Jones if you ask me... but Rage will retain the title because of it.

[Out on the floor, we see a downed Shadoe Rage belly-crawling in the direction of the timekeeper's table where the TV Title awaits him.]

GM: And still, Rage's obsession is with getting his hands back on that title belt. Unbelievable.

[A cut back to the ring shows Supernova helping Willie Hammer back to his knees, pointing to Jones and explaining what happened.]

GM: Willie Hammer doesn't seem any worse for wear but he's gotta be disappointed about what just happened... and there you see Sweet Daddy Williams coming down the aisle as well.

BW: Hah! Too late, fat man!

[Williams looks angry as he slides in, moving to his protege's side. He and Supernova discuss what just happened as we cut back to the floor...

...where Shadoe Rage is curled up in the fetal position, clutching the World Television Title to his chest.]

GM: This situation is far from over, Bucky! Far from over! Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll have more Saturday Night Wrestling action LIVE right here on The X after these messages so don't you dare go away!

[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: As the march to Copa de Trios continues, the greatest luchadors in the world do battle in an attempt to showcase themselves on the massive international spectacular!

[Clips of Copa de Trios Qualifying Matches flash by as we see El Caliente corkscrewing off the top rope to the floor on top of El Lobo Grande and Super Solar takes flight with a frog splash onto a prone El Lobo Negro.

VO: Will it be the highflying trio who reigns supreme?

[El Lobo Grande digs his teeth into the mask-covered forehead of Super Solar, his mask showing bloody teeth.]

VO: Or will one of Mexico's most deadly trios conquer?

[A barrage of quick cutting shots - dueling somersault plancha by Solar and Caliente, a flying crossbody off the top by the bulky Lobo Grande, and a discus clothesline by El Lobo Gordo that turns El Caliente inside out.]

VO: You'll see all this and more this week on...

LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA!!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to a panning shot of the Portland crowd, cheering for the action they've been seeing all night long. We slowly pan over to the interview platform...which contains one "Doctor of Love" but no interviewer. Former World Champion Dave Bryant stands alone, wearing a nice dark suit, microphone in hand.]

DB: So, I asked for this time, no interviewer, just a place for me to stand, to have a nice chat with some of my favorite people...

[Bryant pauses while the crowd cheers.]

DB: ...because I've been feeling just a tiny bit guilty lately, and there's something I need to get off my chest. I know we've all been having a lot of fun at the expense of one of the biggest jerks to ever step through the ropes, Demetrius Lake...

[Bryant pauses again, deliberately, to let the crowd boo appropriately.]

DB: ...and I'd be a liar if I stood here and said I wasn't laughing right along side you. Hell, the only person making me feel bad about it is me -- turns out Demetrius isn't the most popular guy in the locker room. In fact, I've been getting pats on the back and handshakes from guys who wouldn't hang out with me if someone threatened their lives to do it, just because Lake is that popular a guy.

[Bryant smirks, but it fades quickly.]

DB: Yet, here I am, looking back at what I've done and not even feeling that great about it. Why not? I'm sinking to HIS level. Now, don't get me wrong, I don't regret what I did -- I haven't seen many people work harder than Bobby O'Connor to get to where they are, and I would've done damn near anything to make sure Lake didn't steal his chance at a title shot, and I definitely don't regret making him look like a fool at Rising Sun Showdown, either! Still...I just can't help but look at Lake and see the man that I was, and if I'm being honest with myself, a man I could easily become again if I let myself wander down that path.

[There's some mild protesting from the crowd, but Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: No, a lot of you won't understand this, because you've never been that low. You've never sunk to such a level that every thing that you do in your life or your profession is disrespectful -- not only to everyone you know and care about, but to you as well. You're all old enough to see how I came here to the AWA -- I flamed out of a battle royal, resorted to theft from a good man to get my foot in the door, and cheated the hell out of that good man to get what I wanted. It worked, but as a consequence, I had to stand by and watch that good man get his career ended by far worse men -- because I didn't have the guts to stop it. Glenn Hudson got his leg broken, his career snuffed out, because I couldn't drag my sorry ass down that aisle, because I selfishly stood there protecting myself as better men ran in and got their clocks cleaned while I just... froze.

[Bryant pauses, looking nonplussed.]

DB: I froze because, for the first time in my life, a light flickered on in my head. I had one hell of an epiphany, where I realized how much I love what I do, and how much disrespect I was showing it by acting like the world's biggest jackass. The sound of a man's career ending, that...gross snap slightly muted by a layer of flesh and clothes, is what it finally took to make me wake up. I've tried to be a better man since then, and while I've still done some lousy things, I at least tried to make sure I did them to bad people... or at least the folks who did me wrong.

[Bryant laughs in a kind of helpless fashion.]

DB: In the end, am I any better than that guy who stole and dismantled a title belt to get his foot in the company's door? I don't know... but I want to be, and because I want to be I can't keep doing what I've been doing, even to a guy who deserves it as much as Demetrius Lake. That said, Lake, that AWA World Title... it's everything in this sport. It IS the end all, be all symbol that you are the best of the best, that you stand head and shoulders above everybody else, a true symbol of excellence.

[Bryant glares at the camera.]

DB: That's why I did what I did. Am I still a jerk for doing it? Yes, but I've seen the World Title sullied enough and I absolutely refuse to watch someone else cheat, lie, and steal their way to top... so you had to pay, Lake. Now, rightfully, you want revenge. You want a chance to take the piece of me that I took out of you...and you know what, Lake?

[Bryant nods.]

DB: Bring it on! You want me at Copa de Trios, you've got me, and since I have wronged you so thoroughly, I would even let you name the stipulation. Whatever you want, Lake -- whenever you want it, I'm ready!

[Just then, Bryant notices a figure off-camera. He tenses up at first... But relaxes with a smile as a chorus of cheers signal the appearance of "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor stops to smile and nod at the cheering fans before walking up to Bryant.]

BOC: Mister Bryant, I'm sorry if I'm stepping on your toes right now. The last thing in the world I want to do is show any disrespect while you're pouring your heart out.

[O'Connor grins.]

BOC: But the FIRST thing I want to do...

[Bobby extends his right hand.]

BOC: ...is shake your hand.

[Bryant nods, taking O'Connor's hand and shakes it firmly as the crowd goes nuts.]

BOC: Demetrius Lake has been a pain in my side and in the side of a lot of good people I think the world of. I saw you out here and I wanted to thank you in front of all these great fans, not just for stopping him from cheating me out of my shot at the greatest prize in this sport...

[O'Connor nods, grinning.]

BOC: ...but for showing him once again that taking a shortcut won't get him anywhere!

[Big cheers from the crowd, which only increase in volume as O'Connor raises Bryant's hand and urges the crowd to show him some love.]

BOC: I appreciate that you saw to it that I didn't lose that shot to a bunch of backstabbing and cheating. And I respect the fact that you hold that World Championship in the high esteem that I do. Now, I may never be a...

[O'Connor goes red faced.]

BOC: ...Doctor of Love...

[O'Connor's face goes a shade redder as a large section of females in the audience squeal his name after saying "Love". O'Connor shakes his head as Bryant laughs. O'Connor takes a moment to compose himself before continuing.]

BOC: But I think you and I can still agree on one point. Whoever holds that belt should look up to in that same high esteem. A man of principle like Ryan Martinez... And NOT a snake in the grass like Demetrius Lake!

[Before Bobby even finishes saying that name, the old adage comes true: "speak of the devil, and he just might appear". Demetrius Lake storms out from behind the entrance curtain, wireless mic in hand, and interrupts in his gruff Midwestern voice.]

DL: WHAT IS THIS?!

[The crowd boos, as both Bryant and O'Connor turn to glare at him with an icy look. The entranceway isn't that far from the interview platform, and a good camera shot over Lake's shoulder gets all three men in view. Lake is wearing a dark blue satin dress jacket, black slacks, dress shoes, a white formal buttoned undershirt, a white tie, and his black fedora. The six-foot nine dark-skinned black man cuts an imposing figure, and he has a scowl on his face, ringed by a round afro, a conical beard and mustache.]

DL: Now I see. Two weeks ago, in San Francisco, California, I was cheated out of the World Title shot I won at the Independence Day Rumble. And I thought it was just the desperate act of an old man who knows his days are used up. But now I see it was actually a conspiracy between Dave Cryant and Bobby No Honor to keep my title shot from me! You people all think Bobby No Honor is a saint! Well, he's as crooked as his old man and his grandpappy both! Generations of No Honors have stole titles from men better than them by way of treachery and lawbreaking, and this man here is no diff-

[A fired-up O'Connor interrupts.]

BOC: That's nothing but a darn lie, but I'll tell you what isn't...

[O'Connor points a threatening finger at Lake.]

BOC: Drag the good name of one O'Connor through the mud and another O'Connor will be more than happy to clean your clock!

[The crowd cheers as Lake looks around in alarm before straightening up and responding.]

DL: I will slap every member of your nuclear family directly in the face right here in your presence, and I'll throw in a kick to the unmentionable regions in case somehow you fool some woman someday and have children. I spit on your family name and everyone who wears it, and if you had the guts to do something about it, you'd have used them two weeks ago to fight me like a man instead of having Dave Cryant come save you by throwing a foreign object on the ground so the referee thought it was mine.

[The crowd boos the audacity of everything he just said, and Bryant is having to hold O'Connor back.]

DL: But you can go run off and play in traffic, boy, because it's the old man I am here to see. Cryant, you came out, you hit me, you threw a weapon in the ring, and somehow I was disqualified? No referee in his right mind would have made that call, so one or the other of you paid for that decision. And since you're the one who had a career that was worth some money, I know who the prime suspect is!

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: There's not one damned soul in this arena or that locker room that'd shell out dime one to mess with your sorry, worthless...

[Bryant looks over at Bobby, then back at Lake.]

DB: ...behind!

[The fans cheer the burn, and Lake's face crinkles into an even more sour scowl.]

DL: DON'T YOU GET SMART WITH ME!

[Bryant retorts with a smirk.]

DB: If I were getting smart with you, how would you know?

[The fans cheer again, and Lake's face is full of hatred.]

DL: The only reasons I don't come over there and whup you until you beg me to let you retire, are because you got that no-good lying cheat next to you...

[O'Connor interrupts again.]



BOC: Well, now don't let me get in the way of you getting your can kicked all over the ring! I'll step aside and let Mister Bryant hand you the beating we ALL want to see you get!

[The crowd ROARS at that as Bryant nods, waving Lake forward. Lake takes two steps towards Bryant... and then backs off, waving an arm at O'Connor.]

DL: At least he knows who I'm referring to when I say "no-good lying cheat". And the second reason is that if I cripple you here, you'll go to an American hospital with some of the best doctors in the world, and they'll transplant somebody's spinal column into you and you'll be walking again next year. I want you in that third world country Mexico for the Copa Del Trios so when they roll you in the operating room, all they'll have is some hairy wetback named Gonzalez who got the job because he was the only one who knew what end of the Band-Aid sticks on to the skin.

[The crowd jeers the offensive comment. Lake simply smirks in response.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for that. There's absolutely no call for-

[Lake interrupts the apology.]

DL: And I hear you talk about the integrity of the World Heavyweight Championship, and it makes me sick to my stomach. Cryant, how'd you WIN that title the second time? May 16, 2014. Go on. Tell us how you won that title with integ-

[Bryant angrily speaks up.]

DB: I didn't have a damn thing to do with that, and you know --

[Lake interrupts this time.]

DL: But I didn't see you forfeit the title after that match, and I didn't see Bobby No Honor run out and try and get the match restarted, so you're both hypocrites on top of all of it. You make me want to puke out my guts, but I have to keep them in so at least one person here has some. The reason you want to keep me from the World Heavyweight Title has nothing to do with integrity, and everything to do with what else you said... about how very few people backstage like me. It's the same set of reasons.

Envy. Fear. Desperation.

When you see me, you see the King Of Professional Wrestling. Six nine, three seventeen, strong, fast, agile, perfectly conditioned, amateur background, trained by the greatest wrestler in history. I have youth, I have wealth, I get called up by Madison Avenue, I have my name on the A-list of sports today. You said that you look at me and see who you used to be? On the best day of your life you weren't a third of what I am. That World Heavyweight Championship will be mine. It's not "destiny" or "fate" or "justice"... it's the logical outcome of my being the ath-e-lete of the day, the King of the sport, and the greatest all-round specimen in wrestling. THAT is

why you both want to keep me from the title. You know that once I get it, you never will.

And this thing between you and me, Cryant, from the first day, it was always about the World Title. You had it twice, and I admit that you were man enough to be a World Champion. But when you look at the King, you see the tangible, irrefutable evidence that your day is done. Because you see a man you can never beat. And No Honor, you see the proof that your ceiling in this sport is going to fall short of that one prize your family wrongfully believed themselves to be synonymous with because your ancestors were filthy cheaters. You see someone who is better than you like Hamilton Graham was - and is - better than Can-only-run No Honor. And you know you could only beat me the same way, by cheating and hoping the fans don't remember it thirty years later.

BOC: All I know is the last time I saw Graham he was getting knocked flat on the mat by...

[O'Connor lifts his arm, much in the same way as he does to signal the Fear The Reaper lariat.]

BOC: ... this arm right here and staying down for the count of three. And I think it's long past due that you do the same!

DB: That goes double for me, Lake -- screw waiting until Copa, there's a ring RIGHT THERE!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that as Lake whips his head around at their reaction, screaming "SHADDUP!" off-mic.]

DL: You want to fight? You both want to fight? I WHUPPED TEN MEN AT BATTLE OF LOS ANG-E-LES AND YOU WERE TWO OF THEM!

[Lake begins to take his jacket off, and the fans cheer the imminent confrontation. Bryant is just as quickly removing tie and jacket, shucking himself out of his dress shirt as he yells something at Lake that the mics don't pick up. O'Connor tears off his white Blue Oyster Cult shirt and tosses it to the ground, calling Lake on. O'Connor takes a step towards Lake when Bryant puts an arm in front of him, shaking his head.]

DB: A match. Not a fight, a match. And we're not going to give you the luxury of being able to claim that we unfairly ganged up on you... go get a tag team partner! If anyone would team with you. Maybe Hamilton Graham's been on the Geritol-and-Muselix diet enough to get a leave from the nursing home to come team with you.

[Lake raises an eyebrow, the gears turning before he responds.]

DL: If you want a tag team match, that's an open challenge. Am I right?

[Bryant and O'Connor nod assent.]

DL: Then I accept. But I have two things to say. First, I must apologize to Supreme Wright, because I forgot that at the Battle Of Los Ang-e-les, HE'S the one who whupped Bobby No Honor. Bobby No Honor is his personal whupping boy and warmup dummy, and I had forgotten.

[That statement gets directly under O'Connor's skin, with everything that has gone on between him and Team Supreme.]

DL: Secondly, I accept your challenge.

[Big cheer!]

DL: But not tonight!

[Big boos! Lake smirks.]

DL: The fact is there's too many people out there who'd love the opportunity to stomp the two of you into red paste and I can't be expected to make that kind of call in ten seconds.

Two weeks from tonight... Las Vegas... you will face me... and...

[The crowd waits in anticipation for his announcement.]

DL: ...the tag team that I have chosen to MANAGE to victory against you bums that night!

GM: WHAT?!

[The fans boo the cop out loudly as Bryant and O'Connor react in anger.]

DL: I told you already, Cryant! I will not step in the ring with you until Mexico, because in the United States they MIGHT be able to stitch you back together afterwards! I will fight you at Del Copa Of Trios, and not a day sooner. All you bums here in Portland, Oregon will have to wait and watch it on The X. But you're all used to watching the talent leave town to fight somewhere else and never come back. Ain't that right, LaMarcus Aldridge?

[Oh, the fans REALLY hate the low blow about one of their NBA stars leaving Portland in free agency a month earlier. They let him have it... and boy, is he proud of himself.]

DL: But you made an open challenge to me, and I accepted it as a manager. I will be in Las Vegas, I will lead my chosen team to absolute victory, and after you get embarrassed in front of all of these bums, it'll be the smallest taste of what will happen when I get you in the ring in Mexico City!

[Lake drops the mic, and walks off. Bryant raises his mic, staring down the aisle.]

DB: I know I shouldn't be surprised, but I really thought that spineless sack of...

[Bryant trails off, shaking his head.]

DB: I suspect I don't even need to ask, but are you down for this, Bobby?

[Bryant tosses Bobby O'Connor the mic.]

BOC: Every night of my life I am ready and able to make Demetrius Lake look like the fool he is. You've got yourself a partner!

[Once again, O'Connor shakes hands with Bryant to a much louder response than before. Bryant slaps O'Connor on the shoulder as they both nod.]

GM: Oh my! What a team just formed here on Saturday Night Wrestling as we just found out that two weeks from tonight - in Las Vegas - Dave Bryant and Bobby O'Connor will team up against a team hand-picked and MANAGED for one night only by Demetrius Lake himself!

BW: And if the King is managing them, you know they're gonna be the best in the world.

GM: That remains to be seen... but if you want to see two tag teams that Lake will have to choose from, let's head down to the ring for some tag team action!

[Fade 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... in the corner to my right... they are the team of Allen Allen and Mr. Sadisuto!

[Allen Allen takes the time to pat himself on the back as Sadisuto bows at the corner before throwing a handful of salt into the air.]

GM: The traditional salt ceremony being performed by Mr. Sadisuto.

BW: Such a lovely, respectful man.

GM: We must be talking about different people. In fact, I'm surprised to see this team in action again, Bucky, because it was just two weeks ago when Sadisuto basically left his partner hung out to dry against the Rotgut Rustlers!

BW: No, no... stop with the rumor-mongering, Gordo. I talked to Mr. Sadisuto today about that and he said it was a big misunderstanding. He had all the faith in the world in Allen Allen and he thought he had the match under control.

GM: The man short-armed a tag from him!

BW: I didn't see that.

GM: I see. He lies and you swear to it, is that right?

[During the announcers' bickering, Phil Watson has announced their opponents who are making their way down the aisle.]

GM: The Brixton Bruisers heading for the ring now to take on this team of Allen and Sadisuto fresh off a double disqualification against the Walking Dead two weeks ago.

[The crowd is cheering as the Sex Pistols blast over the PA system and the duo of Ripper Brooks and Chaingun Harrow stride confidently down the aisle. The Brixton Bruisers each wear a loose red shirt with various silver/dark green/dark yellow/black/navy designs spraypainted and airbrushed in (skulls, motorcycles, flames, words, etc) over a black long-legged singlet, leather-and-chrome boots, and black elbow pads. Their fists are heavily taped. To the ring, they wear black leather longcoats with "BRIXTON BRUISERS" stenciled on it with red spray paint, and visor-like sunglasses which are tinted red.]

GM: We caught up with the Bruisers earlier today to get their thoughts on the tag team scene here in the AWA.

BW: Time to hit the "mute" button.

[As the Bruisers continue to walk down the aisle, we get the famous inset promo with Harrow and Brooks, both sporting unathletic builds and unique hairstylings. They shout... a lot.]

RB: WHAT DO A COUPLE OF GUYS GOTTA DO 'ROUND THIS JOINT TO GET A TOUGH OPPONENT?!

CH: YEAH! WE BEEN KICKIN' IN TEETH AND BUSTIN' NOSES FOR MONTHS AND WE ALL GOTTA SHOW FOR IT IS A COUPLE OF BRUISED UP KNUCKLES AND A SORE COCCYX!

RB: AY, CHAINSAW! I DON'T THINK YOU CAN SAY THAT ON TV!

CH: IT'S YOUR TAILBONE, YA LUNK! I HURT MINE DROPPIN' THE BIG LEG ON ALL THOSE DIME STORE WANNABES THEY KEEP SHOVIN' OUT THERE AGAINST US!

[The Bruisers laugh as Chaingun checks a watch that just isn't there.]

CH: 'OY! IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN, RIPPER!

RB: WHAT TIME, CHAINGUN?!

CH: TIME TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH!

[More laughter as the inset box fades just as the trash-talking Brixton Bruisers climb up on the apron, waving on the fans. The dangerous duo look

happy to be there... with nasty grins and intense glares indicating that their intentions are not benevolent. The crowd CHEERS the English hooligans.

They both have bulky, unathletic builds, with Harrow being a bit larger. Brooks sports an improbably blue feathery mohawk, jagged blue eyebrows and a chrome tooth. Harrow is no normal-looking fellow himself with a dark orange spiked hairstyle, thick dark orange eyebrows, and a missing front tooth. Their facial expressions are crazed and their mouths are turned into smirks...

...and they charge!]

GM: Whooooa boy, here we go! This isn't going to be pretty in my estimation!

[Ripper Brooks makes a bee-line for Mr. Sadisuto, landing three solid haymakers before the portly rulebreaker takes a tumble through the ropes and out to the floor. Brooks starts out after him but a shout from his partner brings him to the corner where he grabs an arm on Allen Allen as Chaingun Harrow grabs the other.]

BW: That didn't take long for these two lunkheads to break the rules. They already threw Sadisuto out of the ring and now they're going to double-team Allen Allen!

[The double whip sends the preliminary grappler across the ring. They join hands, looking for a double clothesline but he ducks under it...

...and ends up getting tripped up, staggering off the ropes. He spins, shouting at the person who tripped him.

His own tag team partner.]

GM: What the-?! Mr. Sadisuto tripped his own partner! He-

[Allen Allen angrily turns around...

...and gets CLUBBED with a brutally stiff swinging elbowstrike to the jaw, knocking him flat!]

GM: BRIXTON BLAST! Ripper Brooks knocks him COLD!

[With Allen unconscious, Ripper Brooks dives across him, pushing his weight up to glare into the hard camera, nodding along with the count.]

GM: There's no doubt about this one as the referee counts the easy one-two-three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! An impressive and potentially record-setting win for the Brixton Bruisers as Ripper Brooks KOs Allen Allen after some confusing actions on the part of Mr. Sadisuto who tripped his own partner, Bucky!

BW: That's not what it looked like from my vantage point.

GM: Your vantage... we're sitting together! We saw the same thing and he tripped Allen Allen as clear as day!

[Brooks and Harrow exit the ring, high-fiving their way back up the aisle as the fans cheer them on. In the meantime, Mr. Sadisuto has gotten back into the ring and is staring at the motionless Allen Allen.]

GM: The AWA tag team division continues to be red hot as the Brixton Bruisers make some noise here on Saturday Night Wrestling, trying to work their way up the ladder to earn a shot at the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

BW: Wait a second, Gordo. We may not be done quite yet.

[Inside the ring, Mr. Sadisuto is letting Allen Allen have it with a stream of irate Japanese...

...and then suddenly grabs the legs, pulling them apart...]

GM: What is he...?

[Sadisuto simply falls forward, SLAMMING his forehead into the groin of Allen Allen!]

GM: OHHH! CHOKUREI!

[Allen Allen rolls around in pain, clutching his nether regions as a grinning Sadisuto pushes up to his knees.]

GM: And look at the smile on the face of this treacherous son of a... he betrayed his partner! And it's not the first time!

BW: What can I say, Gordo? Sadisuto's got his reasons, I'm sure. He's an honorable man!

GM: Honorable... you're out of your mind, Bucky! There's not a single thing honorable about this- it looks like Mark Stegglet's made his way out here to talk to him. Well, maybe he'll at least explain what he just did!

MS: Fans, I've just been joined by Mr. Sadisuto, who for the second time left his partner Allen Allen high and dry and then ASSAULTED him! Mr. Sadisuto, first you leave Allen at the hands of the Rotgut Rustlers and now the Brixton Bruisers! I have to know why.

[The diabolical Mr. Sadisuto smiles at Mark Stegglet before he begins to speak.]

Mr.S: Hahaha, simple boy-san, simple. Allen-san say want be winnah, want be champion, haha. So Mistah Sadisuto allow Allen-san to be partner. Yet, Allen-san no heart, no warioah heart!

[Sadisuto raps his chest with his knuckles lightly.]

MrS: So Allen-san need suffaaaaaah.

[He nods.]

MrS: Need suffah at hands of gaijin Rustlers, hahaha.

MS: Tombstone and Sam are not foreigners...

Mr.S: Boy-san, gaijin not only foreignahs. Gaijin not friends to Mistah Sadisuto, only friends to pigs, hahahaha. Allen-san not ready be champion so he suffaaaah, he suffah as lesson.

MS: You left him so he could learn a lesson? How is suffering the Wagon Crash two weeks ago a lesson? How is suffering the Brixton Blast a lesson tonight?

[Mister Sadisuto smiles widely once again at Mark Stegglet.]

Mr.S: Allen-san learned no warioah heart, no worthy of champion. Allen-san remembah lesson for long time. Remembah to be champion need warioah heart, you never be champion, hahahaha.

[Mark looks at bit perplexed as Mister Sadisuto slowly finishes his laughter.]

MS: I don't understand - if you didn't believe Allen Allen would ever be a champion why would you agree to team with him tonight against the Brixton Bruisers?

[Mr. Sadisuto grabs his Fu Manchu for a moment before he speaks again.]

Mr.S: Boy-san, he begged, begged Mistah Sadisuto for chance prove himself. Show Mistah Sadisuto he worthy, he could be champion. Mistah Sadisuto know truth, Allen-san vely vely weak. Allen-san no worthy! So Allen-san suffah! Hahahaha!

