

Saturday Night Wrestling

August 29th, 2015 Las Vegas, Nevada

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

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

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

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

#And everywhere I go it's shining bright#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

#Alright,
Alright, all right#

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

...and then burst into white, showing a bloodied Ryan Martinez holding the World Title belt over his head! The shot holds for a moment before falling to the bottom, leaving behind an epic looking helicopter shot (The X spares no expense) of a wrestling ring amidst a throng of neon-soaked fans 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 downtown Las Vegas! And we are LIVE for what promises to be another exciting night of American Wrestling Alliance action as we bring you SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[We cut from the aerial shot to a ground-based shot. The makeshift arena is in full effect with absolutely no seating at all. Fans are on their feet by force but you get the feeling they'd be there anyways as they roar their heads off, being held back by a black metal barricade and some thin black mats before reaching the red, white, and blue roped ring.

Another quick camera shot shows a slightly elevated look of the crowd, completely surrounding the ring. The fans are roaring, screaming and shouting, stretching to get into view of the camera. We can see a giant lighting rig up above the ring, spotlights circling over the fans, showing off some metal towers set up with both additional lighting and elevated camera positions - presumably the same type of position we're seeing this shot from.

Another cut takes us to the aisle where a cameraman is showing the sea of neon that makes up the Fremont Street Experience, the aisleway splitting off to either side to provide entryways into the makeshift arena. We see no curtain but there is a large video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it off to the side of the aisle next to a small interview area. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to the other side. 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 INSIDE the squared circle. 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 neon yellow jacket over a eye-burning red 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. As Gordon speaks, his voice rings out over the entire crowd.]

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

[The crowd cheers! Bucky nods enthusiastically.]

BW: You only have to take one look at a scene like this and you'll know why the American Wrestling Alliance is the Number One spot for professional wrestling anywhere in the world, daddy!

[Another big cheer. A smattering of "A-DUBYA-A" chants break out as Bucky nods again.]

GM: We've got a tremendous lineup in store for all of our fans here tonight including the second round of the Stampede Cup tournament kicking off with two big tag team showdowns.

BW: The Stampede Cup is the only way to know who the best tag team in the world is and tonight, we get another step closer to getting that answer.

GM: In addition to that, we've got that big tag team showdown with Bobby O'Connor and Dave Bryant taking on a team of Demetrius Lake's choosing. You're close with the so-called King, Bucky, who does he have up his sleeve?

BW: "So-called King," huh? Just for that, I'm not sayin' but believe me, Las Vegas is in for a treat here tonight.

GM: They certainly are because in addition to all that action and so much more, tonight's Main Event is over a year in the making as Ryan Martinez will put the World Heavyweight Title on the line against Hannibal Carver!

[A GIGANTIC cheer breaks out from the crowd.]

GM: And on that note, Bucky...

BW: On that note, I'm gonna go grab a seat because I want no part of being surrounded by this dumb kid's... dumbness.

[Bucky exits as some of the fans jeer and Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my sincerest pleasure to bring this next man out. A man I've watched grow from the junior member of a tag team to a legitimate worldwide superstar. The man who conquered the Wise Men, defeated Supreme Wright, retired Caleb Temple, a man who has fought countless wars, not across the country, but across the entire world.

A man who has walked repeatedly through the fires of hell, and has emerged unbroken, unbent, and unbowed.

The AWA's White Knight, and the Heavyweight Champion of the World...

Ryan Martinez!!!

[At the announcement of the champion's name, there's the tinkling of synth music, which gives way to the pounding of drums, soon drowned out by the thousands in attendance at the Fremont Street Experience, who stomp their feet in unison, and then join in on the opening lyrics of Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi," joining their voices to the song that will herald the arrival of their champion.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

[The camera pulls back dramatically, and we see that the Fremont Street Experience is bathed in blue and white – the colors of Ryan Martinez, as nearly every fan is holding in their hands a flag-sized banner. A white shield with a pair of silver swords crossed over it upon a blue background. Most of the banners are held outstretched, but so fans swing them overhead, while others sway them back and forth. Whatever the fans are doing, they all screaming for the man about to arrive.]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[And on the lyric, the White Knight emerges. Martinez is wearing a royal blue t-shirt with the same sword and shield logo as the fans are waving emblazoned on the back. Across the front are the words "White Knight" in stylized gothic lettering, while on his left sleeve, just below the shoulder is the logo for the Give a Dream Foundation. Over his right shoulder is the World Heavyweight Title, which the champion grips tightly. He moves down the entrance aisle, and then steps into the ring, sharing a hearty and friendly handshake with Myers.]

GM: Champ, welcome to Las Vegas!

[Another big Vegas cheer breaks out. Ryan grins at the reaction, nodding as Gordon raises the mic again.]

GM: Tonight, you face a man who you've been on a collision course with at least since the summer of 2014. What is going on in your mind, knowing that you're about to step into the ring and have the match you've waited a year for?

[Martinez pauses to look out over the fans, and then looks back to Myers, shaking his head slightly.]

RM: Let's tell the truth, Gordon. This isn't going to be a match. This is going to be a fight. And let's call it like it is – Hannibal Carver is coming out tonight to kick my ass!

[There's a decent amount of the fans that cheer the idea of that!]

RM: And me? Tonight all I want to do is kick his!

[There's a big roar from the crowd for that idea too and before Myers can ask another question, a loud chant begins.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

[And not a moment later, a rowdier, and let's be honest, drunker contingent breaks into a counter-chant]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Over and over again.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Myers shakes his head as he looks to the champion.]

GM: The fans seem equally divided between the two of you.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: You're right, Gordon. The fans are split down the middle. And you know what? That's fine. Because I understand why some people would follow Hannibal Carver. I understand that when you look at Hannibal Carver, you see a lot of things to admire.

You see a hardworking man who stands up for what he believes in. You see a man who gives everything and never backs down from a fight. You see a man that you

want to have a beer with. And you know what, Gordon? I'll come right out and say it. There's a lot of things that I respect about Hannibal Carver.

But there's a lot of things he gets wrong.

[The audience divides once more, between those who cheer for the White Knight and those who boo him for opposing their hard-nosed hero.]

RM: Carver wants you to believe that I'm naïve. He wants you to think that I don't know how the world works. He wants to tell you all that I'm just a wet behind the ears kid who grew up on easy street, and that I don't have what it takes to get the job done.

Well Carver, I want you to get a good look at this...

[Martinez pats the title belt on his shoulder.]

RM: And I want you to tell me I don't know how to get the job done!

Tonight, when we're in the ring together, and when I have you right there...

[Martinez points to a corner of the ring.]

RM: And I am chopping your chest to ribbons, I want you to lift your head and look me in the eyes, and tell me I don't know how to fight.

You're too honest a man to deny what you'll be feeling.

You can make fun of me all you want, Carver. You can insult my charity work, you can ridicule my code of honor. But you can't deny the truth. I've come this far doing the right thing. I am where I am because I kept to the right road. You don't have to like it, but you better be willing to tell the truth.

Everything you hate about me, every act of mine that you disrespect has put me right here.

GM: Some would say it's put you right in front of Hannibal Carver.

RM: And it has, Gordon.

And trust me when I say that its right where I want to be. I want to fight Hannibal Carver tonight. I want him to see who I am and what I can do. I want him to feel my boot smash into his face, and I want the realization that I'm right to enter his head half a second after my boot does.

GM: Oil and water don't mix. And I have to think that's what we're looking at here.

RM: You're right Gordon. When I came to the AWA, I said it outright. I am here to prove something to the world. That you can get to the top without selling your soul. That you can do the right thing and still be a champion. I think it's fair to say that I've proven my point.

A decade ago, the way you did things? Maybe that was the only way to do things. Maybe you did have to swing a chair to make a point. Maybe it did take blood and barbed wire. But this is the AWA.

And this is my time to show you how to do things my way.

You chose the wrong path, Carver. The things you do? There's no place for that anymore. I'm going to fight you tonight. But with fists and feet. There'll be no can openers tonight. The era of the carnival geek is over.

It's 2015, and its time you learned a new way, old dog.

[The one draws the ire of the Carver fans in the house who shower the champion with boos even while his own fans cheer his words.]

GM: Those are strong words - words that seem to be unpopular with the fans of the Boston Brawler here tonight in Vegas.

RM: If you're asking whether or not I can back them up, well let me promise you Gordon that I can.

In fact, you can...

[Martinez looks to the crowd, about ready to throw it to them, about ready to hear them chant his catchphrase in unison, when all of a sudden...

"Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play and out comes Johnny Detson with his eyes towards the ring. Detson is dressed simply in a pair of jeans with his black Fox Network sweat jacket zipped up. There are no banners, no sing along with Robert Plant; it's just a huge chorus of boos. Judging from the smirk plastered on Detson's face as he looks out at the people, he'd have it no other way. Detson gets into the ring and walks right over to Myers and Martinez, and as the champ glares a hole straight through Detson, Detson does little but smile.]

GM: Johnny Detson, what is the meaning of this?! You are not scheduled to be out here at this time! This is the time reserved for the World Champion, Ryan Martinez!

[Detson throws his hands up.]

JD: Whoa, whoa there Myers, I come in peace because you see for one night only, you happen to be looking at the BIGGEST Ryan Martinez fan in all the land!

[Detson smirks and nods his head as no one is buying or accepting this.]

JD: No, no, it's true! I am all about the White Knight. I eat, sleep, and breath Ryan Martinez! I mean, I also donated one thousand dollars to the Give a Dream Foundation! What more is there?

[Detson smirks as he unzips his jacket to show that he and Ryan Martinez are wearing the same shirt. He smug flips his jacket over his shoulder.]

JD: So when I saw that the Ryan Martinez was out here; I just couldn't control myself, and as his biggest fan I just had to come out here so I could say I was in the same ring as him!

[Snapping his fingers, he smiles and points at the champ.]

JD: I'm sorry Ryan; I interrupted you right at your emphatic conclusion.

[Detson mocking throws his head back and bellows.]

JD: COUNT ON IT!!

[Detson laughs as the crowd boos his mocking tone.]

JD: That's what you were going to say, right? Count on it? Oh, Ryan, you couldn't be more right!

[Detson's eyes narrow.]

JD: You see, I AM counting on it. I'm counting on you retaining your title tonight. I'm counting on you wearing that title in the ring and wearing it when you leave. I'm counting on you being able to handle an opponent who I've already beaten...

[Detson holds two fingers up in Martinez' face and mouths the word "TWICE."]

JD: Because while I may be the biggest Ryan Martinez fan; I'm an even bigger fan of the status quo. So I'm counting on you to do what you have to here tonight to get the job done. And then YOU can count on ME being in the ring at Copa de Trios next weekend ready to take that title off of you.

[Detson points right in Martinez' face.]

JD: You promised me, Martinez. Next week at Copa, I get my rightful match. What kind of White Knight would you be to all this kiddies if you can't keep your promise? Don't let half of these fans down, White Knight. Don't let me down. Don't make promises you can't possibly keep!

[With that, Martinez smacks Detson's finger away from his face, and Detson takes a decisive step back. Smirking, he continues.]

JD: Whoa, I'm not here to fight, just motivate. After all, I'm your biggest fan! You need my help with anything... just say the word and I'll be there!

[Detson flashes a huge smile.]

JD: You can count on that!

[With a wink towards the champ, Detson leaves the ring to an even bigger chorus of boos than when he first arrived. The World Champion is absolutely fuming as he watches the Number One Contender make his exit from the ring as Gordon Myers shakes his head, clearing his throat.]

GM: Well, champ... apparently all these great fans in Las Vegas aren't the only ones looking forward to tonight's Main Event. Johnny Detson right there has a vested interest in seeing who walks out of Sin City as the World Champion.

[Martinez doesn't respond, still staring down the aisle at the retreating Detson.]

GM: Fans, I think the World Champion's mind is elsewhere right now. It's certainly not right here in downtown Las Vegas inside this ring. And it's not the only thing not here in downtown. News broke earlier this week that Brian Lau - the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame - had rented out the world famous Rain Man Suite at Caesars Palace and... well, we dispatched "Sweet" Lou Blackwell to the Strip to find out what's going on. Lou?

[We fade away from downtown Las Vegas to a spot further South down I-15. The camera pans across the famous, some would say infamous, Rain Main Suite at Caesars Palace. Lou Blackwell, looking overwhelmed at the opulence, stands in front of the camera, fidgeting with his tie, eyes darting around.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. I've been, ahem, summoned here tonight by Brian Lau.

[Speak of the devil, and he will appear. On cue, Brian Lau emerges from a side door. Lau is as dapperly dressed as he always is. Though his collar is open and his

tie has been loosened. His ever present designer sunglasses are pushed a bit down his nose, and Lau has a sheen of sweat on his brow.]

SLB: Brian Lau, what is the meaning of all of this?

[As Blackwell speaks, the camera pans across the suite again, showing tables filled with food and drink. Though no one is here yet, it's clear that the party will begin soon.]

BL: The meaning of this? I'll tell you the meaning of this.

It's very simple, Blackwell. Landon O'Neill has never understood how to treat his talent. Spreadbury might have been useless as an eyeball on my elbow, and Chris Blue might have been as crooked as a Chicago politician, but when those two men brought us to Vegas, they did it in style and put us in the nicest joint in town.

Have you seen Downtown?

Nothing but riffraff and lowlifes. I think I saw your ex-wife there with her old man, what's his name? Chainsaw?

[A flustered and red faced Blackwell has no answer to that.]

BL: There was no way I was going to sleep on some flea infested dirty mattress, and there was no way that I was going to let my man, the Engine of Destruction that is Brian James soil himself in some cut rate rat hole.

SLB: Speaking of your man, I understand that Brian James was scheduled to be in action tonight, and that you declined a match on his behalf, is that right?

BL: That's exactly right, Blackwell.

SLB: And what would have possessed you to do that? I can't imagine you turning down a payday.

BL: I'll tell you exactly why, Blackwell.

Two weeks ago, Travis Lynch assaulted an innocent woman. And how was he rewarded for his lechery? Did he get fined? Was he suspended? Did they send him to sensitivity training?

None of that happened.

Travis Lynch leveraged the power of his scumbaggery into a National Title shot. And somehow, managed to actually win the title. Now, I haven't watched the match too closely, but I am guessing that he won because Rob Driscoll surrendered, rather than let that dirty Lynch touch his woman again.

Meanwhile, you've got someone like Supernova, who has built for himself a perfect record of never beating Shadoe Rage for the World Television title being rewarded for his long history of failure by being given even more shots at that title.

What kind of world do we live in, Blackwell, when assault and failure are the two surefire ways to guarantee yourself a title shot?

SLB: That's hardly a fair characterization!

BL: Two weeks ago, my man, Brian James, was bathed in the blood of the Butcher! Two weeks ago, Brian James destroyed Otto Verhoeven. Any man who could say those words could spend an entire career making a living off of that one act.

But the Butcher was just the latest victim of the Engine of Destruction.

Brian James has not lost a match since SuperClash. Brian James has left a swath of broken bones and shattered dreams in his wake. Every man to face him has fallen victim to the Blackheart Punch. No one can, and no one ever will survive his onslaught.

Brian James is the AWA's most fearsome combatant, its most accomplished warrior. There is no man in the AWA who can outwrestle, outfight, or outlast him.

And is he given a title shot? No. Does Brian James, through a long record of conquest, earn anything more than the chance to wrestle the Sicilian Stud?

Of course not, because Landon O'Neill isn't running a meritocracy. He's not doing anything but rewarding all of his pet misfits and failures.

So tonight, I'm giving Brian James the night off.

SLB: Then why come to Las Vegas? Why come out, if Brian James isn't going to make an appearance.

BL: Because, Lou Blackwell. I believe in rewarding success. And speaking of rewards.

[There's a sudden ringing of a doorbell.]

BL: Here comes Brian's reward.

[Lau opens the door to the suite, and through the doorway walk two gorgeous women. One of them is a tall, leggy blonde in a skirt so short it more of an extra wide belt. She's wearing an ultra-tight tank top with the word's "Brian Lau Gal" stretched across her ample chest. The other is a shorter, though no less beautiful redhead. She's wearing a pair of short shorts, and an "ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION" t-shirt, cropped at the belly, with a deep "V" cut in halfway between the word "ENGINE." The two move forward, offering a bedroom eyed glance to Lou before turning their attention to Lau.]

BL: Ladies, I've been expecting you.

I hope you've already eaten, because you're going to be getting quite the workout tonight!

[The girls giggle coyly. And just then, a side door opens, and out steps Brian James. The AWA's most destructive force is bare chested, wearing a pair of blue jeans. His white towel is over the top of his head. The two women move to him immediately, taking their places at either side of him. The massively muscled James puts his arms over their shoulders, and they turn, exiting the main part of the suite. The redhead takes time to grab a bottle of champagne as they vanish into a backroom.]

SLB: That was... well, I have to say, it pays to be a Brian Lau guy!

BL: Put your tongue back in your head, Blackwell.

But you're right. When you're Brian James, you've earned the very best. And when you're the manager of a man like Brian James, you make sure he has it.

But let me tell you this, Blackwell. Those two ladies were just the first names on my guest list.

I didn't pay for the whole night in this suite, I didn't buy all this food, just so that I didn't have to go get salmonella at some rancid downtown buffet.

From this moment forward, everyone can be a Brian Lau guy, if just for tonight.

If you're Rex Summers, and you need a place to clear your head in between your dinner date with Emma Stone and your late night after party with Scarlet Johanssen, then come and enjoy the buffet.

If you're Porter Crawley and you need to escape from all the women chasing you, then pop the cork and make yourself comfortable.

If you're my good friend and personal physician, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, and you need to reach out and make a call so you can continue your humanitarian work, come on up and dial "9" for an outside line.

Anyone else whose earned their place, from Cain Jackson, to Demetrius Lake, to Johnny Detson, to my good friend Jackson Hunter, to those fine young gentlemen Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, the doors are open all night long.

We've got a helicopter on standby. You need to get to your match? We'll get you there. You need to relax after your match? The party won't start until you walk in.

And you, Blackwell?

You're staying here all night. Because these men aren't going to interview themselves. Just do me a favor.

Don't touch the food and stay out of the liquor, we all know how you get!

[Once more, Blackwell is red faced and flustered.]

SLB: Why I never!

BL: Oh you do. You just black out worse than Hannibal Carver on two dollar beer night.

[Lau picks a bit of lent off Blackwell's collar, and then straightens his bowtie.]

BL: Now, be good Blackwell.

I need to go make sure that everything's ready.

[With that, Lau wanders off. And just before we exit this scene, the camera catches Lou not so surreptitiously wolfing down a shrimp puff from the hors d'oeuvre tray.

Fade through black back to the downtown "arena" where Phil Watson is in the ring.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Phoenix, Arizona... weighing 256 pounds... Lenny Lyon!

[Lyon pumps a fist and then threatens to backhand all of Las Vegas as they jeer him. In zebra-print full-length tights and sporting bright red hair pulled back into a ponytail, Lyon kicks the bottom rope as Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a toothy smile as he waves to the fans, jogging confidently down the aisle. He fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of the aisle. It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing royal blue trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and gold lining and trim.]

PW: From Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing 242 pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

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

GM: Cesar Hernandez, one of your old rivals, Bucky, will be kicking us off in the ring here to start this edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: I heard that Hernandez offered to provide catering here tonight.

GM: Oh?

BW: Yeah, in exchange for all 632 of his family members to be let in free.

GM: You're starting early tonight.

BW: Not as early as I'd need to start if I wanted to count all of his cousins in the crowd tonight before the show ends. Look, Paco and Pico are right over there.

GM: Bucky! Fans, I apologize for-

BW: If you're going to apologize for something, apologize for the stench coming off the ring right now. Burnt tortillas and faded dreams.

[Gordon sighs heartily as Hernandez pulls himself up on the apron, fistpumping again before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: All that verbal abuse for a broken leg?

BW: Hey, that leg still hurts when a rain storm blows through town. Permanent damage at his hands.

GM: I'm sure.

[Hernandez gives a quick tug of the ropes as the referee walks over to give some final instructions. The 20+ year veteran gives a nod before Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell and we're underway here in Las Vegas!

[Hernandez claps his hands together before spinning out of the corner, moving along the ropes as Lenny Lyon sidesteps away, the two men circling one another for a few moments before coming together in a collar and elbow that Lyon quickly turns into a side headlock.]

GM: Lyon secures the headlock but you have to imagine it won't be for long with the skills that Cesar Hernandez brings to the table.

[The Mexican veteran proves Gordon correct as he grabs the wrist, easily twisting out of the hold into an armwringer, tucking the limb under his arm into an armbar.]

GM: And just like that, Hernandez reverses out of the hold.

BW: He's older than Moses, Gordo... he may have INVENTED that hold.

GM: Would you stop? Cesar Hernandez is North of that 40 year old mark but he looks as good as he ever has.

BW: That's the problem. He never looked that great.

GM: Looked pretty good to me when he was snapping your leg in that figure four leglock.

BW: I don't want to talk about that.

[Hernandez, in the meantime, has used the grip on the arm to take Lyon down to the canvas with an armdrag, jamming his knee into the shoulder joint and pulling back on the trapped limb. The referee kneels down, checking for a submission as Lyon cries out in pain.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez with that arm, wrenching back on it... really applying the pressure.

BW: It's just like clockwork with this goof. He goes for the arm... then he goes to the leg... then he looks for the figure four or the Chimichanga del Taco.

GM: El Misil De Jalisco?

BW: Is that the translation?

[Lyon works his way back to his feet where Hernandez slams down a pair of overhead elbow to the shoulder before twisting the arm around again.]

GM: More pressure being put on the arm and- oh! Lyon with a right hand to the jaw!

[A second one causes Hernandez to stumble back but he hangs on to the arm, giving it a yank which takes Lyon down to his knees.]

GM: Look at the tenacity on the part of the veteran, making sure that Lyon doesn't escape even with those clenched fists.

[Hernandez wraps the arm around, twisting it into a hammerlock on the kneeling Lyon, again asking the referee to check for a submission.]

BW: Gordo, I'm gonna give credit where it's due. Look at the positioning of Hernandez here, putting his foot on the back of Lyon's knee to pin that leg to the canvas and try to keep him down. Smart move.

GM: Wow, a compliment for Cesar Hernandez out of Bucky Wilde?

BW: Yeah, well... unlike SOME announcers, I call 'em right down the middle.

[As Lyon tries to get his legs under him to regain his feet, Hernandez switches to an armbar, taking a wide stance and wrenching the shoulder again.]