MS: An example to the AWA? What do you mean?

Mr.S: AWA, no one worthy to be partner of Mistah Sadisuto. All like Allen-san, no warrioah heart, no worthy. Mistah Sadisuto needs partner can trust, partner not let Mistah Sadisuto down. Partner not like Allen-san. Pay attention boy-san, two weeks Mistah Sadisuto finish Allen-san if he man enough.

MS: Mr. Sadisuto, are you challenging Allen Allen to a match?

[Mister Sadisuto stares at Mark for a few moments.]



Mr.S: Hai. Boy-san, he shall suffah, he example to all AWA! Hahahaha.

[The devious Mr. Sadisuto is still laughing as he walks off-camera, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: A challenge has been issued as Mr. Sadisuto says he wants a shot at Allen Allen two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas! Will Mr. Allen accept? That remains to be seen but right now, let's go over to Colt Patterson who is standing by with some guests of his own! Colt?

[We cut to the podium where Colt Patterson stands, mic in hand.]

CP: There's a lot going on in the AWA, and unlike that talking head with the hotline, Sweet Lou Blackwell, I get to the truth and tell it like it really is! And that's why I'm going to get to the bottom of a few things, pertaining to who will be my guests at this time, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, who call themselves Next Gen!

[That's the cue for Next Gen to come out from the back and approach the podium. Howie is wearing a pair of khakis and a black, button-down shirt. Daniel is dressed in blue jeans and a white polo shirt. As the two approach the podium, Daniel's eyes reveal an annoyed look, while Howie remains calm, but seems a bit suspicious of Colt.]

CP: I'm glad you two could join me, because there are quite a few things I want to know about you. Like, first of all, your manager came out and pleaded her case to get a women's division started in the AWA. And from the looks of things, she did that without your knowledge! So, tell me, what do you think about your manager going into business for herself, and what is that going to mean for the two of you?

[Daniel's arms are folded, his gaze narrowed and he looks like he's ready to tell Colt off. Before he can open his mouth, Howie notices Daniel's gaze and holds up his hand.]

HS: Easy there, my friend... I'll handle this question.

[Daniel pauses, takes a deep breath and nods. Howie turns to Colt and locks eyes with him.]

HS: First of all, Colt, you are right that Julie made that speech without our knowledge. However, I can tell you that I know how much wrestling means to my sister, how much she wants to be in that ring. But as far as her going into business for herself... it's not about that. Because while she may have come here as our manager, she didn't come here simply for a business relationship. She came here because she was family. Because she wanted to be with her brother and one of our best friends. Now, as far as her desire to see women's wrestling come to the AWA, I'm all for what she wants, because that's what family members do. They back each other and want nothing but the best for each other. I know she'll be by our side whenever we need her, and we'll be there for her as well.

CP: Well, that's all well and good, but when you talk about family, let me ask you this. When you first came to the AWA, your uncle Eric Somers was serving as the bodyguard for Johnny Detson, and you said he was free to make his own decisions and you weren't going to worry about it. Now, Detson just dropped him like a bad habit, after your uncle failed to get the job done for him! Are you going to tell me with a straight face that you aren't going to worry about what happened to him?

[Howie rubs his chin, as if he wants to cut loose, but he keeps his composure.]

HS: All right, fair enough, Colt. You're right... I shouldn't have just dismissed what my uncle was doing. In fact, I did ask him about what he was doing a few weeks ago, and he told me to mind my own business. I didn't like hearing it, but I gave him his space. Then, after what happened a few weeks ago when Detson left him lying on the canvas, I so wanted to be there that night to go help out my uncle, but we weren't there that night. And if you want to say I should have been there, that's fine, Colt. But when I did talk to my uncle again, he told me that he had made his decision to work for Detson, he had to live with the consequences and he would decide what he wanted to do next. Now, I may not understand why my uncle would just look the other way, but if you know his history, you know he walks to the beat of his own drum and follows his own mind, so for now, I've left it at that.

CP: [shaking his head] Are you telling me, with a straight face, that you don't have any intentions of going after Johnny Detson for what he did to your uncle? Not that you would have a chance against a man with the experience and track record of Detson, but still, this sounds like a situation where you, Howie Somers, would want to step up and do something about it!

[Howie bites his lip and his eyes narrow.]

HS: It has nothing to do with me not wanting to do something about it... and believe me, I wouldn't mind doing it regardless of Detson's track record and the experience he brings. What it has to do with is that my uncle has always said he prefers to take care of his own business, and I'm going to respect that. If he ever tells me he needs me by his side, I'll be there, but until that time comes, I will allow him to handle his affairs.

CP: But how does that compare to what you are saying about your manager... your sister... Julie Somers? Sure, you say you'll stand by her side, but if that's the case, then why isn't she out here right...

[At that point, Daniel steps forward, an agitated look on his face. He waves his hand between Howie and Colt, drawing the attention of both. He points a finger toward Colt.]

DH: You know, Colt, when you said you wanted to talk to us, you said you wanted to talk about the Stampede Cup! Instead, all I hear you doing is questioning where my friend's loyalties lie!

HS: Daniel, it's all right...

DH: [turning to Howie] No, it's not! I've known you for some time and I have never doubted your loyalty to your uncle, your sister or me! And I'm not going to stay silent while somebody like Colt Patterson goes around questioning it!

[He turns back to Colt.]

DH: Now, I'm not pretending my partner has a perfect relationship with everyone, but that doesn't mean he's going to meddle in everyone's business, and neither will I! But let's get to what you said you wanted to talk us about. You wanted to talk about the Stampede Cup! About us facing Strictly Business! One of the greatest tag teams to ever step into that ring, but a tag team that seems to have a major problem with us! So if you want to know what Howie and I think about Strictly Business, then maybe you ought to start asking us!

CP: You know what, I'll go one better than that! You can say what you think about Strictly Business personally! Because, right now, my next guests are none other than the tag team who continues to be denied their rightful place in the Hall of Fame, I give you Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian... Strictly Business!

[“When Worlds Collide” by Powerman 5000 kicks in over the PA system and from the entrance portal emerges the aforementioned Andrew “Flash” Tucker and “Money Driven” Mike Sebastian, better known as Strictly Business. The two saunter up next to Colt Patterson, glaring at their young opponents.]

AT: That’s the thing, boys. Nobody \_cares\_ what you think about Strictly Business. Lions do not bother themselves with the opinion o’ sheep.

CP: Maybe we should rephrase the question then. What do you two think about Next Gen and the Stampede Cup?

AT: Those are two separate questions, Colt. The Stampede Cup is our opportunity to show the world that we are still the best o’ the best. It’s been no secret that’s been our mission since we came back to this joint; to put a bow on our career and show the naysayers that we were not just here-today-gone-tomorrow partnership.

As to Next Gen, well these two boys are the poster child of what this business has become.

[Small pop for the gracious gesture from Tucker.]

AT: Hold on, I don’t mean that in a good way. This business has become one giant nepotistic cesspool of kids makin’ a livin’ off o’ their relatives’ blood, sweat and tears.

MS: A bunch of entitled brats! Everywhere I look, I see people like O'Connor... like Martinez... like the Lynches coasting off the reputations of their relatives. When you look at Strictly Business, you're looking at two men who made their reputation on their own. WE are famous because of the titles we've won. WE are famous because of the legends we've beat. WE are famous because we're on the Hall of Fame ballot... and should already be enshrined next to teams like the EOC, the Frat Boys, the Downies, and all the rest.

WE made our reputation... no one else.

[Howie is about to say something, but Daniel cuts him off, pointing a finger at Strictly Business.]

DH: Hey, what we've been doing in the AWA has nothing to do with our families did! We may share a last name, but that's it! All I see is two men shooting their mouths off about what they did in the past, and acting like they can just ride on THAT reputation.

[Howie pulls Daniel back but casts a wary glance at Tucker and Sebastian.]

AT: Boys, we've never been ones who enjoyed talkin' a whole lot. We've been ones who enjoyed doin' our talkin' inside there –

[Tucker points towards the ring.]

AT: And while we may have a few more gray hairs an' a little less patience than we used to, that much hasn't changed. So go back and watch our tape – there's a lot of it – to try and get a leg up. You'll need every inch. But at the end of the day, it's not gonna make one damn bit o' difference.

[Howie motions to Daniel to step back. He turns to Tucker and gets nose to nose with him.]

HS: You're right. The talking shouldn't be done out here. It should be done in that ring. But believe me, when we meet up in the Stampede Cup, you'll learn that there is one thing we do have in common with our relatives before us.

And that's how good we are at getting folks like you to shut their mouths for good.

[By this point, several officials have come out from the back, likely anticipating that words are about to turn to blows. Howie and Tucker continue to stare each other down, Sebastian and Daniel now locking eyes, as these officials try to get between them and Patterson steps in front of everyone and looks to the camera.]

CP: I see Landon O'Neill doesn't want us to have a preview of what's to come in two weeks' time! But I'll guarantee you this... when the legend meets the up and comer, you never bet against the legend! Now let's go to the ring!

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

PW: The following contest is a special challenge match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... accompanied by his manager, Brian Lau. From Portland, Oregon, and weighting in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAMMMMMESSSSSS!!!!

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

GM: Brian Lau, back in the city where he first achieved fame in the world of professional wrestling, is letting these fans know that he doesn't like them any better than any other fans he's encountered over the length of his Hall of Fame career.

BW: Hall of Famers can write their own ticket in this sport. Lau doesn't care about any of these drive-thru jockeys and rightfully so.

[Behind him, moving at a deliberate pace, is the hulking form of Brian James. The son of the Blackheart cuts an imposing figure. Six foot six, and nearly three hundred pounds of muscle, this is a man made for destruction. James has a white towel over his head, which covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl on clean shaven face. James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in black tattoos, each a letter of the Kanji alphabet. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James' legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists. Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, before James pushes down the top rope and steps over it. With Lau in front, both men move to the center of the ring.]

GM: This is - I'd say - the biggest challenge in the career of the so-called Engine of Destruction, Bucky.

BW: It'd be hard to argue with that as he's taking on a former World Champion, a legend of our sport, one of the most feared men in the history of our sport, and... well, like Blue said, he's a perennial part of the Hall of Fame ballot.

GM: Perhaps tonight he'll remind the masses why he's on that ballot and earn himself enough support to climb atop the mountain.

[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. Lau opens the box and places the mouthguard over his charge's teeth as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a pregnant pause to build anticipation as the Portland crowd starts a very clear chant.]

"OT-TO! OT-TO! OT-TO!"

GM: There is no secret who the fans in Portland are supporting tonight, Bucky.

BW: The one who sucked up and pandered to them at the start of the show?

[The lights dim as strobe lights begin to flash in the Veterans' Memorial Coliseum. In sync, the haunting theme of John Carpenter's "Halloween" begins to pulsate.]

GM: That music alone sends chills down the spine of many a wrestling fan who has heard it over the years...

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Essen, Germany... standing six foot eight... weighing in at 360 pounds...

He is the Teutonic Terror... the German Juggernaut...

THEEEEEEEEE BUUUUUTCHERRRRRRRRRR...

OTTTTTTTTTT OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!  
VERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHOOOOOOOOOOOEVENNNNNNNN!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the huge shape of Otto Verhoeven steps through the curtain into view. He stops for a moment, looking out at the crowd with an inkling of respect at their cheers. He gives the slightest of nods before turning his gaze upon the ring...]

...where The Butcher takes over, a glare of disgust... of anger... of frustration.]

GM: I would NOT want to be on the other end of the look on that man's face, Bucky.

BW: Verhoeven was a monster in his day... but his day is gone and the era of the Engine of Destruction is upon us!

[Verhoeven marches down the aisle towards the ring, not acknowledging the crowd at all. The German's movements are tense and his jaw is working all the time. He slowly climbs the ring steps to enter the ring. Verhoeven takes a moment to glare at the referee before he moves into the center of the ring and raise a gloved fist above his head...

...and as Lau screams "NOW!", Brian James surges into motion, slamming a forearm into the back of Verhoeven's head. A second one sends him stumbling into the ropes where James moves in, teeing off with efficient and ruthless fashion, lighting up the Butcher with a series of stiff shin kicks to the sternum of the doubled-up German!]

GM: Brian James wastes no time coming after him before the bell! He's all over the Butcher as referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the match to start and James is tearing into him!

[A knife-edge chop across the chest straightens up Verhoeven who falls back against the ropes, arms draped over the top. James hooks his hands behind the neck, applying a Muay Thai clinch which he uses to control Verhoeven before throwing a heavy knee into the left side of the ribcage... and again... and again...]

GM: James with those devastating kneestrikes, learned at the knee of Tiger Claw, one of the most dangerous strikers to ever step into a pro wrestling ring!

[Pulling Verhoeven off the ropes with the Thai Clinch still applied, he swings him back out towards the middle of the ring, throwing a knee right up the middle to catch the Butcher in the sternum!]

BW: Oof! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

[James uses the Clinch to hurl Verhoeven into the ropes where the big man - packing a bit more weight in the midsection than during his prime - bounces off, leaning down to duck under a swinging elbow strike from the six foot six James.]

GM: Verhoeven ducks, slams on the brakes!

[And as he swings around, the Butcher uncorks some striking of his own.]

GM: Jab! Jab! Jab!

BW: Verhoeven's got a boxing background!

[A swinging right hook catches James flush, sending him spiraling away from the German, staggering chestfirst up against the buckles. The German is on the advance, swinging James around by the shoulder, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: And if you're a pro wrestling fan, you've seen the German Juggernaut do this before!

[Verhoeven squares up, throwing a right to the left ribcage... then a left to the right. He straightens up, hooking James by the back of the head and lands right after right after right to the skull of the Oregon native!]

GM: Verhoeven's teeing off in the corner!

[The German leans over, grabbing the middle rope with both hands and swinging his massive shoulder into the midsection of James... and another... and another!]

GM: The big German trying to knock some of the air out of Brian James who is in the wrong part of town!

[Cut to Brian Lau at ringside who yells, "GET OUT OF THE CORNER, BRIAN!"]

GM: Brian Lau showing some concern as Verhoeven continues to use his power and size to stall out the offense of the so-called Engine of Destruction!

[Straightening up, Verhoeven grabs James by the arm, rocketing him across the ring, sending him crashing backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! What a whip!

[The German gives a shout, cranking his right arm up into the air a couple of times before lumbering across the ring towards James.]

GM: The big German coming in hard!

[A running clothesline lifts James' feet off the mat, swinging them up into the air before they come back down. He staggers out of the buckles as Verhoeven backs off, lifting him up under his arm...

...and DRIVES him down under 360 pounds in a side slam!]

GM: OHH! James goes SPLAT underneath Verhoeven!

[The Teutonic Terror rolls over into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!



[James kicks out with ease, angering Verhoeven who grabs him by the slicked back blonde hair, slamming his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times... four times... five times...]

GM: Otto Verhoeven has never been a man who cares for the rules and he's showing that now as the referee has to threaten to disqualify him to get him to back off!

[Verhoeven climbs to his feet, visibly breathing a little hard as he stalks across the ring, taking a little walk as James rolls to his stomach, pushing himself up to all fours...

...where Verhoeven HAMMERS home a double axehandle, knocking James right back down to his stomach on the mat.]

GM: No rest for Brian James as Verhoeven clubs him back down... but now he's grabbing hold of those shorts, dragging James back to his feet.

[He pulls James right into a belly-to-back suplex position, ready to hoist him up...

...and as he does, James shows off the incredible agility for a man of his size, flipping clear over the top, landing on his feet behind Verhoeven!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: How does someone that size do-

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Gordon's reaction echoes that of the crowd as Verhoeven turns around and gets CAUGHT with a leaping knee strike that lands on the cheekbone sending Verhoeven sailing backwards into the turnbuckles, clutching his face in pain.]

GM: Wow! James scores with the leaping knee and look out here!

[Hooking his hands around the back of the German's neck again, James swings his right knee up into the left cheek... again... and again... and again...]

GM: James is going for the same spot he hit with the jumping knee and you can hear Brian Lau out here shouting "AGAIN! AGAIN!"

BW: And of course, Brian James will oblige the greatest manager walking in our sport today.

GM: A strong endorsement there for Mr. Lau and one that I can't imagine will earn you many friends back in the locker room with people like Harrison Fawcett and Sandra Hayes.

BW: I...uh, well... it's just that Brian picked up the check the other-

GM: That's what I thought.

[The flurry of kneestrikes leaves Verhoeven reeling as the referee forces James to back off. A smear of blood is across the cheek of the German as James argues with the official, moving back in, taking aim...]

GM: Verhoeven's in some trouble here, backed into the corner...

[The German twists his body, swinging himself out of the corner to catch James under the chin with a back elbow. He grabs the hair to SLAM James' face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Verhoeven fighting back, showing off the determination that made him a former World Champion right here in Portland.

[With James staggered, Verhoeven hooks his massive hand around the throat of the son of the Blackheart to a big cheer, striding out towards the middle of the ring with him trapped...]

GM: The German's got him hooked! He's going for that chokeslam!

[James knows it's coming though, reaching up to grab the wrist, twisting out of the grip. He turns his back, grabbing the arm...

...and uses a Judo technique to HURL Verhoeven over his body, throwing him violently down to the canvas in a big slam!]

GM: Wow! How on Earth-?!

BW: Technique! Power!

[James launches into a vicious series of stomps, striking the chest and face of Verhoeven over and over, forcing him to roll out of the ring to the floor. The son of the Blackheart steps out on the apron, ready to pursue...]

GM: James out on the apro-

[A desperate Verhoeven grabs the legs of James, pulling them out from under James with power, sending the Portland native CRASHING down on his upper back and shoulders on the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Verhoeven with a desperation move that pays HUGE dividends!

[Verhoeven hooks James by the back of the head...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him with great power into the steel barricade, putting enough force behind it to move the railing!]

GM: Good grief! Verhoeven is so strong, Bucky... SO strong!

BW: No one's doubting that... but right now, I'm wondering if Brian Lau is doubting that they should've made this challenge, Gordo. Brian James is undefeated since he dumped TORA and become a Brian Lau guy... but that might change here tonight because the German Juggernaut just keeps on coming!

GM: Verhoeven stalking James, moving in slowly...

[Pushing James' head back, Verhoeven throws a heavy right hand into the midsection... and another... and another...]

GM: Heavy blows to the body of Brian James, trying to knock the air out of those lungs!

[He drags James by the hair back towards the ring...

...where James hooks a hand into the singlet, yanking hard...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE POST!

[Having successfully bounced Verhoeven's head off the post, James backs off, looking at the German who is leaning motionless against the steel. Lau points towards the ring wildly as James muscles the German back under the ropes, crawling in behind him to make a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the German's shoulder creeps up off the mat, barely breaking the pin.]

GM: Close call there for the big German as- oh my, look at that...

[The crowd groans as the German gets rolled over onto his back, revealing a stream of crimson escaping the head of the big man.]

GM: Verhoeven's been busted open! The steel ringpost busted him wide open after that fantastic leverage move by Brian James, taking advantage of the big man's size and weight.

[James rolls into the mount, pulling Verhoeven's head off the canvas where he slams a 12-to-6 elbow down between the eyes... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Elbows from the mount, splitting the forehead open even more!

[With blood trickling down Verhoeven's cheek and streaming from his forehead, James backs off, looking down as the referee checks on the Butcher to see if he can continue.]

GM: This match hasn't gone very long on a clock but the amount of physical punishment these two have put each other through is off the charts, Bucky!

BW: The punches, the elbows, the knees... they are taking so much out of them both.

GM: The referee says Verhoeven wants to continue and-

[James leaps up, landing a stomp down on the sternum!]

GM: Leaping stomp to the chest...

[James stalks away, walking in a full circle before leaping up to land a second leaping stomp to the chest.]

GM: Another one, making sure that Verhoeven stays down on the mat.

[James does the full circle again, a little slower this time. This time he doesn't leap, simply walking up, swinging his leg up in the air, aiming higher as he swings the leg back down...]

GM: TO THE FACE!

[...but the German powerhouse raises his arms, catching the foot as it sails down towards his face!]

GM: BLOCKED! VERHOEVEN BLOCKS IT!

[James is suddenly off-balance, struggling to get his foot free as Verhoeven rolls to a knee, defiantly shaking his head at James.]

GM: James is caught! He's trapped! Verhoeven climbing to his feet!

[Verhoeven climbs to a vertical position, stretching out an arm to grab James around the throat!]

GM: Uh oh! Now James is in SERIOUS trouble!

[A choking James trying to bat the arm away from him but this time, the German refuses to release it. He's holding the foot underneath his left arm while the right hand chokes James...]

GM: What's he going to do from here, fans?!

[With a shout, Verhoeven muscles James up into the air, twisting slightly and throwing him down in a sloppy chokeslam!]

GM: Chokeslam! Chokeslam!

BW: He didn't get all he wanted out of it though. He didn't get enough elevation or force behind it!

[The bloodied German kneels down, pushing the shoulders to the mat in a press.]

GM: Shoulder press - ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, the shoulder is lifted off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Not enough to hold him down.

BW: I wouldn't give advice to Verhoeven here but if I was going to, he needs to go for the SlaughterSlam and end this thing right now! He's not going to get a better shot at it!

[Verhoeven seems to agree, dragging a thumb across his throat to a big reaction from the Portland crowd before he reaches down, grabbing James by the throat again, hauling a coughing and gasping James to his feet.]

GM: He's got him right back up! He's got him in the middle of the ring! He's got him in position!

[Verhoeven looks out at the cheering crowd, nodding along with them...]

GM: He's gonna do it! He's gonna-

"NOW!"

[The shout from Brian Lau rings out as Brian James suddenly grabs the wrist of Verhoeven, twisting it, spinning out of the grip to throw Verhoeven off his attack...

...and James SWINGS his right foot and leg rapidly towards the back of Verhoeven's right knee, striking the braced limb hard!]

GM: OH!

BW: Right to Verhoeven's weak point! The very knee that caused him to retire!

[Verhoeven slumps to a knee, grabbing at the limb as James rears back...

...and SLAMS his right fist into the heart of the kneeling Verhoeven, knocking him backwards motionless to the mat. James grabs the legs, folding them into a jackknife cradle, putting all the leverage possible into the pin as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! Brian James has done it! He's beaten a former World Champion! He's beaten a legend! He's beaten a potential Hall of Famer!

BW: Thanks to a current Hall of Famer! The only manager in the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame just proved why! He knew the weakness, he knew the right time to exploit it, and he knew what his charge was capable of.

GM: That was an incredible sequence to end the match, Bucky. The wrist control to spin out of the SlaughterSlam attempt... the leg sweep kick... and the Blackheart Punch claims another victim here tonight in Portland. Incredible.

BW: You're looking at the future of this sport, Gordo. Brian James and Brian Lau walking side by side into the promised land!

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet!

[We fade into a shot of Mark Stegglet, standing by with the massive Cain Jackson. Jackson is dressed in his sheer black tracksuit. Atop his head, he wears the cowboy hat that he took from Jack Lynch, signifying his status as the "King of the Cowboys".]

JS: Cain Jackson, in just two short weeks, you will take on Jack Lynch. The rivalry between Team Supreme and Lynch has been intense, with numerous casualties on both sides. Your thoughts going into this highly anticipated match?

CJ: I...

[However, as Jackson begins to speak, we see the leader and namesake of Team Supreme, Supreme Wright, being wheeled into view by "Flawless" Larry Wallace. Wright is dressed in his usual dapper fashion, wearing a brown, slim-fit tweed suit with a double-breasted vest and crimson bowtie. The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion stares up at Jackson.]

SW: You're not speaking tonight, Cain.

[His eyes narrow.]

SW: You're LISTENING.

[Jackson nods, but Wright shakes his head.]

SW: But not here...

[He points off-camera.]

SW: ...out there. Inside MY ring.

[And with that, Wallace wheels Wright off-camera, with Jackson following behind them. Jon Stegglet is left behind with a confused look on his face 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.]



The scene opens up to a shot inside the ring, where we see a grand mass of humanity. There, we see the entirety of Team Supreme has assembled, each tracksuit-wearing member standing, eyes forward and at ease, with Cain Jackson standing at the forefront, ahead of the pack. Along with them is Supreme Wright seated in his wheelchair, with microphone in hand.]

SW: I brought all of you out here, because what I have to say needs to be heard not only by all of you...but each and every person out here...

[He points towards the entrance.]

SW: ...and back there.

[Wright turns his attention towards the crowd.]

SW: It's no secret to anyone that Jack Lynch injured me severely. I've wrestled my entire life. I've spent every waking second, minute, and hour of my life dedicated to this sport that I love. And each and every time I stepped into this ring, I shared that love with each and every one of you.

But Jack Lynch took it all away from me.

He injured me.

He CRIPPLED me.

[Supreme squeezes his eyes shut, taking in deep breathes, trying to remain calm.]

SW: He may as well have ripped out my HEART, because he took me away from the one thing I love and cherish most in this world. But the pain he's put me through doesn't nearly hurt as much...

[He stares directly at Cain Jackson.]

SW: ...as your FAILURES.

[The crowd gives a sympathetic groan at Wright's harsh words towards Jackson. Supreme drops his head, turning his attention back to the crowd as Jackson continues to stare straight ahead with a stone-faced expression, but he's clearly shaken by Wright's disappointment in him.]

SW: Do you think I'm the sort of person who tolerates failure? Do you think I'm proud of the pathetic performances you've put up against Lynch and his allies? Do you think for a single second that I could be happy at your incompetence?

No.

HELL NO.

[Wright's eyes open wide as he lets the slightest hint of anger break through his cold facade.]

SW: Only a fool would find this acceptable...and mama didn't raise no fool. But Cain...

...you can still fix this.

You can redeem yourself.

[And with much effort, Supreme Wright rises out of the wheelchair, steadying himself on a pair of crutches. He gets right up in Jackson's face, but Wright's prized student does his best to remain unphased, continuing to stare straight ahead.]

SW: I want you to make Jack Lynch hurt like he's made me hurt. I want him INJURED. I want him CRIPPLED.

I want that man we call "The World Champion" to watch as we take away one of the few allies he's got left.

In Las Vegas, I want you to end this...

[A sick grin forms on Wright's face.]

SW: ...by ENDING Jack Lynch.

[Wright allows his words to hang over the crowd for several moments, the grin still on his face...

...until the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Oh my! If Supreme Wright wants to end Jack Lynch, maybe he should try doing it himself because the Iron Cowboy is heading to the ring!

BW: He's... yeah, but he's by himself! Jack Lynch is coming out here all alone to face down Team Supreme?! He's out of his ever-lovin' mind, Gordo!

GM: You may be right about that but- HERE WE GO!

[Hitting the ring, Lynch dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet fast and BLASTING the nearest tracksuit-wearing sycophant with a right hand!]

GM: Lynch has hit the ring and away we go!

[The Texan dishes out right hands to everyone in sight, hammering away, sending Team Supreme members sprawling. Cain Jackson, Larry Wallace, and Supreme Wright stand back, watching as Jack Lynch attempts to wade through the assembled masses.]

GM: Lynch is hitting anything that moves! Right hand on one guy! Right hand on another!

BW: And Supreme Wright's just watching the whole thing... he's just-

[Lynch gets past a pair of tracksuits...

...and nearly has his head detached from his shoulders courtesy of a Cain Jackson Big Boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LYNCH GETS DROPPED! He had a clear line of sight on Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson, that thug, just took him out with the Big Boot... and now is where Jack Lynch is in SERIOUS danger!

[Recovering from the fisticuffs, the rest of Team Supreme - save Wallace and Wright - fall on Lynch, hammering him with fists, kicking him into the mat.]

BW: Jack Lynch came out here all by himself and he just ran into one HELL of a beating, Gordo!

GM: Lynch is in trouble, fans... he's in serious trouble as the numbers game is simply too much for him to overcome! He needs-

[The crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: Here comes Michael Weaver! We haven't seen him in a while now but he's hitting the ring and-

[As Weaver steps through the ropes, Larry Wallace is waiting, throwing the dropkick he - and his brothers - are famous for, wiping out Weaver with it!]

BW: Haha! So much for playing Mr. Hero! See ya later, Weaver!

[The Team Supreme masses split into two groups now, Wallace leading half to stomp Weaver while Jackson leads the other half to continue beating on Jack Lynch!]

GM: Michael Weaver showing tremendous courage and heart to run out here despite these overwhelming odds to try and help his friend, Jack Lynch, but it was to no avail!

BW: Now TWO of them are goin' to the hospital, daddy!

GM: This is getting hard to watch. An out and out beating by the masses of Team Supreme and-

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: O'CONNOR! O'CONNOR! BUNKHOUSE BOBBY IS HEADING FOR THE RING BUT HE'S NOT COMING ALONE!

[O'Connor comes tearing down the aisle, steel chair in hand. He slides into the ring and comes up swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A big blow across the back of one tracksuit-wearing Team Supreme member sends them flying through the ropes to the floor. O'Connor wheels around, jabbing the chair into the gut of another before he spins again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: This isn't right, Gordo! Team Supreme are WRESTLERS! They're not trained to fight with a chair!

[O'Connor keeps on swinging, sending people scattering away, bailing out to the floor and once the ring is clear and the crowd is absolutely deafening, O'Connor hurls the chair down to the canvas in rage before taking a knee next to his partner and friend.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor clears the ring.., and now he's checking on Jack Lynch who took quite the pounding out here tonight at the hands of Team Supreme.

BW: At their feet too.

GM: Oh, you're hysterical. O'Connor's checking on Lynch... talking to him all the while...

BW: You gotta admit, Gordo... that was a pretty dumb move by Lynch, charging out here by himself.

GM: Maybe it was, Bucky... but that just shows how badly he wants to get his hands on Team Supreme and END this war. And in two weeks, he gets to take a major step in that direction when he meets Cain Jackson in the middle of the ring in Las Vegas! Fans, don't go away - we'll be right back!

[Fade to a blackened room, a white spotlight diffused heavily so it's just the slightest of illumination. A voice rings out... a familiar voice.]

"The last time I walked around the AWA, I was the one who brought you the news you needed to know."

[The voice gets closer, footsteps echoing.]

"The rumors that turned out to be true."

[And closer.]

"I chased down the stories... the facts... the truth."

[He walks into view. It's Jason Dane, a glimmer of a smile on his face.]

"I brought you... All Access."

[The shot bursts into a graphic that reads...]

"ALL ACCESS WITH JASON DANE"

[The graphic fades and is replaced by another.]

"LIVE before the next Saturday Night Wrestling."

[We fade back to live action where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: All Access with Jason Dane. Our old pal returns to the AWA in two weeks' time to bring you all the news fit for print in an exclusive one-on-one interview. And for this premiere episode, Jason's pulled out the big guns because he will be interviewing the one and only PRESIDENT of the American Wrestling Alliance, Landon O'Neill! Whew boy, you will NOT want to miss that so make sure you tune in BEFORE SNW in Las Vegas where Jason Dane and Landon O'Neill let it all hang out LIVE on The X! Cesar, come on in here...

[The shot of Blackwell zooms out to reveal Cesar Hernandez alongside him, dressed in a white t-shirt with the Mexico flag splashed across it. He nods as he steps in.]

SLB: Cesar, earlier tonight you-

[Hernandez interrupts angrily.]

CH: EARLIER TONIGHT, I HEARD A BUNCH OF GARBAGE COMIN' OUT OF THE MOUTH OF REX SUMMERS!

[Blackwell's eyebrows raise at the outburst. Hernandez grimaces, shaking his head.]

CH: Look, Lou... Summers and I aren't strangers to each other. He told his version of our story out here earlier. You heard him.

[Lou nods.]

SLB: He had some... well, inflammatory comments to make about-

CH: About my wife. About my kids.

[Hernandez runs a hand through his hair.]

CH: Rex Summers, you find yourself on the wrong side of a line, compadre! There's a line that should never be crossed when it comes to talking about a man's family and you're over it!

I may not have taken the title from you all those years ago but I promise that I gave you a beating the likes of which you haven't forgotten.

[A nod.]

CH: And if you want to experience that again, you name the time... you name the place...

But if you bring up my family again, I'LL name the time... and I'LL name the place.

[An angry Hernandez storms out of view, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Cesar Hernandez with some strong words of warning for "Red Hot" Rex Summers. Fans, let's go over to another part of the locker room area and hear from Mark Stegglet who is standing by with an individual who just may have something to say about what we've already seen here tonight. Mark?

[We open to a shot backstage, where we see Mark Stegglet standing by with former two-time AWA National champion, Juan Vasquez. The Hall of Famer is dressed in street clothes...a black hoodie and the AWA "The World's Most Dangerous Group" t-shirt in the style of the old N.W.A. rap group t-shirt, with former National Champions Marcus Broussard, Stevie Scott, Ron Houston, Kolya Sudakov, and of course, himself on the front.]

MS: Juan Vasquez, you heard the news earlier as well as the rest of us...tonight, in something I'm sure none of us saw coming, AWA National Champion Rob Driscoll puts the title on the line against Travis Lynch one more time! Your thoughts about this shocking turn of events?

[Juan has a somewhat perplexed, almost confused look on his face.]

JV: "Shocking"?

[He chuckles, shaking his head.]

JV: You're tellin' me, Mark. I mean, not to take anything away from Travis Lynch, 'cause if anyone deserved another shot at the National title down the line, it's him... but he's had more than his fair share of chances at the National Title and Rob Driscoll recently. So I'm kinda' surprised that the front office would sanction another title match between him and Driscoll when I just fought Calisto Dufresne tooth and nail and from Hell and back to become the Number One Contender.

And I'm not exactly sure how you can just forget the fact he's not supposed to get any more shots at Driscoll...but that ain't up to me to decide.

I just mean...he kinda' leaped right over me to get this title shot, you know?

[A disappointed sigh...but Juan quickly shakes it off and smiles.]

JV: But still, I wish Travis Lynch the best of luck. Get yourself that National title kid. Do your family proud. Do ALL of us proud. Give the AWA a National Champion we can all be proud of.

[The look on his face turns slightly grimmer.]

JV: And if that lowdown, dirty snake Rob Driscoll somehow manages to escape with the title against Travis one more time? If \*I\* have to deal with the likes of that connivin' banshee Sandra Hayes or that piece of trash Dave Cooper to get back the title I never should've lost in the first place?

[Juan grins at Stegglet.]

JV: Well, that's fine with me too, amigo.

[A determined look.]

JV: 'Cause no matter who the winner is, they've still got me to deal with after tonight! And you better believe, when all's said and done?

Juan Vasquez will be your AWA National Champion!

[A smirk.]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[And with that, Vasquez walks off as we slowly fade back to the ring and Phil Watson.]

PW: Introducing first, from Arlington, Virginia, weighing two-hundred fifty-one pounds... RONALD HALL!

[A tall, well-built young man with shaggy hair and full-length red tights raises his right arm with index finger extended into the air.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play, as the crowd erupts in cheers!]

PW: ...he weighs in tonight at two hundred and ninety-five pounds...hailing from Tupelo, Mississippi...he is known as "The Strongest Man in..."

[The crowd chants it along with Phil...]

"ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!"

PW: ..."the Land!" Here is...

HERCULLLEEEES  
HAMMMMMMOOOOOONNNNDSSS!!!

[All eyes turn to the top of the entrance way, where we see the massive Hercules Hammonds emerging from behind the curtains. Hercules is a sight of pure physical intimidation, with his shaved head, neatly trimmed goatee

and a fierce, intense scowl. He wears a "Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Wonder of the World!" t-shirt over gold trunks and black boots. He stalks his way down towards the ring, eyeing his opponents like a fresh piece of meat.]

GM: And here comes Hercules Hammonds, who's been having more than his fair share of trouble with Jericho Kai recently.

BW: Kai's been keeping himself one step ahead of Hammonds at all times and I know it's gotta' frustrate the heck outta' him!

GM: Indeed, but it's only a matter of time before Kai has to face Hammonds inside a wrestling ring and you have to wonder if making a man like Hercules Hammonds angry is wise.

BW: Considering Kai talks to Egyptian gods and commands zombie hordes, I think makin' Hercules Hammonds angry is the least of his problems, daddy!

"DING DING DING"

[Hammonds and Hall lock up in the center of the ring. Hammonds manhandles Hall, powering him up into the air...]

"OHH!"

[...and THROWS him forward onto his knees!]

GM: What an amazing display of strength from Hercules Hammonds!

[Hall gets to his feet, only to be barreled over by a charging Hammonds with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: And Hammonds just steamrolls Hall!

[He is then scooped up by Hammonds, who drops him across his knee with a backbreaker. Hammonds repeats the motion, dropping Hall across his knee once more. Still holding on, Hammonds looks out to the crowd, which roars with anticipation as Herc shouts out to them...]

HH: "SHOULD I BREAK HIM HALF?"

[The crowd responds in unison...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES!!!"

[Hammonds then lifts Hall over his head and lays him across his shoulders...

...and runs forward, dropping back into a Samoan Drop!]

"THUUUUUDD!!!"

GM: OHH!! Hammonds drives Hall into the canvas with a Samoan drop!



BW: He almost put through the canvas with that one!

[Herc rolls backwards off Hall and leaps to his feet, beating his chest wildly to further inciting the crowd.]

GM: And Hercules Hammonds has this crowd rocking and rolling!

[Hammonds then pulls Hall to his feet, shoving him into a standing headscissors, before lifting him up for a powerbomb...

...and running towards the far corner, TOSSING Hall right into the turnbuckles!]

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Herc grins big, strutting and walking around the ring with a cocky hop in his step, imploring the crowd to cheer...]

"HERC! HERC! HERC!"

GM: And Hercules Hammonds certainly looks like he's having a great time out there in the ring!

BW: Well, we sure as heck know Ronald Hall ain't!

[Herc then points a finger towards Hall, before gutwrenching him up and onto his shoulder from the canvas with the greatest of ease. He holds Hall there for a moment, looking out towards the crowd...]

GM: OH MY! It looks like it's all over but the shouting!

BW: Here it comes, daddy!

[...before DRIVING Andrews back into the canvas face-first with The Hammonds Hammer!]

GM: THE HAMMONDS HAMMER!

BW: Ain't nobody getting up from that!

GM: Here's the count! One! Two! Three!

"DING DING DING!"

PW: Your winner! HERCULLLLLLLEEEEEES HAMMMMMMMMOOONDS!!!

GM: A dominant win for Hercu-

[The lights suddenly go out.]

GM: Huh?

BW: What the heck!?

[The AWAttron winks to life and Jericho Kai is seen in close up, his face underlit to make it look demonic.]

JK: Hercules...

[The crowd roars with boos at the sight of Kai, as Hammonds points a finger at the tron, yelling angrily at the image of Kai.]

JK: Hercules...Hercules...heheheh...

[Kai giggles madly to himself.]

JK: I'm waiting for you, man! Come find me, you coward! I'm not hard to find!

[His face suddenly lights up, smiling...looking slightly crazed.]

JK: COME FIND ME!!!

[The screen goes black and the lights come back up, as Hammonds quickly exits the ring, marching to the back with purpose, apparently in search of Kai.]

GM: More mind games from Jericho Kai. It's clear he's trying to lead Hercules Hammonds into a trap.

BW: Yeah, but Hammonds ain't exactly the brightest guy in the world. He might not be able to figure that out even if you yelled "It's a trap!"

GM: Would you stop? Fans, as much as I think we'd all like to see Hercules Hammonds get his hands on Jericho Kai... I think I'd prefer it to be inside the ring and not back on Kai's turf. Let's go backstage to Colt Patterson who is standing by. Colt?

[The camera cuts to the back where Colt Patterson stands next to a rather annoyed looking Charisma Knight, her arms folded across her chest as Patterson starts]

CP: Yeah, and now for some real reporting, I'm back here with Charisma Knight, manager of the Hell Hounds, and Charisma, I've been told that you cancelled the Hounds match tonight?

CK: Yes Colt, I did, and do you know why? Local wrestlers, again. Yet another week no suitable competition in the locker room will step up and answer the challenge of my Hell Hounds, so until that happens, I have cancelled their showcase matches.

CP: But why, why not show them off?

CK: Because they've shown how powerful they are, and until a real team, and not a couple of thrown together kids lucky to get 5 minutes on TV are signed to face them, they will not compete on AWA Television. Right now, I've sent them out to the streets of Portland to do what they will to entertain themselves. I remain here to do my job of keeping my book on the competitors up-to-date.

CP: Well, rumor has it that it's less you keeping your book for the Hounds up-to-date, and more waiting around to see what Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers do regarding their petition to the AWA President, Landon O'Neill, for a Women's Division. Clearly now that Julie Somers has thrown her views out there, you have to have some opinion.

[Knight scowls at Patterson, taking a moment to compose herself before answering.]

CK: Now Colt... WERE I still backstage to do that, I wouldn't make my views known, or felt, until I was ready to do so. Now if you'll excuse me.

[Knight storms off as Colt shrugs to the camera and wraps things up]

CP: Well there you have it, more insight than was given two weeks ago, showing that I'm the man to get the answers. Let's see that twerp Blackwell manage THAT. Now let's go back to the ring for more tag team action!

[We cut to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match, scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, in the corner to my left... from San Angelo and Plano, Texas respectively and weighing in at a combined 465 pounds...

NICK CRICK and MILES GILES!!

[The two men raise their arms, nodding to the fans.]

PW: And their oppo--

[Watson blinks, as the audio is cut abruptly. He taps the microphone to test it, and as he does the familiar voice of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is heard over the PA system.]

"D"HF: A thousand pardons, but I think this calls for someone of superior linguistic talents.

[Just then, the unsettling industrial intro to "You're So Vain" by Marilyn Manson begins to play.]

"D"HF: From picturesque Fawcett Manor, weighing in at a smooth and seductive 562 pounds...

[The top half of the curtain opens as the grotesquely scarred face of Porter Crowley peeks out.]

"D"HF: ... twisted steel and sex appeal...

[The lower half of the curtain opens as the salivating Lost Boy peers out, wild-eyed.]

"D"HF: Every woman's pet, every man's regret...

PORTER CROWLEY

THE LOST BOY

[The curtains fly wide open, as we now see Fawcett with microphone in hand behind his two bizarre charges.]

"D"HF: THE HANDSOME FAMILY!!

#You had one eye in the mirror#  
#As you watched yourself gavotte#  
#And all the girls dreamed that they'd be your partner#  
#They'd be your partner, and...#

[Crowley lurches forward, bent over yet running a hand through his slicked back hair as if he's walking down a red carpet at a Hollywood movie premiere. The Lost Boy is crouched on all four with a rawhide bone in his mouth, growling as his teeth clench it tight. Fawcett nods approvingly as he gestures towards the crowd to soak in the odd spectacle.]

GM: Many times Fawcett has said things that border the outlandish and bizarre... but I have to draw the line at referring to these two monsters as handsome.

BW: Different strokes, Gordo. Hell, some women actually find Travis Lunch appetizing!

GM: Lunch... appetizing?

BW: You're welcome.

#You're so vain#  
#You probably think this song is about you#  
#You're so vain#  
#I'll bet you think this song is about you#  
#Don't you? Don't you?#

[The trio pause halfway down, as Porter points to a pair of clearly horrified teenage girls. The Lost Boy snaps to his attention as he drops his bone and begins crawling towards them. Fawcett shakes his head, saying "No dessert before dinner" as he gestures towards the ring.]

GM: Nice of Fawcett to stop his caveman from attacking innocent audience members... for once.

BW: I'm telling you, he's a shoe-in for Humanitarian of the Year!

[As the three make their way to ringside, The Lost Boy is the first to enter as he slides in under the bottom rope and charges on all four at his soon-to-be opponents, clearing the ring. Fawcett quickly gets to the ring apron as he holds down the second rope, waving dramatically for Porter to enter the ring. Crowley does so, looking around in a confused manner as the crowd begins chanting "PRET-TY POR-TER!!". Fawcett nods, gesturing to the crowd and telling Porter that even the great unwashed can see what a "beautiful boy he has become."]

GM: The level of delusion is astounding.

BW: Nothing wrong with a positive mental attitude, Gordo!

"DING! DING!"

GM: It appears that The Lost Boy will start things off against Nick Crick... and Crick is already at a loss for words against the unorthodox competitor.

[The Lost Boy, still on all fours, snarls at Crick who looks at his tag team partner on the apron and shrugs.]

BW: What's the matter, hasn't this goof ever heard Greco-Roman wrestling? The Lost Boy is obviously on the fast track to being on the Olympic wrestling team!

GM: Oh brother.

[Crick shouts for referee Davis Warren to make The Lost Boy get up to a vertical base, but the man that evolution forgot is having none of it. Crick turns again for advice from his partner, which is the exact moment that The Lost Boy chooses to strike.]

GM: Flying body press by The Lost Boy catches Nick Crick completely by surprise! We've seen that maneuver used to perfection by the likes of Supernova, Bucky... that was anything but.

BW: All that matters is that he knocked him down with it! Nothing in the rulebook that says you can't flail all your limbs around and bark like a dog while doing it.

GM: True enough. Crick is struggling to get to his feet, but The Lost Boy is there to greet him!

[Just as Crick gets up to a crouched position, The Lost Boy charges on all four and knocks him back down with a headbutt.]

GM: Crick struggling to get back up again... and AGAIN he's knocked down with that unorthodox-style running headbutt!

BW: Well we don't score on style, if he's knocking him silly that's all that matters!

[One more headbutt from The Lost Boy, and Crick rolls out of the ring and onto the floor below. The Lost Boy whips his head from right to left to begin growling at Miles Giles, who attempts to enter the ring to exact revenge on behalf of his tag team partner.]

BW: Good thing Warren is on top of things, stopping that maniac Giles from running in there.

[While the ref is distracted, Crowley drops to the floor and runs around the corner... directly towards Nick Crick.]

GM: But not such a good thing for his partner!

[Crick gets back to his feet, just in time to take a clothesline directly to the face. He goes down like a shot as the boos pour down on Crowley.]

BW: Keep fighting with the ref, genius. You're doing a helluva job!

[Fawcett applauds, only stopping to shout "SHOW HIM WHO'S THE PRETTIEST OF ALL!" at Crowley.]

GM: Indeed, as Porter Crowley is now stomping away at the face of a prone Nick Crick! Davis Warren really needs to establish some order in there!

[Warren finally talks Giles into resuming his position out on the apron as Crowley picks up Crick by the hair. Warren points an accusatory finger at Crowley, who raises his hands in mock innocence after rolling Crick back in the ring.]

BW: There you go, put him back in the ring nice as can be.

GM: After nearly caving his face in.

BW: Stop living in the past, Gordo!

[The Lost Boy picks up right where his tag partner left off, raining a succession of three hard boots to the head of Nick Crick. He then follows that up by stepping directly on his throat.]

GM: And the flagrant abuse of the rules continues! Can't Fawcett control this man?

BW: Relax, he's got until the count of five.

[Warren begins the count, which The Lost Boy regards with at first confusion... and then by sticking his green tongue out at the official.]

GM: Revolting... but at least he's finally relented.

BW: It's just a small break... because he's dragging him towards their corner!

[Crowley slaps The Lost Boy on the back and enters the ring. The Lost Boy looks confused at first, but then just shrugs as he stomps on the head of Nick Crick a final time before taking his place on the apron.]

GM: Crowley with a falling headbutt... and I never thought I'd say it of these two, but there does seem to be a fluid gameplay of a sort. Both men concentrating on stomps to the head, both utilizing headbutts.

BW: I'm telling you, Fawcett's a miracle worker! He can even make the clinically insane work like a well-oiled machine!

[Crowley picks up Crick by the head, whipping him into his corner...]

GM: Crick puts on the brakes! Amazing resiliency! Crowley attempts to whip him into the Handsome Family corner again-- Reversal!

[Crowley hits the corner as Crick runs in, paying Crowley back with a running clothesline of his own. Crick quickly tags in his partner as the crowd begins to cheer the fighting spirit of the two.]

GM: Miles Giles is in, and he is fired up!

[Not for long, as Crowley puts an abrupt stop to Giles' charge with a thumb to the eye.]

GM: BLATANT thumb to the eye by Crowley!

BW: I didn't see that, looked like a slap to me. Are we watching the same match?

[Crowley slaps on a side headlock, before running Giles' eyes across the top rope. The rope burn continues all the way to the corner, and is only stopped by Crowley repeatedly bashing Giles' face into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Absolute brutality by Crowley! Regardless of who guides his career... that is a constant, Bucky.

BW: That wasn't anything he picked up in any wrestling ring, either. Some people are just mean as soon as they fall out of their mama!

[Crowley fires Giles into his corner, where Giles is immediately met with a vicious forearm to the back of the head by The Lost Boy.]

BW: He's dazed and confused, not that this is the first time!

GM: Right into the waiting arms of Porter Crowley!

[Crowley hoists up Giles in a fireman's carry as he tags in The Lost Boy with a free hand.]

GM: Damaged Goods! The knee of Crowley buried in the face of Miles Giles who is out cold!

[Nick Crick enters the ring, attempting to make the same as The Lost Boy climbs the ropes.]

BW: Crowley sees Crick from a mile away!

[Crowley charges, clotheslining Crick over the top rope with such ferocity that he himself tumbles over the top and to the floor as well.]

GM: It's like a car crash out here on the floor as The Lost Boy ascends to the second turnbuckle!

[The Lost Boy howls before leaping... and doing yet more damage to Giles with a flying headbutt.]

BW: Stick a fork in him, he's done!

[The Lost Boy crawls on top of Giles.]

GM: An academic count of three, and the Handsome Family are victorious in their television debut!

"DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson raises the microphone to his lips as by now Porter Crowley is choking an unconscious Nick Crick on the floor.]

PW: Your winners...

THE HANDSOME FAMILY!!

[Fawcett takes his time walking over to Crowley, patting him on the shoulder. Only then does he release his chokehold, as by now The Lost Boy has joined his "family" at ringside. Fawcett grabs the microphone from Phil Watson and smiles darkly.]

"D"HF: I'd like to thank you all for being here at this all important moment. The moment when two fractured souls become whole. One...

[Fawcett looks down at The Lost Boy, crouched on all fours by his feet.]

"D"HF: ... a pure unadulterated soul, untouched by the contempt of humanity. That is, until he was soiled by the lies of a cruel young man who finds sport in playing with the hearts of teenage girls. Very soon, he will know his folly. For Travis?