GM: Lenny Lyon working his way off the mat as Hernandez hangs on to the arm...

[Back on his feet, Lyon starts looking for an escape...

...and simply walks the few steps to the ropes, grabbing the top with his free arm and demanding the break. Hernandez obliges, backing off to the center of the ring, somewhat crouched over as he awaits his opponent.]

GM: Lenny Lyon shaking out that arm as he glares at Hernandez, perhaps rethinking his strategy for this match.

BW: Strategy? He's been in an armbar since the bell!

[Lyon creeps away from the ropes, stretching out his right hand, looking for a knucklelock...]

GM: Lyon might be looking to take this to the mat, trying to lock hands with the veteran who obliges...

[With one hand locked up, Lyon straightens up and buries a boot into the midsection. The crowd jeers as Hernandez sinks to a knee and Lyon points to his head, grabbing a handful of hair to haul the Mexican grappler up, pasting him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Lyon! What a shot that was!

[Hernandez staggers backwards as Lyon advances on him, winding up to connect with a second right hand.]

GM: Lyon's got Hernandez reeling here as he looks for an Irish whip...

[The whip sends Hernandez across the ring, hitting the ropes as Lyon throws himself at Hernandez' feet, causing him to leap over.]

GM: Lyon tries to trip up Hernandez but the veteran's off the far side...

[Lyon catches him coming across with a right hand to the midsection, doubling him up. He backs off, measuring Hernandez and racing towards him, looking for a kneelift...

...but Hernandez steps back, kicking the leg with all the weight on it in the back of the knee, sending the off-balance Lyon up into the air before he crashes back down to the mat!]

GM: Hernandez with the counter... and he's going for the leg!

[Hooking the leg by the ankle, Hernandez gives a whoop before leaping into a front flip, stretching the hamstring of his foe!]

BW: That'll put a hitch in your get-along.

GM: You'd know.

BW: I said we weren't going to talk about that!

[With Lyon rolling around on the mat grabbing his leg, he rolls to the ropes, dragging himself to his feet...

...where Hernandez kicks the back of the leg again, flipping Lyon into the air where he lands hard on the back of his head.]

GM: Hernandez has drawn a bullseye on that leg.

[He grabs Lyon by the ankle, dragging him away from the ropes where he drops a elbow down into the knee... and again... and a third time. When he gets up after the third elbow, he hangs on to the leg, swinging an arm around to rally the fans.]

GM: The Las Vegas fans are behind him as he spins around that leg... and there it is! The Figure Four Leglock is applied!

[Lyon struggles for a few moments but is quickly shouting "YES!" to the official who signals for the bell. Hernandez instantly breaks the hold before climbing to his feet with a smile, lifting an arm to the cheering fans.]

GM: The Figure Four Leglock of Cesar Hernandez has claimed many a victim over the years-

BW: Don't say it.

GM: -including some present company who would prefer to forget that ever happened and it claims another one here tonight as Cesar Hernandez claims victory over Lenny Lyon. And if you'll excuse me, Bucky...

BW: Please. Go away.

[Gordon chuckles as he discards his headset, climbing to his feet and taking a house mic with him. After a few moments, we cut to ringside where Gordon is looking into the camera.]

GM: What a way to start off Saturday Night Wrestling as Cesar Hernandez scores a nice win... come on in here, Cesar...

[The crowd cheers again as Hernandez pumps a fist, patting Gordon on the back.]

CH: Hola, old friend.

GM: Well, uh... hola to you too.

[Hernandez grins at Gordon's Spanish efforts.]

GM: Cesar, congrats on a nice win there but I think many fans would like to get some of your thoughts on some of the ongoing action here in the AWA.

CH: Fire away, amigo.

GM: Well, speaking of "amigo," we're about a month removed from Juan Vasquez earning the Number One Contender spot for the National Title now held by Travis Lynch. That's a match a lot of fans are buzzing about. Your thoughts?

[Hernandez nods.]

CH: I think we're all in for a real treat when those two come together, Gordon. Travis is a good kid. I was so happy for him two weeks ago when he finally won the title. You know, I've known the Lynches for a long, long time, compadre. Ol' Blackjack was very good to me over the years I wrestled for him in Texas so those kids... well, I saw those kids grow up in a lot of ways. It's great to see them doing so well and while I love Juan Vasquez for all he's done in this business, I think he's

got his work cut out for him when he meets a younger and stronger opponent like Travis.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Let's shift gears for a moment and talk about the World Television Title. You've met Shadoe Rage on more than one occasion now and you've come closer than just about anyone else to taking the title off of him. But then there's Supernova. Some - like Brian Lau - have complained about him getting more title opportunities. Shadoe Rage says he's finished with Supernova but Supernova is looking for one more shot.

CH: Supernova DESERVES one more shot, Gordon. Shadoe Rage hasn't beaten Supernova. Rage has ducked and dodged and hid and done everything he can to make sure that Supernova doesn't walk out with that title but I believe in Supernova and I think if he gets one more shot, he'll be the new champion... and I'll be right there to challenge him for it!

[The crowd cheers as Hernandez gives a fist pump. Gordon grins.]

GM: Alright, Cesar... I hate to bring this up but... Rex Summers.

[There's an overwhelming burst of boos for that name along with some squeals from some of the females in the makeshift arena.]

GM: He had some words for you and yours as of late.

[Hernandez' demeanor visibly changes as he nods.]

GM: I'm guessing you're looking for another shot at him.

CH: Gordon, Rex Summers came out here and told our story. He told our pages of the history books. And I tell you, there's nothing that bothers me more than the fact that when I had him in Texas with the title at stake that I couldn't put him away to win it. In front of my family... my friends, mis amigos... all of the great people in Texas and all my familia from Mexico who wanted to see it too.

It tears at my guts that I couldn't beat Summers then... but I believe I can beat Summers now.

[Hernandez lifts an arm, pointing at the camera.]

CH: So, you keep talking, Summers. You keep running your mouth. Because when we do meet, it just gives me all the more reason to shut it once and for all! Vamos!

[Hernandez throws an uppercut into the air with a whoop as he walks out of view to the cheers of the fans. Gordon turns, taking his seat next to Bucky once more, putting his headset back into place.]

GM: Alright, fans... Cesar Hernandez hot under the collar here tonight under the Vegas stars but right now, let's go to someone who couldn't be here with us tonight because of the actions of... well, I suppose we don't really know who.

BW: Oh, we know, Gordo. You're just afraid to admit it.

GM: Two weeks ago, someone assaulted Mickey Cherry in the locker room-

BW: They broke a BEER bottle over his head! Now who do we know around here who drinks beer?

GM: Probably 90 percent of the locker room including the two of us! Are you saying that you did it?!

BW: Me?! No chance, Gordo. Mickey's brother helped get a couple of my clients out of some...legal entanglements in LA back in the day. I'd never lay a hand on Mickey. But you on the other hand... hrm... IT WAS CARVER! COME ON! IT'S AS CLEAR AS DAY!

GM: Not according to the AWA President who said the investigation is ongoing... but Casanova, well he may feel differently. Let's take a look at Mark Stegglet on location earlier today with Casanova!

[We cut to pre-taped footage of Mark Stegglet standing outside a Las Vegas strip mall. He's in a black AWA polo with the logo stitched across the left pectoral.]

MS: Hello everyone, this is Mark Stegglet out on special assignment today. We've been invited to this shopping center on the outskirts of Las Vegas where I'm told Casanova is doing some last minute shopping before tonight's big Saturday Night Wrestling event. Let's go in and see if we can get some comments about what happened two weeks ago in Portland.

[Stegglet pushes open the door, the cameraman following in pursuit. We can quickly determine this is a womens' clothing store and there are a handful of sales associates surrounding one very upset customer who we can only hear.]

"NO! NO! THIS ISN'T RIGHT! YOU PEOPLE ARE IDIOTS! WHO WOULD WEAR-ARRRRGH!"

[Stegglet creeps closer, inching through the collection of sales people to find Casanova standing in front of a mirror in a poofy black gown with a slit that reveals a whole lot of pasty white flesh. The bodice is covered in lace, showing more white flesh beneath.]

MS: Casanova... can we get a few words?

[Casanova whips his head towards Stegglet and the cameraman, his face covered in a black veil.]

C: Marcus, who told you I was here?

MS: You did. You phoned the office and-

C: Yes, well... it doesn't mean I want you here, does it?!

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: I suppose not but since we're here, can we get a comment on what happened to Mickey Cherry on the last Saturday Night Wrestling?

[Casanova suddenly drops to his knees, wailing loudly behind his veil. Stegglet takes a surprised step back before uncomfortable inching forward, placing a comforting hand on the shoulder of Casanova. Casanova slips a hand up to grip Stegglet's tightly.]

MS: Can you update us on the condition of-

C: CONDITION?! CONDITION?! I'm sitting here wearing black from head to toe, Stegglet! What do you think his condition is?! I'm in mourning, you magnificent moron! You beautiful buffoon!

MS: In mourning? Are you saying he's-

C: Yes, yes... I'm afraid so.

[Stegglet's jaw drops as he bows his head.]

MS: I had no idea. I'm so sorry. To die from a-

[Casanova's head whips up towards Stegglet.]

C: DIE?! Mickey's not dead, you bumbling beaut!

MS: But you said you're in mourning!

C: Of course I'm in mourning! Mickey's head is all covered in these ugly white bandages! They wouldn't even give him red or pink or something pretty! A white headwrap?! In this day and age?! He can't go out in public like that and he certainly can't appear on SNW like that!

MS: THAT'S why you're in mourning? Because he can't be on television tonight?

C: Of course. It's a national day of mourning - a tragedy the likes of which the city of Las Vegas hasn't seen since Sinatra died. In fact, I have it on good authority that the entire Strip will go dark tonight for ten minutes in tribute to Mickey.

[Stegglet looks doubtful.]

MS: That doesn't sound right.

C: Are you calling me a liar, Marcus?!

MS: My name is Mark.

C: A sloth of a name for a... well, Mickey wouldn't want me to be rude. Mr. Stegglet, do you have any other questions or can I continue my shopping in peace?

MS: Just one more. Do you know who did this to your manager?

[Casanova slowly lifts the veil.]

C: The AWA may claim ignorance but Casanova knows the truth. And the truth is that while the heart wants what it wants - sometimes love goes unrequited.

Hannibal, my heart may belong to you...

[His eyes are cold, glaring into the camera.]

C: But after what you did to poor, poor Mickey... your ASS belongs... to me!

[Casanova is trembling with rage as we slowly fade back to a live shot of the makeshift arena.]

GM: A thinly-veiled threat - no pun intended - there by Casanova as he asserts his belief that Hannibal Carver was behind the assault on his manager Mickey Cherry.

BW: Which means that if Carver strikes gold tonight in the Main Event, he's got an angry challenger already waiting for him.

GM: A love story run amok for sure. Speaking of partnerships run amok, let's talk for a moment about the two men about to climb into the ring against one another - former tag team partners in Mr. Sadisuto and Allen Allen.

BW: I still think this is all a misunderstanding.

GM: A misunderstanding?! Sadisuto assaulted him two weeks ago!

BW: Brothers fight. So do partners. I've managed enough tag teams to have to separate some fisticuffs from time to time. I'm hoping this match gets them to work out all their drama and get back to the business of making inroads towards the World Tag Team Titles.

GM: In the interview area right now, our own Colt Patterson is standing by with a man who - quite frankly - I'm not sure we've ever heard from on AWA television before... take it away, Colt!

[We cut back to a spot in front of an AWA backdrop presumably in one of the neighboring hotels where Colt Patterson is standing. Patterson is sporting a shimmery gold vest with matching chains hanging from around his neck. A black t-shirt with the sleeves cut out is underneath the vest, making sure his muscular arms are on display.]

CP: The pleasure is all yours, Myers! And joining me right now... well, I can't believe I'm about to say this... is Allen Allen. Allen, get yourself in here, kid.

[Allen Allen walks into view in a pair of red trunks and a matching glittering vest. He flicks his shoulder-length blonde hair as he walks into view.]

CP: Now, kid... you're about to get the chance of a lifetime in there. You've got a one-on-one with Mr. Sadisuto and... well, you don't have the best win-loss record in the locker room if you dig what I'm sayin'.

AA: That's right, Colt. But I've been training hard, I've been working out in the gym just like you...

[Allen strikes a single bicep pose to show off... but there's not much there. Patterson stifles a laugh as he shakes his head. Allen spots him and reacts, hands on his hips.]

AA: Hey, I may not look like much but I got it where it counts, Colt!

CP: I'm sure you do, kid... I'm sure you do. But you're in the ring tonight with Mr. Sadisuto is one of the most vicious and most dangerous competitors in the entire world. Let's pretend these cameras are off...

[Colt raises a hand in the direction of the camera.]

CP: Just between you and me.

[His voice lowers in volume.]

CP: You can't really think you stand a chance, can you?

[Allen turns towards the camera.]

AA: Absolutely! And I'm about to prove that good ol' Double A is more than just a... that I can do... that I'm gonna win!

[He winks in exaggerated fashion into the camera before Colt shakes his head.]

CP: I know someone who disagrees and they're standing by too. Let's go over to Mark Stegglet with Mr. Sadisuto!

[We cut to another AWA backdrop in one of casinos where Mark Stegglet is standing, two fingers pressing his ear piece. The sounds of bells dinging from the various slot machines and a very shots of joy from a winner can be heard before Stegglet begins to speak.]

MS: Thanks Colt! Fans, joining me at this moment is Mr. Sadisuto.

[The camera pans a bit to the right where the diabolical Mr. Sadisuto is standing. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He's sporting a long cloth ring robe in a faded dark blue with white lining and trim. Under this, he wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

MS: Mr. Sadisuto, we've both just heard the comments of your opponent tonight, Allen Allen. And he feels confident he will walk out of Las Vegas with his first ever win in the AWA. How do you respond-

[Before Stegglet can finish his thought, Mr. Sadisuto begins to laugh, pulling his Fu Manchu beard with his right hand.]

Mr.S: Hahahahaha.

MS: Excuse me?

[Mr. Sadisuto stops laughing.]

Mr.S: Boy-san, what difficult about laughter? Allen-san claim he go to gym but need more than gym to defeat Mistah Sadisuto! He need vitamins, he need prayers! hahahaha!

[Mark does not appear to be overly impressed with Mr. Sadisuto's answer.]

MS: You seem extremely confident, Mr. Sadisuto, but unlike the last two editions of Saturday Night Wrestling, you won't be able to leave Allen Allen out to dry or jump him from behind. You're going to have to look Allen in the eyes and face him like a man.

[The diabolical man from Japan glares at Mark for a long moment.]

Mr.S: Boy-san! You think Mistah Sadisuto no win? You think Allen-san better?

[Mr. Sadisuto glares once again at Mark but he doesn't allow Mark to answer.]

Mr.S: You wrong boy-san! WRONG! Allen-san no winnah! He prove against Rustleahs he no winnah! He fail Mistah Sadisuto when lose to Rustleahs!

MS: I've said it once and I'll say it again you left him on his own. What did you expect?

Mr.S: Expect winnah! He claim he warioah! He claim he want be champion! But no! Allen-san fail! He no like Mistah Sadisuto, he nevvvah be winnnnnah! Mistah Sadisuto been champion! Make legends sufffffah! Mistah Sadisuto made Blackjack Lynch sufffffah! Made Von Brauns sufffffah!

Tonight Allen-san shall suffffah! Shall lose! Hahahahaha!

[As Mister Sadisuto's laughter continues, he begins to shuffle off from view as we fade to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade through black and back to the ring where Mr. Sadisuto and Allen Allen are already standing in opposite corners as an unknown referee stands in the middle.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling on The X as we're about ready to kick off this showdown between former tag team partners... and you might notice a

new referee in there. We'll be using some local referees everywhere we go for a time until a new AWA Senior Official is hired and Wade Easton is one of those.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running here in Las Vegas... look at Sadisuto...

[Gordon's disgust comes as a result of Sadisuto throwing a handful of salt at the corner after bowing to it.]

BW: So much for tolerance for people's beliefs.

GM: That salt ceremony is nothing more than a cheap excuse to carry a weapon inside the ring and you know it!

BW: I know no such thing.

[Sadisuto turns around, dusting off his hands with a devious smile on his face as Allen Allen dances out to the middle of the ring, waving his opponent towards him. Sadisuto inches out of the corner, right arm extended, left arm pulled back into a fist...]

GM: This one looks like it's about to begin here in Las Vegas...

[Sadisuto and Allen lock fingers on one side of the body. Allen slowly reaches out for the other hand as Sadisuto pulls it back... and back... and back...

...and then spins Allen around, pushing him back against the ropes.]

GM: Veteran tactics on display by Mr. Sadisuto, trying to keep Allen on the ropes. The referee steps in for his first test, calling for a break...

[Sadisuto obliges, lightly tapping the chest of Allen as he steps back, giving a mocking bow.]

GM: A surprisingly clean break there by the malicious veteran of the ring, Mr. Sadisuto.

[Allen grabs the top rope with both hands, giving it a quick yank before charging off the ropes, lunging and changing levels in a takedown attempt.]

GM: Allen goes for the single leg - we haven't seen much of it in his time here in the AWA but the young man DOES have an amateur background.

[He hooks one of the legs under his right arm, reaching up with the left to push the ample midsection of the Japanese competitor, shoving and lifting at the same time...

...and Sadisuto comically pinwheels his arms around before falling down to his back to a smattering of cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Oho! Allen Allen scores the takedown!

[Allen seems almost surprised by his offensive move, quickly giving up the leg as he slides across the torso into a side headlock on his opponent. Sadisuto pivots into the hold, quickly getting a leg underneath himself and forcing right back up to a standing position.]

GM: Both men up now... Sadisuto turning into the hold and backing Allen into the ropes again... I bet we don't get the clean break this time.

[The referee steps in, calling for the break...

...and Sadisuto steps back, creating a bit of space before throwing a stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe of Allen, sending him down to a knee gasping for air. The referee reprimands Sadisuto for the blow to the throat as he shakes his head, pointing to his own sternum.]

GM: Sadisuto trying to claim that shot was to the chest.

BW: It was! Are you calling him a liar?

GM: Absolutely.

[With a handful of hair, the Japanese veteran drags Allen off the mat, reaching out to grab an arm...]

GM: Irish whip coming up...

[The whip sends Allen off the far side where he ducks a knife-edge chop on the rebound, hitting the far side and coming off with a crossbody block that takes the veteran down to the mat!]

GM: Crossbody gets one! No! Sadisuto rolls him right off!

[Allen scampers up to his feet, throwing a dropkick to the chest of Sadisuto that knocks the larger competitor back down.]

GM: Nice dropkick by Allen Allen, building momentum...

[Both men scramble back up as Allen throws a second dropkick...

...that Sadisuto bats aside, causing Allen to crash and burn on the canvas.]

BW: Allen went to the well once too often and he paid the price for it, daddy!

[Sadisuto points to his head, mocking the jeering Vegas fans.]

GM: The man from Tokyo letting us all know how smart he thinks he is.

[Standing over Allen, Sadisuto winds up a heavily taped right hand, throwing an overhead chop down into the chest of Allen... and a second... and a third...]

GM: Sadisuto is lethal with those chops and he's letting Allen have it right now, repeatedly raining down blows to the upper body.

[The Japanese grappler drags Allen up by the hair before throwing a spinning back kick into the stomach.]

GM: Hard back kick into the abdomen there, sending Allen back down to his knees.

[Yanking Allen's head back by the hair, Sadisuto sinks his fingers into the area where the shoulder meets the neck as Allen cries out in pain.]

GM: Nerve hold applied by Sadisuto, looking to punish Allen Allen with it!

BW: Looking to? He's doing it. Listen to Allen squealing like that hog my nephews bring to the ring with them.

[Sadisuto digs his fingers into the nerve, growling "ASSSSK HIIIIIM!" to the official who obliges. He quickly stands up, waving off any submission. Sadisuto grimaces as he applies more pressure.]

GM: Really pressing on that nerve and if Allen can't get out of this, he could very well pass out from the pain.

BW: It wouldn't be the first time we've seen it. You know, Gordo, a lot of people treat Sadisuto as some kind of a push-over because of his age but he's an accomplished wrestler.

GM: Absolutely. Multi-time tag champion both in Japan and here in the States. Noteworthy feuds with the likes of Blackjack Lynch, the Von Brauns, and so many others. Anyone taking Mr. Sadisuto lightly is making a big mistake.

BW: And Allen Allen should hope they can make up after this is over because if Sadisuto is willing to team with him... the world is their oyster, daddy. Sadisuto is one of the most brilliant minds in the world when it comes to tag team wrestling... second to me of course.

GM: Of course. He's definitely considered a tag team expert.

[While the announcers run down Sadisuto's resume, he continues to punish his former tag team partner who again refuses to submit, forcing Sadisuto to break the hold and drop to a knee, jamming his other knee into the base of the neck as he switches to a chinlock.]

GM: Sadisuto moving from one hold to the other...

BW: Like an older, Japanese version of Supreme Wright.

GM: I... suppose.

[Locking his fingers under the chin, Sadisuto pulls back, glee on his face when he hears Allen Allen cry out before giving a "No, no, no!" to the referee asking if he wants to submit.]

GM: And this, Bucky Wilde, this is what Mr. Sadisuto enjoys. He enjoys hurting an opponent, torturing them... listening to them cry out in pain. Of course he wants to win the match too but he wants someone to suffer en route to that.

[Allen shouts "NO!" again to a request to give it up as Sadisuto rises to his feet, slamming the point of his elbow down into the eyesocket of Allen Allen...

...and then grinds his elbow back and forth on the same spot, causing the referee to rush in and call for a break.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto is in complete control of this match and there's no need for anything like that.

BW: Of course he doesn't NEED to do it... he just wants to.

GM: Despicable.

[With Allen down on the mat, Sadisuto walks arrogantly around the ring, taunting the ringside fans.]

GM: Did he just threaten to rip that fan's tongue out?!

BW: That's no idle threat, Gordo. I've heard stories about him in Japan.

GM: I don't even want to know.

[Making his way around the ring, Allen is up to a knee as Sadisuto approaches, reaching down to grab him...

...and getting a right hand to the gut in response!]

GM: Allen goes downstairs!

[A second shot lands as well, sending Sadisuto in a circle, comically puffing out his cheeks and blowing out as Allen climbs off the mat, turning his opponent around...