[Fawcett gestures towards the snarling Lost Boy.]

"D"HF: This is not some sweet young thing that will stain her pillow with tears after your betrayal becomes crystal clear. This is not a foolish child that will pine away, staring at your name carved into the bark of a tree, never knowing that all you laid at her feet were a bed of lies.

[Fawcett smiles darkly.]

"D"HF: This is savagery beyond compare. Savagery tempered with my keen mind, a stone club sharpened into a razor-sharp dagger. And once you are finally in his path?

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Oh, how he shall cut.

[Fawcett turns to Crowley.]

"D"HF: Then, there is my beautiful boy. A diamond in the rough, covered in the muck and mire of society. A society that sought to mock what their ordinary minds dare not even try to conceive. But he knows that all along it has been the green monster of jealousy, that you look upon his perfect features and let your envy grow into hatred for that which can never dream of being.

[Crowley nods, as Fawcett hands him the microphone.]

PC: Uncle Harrison is right. All my life I've been lost. I've been following these voices...

[Crowley puts his free hand to his head, squeezing his temples and wincing.]

PC: Father and his shouting voice. The screaming voices of all the other kids at the orphanage. Cops. Carnival folk. Women...

[Crowley looks towards Fawcett, who nods reassuringly.]

PC: I thought they hated me, I thought they wanted me to burn again. But now I know different, now I know the truth. Uncle Harrison turned on a light and they all went scurrying like cockroaches. I still hear them, I still feel them clawing at my walls... but now I know. I know they wish they could see what I see in the mirror. A beautiful boy. My father always told me different, but thanks to my uncle I know the truth--

[Crowley smiles, a smile that makes the blood go cold as he puts a hand on The Lost Boy's shoulder.]

PC: Thanks to my FAMILY I know better. I just had to look inside. Don't worry though, just because you hate me because I'm beautiful? I won't be stingy. I will show every last one of you what's inside.

[Crowley frowns.]

PC: Only for every last one of you in the locker room... there's no beautiful boy inside.

JUST PAIN!

[Crowley shakes violently after screeching. That creepy smile slowly turns at the corners of his mouth after a second.]

PC: Please, won't you let me show you?

[Fawcett laughs as Crowley drops the microphone to the floor. The Lost Boy begins barking maniacally as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Few things in this sport truly, deeply terrify me any more, Bucky.

BW: And?

GM: And I think we just saw something that does. Those two being led by that twisted individual is a horrible thought to behold. What does it mean for the AWA tag team division that those two men are now together?

BW: It means that they all got real lucky that the Stampede Cup started before they came together.

GM: You may be right about tha-

[Suddenly, the lights go out.]

BW: What the-?

GM: When the lights go out here on The X, it's rarely good news.

[A few moments pass. When the lights come back on, we see Jericho Kai standing in the ring, dressed in his ring gear with microphone in hand. He is flanked by his henchmen, the Walking Dead. Kai parades around the ring, laughing.]

JK: Hercules! Since it's been so difficult for you to find me, man...

...I'm right here.

[He turns towards the entrance and holds out his arms.]

JK: Come out and find me, coward!

[Kai throws his head back, waiting, as the crowd chants for Hammonds...]

"HERC! HERC! HERC!"

"HERC! HERC! HERC!"

"HERC! HERC! HERC!"

BW: Well, Kai's right there waitin' for him! Where's Herc?

GM: He's standing there, but he's with The Walking Dead! You don't expect Hercules Hammonds to run head-on right into a three-on-one disadvantage, do you?

BW: When you put it that way, I don't think even Hammonds is dumb enough to fight'em three-on-one!

[Right on cue, the crowd roars with cheers as we see Hercules Hammonds SPRINTING out from behind the curtains and doing exactly what that... running head-on into a three-on-one disadvantage!]

GM: OH MY! HERE COMES HERC!

BW: He IS dumb enough! What the heck!

[The Walking Dead are there to meet Hammonds half-way up the aisle, the smaller Unique Allah getting to the big man from Mississippi first. He runs straight into a thrust kick that catches him right in the chest. Henri LeMarques catches Hammonds immediately with a huge right hand. He grabs Herc, THROWING him into the guardrail!]

"CRAAAASSHHH!"

GM: OHHH!!!

[LeMarques and Allah set upon Herc, battering him with fists and clubbing blows. However, with a sudden burst of energy, Hammonds throws the duo off of him. He grabs Allah and THROWS him over the guardrail and into the crowd!]

GM: There goes Unique Allah into the crowd!

BW: It's not the first time he's been out amongst the unwashed masses here in Portland!

[Hammonds then bowls over LeMarques with a clothesline as the crowd roars! He then points a menacing finger at Kai, who motions for him to get into the ring.]

GM: And this is what Herc has been waiting for! Just him and Kai, one-on-one!

[Herc takes a step towards the ring, only for Allah to LEAP off the guardrail and smash him with a double-axhandle from behind. Hammonds stumbles forward from the blow. Allah charges at him, but Hammonds catches him with a powerslam onto the floor!]

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHH!!!

[As he rises, LeMarques is there to meet him with a swift kick to the gut. He lifts Herc up onto his shoulder, preparing to ram him into the ringpost. However, at the last moment, Herc slips behind LeMarques and shoves him in the back, sending the big man into the steel!]

"CLAAANK!"

[Herc bellows a victorious roar, before turning his attention back to the ring, just in time to see...]

GM: Hammonds has finally gotten rid of The Walking Dea-

"SMACK!"

GM: KAI!!! Kai just ran across the ring apron and punted Herc right in the face!

[With Hammonds down, Kai immediately throws Hammonds into the ring. He drags Hammonds to his feet and hooks him around the head, before DRIVING him into the canvas with The Wrath of Sutekh!]

GM: Ohh! Jericho Kai has gotten to Hercules Hammonds once again! He just can't seem to overcome all these obstacles Kai keeps throwing in his way!

BW: I told you Hammonds was an idiot! This was clearly a trap and Hammonds walked into it to prove that not only is Kai smarter than he is, but deadlier, too!

[Inside the ring, Jericho Kai holds out his arms to a booing crowd, clearly happy with himself. He kneels over Hammonds and kisses him gently on the forehead.]

JK: You poor fool...

[He chuckles.]

JK: ...you never stood a chanc-ACK!

[A HUGE roar erupts from the crowd as Hammonds' right arm shoots up, gripping itself around Kai's throat. Kai's eyes open wide as a FURIOUS Hammonds slowly rises to his feet.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Hercules Hammonds is up! Hercules Hammonds is back on his feet!

BW: I don't believe it!

[Hammonds proceeds to lift Kai up into the air, pressing him overhead. He parades around the ring, before slamming Kai down onto the canvas!]

GM: OH!

[Kai holds his back in pain, as Herc pulls Kai to his feet. He lifts Kai up and drops him across his knee with a backbreaker to a roar from the crowd. He holds on and drops him across his knee with another backbreaker to yet another roar. Still holding on, Herc bellows to the crowd...]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM IN HALF!?!?!?!?"

[In unison, the crowd answers...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES!!!"

BW: Oh no, this ain't good for Kai!

[And with that, Hammonds shifts Kai onto his shoulders in position for a powerbomb. With a running start, he THROWS Kai into the corner, whiplashing him with alarming force. As Kai bounces out of the corner, Herc was already rebounding off the ropes, DIVING at Kai like a runaway train and obliterating him with the Tupelo Torpedo!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! THE TUPELO TORPEDO!!!

[Kai is sent flying through the ropes and out of the ring from the force of the blow. LeMarques and Allah help a hurting Kai to his feet as they slowly back away from the ring from a fired up Hammonds, who has the crowd going wild.]

"HERC! HERC! HERC!"

"HERC! HERC! HERC!"

"HERC! HERC! HERC!"

GM: Look at Jericho Kai! He can't believe what just happened! It's like he's seen a ghost!

BW: Hammonds was done for, Gordo! He took that beatin' from Kai and he got right back up from it!

GM: Jericho Kai set the trap, but Hercules Hammonds just showed why he's called the Strongest Man in all the Land!

[Hammonds bellows and beats his chest wildly at the retreating Kai as we fade to the interview platform, where Colt Patterson is standing, microphone in hand.]

CP: Lots of wild action here tonight in Portland. I had some wild action in Portland once...

[Some of the die-hards in the crowd can be heard shouting "HOW DID THAT TURN OUT?" Colt smirks.]

CP: Best weekend of my life. But right now, I'd like to introduce a man who I have held in high esteem for a very long time. His quest to recapture his National Title took a bit of a hit two weeks ago against Juan Vasquez and we're going to hear what he thinks about that. Ladies and gentlemen, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne!

[Cue "Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top over the Veterans Memorial Coliseum PA system as the crowd tosses some jeers towards the entrance portal to greet Dufresne. The Ladykiller is clad in a pair of indigo blue jeans and a casual white Hensley t-shirt that says "PENN STATE" across the front. He looks uncharacteristically subdued as he heads over to the interview platform where Patterson awaits.]

CP: Calisto, welcome to Portland. The hipsters here are thrilled to see you, it seems. Let's get right down to business; what happened two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling?

CD: A minor detour on what has been a long road recapturing \_my\_ title. Juan Vasquez ran into some serious luck – as he has his entire career – and managed to pin me; but only after Johnny Jagger – a well-known alcoholic, I might add – was eager to get to his favorite San Francisco watering hole early and clearly counted three faster than he had been when the shoe was on the other foot. An utter travesty of justice if there has ever been one.

CP: So your shot at the National Title, out the window then.

CD: I'd like to think that with the nature of the decision combined with eight years of meritorious service to this company would provide the suits upstairs some flexibility in looking past the decision itself and doing what's right – giving me the shot at the National Title. It seems like the least they can do. I mean, after all, this company was built on my broad shoulders, am I right?

[A friendly pat on Colt's back from Dufresne, paired with a charming smile.]

CP: I'm going to be straight with you. We've always shot straight with each other, right?

[A nod from Dufresne.]

CP: Good, so there's no reason to start pulling punches now. People – not me, mind you, but people – are saying that the Dufresne era is behind us.

CD: Well-

[Patterson cuts Dufresne off.]

CP: No, hold on. Someone needs to tell you this since nobody is willing to tell you to your face in the back. There was a day when everyone in this company feared Calisto Dufresne. Your enemies feared your plots. Your allies feared your temper. But there was fear.

There was a day when everyone in this company respected Calisto Dufresne. Your enemies respected your ability in the ring. Your allies respected your win-at-all-costs mentality. But there was respect.

There was a day when everyone in this company saw you as the next big thing in our industry.

You see where this is going?

[Dufresne's raises a hand to interject.]

CP: Sorry, Calisto, but those days are long behind us. It's been a long while since Calisto Dufresne won a meaningful match. It's been a long while since CALISTO DUFRESNE was on the marquee outside. It's been a long while since Calisto Dufresne was at the head of his table and not begging for scraps at someone else's. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but this is what people think. And I'm starting to think it's the God-honest truth.

[Dufresne's fists ball up as he takes a step towards Patterson, literally shaking with rage.]

CP: You lost to Juan Vasquez. You're Johnny Detson's glorified errand boy now. Rob Driscoll doesn't even have you on his radar. So what's next for Calisto Dufresne, then?

[Dufresne pauses for almost ten seconds, bottling the rage back inside, working over the plans and schemes in his head as he has for the past decade, his trademark cocky smirk passes across his face and he opens his mouth...]

CD: ....

[And after about five seconds, snaps it closed. An almost confused look plays across his features as he looks to the ground. He shakes his head a bit before spinning on his heels and walking back towards the entryway, leaving Patterson on the interview platform, alone.]

We slowly fade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Fans, we are just moments away from the final first round match in the 2015 Stampede Cup - the long-awaited battle between Air Strike and the team of Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor. Now, we know that Taylor and Donovan are claiming that Air Strike's not here... that they're not even in the building and both Sweet Lou and myself have been on the hunt for them.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: I hate to admit it... but we can't find them anywhere. They could be telling the truth. Fans, we're about to find out as I can hear music and... let's go back out to ringside where our final first round match is set to begin!

[We cut back to the shot of the ring where ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers" starts to play.]

GM: These two young men have talked a very big game, and they get a chance to walk the walk tonight as they'll finally face off against Air Strike -- a match that has, admittedly, been many weeks in the making.

BW: You ain't kiddin', Gordo! Air Strike have been ducking Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan for what, two months now? Tonight, they finally get what's comin' to 'em... if they show up! From what we just heard, I don't think they're even here! Cowards!

GM: Come on, now, you can't possibly mean -- wait, who's that with them?

[Donovan and Taylor come stomping through the entrance, accompanied by a third man -- a much smaller, older-looking, slightly hunched over figure in a white doctor's coat. Both men are dressed to wrestle and looking around at the crowd with disdain before pausing halfway up the aisle, soaking in the disapproval of the audience.]

GM: That looks like it's SUPPOSED to be a doctor, but what's he doing with Taylor and Donovan?

BW: If you'd keep quiet, Gordo, we could find out!

[Phil Watson's standing in his usual position mid-ring, microphone in hand.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this contest is scheduled for one fall!

[Taylor and Donovan roll quickly into the ring, the man in the doctor's coat climbing up the ring steps.]

PW: Introducing first...

[Watson gets cut off as Tony Donovan grabs the microphone, shaking his head.]

TD: Sorry, Phil, but I'm afraid we've got some bad news -- your services are not currently required, so if you would please step outside while we let everybody here know what's going on, we would appreciate it.

[Taylor waves mockingly at Watson as he makes his way out, and the man in the doctor's coat steps forward.]

TD: Ladies and gentlemen, we aren't going to sugar coat it, we'll tell you straight up -- as we always do -- that Air Strike will NOT be competing this evening!

[The crowd boos, while Donovan shrugs.]



WT: Don't boo us. It's not our fault that these two cowards have once again found a way to avoid taking us on. I haven't seen a better display of ducking since Dick Cheney's last hunting trip.

[Donovan smirks as he gestures to the alleged doctor.]

TD: This man right here, he stopped us as we were going to the ring, and he let us know exactly what was going on with Air Strike...and let me tell you, folks, it seems like a pretty serious diagnosis. Just in case you doubt my expertise on this matter, remember that I grew up in the household of a man who suffered nearly every injury one could during his wrestling career, so I know what's bad and what just sounds bad, and the things that are wrong with Air Strike...

WT: And we don't mean their general lack of hygiene, bad luck, and desire to be on the top-selling poster for girls 13 to 19.

[Donovan laughs, nodding approvingly at Taylor.]

TD: Good one, brother. Anyway, Air Strike has a number of problems, medical and otherwise, but don't take our word for it -- listen to this man. He's a doctor!

[The crowd voices their doubt quite loudly as Donovan hands the microphone off to the unnamed doctor.]

GM: I don't know about this, Bucky, something seems...off.

BW: That's a trained medical professional in there, Gordo! He knows what he's talking about.

[You can almost hear Gordon's eyebrow raise, but not quite. The doctor has the mic now, and is delivering his apparent diagnosis in a slightly quavering voice.]

DR: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid what these men have told you is quite correct...Air Strike will not be able to compete tonight due to medical concerns.

[The crowd is really upset now, and lets Taylor, Donovan, AND the man in the doctor's coat have it.]

DR: After thoroughly examining both members of Air Strike, I was forced to recommend to AWA officials that they not be allowed to wrestle here tonight. They are afflicted with a number of very severe ailments that would greatly hamper their ability to defend themselves here tonight, including the following disorders...

[The doc pauses and pulls a piece of paper out of his coat pocket, squinting to read it.]

DR: First and most dire is their severe, chronic yellow back...

[With that, Taylor and Donovan start shaking their heads sadly. The crowd is not buying it.]

DR: Secondly, but no less serious is a permanent, untreatable case of spinelessitis...and finally, most embarrassingly of all, a re-occurring, difficult to cure case of the limber tail.

[With that, the doctor hands Tony Donovan the microphone back.]

TD: Look, folks, we're as broken up about this as you are. Two young men, men in the prime of their lives, with their whole careers ahead of them...

WT: Especially if they keep running away from us!

TD: Cut short in the blink of an eye! It's devastating, it truly is.

[Donovan bows his head.]

TD: If you could all please join Wes and I in a moment of silence for two promising careers cut short by the cold, unfeeling mercilessness of this doctor's medical diagnosis...

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!]

TD: People, please! This is difficult for all of us. Look at Wes! He can't even keep his eyes up.

[Indeed, Taylor is looking down at the mat, covering his eyes, shaking. The few sounds the microphone are picking up sound suspiciously like laughter, but you can't...QUITE tell.]

TD: Doctor, thank you so much for letting everybody know just what's wrong with Mr. Mertz and Mr. Aarons...you can go home now, secure in the knowledge of a job well done.

[The doctor nods and makes his way out of the ring, while Wes Taylor has apparently recovered from his "grief" enough to motion referee Davis Warren into the ring.]

TD: Now, Warren, as you can see...Air Strike's not here. I think it's safe to say that if they WERE here and able, they would've been in this ring already, am I right?

[Warren looks like he might want to argue, but just shrugs.]

TD: Of course I'm right! Now, what I would like you to do is...well, your job, Warren. Ring that bell, count to ten, and then raise our hands and give us the victory we deserve!

[The referee is arguing off-mic with Taylor and Donovan.]

GM: Is this going to happen? Is Air Strike going to have to forfeit their chance at the 2015 Stampede Cup? Fans, we're about to find out so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black as Davis Warren is arguing with the rulebreakers.

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.

[And as we fade back up to live action, we hear the referee count "FIVE!" as the crowd buzzes with disappointment.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X where Air Strike is on the verge of being counted out and LOSING their opportunity at the 2015 version of the Stampede Cup!

BW: Just a few more seconds and the team of Taylor and Donovan are heading into the Quarterfinals in what you'd have to call a bit of an upset.

GM: Upset?! How can it be an upset if it's a countout or forfeit?! Something's not right here, Bucky. I don't know what it is but something just isn't-

[The count is up to "SEVEN!" when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[The sounds of Macklemore and Ryan Lewis' "Can't Hold Us" sends the Portland crowd into a DEAFENING cheer!]

GM: The music! There's no mistaking that music, fans!

[Taylor and Donovan are shouting at the referee, waving their arms and encouraging him to keep counting. He looks reluctant...

...and then points down the aisle to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: HERE THEY COME!

[A pissed-off Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz emerge through the curtains. Mertz is carrying a crowbar in one hand while Aarons has a pair of bolt cutters in the other, walking with purpose down the aisle while Taylor kicks at the ropes and Donovan runs around trying to silence the crowd...]

GM: A crowbar?! Bolt cutters?! Did... were they LOCKED UP in the building somewhere?!

BW: That's a bold statement, Gordo, accusing Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan of locking them up in an attempt to win the match!

GM: I... I didn't say any such thing but a dastardly mind likes your sure put that together quickly!

[The former champions hurl their tools aside...

...and charge the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope. The crowd cheers as Taylor and Donovan surge forward, trying to catch them before they get to their feet, and failing miserably as Arons and Mertz come up swinging, battering the surprised rulebreakers across the ring, sending them back into the far ropes as they each grab an arm.]

GM: We're off and running! The bell has sounded!

[An attempt at Irish whipping the two larger opponents fails as Taylor and Donovan reverse the whips, sending Mertz and Arons respectively into the ropes where they rebound back, ducking a pair of clotheslines to hit the far ropes...]

GM: Off the far side!

[Leaping into the air, Mertz and Arons floor Taylor and Donovan with a pair of crossbody blocks, knocking them down to the canvas!]

GM: Taylor and Donovan go down... but Taylor's right back up!

[A double dropkick sends Taylor sailing through the ropes, crashing down to the floor. A few moments later, a second double dropkick has Donovan flying OVER the top rope, falling to the floor next to his partner to a big reaction from the Portland crowd!]

GM: Air Strike's cleared the ring! Oh yeah!

[Arons steps up on the middle rope, giving a "COME ON!" to the retreating rulebreakers as Mertz pumps a fist, stomping around the ring to big cheers from the fans.]

GM: Taylor and Donovan huddling up on the floor... this couldn't have been the start to this match that they had anticipated. In fact, I think they were hoping there wouldn't BE a start to this match!

BW: Hey, they were operating under that doctor's information. Nobody thought Air Strike was here! We'd all heard it firsthand - they were hurt and as far as I know, they may even be wrestling against doctor's orders!

GM: Oh, give me a break! Taylor and Donovan are out here lying and they've got you swearing to it!

[After a few moments, Cody Mertz steps out to the apron, watching as Michael Aarons paces angrily back and forth, again shouting at Taylor and Donovan who make a decision.]

GM: It looks like it's going to be Michael Aarons starting things off against Tony Donovan.

[Donovan slips through the ropes where Aarons come on strong, hooking him in a collar and elbow, shoving him back against the ropes.]

GM: The referee immediately steps in, Davis Warren calling for a break...

[But Aarons instead secures a side headlock, dragging Donovan back out to the middle of the ring as the official protests.]

GM: No break there by Michael Aarons, one-half of the former AWA World Tag Team Champions - Double Crown Tag Team Champions for that matter - as he goes to the side headlock...

[Donovan reaches up, grabbing a handful of hair, and gives it a yank, throwing Aarons down to the mat to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: And just like that, Tony Donovan wastes no time in breaking the rules.

BW: He must've learned that from his old man. Supreme Wright wouldn't have taught him that.

GM: I'm sure.

[Aarons gets right back up, fist balled up as he advances on Donovan who backs off, pointing out the clenched fist. Davis Warren steps in front of Aarons, shaking his head as Aarons gestures, showing that Donovan pulled his hair. Donovan very clearly says "Nooooo!" to the official who informs Aarons who still has his fists at the ready. Donovan leans down, adjusting his boot as Aarons and the official have a heated conversation.]

GM: Twenty minute time limit in this first round Stampede Cup match, fans, as Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor look to pull off the upset over the former tag champs.

[The official steps out as Aarons advances quickly again, going back into the collar and elbow before going right back to the headlock.]

GM: Aarons to the headlock again, walking him out to the middle and- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Donovan very clearly - to everyone but the ref - grabbed a handful of hair and yanked Aarons off his feet again...

...before pivoting and BLASTING Cody Mertz with a forearm shot, sending him sailing off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Tony Donovan taking all sorts of shortcuts as Aarons is up, coming in strong...

[Donovan tries to hook a headlock of his own but Aarons backs him to the ropes, shoving him off...]

GM: Aarons shoots him in, throws himself at the feet but Donovan goes up and over...

[Aarons winds up for a right hand...

...but Donovan hooks the ropes, shaking his head as he drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor. He points to his temple, drawing boos from the fans...]

GM: Uh oh... Tony Donovan hasn't looked behind- yeah!

[Donovan gets suddenly spun around by Cody Mertz who blasts him with a right hand. A second one has Donovan rolling back inside the ring with Mertz in hot pursuit as Aarons goes after Wes Taylor who took a swing at him from out on the apron!]

GM: We've got chaos early on in this one!

[Inside the ring, Donovan gets caught with right hand after right hand as his partner retreats from Aarons, running around the ring. A well-placed haymaker by Mertz knocks Donovan off his feet where he rolls out to the floor right as Wes Taylor rolls in, gets up, and also gets clocked by Mertz to big cheers from the Portland crowd!]

GM: Oho! Taylor gets a right hand from Mertz as well!

BW: A CLOSED right hand! Where's your outrage over the rulebook now, Gordo?!

GM: Maybe they had it coming after those hairpulls!

[Taylor bounces away from Mertz, taking a right hand from Aarons which sends him staggering back into another blow from Mertz, finally falling to the mat and rolling out to the floor as the crowd continues to cheer.]

GM: Air Strike is off to a fast start here in Portland as they battle to move to the second round of this tournament!

[Aarons and Mertz have a brief fan-rallying celebration in the ring as Donovan angrily slams his arms down on the mat, glaring back up into the ring as his partner goes for a walk out on the floor.]

GM: Taylor and Donovan thrown off their gameplan early on in this one, now looking to regroup a little bit out on the floor. Of course, that duo has come



a long way since forming their team almost nine months ago at SuperClash last year.

BW: Unlike a lot of teams who just kinda stagger around while trying to find their stride, Taylor and Donovan went to Japan almost immediately after forming. They wanted to work every day against top flight competition while they tried to gel and I think it worked for them, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right... but is it enough for them to successfully eliminate Air Strike - arguably the best tag team in the world - from this tournament?

BW: The best tag team in the world is sitting in Japan with a whole lot of money on top of a pile of gold, Gordo. Violence Unlimited is STILL the AWA World Tag Team Champions. They're STILL the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions. They're two-time Stampede Cup winners and the only reason they're not gonna be three-time winners is because the office wouldn't even let them in this year's edition!

GM: I don't know about that but let's get back to this one as Tony Donovan climbs back into the ring, ready to tussle with Michael Aarons once more.

[Donovan steps into the ring, angrily asking, "You wanna punch somebody?!" a couple of times as he advances, hooking a collar and elbow and forcing Aarons back against the ropes.]

GM: This time we're looking to Donovan to supply the clean break and-

[He asks one more time if Aarons wants to "punch somebody" before breaking the tieup...

...and lightly paintbrushing Aarons across the face.]

GM: Oh, he slaps him!

BW: Just a light one... more to embarrass than to hurt.

[Aarons suddenly lashes out with a stiff right jab to the jaw... and a second... and a third...]

GM: It seems to have worked!

[Aarons promptly pushes himself back to the ropes, landing a running right hand that knocks Donovan back down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Aarons!

[Donovan comes quickly back to his feet, rushing in on Aarons who ties up with him, spinning him back into the neutral corner. Davis Warren again steps in, calling for the break...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and gets one when Aarons decides to return the favor by slapping Donovan across the cheek!]

GM: Oh my!

[Aarons backs off, waving Donovan on as the embarrassed third generation competitor angrily kicks the bottom rope...

...and then charges in, only to get caught in a drop toehold that bounces his face off the canvas!]

GM: Michael Aarons has Donovan completely off-balance so far in this one, moving right into a front facelock, trying to control the larger Donovan. Tony Donovan stands about six and a half feet so Aarons is giving up a lot of leverage as Donovan easily forces his way back, shoving Aarons back to the corner...

[Wes Taylor reaches over the top rope, tagging his partner on the shoulder, coming in quick to try and trap Aarons...

...who bails out through the ropes, dropping to the floor as Donovan whiffs at trying to grab him by the leg. The crowd cheers as a smirking Aarons backs off while Donovan slams his fists down into the mat in frustration.]

GM: A close call there for Michael Aarons as Taylor and Donovan tried to hook him in the corner...

[Aarons walks down the length of the ring, talking to a few of the fans as Taylor and Donovan throw the equivalent of a tantrum in the ring. Davis Warren advises Donovan to step out as Taylor shouts at Aarons to get himself back in.]

GM: Aarons slow to oblige, climbing through the ropes as the referee keeps Wes Taylor at bay...

[But as soon as Aarons is in, Taylor comes on strong towards him, hooking a side headlock as Aarons simply falls back, using the ropes to propel Taylor off of him to the far side...

...and takes him up and over with a deep armdrag takedown!]

GM: Perfectly executed armdrag by Michael Aarons!

[Aarons switches quickly to an armbar, driving a knee down into the shoulder joint before he reaches out to tag Cody Mertz.]

GM: The tag is made to Mertz who comes in, off the ropes...

[Rebounding off the ropes while Aarons pins the wrist to the mat, Mertz takes flight with a leaping splash down on the arm!]

GM: Ohhh! Big splash on the arm!

[As Taylor rolls to his knees, looking to escape, Mertz hooks the arm from behind, applying another armbar. Taylor wriggles around, stretching out his legs towards the corner...]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: He's trying to tag!

[Taylor blindly swings his foot back and forth as Donovan reaches over to slap it.]

BW: TAG!

GM: It is not!

[The referee steps right in, blocking Tony Donovan's entrance into the match.]

GM: You can't tag your partner's foot! That's against the rules!

BW: SO IS THIS!

[Bucky's outrage comes as Mertz and Aarons make an illegal exchange, Aarons coming right back into apply another armbar on the downed Taylor.]

GM: Well, yes... that wasn't a legal tag either.

BW: And?!

GM: And what?!

BW: What are you going to do about it?!

GM: What do you want me to do about it?! I'm not the referee!

BW: Always an excuse with you!

[As Donovan loudly protests the illegal exchange, Aarons settles into the armbar, jamming his knee into the ribcage to keep Taylor down on the canvas.]

GM: Aarons and Mertz working very well together in the outset of this one, targeting the arm of Wes Taylor.

[Feeling the pain, Taylor starts kicking his legs into the air, slowly moving himself across the ring as Aarons gets back, holding the wrist to try and prevent any movement towards the corner.]

GM: Taylor's almost there to make the tag...

[But Cody Mertz gives a shout, getting the referee's attention. The referee turns to talk to Mertz as Taylor reaches up and tags Tony Donovan.]

GM: Tag made by-

[The referee spins around at Mertz' urging, cutting off Donovan, telling him that he didn't see the tag. An irate Donovan is screaming at the official, keeping his focus as Mertz and Aarons make another illegal exchange, dragging Taylor back across the ring before Mertz applies the armbar and Aarons exits.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me! Davis Warren's the most incompetent official we've got and that's a high bar to clear, daddy!

[Warren does look a little confused as he turns around, watching as Mertz applies a kneeling armbar but he lets it go as Wes Taylor battles to his feet trapped in a Mertz hammerlock.]

GM: Mertz cranking up on the arm of Taylor as he looks for a way out...

[Mertz tucks his chin between the shoulderblades of his bigger opponent, avoiding any attempt to snapmare his way out.]

GM: Taylor's looking for the snapmare but no luck getting that so far.

[He swings his arm back, looking to elbow out but Mertz is perfectly positioned to avoid that as well...

...and then ducks down, reaching back between the legs to grab Mertz by the foot, yanking it out from under him.]

GM: Nice counter by Wes Taylor, a second generation star in his own right, as he takes Mertz' feet out from under him...

[But Mertz plants his other foot on Taylor's rear, shoving him off into the buckles where he stumbles back...

...and gets taken down with another armdrag!]

GM: Mertz with the armdrag, trying to keep Taylor down but he's right back up and right back in another hammerlock!

[Taylor cries out, grabbing at his shoulder as Mertz cranks up the pressure.]

GM: Taylor back on his feet... again searching for a way out...

[Taylor tries to get to the corner but Mertz hooks the other half in a half nelson, blocking the tag attempt.]

GM: Smart tag team wrestling there by Cody Mertz, trying to keep Wes Taylor in where they can continue to implement their offensive tactics against him...

[Taylor suddenly spins in on Mertz, ducking through, spinning through, and ends up in control with an overhand wristlock on Cody Mertz.]

GM: Taylor with the wristloc- now what?!

[Tony Donovan rushes in, grabbing the other arm on Mertz, applying a double overhand wristlock as the referee starts a five count...

...and Mertz backflips out of the hold, using the momentum to double overhead armdrag Taylor and Donovan down to the mat!]

GM: OH MY!

[All three men are quickly back to their feet where a split-legged dropkick from Mertz sends Taylor and Donovan back down to the canvas!]

GM: Cody Mertz continues to rock Taylor and Donovan who just can't seem to get on track here tonight in this one.

[Mertz pumps his fist in celebration, pulling Taylor off the mat by the hair. He grabs a rising Donovan as well, pulling them together...]

GM: Double noggin knock- no!

[Taylor and Donovan each reach up to rake the eyes of Mertz, cutting off his attack. The fans jeer as they pull him into a double front facelock...]

GM: Suplex on the way!

[...but as they lift him up, Michael Aarons rushes in, catching his partner coming over the top and setting him down on his feet to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: What a counter!

[The duo turns into a double dropkick that knocks them both off their feet, rolling out to the floor again. Mertz and Aarons pop up, trading a high five as the Portland crowd roars again.]

GM: Air Strike has Taylor and Donovan on the run once again, fans!

[Taylor is only outside the ring for a moment before he rolls back in, climbing off the mat...

...and extends a hand to Mertz.]

GM: Wes Taylor offering a handshake and... well, I can't say I trust him one bit, Bucky.

BW: Oh, he's a good kid. Just trying to show some sportsmanship. Of course, Mertz should accept.

GM: I bet you'd like to see that.

[As Mertz looks around at the crowd imploring him to not accept, Taylor slips in a boot to the midsection. He grabs a side headlock as Mertz backs him to the ropes, tagging Michael Aarons.]

GM: Blind tag by Air Strike as Mertz shoots him off...

[Aarons goes to elevate for a rana or dropkick, we'll never know which one as Donovan grabs Taylor by the arm, stopping him cold as Aarons whiffs on the flying attack, crashing down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Hard fall by Aarons... and Taylor with the elbowdrop to immediately follow up!

[The referee signals that Donovan's grab was a tag as Tony Donovan comes in, launching into a stomping attack on the downed Aarons. Donovan watches as Aarons rolls to his stomach before he lunges in, dropping an elbow to the lower back... and another... and another...]

GM: Tony Donovan painting a bullseye on the lower back that Aarons hurt when he missed that move!

[Donovan is forced to get to his feet where he raises his leg, dropping a knee down across the lower back. He grabs Aarons by the hair, pulling back in a makeshift submission hold that lasts a four count before Donovan arrogantly shoves Aarons' face back down to the mat.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one as Tony Donovan continues to stomp the lower back of Michael Aarons, really putting a beating on him.

[Donovan drags Aarons off the mat by the arm, giving it a twist before whipping Aarons into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Aarons' back slams into the buckles as Donovan strides in...

[He extends his long legs, planting his boot against the windpipe of Aarons, blatantly choking him for a four count as Davis Warren lets him have it. He grabs him by the arm again, waving to his partner who sits down on the second rope, leaning back with both feet raised...]

GM: Look out here!

[This time, the whip of Aarons sends him backfirst into Taylor's raised boots!]

GM: Ohh!

[A smirking Taylor stays sitting on the middle rope, waiting for his partner to tag him back into the match.]

GM: Another tag by Taylor and Donovan...

[Taylor ducks in, grabbing an arm as Donovan grabs the other.]

GM: Double whip across...

[And the two big youngster duck down, elevating Aarons HIGH into the air, flipping over before he crashes down to the canvas courtesy of a double backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODYDROP BY BOTH MEN! GOOD GRIEF!

[Aarons rolls to his side, clutching his lower back as Wes Taylor taunts Cody Mertz, balling up his fists and calling him into the ring. Mertz wisely stays on the apron, pacing back and forth as Taylor drags Aarons off the mat by the back of the tights...

...and BURIES a hard forearm into the lower back before shoving him into the corner.]

GM: Taylor and Donovan have completely turned this match around now, getting the hurting Michael Aarons trapped in their corner...

[Donovan reaches over the top rope, pulling Aarons into a front facelock as the referee protests. Taylor takes advantage by repeatedly slamming his forearm down into the lower back of Aarons as the referee counts to four.]

GM: Taylor pulls him back out of the corner... scoop slam!

[The big slam leaves Aarons prone on the mat as Taylor raises his right fist, kissing the knuckles...

...and then falls to his knees, driving the fist down between the eyes!]

GM: The fistdrop connects and Aarons is reeling!

[Barely moving on the mat, Aarons covers his face from the assault as Taylor grabs an ankle, dragging him closer to the corner where he slaps the hand of Tony Donovan.]

GM: Quick tags by the youthful duo here as Tony Donovan tags back in...

[Donovan drags Aarons off the mat by the arm, dragging him towards the middle of the ring where he uses the grip on the arm to pull him into a front facelock...

...and SNAPS Aarons over with a textbook snap suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle your spine from head to toe, fans!

[Donovan rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Donovan gets one! He's got two!

[But Aarons kicks out, breaking the pin as Donovan pushes up off the mat, glaring at the official, slapping the mat three times.]

GM: Donovan complaining about the count but it looked good from our vantage point.

BW: Speak for yourself.

[Donovan climbs to his feet, stomping a crawling Aarons hard in the kidneys. A second stomp follows, flattening Aarons out on the mat.]

GM: Donovan keeping up the attack... dragging Aarons off the mat again...

[Grabbing him by the arm, Donovan whips him towards the ropes, setting in position to deliver a spinebuster...]

...but Aarons hangs on to the ropes, not rebounding back. Donovan suddenly rushes forward...]

GM: Aarons hangs on and-

[He drops down, pulling down the top rope with him, sending Donovan sailing over the top rope and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AARONS BOTTOMS OUT AND HE SENDS DONOVAN OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[The former tag champ rolls to all fours, pounding a fist into the mat as Cody Mertz extends a hand, waiting for the tag. The Portland crowd starts to roar again, hoping he gets it!]

GM: Aarons is trying for the tag! He's headed for the corner! He's- NO!

[The crowd bursts into jeers as Wes Taylor comes charging past the referee whose back was to him. Taylor throws himself into a haymaker, knocking a stretching Mertz off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: TAYLOR SENDS MERTZ TO THE FLOOR!

[The referee swings around, shouting at Taylor, pushing him back across the ring!]

GM: The official's getting Wes Taylor out of the ring and-

[Mertz drags himself back up on the apron, stretching out his hand...]



GM: TAG!

[Cody Mertz pumps a fist before he slingshots over the top rope into the ring!]

GM: Mertz is in and he's a house of fire!

[Mertz goes rushing across the ring, ready to attack Wes Taylor who is out on the apron...

...but the official spins around to cut him off, waving his arms!]

BW: No, no! The referee didn't see the tag! He's forcing him out!

[The crowd is jeering Davis Warren as he pushes a protesting Mertz across the ring, trying to get him back out on the apron...

...which allows Wes Taylor to come in, rush across, grab Aarons by the ankle and drag him all the way back across the ring to their corner. Taylor ducks out of the ring to the apron just before the referee turns around.]

GM: Taylor's back out! Mertz is back out! And the referee is totally losing control of this one!

[Tony Donovan slowly struggles to his feet, staggering across the ring to tag in his brother-in-arms.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Taylor!

[Taylor grabs Aarons by the arm, pulling him off the mat. Donovan grabs the other arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Aarons!

[Aarons leaps up to the second rope, blindly springing off, twisting around into a crossbody...

...and knocks down BOTH of his opponents!]

GM: AARONS KNOCKS 'EM DOWN LIKE A BOWLING BALL! HE PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[And with both Taylor and Donovan down, Aarons again turns his focus towards making the tag. On all fours, Aarons inches across the ring to where Cody Mertz is slamming his free hand on the top turnbuckle, shouting for his partner to get there, his arm at full extension...]

GM: Aarons has got another shot at it! He's almost there, fans!  
ALLLLLMOOOOOST THERE!

[Aarons straightens up, takes a deep breath as Wes Taylor pushes up to his feet, staggering towards Aarons who lunges...

...and SLAPS the hand of his partner!]

GM: TAAAAAG!

[Cody Mertz slingshots over the top rope, hooking his legs around the head of Wes Taylor, snapping off a rana that flips him over and down to the mat to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: DOWN GOES TAYLOR!

[Mertz gets back to his feet, catching the rising Tony Donovan with a running leaping clothesline, knocking him down to the mat where he rolls out of the ring.]

GM: He clears out Donovan and now it's Cody Mertz battling Wes Taylor with the chance to advance to the Quarterfinals on the line!

[Mertz turns his attention back to Wes Taylor, battering the rising second generation grappler with a series of short forearms to the side of the head. He grabs the arm, shooting him across, knocking him flat with a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Down goes Taylor again!

[Mertz throws his arms up in the air, getting a big cheer from the crowd as Mertz walks around the ring, watching as Taylor struggles to get up off the mat.]

GM: Big knife edge chop by Mertz!

[The blow blasts Taylor back a step.]

GM: Cody Mertz is backing Taylor to the corner...

[He leans down, muscling Taylor up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. He gives a shout to the crowd, getting a big cheer in response. Mertz turns away from the corner, walking out to the middle of the ring, heading across to the opposite set of buckles...]

GM: Mertz in the far corner... setting up Taylor for that Air Mertz flying attack!

[Mertz goes barreling across the ring, rushing towards the corner...

...where he runs headlong into Taylor's straightened leg, jamming his boot into Mertz' face!]

GM: OHHH! Good grief!

[Taylor grabs Mertz by the hair, yanking him into a front facelock while standing on the middle rope...]

"FIVE MINUTES! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[...and kicks off the middle rope, twisting around...]

GM: TORNADO DDT!

[...but Mertz goes all the way around, setting Taylor back down on the top turnbuckle. Mertz promptly leaps up, waaaaaaaay up...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and hooks his legs around Taylor's head, snapping him off the top rope, throwing him violently down to the canvas!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE GOT IT!

[Mertz crawls across the ring, diving across a prone Taylor.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A diving Tony Donovan slams his forearm down on Mertz' back, breaking up the pin!]

GM: OHH! DONOVAN BREAKS UP THE PIN!

[Donovan climbs back to his feet...

...where Michael Aarons takes him down with a leaping crossbody, rolling across him to hook a side headlock and hammer him with fists to the skull!]

GM: Good grief! Aarons is all over Donovan!

[Donovan escapes from the headlock, rolling out to the floor...

...where Aarons slingshots over the top rope, throwing himself down onto Donovan with a plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AARONS WIPES OUT DONOVAN!

[Aarons kneels down on the floor, grabbing Donovan and pounding him with fists as Cody Mertz pulls Wes Taylor off the mat.]

GM: Aarons and Donovan on the floor, Taylor and Mertz inside the ring!

[But the rising Taylor takes advantage of his upwards momentum, CRACKING Mertz under the chin with a vicious uppercut that snaps Mertz' head back!]

BW: HOLY-

GM: What an uppercut by Taylor! We've got about four minutes left in the time limit as Taylor hooks him!

[Taylor applies the side waistlock, looking for a back suplex. As he lifts, Mertz hammers away with closed fists to the skull, sending Taylor staggering back towards the ropes...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[As they hit the ropes, Mertz flips over the top, landing precariously on his feet on the apron to a big cheer! He ducks down, using the ropes to slingshot himself and drive a shoulder into the gut of the turning Taylor, doubling him up!]

GM: Mertz OVER THE TOP! SUNSET FLIP!

[A desperate Taylor grabs for the ropes, trying to save himself...

...as Tony Donovan leaps up, grabbing his partner's hands, preventing the sunset flip from dragging Taylor down!]

GM: Donovan's hanging on for dear life!

[With Donovan and Taylor's arms at full extension - Donovan on the floor while Taylor's in the ring trying to stay on his feet - Michael Aarons scampers up on the ring apron, running down the length of it...

...and LEAPS OFF, throwing himself into a somersault onto a stunned Tony Donovan who gets wiped out, releasing his partner's hands as Mertz drags him down!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AIR STRIKE WINS! AIR STRIKE WINS!

[Mertz rolls from the ring, rushing to embrace Michael Aarons as an irate Wes Taylor comes to his feet, chasing after him. He runs into the ropes, swinging at air as Mertz and Aarons back down into the aisle, smiling and celebrating their victory.]

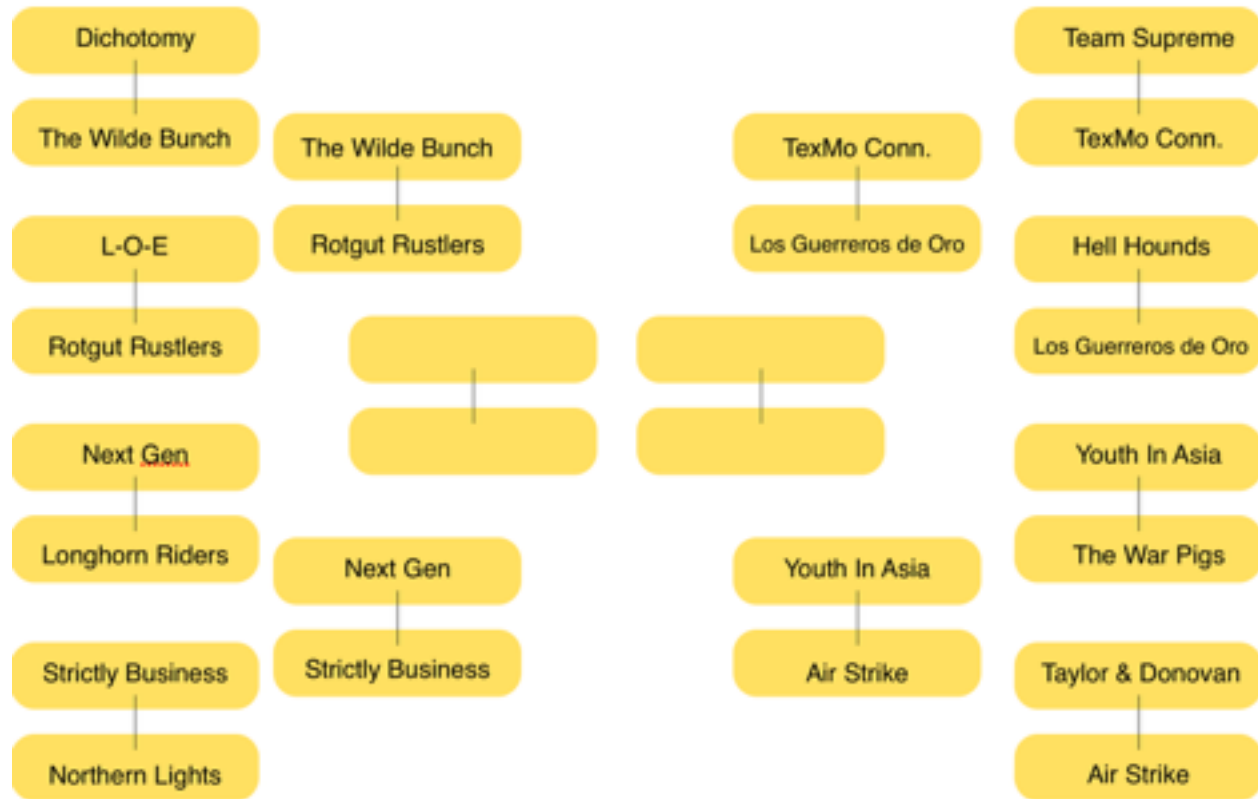
GM: Air Strike's moving on to the Quarterfinals!

BW: Taylor and Donovan seemed like they had this won on a few occasions but in the end, Air Strike is able to get the one-two-three and move on in the Stampede Cup tournament.

GM: What a match! The first round is in the books, fans, now let's take a look at the latest updated bracket!

[The bracket appears on the screen.]

## 2015 STAMPEDE CUP



GM: Eight teams remaining - The Wilde Bunch, the Rotgut Rustlers, Next Gen, Strictly Business, the TexMo Connection, Los Guerreros de Oro, Youth In Asia, and as we just saw, Air Strike!

BW: One of those eight teams are going to win the Stampede Cup, the right to call themselves the best tag team in the world, and one million dollars!

GM: You got that right. Fans, let's go backstage right now where Melissa Cannon is standing by!

[As we fade to the backstage area, we find Melissa Cannon, healed up from the battle wounds of Japan, dressed in a black t-shirt that reads "OPPORTUNITY" across it.]

MC: You see this...

[She gestures to the word on her chest.]

MC: For the women of professional wrestling, it's the one thing that we've been striving for for years now. Opportunity. The chance to do... what you just saw Michael Aarons, Cody Mertz, Tony Donovan, and Wes Taylor do. Compete. Perform. Wrestle.

We deserve that chance too. Julie Somers was out here earlier and she said it as clear as day. She deserves that chance.

Charisma Knight may not be my favorite person on that planet but she deserves that chance too.

And I think I PROVED in Japan that I deserve that chance.

[She pauses before spreading her arms.]

MC: And that's just the tip of the iceberg. Woman upon woman upon woman all over this globe - Mexico, Japan, China, the UK, Ireland, Germany, Russia... all over, they deserve that chance.

[She brings her arms back together, pointing at the camera.]

MC: Now it's up to you - Landon O'Neill - to give us that chance.

[A smile crosses her face.]

MC: Or perhaps you'd prefer we just take it. It worked in Japan, right? Miyuki Ozaki made the challenge, I accepted, we did what we do best and the people loved it.

So maybe, Mr. O'Neill... maybe that's the way you want it. Maybe you want to see just how badly we want this chance... this opportunity.

[She nods.]

MC: Yeah.

Two weeks from tonight, we're going to be in Las Vegas and we've heard a lot about what we're going to see go down there. Ryan Martinez has that challenge dangling for Hannibal Carver - a World Title match.

Well, now I've got a dangling challenge of my own...

[Melissa nods.]

MC: I'm calling out every woman in the world... every female pro wrestler who feels like she DESERVES this opportunity as much as I do... as much as Julie Somers does... as much as Charisma Knight does...

I'm calling YOU out!

[She points to the camera again.]

MC: Meet me in the ring in Las Vegas and let's show the fans - and Landon O'Neill - just how deserving we are.

[The shot fades away from Cannon to black.]

A black and white shot comes up on the screen, showing the Main Event of the original SuperClash, a snap shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez colliding. A voiceover begins.]

"It began with a clash of two of the AWA's greatest of all time."

[The shot of Vasquez and Scott turns into another shot of them battling at SuperClash II before we jump ahead to SuperClash III where we see William Craven, now unmasked from his disguise as The Minion, assaulting Alex Martinez.]

"We've seen surprises clashes..."

[And then to SuperClash IV where Joe Petrow and "Big" Jim Watkins are tearing each other apart.]

"Clashes of legends..."

[On to SuperClash V with some highlights from the tag team battle between the Blonde Bombers and SkyHerc.]

"Clashes of athleticism..."

[SuperClash VI's spotlighted footage is of Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez lighting it up in the middle of Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of sports and entertainment.]

"Championship clashes..."

[The black and white footage goes to color, speeding up drastically to show match after match after match after match, getting faster and faster until slamming to a halt, showing an aerial shot of Minute Maid Field, the site of SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas.]

"What kind of clash will we see this year?"

[The shot slowly fades to a graphic advertising the big event...

...and then fade back to live action to a panning shot of the Veterans' Memorial Coliseum crowd. Suddenly, a mid-tempo bassline is heard over the PA, signaling the beginning of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys.]

GM: He walked through hell in Japan to do it, but Hannibal Carver is in the building!