...and getting his eyes raked by Sadisuto before he scoops him up and slams him down to the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Well, that cut off Allen's hopes and dreams.

GM: He was starting to put something together when Sadisuto went ILLEGALLY to the eyes!

BW: But then he hit that body slam. That was legal. Don't they cancel each other out?

GM: That's not how it work- ohh! Standing legdrop by the 250 pounder!

[Staying seated, Sadisuto gestures for a pin count.]

GM: The referee down to count - he gets one! He gets two!

[But Allen Allen lifts the shoulder off the mat, slipping out of the pin.]

GM: There wasn't enough weight on him for that type of pin. Allen's shoulder just slipped right out the backdoor. You're not gonna beat anyone like that, Bucky.

BW: Maybe not but Sadisuto is still fully in control of this match.

GM: For now.

[The Japanese superstar climbs off the mat, arguing with the new official for a bit before stomping his bare foot down between the eyes of Allen.]

GM: Hard stomp to the head! And another!

[Watching as Allen stirs off the canvas, Sadisuto pursues him towards the ropes where he turns him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by the Japanese superstar!

[Allen is clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Sadisuto reaches out to grab an arm, whipping him across again...

...and BLASTS him with another knife-edge chop on the rebound, sending Allen sailing up into the air and crashing down hard to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! And that might be all it takes right there!

[Sadisuto turns to the jeering crowd, dropping down to his knees in a loose cover.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Sadisuto pulls Allen off the mat by the hair, smiling as he shakes his head.]

BW: Nah, he's not done with him yet. He's gonna teach this kid a lesson - a lesson in respect.

GM: Respect?! When has Mr. Sadisuto EVER shown anyone respect?!

[He drags Allen off the canvas, scooping him up a second time and slamming him down near the corner.]

GM: Another big slam... and I think we know what's coming now.

BW: Kotei no Ken, the Emperor's Sword!

[With the Las Vegas crowd jeering, Sadisuto ascends to the second rope, holding his arms up over his head...

...and simply topples over, swan-diving with his skull aimed at the... well, let's just hope it's the legal version of the move!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[But at the last moment, Allen Allen rolls to the side, causing Sadisuto to SLAM headfirst into empty canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed! Allen Allen rolls out of the way, pushing up to his knees now...

[As Allen gets to all fours, he looks over at his opponent who is up in the same position on all fours...

...and the former amateur wrestler acts on instinct, rushing forward towards him, wrapping his arms around the head, neck, and arm in a three-quarter nelson, rolling him onto his shoulders while using his legs to cradle one of Sadisuto's!]

GM: Allen rolls him up!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice... three times?]

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! ALLEN WINS! ALLEN WINS!

[Allen Allen rolls to his knees, looking up at shock at the official who holds up three fingers. Allen leaps to his feet, throwing a big fistpump before racing to embrace the referee!]

GM: Oh my stars, can you believe it?!

BW: NO!

GM: Allen Allen who has NEVER won a match on Saturday Night Wrestling has done it! He has pinned Mr. Sadisuto in the middle of the ring here in Las Vegas and listen to these fans!

[The fans are on their feet, roaring for the preliminary wrestler as he jubilantly continues to celebrate, nearly falling over the ropes as he jumps to the second rope and screams, "I DID IT! I WON!"]

BW: HE can't even believe it, Gordo!

GM: We've seen history here tonight in Las Vegas as - for the very first time - Allen Allen wins! Allen Allen is victorious in the center of the ring here in Las Vegas and - well, if you bet on the underdog tonight, you came up a BIG winner! Unbelievable!

[Allen rolls from the ring before Sadisuto can come after him, backing down the aisle. He backs into the railing where the ringside fans embrace and pat him on the back.]

GM: The fans can't believe it! I can't believe it! Bucky can't believe it! And you better be sure that Mr. Sadisuto CERTAINLY can't believe it! What a moment here on SNW! Fans, we're going over to our interview position right now near the entrance with our own Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[Cut to the interview area where Mark Stegglet is standing near the ringside barricade, microphone in his hand.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! What a moment we just witnessed here on Saturday Night Wrestling and moments like that are exactly what we expect to see in just a few short weeks at Copa de Trios in Mexico City right here LIVE on The X! "Sweet" Lou may be stuck over at Caesars Palace but right here in downtown Las Vegas, I can tell that he's updated the hotline with new rumors about the upcoming showdowns between Demetrius Lake and Dave Bryant as well as Caspian Abaran and Maxim Zharkov, and new information has come to light as to why exactly Jackson Hunter has been so reticent to allow The Tsar to-

"I'll tell you why!"

[A fan has loudly shouted over Stegglet; this fan is very familiar-looking, wearing a Bobby Clarke Philadelphia Flyers hockey jersey, with bleached blond shoulder length hair. It's former AWA and current CCW competitor, Kerry Kendrick.]

KERRY KENDRICK: It's because the AWA is being funneled a boat-load of money from Russian oligarchs to keep their guy clean, and because they let Casper Abraham or whatever his name is get near Zharkov, then they'd have to let ME have my shot... and that gnarled up old twig Jackson Hunter can't have that, because he knows that the minute Zharkov gets trapped in that ring with ME, I'm sending him back home to Siberia to eat borscht through a straw!

[By now, Kendrick has completely hijacked the microphone from Stegglet and is in a full-blown rant.]

KK: And we can't have the AWA lose their big jacked-up, genetically-enhanced alleged "next big thing," can we? So as soon as that big Cossack hits the scene, I get slapped with a one-way ticket to CCW, where I have to mingle with all the toddlers down there, while Abraham continues his luke-warm streak on national television where *I* belong. And that's because Zharkov and Abraham are both protected by Jackson Hunter; I've done my research on that guy, and the only reason he was ever a success in wrestling is because he politics and lobbies and filibusters. He is a big phony, just like Zharkov, just like Casper, and come to think of it, just like everyone else within the sound of my voice and-

[Stegglet manages to reacquire the microphone for one second.]

MS: ...And he's right beside you.

[Sure enough, the aforementioned “gnarled up old twig” Jackson Hunter is right beside Kerry Kendrick, shooting him a death-glare glower.]

JH: Can I have a word with you, Kerry?

KK: I'll give you the whole damn dictionary if you've got the time.

JH: Let's walk and talk, shall we?

[Hunter nods up the aisle to the off-camera staging area.]

KK: Good. I've got some other things I want to get off my chest with you, and I don't feel like putting up with any more FCC fines...

[Kendrick hops the barricade and he and Hunter head to the staging area.]

MS: Say a prayer for Jackson Hunter's eardrums, fans. Now let's go back to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to Phil Watson standing in the middle.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first in the ring at this time... from Bakersfield, California... at 273 pounds... Dustin Torberg!

[The bulky Torberg throws a chubby arm up into the air.]

GM: Dustin Torberg carrying some size on him but it remains to be seen if size alone will help him against the opponent he's signed on to face.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[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 HANNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNN!

[As we cut to a long shot of the aisle, we 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 Virgil Rockwell, 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.]

GM: Some cheers here in Las Vegas for The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell, Bucky.

BW: This is their kind of town, Gordo. Vegas has always been about old school justice - street justice - and it's only fitting that The Hangman's going to get his own brand of justice right here on the streets of Vegas, daddy.

[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: It's a warm night here in Vegas but there's a chill in the air when The Hangman approaches.

BW: I got chills... they're multiplying whenever this guy is around.

[The referee signals for the bell as The Hangman tugs at his right glove, adjusting it in place as Dustin Torberg stays unmoving, staring across the ring.]

GM: Torberg not even budging at the bell. Two weeks ago, we saw Bruce Palmer try to rush him at the bell...

BW: And look how that turned out for him. I heard he's hanging from the rafters in the old IIWF Coliseum... literally.

GM: Would you stop?!

[The Hangman steps from the corner, slowly and methodically making his way across the ring to where Dustin Torberg suddenly mans up, rushing forward with his arms drawn back over his head in a double axehandle...

...and gets a big boot flung right up into this chest, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Haha! Just like that, The Hangman strikes... and boy, I can't wait to see this guy get his hands on some of the goody-two-shoes in this joint. That twerp Travis Lynch? Maybe his big brother Jack? How about that face-painted punk Supernova?

GM: Right now, he's got his hands full with Dustin Torberg...

[The Hangman drags Torberg off the mat by his goatee, yanking him to his feet before throwing a glove-covered uppercut to the jaw, sending Torberg falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Torberg back in the corner... and the Hangman wraps that massive hand around the throat, bending Torberg back over the buckles.

[The Hand of Justice holds him in place for a moment before shifting his body, throwing a violent back elbow to the side of the head!]

GM: Back elbow connects... and another... and another!

[The referee reluctantly steps in, forcing The Hangman to back out of the corner. The intimidating figure adjust his glove as he walks around the ring, keeping an eye on Torberg who is reeling in the buckles...

...and then lumbers across the ring, throwing a big clothesline across the collarbone!]

GM: The Hangman with the clothesline in the corner!

[As Torberg staggers out of the corner, The Hangman sets his feet, scooping the big man up into the air...]

GM: 273 POUNDS UP IN THE AIR!

[...and SLAMS him down at his feet!]

GM: Wow! What a slam by The Hangman!

[With Torberg down at his feet, the big man leaps high into the air, raising his arm, and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the heart of Torberg!]

GM: Big leaping elbow by The Hangman... and rolls right into a cover!

[The referee swiftly counts one... he counts two... and a shout from Virgil Rockwell forces The Hangman to lift Torberg off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: I think he could've had him there, Bucky.

BW: I think you're right but Virgil says it's not over... it's not done.

GM: And what he says goes?

BW: With The Hangman in there, I'd say that's true, Gordo.

[The Hangman regains his feet, reaching down to grab Torberg by the throat, dragging him off the canvas to his feet...

...where Torberg slaps the hand away, throwing a right-left-right combo that seems to stun the big man!]

GM: Torberg's fighting back! Signs of life out of the young man from Bakersfield!

[Torberg leans over, throwing a right-right-left-right to the ribs of The Hangman before wrapping his arms around the body, forcing the man from the Deadwoods back against the ropes.]

GM: Torberg's got him on the ropes...

[Torberg pops up, throwing a stiff jab to the jaw before grabbing the Hangman by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip on The Hangman, sending him across...

[The Bakersfield brawler swings his arm around a few times, setting for a clothesline that The Hangman ducks as he builds up steam, hitting the far ropes to rebound a second time...

...and leaves his feet, extending his body, cracking Torberg across the throat with a lariat!]

GM: Ohh! What a show of athleticism by The Hangman! Absolutely devastating.

BW: Now that was something else, Gordo. The Hangman takes flight and for a guy his size, that's REAL impressive!

[Climbing off the mat, The Hangman stays on a knee for a moment, looking out with a cold stare at the Vegas crowd who is stunned into silence after the flying lariat. The man from the Deadwoods hauls Torberg off the mat by the throat once again... and uses that grip to simply shove Torberg into the ropes, causing him to bounce off...]

GM: Torberg rebounds back...

[...where The Hangman lifts him off the canvas by the thighs, turning very slowly, showing off his strength, and then lunges forward, driving his weight down into the canvas!]

GM: Spinebuster out of The Hangman! Not a lot of velocity on that... but a lot of impact as he holds him for what seems like an eternity before driving him down into the canvas under his three hundred pounds!

BW: That's gotta do it, Gordo.

GM: You would certainly think so as The Hangman climbs back to his feet...

[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 Torberg off the mat again, powering him right up into a torture rack...]

GM: We've seen this before! 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... welcome to the Gallows, chump!

[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, this has become a regular occurrence after the match from The Hangman and I don't like it one bit! Jason Dane should've asked Landon O'Neill about THIS if you ask me! There's no call for this!

[With the referee loudly protesting, the Hangman leans down, slipping the noose over the head of Torberg 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: That's bad enough but when he gets to the floor, he-

[He reaches back under the ropes, grabbing Torberg by the hair, yanking hard to pull him out onto the floor with a splat. He grabs the rope again.]

GM: Oh! Come on, referee!

BW: The match is over. What do you want the referee to do?

GM: Reverse the decision! DQ the man!

[The Hangman turns his back on the ring, slowly dragging Torberg 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: The Las Vegas fans are stunned into silence and who can blame them after witnessing the power of The Hangman. The Hangman is real indeed. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet!

[Crossfade to the interview area in a local casino where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Joining me right now is a tag team who has - what many believe - to be the biggest match in their careers ahead of them here later tonight. Gentlemen, come on in here.

[The Wilde Bunch steps into view. Cousin Chester looks pretty fired up, pumping his arms back and forth in his overalls. Cousin Buddy looks pre-occupied with his pig Mable who we can see is wearing a "Man's Best Friend" t-shirt.]

MS: In just a short while, you're going to take on two men that I believe you two consider friends in the Rotgut Rustlers in a Quarterfinal Match in this year's Stampede Cup tournament. How do you expect the match to go?

[Chester is still all worked up, swinging his arms across his chest.]

COW: Mark, ol' buddy, back home we've got a saying - there's more than one way to skin a dead raccoon.

[He nods, happy with his answer.]

MS: I'm not even sure what that means. Cousin Buddy, would you care to clarify?

BUL: Look at Mable... ain't she the cutest thing you ever done seen?

[He leans down, tickling the pig under the chin as Stegglet looks exasperated.]

MS: Well, I have to admit, I thought we'd see a little more focus out of you as you head into this showdown with Sam Turner and Tombstone Anderson.

COW: Those two? Those are our buddies, Mark! They ain't stayin' up nights figurin' on ways to hurt us... they like us! They took us out for a night on the town a couplea times. Real nice joints too. Sawdust on the floor. Free water. Indoor bathrooms. Real nice.

MS: That's great, Chester, but do you two have a strategy at this point?

COW: We're gonna fight. We're gonna tussle. We're gonna give it the best we got and you best believe they gonna do the same thing, Mark.

MS: And?

COW: And someone's gonna win and someone's gonna lose. Me? I hope we win.

[He nods, clapping his hands together as Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Buddy, any parting thoughts?

[Cousin Buddy lifts Mable up, smiling.]

BUL: Ain't she a doll?

[The two hillbillies walk out of view as Mark Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: The Wilde Bunch is ready for action... I think. Fans, we're going to take a quick commercial break but when we come back, it's Stampede Cup time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

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

there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black.]

Fade back up to the "Heroes Hotel." Mark Stegglet stands in the lobby, microphone in hand. In the background, we can see various AWA wrestlers moving back and forth, either coming to or returning from their matches down the street.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time have been called the Cinderella team of 2015's Stampede Cup tournament, debuting in the AWA with a victory over The Walking Dead, and just two weeks ago, in a stunning upset, defeating the Lights Out Express, one of the odds on favorites to win the Cup. I'm speaking of course about...

[But before Stegglet can finish the introduction, into the frame comes stomping the six foot nine wild eyed bruiser known as Tombstone Anderson. The Bad Man from the Badlands is already in his wrestling gear. He moves swiftly towards Stegglet, not stopping until he's little more than hairsbreadth away from the interviewer. He leans forward, head tilted to the side, his one good eye on Stegglet and his lazy eye, well, everywhere else.]

TA: Now you wait just a minute, Lou Blackwell!

MS: But I'm not Lou Blackwell! I'm...

[But Tombstone is having none of it.]

TA: Don't you try to fool me, Lou Blackwell. Just because you went out and got yourself a fancy new suit and put in some contact lenses, lost some weight and got you a toupee, I recognize you anywhere, Lou Blackwell!

[Stegglet sighs and shakes his head.]

MS: I was hoping you to interview you and your partner about your match against the Wilde Bunch tonight.

TA: Well Lou Blackwell, you got a funny way of interviewin' a man, callin' him a Cinderella. I think you're tryin' to start trouble. More trouble than you usually start!

MS: I... listen, I wanted to interview your team. Where is your partner?

TA: Well, when old Sam heard that this here was an all you can eat buffet, he just had to make sure he brought home enough for his wife and all his kids. And when you got as many kids as Sam Turner and a wife as fat as she is, well, I don't need to tell you, Lou Blackwell, that's a whole lotta canapés to pack away!

[Stegglet looks at Anderson, and you can all but see him developing a facial tic.]

MS: Wait a minute, you know what a canapé is?

TA: Well of course I do, Lou Blackwell! What you tryin' to say, that Tombstone Anderson ain't got no culture?

[But before Stegglet can get deeper into the hole he's digging, in walks "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner. He still has a napkin smeared with food tucked into the collar of his navy blue "I'D RATHER PUSH A FORD THAN DRIVE A CHEVY" t-shirt. He has his bullrope slung over his right shoulder, as in each hand he's carrying three plastic bags filled almost to the bursting point with what appear to be food takeout containers.]

TA: Sam, Lou Blackwell here is callin' us a buncha Cinderellas! You believe that?

ST: You callin' me pretty bawh?! You tryin' to ask me out on a date?! Because I got a family... A wife and twelve kids at home to feed, so I ain't got time to be starting another one!

MS: I... listen. Let's just talk about the match tonight. Tonight, you two face off against, well, your biggest opponents since coming to the AWA. I'm talking about the Wilde Bunch. You four men are known to be friends of one another. I've got to wonder, Mr. Turner. How does it feel, knowing you'll have to defeat two men you call friend in order to advance in the tournament?

ST: Y'all might think this is a tough one for me and ol' Tombstone tonight. Because hell yes those bawhs are our friends. We've shut down the bar with them on more than one occasion. But the thing is?

[Sam slaps Tombstone on the chest.]

ST: This man here is the best friend I've got, and the best friend I've ever had on God's green Earth. I'd do anything for him and I know he'd do the same. This right here? This is as close as family gets without blood being involved.

[Sam nods.]

ST: But that's the thing, BLOOD has been involved. Time after time, I shed this man's blood all over the Far East. And every damn time, he paid me back for every bucket of blood with shedding mine all over the damn place. So if we're willing to do that to each other, just THINK what we'll do to these bawhs to get that big damn cup and that big damn check.

MS: I don't doubt that the Wilde Bunch will be in for the fight of their life tonight. And all of us have seen the damage you two can do in the ring. And while you're a big man, Mr. Anderson, height and weight wise, you're just about even with Chester Otis Wilde, while Buddy Ulysses Loney outweighs you by a considerable amount. What's it going to be like, not being the biggest man in the ring?

[Anderson narrows his eyes suspiciously at Stegglet.]

TA: Let me ask you somethin', Lou Blackwell. You know where I'm from?

MS: Hell's Half Acre, Wyoming.

TA: That's right, Lou Blackwell, and you know what they hunt up in Hell's Half Acre?

MS: I have no earthly idea.

TA: Buffalo, Lou Blackwell! Big old bison are what we got runnin' around out there. And you know how you take down a buffalo, Lou Blackwell? Well let me tell you, it ain't easy takin' down no bison. It ain't like in the movies.

Buffalo don't go down after a single shot. A man wants to take down a buffalo, he's gonna have to have a lotta ammunition at the ready. He's gonna have to tough, and he's gonna have to keep on hittin' long after he's worn himself out.

And old Tombstone? Ain't a man in Hell's Half Acre who can take down a buffalo better than him!

They're big men, you're right about that, Lou Blackwell. But Tombstone Anderson ain't no pipsqueak! And Sam Turner? Well, they don't make the Turners tiny, that's for sure. And maybe that Loney's got more weight than me.

But lemme tell you what they ain't got more of – that's fight, Lou Blackwell. Those two boys, they're good folk. Nice folk. Well, they're not gonna be in there with two nice guys. We ain't gonna be doin' no square dancin' or nothin' like that.

We're goin' in to fight. And when it comes to fightin', there's no two men who're bigger fighters than The Rotgut Rustlers.

And here's somethin' I bet you ain't never talked about on your hotline, Lou Blackwell.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I am not!

TA: I know you ain't talkin' about it, that's what I just said! But here's some history for you. You know what Sam was wrasslin' when I first met him?

MS: Who was he...

TA: No, you listen, I said "what" not "who"!

First time I ever saw Sam Turner wrasslin', he was fightin' a damn bear. Now, you gonna tell me that, after wrasslin' a bear, Sam Turner ain't ready to take on them two in the Wilde Bunch?

ST: I fought that bear after he bit the thumb off an old timer, I didn't care because it was a damn fight and a damn payday. This here is a fight in front of a whole lot more people and I tell you what... It ain't for no twenty-five dollars and all the corndogs I can eat either.

[Sam holds up his left hand.]

ST: Now don't get me wrong, if you want to give me that corndog bonus I'll take it. There's still room left in these here bags!

MS: One final question. When this is over, win, lose or draw, are you going to be able to maintain your friendship with the Wilde Bunch?

ST: Hell, son... We're gonna be friends in there while it's going on! Just because we're gonna beat the tar out of those two don't mean it's done with any hate in our hearts. If we didn't have any less but friendship for those bawhs we wouldn't be putting that much hurt on their bodies. It's respect that they deserve to be here as much as we do. Hell, when it's done I was fixin' to take them out for some barbecued pork.

[Stegglet looks on, horrified.]

MS: Are you talking about Mabel?

TA: Hey, you watch your tongue, Lou Blackwell! Ain't no one said nothin' about eatin' them boy's pet! What're you tryin' to insinuate?

ST: Just because you got all gussied up for these Las Vegas showgirls don't mean you can run on the mouth like that with the Rustlers! I bet next you're going to ask me if I've spent all my time at those nudie shows, trying to put my dollar bills in some gal's g-string!

MS: No, I would never insinuate that you would do that to you wife an--

ST: My wife?! I'm talking about handing out perfectly good dollar bills, get your mind straight!

[Mark blinks, unsure of how to reply.]

ST: What in the Sam Hill are you tryin' to do, get one of them gals married up? Don't you know there ain't a single one that has proper child bearin' hips?! Check your attitude and maybe me and Tombstone will take you on the town and show you where you can find some decent ladies that are worth putting in the family way.

TA: This here interview is over, Lou Blackwell. And next time you see us, you better be actin' right.

ST: Wilde Bunch, sorry to say but this disrespectful hound dog just got our blood all angered up. It ain't got a pretty one for y'all, but when it's over we'll wake you up with some damn fine barbecue with ALL the fixins!

[As the Rustlers stomp off, Stegglet is left shaking his head.]

MS: It's Stampede Cup time so let's head over to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a Quarterfinal match in the 2015 Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer from the Vegas crowd!]

PW: Introducing first...

[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 WIIIIIIIIIIILDE 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: My colorful color man's nephews are in the house and this Vegas crowd is letting their love for the Wilde Bunch be known loud and clear!