BW: Someone call the cops!

[A siren is heard as the fans get to their feet in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, the curtains at the top of the entranceway fly open as Hannibal Carver makes his presence known. He's dressed in a red t-shirt

with a yellow "SCHLITZ" logo across the chest with the slogan "GO FOR THE GUSTO!" beneath it. He's also wearing a pair of black jeans and a pair of black combat boots. He pulls a can off of a six pack, shaking it up before popping the can, sending a firework-like eruption of beer into the air.]

BW: Public intoxication, he's racking up the offenses already!

GM: I'm sure that's the last of his concerns here tonight, Bucky. Paramount on his mind HAS to be the challenge laid out by World Champion Ryan Martinez.

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#

#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[Carver finishes off the remainder of the beer in his hand, flinging it to the ground as he charges the ring. He circles the ring once, nodding his head and scowling before climbing up onto the ring apron. He climbs to the second rope, pumping his fists and shouting along with the next lyric.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT - BLACKOUT TONIGHT#

[Carver climbs down from the second rope, entering the ring as he pops open another can. He takes a swig before leaning over to grab the mic left in the center of the ring.]

HC: Yeh know--

[A thunderous chant of "WEL-COME BACK!", mostly by the older and male voices in the crowd, breaks out. Carver smirks, nodding and waiting for it to subside before continuing.]

HC: And it's damn good to be back. Truth be told... if it was up to me, yeh'd never have a reason for shouting that. If it was up to me, I would've been back to work the very second I finished shoving that piece of trash back into his grave. But some New York city trash told me I couldn't. Now maybe I need some glasses because my vision is going bad... but last I checked, my dad wasn't some pansy named Landon.

[A few derisive chants of "LANNNNNNDON" ring out, as Carver nods.]

HC: Time was, I'd tell that geek where he shove that order and show up anyway. But on the one hand, he did give me the chance to shed the blood of that sad sack that thought he could put me out to pasture ALL over Japan. And that's something I can sit back and enjoy like the work of art it was for quite some time.

But that's not all I did when I was forced to sit back at home.

[Carver looks at Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]



HC: I heard that I had done some damage. Not damage to Morgan Dane, not damage to Johnny Detson...

[Carver finishes off his beer, tossing it down to the mat before hooking a thumb at his chest.]

HC: ... but to ME. That I had fallen back to the man that never would've been given the time of day here in the AWA. The man I had to promise not to be in order to collect a check here at all. That I was already too far gone, when the truth is I did all of that and I LOVED IT.

[Carver tears another beer can off the rapidly diminishing six pack.]

HC: Because I did what I had to do to make good on a promise. I promised not just myself, not just that head case but each and every person that watches me beat the tar out of everyone in my path week in and week out. That I would send that mental patient back to the exact same bed in the emergency room I put him in when he tried to be a hitman for a fat man. Now if yeh can't handle that, if yeh can't bare the sight of me then maybe yeh should cover yer eyes from nasty ol' Carver.

[Carver pops the top off the can.]

HC: But I know it ain't all little kids and their moms coming out to cheer for their boy scout. I know there's plenty of yeh out there that wake up at the crack of dawn to bust yer hump for some jackass in a suit. Yeh do everything yeh need to just to keep the roof over yer damn head. Yeh do it not because yeh want to, not because it makes everyone talk about what a great guy yeh are... but because yeh've got no other choice if yeh want to take care of business. So if I'm right and yer sick of being told what yer supposed to think... hoist 'em!

[Carver rears his head back, pouring the beer down his throat. Shots of the crowd show that, indeed, many men ranging from their mid-twenties to far beyond and replying in kind with the beverage in their hand.]

HC: That hits the spot. Because at the end of the day, that's all yeh've got. Because maybe some wet behind the ears college boy gets a job right next to yeh. Yeh've been on the job for years but he's got some fancy degree and knows all the right suckup things to say to the boss. He goes so far as to make a big show of doing work for charity. Not quietly like someone who really wants to help out, but making a real COMMERCIAL of how wonderful he is with these poor starving unfortunates. So yeh get passed over in favor of this dumb kid, and yeh can't do a thing about it.

[Carver nods.]

HC: See, that's the thing. Yeh can't but I CAN. I can kick the tar out of him. I can send him face first into this damn mat.

[Carver raises his can of beer high.]

HC: I CAN TAKE HIS DAMN BELT!

[HUGE ovation for this, as chants of "CAR-VER!" ring out. Carver nods as he pops the tops off the remaining cans in the six pack.]

HC: Yeh Ryan, I heard yeh. Yeh Ryan, I accept yer challenge. Don't worry about me bringing any of the bloodshed I rained down on Dane's head to yer doorstep. Because at the end? When I'm standing tall with that championship belt raised HIGH over my head?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yeh won't get the easy way out. Yeh won't get stretchered out. Yeh'll have to walk out. Yeh'll have to walk past all those people. All those people who'll know the very same thing that yeh'll know.

CARVER WAS RIGHT.

[Carver lifts the cans high, pouring them down his throat and over his shirt as the crowd get to their feet, raining down dueling chants of "LET'S GO RY-AN!" and "HAN-NI-BAL!".]

GM: The challenge has been accepted! Two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas, the AWA World Heavyweight Title will be on the line when Ryan Martinez - at long last - defends the gold against Hannibal Carver! Believe me, you do NOT want to miss that!

[With the dueling chants still echoing throughout the building, we fade back to the locker room area, we find Miss Sandra Hayes - looking a lot more anxious than she's looked all night... which is saying something - standing alongside "Diamond" Rob Driscoll who is dressed for action. Between the two is Mark Stegglet, looking back and forth between them.]

MS: Fans, we're back here in the locker room with two of the people who are moments away from walking out to that ring to be a part of tonight's Main Event - a clash for the National Title between "Diamond" Rob Driscoll and Travis Lynch. Champ, you weren't expecting to defend the title here tonight so I have to wonder if you're properly prepared for this match.

[The mic is stuck under Driscoll's nose. He looks like someone is waving a dead skunk under his face, waving Stegglet away. Miss Sandra Hayes steers the mic towards her to speak instead.]

MSH: Prepared?! "Diamond" Rob Driscoll is ALWAYS prepared, Stegglet! He was BORN ready! Do you know how much preparation it takes to formulate a gameplan for the likes of Travis Lynch?

MS: I haven't-

MSH: Zero! You know why?

MS: I really don't-

MSH: Because Travis Lynch is so stupid...

[Hayes pauses, waiting... waiting... waiting. With a sigh, Stegglet obliges.]

MS: How stupid is he?

[Hayes grins.]

MSH: He's so stupid that he wrote up his gameplan for this match on the back of a business card - and I hope that business card is for an employment agency because when "Diamond" Rob Driscoll - the greatest champion in our sport - gets his hands on him and beats him yet again, this time Lynch is going to be too embarrassed to ever show his face in this locker room again, Stegglet.

MS: I see. But I have to note that your man here seems silent on the matter.

[Driscoll glares at Stegglet... or is he glaring at Hayes.]

MSH: Don't you worry about it, Stegglet. "Diamond" Rob Driscoll is about to do all the talking you'll need to hear right up inside that ring when he-

[Driscoll suddenly shakes his head, walking out of the picture, leaving Hayes behind.]

MSH: Rob? ROB?!

[Hayes exhales sharply, walking swiftly in pursuit.]

MS: I'd say that as Rob Driscoll prepares to defend the title in just a few moments, he may be looking to do it without his so-called Perfect 10. "Sweet" Lou, you've got the challenger with you?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who's been a busy man tonight. Standing next to "Sweet" Lou is the challenger for the AWA National Championship in a few moments, Travis Lynch. Travis is ready for action, in his classic white trunks with a yellow and black stripe down the sides, white wrestling boots and his hands are taped up. He raises his left fist to the camera and the letters AD are written upon the tape in black.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark. You have a huge opportunity in just a few moments, Travis.

[Before "Sweet" Lou Blackwell can ask Travis about his challenging for the AWA National Championship, Travis begins to speak.]

TL: Let me tell you a quick story, "Sweet" Lou. I left Hawaii broken... I slammed that locker shut and headed for the plane. Jack and Bobby tried to get me to head to Japan, you know to take my mind off of the fact that I

wasn't gettin' another shot at Rob Driscoll and the AWA National Title... but I wanted to be alone to think...

[Travis runs his hand through his dirty blonde hair.]

TL: So I went back to the Silver Star Ranch and I... well, let's call it what it was... I had a damn pity party. I was miserable, moping around the ranch so Ma had the ol' man put me to work.

[Travis smirks.]

TL: So as I was tossing hay bales around, I wondered to myself is it worth it anymore... is it worth the punishment, the bloodshed?

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Wait a second, wait one second, Travis. Are you saying you were contemplating retirement?

TL: You know after getting to sit around with the ol' man, Ma, Jimmy, Tammy, and Jamie for a few days... just enjoying life. Really for the first time in nearly eleven years it felt like I had a real life outside of that ring... so yeah, "Sweet" Lou, I was.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I'm at a loss right now, Travis...

[Travis flashes his pearly whites at the camera and "Sweet" Lou, as if the smile itself is saying "don't worry."]

TL: I said thinkin' 'Sweet' Lou, just thinkin'. 'Cause you know us Lynches, this business is in our blood and if you think Jimmy was gonna just let me hang 'em up without a protest... well, you'd be wrong.

Jimmy grabbed me, looked directly into my eyes and told me how he'd give anything to be able to step into the ring again, and believe me you, when that boy says anything... he means anything, includin' sellin' his soul to the damn devil.

["Sweet" Lou shakes his head, knowing full well Jimmy would probably do that.]

TL: He continued to tell me titles don't make the man and that's when I cut him off... told him "you think this is about fifteen pounds of gold? Come on Jimmy, you know me better than that. It's about the fans ... the fans and how I let them down again!"

[There's a pause as we can hear the reaction inside the arena of the fans cheering, letting Travis know that he never let them down. A loud "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" is mixed in there as well before a smiling Travis continues.]

TL: Since the AWA's seventh anniversary show, I've said I would defeat Rob Driscoll and be a National Champion each and every one of these fans would be proud of... for five months I've said that. And each and every time I stepped into the ring with Driscoll, I watched his hand raised into the air and listened to the horrible words "and STILL AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION..."

[Travis allows his voice to trail off and lowers his a bit in disappointment.]

TL: Jimmy saw the weight I was carrying and then asked me if I had seen a tweet from @ADthParrot...

SLB: I'm sorry, Travis... who?

TL: ADtheParrot. He's been a fan of mine since the early days of my career in PCW. Great guy... one of the best you'll ever meet... and he tweeted "welcome to the main event, kid."

[Travis pauses.]

TL: And in that instant, I realized I didn't let anyone down... in fact, it was in that instant, I realized all my hard work has paid off! I proved to everyone who said I would never get out from Jack and Jimmy's shadows... that I would just be the pretty boy riding on daddy's name...

[The crowd again cheers in agreement.]

TL: So Sandra, keep sayin' I'm nothin' more than a muscle bound pretty boy, living on the family name, keep tellin' anyone who you think is listenin' to your shrill voice, that I can't shine the boots of the champ! 'Cause honey, that's like sayin' you didn't enjoy every second of that kiss tonight!

You see Sandra, you're right \... I'm the brother of Jack and James Lynch and I'm damn proud of that fact! But you need to know Sandra, I'm a man who stands on his own two damn feet! And tonight, tonight Sandra... you want to give Rob one more chance to rid the AWA of me... well, it seems to me he doesn't like your idea one bit!

[Travis grins.]

TL: But I know the champ, he's not going to back down... oh no, he's going to walk that aisle in a few moments, arrogant smirk on his face and put that title on the line... well, he better bring the best he's got 'cause with 'The Professional' in the hospital, there's no back up for him like there was at All-Star Showdown!

[Travis stares into the camera.]

TL: And you can be damn sure I'm bringing the best I got! You see Sandra, I'm not gonna let Driscoll gut me like a fish... I'm not gonna let him put me OUT of the AWA! When that bell sounds for the final time tonight, it won't matter if I'm bloodied... it won't matter if I win or lose... all that matters is

that I make myself and more importantly these fans proud... but most of all that I show ADtheParrot that his words mean something to me!

SLB: It sounds like you just want to go out there and beat up Rob Driscoll.

TL: You know something "Sweet" Lou, I'm gonna do just that! I'm going to shatter the crown jewel of professional wrestling and break the heart of Sandra Hayes at the same time!

SLB: From the look in Sandra's eyes tonight, I have to say, Travis, I really believe this is the last time she will let you into the ring with Rob Driscoll. So if you don't win the AWA National Title, I don't know if you will ever have another shot at it.

TL: "Sweet" Lou, Sandra wants me at home with Jimmy and the family for the rest of my days... so yeah, this very well may be the last time I step into the ring with Rob Driscoll .. and if it is, when this evening on The X is over, you can be damn sure Rob will remember every single second of it! Including the moment when I'm handed the AWA National Championship Belt and raise it high over my head in victory!

[The crowd cheers loudly for the idea of Travis winning the National Title.]

TL: Tonight, I will finally make good on my promise and make these fans here in Portland, my fans in Texas, my fans all around the world, and even the fans who have left us too early proud!

[Travis gives "Sweet" Lou a slap on the back before turning and walking off-camera.]

SLB: Travis Lynch didn't know he'd be challenging for the National Title here tonight but that young man seems ready and able to take advantage of one last shot at that championship! We're going to take one final break and when we come back, it's Main Event time here on The X so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by...

...as we fade through black and back up to a panning shot of the interior of the Veterans' Memorial Coliseum. After a few moments, we crossfade to Phil Watson in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer! The opening strains of Rush's rock classic "Tom Sawyer" brings the Portland fans to their feet in salute!]

GM: Here we go, Bucky.

BW: This punk in the Main Event? I've had bad dreams that start like this.

GM: This could be a living nightmare for you if things go the way of the youngest of the Lynch wrestling family here tonight.

[As the lyrics kick in, Travis Lynch bursts through the curtain to a GIGANTIC reaction from the partisan crowd. Lynch is dressed the same as we saw him moments ago - classic white trunks with a yellow and black stripe down the sides, white wrestling boots, and taped up hands. As he walks past the camera, he raises his left hand so that everyone can see the "AD" written upon it. He speaks towards it, "This one's for you!" before throwing an arm up into the air to a big reaction.]

GM: Travis Lynch heading down the aisle, knowing he's in for the fight of his life and also knowing that failing to beat Rob Driscoll here tonight cements the fact that he will NEVER get another shot at Driscoll and that title.

BW: I gotta call it like it is, Gordo. Sandra Hayes made a mistake here tonight. She let her emotions get the best of her and she put her man in a bad spot. Do I think Rob Driscoll can beat Travis Lynch every day of the week and twice on Sunday? Absolutely. Do I think he wishes he didn't have to do it tonight? Absolutely.

GM: Sandra Hayes' mouth wrote a check that her man, Rob Driscoll, is going to have to cover.

[Lynch works his way towards the ring, walking alongside the barricade where he hugs a fan or two. A good-looking redhead plants a kiss on his cheek, leaving a lipstick smear behind as Travis reaches ringside, grabbing the middle rope and pulling himself up on the apron. He throws an arm into the air again, drawing another cheer as he paces down the length of the apron before ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Listen to the reaction of these fans in Portland, solidly behind the Texas Heartthrob as he prepares for yet another opportunity to challenge Rob Driscoll - another chance to put that National Title around his waist and make his friends, his family, and his fans so proud of him.



[A fired-up Lynch steps up to the middle rope, waving an arm to the cheering crowd which only makes them louder...

...but as he stands there, his music fades out and is replaced by the breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams. The Veterans' Memorial Coliseum crowd reacts with their ire raging as the lights dim and the big screen shows stars shining brightly in the night sky.]

GM: And all eyes turn towards the entryway, the fans craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the National Champion.

BW: No, he's not just the National Champion. He is THE champion. He's the best champion in the American Wrestling Alliance and quite arguably, the best thing going today in the world of professional wrestling.

[The entranceway fills up with smoke as Sandra Hayes walks out, and the whole place comes down in boos. Hayes has her blonde hair tied up in an executive bun, and wears a grey skirt suit, with black underneath. She holds her hands up, pinkie and index finger sticking out, thumb touching her middle and ring finger and then flings them toward the entrance]

#Some say that we are players  
Some say that we are pawns#

#But we've been making money since  
The day that we were born#

[Driscoll saunters through the smoke and stops at the top of the entrance way, throwing his hands out and looking up at the ceiling, letting the crowd get a look at his attire for this match: glossy looking dark blue tights with the ram's head on the back in gold, with matching dark blue boots and kneepads. Each boot has "RD" on the outside calf written in white cursive scripts, and over top is a silky sequined vest, black fabric with white and silver sequins, an image of a diamond on the back. The vest is left open to reveal the National Title belt, and as the camera zooms in on the gold, Hayes walks past Driscoll and rubs her hand on the belt on her way to the ring.]

GM: When you look at the relatively short history of Rob Driscoll in the AWA, his meteoric rise to the top is really quite remarkable, Bucky.

BW: Not even a full year in the AWA after bouncing around some regional territories, Rob Driscoll took the wrestling world by storm - winning that National Title in the first ever Brass Ring Tournament back in March. Five months later, he stands atop the world and you would be hard-pressed to argue that he's not the standard bearer of this company, Gordo.

[Hayes leads the way, and walks up the steps onto the apron first. Driscoll has his game face on and walks to the ring with a purpose, wiping his feet off once he climbs onto the apron and simultaneously ducking into the ring with his business partner. Driscoll goes to the center of the ring and looks to the heavens again for a moment, as Hayes deftly takes the vest off of his

shoulders, and leaves him to his spotlight for a moment as the music fades and Phil Watson steps out to the middle.]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... he is the challenger...

[The squeals begin anew.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS  
LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Travis steps from the corner, throwing a Hook 'Em Horns into the air to another cheer before settling back against the buckles as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing in at 243 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by his manager, MISS Sandra Hayes...

[Hayes gets booed... a lot... but doesn't acknowledge the reaction, staying standing behind her man who stares across the ring at Lynch.]

PW: He is the self-proclaimed "Crown Jewel of Wrestling"... and the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

"DIIIIIIIIIIIIAMONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNND"  
ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOB  
DRIIISSSSSSSSSSSSCOLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Driscoll confidently strides out of the corner, holding the title belt over his head. He stays there, staring at Lynch as the referee waves them both out to the center of the ring.]

GM: AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger with some final instructions for the both champion and challenger...

[The announcers lay out, listening to the murmuring crowd buzzing with anticipation as the two Main Event participants stare each other down. Driscoll's mouth is moving a mile a minute, laying the verbal smackdown on Lynch who is stoic in response. Flashbulbs are popping all over the building as everyone tries to get that one perfect shot before Johnny Jagger steps in, sending them both back to their respective corners. Sandra Hayes is still on the apron as Driscoll approaches but he completely ignores her, forcing her to slink down to the floor.]

GM: And there appears to be a whole lot of tension between Driscoll and Hayes here tonight in Portland. Both men back in their corner now, Johnny Jagger to the middle...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...and here we go! Main Event time on The X as Driscoll and Lynch get it on one more time with the AWA National Title on the line!

[Lynch comes out fast, moving swiftly across the ring as Driscoll takes one step out, raising a hand with a "Whooooa," and then drops back into the corner, forcing the referee to cut off the challenger to boos from the Portland crowd.]

GM: Rob Driscoll not too eager to tangle with the challenger as the bell rings.

BW: Driscoll wants to work at his pace, Gordo. Travis is all hot under the collar, full of energy, and wants to take it to the champion right away but "Diamond" Rob wants to take it slow and see if Travis can burn some of that energy off before they clash.

[The referee orders Driscoll out of the corner and he obliges, slipping out to his right, circling Lynch who stays in the center, fingers wiggling with anticipation.]

GM: A little bit of a dance now as Driscoll moves around and around, trying to find his opening and Travis simply waits for his dance partner to make the first move.

BW: If Henrietta waited for her dance partner to make the first move, we wouldn't have all these filthy Stench brats underfoot.

GM: Nice, Bucky. Real nice.

[Driscoll suddenly spots something, dashing in to attempt a single leg but Lynch pulls it back, slipping away. The National Champion ends up down on a knee, glaring at the Texan as he walks alongside the ropes.]

GM: Driscoll looking for the takedown early but Travis was able to get away from it.

BW: Not for long.

[Driscoll rubs his chin as he gets back to his feet, throwing back his hair as he stands, watching Travis circle this time.]

GM: And now the roles are reversed as Driscoll plays man in the middle as Travis looks for an opening of his own...

[Travis suddenly rushes in, looking for a double leg but Driscoll spins out of it...

...and SLAPS Travis across the back of the head, drawing jeers from the crowd as he arrogantly walks away. Travis pushes to a knee, glaring at Driscoll as he grabs the back of his head.]

BW: Haha! I love it!

GM: Driscoll showing off that hint of a speed advantage over the slightly larger Texan. Travis standing six three and weighing 252 pounds while Driscoll is the same height, giving up about 10 pounds on Travis.

[Travis pushes up off the mat as the referee signals for the match to continue...

...and continue it does as Travis lunges forward, hooking a collar and elbow.]

GM: Into the lockup they go... jockeying for position, each man trying to get the early advantage...

[Driscoll switches easily to an overhand wristlock, shoving Travis' left arm back at an awkward angle.]

GM: Driscoll transitions to the wristlock... and now to the hammerlock...

[The National Champion shouts out, "Now I got him!" as he cranks up on the arm...

...until Travis switches his footing, scissoring the ankle between his legs, taking Driscoll down in a drop toehold.]

GM: Nice counter by the challenger... and right up into a side headlock. And a side headlock with most competitors is a wear-down hold - a chance to catch a breather ever - but with arms like Travis Lynch has, this one really hurts, Bucky.

BW: Oh, he's a musclebound twit alright but don't worry, "Diamond" Rob's already thought of a way out of this. He's going to be three steps ahead of Stench all night.

[Driscoll pushes up off his belly, forcing his way to a knee and then all the way up to his feet. The champion grabs at the wrists of Travis, trying to pry them apart and loosen the grip...

...but Travis simply cranks it tighter, causing Driscoll to give an anguished "ahhhh!" as he bounces on his tiptoes.]

GM: Driscoll tries to escape but Travis says not so fast, champ, as he turns up the heat on the so-called Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling.

[Driscoll wraps his arms around the torso of Lynch, backing him towards the ropes.]

GM: Driscoll looking for another way out, shoving Lynch off...

[The challenger bounces off the far ropes, rebounding back towards Driscoll...

...and runs right into him with a shoulder tackle, knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Big tackle by the challenger!

[Driscoll rolls to a knee, climbing back up as Lynch runs to the ropes again. The champion throws himself at the feet of Lynch, trying to trip him up but Lynch leaps over...]

GM: Dropdown by the champ, Lynch goes up and over, off the ropes again...

[Driscoll is waiting for him on the rebound, setting for a hiptoss...

...but Travis pulls up short, blocking the hiptoss, and simply turns it around, flipping Driscoll over to the mat with a hiptoss of his own! The crowd cheers as Driscoll scrambles to his feet but ends right back in the headlock of Travis Lynch who flips him over onto his back with a side headlock takedown.]

GM: Takedown by the challenger, showing off some of the skills he learned down on the Ran- shoulders are down, ref!

[Jagger dives to the mat, slapping the mat twice before Driscoll lifts a shoulder, rolling to his side to break the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count there but Driscoll is right out of it.

[Wrapping his arms around the waist of Lynch, Driscoll rolls him back to the side, putting his shoulders down.]

GM: Now it's Driscoll putting the shoulders down - another two count by Senior Official Johnny Jagger.

[We cut to the floor where Sandra Hayes is shouting encouragement to the National Champion, slapping the canvas a few times.]

GM: Sandra Hayes cheering on her man. Remember, fans, she was the one who got Driscoll into this situation here tonight. "Diamond" Rob Driscoll wasn't scheduled to compete but now he is... and now he's defending the National Title he won back in March against one of his top challengers.

[After the exchange of pin attempts, Driscoll battles up to his feet again, throwing a forearm at the ribs... and another. He wraps his arms around the waist, lifting for a back suplex...

...but ends up putting Travis back down on the mat when Lynch cranks down on the headlock again, squeezing Driscoll's head with his massive biceps.]

GM: Hooo! How about that, Bucky?

BW: That referee needs to take a closer look. I'm pretty sure Lynch has got a handful of hair in there.

GM: He does not.

[Driscoll kneels in the center of the ring, giving all the leverage to the challenger as he continues to squeeze the skull...

...and the champion stuns the Portland crowd by pushing up, grabbing the wrist, and spinning out into another hammerlock!]

BW: How about THAT, Gordo?!

GM: Very impressive.

[Driscoll wrenches on the left arm as Travis winces in pain, looking for a way out.]

GM: Travis Lynch may be having some flashbacks to that Brass Ring Tournament when Rob Driscoll worked that shoulder until it was about to fall apart.

BW: You better believe that Driscoll's got the same gameplan here tonight. If he has his way, Lynch will be permanently right-handed after this one.