BW: You mean the walking humiliation for the part of my family tree that forks?

GM: Give me a break.

BW: You know the difference between my idiot nephews and Helen Keller?

GM: I don't even-

BW: She got famous for not being able to read.

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

GM: The Wilde Bunch defeated Dichotomy to get here to the second round while the Rustlers knocked off the former World Tag Team Champions, the Lights Out Express, two weeks ago. Tonight, those two teams square off to see who will make it to the Final Four where either Next Gen or Strictly Business will await them. We'll find out the answer to that question later tonight.

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

GM: And this has become something of a pre-match ritual for Cousin Chester...

BW: I'm seriously going to invest in a stun gun, Gordo.

[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. Chester climbs up on the apron, swinging a long leg over the top rope to join his cousin (and pig) in the ring in a group hug as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

["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 ROOOOOOOTGUUUUUUT RUSTLERRRRRRRS!

[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 to get going. The referee - Ricky Longfellow - stands between the two teams, ordering one in and one out on each side of the ring.]

GM: And it looks like it'll be Chester starting out for the Wilde Bunch while... yes, it'll be Sam Turner starting for the Rustlers. Can you imagine what these two teams would do with a million dollars, Bucky?

BW: Turner and Anderson would finally be able to pay off their bar tab...barely.

[The referee signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: There's the bell - we're underway. Thirty minute time limit in the Quarterfinals this time around and the winner moves on to the Final Four!

[Chester marches out to the middle of the ring, extending his hand to Sam Turner with a big grin on his face.]

GM: And a nice show of sportsmanship by your nephew. Are you sure you two are related?

BW: Oh, if only wishing it weren't true made it that way, Gordo.

GM: Chester offering a handshake to Sam Turner. You heard the Wilde Bunch mention earlier that they're friends with Turner and Anderson which is true... but at some level, you have to wonder if Chester and Buddy are just being naive.

BW: You have to wonder that? Just assume that's the case always.

[Gordon chuckles as Turner looks around at the fans imploring him to shake Chester's hand. He runs his hand over his mouth, running it over his facial hair...

...and then reaches out, accepting the handshake to big cheers from the Las Vegas crowd!]

GM: Alright! A handshake kicks this one off and here we go!

[Chester paces around the ring, circling Turner, clapping his hands in rhythm as the crowd does the same. Turner moves to his side, matching Chester's pace.]

GM: Sam Turner's giving up quite a bit of size to Cousin Chester but he's a fighter, fans.

[The two men come together in the middle of the ring in a collar and elbow tieup that Chester quickly outpowers Turner, backing him into a neutral corner. The referee steps in, calling for a clean break. He starts a count but barely gets going before Chester lifts his hands, taking three steps back and grinning at Turner who looks over at his partner who claps his hands together a couple of times, shouting "Get him, Sam!" Turner nods as he steps out of the corner, moving towards Chester.]

GM: Right back to another tieup... and Turner pulls him into a side headlock.

[Turner cranks on the head and neck of Chester, nodding to his corner as Tombstone Anderson mimes applying a headlock of his own, showing Turner how it's done.]

GM: Chester backs him to the ropes...

[The big man goes to fire Turner off...

...but tough as nails Sam Turner hangs on, shaking his head as he forces Chester down to a knee!]

GM: Wow. Turner showing some guts right off the bat, refusing to release that side headlock as Chester tried to power out of it.

[Chester pushes back up to his feet, backing to the ropes again, going for another shove-off...

...but again Turner hangs on, shaking his head as Chester stumbles, falling to a knee.]

GM: Twice, Chester O. Wilde has tried to escape that side headlock and twice, the veteran has refused to let go, just cranking the pressure up even tighter.

[Turner towards his corner with a "I got him, Tombstone! I got him!" which Chester responds to by rising to his feet, reaching around to wrap his arms around the waist of Turner...

...and hoists him into the air before tossing him forward, sending him crashing butt-first down on the canvas to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Well, that's one way out of the side headlock.

BW: Nobody will ever accuse my nephews of being smart but if you called them strong as the oxen they've got back on the farm, you'd be dead on target, daddy.

[Turner rolls to a knee, shouting at Chester as he gets up, holding his tailbone. Chester pleads an apology as he approaches, trying to take a peek at Turner's sore rear end.]

GM: What is he...?

[Turner angrily turns to avoid Chester's prying eyes... but Chester keeps going, trying to arch his neck to look around Turner who keeps on turning, ending up looking like a dog chasing another's tail. Gordon chuckles.]

BW: What a bunch of goofs these guys are.

[Turner suddenly pulls to a stop, shoving Chester with a "Cut that out!" to the laughter of the crowd.]

GM: Sam Turner's not too fond of the idea of Cousin Chester helping him out with his sore muscle.

[Turner waves a hand at Chester, calling for another tieup which the hillbilly obliges with, locking up with Turner.]

GM: Back to the tieup... right into a rear waistlock by Chester...

[Chester hangs on for a moment as Turner grabs at the wrists, trying to find a way free...

...when suddenly Chester breaks his own grip, giving Turner's hind quarters a quick rub. Turner angrily leaps away, spinning around to face Chester who looks innocent as can be. Turner shouts at him accusingly, wagging a finger at him.]

GM: Chester's just trying to help, Sam. Take it easy, fella.

[Turner grumbles and complains as he stomps across the ring, slapping the offered hand of Tombstone Anderson.]

GM: There's our first tag of the night and in comes big Tombstone Anderson.

[Anderson swings his leg through the ropes, popping up to a standing position, shouting and ranting in the direction of Cousin Chester before breaking into a dash, hitting the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and runs right into a shoulder tackle on Chester!]

GM: Ohh! Neither guy budged on that one!

BW: They're real close to the same height and weight, Gordo.

GM: Anderson wants to try it again! To the ropes!

[He bounces back, racing towards Chester when he lowers his shoulder, running right into the Wilde Bunch team member. But again, they collide and neither moves a bit.]

GM: Wow! Again, neither man backs down!

[Anderson stands, hands on his hips, glaring at Chester for a moment... and then he points to the ropes, waving Chester towards them.]

GM: He wants Chester to take a shot at this.

[Anderson points again, more emphatically this time, shouting from beneath his sea of facial hair as Chester shrugs, running to the ropes to oblige...]

GM: Chester off the ropes...

[Tombstone Anderson throws himself down at the feet of Chester, trying to trip him up but Wilde goes over the top, hitting the far ropes where Buddy is standing.]

GM: Blind tag by Buddy Loney!

[Chester goes marching across the ring again where he ducks under a wild clothesline thrown by Tombstone Anderson, hitting the ropes again as Buddy steps in behind Tombstone's back. Chester grabs the top rope, holding up as Buddy storms towards Tombstone and Chester points behind Anderson who turns...

...and gets FLATTENED by a Buddy Loney shoulder tackle that takes Anderson off his feet, flips him all the way over, and sends him rolling out of the ring and out to the floor.]

GM: WHOOOOA MY!

[Buddy cracks a grin at Tombstone flopping out to the floor where he climbs to his feet, stumbles, and falls back down on his rear to laughs from the crowd.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson got sent for a ride by Cousin Buddy whose heart is as big as the rest of him!

BW: Sure it is. You ever see what he eats for breakfast?

[Chester steps out to the middle, joining his partner for a little do-si-do action as Tombstone climbs back up to his feet on the floor, slamming his arms down on the ring apron.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch is having a good ol' time here on Saturday Night Wrestling but the Rotgut Rustlers are struggling to get going at the outset of this Quarterfinal matchup!

[Anderson grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He reaches up, wiping a strand of spit from his wild beard before stepping through the ropes. He waits until Chester has exited the ring before he stomps back out to the middle, jabbing a finger into the beefy chest of Cousin Buddy.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson giving it to Buddy verbally for that hard fall to the floor...

[Buddy looks confused as Tombstone shouts at him, poking him in the chest over and over again. The rotund redneck looks out to Cousin Chester who looks just as concerned at this development. Buddy turns back towards Tombstone who is still shouting and poking...

...and then breaks towards the ropes, high-stepping back as he rebounds, running towards Buddy with a high impact clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by Tombstone Anderson!

[Anderson swoops in behind Buddy, hooking an arm around the torso.]

GM: Atomic drop perhaps?

BW: He can't get him up!

[Anderson struggles and strains to hoist Buddy up into the air but has absolutely no luck at all...

...and ends up getting hooked in a side headlock before Buddy winds up and smashes a right hand into the forehead!]

GM: Oh!

[Anderson staggers back, swinging at the air as Buddy moves towards him, twisting his body and slamming a foot back into the gut.]

BW: They call that a mule kick most places.

GM: Most places?

BW: Where Buddy comes from, it's called mule self defense.

GM: Mule self de... would you stop?!

[With Tombstone doubled up, Buddy grabs him by the back of the head, walking him towards the neutral corner where he slams his head into the turnbuckle before grabbing an arm.]

GM: Buddy whips him across... look out here!

[Lumbering across the ring at top speed, Buddy twists around for a running hip attack in the corner..

...but Tombstone pulls himself out of the way, causing Buddy to slam backfirst into the buckles, staggering back out to the middle of the ring where Tombstone winds up, blasting him with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Big right hand by Tombstone!

[A second and third haymaker land before Anderson raises his right hand, blowing the knuckles a few times before winding up, swinging the arm around and around and around...

...and SLAMS the knuckles between the eyes, sending Buddy staggering back, barely able to keep his feet! The crowd is roaring by this point, wanting to see Tombstone punch the big man off his feet!]

GM: Tombstone's hitting him with everything he's got and he just can't get Buddy Loney off his feet!

[Tombstone looks out at the cheering Vegas crowd...

...and then lifts his arms, miming a bodyslam to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Tombstone Anderson's gonna slam the big man?!

BW: He couldn't get him up for the atomic drop! How is he going to do this?!

[Anderson ducks down, slipping an arm up between the legs to go for the slam...

...and Buddy goes absolutely nowhere.]

BW: No way.

GM: Tombstone's giving it everything he's got!

[Anderson tries again and again, failing to execute the slam. Finally, with a shake of his head, Buddy ducks down, scooping Anderson up into the air, and slams him down to the mat!]

GM: Big slam by Buddy!

[The slam brings in Sam Turner who rushes in fast...

...and ends up scooped into the air by Buddy who slams him down next to his partner!]

GM: Turner gets slammed as well!

[Buddy grabs Tombstone by the hair on the way up and then does the same to Turner, looking out to the crowd...]

GM: Double noggin knocker on the way!

[...but as he attempts the move, Anderson and Turner bring their arms up, blocking the attack.]

GM: Blocked!

[Reaching up, Anderson and Turner each grab Buddy by the head, smashing their skulls into his!]

GM: Double headbutt!

[Buddy slumps back as Turner grabs his own skull. Tombstone shakes him, pointing to the ropes...]

GM: The Rustlers to the ropes in tandem!

[As Buddy staggers towards them, Turner and Anderson join hands...

...and CONNECT with a running double clothesline that takes Buddy off his feet, depositing him down on the canvas to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: OH MY! THE RUSTLERS DROP THE BIG MAN!

[Tombstone Anderson and Sam Turner give a loud whoop, crashing together in a manly embrace before breaking right back apart. Turner makes his exit from the ring at the referee's orders as Anderson rains down forearms to the back of the head and neck of Buddy who is up on a knee already.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson bringing the heavy artillery, trying to keep Buddy off his feet but the big man keeps on coming...

[As Buddy gets to his feet, Tombstone throws a big exaggerated left backhand to the side of the neck... a right jab to the stomach that seems to knock the wind out of Buddy... and a stiff left uppercut to the jaw, sending Buddy falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Anderson throwing heavy blows... and here comes some more!

[Anderson mounts the middle rope with the Vegas crowd cheering. He raises his right hand, taking aim at the skull of Cousin Buddy...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Anderson hops down off the ropes, nodding to the cheering crowd as he grabs Buddy by the arm...]

GM: Anderson with the king-sized Irish whip!

[The over 400 pound Buddy slams hard into the turnbuckles as Anderson pumps his right arm up and down three times, storming across the ring at top speed...]

...and CRASHES into Buddy with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[The big clothesline causes Buddy to slump over, falling through the ropes out to the barely-padded asphalt.]

GM: Down to the floor goes Cousin Buddy... and listen to these fans!

"STOMP, SAM, STOMP!"

[Sam Turner's eyes go wide, looking out at the chanting crowd.]

"STOMP, SAM, STOMP!"

"STOMP, SAM, STOMP!"

"STOMP, SAM, STOMP!"

GM: It sounds like we've got a lot of fans here who are familiar with the exploits of the Rustlers and know that fall to the floor is Sam Turner's cue to... here we go!

[The crowd ROARS as Turner drops down off the apron, making his way around the ring, running now...]

...and STOMPS Buddy in the back of the head! The fans are cheering as Turner rains down stomp after stomp on Loney, putting the boots to him as the crowd continues to roar. Ricky Longfellow slides out, putting a stop to the attack as the Vegas fans boo. Cousin Chester is on the floor as well, angrily shouting at Turner who shrugs in response.]

GM: Chester seems upset by this turn of events by the Rustlers.

BW: There's no friends when it comes to a shot at a million dollars.

GM: The referee is forcing Turner to back off... and now look at Anderson!

[The crowd roars again as Anderson walks down the apron, planting his back against the ringpost, lifting his arm into the air... pumping it up and down repeatedly as the crowd begins to chant his name.]

"TOMB-STONE!"

"TOMB-STONE!"

"TOMB-STONE!"

[A nodding Anderson goes tearing down the aisle, leaping off the apron, and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the chest of the floored Buddy Loney!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RUNNING ELBOW OFF THE APRON BY TOMBSTONE ANDERSON!

[Anderson climbs off the barely-padded floor, rolling back under the ropes into the ring. He climbs to his feet, throwing the elbow-dropping arm up into the air to a big reaction!]

GM: These fans love them the Rotgut Rustlers, Bucky!

BW: Hey, I love the Rustlers for beating the tar out of my constant humiliation too.

GM: Didn't you have a run-in with the Rustlers in-

BW: I don't want to talk about it!

[The referee, back in the ring, starts his ten count. We cut to Cousin Chester clapping, shouting loud words of encouragement to his downed cousin before going back to the ring.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson stepping back and allowing this ten count to go down.

BW: Hey, it's a chance at a million dollars on the line. You take a win however you can get it.

GM: I suppose that's true.

[Anderson is counting along with the referee as he gets to three... four... five...]

GM: We're halfway there as Longfellow continues to count...

[...and here comes one big redneck hand, popping up from out of nowhere to rest on the ring apron!]

GM: There it is! Cousin Buddy rising from the depths!

[Buddy uses his grip on the apron to drag his 400+ pound frame off the canvas, grabbing the bottom rope as Tombstone angrily approaches, leaning over the ropes, grabbing Buddy by the hair...]

GM: Anderson's pulling him up on the apron...

[He drags Buddy into a side headlock, throwing three short right hands to the skull, staggering Buddy on the apron.]

GM: Buddy's hanging on for dear life as Anderson takes aim... big double axehandle down across the shoulderblades!

[Buddy stumbles down the length of the apron, falling against the neutral corner's ringpost. Anderson follows him there, grabbing him by the back of the head...]

GM: To the buckles!

[But Buddy reaches out his arms, blocking the slam before smashing his elbow back into the mush of Anderson, grabbing him by the head...]

GM: REVERSED!

[...and Buddy's big faceslam into the corner sends Anderson flying backwards, crashing down to the mat!]

GM: OH MY! BUDDY SENDS TOMBSTONE ANDERSON DOWN TO THE MAT!

[With Buddy still dazed on the apron, Tombstone crawls along the ropes, lunging to slap the hand of Sam Turner.]

GM: Tag made by the Rustlers!

[A fired-up Turner comes charging across the ring, grabbing Buddy by the arm and wrapping it around the top rope.]

GM: What is Turner- OH!

[A series of stiff elbows to the side of the neck follow the armtrap, leaving Buddy clinging to the top rope to try to stay on his feet.]

GM: Buddy's hanging onto the ropes with all the strength's he got!

[Turner steps up on the second rope, taking aim and landing a big right hand to the skull... and another... and another...

...before Buddy reaches up and piefaces Turner off the ropes, throwing him down to the mat to cheers from the Vegas crowd. Buddy steps through the ropes as Turner gets back up...]

GM: Buddy's back in the ring but Turner's there to greet him... jab! Jab! Jab!

[He reaches out, grabbing Buddy by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip coming up...

[Or is it? Cousin Buddy is going nowhere, gritting his teeth and staying where he stands.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Turner grits his teeth, going for it again...

...to the same result.]

GM: Turner can't get him going!

[Buddy pulls the outstretched arm, bringing Turner towards him where he lifts him up across his chest...

...and DROPS down in a front powerslam!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Good lord, that's over four hundred pounds down on the chest!

GM: Turner's down... but Buddy can't take advantage of it!

[Buddy has, in fact, rolled to his back, breathing heavily as Turner does the same thing a few feet away.]

GM: Buddy hit that big powerslam but he couldn't get the cover!

BW: No, but he's created an opportunity to get across the ring and get that tag, Gordo.

GM: He certainly has! Buddy's down on the mat but Cousin Chester is waiting for him, begging him, imploring him to get across that ring and make the tag... get there and bring in the fresh man for the first time in a long, long while! Now, the question is - can he get there?

[Buddy rolls to all fours, still breathing hard as he inches across the ring towards Chester's outstretched hand...]

GM: Chester's waiting for that tag! Tombstone Anderson is shouting at his partner now as well, telling Turner to get over there and make the tag to him!

[Buddy gets closer and closer as Turner crawls towards Anderson.]

GM: We've got ourselves a race now! Who is going to get to their corner first?!

[The crowd is hooting and hollering, rooting on their favorites as the two fan favorites make their move towards the corner...

...and LUNGE!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES TOMBSTONE!

[A wild-eyed Tombstone comes through the ropes...

...just as Buddy makes a lunging tag of his own!]

GM: OH YEAH!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Chester swings a leg over the top rope, bringing himself into the ring as Tombstone Anderson keeps on coming, charging the corner where Chester catches him coming in under the armpits, lifting his bodily off the mat, and HURLING him back into the corner!]

GM: Wow! What power!

[With Tombstone against the buckles, Chester takes aim and fires, landing right hand after right hand on the temple of Anderson...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG OVERHAND SLAP TO THE CHEST!

[Reaching under the armpit of Anderson, Chester HURLS him into the air, flipping over and BOUNCING off the canvas courtesy of a biel throw!]

GM: SKY HIGH HIPTOSS BY COUSIN CHESTER!

[Chester gives a whoop before stomping across the ring, lifting the rising Anderson under his armpit, turning around a full circle before DROPPING him down in a side slam, cradling both legs as Longfellow drops to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But a diving Sam Turner breaks up the pin before the three count can come down!]

GM: Ohh! Turner with the save!

[Turner gets to his feet, raining down right hand after right hand after right hand... the blows getting slower and slower as Chester climbs off the mat, slowly getting to his feet when Turner suddenly stops...]

...and then lightly pats Chester on the chest, grinning at him. He reaches out his hand, offering a handshake.]

GM: Chester takes the arm...

[And YANKS it into a back elbow, sending Turner spinning away and down to the canvas. Chester marches after him, pulling him off the mat, hooking a handful of black trunks...]

...and RIFLES him towards the rising Anderson, sending him crashing shoulderfirst into the gut of Anderson, doubling him up!]

GM: Chester uses Sam Turner as a weapon against Tombstone Anderson!

[Grabbing Turner, Chester pulls him away and then swings him back towards the doubled-up Anderson...]

...which sends Turner sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the floor with a makeshift backdrop!]

GM: ANDERSON BACKDROPS HIS OWN PARTNER!

[Chester grabs Anderson, yanking him towards him by the arm but Anderson lands a short forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Anderson catches him!

[With Chester stunned, Anderson races across the ring, building up steam as he comes tearing back towards Wilde...]

...and HURLS himself into a compact high impact crossbody, wiping Chester out as he crawls into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Chester's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin!]

GM: No! No! Chester Wilde hangs on!

[Tombstone slams a pair of fists down on the canvas, shouting an anguished cry of frustration as he gets to his feet. He slaps his knee a few times.]

GM: Anderson's calling for that Bombs Away kneedrop!

[Furry boots all a flutter, Tombstone Anderson highsteps into the ropes, rebounding off towards the downed Chester, leaping into the air...]

GM: BOMBS AWAY!

[...and hits nothing but canvas as Chester rolls to the side!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Chester pushes up to all fours, shoving himself towards the corner where Buddy is waiting to tag back in!]

GM: Tag!

BW: That seems like a mistake to me. Buddy was in there a long time and he needs more time to recuperate, I'd imagine.

GM: You may be right but he's full of fire right now!

[Buddy pulls the hobbled Tombstone off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. He backs off towards the middle of the ring.]

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!!

[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!]

BW: You idiot! You've got a chance at a million dollars and you're shaking your-

[Anderson 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.]

GM: Blind tag by Turner!

[As he rebounds, Buddy shoves him skyward, catching him on the way down in a fireman's carry...

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

GM: PIG IN A BLANKET!

BW: Yeah, but Turner's the legal man now!

GM: Buddy doesn't know it!

[Buddy gets up to a knee, about to cover his downed opponent when Turner comes rushing across the ring, leaping up to snare Buddy by the head...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG!

[Turner flips Buddy to his back, diving across and hooking the enormous leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Turner rolls off of Cousin Buddy, thrusting his arms triumphantly up into the air.]

GM: The Rotgut Rustlers have done it! They're moving on to the Semifinals! They've made the Final Four!

BW: Aaaaagh... my idiot nephews had that one won. Even when they've got a chance to not be a total joke, they choke and blow it. Unbelievable.

GM: Well, it certainly did appear as though the Wilde Bunch had the match won when Buddy hit Pig In A Blanket but Sam Turner had made the blind tag and he caught him with that bulldog headlock, knocking him into the middle of next week, and got the one-two-three.

[Turner kneels next to Tombstone Anderson who is still on Dream Street from getting hit with Pig In A Blanket. He pats his partner on the chest, informing him of the victory as Cousin Chester steps into the ring, moving to check on his own partner.]

GM: A hard-fought battle for both of these teams - neither one deserves to lose but one of them had to. And now, the Rotgut Rustlers will go back to the locker room, sit back, and wait to see who will be their opponents in the Semifinals. Will it be Next Gen or will the veteran duo of Strictly Business get one step closer to cementing their Hall of Fame credentials? We're going to find out the answer to that question later tonight- oh, wait a second... let's not cut away quite yet, guys.

[Chester turns his attention towards Sam Turner, hands on his hips as he stares at him. Turner rises to his feet, fists clenched and ready for another fight to break out...]

GM: This one might not be over yet, fans.

[Chester looks... and looks... and looks... and with a heavy sigh, he extends his hand once more. Turner looks down at the offered hand with disbelief on his face. The crowd cheers, urging him to accept.]

GM: No hard feelings?

BW: You just lost, you big dummy! Wait 'til he turns his back and then waffle him with a chair!

[Turner nods... and shakes the offered hand to a big cheer!]

GM: Alright! It appears as though the Wilde Bunch and the Rotgut Rustlers will remain friends even after this tough fight here on the streets of Las Vegas! Fans, Mark Steggle is standing by with a special guest! Mark?

[We cut to the lobby of the Fremont Hotel and Casino, where Mark Steggle stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Fans, for those of you who called the AWA hotline earlier this week, you already know some of the details about what happened when "The Professional" Dave Cooper returned to the arena two weeks ago after suffering that concussion at the hands of Travis Lynch. He had been treated at the hospital and did not know about Miss Sandra Hayes demanding that Rob Driscoll face Lynch in a National Title defense. For those who did not, Cooper showed up after the show had ended and, when he learned what had happened... well, we have some footage to show you that one of our backstage hands caught on his smartphone. Let's go to that right now!

[We cut to somewhat shaky footage of what looks like a backstage worker, his back turned to the camera, with "The Professional" Dave Cooper facing him. Cooper's eyes are wide, as if he can't believe what he was told.]

DC: She did what?! You aren't pulling my leg, are you, son?

BH: I'm not. She made Rob Driscoll defend the National title.

DC: And that no-good Lynch brat won it?! You better not be pulling my leg!

BH: I'm not! You can ask anyone!

[Cooper turns away from the backstage hand, then slaps his hand against the wall.]

DC: And to think I trusted that... that... that good for nothing...

[He slaps his hand against the wall again, then turns back to the backstage hand.]

DC: So where is Rob Driscoll now?

BH: They fired him... he attacked a referee. They said he'll never wrestle here again!

[Cooper runs a hand across his face.]

DC: See, this is why I'm so fed up with this place... can't trust anyone other than myself, dammit!

[That's when he notices that he's being filmed. He pushes past the backstage hand.]

DC: All right, that's enough of that, son! You know I don't appreciate people eavesdropping!

[The image moves, clearly from the individual lowering his phone, then it stops.]

We cut back to Stegglet, who now stands next to "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a pair of black slacks and a light blue button-down shirt. He has an agitated look on his face, as if he didn't appreciate that footage being aired.]

MS: All right, Dave Cooper, we just saw what went down and...

DC: And what, Mark? What exactly do I have to explain to you? That somebody with a smartphone can't ensure an AWA star can get some privacy?

MS: I believe in this context, Dave Cooper, that this would fall under the definition of a public figure.

DC: Oh, I see how it is, Stegglet. You make up the rules as you go along, just like you do for anybody who you don't think is shooting straight with you.

MS: Well, perhaps then, you can do that with me. You know that Rob Driscoll is gone, and as I understand it, you have already terminated your relationship with Miss Sandra Hayes. I have to ask you, Dave, has the Lion's Den already fallen apart before it even got off the ground?

DC: You have such a way with words, Stegglet, but before I get to your speculation, let's go over a few things. You know, Stegglet, you've been here since the beginning of this place and you know I've been here almost since the beginning, so some might consider me an AWA original. Would you agree or disagree with that assessment?

MS: Well, you weren't here right from the start, but close enough to be an original, I would say.

DC: Now let's go over what I've gone through ever since I came to the AWA.

[He holds out his left hands and extends a finger, touching it with his right hand. He continues to do this each time he rattles off a sentence.]

DC: First I had to deal with a manager who didn't do enough to get me and my partner a tag team title shot we had rightly earned. Then I had to deal with a tag team partner who let his temper get the best of him. Then I had to deal with another manager who had this great idea about running off in the night with the National Title, only for him to get caught up in his own obsessions. Then I hooked up with another manager, who spent more time focusing on his tag team and, when we agreed to part ways, he threw me under the bus for everything. And now, I've had to deal with another manager whose ineptness not only got me knocked unconscious and sent to the hospital, but who got so obsessed with some Texas hick that it cost the Lion's Den dearly, and the man I thought would keep a level head loses it and costs the Lion's Den even more.

[He drops his hands down to his sides.]

MS: So what exactly is your point, Dave Cooper?

DC: I'm getting to that, you just stand there and hold the mic.

[He turns to the camera.]

DC: Ever since I've come to the AWA, I've spent my entire career letting somebody else be in the driver's seat. Letting somebody else tag along who I thought was committed to a certain objective, only to find out that wasn't the case. Letting somebody else dictate the decisions, as if I was just a soldier to carry out orders, instead of working together as a team should.

Well, I'm tired of that direction. I'm tired of managers who want to follow their own agenda whenever it suits them, or who want to put the blame on me when things don't work as expected. I want to be part of a real team, where we work together and we don't go behind each other's backs to pursue a personal agenda.

In other words, the Lion's Den isn't going to fall apart. Because I won't let it happen. I'm going to make this thing work, by ensuring it's actually built as a team. That means there aren't going to be any managers dictating policy to me or anyone else. There aren't going to be any members who concern themselves with their agenda first at the expense of everyone else. There's going to be a common purpose in this, not several people running in different directions. And I plan to find those people who will join with me, to pursue a common purpose, and that's to be the most dominant force the AWA has ever seen.

MS: Dave Cooper, are you saying you plan to find people who will just follow your orders?

DC: [holds up his hand] Don't try to twist my words around for your narrative, Stegglet. No, this isn't going to be me giving orders and others carry them out. It's going to be what a team is supposed to be. Individuals who come together for a common purpose. And to get that done, I'm not going to wait for people to approach me and ask me to do that. I'm going to go out and find them myself.

So I'm making my official announcement that I am going to start scouting the AWA, looking for the right people who can be part of the Lion's Den. I'm not just going to grab any old person who happens to have won a championship or has impressive

credentials. I want to find people who share that same killer instinct I have. Who are committed to being a dominant force in that ring. Most of all, find people who understand what it means to work together to accomplish something.

And believe me, I'll find the right people to come join the Lion's Den, those who will seek to make it a dominant force, one that will get all the gold in the AWA, not simply to add to a resume, but to do it for the good of the team.

[He points to the camera.]

DC: So to all the AWA wrestlers, I have my eyes on you, and if any of you think you can be that man who can be part of this team, don't just come up to me with your ideas. You're gonna have to show me, prove to me, that you are somebody who will commit to a team.

[He turns back to Stegglet.]

DC: And that, Stegglet, ends this discussion!

[Cooper walks off camera.]

MS: Well, fans, it sounds like Dave Cooper is not done with the Lion's Den, but as far as what he said about it... I'm not sure I'd look to that man as the best example of teamwork. We're going to take a quick break and when we come back, "Flawless" Larry Wallace will be in action so don't touch that dial!

[We fade from a grinning Mark Stegglet to black...

...and then up on a shimmering piece of gold.]

"Championship gold."

[Another angle of the gold.]

"It's the goal of everyone who laces their boots to compete inside the squared circle. From the very best in the world..."

[A shot of Ryan Martinez at a photo shoot holding the glittering title belt over his shoulder, a smile on his face.]

"To those who've paved the way..."

[Another photo shoot image - this one from some point in the past with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez each gripping one end of the AWA National Title in a staged tug-o-war.]

"To those who dream of being there some day..."

[A shot of a young child in the crowd, a replica AWA World Title being thrust with both hands into the air as he exclaims something towards the ring.]

"But for sixteen men in downtown Dallas..."

[Promo shots of some of CCW's finest - Max Magnum with Ben Waterson, Bret Grayson, Sammy Carson, Koji Nakano, and more.]

"Their dream begins tomorrow night."

[The shot explodes into a series of quick cuts showing CCW competitors in action - Caspian Abaran moonsaulting onto a standing foe, Kerry Kendrick waffling someone

with a steel chair, Grant Carter turning out someone's lights with his signature maneuver, and so on and so on.]

"LIVE at the Crockett Coliseum and TheX.com, it's the quest to become the very first Combat Corner Wrestling Champion!"

[A graphic comes up showing all the pertinent information before we fade back to black.]

As we come back up from black, we're in the ring where "Flawless" Larry Wallace is pacing back and forth, mic in hand, already dressed for action.]

GM: Fans, welcome back to Saturday Night Wres-

[Wallace's words cut off Gordon.]

FLW: For two weeks since it was announced that I was going to compete here tonight, I've heard the whispers - "Really? Him? He's going to wrestle?"

You're DAMN right I'm going to wrestle!

[Wallace ignores the jeering crowd.]

FLW: It seems as though too many of you got used to seeing me standing in the back of a Team Supreme interview or pushing around the boss' wheelchair.

Don't you people have the slightest clue who I am?!

[A resounding "NO!" rings out from the crowd, angering Wallace even more.]

FLW: You people think I'm the same guy who teamed with Bobby O'Connor for about two seconds before the AWA plucked their golden boy... my long-time friend... out of our team and saddled him next to one of their top stars?

I'm not!

I'm Larry Wallace... and I'm absolutely flawless.

[The fans jeer this one as Wallace spreads his arms, gesturing to his well-toned physique.]

FLW: You know what else I am? I'm the son of "Battlin' Burt Wallace. Now the hype machine will tell you that someone like Karl O'Connor, Bruno Moretti, or that ol' fossil Blackjack Lynch is the toughest guy to ever lace a pair but they'd be spilling more propaganda.

You want to know who the toughest guy ever to step into a wrestling ring is? Just ask Hamilton Graham because the LEGEND that is Hamilton Graham says it's my pops. And believe me, this apple didn't fall far from the tree.

[More boos.]

FLW: You want to know who else I am? I'm the brother of Chaz and Chet Wallace, the team that is DOMINATING professional wrestling halfway across the world in Japan.

Those two may be Youth In Asia but I'm the Youth in America!

[The crowd laughs as Wallace doesn't seem to realize that doesn't make any sense at all.]

FLW: And you know what else I am?

I'm the possessor of THE...BEST...DAMN...DROPKICK... IN THE WORRRRRRRRLD!

[Wallace throws his arms apart in a pose, tossing the mic aside as the crowd continues to jeer. Phil Watson steps forward to apparently finish introductions he started during the break.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening guitar riff to Nazareth's "Hair of the Dog" tears through the PA system drawing a reaction from a scattering of fans.]

GM: Wait a second...

BW: You've gotta be kidding me.

[The crowd grows louder as we cut to one of the elevated camera shots, spinning to zoom in deep into the crowd...]

GM: It can't be. Nobody would be crazy enough to let him...

[The zoom goes in... and in... and in... and reveals someone coming through the crowd towards the ring. Dressed in what appears to be a pair of Zubaz in a Texas state flag design with a white wifebeater... well, it probably used to be white at least but it's seen better days. Keeping his shoulder-length hair out of his eyes is a torn-off piece of old shirt used as a makeshift headband. More notable, however, may be his worn and tattered "THE YARD" t-shirt and the black bandana tied around his neck and pulled up to his nose... Much in the style of a train robber.]

GM: Dear god... what have we done now?

BW: The AWA refuses to let Morgan Dane work here but THIS GUY is okay?!

[Alright, enough with the suspense. Take it, Mr. Watson, if you will.]

PW: From Amarillo, Texas... weighing in at 247 pounds...

JIMMY JACK SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Upon reaching the ringside area, Jimmy Jack Shane shoves a security guard aside to stand on his chair near the railing, putting one foot up on the top of the barricade. He looks out over the Vegas crowd, a few more people cheering for him now that they realize who he is.]

GM: Jimmy Jack Shane is here in the AWA, here in Las Vegas, and here on Saturday Night Wrestling! Heaven help us all, Bucky.

BW: If you thought Terry Shane was the crazy one in the Shane family, you'd be dead wrong! Shane had to deal with the likes of Hannibal Carver and Steve Spector before he lost his mind. His brother, Jimmy Jack, came out of the womb so crazy that when the doctor slapped 'im, he slapped him back!

[Shane pushes off, leaping off the railing to land on his feet inside the barricade. He rips the bandana off his face, throwing it aside to reveal a devilish grin as he reaches back over the railing, grabbing the chair he was just standing on...

...and recklessly HURLS it backwards over his head, sending it over the ropes where it bounces off the canvas, narrowly missing substitute referee Dean O'Riley who

scampers to the side. A suddenly-nervous Larry Wallace points at Shane, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: I believe that THIS is not what Larry Wallace had in mind here tonight!

[Jimmy Jack whips around towards the ring, shooting his left arm up with such velocity that he staggers to the side a bit, before moving towards the ring. He leaps up onto the apron, letting out an ear-splitting "WOOOOOOOOOO!!".]

GM: Larry Wallace looks like he's seen a ghost and I'm sitting here wondering who in the Talent Relations office owes someone money.

BW: Or has been dipping into Carver's liquor. You've gotta be drunk or... I don't know what to hire a lunatic like this.

[Jimmy Jack enters the ring, tearing off his shirt and whipping it against the mat as he continues "WOOOOOOOOOO!!"-ing up a storm. Wallace is standing up against the ropes, warily looking at Shane as he throws the shirt out to the floor. He balls up his fists, hopping up and down shouting, "COME ON, BOY! LET'S GO! LET'S GO!"]

GM: You have to imagine that Larry Wallace and Jimmy Jack Shane are no strangers to one another. Both of their legendary fathers faced off against each other on many occasions. Larry Wallace, as he reminded us, is the son of "Battlin'" Burt Wallace... that ol' war horse himself. Jimmy Jack Shane is, of course, the son of Terry Shane Jr. and the grandson of Terry Shane Sr.

[The referee puts a hand on Jimmy Jack's chest to keep him back...

...but Shane slaps the hand away, nearly ripping the official's shoulder out of its socket!]

GM: Whoa! Take it easy there!

BW: Are you kidding me?! You know this guy's exploits as well as anyone else does! He's been kicked out of just about every territory he's ever competed in. He's out of control!

[The official warns Shane to keep his hands off him before he signals for the bell...

...and then dives out of the way as Jimmy Jack rushes past him, a tornado of fists that overwhelm Larry Wallace, knocking him back against the ropes where Jimmy Jack loops in blow after blow after blow after blow after... get the idea?]

GM: Jimmy Jack Shane's all over him!

[The referee leaps into the air, stunned at what he's seeing as he rushes to intervene, warning Shane for the clenched fists, the beating against the ropes, pretty much his general demeanor.]

GM: The referee's having a real hard time getting Jimmy Jack Shane under control!

BW: Shocking.

[Shane spins away, spitting and frothing. Jimmy Jack has a body that is the clear result of a life spent working on farms. Pale everywhere but his arms [and even then only above the t-shirt sleeve line] and muscles gained more by manual labor than time spent in the gym, he'll never be mistaken for a male model.]

GM: The referee is reading him the riot act right about now and...

[Shane spins around the official, running back towards Wallace, leaping into the air to land a right hand to the temple, knocking Wallace down to a knee where Shane grabs him by the hair, spinning him around with his throat over the middle rope. He firmly plants his shin on the back of the neck, pushing the windpipe into the throat!]

GM: He's choking him, fans!

BW: He's on a race to see how many rules he can break in his debut match.

GM: If he's not careful, his debut match may be his last match, Bucky.

[Jimmy Jack leans over the ropes, tucking the top rope under his armpit as he grabs the middle rope with both hands, pulling up on it to really strangle the air out of Wallace.]

GM: Look, I'm no fan of Larry Wallace but this is going too far!

[Shane breaks at the count of four and a half, stomping across the ring to the far ropes, bouncing off as the official has to dive out of the way again, watching as Jimmy Jack leaps into the air, driving his knee into the back of the neck again, snapping Wallace back and down onto the mat, clutching at his throat, kicking his feet into the air as Shane grabs the top rope, throwing his head back with a loud "WOOOOOOOO!"]

GM: This guy's not playing with a full deck of cards.

BW: Sure he is. Unfortunately, they're all jokers!

[Shane stomps around the ring, sending the referee scurrying away from him as he pulls Wallace up by the hair..

...and Wallace goes to the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Larry Wallace rakes the eyes...

[And grabbing a handful of Zubaz, Wallace ROCKETS him through the ropes where he does a full front flip before CRASHING down backfirst on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Wallace collapses against the ropes, slumping to a knee, breathing heavily as Shane winces out on the floor.]

GM: Wallace with a desperation move but it paid huge dividends as Jimmy Jack Shane is completely laid out on the floor, barely moving as Wallace tries to recover from that initial onslaught.

[Dropping down to his stomach, Wallace rolls out to the floor, putting the boots immediately to the downed Shane.]

GM: And Larry Wallace showing off that Team Supreme mean streak, going right after Jimmy Jack Shane.

BW: Can you blame him after the way Shane's attacked him so far?

GM: I suppose I can't.

[Wallace drags Shane off the floor, pulling him over towards the ringside barricade where he lifts him around the midsection, dropping him gutfirst across the steel, tipping him over into the front row!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Now you're going to blame him?

GM: NOW I am, yes!

[Wallace throws his arms apart in the same gesture we saw earlier, taunting the downed Jimmy Jack Shane. He snatches a white AWA towel hanging around the neck of a sweaty front row fan, using it to wipe his brow before he leans down, wrapping it around the throat of Shane.]

GM: This is ridiculous, referee!

BW: Hey, Shane broke every rule in the book and some of 'em twice!

GM: I don't think so... and Wallace is using that towel to drag Jimmy Jack Shane back over the railing into the ringside area!

[Tossing the towel aside, Wallace pulls Shane off the floor, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Jimmy Jack propels Wallace down the length of the ringside area, sending him crashing into the farthest section of steel railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Wallace is laid out against the steel, arms draped over the railing as Shane gives a big "WOOOOOOOO!" before sprinting towards Wallace, leaping into the air...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and CRASHES into Wallace with a running leaping crossbody, snapping the railing from it's connectors and sending the barricade falling over with both Shane and Wallace falling into the mass of humanity at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHANE BROKE THE RAILING!

[The crowd fans out, trying to encircle the two downed combatants as the referee and some members of AWA security rush onto the scene to see what they can do to protect everyone.]

GM: We've got the referee out there! We've got security out there! This one might be over right now, Bucky!

BW: It should've been over when whatever lunatic in Talent Relations got the idea to sign this guy! Jimmy Jack Shane has absolutely no regard for HIS body let alone his opponent's or anyone in the crowd! We already had Dave Bryant burn up one of our fans this year - who knows what this maniac might do!

[But as the referee kneels to check on Shane, Jimmy Jack sits up, reaching out to grab himself a handful of the official's shirt. The official tries to get free but Shane won't let go, using it to drag himself up to his feet. He looks punch-drunk, perhaps shaken up from the fall through the railing.]

GM: Jimmy Jack's on his feet, dragging the referee everywhere he goes...

[Suddenly, Shane shoves the official down, turning back towards Wallace, moving towards him but a security guard gets in his path, pushing him back.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Jimmy Jack snaps his head back, his eyes wide with rage. He gives a shout of "I'M GONNA RIP YOUR DAMN EYE OUT, YOU BASTARD!" before he makes a lunge at the security guard, tackling him down to the floor!]

GM: What the-?! What the hell is he-?!

[The other security guards fall on him, moving quickly to try and subdue Jimmy Jack Shane as a kneeling referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded but that's not the story! This lunatic... cut away from him! Cut away from him right now!

[On cue, the technical director orders the camera shot to land on Gordon and Bucky who are craning their necks to see what is going on. Gordon looks disgusted at what he's seeing as we can hear, "YER GONNA DIE, PIG! YER GONNA DIE!" in the background.]

GM: I can't believe... fans, we were afraid this might happen. Can we get out of this? Let's just... get him the hell out of here and let's go to commercial. For crying out loud...

[The disgust in Gordon's voice is apparent as we abruptly cut 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.

The camera opens on Jericho Kai. He appears to be somewhere in a Vegas skid row because the homeless are gathered behind him in an alley. Visible amongst them are the Walking Dead and the horror that is Poet. Kai is dressed in his funeral suit, the collar of his white shirt looking a little grey around the edges. The image is confusing. The contrast poignant. Jericho Kai seems to be everything and nothing at once. He looks through the camera with his heavy-lidded green eyes. His right hand idly massages his heart.]

JK: Hercules... you may be dumb as a rock, man, but you're hard as a rock, too.

[Again, he rubs his chest and then touches his throat where Hammonds had his vice grip on him.]

JK: I have never felt power like that oppose me in this life or my other.

[Those green eyes seem haunted.]

JK: If the strength of Sutekh did not give me resolve, I might have begged for mercy. I might have quit. When you slammed me down across your knee, man, I thought that you didn't lie. I was broken into a million pieces. But then the strength of Sutekh came flooding through my veins and I shut away the pain.

[You can see that the pain still lingers on his face. It's in the edges of his subdued tone.]

JK: You are my test, Mighty Hercules. My intellect versus your brute strength. You are a lion in the Garden of Plenty. I command the jackals in the sand. It may not seem like a fair test but a pack of jackals can take down a lion. They can outsmart a big, dumb, lazy cat like you, man.

Last time we met, my pack became doubters. They worried you were too strong, too determined. They worried that they did not have the strength to fight. But I assured them that they were wrong. Sutekh's strength is in us all, man. He feeds us and gives us the strength to survive out here every day while men like you parade around and celebrate a life of excess you don't deserve, man.

You think that's the natural order. The strongest survive and they take what they want. You're wrong, Hercules.

Nature doesn't always favorite the strong. A determined man can rise above and conquer nature itself. A determined man can even conquer death. All he needs is to be tested. You are the test my Lord has given me. If I am to be the instrument of Sutekh, the vessel of his wrath of his power ... if I am to set fire to this world and rebuild it in his image then what better way to do it then bring low the strongest man in all the land. Reduce you to nothing more than these men here.

[Jericho turns slightly to show the homeless gathered around Poet, listening raptly as she speaks to them. Poet looks up from her ministry and catches his eye. She approaches him dutifully, chalice in hand. She glares into the camera, her scarred face harsh and cold.]