[Travis reaches back, trying to hook a snapmare but Driscoll shakes his head, pulling it away. Placing his foot on the back of Travis' knee, he breaks the challenger down, forcing him down to a kneeling position on the mat while he continues to hold the arm in the painful submission hold.]

GM: Lynch down to a knee, still trapped in the hammerlock as Driscoll takes aim at the left arm.

BW: That's the right move, Gordo. Think about it. Travis Lynch has two offensive weapons that can end a match at any time - the Iron Claw as illegal as it is and the Discus Punch. If Driscoll disables the left arm, that'll take those two weapons in the arsenal and shove 'em over to the junkpile. Then what does Travis Lynch have?! Nothing!

GM: I don't know if I'd say "nothing" but it would greatly decrease his options to finish this one off.

[Driscoll slips a knee in between the shoulderblades of Lynch, using it to push him down to the mat, keeping the hammerlock applied.]

GM: Driscoll breaks him all the way down onto his stomach, applying that grounded hammerlock now, continuing to punish the left arm...

[He keeps the hold applied for a few more moments, using his torso to keep Travis pinned down on the mat...

...and then springs to his feet, leaping up to stomp the left forearm!]

GM: Oh!

[A second and third stomp follow before Driscoll reaches down, grabbing the left arm as Lynch pulls it out of hammerlock position finally. The champion pulls on the arm, twisting it into an armwringer as Lynch regains his feet, grabbing at his shoulder.]

GM: And you can already see Travis Lynch grabbing the shoulder in pain. Not a good sign for the challenger in the early minutes of this one.

[Driscoll, holding the wrist, slowly twists the arm again, causing Lynch to cry out before the champion slams his elbow down on the shoulder once... twice... three times before pulling the arm under his armpit into an armbar.]

GM: "Diamond" Rob Driscoll showcasing some of the skills he learned in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania at the Steel Mill.

[The champion uses the armbar to drag Lynch out to the middle of the ring. He twists the arm again, this time slipping his right hand behind Travis' neck, using the leverage to flip him over onto his back. Still holding the arm with his left hand, he stretches it out and drops a leg across the bicep!]

GM: Very nice sequence of offense out of Driscoll... and right into a short-arm scissors!

[Trapping the arm between his legs, Driscoll applies a ton of pressure as Johnny Jagger kneels down, checking to see if Travis Lynch wants to submit.]

GM: The referee is checking for a submission and quite frankly, I expect to hear Donald Trump take the Presidential Oath of Office before I expect to hear Travis Lynch submit.

BW: Stranger things have happened.

[Travis refuses to quit a few times, leading to Driscoll abandoning the hold, spinning out to a knee. He plants the other knee up against the cheekbone, trapping the arm under his armpit again.]

GM: And back to the armbar goes Driscoll.

["Diamond" Rob pins the arm down to the mat, pressing the wrist down as he kicks his legs up into the air, coming down with a knee across the bicep!]

GM: Driscoll drops all 243 pounds down in a kneedrop on that arm!

[A sneer on his face, Driscoll grinds the kneecap into the bicep, causing Travis to cry out in pain.]

BW: Hah! You know how that feels, Gordo?

GM: I do not.

BW: Want to find out? I can arrange it. I know people.

GM: I'll pass, thanks.

[Climbing up off the mat, Driscoll hauls Lynch up by the arm, applying the armwringer again...]

GM: Fans, we're over five minutes into this match and we haven't seen Driscoll let up for a moment on that arm. He might not have known he was going to defend the title tonight but in the time since he found out, he's obviously put together quite the gameplan.

[Nodding his head, Driscoll slowly ducks under the arm, twisting it once again, wrenching on the tortured limb...]

...at which point Travis goes with the pressure, rolling through it, popping back up off the mat, leaping up and driving both feet into the chest of Driscoll, forcing him to release the hold before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: What a counter by the challenger!

[Travis grabs at his shoulder as he tries to push up off the mat but Driscoll is up to his feet first, charging at Travis. He hooks a handful of the back of the classic white trunks, yanking him back...]

...where he grabs the arm, looking to apply the Queen City Cinch!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR IT! HE'S GOING FOR THE CINCH!

BW: He learned this variation of the crossface chickenwing from Pete Sheffner who helped train Driscoll! If he locks it in, there's NO getting out of it, daddy!

[Lynch struggles against it, knowing what happens if it gets locked in.]

GM: Remember, it was this very hold that rendered Brad Jacobs unconscious, unable to withstand the pain of the hold any longer! If Travis gets locked in it, that same fate may wait for him!

BW: That's right, Gordo! Even if he doesn't quit, he may find himself out cold!

[Feeling his grip slipping away, Driscoll gives Lynch a two-handed shove into the ropes where Lynch bounces off, ducking a wildly-thrown clothesline attempt, slamming on the brakes, spinning a circle...]

GM: DISCUS PUN-

[But Driscoll sees it coming, dropping down on his rear, his eyes wide when he realizes what almost just happened...]

...and then he rolls under the ropes to the floor as Lynch insists that he get back into the ring as the crowd buzzes over the near knockout!]



GM: Oh my! What a showdown we're witnessing here so far!

[Lynch holds up two fingers close together.]

GM: Travis letting Driscoll know how close he came right there to knocking him flat and winning this one.

[Driscoll responds by doing the same thing.]

BW: And "Diamond" Rob's telling him how close he came to locking it the Queen City Cinch which woulda been curtains for Lynch's chances of winning the title!

GM: Curtains? Okay, Mugsy.

[Travis steps closer to the ropes, shouting down at Driscoll...

...who spits on the challenger in response!]

GM: Oh! There's no call for something like that!

[Travis recoils...

...and then gets mad, ducking through the ropes, dropping to the floor as Rob Driscoll beats a quick retreat, running around the ring with the challenger following him.]

GM: Driscoll's running for his life but Travis isn't too far behind him!

[As they near Sandra Hayes, Driscoll pulls the manager in front of him. She yelps as Lynch runs up, fist pulled back!]

GM: Oh, come on! He's using a woman as a shield!

BW: Better than using her as a plaything like Lynch did earlier... scumbag.

[Hayes is pleading for Lynch not to hit her as Driscoll ducks behind her...

...and then shoves her at Travis, rolling back under the ropes into the ring to the jeers of the crowd. Travis sets Sandra aside, pulling himself up on the apron. He steps through the ropes...]

GM: HEY!

[Hayes throws herself at the challenger, grabbing his leg and holding on for dear life. Travis tries to wriggle free...]

GM: Hayes is holding onto Travis! She won't let him get back in- ahhh! Come on, referee!

[Gordon's dismay comes from Driscoll attacking Travis as he's trapped coming through the ropes, slamming a running knee into the chest. A pair of forearms follow as Hayes releases her grip and Driscoll pulls Travis inside the ring.]

GM: That was blatant outside interference, Bucky!

BW: If the referee doesn't like it, he's more than welcome to disqualify Driscoll for it. I'm sure "Diamond" Rob won't mind since he'll walk out of here as STILL the National Champion!

GM: I'm sure he wouldn't mind at all. The referee is reprimanding Sandra Hayes for her role in that as Driscoll is just laying into Travis up against the ropes!

[The crowd jeers as Driscoll slams knee after knee into the ribcage of Travis, trying to knock some of the wind out of the challenger's sails. He grabs the arms of the challenger, hooking them over the top rope before dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Driscoll off the ropes!

[...and CONNECTS with a running dropkick to the injured shoulder!]

GM: OHHH!

[Lynch slips out of the ropes, falling down to all fours. He grabs at his left shoulder with his right hand, leaving the left hand down on the mat...

...which is like a bullseye for Rob Driscoll who lifts his leg and STOMPS the open hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch promptly rolls to his back, now clutching his left hand and howling in pain.]

BW: That's one way to make sure no one's locking on that Iron Claw.

GM: I suppose it is. I don't like the man's tactics but you cannot deny that he is an absolutely brilliant ring strategist inside that squared circle, taking advantage of his opponent's every weakness.

[Grabbing the left wrist, Driscoll hauls Lynch up off the mat, twisting the arm around behind him in a hammerlock...

...and RAMS him shoulderfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: And on cue, Rob Driscoll turns his focus back onto that shoulder that he's been absolutely relentless in attacking since the opening bell, fans.

BW: We've just passed the ten minute mark of this match and Driscoll's a machine in working over the arm. An Arm Wrecking Machine... well-oiled and maintained.

[Turning Lynch around in the buckles, Driscoll buries a pair of right hands into the midsection, keeping the challenger gasping for air as he grabs the left arm, wrapping it around the top rope...

...and SLAMS an overhead elbow down on the shoulder!]

GM: Driscoll takes aim - perfect precision on those elbows to the shoulder as well. No wasted motion... he knows exactly what he wants to do and how to do it.

[The referee backs him out of the corner, ordering him to step back and allow Travis a chance to get out of the ropes.]

GM: You can see the pain etched on the face of the challenger as he finds his left arm and shoulder under a relentless assault by the National Champion who is quickly proving why his name belongs alongside men like Marcus Broussard, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, and Juan Vasquez who awaits the winner of this one in an attempt to regain the title he believes - as do many others - that he never should've lost.

[Driscoll brushes the official aside, taking aim as he charges in towards the corner...]

GM: LEAPING KNEE!

[...but the gutsy challenger swings both legs up, catching Driscoll coming in with two boots to the mush, sending him staggering back!]

GM: What a shot!

[Lynch shakes out the left arm, trying to plan his next attack while sucking down the pain in his limb. He stumbles forward, grabbing Driscoll by the hair and pulling him back into the corner...]

GM: To the buckles!

[Travis SLAMS Driscoll's head into the top turnbuckle, looking out at the crowd who decides to count along as he repeats the process.]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[On the tenth shot, Driscoll staggers out of the corner towards the center of the ring, taking a big swing at nothing but air...

...and collapses facefirst on the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Rob Driscoll's on Dream Street after having his head driven into the buckles ten times! And this is Travis Lynch's chance to take advantage. He needs to find a way to choke down the pain shooting through that left arm with each and every movement and find a way to capitalize on Driscoll's condition.

[Lynch stays in pursuit, chasing down Driscoll as he attempts to crawl across the ring, looking to create some distance. The Texan reaches down, hooking the champion by the trunks with his right arm, hauling him back to his feet.]

GM: The challenger brings him back to his feet...

[Looping his right arm around the waist, Travis goes to lift Driscoll off the mat, elevating him...]

GM: He's got him up with one arm!

[...and DROPS Driscoll down on the back of his head and neck with a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: High impact suplex by the challenger... who rolls into a cover!

[Johnny Jagger drops down to the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

GM: No! The shoulder comes up and Driscoll's out in time to save the title.

[Again, we cut to the floor where Sandra Hayes is shouting encouragement to her man. Inside the ring, the fired-up Texan swings a leg over to take the mount, grabbing Driscoll by the hair...]

GM: Big right hand! Another! He's hammering the champion into the canvas here in Portland!

[At the referee's four count, Lynch climbs back to his feet, grabbing at his left shoulder as he gets there, slowly walking around the ring as the National Champion rolls to all fours, trying to get up off the canvas.]

GM: The challenger's up and it looks like the champion's about to join him, climbing off the canvas...

[Lynch moves in on him, throwing a right-handed chop that splashes across the chest!]

GM: Hard chop by Travis Lynch!

[A second chop sends Driscoll falling backwards, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Travis moves towards him...

...and the wily champion lashes out with a boot to the gut, catching Travis by surprise.]

GM: Oh! The champion caught him coming in!

[Driscoll quickly steps out on the apron, reaching back over to make a grab for the arm.]

GM: Driscoll's out on the apron, pulling the arm over the top...

[But the Texan fires back, landing a right to the jaw... and a second... and a third...]

GM: Travis throwing some heat from inside the ring, rocking the National Champion!

[Travis grabs Driscoll by the hair, charging down the length of the ring apron...

...and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle, causing him to spill off the apron, crashing down on the barely-padded floor as Lynch collapses against the buckles, falling to his knees.]

GM: Driscoll goes down hard to the floor but Travis can't take advantage of it, collapsing against the corner in a tremendous amount of pain, Bucky.

BW: You know what "Diamond" Rob should do here?

GM: What's that?

BW: Stay down.

GM: Oh, would you-

BW: I'm serious, Gordo. Take the countout. Sandra might be embarrassed that Driscoll didn't get some kind of payback for what Stench did to her here earlier tonight but at least he'll walk out of here with the title and that's the ultimate payback on the Texas hick - stick him with no gold.

GM: I would hope that "Diamond" Rob Driscoll is a better champion than that, Bucky. I would hope that he wants to prove to himself that he can beat Travis Lynch in the center of the ring.

BW: How many times does he have to do that?! He's beaten Lynch THREE TIMES inside this ring.

GM: Two of those were thanks to outside interference and one of them saw Travis about to win when the referee stopped the match due to severe blood loss! Driscoll has not - in my mind - proven anything against Travis, Bucky.

[The referee starts his ten count as Sandra Hayes kneels down next to Rob Driscoll, whispering something unheard by the ringside cameras.]

GM: You have to wonder if Miss Hayes might be giving Driscoll the same advice that you just did, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure she is. She's a brilliant strategist - just like me.

GM: Your humility knows no bounds.

[As the referee's count reaches three, Driscoll pushes up off the mat, kneeling next to Sandra who is talking as fast as she can. Travis rolls under the bottom rope, unseen by either of them.]

GM: The challenger rolls out as well. He knows that he can't win the title on a countout so he's going to make sure that he gets Rob Driscoll back in the ring where he can finish him off.

[Out on the floor, Travis pushes past Sandra Hayes who scampers away, shouting at the challenger to "LEAVE HIM ALONE!" Lynch ignores her, dragging Driscoll up to his feet by the hair, walking him towards the ring...]

GM: Travis is going to bring him back in...

[Driscoll suddenly slaps the hand away, throwing a short right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Right hand by Driscoll!

[Lynch responds with one of his own, drawing cheers from the crowd as Driscoll staggers back, falling against the ringpost.]

GM: We've got slugfest out on the floor!

[Holding Driscoll in place, Lynch lands a series of big right hands to the jaw...

...and then drops back, going into a full spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNC-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd collectively groans as Hayes grabs Driscoll by the arm, pulling him clear as Lynch SLAMS his left hand into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Oh my stars! Oh my stars!

BW: He might've broken his hand, Gordo!

GM: That's what I'm-

[Driscoll surges forward, grabbing the arm, fully extending it over Travis' head...

...and SLAMS the hand down on the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Lynch cries out, cradling his left hand as he falls to his knees by the ring apron. Driscoll ducks under the ropes, breaking the referee's count before he rolls back to the floor.]

GM: The National Champion pausing the action to break the referee's count and then goes right back after Travis Lynch, pulling him off the floor by the hair...

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[Driscoll grabs the arm of Lynch, dragging him helplessly over towards the ringside timekeeper's table, stretching the arm overhead again...

...and SLAMS it down on the wooden table!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get out there, referee! Do something about this!

BW: What do you want him to do, Gordo? Disqualify him?

GM: Not particularly but if he must...

BW: You think that's what your boy Stench would want?

GM: Absolutely not.

[Driscoll turns towards the seated timekeeper, delivering a shove that knocks him over, tipping over his chair as well. He pulls Lynch a few more steps closer, grabbing the hand...]

GM: What is he... he's gonna use the ring bell on the hand?!

BW: Oh, this is REALLY gonna finish him off!

[Driscoll grabs Travis by the arm, pinning the wrist to the table as he grabs the ring bell with his free hand, lifting the metal weapon over his head. The referee is shouting at him, warning him of a potential disqualification...

...when Lynch suddenly lashes out with his right elbow to the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Travis tries to stop him!

[A second and third elbow follow, breaking Driscoll's grip on his hand and causing the ring bell to fall, clattering onto the ring apron as Travis grabs a handful of hair...

...and SLAMS Driscoll's face down into the wooden table!]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE TABLE!

[Driscoll bounces off the blow, rolling under the ropes into the ring as Lynch shakes out his left hand, a grimace on his face as he steps up on the timekeeper's table, moving onto the ring apron...]

GM: Travis up on the apron and-

[The referee is reprimanding him for the blow into the table as Travis protests, pointing at Driscoll...

...who suddenly leaps up, hooking the left arm that Lynch is pointing with, and drops down to his back on the mat, SNAPPING the arm over the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Wow! What a brilliant move! Incredible timing on the part of the National Champion!

[Driscoll quickly gets back to his feet as Lynch slumps through the ropes into the ring. The champion is all over him, viciously stomping him over and over, aiming for the arm... the shoulder... the hand... whatever he can get.]

GM: Get in there, ref! Get him off the mat!

[As Jagger steps in, forcing Driscoll back, it leaves the challenger exposed as Sandra Hayes strikes, grabbing the injured left hand and pulling back on the fingers, trying to snap them.]

GM: Look at her! Look at Hayes out there on the floor!

BW: That's Miss Hayes to you, Gordo.

GM: Call her what you want - and I can think of a few things to call her that might get censored by our friends at The X - but she's trying to break the man's fingers, Bucky!

BW: A man who laid his hands - and his filthy Texas mouth - on her earlier! She's fully justified if you ask me!

GM: What kind of twisted code do you live by?!

[Hayes walks away as Travis cries out, cradling his hand as Driscoll moves back in, dragging him off the mat by the hair. He walks him out towards the middle of the ring before lifting him up under an arm, taking a few more steps before DRIVING him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]



GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by the champion and- again, the referee needs to do something about this!

[The crowd jeers as Driscoll drives his forearm down into the windpipe of Lynch, grinding it back and forth, leaving the challenger coughing and gasping for air on the mat as the champion applies a lateral press.]

GM: Driscoll covers for one! He gets two! He get- no! Two count only as Travis Lynch lives to continue the fight!

[Driscoll shakes his head as he gets to his feet, dragging Lynch by the hair on his knees towards the ropes where he throws him throatfirst down on the middle rope before planting his shin on the back of the neck, viciously choking him with the aid of the ropes.]

GM: Driscoll's choking him on the ropes and again, all the official can do is stand there and count! Johnny Jagger, as much as I hate to say it, should give strong consideration to disqualifying Rob Driscoll if he's going to keep this up, Bucky.

BW: I agree!

GM: Of course you do.

BW: You can't have it both ways, Gordo. You can't be steamed about the rules being broken and then be mad at the remedy to the problem. Pick a side!

[Driscoll backs away at the count of four, raising his hands as he argues with the official...

...which allows Sandra Hayes to loop her hands behind Lynch's neck, pulling down on the middle rope to continue choking the challenger!]

GM: And now SHE'S choking him! This is ridiculous!

[The crowd is all over Sandra Hayes as she wildly tries to choke out the challenger for several moments before breaking off her attack, just in time for the official to turn around and find a red-faced Travis gasping for air down on the mat.]

GM: Travis Lynch is fighting an uphill battle here in Portland against one of the best in the world who continues to break every rule in the book.

BW: Oh, not every rule, Gordo. He's missed a few.

GM: If anyone would know, it's you.

[Driscoll has an arrogant smirk on his face as he approaches, using the toe of his boot to push Travis around a bit.]

GM: Look at the attitude - the ego on this guy, Bucky.

BW: When you're as good as "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, you've got every right to be. You know as well as I do that he's a future World Champion standing right there. It's just a matter of time.

GM: He's gotta get past Travis Lynch first.

BW: Sure but when he does... and I mean WHEN he does... he'll cement himself next to the Who's Who of professional wrestlers who've held that National Title - Kolya Sudakov, Stevie Scott, Juan Vasquez, Calisto Dufresne. He belongs in the same breath with those guys, Gordo.

GM: He's only held the title for... what? Five months?

BW: Time is irrelevant when you're that good.

[Driscoll leans down, dragging Lynch off the mat by the hair. A well-placed right hand to the jaw sends Travis falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The challenger hits the corner again and Driscoll is right on him...

[He hooks the left arm around the top rope, wrapping it tight as he places a foot on the second rope...

...and pushes up into the air for extra height as he drops an elbow down on the shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! Innovative offense by the self-proclaimed Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling!

[Back on his feet, Driscoll simply hauls off and drills the trapped shoulder, slamming his forearm down over the shoulder again and again until the referee physically steps in, dragging him back...]

GM: Whoa, whoa! I don't ever like to see an official have to go that far but I don't know if Johnny Jagger had a choice right there!

[Jagger and Driscoll are trading hostile words near the corner as Lynch tries to free himself from his predicament, pain all over his face as Driscoll brushes past the official, moving in on him...]

GM: Big right hand!

[Lynch throws the good hand, blasting Driscoll with a handful of shots to the head, backing him all the way across the ring...

...where he sidesteps, hooking the white trunks, and RIFLES Lynch between the ropes and shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Lynch howling in pain, Driscoll hooks the trunks again, dragging him back through the ropes and into a schoolboy rollup.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Lynch kicks out, breaking the cradle!]

GM: That was a close call there for Travis Lynch, just barely getting out of that pin attempt in time after Rob Driscoll tried to break that shoulder on the ringpost!

[Driscoll scampers to his feet, getting up in the face of AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger again, slapping his hands together three times quickly.]

GM: Driscoll's complaining about a slow count with no reason if you ask me.

BW: Nobody asked you, Gordo. The only thing slower than that count around here is Travis trying to tell a Knock Knock joke.

GM: You know he's a graduate from Rice University, right?

BW: You sure he didn't just eat rice one day after school? That's close enough in the Stench household.

[Driscoll shakes his head, turning away from Johnny Jagger to pursue his challenger who is crawling across the ring, trying to create some space and give himself time to recover.]

BW: Look at Lynch running for his life.

GM: It's a smart move at this point of the contest, trying to get some space between he and Rob Driscoll.

[Lynch reaches the ropes, trying to pull himself up as Driscoll moves in on him, throwing a right hand to the side of the head. He grabs Travis by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by the champion...

[As Travis hits the ropes, Driscoll turns to bark at the official before dropping his head for a backdrop...]

...and Travis stops short, swinging a foot up to catch Driscoll between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Travis counters the backdrop!

[Driscoll staggers backwards and continues to stagger as Travis races to the ropes behind him, springing back, charging across where he leaps into the air in a crossbody attempt...]

...that Driscoll somewhat catches, drifting back into the ropes, falling over the top rope and taking Travis with him. They tumble over the ropes, flipping through the air as Travis' back SLAMS down on the length of the ring apron before both men crash down to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOTH MEN OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! OH MY STARS!

BW: That might do it right there, Gordo! I'm not sure EITHER of them are getting up after that!

GM: Let's run that one back and take another look at it, fans!

[As the two men attempt to recover on the floor, we get split screen action of Driscoll turning to mouth off to the official before dropping over for the backdrop...]

GM: Look at that! What a mistake that was, taking the time to badmouth Johnny Jagger and it cost him as Travis- WHAM! Boot right between the eyes!

BW: Hey, I call the replays around here!

GM: It's all yours.

BW: So, Travis throws his fungus-covered foot up into "Diamond" Rob's face and quite frankly, the smell overwhelmed him, sending him falling backwards into the ropes.

[From there, Travis charges him, leaving his feet with a crossbody that has so much momentum, it topples both men over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

BW: And that, well, that's the same move that Travis used on his prom date to try and get her to not leave with the entire defensive line of the football team.

GM: Bucky!

BW: No, it wasn't like that. They were just the only ones who could carry her out of the room after she slipped on Henrietta's chewing tobacco spittle and twisted her ankle.

[Gordon sighs as the replay split screen fades and we can clearly hear the referee count "FOUR!"]

GM: In the meantime, fans, Johnny Jagger has started a double countout on both of these competitors and... well, I'd hate to see it end like that but neither man is moving so far.

[Cut to the floor where Sandra Hayes is shouting in Driscoll's ear, trying to get him up to his feet.]

GM: I just don't know if either of them can get up after that, Bucky.

BW: I know "Diamond" Rob can't... or shouldn't. Stay down, kid.

GM: These fans in Portland are on their feet, cheering both of these men to get back into the ring because they want to see a decisive winner. They want to know that Travis Lynch is the National Champion or if he's not, it's because Rob Driscoll beat him fair and square. That may be a lot of ask for with that gentleman but...

[With Hayes continuing to shout, the National Champion pushes up to all fours, lifting his head to look at the ring where the official counts "SIX!"]

GM: Johnny Jagger is up to six and Rob Driscoll's trying to get back to his feet, trying to get up off the mat...

[Illegally - of course - Sandra Hayes grabs her man under the arm, helping to get him back on his feet and towards the ring. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself through the ropes into the ring as the ref shouts "SEVEN!"]

GM: Up to seven... Travis Lynch is in serious jeopardy here of being counted out and losing this - what I have to imagine is his final challenge for the National Title as long as it's around the waist of "Diamond" Rob Driscoll.

[The referee shouts "EIGHT!" as Travis Lynch rolls to his side, raising an arm blindly and hooking it around the bottom rope. Hayes shouts "FASTER!" at the official who ignores her, keeping the same pace as he calls "NINE!"]

GM: The count is up to nine! Travis is stirring but does he have-

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch gives a powerful yank with his right arm, pulling himself under the ropes and into the ring!]

GM: He made it! He got there in the nick of time!

[Driscoll grimaces, shaking his head as he barks at the official again, leaning down to drag Lynch off the mat...

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[But the crowd deflates as the referee springs up, holding up two fingers!]