P: The Lord of the Storm test us all, Jericho. Him never appreciate destroyin' di weak. Yuh wan be his instrument den you must destroy di strong as dey try fi destroy us. Dey left us fi dead. And now dey must pay.

[She raises her chalice to his lips for him to drink. Red liquid runs down the corner of his mouth. More strength seems to flow into Kai. He stands taller. His shoulders set defiantly and his eyes narrow in focus like a serpent's.]

JK: You are right, Poet. He tests us all. And Hercules, he will test you, too, man. He has set the jackals upon you and the pack will not stop hunting until we've torn apart the lion. I will wear your defeat as a crown. I will lay you low and make everybody realise that their time of privilege is at an end. I do it for these forgotten people. I do it for our Lord and Saviour Sutekh. And with his guidance I shall not fail.

Hercules Hammonds, I have tasted your power. It is strong. I will taste it again. You will beat me but you will never break me. The Will of Sutekh joined to mine is too strong. Sing and dance with your rich fancy and foolish fans. Let them chant your name because you are their protector. Let their voices cry out. It will be all the sweeter when I cut you down. I will make them know what it is like to feel fear. I will make them know what it is like to feel cold. I will make them know what it is to be lost in the storm. And they will be forced to come home or die.

[A slow smile spreads across his tight mouth.]

JK: You found me, Hercules. You came into the pack and tried to break me, but I am not so easily broken. And now the jackals have your scent. They have your measure. Hercules, we're coming for you. You will be taken by the jackals!

[We slowly fade from Kai to the lobby of The Plaza Hotel and Casino, where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is Supernova, who is dressed in his wrestling attire, his face painted yellow and black.]

MS: Supernova, in just a few minutes, you'll be heading to the ring, but I wanted to ask you about the ongoing situation between you and Shadoe Rage. Ever since Rising Sun Showdown 2 and what happened in that 12-man tag match, Rage has made it clear not only that he blames you for the end result, but that he has nothing more to prove to you because you haven't beaten him. Your thoughts?

S: Mark, Shadoe Rage can say whatever he wants, put on whatever show he wants to put on, but the fact is this: I may not have beaten him, but he hasn't beaten me either. And no matter how many times they want to talk about how the champion doesn't have to beat the challenger, deep down, I know it's eating Rage alive that...

[His eyes widened with his next words.]

S: HE. CAN'T. BEAT. ME!

[A slight laugh.]

S: That's not the only thing that's driving Rage crazier than he already is! He likes to think of himself as the face of this company, the top dog around these parts. Hey, I'll give him credit for getting that World TV title around his waist, but he's been walking around, demanding respect from everyone, how everywhere he goes, it's Rage Country. Yet here I am, someone who got his big break thanks to the AWA, owes everything to the AWA for that, and some have said because I've done so much for this company, that I have become a face of this company! But don't let me just say it, Mark... do you think I'm a face of this company?

MS: I would say you are... not the only one, but one of many.

S: And that's a good point, Mark. But I don't consider that designation to mean I'm above this company, unlike how Rage acts! So every time I hear him open his mouth, I can tell it's all because he doesn't like how I get touted as a face of the company, and how deluded he is to think he should be the only one! Throw in the fact that Rage hasn't beaten me, he knows he hasn't beaten me, and it's hanging over his head that he hasn't beaten me, all he has to do is get back in the ring with me and prove otherwise! After all, that's why I want him back in the ring... not just because there's that title on the line, but because I haven't beaten him yet and I have something to prove! And whether he wants to admit or not, he definitely has something to prove, too!

V/O: Is someone taking my name in vain?

[Both Stegglet and Supernova turn to face the newcomer as Shadoe Rage appears stage right. The AWA World Television champion is super decked out in a beautiful robe with his image airbrushed on the back. He holds the AWA World Television title up, letting it hang in the face of Stegglet and Supernova.]

SR: Mark Stegglet, can you believe this nonsense? He's a face of the company? _HIM?_ A man who hides his face to hide his cowardice? Everything that comes out of this man's mouth is a lie.

MS: But what about his challenge? Will you step into the ring with Supernova or is he right in saying you can't beat him?

[Rage laughs mirthlessly.]

SR: Stegglet, you've just witnessed coward's technique number three right after shaking in your boots and turning tail and running. You try to pretend the other guy is more scared of you than you are of him. The only problem is it's a lie.

[He directs his attention to Supernova, boring a hole through him.]

SR: Supernova, I've never been scared of you and I've never had anything to prove to you. You're just another coward. But from my mouth to God's ear...

[Rage cups his hand around his ear.]

SR: ...I know you're terrified of me stepping into that ring with you.

[A condescending smile comes across Rage's pretty features.]

SR: Don't worry, Supernova. You won't have to worry about me forcing you to put your money where your mouth is because you're never getting another shot at _my_ AWA World Television title.

[He thrusts the title at Supernova.]

SR: You've had chance after chance to beat me and you couldn't do it. You're out of chances. Stupidnova, I don't have anything to prove to you. I had to prove myself to Tony Sunn and a straight right knee from Sensational me sent Tony Sunn to the infirmary. You had several chances to prove you were better than me and you failed. You know you don't deserve another title shot. You know you've tried everything to sabotage me and undermine my reign but you failed. I'm telling you personally, Stupidnova, you will never get another shot at this title. Stop talking about it. Stop talking about me.

[Rage takes a menacing step forward and pokes Supernova in the chest.]

SR: Because I'll hurt you if you don't. You don't want any part of me. Not tonight. Not tomorrow. Not ever. Shut your mouth, coward, or I'll put you down just like I did the former champ.

[Stegglet blanches at the tension between the two wrestlers as they're nose-to-nose glaring at each other. Rage suddenly steps back. He draws his thumb across his throat.]

SR: I'm serious, I'll put you down.

[Supernova clenches his fist and, for a minute, it looks like the two are about to go at it. Rage, though, steps back off camera, never taking his eyes off the face-painted wrestler. Supernova looks like he's about to pursue him, but makes no move, raising a finger in Rage's direction, a wild look in his eyes. Stegglet turns to Supernova.]

MS: I'm sorry about that interruption.

[Mark's remark snaps Supernova to his attention.]

S: You don't have anything to be sorry for, Mark! But Shadoe Rage is going to have plenty to be sorry about the next time he jumps in like that! Sooner or later, Mark, I will catch up to him, I will get him in that ring, he'll have to feel the heat, and it's gonna burn him up, I'll promise you that!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off camera.]

MS: All right, fans, let's get down to ringside and see Supernova in action!

[We cut to the ring where Phil Watson stands with his mic in hand.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, and weighing 249 pounds, "CONCRETE" JOHN YEATES!

[A well-built man with chest hair, thick shoulders and a lantern jaw raises his arms to the crowd. The wrestler with curly black hair and wearing navy blue trunks turns to jaw at a few ringside fans.]

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: And his opponent, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS... IS... SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

GM: And here he comes, Bucky! Arguably one of the most popular wrestlers in the AWA!

BW: Tell me something, Gordo, why is it that anybody who is popular never really is the best at what they do?

GM: What are you talking about? Supernova is a most accomplished wrestler!

BW: Yeah, and Justin Bieber sells a bunch of music, but that doesn't make him the best! Just like Supernova may have won a bunch of matches, but he'll never beat Shadoo Rage and prove he is the best!

[As he heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: Well, if Rage would only step into that ring again with Supernova, maybe we'll find out if Supernova could beat him.

BW: Forget it, Gordo, Stupidnova had several chances to do that! I'm sure if I got 1,000 chances to win the jackpot on the slots, I'd eventually win it, but that doesn't mean I should get that many chances!

GM: There's no such thing as a draw when playing the slots, Bucky.

BW: That's not the point! If I win the smallest winning, that's what I get. I don't get to play the same coin over and over!

[The bell rings and Supernova and Yeates circle each other and lock up.]

GM: Supernova backing up Yeates into the corner... the referee asking him to back off... oh, Yeates with a cheap shot!

BW: Yeates has been around for a long time, Gordo. He know exactly when to take advantage.

GM: Yeates with a boot to the midsection... now clamps on a headlock.

[As Yeates works the headlock, he starts jawing to ringside fans. "I got him! Right where I want him!"]

GM: Yeates sounding confident right now.

BW: Why shouldn't he be? He's controlling the match, Gordo.

GM: Supernova backing Yeates up into the ropes and shoves him off... here's a shoulderblock!

[As Supernova leans toward Yeates, the longtime veteran leans right back into him and neither man budes. Yeates raises his arms toward the crowd. "Yeah! He can't take me down!"]

GM: Neither man went down and Yeates is acting like that's a win already!

BW: Hey, give the man some respect! Stop being a Stupidnova apologist!

GM: Apologist... I could think of at least one person here who fits that term when it comes to the likes of Shadoe Rage.

BW: What does anyone have to apologize for about Rage? He's the World TV champ and nobody should ever apologize for being a World Champion!

[Supernova places his hands on his hips as Yeates turns to face him, jabbing a finger, which Supernova swats away. Yeates steps back, as if he couldn't believe that happened.]

BW: Now there's something you need to apologize for, and that's Stupidnova showing no respect to John Yeates!

GM: As if you would expect Supernova to act any different when someone talks trash to him!

[Yeates motions with his hand toward Supernova. "Come on! Take your best shot!"

Supernova lunges forward and the two lock up again, this time Supernova pulling Yeates into a headlock.]

GM: Now Supernova takes advantage... working that headlock.

[Yeates manages to push Supernova back into the ropes and shove him off. Once again, both men lean into each other and neither man budes.]

BW: What did I tell you, Gordo? Show Yeates some respect!

GM: He's taken two shoulderblock attempts from Supernova and held his ground, I'll definitely credit him for that.

[Yeates once more turns to the crowd to brag. "I told you! He can't take me down!"

But as he turns back to Supernova, the face-painted wrestler greets him with a series of hard forearms, staggering Yeates.]

GM: And Supernova takes a different approach! This is what makes this man so good in that ring!

BW: If he wants to take a different approach, I've got one for how he can approach things with Shadoe Rage.

GM: I'm afraid to ask what that is.

BW: Just give it up! No sense in embarrassing yourself again!

GM: I know you're never going to see Supernova take that approach.

[Supernova whips Yeates into the ropes and floors him with a clothesline.]

GM: Clothesline by Supernova! Now he comes off the ropes... here's the elbowdrop!

[As Supernova leaps high into the air, Yeates sees it coming and rolls out of the way.]

BW: He missed! That's why he's Stupidnova!

[Yeates gets to his feet and hooks his thumbs to himself, a smile on his face.
"That's right! He can't beat me!"

But he does not notice that Supernova just popped right back to his feet.]

GM: And look at that! It's like Supernova didn't feel anything when he missed the elbow!

BW: Only because he's too stupid to feel anything!

[Yeates turns around and sees Supernova standing there, flexing his arms. Yeates holds up his hands and backpedals, but gets a kick to the midsection instead.]

GM: Supernova backs Yeates into the ropes... here's an Irish whip... OH MY!

[Supernova catches Yeates off the ropes and presses him overhead, drawing cheers.]

GM: Look at the strength shown by Supernova! Yeates goes up... and right down to the canvas with a gorilla press slam!

[Yeates arches his back in pain, holding it and yelling "OW! OW!" as Supernova cups his hands and howls to the crowd.]

GM: Yeates feeling the effect of the press slam... and Supernova right on top of him, pulling him off the canvas.

BW: He lifts him up onto his shoulders... and there's a Samoan drop! He's targeting the back, Gordo!

[Yeates arches his back again, shouting "OW! OW!" once more.]

GM: Yeates clearly in a lot of pain, Bucky.

BW: Not from the back, though. He's got pain in his ears from having to listen Supernova howl like that.

[Supernova drags Yeates up again, cinching an arm around the back of Yeates' neck and grabbing the tights.]

GM: Supernova taking control of this one. Look at that vertical suplex! Textbook move!

BW: He may be in control here, but that's all he's controlling. Rage controls the World TV title and he's never gonna give that up!

[Yeates is still grunting about the pain he's in as Supernova brings him off the canvas once more, delivering another kick to the midsection to back him into the corner.]

GM: Supernova with a pair of forearms to the chest. And now he grabs him by the arm.

[An Irish whip to the opposite corner follows and Supernova measures him up.]

BW: And you know what's coming next!

[Supernova rushes toward Yeates, flying high in the air and connecting with a corner splash.]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

BW: The same move Stupidnova used to cost Team AWA the 12-man at RSS!

GM: He did not!

BW: Everyone saw it, Gordo! And that's why Stupidnova doesn't deserve a title shot! He let the AWA down!

[Yeates has slumped to the canvas, face first, and Supernova grabs him by the legs and flips him over.]

GM: He's hardly let anyone in the AWA down... and here come the Solar Flare! Supernova has it locked on!

[Supernova takes Yeates' legs and ties them up, turning him back onto his stomach and cinching back on the hold.]

BW: And that's the move he can't beat Rage with! He tried it once, it failed, it can't be done!

[Yeates is yelling in pain, and when the referee checks on him, Yeates shouts "YES! YES!" when asked if he wants to give up. The referee signals for the bell to be rung.]

GM: We've only seen it happen one time, Bucky, so who's to say it wouldn't happen if Supernova got him in the hold again, just like he did to Yeates to get himself the victory?

BW: It can't happen! It won't happen! He'll never get another shot at the title when he doesn't deserve it!

[Supernova releases the hold and allows the referee to raise his arm.]

PW: The winner of the match, SUPERNOVA!

[The fans cheer the announcement. Supernova leans over the ropes and ask Watson to give him the mic.]

GM: Hold on, fans... sounds like Supernova wants to say something.

BW: Is he finally going to recognize he's not worthy of another title shot?

GM: Somehow I doubt that, Bucky.

[Supernova walks to the middle of the ring, observing the cheering fans, before speaking.]

S: Shadoo Rage, you can threaten me all you want. You can say whatever you want, do whatever you want, but the bottom line is I am not afraid of you, you cannot beat me, and the only way to prove otherwise is to get in the ring with me again! You face whoever it is you have to face tonight, but once that's done, I want another shot at you! I don't care what it takes to get you in that ring again, it's going to happen whether you want it or not!

Like I said, I'm not afraid of you, but the question you better ask yourself is this: Are you afraid to face me again?

If not, it's time to prove it, pal!

[He hands the mic back to Watson, then cups his hands to his mouth and howls, drawing more cheers from the fans.]

GM: Supernova with a big win on the streets of Las Vegas, fans! We've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 to pre-taped footage.

The first shot is of a piano - fingers flying across the keys to sound out a familiar-sounding tune. We pan from that to someone sitting on the piano... more specifically, to their groin.

Their groin is clad in black leather with diamond-shaped silver studs that seem to spell out the words “SUCK I-”]

“HEY!”

[The camera abruptly pans to reveal a very stylishly dressed Jay Alana sitting at a table drinking from a wine glass. Alana is in a royal purple silk shirt unbuttoned several spots, gold chains hanging around his neck.]

JA: That sounded good. Play it again, Sam.

[As the piano player with a nametag that clearly reads “MAURICE” sighs heavily, we now notice he’s playing “Dead Man’s Party” on the piano. We zoom back a bit to reveal Chet Wallace lying across the piano in the aforementioned leather pants. He’s not wearing a shirt, showing off his well-oiled and toned upper body. Chaz Wallace is a few feet away, blatantly flirting with a waitress showing a ton of cleavage. The music continues as we cut back to Alana who we now can see is seated with Elijah Wilde, Ricky Royal, and Yuma Weaver. A second table nearby has Johnny Skye chatting with Miyuki Ozaki. Neither seem aware of what’s going on. One Man Army is near the door, arms crossed angrily.]

JA: This... is what royalty looks like.

[Alana gestures to the opulent room, filled with fine glassware and sterling silver.]

JA: And make no mistake, I am wrestling royalty. My father, Kai Alana... his name is mentioned on EVERY episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, endlessly on those commercials about his glory days of dominating the Northeast.

Now I’m here in Japan showing the world why I’m the Prince they’ve been waiting for.

[He points to his wrist.]

JA: His blood - the blood of power, the blood of greatness - runs through my veins. And it’s just a matter of time before I wear gold as he did.

[His face twists into one of disgust.]

JA: So, excuse me, if I find three rabid flea-ridden hounds beneath my notice.

Correction... I FOUND them beneath my notice.

No longer.

[Alana sets down his wine glass, staring into the camera.]

JA: The Dogs of War... are calling ME out?! They're calling out the Dead Man's Party, the greatest fighting unit on the planet. When you hear about the DMP's exploits, you remember names like Syndicate... like Pride... like Legion... like Redemption... like ACHILLES...

And then just like that...

[He snaps his fingers.]

JA: You forget them all when you realize they all pale in comparison to what you see before you right now.

The Dogs of War would prefer not to be told the odds.

[The good-looking Hawaiian chuckles.]

JA: I can understand why because one look around this room tells you all you need to know. The odds are too great... too high to overcome. And not just the numerical odds... no, no, no... the talent odds!

You look around this room and see the man who defies gravity with every breath he takes in Johnny Skye. You see the cast-offs... the men the AWA gave up on and will live to regret, Rick Royal and Yuma Weaver. You see the greatest tag team in the world - who are set to prove it in the Stampede Cup - Youth In Asia. You see a walking, breathing monolith of a war machine in One Man Army. You see Elijah Wilde who has "future World Champion" written all over him.

[Wilde smirks at that, leaning back in his chair to throw a pair of Converse-covered feet up on the table as a nearby waiter cringes.]

JA: And then there's me.

[Alana gestures to himself before picking up his wine glass.]

JA: The odds are not on your side, mutts. You learned that in Tokyo when you were tied up and left for dead by my army. One week from tonight, we're going to teach that lesson again...

[He swirls the wine around in the glass, smiling a devious grin.]

JA: Perhaps a little bit harsher.

[He lifts the glass, toasting the camera.]

JA: We'll see you in Mexico, mutts. Be ready.

[Alana lifts the glass, taking a drink as the camera slowly fade to black.]

We fade back up to where Mark Stegglet is standing by in the interview area.]

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, you have not got a match scheduled for tonight, but you did request this time and now you have been granted it. What's on your mind?

WH: As I look out upon this crowd right here in Downtown Las Vegas...

[He pauses for the home ground pop.]

WH: Mark, it assures me... It assures me that, despite attempts to disrupt the show by a particular group, the fans of the AWA... The REAL fans of wrestling have come out here to support us in full force!

[Again, the crowd breaks out in cheers.]

WH: These fans appreciate real athletes, Mark. They ain't buyin' into the whinin' and cryin' of some spoilt, self-entitled, overpaid _EGOTIST_ whose bought into his own hype!

MS: You are talking, of course, about Skywalker Jones, whose supporters have been protesting our shows outside every arena we've been in ever since the fans voted for Sweet Daddy Williams over Jones to participate in the Fourth of July Rumble. Two weeks go, those supporters managed to enter the arena and made their way to ringside, causing a distraction that might have caused you the title when you faced World Television champion, Shadoc Rage.

WH: That's right, Mark, and Jones has been calling me out, telling me to meet him outside in the parking lot and say what I've got to say to him to his face. You ain't no old man, Jones, so I don't think you have a problem hearing what I've got to say, although you certainly have no problem donning a disguise to attack me from behind. Well, tonight, Jones, we are ALL out in the open, and while I might not have a match scheduled, I'm dressed to wrestle and I ain't hidin' and I ain't puttin' on no disguise, so anytime you muster up the courage, how about you come out here and we settle this like real athletes ought to? Because, while Jones might have his little band chanting, "No Jones! No peace!" I've got these guys and the rest of Sin City calling for HAMMER TIME!

[The fans pick up the chant of "HAMMER TIME!", along to Hammer pumping his fist.]

MS: Willie Hammer looking for an opportunity to take on Skywalker Jones in the very near future... and right now, I'm looking to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is down on the Strip to find out what's going on at Brian Lau's party. Lou?

[We cut to a live shot of the previously-seen Rain Man Suite which now seems to be quite the happening place. Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are taking shots of some sort of brown liquid, each with a buxom blonde by their side. Rex Summers is regaling a line of what appear to be showgirls judging by their attire with a story of some sort. Sweet Lou Blackwell is in front of it all.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark! It has indeed become Party Central here at Caesars Palace thanks to Brian Lau who-

[Lau steps into view, shaking his head.]

BL: I'd like to apologize to the fans at home if Mr. Blackwell seems out of sorts. Despite my warnings, he was nipping at a bottle of... well, let's just say there's a good thing there's no legal limit for wrestling announcing.

[Blackwell fumes at Lau who turns his head, inclining it slightly.]

BL: Gentlemen, I'm glad you could make it and let bygones be bygones. Enjoy your evening and good luck in your match tonight.

[He "air toasts" the two men as the camera pans to reveal "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian and Andrew "Flash" Tucker, better known as Strictly Business. Both men

are clad in their wrestling attire, prepared for their forthcoming Stampede Cup match. The duo looks calm and confident as Blackwell gets the cue to begin.]

SLB: You gentlemen are already dressed to compete. I'm guessing your next stop is the rooftop helicopter pad where Mr. Lau's hired transportation of the night awaits you.

MS: You're not as dumb as you look, Blackwell.

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: On that note, gentlemen, you're not too far away from your match with Next Gen in just a few minutes here, attempting to move one step closer to Stampede Cup victory. What's the plan for tonight, gentlemen?

AT: The plan is pretty simple: go out there, put some kids in time out, and then come back here, rinse off the stench of Next Gen's failure, enjoy Mr. Lau's hospitality for a while, and then head down to the Spearmint Rhino and help out some 20-somethin' co-eds who are tryin' to put themselves through college.

MS: Hehe, the Rhino is tough to beat. Especially when it's in the name of furthering higher education. Maybe if those tikes across the ring from us tonight had invested their time and energy in a more sensible direction, they would be able to recognize they're barking up the wrong tree tonight. We're the General Shermans of this sport for a reason. Which is why you don't see us batting an eye at some second-rate offspring pairing whose calling card is living off the rep of their patriarchs.

SLB: You two seem even more confident than normal tonight...

MS: You say that like you're surprised, Lou. How soon people forget we were the guys who threw tag team wrestling on our backs and returned it to a level of prominence and respect. When the Down Boys and Epitome of Cool became more interested in their AARP cards than walking the aisle, we were the reason why. We waited a decade-plus for a team to climb the ranks and push us to our limits. These runts they pulled out of recess? Pffft. This is wrestling, not dodgeball.

AT: Why shouldn't we be? We're goin' out into our second home – no, not the Vegas strip – the squared circle. It's where we are in our element. We've been talkin' and talkin' and talkin' around here lately, but not much else. Well tonight's our opportunity to stop talkin' and start walkin' – all over the broken bodies o' Next Gen.

SLB: Has this become personal with Next Gen?

AT: Why would it be personal, Blackwell? They're tryin' to make a name for themselves since they haven't accomplished anythin' of note except havin' a recognizable last name. We're a means to an end for them. I get it.

We weren't born into this though. We earned it. We earned it by beating Hall o' Famers from pillar to post. Next Gen is lookin' to follow the blueprint we used.

[Tucker scowls at the camera.]

AT: Bad news, boys, it ain't gonna be us that you use to become famous. You'll have better luck scourin' the Strip lookin' for the Frat Boys.

MS: If you find yourselves by the Rhino, feel free to stop in and say hello. If we're busy with those two sophomore pre-meds from UNLV - Alexis and Carmen I think

their names were - no worries. Throw all the apple juice and Pellegrino you need on our tab. Drinks are on us.

[Sebastian winks into the camera before nudging his partner, both men heading towards the exit of the room as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Confidence is in the air... overconfidence if you ask me. Is it deserved? We'll find out later tonight, fans, but right now we've got a quick break to go to before we come right back to see Shadoe Rage in action!

[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...

...and we fade back up downtown where Phil Watson is in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit... and is for the AWA WOOOORLLLLDDDDDD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The fans on the streets of Las Vegas cheer the announcement of a championship match.]

PW: Introducing first... the challenger... from Rocky Mount, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is AAAAAMOSSSSSSS CARTERRRRRRR!!!!

[There's a small pop for the knotty-haired Carolinian as he bounces around the ring and throws up his hands. The tourists take a few pictures.]

PW: And his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 244 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNN...

SENNNNNNNNNSAAAAAATIONALLLLL
SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOOOE
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!!

[Horns start to blow. This isn't the synthbeat of "Fame" but rather the orchestral pomp and circumstance of John Williams' "Olympic Fanfare and Theme."]

GM: Oh my, new music to introduce the Television champion and he has chosen a classic.

BW: Guess it makes sense for the man who wears the silver to announce himself as an Olympian.

[Shadoe Rage sweeps towards the ring, cordless microphone in hand. He is dressed in a silky boxer style robe in shimmering pink with silver fringed tassels rimming the cuffs and the neck. On the back is a beautifully airbrushed rendition of the dreadlocked and bearded World Television champion, eyes aloft, the World Television championship stretched to the heavens. Rage mimics the pose, raising the silver and pink title high in the air as he addresses the crowd.]

SR: Citizens of Rage Country! Welcome to the party!

[There's a chorus of boos that rain down from the fans familiar with AWA wrestling. The meandering tourists simply take in this spectacle as if it were another Elvis impersonation.]

GM: Once again, Shadoe Rage choosing to address the crowd. A rather sedate choice of outfits for his Las Vegas appearance don't you think?

BW: Gordo, I know you're trying hard to make jokes but Rage is a workhorse and a clotheshorse. I kinda like this robe! That's got to be 12,000 dollars worth of work right there.

GM: What?

BW: We can't all shop at the Goodwill like you, Gordo.

[Rage continues.]

SR: This isn't just any title defense, people! This is the last title defense before I celebrate my birthday. So this is a party and where better to throw a party than in Las Vegas! They call this place Sin City. I call it a place where they understand that pleasure is a virtue and you can experience all the pleasure you want! And I will experience all the pleasure I want!

[Rage walks down the aisle, berating the fans on the mic.]

SR: Supernova wants to think that he can challenge me? Get in line behind a fine contender like this guy in the ring. You had your shots, Supernova! He gets no more, people. Because you deserve to see everyone go up against the best there is in the business! The Greatest and longest-reigning World Champion in the AWA today. Me... yeah, me. It's a party!

[Rage approaches ringside and locks the AWA World Television championship in its trophy case. He takes one long last look at it before he hops into the ring. Rage pirouettes to the crowd and throws his arms in the air again. Confetti flies high from his sleeves.]

GM: This is certainly a different Shadoe Rage than we're used to seeing, Bucky. He's almost gleeful.

BW: Well, he's free of the nuisance of Supernova and looking forward to a new challenger to his World Television title. I guess you can say he's happy. He might finally have some competition.

GM: Will you stop?

BW: What did I say that wasn't true?

GM: Everything!

[Rage removes his ring robes to some appreciative applause from the Vegas crowd.]

BW: This is right in his wheelhouse. These people love a spectacle and Rage is a one ring circus!

GM: You mean three ring circus?

BW: I only see one ring, Gordo. Were you nipping at the same stuff Blackwell was?

GM: ...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and this match is underway. Shadoe Rage, the champion, apparently soon celebrating a birthday. He might have his party spoiled if he doesn't pay full attention to this promising young man, Amos Carter.

BW: Promising? What, is he promising to get a haircut? Because he's been lying if he did.

[Rage lunges forward into a collar and elbow tie up but ducks under and slips outside the ring to go celebrate his birthday week with the booing Vegas fans. A few fans pose for a selfie with Rage in the background but more still are booing when Rage suddenly snaps, shouting at them.]

"It's my birthweek and I'll wrestle when I want to!"

GM: Referee Davis Warren quickly up to a five count. And speaking of referees... get well soon, Johnny Jagger.

BW: And don't mess up again, Johnny Boy.

GM: Bucky! The man suffered serious injuries!

BW: The man made a Stench the National Champion... what hurts more than that? Henrietta sitting on you, I guess. Nope. Scumbag Stench with the belt definitely hurts more.

GM: I can't even- Shadoe Rage finally back in the ring at the count of eight. He goes for another lock up- come on!

[Rage drops to all fours and slides out of the ring again. He's back to fussing with the fans. He snatches a drink from a kid and sniffs it. Apparently dissatisfied with its contents he throws it on the ground. The crowd boos the rough tactics.]

GM: I can't believe this man's actions! He owes that youngster a soda!

BW: If someone knocked the soda out of Henrietta's hands, she might slim down to a quarter ton!

GM: Shadoe Rage arguing with these fans and ringside security has to get in between them! Oh my!

[A drink flies out of the crowd, splashing all over Rage. Incensed, the World Television champion tries to climb over the barricade, shouting and threatening the fans.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage's mood has changed quickly!

BW: Just don't start another riot! That's Martinez' schtick!

[Before things can escalate further, Carter comes out of the ring and clubs Rage in the back with a pair of forearms.]

GM: Amos Carter from behind! He's seen enough of these antics out of the World Television Champion and even more, he realized that the clock was ticking and you better believe Shadoe Rage realized that too!

[Carter yanks Rage down off the railing, throwing him backfirst against the ring apron!]

GM: Oh! Spinefirst into the hardest part of the ring!

[Rage staggers off the apron, winding up a right hand that Carter blocks before throwing a quick right-left-right combo of his own that sends the champion spinning away, rolling back under the ropes into the safety of the ring.]

GM: Rage finally back inside the ring... Carter on his way after him...

[But as Carter slides headfirst under the bottom rope, Rage drops to his knee, driving an elbow down into the back of his head!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: The champion - the veteran - wisely catches Amos Carter with an elbow as he comes back into the ring!

[Rage climbs to his feet, smirking at the jeering crowd before he laces his fingers into Carter's knotty afro to steady him before he rains down 12 to 6 elbows to the back of the head repeatedly!]

GM: Those elbows are doing a number on Carter!

BW: Who told him to go and get Rage mad? The guy's name is Rage! You want to mess with that bag of madness?

[Dragging Carter off the mat, Rage tattoos him with a spinning back elbow, sending Carter falling back into the corner turnbuckles.]

GM: What a shot that was - so much force behind it as he grabs Carter by the arm and shoots him across!

[Rage turns to shout at the fans before storming across after him, looking for a shoulder to the gut in the corner..

...but Carter kicks his legs up in the air, avoiding Rage as he runs underneath him, hitting the buckles. Carter swings his legs back down, hooking Rage in a sunset flip and dragging him down to the mat!]

GM: He missed and Carter goes for it! ONE!! TW- no! Not even a two count as Rage kicks out of the pin attempt.

[A fired-up Rage rolls to his side, pushing up to his feet and lunging at the rising Carter with a double axehandle across the bridge of the nose, knocking Carter back down to the mat where Rage promptly wraps both hands around the throat, choking the challenger violently on the canvas.]

BW: Man, the look in Rage's eye is changing. He was always insane, but now I think he's gone crazy. Or maybe even the other way around.

GM: You're not making sense, Bucky.

BW: I'm talking about Shadoe Rage! It's difficult to make sense.

[Breaking the choke at the count of four, Rage climbs to his feet, dragging Carter up with him. He scoops up the challenger, delivering a ring shaking body slam before following up with a double knee drop across the chest and throat.]

GM: Ohh! Big leaping kneedrop by the champion... and get your shin off the man's throat, Shadoe Rage!

[Rage shoves his shin into Carter's neck choking him out as Warren lays on the count. The boos are really ringing out now.]

GM: And Rage breaks just before the five count! That choke was unnecessary!

BW: He's teaching the young punk a lesson. Amos Carter probably thought he won the jackpot getting a World Television title shot but Shadoe Rage is out to prove that he really crapped out, Daddy.

GM: Shadoe Rage might crap out too if he keeps up with this behavior. I don't understand why such a talented wrestler always has to resort to such cheap tactics. It is beneath him and disgusting.

BW: Thank you, morality police. Where was this outrage when Stench was beating up women? Where was this outrage when Stench stole the National Title with an illegal fist? Where was it then, Myers? Nowhere! So you don't get to take moral high ground here!

GM: I am not talking about Travis Lynch winning the National Title. I am talking about the deranged lunatic in the ring who is disgracing the World Television Title right now!

BW: Well, don't tell me. Tell him!

GM: ...

BW: Exactly, you aren't crazy enough to do that.

[Shadoe Rage drags up Amos Carter with a handful of hair and rushes the ropes. He leaps over the top and drags Carter's throat down on the top rope. The ring rope drop clothesline snaps Carter back into the ring.]

GM: Oh, that move is just devastating!

[Quick as a cat, Rage climbs up onto the apron, scaling to the top rope in two big steps, screaming out at the crowd as Carter pulls himself to his feet.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage comes flying off with the Death from Above!

[The crowd involuntarily reacts at the high-flying collision as Rage drives the double axehandle through Carter's skull.]

BW: Maybe that mess of hair cushioned the blow a little bit. I hope it did because that was a lot of impact.

GM: 240 something pounds of flying lunatic trying to crush you into dust.

BW: Downright poetic, Gordo. Downright poetic.

[Rage climbs back to his feet, throwing his arms out to the crowd, gesturing with his hands for them to react. Boos are pouring down on the World Television Champion but he doesn't seem to care, throwing back his head and soaking up every bit of dislike from the Las Vegas fans.]

GM: It's hard to believe this guy was once one of the most popular men in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: You know, sometimes we talk about guys who like the boos of the fans... I think Rage actually THRIVES off of them, Gordo.

[Rage suddenly breaks towards the ropes, racing back with a leaping elbow drop down into the heart of Amos Carter. He climbs off the mat, leaping up to deliver a second... and a third...]

BW: Conrad Murray's still in jail, right?

GM: What? Who?

BW: Michael Jackson's doctor... the cardiologist... Amos Carter's going to need one after these elbow drops.

[Rage completes the ninth elbow drop before he finishes the sequence with a knee to the heart. Carter spasms, limply, as the timekeeper calls out.]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one and referee Davis Warren can do nothing to stop this but he's trying. Rage simply smirking at him.

[Indeed, Rage seems to have taken personal issue with someone in the crowd because he's pointing and shouting at someone before he stalks Carter and hooks him in a waistlock.]

BW: Ooh, beautiful gutwrench suplex there. Rage got a lot of torque on that. He's got a bit of a suplex game, Gordo. He sneaks a couple good ones every match out. He doesn't just jump off high things.

[Amos Carter is wincing on the ground as Rage again poses over him, drawing more jeers.]

GM: These fans are all over him and you're right, Bucky, I think he's loving every second of this.

[The official encourages Rage to try to finish off Carter and in response, Rage drops to his knee, burying the point of his elbow into the throat, leaving Carter coughing and gagging on the canvas as Rage kneels next to him, staring up at the referee.]

"HE CAN'T HAVE HER! HE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!"

[The crowd is hot at Rage for his treatment of the youngster as he simply chuckles at their ire, getting back to his feet again. The referee again implores him to finish the match as Rage drags the barely-fighting Carter off the mat, throwing him bodily into the corner where Carter slumps down to a knee, leaning against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Carter can't even stand!

[Rage moves in towards the corner, dragging Carter off the canvas, shoving him off the mat, into the air and...]

GM: And now what is Rage doing? Wedging him between the ropes?

[The World Television Champion backs off, smirking at Carter lying face-up draped over the middle rope. Rage places a foot up on the middle rope, leaping up into the air, driving BOTH knees down into Carter's chest and driving him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Aaaagh... that'll crack a sternum, break some ribs... who knows? Hopefully that ends this thing.

[Rage walks out of the corner, again gesturing for the crowd to react, earning more boos as the official checks on Carter.]

GM: Enough is enough. He's simply showing off.

BW: It's his birthday. Amos Carter gambled and lost going up against the King of Rage Country.

[The champion steps up on the middle rope on the far side of the ring, cupping his hand to his ear, listening as the boos rain down on him even louder this time.]

GM: The crowd really letting Shadoo Rage have it now!

[We get a flash of Rage giving up an obscene gesture before we quickly cut away to a crowd shot.]

GM: And Rage just told them where they can go!

BW: He gave them the ol' Italian how do you do... and now he's risking issues with the Network people.

[Meanwhile in the corner, Davis Warren has helped Carter to his knees. The young man is dazed and his eyes are glassy. He clutches at his chest, complaining that it is difficult to breath. Warren asks him if he wants to continue and the camera zooms in on the look of determination on the young man's face.]

GM: The referee is trying to see if Carter is able to continue. I don't think so, Davis... call for the bell and end this thing. Let's just-

[Rage suddenly sprints across the ring, running towards the kneeling Carter as the official dives out of the way...]

...and the World Television Champion CRUSHES the defenseless Carter's skull with a hard knee strike to the head. The momentum crashes Rage into the buckles where he hangs over Carter like a demented spider. Rage's eyes are glazed over and his mouth hangs open a little as he savors the moment of destruction. Carter is slumped on the mat, twitching.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: I didn't even see that coming!

[Davis Warren takes one look at Amos Carter before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and...

BW: What happened?

[Warren leans through the ropes, speaking to Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, referee Davis Warren has ruled Amos Carter UNABLE to continue. Your winner of this match via knockout... and STILL AWA World Television Champion...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

["The Olympic Fanfare and Theme" plays majestically as Shadoe Rage raises his own hand in victory, his right hand over his heart as he stands tall on the top rope.]

GM: My stars, Amos Carter still hasn't moved.

BW: And Shadoe Rage is cool as a fan as he drops to the floor. He's putting his robes back on!

GM: The straight right knee that knocked Tony Sunn out of action has claimed another victim.

BW: Out of action? Sunn hasn't even been seen or heard from since he got hit with that knee a year ago at SuperClash when Rage won the title. And if he uses that against ANY opponent, I gotta think it's gonna be lights out, daddy!

[Rage climbs back into the ring, showing off the airbrushed image of himself on the back of his robe to the hard camera. The boos are pouring down as Rage taunts the fans, jerking a thumb at the image...

...when suddenly, the fans break into cheers!]

GM: Wait a second!

[In what seems like an instant, Supernova has charged the length of the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet. He keeps on running, ducking a clothesline attempt by the World Television Champion, hitting the far ropes, and FLATTENS Rage with a leaping clothesline!]

GM: OH MY! SUPERNOVA DROPS THE CHAMPION!

[Supernova gets back to his feet, pounding his bare chest with his fists, throwing back his head to howl.]

GM: Supernova's revved up and he's got this Vegas crowd right there with him!

[Rage staggers up to his feet, stumbling and weaving as he gets there. The face-painted fan favorite approaches from behind...

...and grabs the back of the jacket, pulling at the collar!]

GM: He's- Supernova's trying to rip off that jacket!

BW: That's not- somebody stop him! That's not right, Myers!

[Supernova rips and tears at the jacket, pulling right where the title belt is airbrushed in place.]

BW: That's a twelve thousand dollar robe, you insolent punk!

[Rage shakes out of the robe, staggering away as Supernova throws it down on the mat...

...and then rushes forward, connecting with a second clothesline, sending Rage toppling over the top rope where he crashes down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERNOVA CLEARS THE RING OF THE TELEVISION CHAMPION!

[Supernova steps up on the second rope, gesturing for Shadoe Rage to get back in the ring and keep fighting. Rage is down on the floor, holding the back of his head as he stares up at 'Nova who hops down, again throwing back his head to howl.]

GM: Supernova wants one more shot at Shadoe Rage and at this point, he may be willing to do just about anything to get it!

[Walking around the ring, Supernova looks like he's about to exit...

...when his gaze falls on the robe down on the mat. He looks out to the crowd who roar in response!]

BW: Don't you dare! Gordo, I've got a mind to go in there and stop this!

GM: Go right ahead!

BW: I'm needed here!

[Rage shouts "NO!" at Supernova who approaches the robe, lifting it up in one hand, staring at the airbrushed picture of the World Television Champion, grabbing the other end of it with his other hand...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Supernova rips the robe, tearing Shadoe Rage's face right in half as he tears the fabric!]

BW: This ain't right, Gordo... this ain't right at all.

GM: The crowd here in Vegas sure likes it... Supernova ripping that gaudy piece of garbage to pie-

BW: GAUDY?! Who are you to judge Shadoe Rage's fashion sense?!

GM: The guy not wearing a light up jacket?

BW: Why you-

[Supernova rips the jacket again, tearing it once more. He rips and tears and rips and tears, throwing it down to the canvas. He looks out at the roaring fans, pounding his chest with his fists...

...when Shadoe Rage comes rolling back into the ring behind him, title belt in hand!]

GM: RAGE!

[Rage CLUBS Supernova in the back of the head with the title belt, knocking him flat on the canvas. He's muttering and shouting at the face-painted fan favorite, angrily pointing at him.]

GM: Shadoe Rage just laid out Supernova and... oh my stars, he's not done!

[Rage drops the title belt, hopping through the ropes to the apron. He quickly goes to the top rope, standing tall, arms raised over his head...]

GM: He's got Supernova laid out and-

[The World Television Champion leaps off the top rope, cocking his right arm, and DRIVES the elbow down into the throat of Supernova!]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP! GOOD GRIEF!

[Rage pops back up, throwing his arms apart, shouting "HE'S DONE!" to the now-jeering crowd.]

GM: Shadoe Rage drops that big elbow and... now where is he going?!

BW: He's gonna do it again! He's gonna make this punk pay for what he did!

GM: He tore up a jacket, for crying out loud! There's no call for-

[The crowd jeers as Rage sails off the top a second time, dropping the elbow down on the throat. Supernova's legs kick up into the air, trembling as they settle back down on the canvas.]

GM: The man's convulsing down on the mat! Come on! Enough is enough!

BW: Shadoe Rage will decide when enough is enough, Gordo! Supernova crossed a line tonight and Rage is gonna make sure he never crosses it again! Do it again, Shad- no, he's got something else in mind!

[The referee shouts at Rage, pleading with him to let up...

...when Rage grabs Warren by the hair, PASTING him with a right hand between the eyes, sending the referee sprawling down to the canvas! The crowd groans in shock as Rage points at the downed official!]

GM: Oh!

BW: That'll cost him... but I don't think he cares at this point! Rage has snapped!

[Stalking past the downed official, Rage pulls a limp Supernova off the canvas, setting him down on his knees. He holds the hair, shouting off-mic in Supernova's face, yelling at his rival as he sticks his finger in between his eyes...]

"THIS! ENDS! NOW!"

[Rage breaks away, running across the ring to the far side of the ring. He leans down, tapping his knee a few times...]

GM: What is he...?

BW: Oh, he's REALLY going to finish him now!

GM: NO!

[The World Television Champion barrels across the ring, taking aim at a stunned Supernova...

...and DRIVES his knee into the skull of the face-painted fan favorite, sending him down to the mat in a pile.]

GM: OH!

[The crowd goes silent at the sight of Supernova laid out on the canvas, victim of the very move that put Tony Sunn on the shelf permanently.]

GM: My stars, fans... that knee is...

BW: A trip to the retirement home?

GM: Shadoe Rage hasn't used that move very often but when he has, it almost certainly means a trip to the hospital...

BW: Or worse.

GM: Exactly. Like we mentioned earlier, Rage used that kneestrike to capture the World Television Title at SuperClash last November and when he did it to Tony Sunn...

BW: It knocked Sunn out cold... out of the AWA... and to the best of my knowledge, out of wrestling altogether!

GM: Shadoe Rage has struck... struck hard... and struck with potentially career-altering impact right here in Las Vegas.

[Retrieving his title belt, Rage plants a foot on the chest of Supernova, raising his right hand to the sky. He swings it down, slapping the face of the title belt once. He raises it again, slapping the belt a second time.]

BW: He's got him pinned, Gordo! Who says Rage hasn't beaten Supernova?!

[Rage slaps the title belt a third time before raising the belt into the air, posing with a foot on the chest of the motionless Supernova as the ring fills with AWA officials and medical team members - including Dr. Bob Ponavitch - begging Rage to vacate the ring so they can aid the downed Supernova.]

GM: Get him out of there! Get him the HELL out of there!

[Rage threatens to backhand Ponavitch before he arrogantly walks away, slinging the title belt over his shoulder as he steps through the ropes to the apron. He plants a kiss on the face of the title belt before dropping down to the floor, pointing back in the ring and continuing to trash talk the motionless Supernova as Ponavitch waves for a stretcher to be brought into the ring.]

GM: The fans here in Las Vegas are in shock at what they just witnessed as am I, Bucky.

BW: I'm not. Supernova pushed and pushed and pushed and finally he went too far. The last time he got carried out of an AWA building on a stretcher, he went

through a windshield. This time, he got his skull caved in by Shadoo Rage and this time might be the last time, daddy!

GM: They're loading up Supernova onto this stretcher and... fans, I don't think anyone wants to see this.

BW: Speak for yourself.

GM: We're going to take a commercial break. We'll be... fans, we'll be right back.