GM: My stars! How close was that?! Travis Lynch almost stole that one away with that inside cradle and-

[As Lynch climbs off the mat, Driscoll throws himself at him from the blind side, jamming a leaping knee into the shoulderblade, sending Lynch falling through the ropes and out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Lynch is down on the apron... and Driscoll's going out after him.

[Out on the apron, Driscoll pulls Travis to a knee, grabbing the left arm and twisting it around...]

GM: Armtwist by the champion... and I have a feeling we've seen this before, fans. Driscoll walking the challenger down the length of the apron towards the ringpost...

[Hanging onto the arm with one hand, he steps around the ringpost so that he and Travis are on opposing sides of the steel post that holds the ring together. He grabs the wrist with the other hand, holding on tight as he sets his feet...]

BW: He's gonna put that shoulder into the post!

[That's certainly what the Crown Jewel attempts to do, giving a hard yank...

...which goes absolutely nowhere when Travis Lynch raises his boot, resting it on the second rope to block the pull!]

GM: TRAVIS BLOCKS IT!

[And with the crowd roaring to cheer him on, Travis grabs Driscoll's wrist with his right arm...

...and YANKS Driscoll into the steel ringpost, bouncing him off of it before the National Champion slumps down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With his opponent down on the floor, Travis slumps against the ring supports, breathing heavily as he hangs onto his left arm, cradling it against his torso as the referee starts his ten count anew.]

GM: Driscoll's down on the floor. Travis Lynch has bought himself some recovery time with that counter.

BW: You gotta think that Travis might've remembered Driscoll using that against him the first time they met and was ready for it. Sometimes guys - no matter how great they are - have a tendency to go back to the well when something worked the first time. If he'd hit that, Stench's shoulder would be held together with bubble gum and spit.

GM: But he didn't and now it's Travis Lynch who has a chance to get back into this thing as Miss Sandra Hayes looks ready to pitch a fit out on the floor at ringside.

BW: She's beside herself and who can blame her. She came here tonight looking for vengeance and now she's afraid that the National Title is slipping through her fingers before her very eyes.

[Lynch drops off the apron, taking a deep breath before circling around the ringpost, approaching the kneeling Rob Driscoll as Sandra Hayes scampers away again. Lynch grabs him by the hair, dragging him over to the ring where he BOUNCES Driscoll's skull off the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the hardest part of the ring... and Travis shoves the champion back in! He knows he's gotta finish it inside the ring if he wants that National Title around his waist!

[The Texan pulls himself up on the apron, shaking out his left arm as he stands...]

GM: Driscoll climbing back to his feet...

[The champion stumbles towards the apron, throwing a right hand that Lynch manages to block with the bad arm before returning fire with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Travis Lynch is being forced to throw those bombs with the off-arm. The left arm - his natural arm - is too banged up but the right hand is working for him!

[Another block, another haymaker in response has Driscoll wobbly when Travis leans over, throwing his right shoulder into the midsection.]

GM: Travis goes downstairs and-

[He winces as he grabs the top rope with both arms, somehow managing to catapult himself into a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!!

[Driscoll fights it, trying to stay on his feet!]

GM: DRISCOLL'S TRYING TO STAY UP! HE'S TRYING TO-

BW: Help him, Sandra!

[Hayes makes a lunge for it, throwing her arms up in an attempt to grab the desperate hands of Driscoll as he tries to save himself...

...and she misses just as he's pulled down to the mat, a wide-eyed expression on his face!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE-

[The crowd ROARS... then jeers as Jagger again holds up two fingers!]

GM: AGAIN! How close was that one?! Travis Lynch again was just a heartbeat away from winning the AWA National Title right here in the middle of Portland, fans!

[As Driscoll crawls away, seeking a breather, Travis Lynch rolls to a knee, holding up three fingers to Johnny Jagger who shakes his head, holding up two in response. Travis gives a nod, breathing heavily as he pushes up to his feet, moving towards Driscoll who is trying to get away from him.]

GM: The referee confirms it was a two count and Travis Lynch accepts it like a true champion would, moving in on Rob Driscoll.

BW: The REAL champion.

[Driscoll has crawled between the bottom and middle ropes, seeking an escape as Lynch reaches down, hooking the back of his trunks...

...and pulling down to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: Uh oh! We've got a full moon over Portland, fans!

[Sandra Hayes grabs her man's arms this time, trying to keep Travis from pulling him back into the ring but in comes the National Champion...

...and in comes Sandra Hayes with him!]

GM: TRAVIS PULLS 'EM BOTH IN!

[He pulls Driscoll up off the mat, lifting him up for an atomic drop - his bare rear end still on display - and drops him down across his knee in an atomic drop, sending Driscoll pitching forward...

...and colliding with Sandra Hayes, sending her sprawling back out through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: SCUMBAG! SCUMBAG!

GM: That was completely inadvertent!

[Driscoll wobbles in a circle, showing the entirety of the arena a glimpse of... well, thankfully not the Crown Jewels... until coming back around to Travis who winds up the right arm, lifting the hand...]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Travis Lynch hooks his powerful right hand around the skull of "Diamond" Rob Driscoll, pressing his fingers into the temples!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE IRON CLAW LOCKED IN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! THERE MAY BE NO ESCAPE FOR THE NATIONAL CHAMPION!



[With his bare butt still showing, Driscoll's arms windmill around, struggling against the power of the Iron Claw!]

GM: Travis had to put the right-handed version of the Claw on since the left hand, arm, shoulder - you name it - is hurting!

[Lynch squeezes the temples of Driscoll, forcing the champion down to his knees as Travis attempts to grab his right wrist with his left hand, increasing the stability and the pressure!]

GM: The hold is locked in! He's trying to send Driscoll to Dreamland, fans!

[Suddenly, Miss Sandra Hayes - completely disheveled and worse for wear - pulls herself up on the apron, screaming and waving her arms which brings Johnny Jagger over to confront her, telling her to get down to the floor...

...which is all the opening that Rob Driscoll needs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! THE CHAMP GOES LOW ON TRAVIS LYNCH!

[Lynch staggers back, dropping down to his knees clutching his groin as Driscoll gets up, yanking his trunks angrily into place as he grabs Lynch by the hair, pulling him up, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Driscoll pops his hips, hoisting Lynch up into the air, and DUMPING him ferociously on the back of his head with a picture perfect bridging German Suplex!]

GM: That might do it!

[Jagger wheels around, diving to the mat as Hayes drops back to the floor.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

[At the last possible moment, Travis Lynch's entire body convulses as he kicks out of the pin attempt, firing his right shoulder up into the air, his arm raised high!]

GM: HE GOT OUT! CAN YOU BELIEV-

BW: NO, NO, NO! DAMN IT!

GM: Travis Lynch showing the heart that has made him the hero of so many fans here in Portland, here in the AWA, and all around the world! Travis Lynch refuses to quit! He refuses to stay down! He refuses to give in!

[An irate Driscoll climbs to his feet, making a bee-line towards Johnny Jagger who he promptly delivers a two-handed shove to the chest to, sending Jagger sprawling down on his rear to an "OHH!" from the crowd!]

GM: You can't put your hands on a referee like that!

BW: He just did! What're you gonna do about it, Myers?!

[Jagger climbs to his feet, getting right up in the face of Rob Driscoll, threatening to disqualify him for his actions...

...which seems to amuse Driscoll who steps back, lifting his hands.]

GM: Driscoll's backing off and-

[An annoyed Johnny Jagger returns the favor, shoving Driscoll in the chest, sending him falling back towards Travis Lynch who drags him down into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE- NO! NO! KICKOUT!

[Travis rolls to all fours, head down as Driscoll scrambles up off the mat, pulling Travis off the mat by the arm, whipping him across the ring. As Lynch rebounds, Driscoll sets for a hiptoss...

...but Travis blocks it before spinning it around, hooking both arms with a grimace on his face!]

GM: BACKSLIIIIIDE!!

[Jagger leaps over the pinning situation to get a better vantage point...

...but Driscoll uses Travis' momentum on the pin attempt against him, flipping right over the kneeling Lynch, grabbing the left arm, twisting it between his legs, and settles back down into a short arm scissors!]

GM: SHORT ARM SCISSORS! MY GOD, WHAT A COUNTER!

[Travis cries out in pain as Jagger twists around to check for a submission as his left arm is tormented some more by the AWA National Champion who coldly puts on the pressure, screaming "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Travis Lynch is trapped in the middle of the ring in this hold, fighting it with all he's got left in the tank.

"THIRTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in the time limit for this one and- AH HH!  
DRISCOLL GRABS THE FINGERS! HE'S TWISTING THE FINGERS!

[Lynch screams out in pain as Driscoll tries to break the fingers in addition to his hold on the arm.]

GM: The short-arm scissors is one of Driscoll's favorite submission holds and can you imagine - can you even BEGIN to imagine the pain running through the body of Travis Lynch right now?

[The fans in Portland, sensing one of their favorites in jeopardy, start a slow and steady clap, growing stronger and faster in rhythm as they attempt to cheer Travis into a comeback.]

GM: The fans here are solidly behind the challenger, cheering him on, rooting him on, trying to inspire him to break this hold and get back on track!

BW: Forget about it, Gordo... it's over! This chump is goin' home without the gold, daddy!

[Travis attempts to roll to his side, desperately trying to alleviate the pressure but Driscoll cranks on the fingers, forcing him back over onto his back where "Diamond" Rob insists that Johnny Jagger ask him for a submission again.]

GM: Travis screaming "NO!" Under no circumstances does he plan on giving up in this battle for the National Title!

BW: That's all well and good but it might mean a broken arm in addition to a broken heart!

[Travis plants his feet on the mat, attempting to bridge up off the canvas...]

GM: Travis looking for a different kind of escape... but once again, Driscoll turns up the heat, forcing him right back down onto his back. The challenger keeps moving around, keeping his shoulders off the canvas so that the referee can't count him down but the pain is all over the face of Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a closeup of Lynch's pain-wracked face.]

GM: That tells the story right there, Bucky.

BW: Can we get the camera off his ugly mug? I feel my pre-show dinner coming up.

[Once again, the crowd starts to clap in rhythm, this time adding their voices to the mix.]

"TRA-VIS!" "TRA-VIS!" "TRA-VIS!"

GM: The support for Travis Lynch is so strong in this building, I can barely hear myself!

BW: WHAT?!

[With the deafening crowd cheering him on, Lynch plants his feet again and this time, before Driscoll can react, he pushes hard, using his leg strength to propel him into a back somersault...

...which ends with him still trapped in the hold but on his feet with Driscoll folded up beneath him!]

GM: Oh my! Travis... well, he's not out of it yet, fans, but that's a step in the right direction!

BW: Nah, Driscoll's still got it locked in deep. You can take one look at Lynch's face and tell that little flip didn't do anything to help his cause.

GM: Oh no?!

BW: What is he... there's no way, Gordo! There's no flippin' way!

[The cheers somehow get louder, growing with intensity as Lynch reaches down to grab his left-arm with the right hand, looking out at the crowd...

...and then slowly but surely, he starts to lift Rob Driscoll off the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! TRAVIS LYNCH SHOWING PURE POWER HERE AS HE LIFTS DRISCOLL UP... AND KEEPS ON GOING!

[The Texan struggles and strains, nearly buckling a couple of times, but eventually... finally... he ends up with Driscoll at shoulder height, wide-eyed and terrified as the Texan holds... holds...

...and then drops back, shaking the ring with a suplex of sorts as the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! MY GOD, WHAT A COUNTER BY TRAVIS LYNCH!

BW: I can't... I can't believe it, Gordo! What in the world did we just witness?!

[Both men are down as the Portland crowd continues to roar in support of the incredible show of strength they just witness. The chants of "TRA-VIS!" continue to echo throughout the Veterans' Memorial Coliseum as both men lay flat on their backs on the canvas.]

GM: That incredible counter has left them both in a bad way as referee Johnny Jagger signals them both down, getting ready to start a double count. Remember, fans, if they can't beat the ten count, this match is all over but the shouting.

[Jagger steps up between them, shouting "ONE!" to the Portland crowd as he throws a glance at both men to make sure neither is on the way to their feet.]

GM: After thirty plus minutes of action, we find ourselves at a stalemate, wondering who - if anyone - can get up and keep going.

BW: It's gotta be both of 'em, Gordo. If Driscoll gets counted out, Travis does NOT win the title.

GM: You're absolutely right. If Travis Lynch wants a chance to become the National Champion, not only does he needs to find a way to his feet in the next few moments but he's gotta get the champion there as well.

[That bit of chatter gets our count up to "THREE!" as neither man has shown any sign that they intend to get to their feet.]

GM: The count is at three - Sandra Hayes SCREAMING to her man from out on the floor.

BW: I don't know why. She should be screaming at him to stay down and keep the title! That's what I would do!

[The count is now to "FIVE!"]

GM: The halfway point in the count... and look at this, fans, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll just rolled over onto his chest, slipping his arms underneath him.

BW: The Crown Jewel ain't goin' out like that! He's gonna finish off this punk Stench once and for all and send him home to Mama!

[Driscoll muscles himself into a pushup, shoving himself up to his knees. He looks up as the referee counts "SIX!"]

GM: Driscoll grabbing hold of the ropes, pulling himself off the canvas. He's still leaning on them but the referee signals that he's up. Despite that devastating counter, Travis Lynch has suffered so much punishment in this match, he still couldn't beat the National Champion up to his feet!

[The count goes to "EIGHT!" as Driscoll waves for the official to count faster.]

GM: We're up to eight and-

[BIG CHEER! Travis Lynch sits straight up, clutching his left shoulder as Driscoll angrily kicks the bottom rope...

...and then rushes forward, flipping over Lynch while grabbing his head, SNAPPING him down in a rolling neck snap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! That might be enough!

[With Lynch down on the mat, Driscoll climbs to his feet...

...and then breaks into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back into a front somersault, kicking WAAAAAY up into the air before crashing backfirst down on the prone Texan!]

GM: ROLLING SOMERSAULT BACKSPLASH!

BW: KING! SIZED! AIR!

[Driscoll stays laid out across Lynch on his back, reaching back to hook the leg with his left arm.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- REVERSAL!

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch pulls Driscoll into a crucifix counter.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[With the hand on the way down for a three count, Miss Sandra Hayes reaches in and YANKS Johnny Jagger out to the floor.]

GM: OH! COME ON!

BW: Beautiful move!

GM: BEAUTIFUL MOVE?! What is WRONG with you?!

[Hayes and Jagger are verbally clashing as Travis Lynch releases the crucifix, rolling to his knees and looking out to the floor with disappointment and shock.]

GM: Lynch thought he had him and so did I! I think he DID have him, Bucky!

BW: Maybe but that's not what the record book will show!

[Lynch shouts at Jagger who breaks away from Sandra, rolling back in. He immediately apologizes to Travis, pointing out to the floor to a smirking Hayes who is quite pleased with her work.]

GM: Travis Lynch is beside himself, shouting at Sandra Hay- OHH! And he turned his back on the champion and paid the price for it!

[A bumrush forearm to the shoulderblades puts Travis back down on the mat where Driscoll stomps... and stomps... and stomps... and stomps until the referee intervenes, pulling him back.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[But Driscoll shoves the official aside, charging back in to stomp... and stomp... and stomp some more.]

GM: This is too much!

BW: The ref may need to stop this, Gordo. Lynch is done for!

[The referee again pulls Driscoll off of Lynch, kneeling down to check on the Texan who waves him off, insisting he's good to keep going as he pushes up to all fours...]

...where Driscoll yanks him off the mat by the back of the trunks, pulling him to his feet...]

GM: Driscoll drags him up and- QUEEN CITY CINCH!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a concerned reaction as Driscoll procures the crossface chickenwing!]

GM: He's got it on! The trademark hold of Rob Driscoll is locking on and it's locked in tight!

BW: Driscoll's gonna take that arm home with him!

GM: The hold is sunk in deep! Travis Lynch is struggling, trying to free himself but we've never seen ANYONE break this hold! We've never seen ANYONE get out of it!

BW: Pass out or tap out, this one's over!

[Lynch struggles and strains, trying to drag himself across the ring as Driscoll hangs on for dear life, attempting to stay in the center of the ring as Lynch tries to get to the ropes...]

GM: Travis is fighting it but he can't hold on much longer! Like you said, Bucky, if he doesn't submit, he's likely going to pass out from the pain. Lynch struggling with every step, choking down the pain...

[Lynch inches closer... and closer... and closer, extending his arm towards the turnbuckles...]

GM: If he can get to the ropes, the referee will force a break! If he can get there, he'll-

[Drawing closer, Lynch suddenly leaps up, planting his feet on the top rope, looking to kick off the ropes...]

GM: Lynch has countered the Clinch with this befo- OHHH!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but with the slightest of lifts, Driscoll shoves forward, depositing Lynch into a seated position on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Driscoll remembered that counter from their first encounter and he was ready for it, dropping Lynch on the top turnbuckle!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The trio of clubbing forearms between the shoulderblades leaves Lynch reeling as Driscoll throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture. He steps up to the second rope, reaching his arms around the seated challenger.]

GM: Oh my stars! Driscoll's looking for- is this a superplex?!

BW: A belly to back superplex! He's gonna knock Lynch into the middle of next week!

[Driscoll lifts the challenger into the air from his spot on the second rope, elevating him high...

...and plummets backwards, DUMPING Lynch on the back of his head and neck, a suplex that causes Lynch to backflip over onto his stomach!]

GM: WOW!

BW: Nobody's getting up from that! Nobody!

[Driscoll rolls to his knees, again throwing his arms apart before he rolls Lynch onto his back, diving across and hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Lynch FIRES his right arm up into the air, causing separation between his shoulder and the canvas, breaking the pin to the absolute thrill of the Portland crowd and the shocked frustration of Rob Driscoll who glares at the official.]

GM: Travis Lynch showing tremendous heart! Tremendous will! Tremendous fighting spirit! And once again, Rob Driscoll is wasting valuable time in reading Johnny Jagger the riot act!

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo! That WAS a slow count!

GM: I don't think so!

[An irate Driscoll backs Jagger all the way to the corner, threatening him with a right hand. He angrily turns back towards Lynch, throwing an exasperated glance at him.]

GM: Rob Driscoll's gotta be wondering what else can he do! What else can he do to Travis Lynch to get that one-two-three?!

[Driscoll turns, throwing a glance to Sandra Hayes for the first time all match...



...and makes a signal.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second! He's calling for that loaded Gucci bag!

[Hayes, realizing her moment to shine is upon her, rears back from her spot on the floor with the bag, throwing a perfect spiral pass worthy of... some football player...]

BW: The bag is up!

[Seeing the bag flying through the air, Driscoll raises his arms...

...and watches as it sails right over his head, landing in the arms of a surprised Johnny Jagger!]

GM: INTERCEPTION!

[Driscoll spins around to retrieve his weapon of choice and spots it in the hands of the official. He makes a lunge for the bag, grabbing it with both hands as Jagger attempts to keep it out of his grasp.]

BW: LET GO OF IT! IT'S NOT YOURS!

GM: Johnny Jagger's hanging on! He's hanging on for dear life and-

[Driscoll YANKS the bag free, spinning around with it...

...just as Travis Lynch does a full 360 spin and CRACKS Driscoll on the jaw with his injured left hand!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The blow knocks Driscoll flat, sending the bag sailing away as he collapses to the mat. Screaming in pain from his self-inflicted attack, Lynch cradles his left arm to his chest, diving to the mat to press his chest down on Driscoll, pinning his shoulders to the mat as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS, sailing to their collective feet to roar their support for the Texas Heartthrob as he tiredly rolls off of the downed Driscoll, his chest heaving as the referee stands over him, grinning as he points to the new champion as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[Pregnant pause.]

PW: ...and NEEEEEEEEWWWW AWA NATIONAL HEAVYWEIGHT  
CHAMPION...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS  
LYNNCH!

[Johnny Jagger helps Lynch to a seated position on the mat, the Texan still holding his hand as the title belt is brought in and handed to him. Lynch drops his left arm, cradling the title belt against his chest with his face covered in emotion.]

GM: He's done it! Travis Lynch has climbed to the top of the mountain, fans!

BW: No... no, it can't be. Someone... please someone restart the match.

GM: Rob Driscoll went for the homerun... he went for that loaded bag one more time but Miss Sandra Hayes missed her target, Johnny Jagger got involved, and Driscoll takes one heckuva Discus Punch right on the jaw for the one-two-three! What a match! What a win for Travis!

[And on that note, the crowd gets even louder as the locker room empties, a sea of fan favorites tearing down the aisle to congratulate the new National Champion.]

GM: And look at this! Look at this show of respect for the new champion! Look at all these guys from the back - veterans and young lions alike - coming out to show their appreciation for what Travis Lynch just accomplished!

[Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor are the first ones to the ring, racing to embrace Travis just as he gets to his feet. Soon after, we see Ryan Martinez, Sweet Daddy Williams, Air Strike, Supernova, the Rotgut Rustlers, and so many others flood the ring to pay tribute.]

GM: What a moment it is for this young man who has fought so hard and come so far to get here tonight in Portland. He's fought prejudice against his family. He's fought overwhelming expectations. He's fought out of the shadow of his older brothers. You think back to the battles against the Beale Street Bullies... to Sunshine and her soldiers... and now to this. A final clash with "Diamond" Rob Driscoll who - no doubt about it - gave it everything he had in this one only to come up short.

BW: Gordo, I gotta get outta here... I think I'm gonna be sick.

GM: You stay right where you are, Buckthorn. After all the garbage you've said about this young man for years, you deserve to have to watch this! Travis Lynch is on top of the world and what do you have to say for yourself now, Bucky?

BW: This is the worst night of my life.

[Gordon chuckles as the celebration continues, Travis being hoisted upon the shoulders of a few of the fan favorites as the Portland crowd continues to roar their support...

...which gets a little bit louder as Hannibal Carver walks out the entrance, looking down the aisle at the ring, two beers in hand. He looks down to Travis Lynch, getting the kid's attention before he clashes the two beers together, downing them in a flash before giving a nod and a "good job, kid!" point.]

GM: Even Hannibal Carver approves! What a night this is!

[We cut to ringside where Rob Driscoll is down on the floor, still motionless from the knockout blow as a weeping Sandra Hayes kneels next to him, tears running down her face.]

GM: Miss Hayes is beside herself!

BW: She should be! She cost him the match! What a boneheaded-

GM: I thought you LIKED her!

BW: I do! But... he won! Gordon, that... he... I... I can't even talk!

[Gordon chuckles again as we hold on the sobbing Sandra Hayes before cutting back to the ring where everyone has vacated except for Travis who holds up the title belt, smiling to the roaring fans as he lightly taps himself on the chest, mouthing "I love you!" to all the fans in the building and watching at home around the world.]

GM: Travis Lynch returning the favor to all of these magnificent fans, letting them all know how he feels about them.

[The camera gets closer as Travis steps through the ropes to the apron, pausing one more time to look out at the crowd. He raises his taped fist - the letters "AD" slightly smeared but still legible - to the camera before pressing the same letters to his heart and dropping down off the apron, moving to join his fellow fan favorites as they make their way back up the aisle to a thunderous ovation.]

GM: What started as a somber night has turned into a celebration of life... of victory... of this tremendous sport! Travis Lynch has conquered the odds to walk out of Portland as the brand new AWA National Champion, standing alongside names like Stevie Scott, like Juan Vasquez, and like the very first AWA National Champion - the man who got this whole thing started - Marcus Broussard. What a moment it is for Travis and what a legacy he now gets to carry on as the latest to hold that prestigious championship.

[Travis turns at the top of the aisle, saluting the roaring fans one more time before he ducks through the curtain, vanishing from view. We cut back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon looks to be on top of the world. Bucky? Well, Bucky's had better nights.]

GM: An incredible moment... an incredible night as the AWA comes together and does what they do better than anyone else, present the best professional wrestling action anywhere on Earth.

BW: That much we can agree on.

GM: For all of us here in Portland to all of you watching all across the globe... and to our friend who left us way too soon... we wish you good night and we'll see you next time... at the matches. So long everybody!

[Fade to black.]

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## UPCOMING SCHEDULE

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August 29th - SNW - Las Vegas, Nevada

The Hat On The Line - Jack Lynch vs Cain Jackson

Stampede Cup Round 2 - The Wilde Bunch vs Rotgut Rustlers

Stampede Cup Round 2 - Strictly Business vs Next Gen

Allen Allen vs Mr. Sadisuto

Bobby O'Connor/Dave Bryant vs Demetrius Lake's chosen tag team

August 30th - CCW at the Coliseum

The CCW Title Tournament Begins!

September 4th - Live Event - Guadalajara, Mexico

Stampede Cup Round 2 - TexMo Connection vs Los Guerreros de Oro

Stampede Cup Round 2 - Youth In Asia vs winner of AS/Tony-Wes

September 5th - Copa De Trios - Mexico City, Mexico

Demetrius Lake vs Dave Bryant

Caspian Abaran vs Maxim Zharkov

September 19th - SNW - Juan Vasquez Is The Matchmaker

October 3rd - SNW

October 17th - SNW

October 31st - SNW

No Disqualification - MAMMOTH Maximus vs KING Oni

November 14th - SNW

November 26th - SuperClash VII - Houston, Texas