[The shot holds for several more moments on the AWA medical team securing Supernova to a stretcher before slowly fading to black...

The black screen remains as the sound of a crowd fades in. First, it's just generic cheering and applause but soon a very distinctive cheer kicks in.]

"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap
"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap
"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap
"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap

[The cheer slowly builds in both volume and intensity, reaching a crescendo before suddenly falling silent as a voiceover begins.]

"The world's greatest trios are coming - they're coming to Mexico City for a once in a lifetime collision featuring the best in professional wrestling from Tiger Paw Pro in Japan..."

[Quick shots flash by of the Shadow Star Legion and Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion Yoshinari Taguchi in action.]

"The American Wrestling Alliance..."

[More quick shots - this time featuring Bobby O'Connor, Jack Lynch, and the Dogs of War.]

"And our familia in SouthWest Lucha Libre."

[This is a longer sequence showing many competitors we don't recognize along with a handful that we do like El Caliente, Veneno, Super Solar, and a few others.]

"Nine of the world's best collide in one epic night of action to crown the very best trio in professional wrestling!"

[A glittering gold and silver cup replaces the shots of wrestlers as the chant begins again.]

"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap
"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap
"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap
"CO-PA!"
clapclapclap

[As the chant falls silent, we get a graphic featuring all the show information...

...and then fade through black back to live action - the Fremont Hotel and Casino where we find Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: What a night it has been here in Las Vegas and we have so much more action to come. We're going to be trying to get you an update on the medical condition of Supernova as the night goes on but the Stampede Cup is well underway and, in just a few minutes, Strictly Business is going to square off with these two men. Next Gen, if you would come in here, please.

[The members of Next Gen walk into the shot. Each is dressed in his wrestling attire. Howie Somers stands to Lou's left and he wears a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. Daniel Harper stands to Lou's right and he wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

MS: Gentlemen, not only is tonight a chance for you to advance to the Stampede Cup semifinals, but perhaps a chance to settle a few issues that Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian have with you. You heard what they said to your faces two weeks ago, how they believe that wrestlers such as yourselves have only made it in this sport because of your family ties. It sounds like this match is not just about the Stampede Cup, but there's a personal score to settle.

[Daniel nods, his eyes narrowing as he listens to Mark's words.]

DH: If there's one thing that bothers me more than anything else, it's that the only reason I got a foot in the door here is because of my family! Never once did I insist that anything be given to me, or that somebody better give me respect, based on the last name I have! Because the one thing my family taught me, from my mother to my Uncle Ted to my cousin Jerry, is that you can't just ride on your family's reputation if you want to make it in this business!

Yeah, I may a few months shy of turning 20 still, and perhaps I got a job here because my friend Howie [motions to him] needed a partner. But you know what? I knew when I walked through the doors of the AWA that I'd have to earn my place here! I traveled up and down the roads, I stepped into that ring, I took a licking and didn't ask for anybody to go easy on me! And when I asked somebody for advice, I didn't just blow them off because it wasn't what I wanted to hear, and I certainly didn't blow them off because I thought my last name gave me a free ticket to the top!

[He turns to the camera and points a finger toward it.]

DH: Andrew Tucker, Mike Sebastian, for you to even think that Howie and I got this far because of who our parents or family members are shows you aren't paying attention! I always thought the two of you represented everything a tag team should be, from the way you work as a team to the accolades you earned. Hey, I'll say it right now... I'm all for you two getting your spot in the Hall of Fame, and I've asked myself why you haven't gotten there yet!

But for you two now just to turn your noses up at us because we sought out advice from those who know the ins and outs of the ring, but suggest that guys like Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, Travis Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, Howie and myself, only earned what we have earned was because of family connections, makes me sick to my stomach! Well, while Tucker and Sebastian are standing around griping about that, I watched as Travis Lynch earned himself the National Title, I keep watching Ryan Martinez prove he earned that World Title around his waist, and I watch Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor keep working their way through the Stampede Cup

tournament, without needing any of their family members to bail them out or do any favors for them! And tonight, Howie and I get our chance to move on in the Cup, and I can guarantee you that when we do that, it isn't going to be because my mother or uncle was there to take me by the hand.

It's going to be the same way Martinez, O'Connor and the Lynches did it: Because we earned it and prove ourselves worthy!

[Daniel turns away from the camera, taking a deep breath. Mark turns to Howie.]

MS: Howie Somers, it seems pretty clear that your partner has taken great offense to what Strictly Business had to say.

[Howie keeps a calm demeanor, but his eyes show enough to indicate he isn't happy.]

HS: Mark, you said earlier that this is more about the Cup, but it's getting personal. Well, I gotta agree with that assessment. Yeah, my uncle Eric was the one taking me backstage to all the shows and getting me interested in the business, but once I decided this was what I wanted to do, he told me I had to make it on my own and not on his reputation or anyone else's.

[He folds his arms and looks at the camera.]

HS: We've already proved ourselves several times against The Longhorn Riders and you don't hear those two running their mouths at us any longer. And now we've got Strictly Business talking the talk, and yeah, they've shown before they can walk the walk. The only problem is that they're about to face two men who have done the same, certainly not as long as Strictly Business have, but long enough to show we can't be taken lightly. Tucker, Sebastian, like I said to your face two weeks ago, you will find out just how good we are at shutting the mouths of people like you. You've had a career to be envied by many, I'll give you that, but we want the same thing and the Stampede Cup is the place to start. You better bring your best tonight, because you are gonna get exactly that from us.

[He turns to Daniel and holds up his hand.]

HS: As my sister says, to the ring!

[Daniel exchanges a high five with him and the two walk off the set.]

MS: What a matchup this one is going to be! Let's go back to ringside!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a Quarterfinal matchup in the 2015 Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: The winners of this match will advance to face the Rotgut Rustlers in the Semifinals. Introducing first...

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

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

HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER...

THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[Howie and Daniel make their way to the ring, climbing onto the apron and ducking between the ropes.]

GM: Next Gen arriving to the ring - and conspicuous by her absence here tonight is Julie Somers, Bucky.

BW: Especially considering this is the biggest match in the careers of these two so far. She should be out here for this but she's yet another manager putting her own needs over her clients and I'd bet the farm this has something to do with Melissa Cannon's Open Challenge later tonight, Gordo.

GM: A fair guess... but I'd take umbrage with that comment about putting her needs over her clients. I'm sure if Julie's not out here, she's not here with the blessing of both Daniel and Howie. And if anyone's going to talk about a manager putting their needs over their clients, let's talk about you ten years ago trying to actually SELL The Super Warriors to-

BW: We're not here to talk about me!

[Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The opening whispers of Powerman 5000's "When Worlds Collide" begin to creep through the Schoolhouse PA system as the crowd leaps to their feet in anticipation. As the opening guitar riffs kick in, we see Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian; better known to the world as Strictly Business.]

PW: From Palm Springs and Oakland, California... weighing in at 452 pounds...

MIKE SEBASTIAN... ANDREW "FLASH" TUCKER...

STRIIIIICTLYYYYYY BUSSSSSINESSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of the two rulebreakers as they immediately begin making their way towards the ring. They are dressed in the same ring gear they were wearing in their Rain Man Suite promo, speaking to one another but not to the fans as they work their way up the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Former World Tag Team Champions in some of the biggest promotions on the planet. Many have wondered what it's going to take to see Strictly Business land in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame and I have to think that a win of the Stampede Cup in 2015 - after years on the sideline - might be enough to do it, Bucky.

BW: Three wins away from a Cup victory for Tucker and Sebastian. They gotta beat these two punks first, Gordo, and I can't wait to see it.

[Tucker and Sebastian step through the ropes. Tucker shouts across the ring at Somers and Harper as Sebastian places a hand on his longtime partner's chest, backing him to the corner, shaking his head.]

GM: Looks like Andrew Tucker showing a flash of temper, wanting to get his hands on Somers and Harper.

BW: Of course he's angry. These two punks don't even belong in the same ring as legends like Strictly Business!

[After a brief conversation on either side of the ring, we get Howie Somers and Andrew Tucker stepping out on the apron.]

GM: And as this match gets ready to get going, it looks like it's going to young Daniel Harper starting off against "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian.

[The bell sounds as Harper shares a double high five with Howie Somers, taking a pat on the back as the 19 year old comes quickly from the corner, looking to tie up with Mike Sebastian who stays back in the corner.]

GM: Harper's waving Sebastian out of the corner but the veteran doesn't look too eager to oblige.

BW: Should he be? I'm telling you, Gordo, these guys are lowering themselves down to the bottom rung to even get in the ring with Next Gen!

GM: The bottom rung?! Next Gen's got some impressive wins under their belts since arriving here in the AWA!

BW: No one with the resume of Strictly Business.

GM: There aren't a lot of former World Tag Team Champions and soon-to-be Hall of Famers active in the tag team division, Bucky.

BW: My point exactly. Let's just give them the Cup and save all the others team some embarrassment.

GM: You're too much.

[Harper is starting to get angry now, shouting at Sebastian to exit the corner. Referee Miles Potter waves him out as well but Sebastian shouts him down.]

GM: Mike Sebastian again refusing to leave the corner. Come on, ref! Get the man out there to compete!

BW: Hey, he's telling him to go out there... what more do you want?

[Sebastian smirks as he edges a pair of paces out of the corner, waiting for Harper to approach...

...and then simply steps back to the corner, waving a dismissive hand at Harper. The referee steps in, keeping Harper from rushing the corner.]

GM: Careful, young man. Watch that temper.

BW: Mike Sebastian knows what's he doing, Gordo. He's got this kid fit to be tied already.

[Harper is pacing back and forth as the referee again waves Sebastian out of the corner. "Money Driven" steps out, smirking at Harper who is fuming as he rushes at him...

...and Sebastian simply steps back again, this time ducking between the ropes as Andrew Tucker shouts, "GET HIM BACK, REF! GET HIM BACK!" The official obliges as the Vegas crowd lets Sebastian have it.]

GM: The fans hate what they're seeing out of Strictly Business right now - so far removed from their glory days when the fans adored them.

[Sebastian is smiling an arrogant sneer as he ducks back through the ropes. Daniel Harper is engaged in quite the argument with the official as Sebastian steps out of the corner...

...and then rushes forward, jabbing a finger into the eye of Harper!]

GM: Oh, come on! Cheap shot!

[Harper recoils in pain, rubbing at his eyes as Sebastian hooks a handful of the back of his singlet, yanking him back into a short forearm into the kidneys.]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot to the lower back by Sebastian!

[Twisting his body to wrap his arms around Harper's torso, Sebastian charges him back, slamming him back into Strictly Business' corner.]

GM: Harper gets his back slammed into the corner...

[Sebastian grabs the middle rope, slamming a shoulder into the gut... and a second... and a third before Miles Potter backs him off, warning him for the attack in the corner. With the referee distracted, Tucker goes to wrap the tag rope around the throat of Harper...

...who blocks it, spinning away to throw a right hand off the side of Tucker's head, knocking him off the apron to the floor to big cheers!]

GM: Harper drops him with the right!

[Seeing his partner dispatched of, Sebastian rushes past the referee to attack, getting caught in a drop toehold that bounces Sebastian's face off the middle buckle!]

GM: Facefirst to the buckle!

[Harper swoops back to his feet, hooking Sebastian in a rear waistlock...]

GM: He's looking for a waistlock suplex!

[But Sebastian reaches out, wrapping his arms around the top rope, preventing the lift. The referee moves in, shouting at both Harper and Sebastian, trying to get them out of the corner...

...which allows Tucker to reach under the bottom rope, grabbing Harper around the ankle.]

GM: Tucker's got him by the leg!

[Harper breaks his grip on the waistlock, trying to shake off Tucker...

...and gets CRACKED upside the temple with a Sebastian back elbow!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sebastian wheels around, booting Harper in the gut before grabbing him by his short black hair, bouncing his skull off the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the buckle... and there's the tag to Andrew Tucker...

[Tucker scampers up on the apron, slingshotting himself over the top rope before moving to where Sebastian has Harper up against the ropes, burying right hand after right hand into the midsection.]

GM: Doubleteam on the way, shooting Harper across the ring...

[Tucker and Sebastian join hands, looking for a double clothesline but Harper ducks underneath...]

GM: I think there was a tag!

[Harper hangs on to the top rope, a grin on his face as Tucker and Sebastian turn to face him...]

...and don't notice the 6'5", 265 pound Howie Somers stepping in behind them!]

GM: Somers from behind! He's legal!

[Somers rushes forward, connecting with a double clothesline of his own that topples both members of Strictly Business to a big cheer!]

GM: SOMERS TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN!

[Harper pumps his fist, exiting the ring as Somers marches around the ring, shouting to the cheering fans before twisting around to move back towards Andrew Tucker, yanking the veteran to his feet, hoisting him up over his right shoulder with ease...]

GM: Whoa! Somers gets him up on the shoulder...

[Somers stampedes across the ring, DRIVING Somers back into the buckles!]

GM: OHH! BIG CRUSH INTO THE CORNER BY SOMERS!

[Somers rises up, clapping his hands together a few times before bending over to grab the middle rope with both hands...]

...and lunges forward, slamming his shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: Big tackle! And he's not done!

[He delivers a second... and a third. It's by the fourth that the fans decide to count along.]

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[With Tucker gasping for air, Somers grabs the arm and rockets Tucker across the ring, sending him off his feet and CRASHING backfirst into the corner!]

GM: Good grief! A whole lot of power on display by Howie Somers!

[Somers leans back against the turnbuckles in the neutral corner, pumping his right arm up and down a few times, rallying the fans behind them before he charges across the ring...]

GM: CLOOOOOTHESLIIII-

[But Tucker suddenly gets YANKED clear from the clothesline by Mike Sebastian who has jumped back on the apron in time to aid his long-time partner, causing Somers to crash chestfirst into the buckles...]

BW: He missed! Brilliant move by Mike Sebastian!

[Tucker rushes along the ropes, leaping up to the second rope before springing back off with a dropkick to the jaw of Somers, sending him toppling backwards, crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow! Nice move out of the veteran... 36 years old but looking like a 19 year old in his own right with something like that!

[Tucker scrambles into a cover, earning a two count before Somers POWERS out, hurling him into the air to cheers!]

GM: Good grief! Somers shoved him off like a sack of potatoes!

[The former tag champion climbs back to his feet, shaking his head as he stomps Somers in the back of the head as the 24 year old rolls to all fours, looking to push up off the mat.]

GM: Tucker's stomping him repeatedly, putting Somers down on the mat...

[Tucker stands over him, pointing at Daniel Harper in the corner with a "This one's for you, kid!"...]

...and snaps off a legdrop to the back of the neck!]

GM: Legdrop connects as Tucker drops all of his 225 pounds down on the neck of Howie Somers.

[Rolling back to his feet, Tucker grabs Somers by the legs, dragging his 265 pounds across the ring before reaching out to slap the hand of Mike Sebastian.]

GM: Quick tag to Sebastian...

[Tucker pulls Somers to his feet, grabbing a front facelock as Sebastian steps in and buries a stiff kick into the ribcage before grabbing a front facelock of his own...]

GM: Sebastian's got him hooked... what's this?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Sebastian slings the arm over his neck...]

GM: Sebastian's looking to suplex the 265 pound Somers...

[Sebastian nods to the crowd, reaching down to hook a handful of trunks...]

GM: Suplex coming up perhaps...

[But the first attempt fails as Somers goes up a foot or two and settles back down.]

GM: He couldn't get him up!

BW: He's gonna try it again though.

GM: Sebastian goes for it again!

[Somers goes up in the air... and comes right back down.]

GM: No! Again, Somers blocks the suplex!

BW: Third time's a charm?

[Sebastian goes to hoist him into the air...

...and this time, he ends up in the air himself as Somers reverses, dumping Sebastian down on the mat!]

GM: Reversal! Somers drops him with a suplex of his own!

[Somers rolls to all fours, looking across the ring where Daniel Harper is waiting with his arm extended...]

GM: Harper's waiting... he's ready to get in there and mix it up!

[But Sebastian rolls back to his corner, slapping Andrew Tucker's hand. Tucker slingshots over the top again, running in and planting a stomp right down in the lower back of Howie Somers. Harper angrily slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting at the official who shrugs as Tucker grabs the legs, hauling Somers back towards the SB corner again.]

GM: Back into the corner Tucker drags him...

[Tucker hops up onto the middle rope, leaping off to drive another stomp down between the shoulderblades. He nods at the jeering crowd, flipping Somers over onto his back.]

GM: Tucker with the lateral press for one... he gets two...

[But again, Somers powers out with ease, throwing Tucker off of him.]

GM: Howie Somers kicks out and it's going to take more than a couple of stomps to finish off this big, tough kid from Boston, Massachusetts.

[Somers rolls to all fours again as Tucker rises to his feet and stomps him right in the ear!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Now that's a veteran move, Gordo. A stomp to the ear to really shake up someone's balance and equilibrium.

[Tucker stomps him near the ear again, forcing Somers to roll to his back again as Tucker reaches out to tag in Mike Sebastian.]

GM: Quick tag brings Sebastian back in...

[Sebastian and Tucker haul Somers off the mat, burying a double kick into the midsection to double him up. They quickly wrap him up, taking him down in a double Russian legsweep...

...and then kip up to their feet in tandem, taunting Daniel Harper and the jeering crowd.]

BW: Oh yeah... you're lookin' at a real tag team, daddy! Legends! Former champions! Future Hall of Famers! Take that, Somers and Harper!

[Tucker exits the ring as Sebastian pulls Somers off the mat by the hair, smirking as he uses a snapmare to take Somers down into a seated position near the corner. Sebastian backs to the corner, nodding to the jeering crowd...

...and then rushes forward, leaping over the top as he grabs Somers' head, SNAPPING his neck down and then letting go as Somers bounces back, flailing about on the mat.]

GM: Rolling neck snap... and Sebastian makes a quick cover for one! He gets two! He gets-

[Somers lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin.]

GM: Just a two count there.

BW: Sure but it was nowhere near the power kickout we've been seeing, Gordo. They're slowly starting to chip away at the armor of Howie Somers and Daniel Harper.

GM: Sebastian back to his feet, putting the boots to Somers, forcing him under the ropes and out to the floor...

[The referee steps in, forcing Sebastian to back off as Tucker drops off the apron, racing over to grab Somers by the arm, dragging him off the barely-padded asphalt...]

GM: Wait a second! What in the world is Tucker doing?!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Somers SLAMS into the steel barricade, slumping down into a seated position as Tucker stands over him, taunting the downed competitor. An angry Daniel Harper jumps down off the apron, racing to his partner's aid. Tucker backs off as Harper arrives, angrily shouting at him...

...and the referee slides out to the floor, having been alerted by Mike Sebastian. The crowd jeers as the official forces an emotional Harper to go back to his corner.]

GM: Strictly Business are showing that experience advantage, using the referee and their opponents' youth to their edge.

[Sebastian rolls out, grabbing Somers off the railing when his partner comes to help. Tucker and Sebastian lean over, grabbing Somers around the torso...

...and DRIVE him back into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: BACKFIRST INTO THE HARDEST PART OF THE RING!

[Somers slumps down to his knees as Sebastian rolls back in and Tucker takes his spot back on the apron. The referee rolls back in as Sebastian gestures for Miles Potter to count out the downed Somers.]

GM: Mike Sebastian's looking to gain the countout win here, telling the official to start that ten count.

BW: Why not? A pin is as good as a countout in this one, Gordo. Either one sends them to the Semifinals to face the Rotgut Rustlers.

GM: I can't wait for that one. No matter which team advances, that promises to be an excellent encounter.

[The referee's count is swiftly to three as Daniel Harper shouts encouragement from his corner and the fans start to rally behind young Howie Somers out on the floor.]

GM: The referee's count is slow and steady and with each count, Next Gen gets closer to being eliminated from this tournament.

[Somers reaches back, grabbing the bottom rope with a muscular arm, pulling himself to a knee, turning back towards the ring. At the count of six, he drags himself up onto the apron...

...where Mike Sebastian DRILLS him with a baseball slide, driving both feet into the chest of Somers and sending him back down to the floor to more jeers from the Las Vegas crowd!]

GM: Down goes Somers again!

BW: You talk about veteran moves, Gordo, that was a perfect example right there. He saw that Somers was going to beat the count so he decided to take it right back to him and make him expend all that energy getting back to his feet again.

[The referee gets right up in Sebastian's face, backing the veteran down...

...which again gives Andrew Tucker a chance to act, dropping off the apron, grabbing Somers by the hair...]

GM: Again, behind the referee's back, Tucker is-

[Tucker SLAMS Somers facefirst into the ring apron, bouncing him off it and sending him back down to his knees as Tucker scampers away, climbing back up on the apron as Daniel Harper again shouts angrily across the ring at referee Miles Potter.]

GM: Tucker puts him down AGAIN! We're nearly ten minutes into this thing and Strictly Business is bending and out-and-out BREAKING every rule they can to try and win this thing!

BW: I don't know if you've noticed, Gordo, but they ARE winning this thing.

GM: Pro wrestling doesn't run on a point system, Bucky. The tide can turn on a match at any time and if Howie Somers can get back in there, he's one big counter away from turning this whole thing around.

BW: That's one big "if", Gordo, 'cause Strictly Business is dominating this match at this point, showing these two young punks that it takes more than a last name to compete at this level, daddy.

[With Somers struggling to get back into the ring, the referee's count reaches six before Sebastian reaches over the top rope, pulling Somers up on the apron. He grabs a front facelock...]

GM: Is he... Sebastian's looking to suplex Somers over the top?!

BW: He's gonna bring the kid in the hard way!

[Sebastian sets his feet, preparing to execute. He grabs a handful of trunks, looking for the suplex...]

GM: SUPL- no! Somers blocks it!

[And with Sebastian hooked up, Somers goes for it instead!]

GM: THE OTHER WAY!

[The crowd is roaring as the young bull gets Sebastian up into the air, holding him straight up and down in vertical suplex position...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GONNA SUPLEX SEBASTIAN TO THE FLOOR!

[Which is Tucker's cue to come running down the apron, throwing a right hand into the ribs on Somers, making him put Sebastian back down on the mat...]

...where Sebastian spins out, hooking a three-quarter nelson and dropping to his rear, SNAPPING Somers' throat down on the top rope, sending him sprawling off the apron to the floor yet again!]

GM: Good grief! Another cheap shot by Strictly Business!

BW: Cheap shot?! I call that great strategy! Tucker saved his partner from what could've been serious injury! Who tries to suplex someone to the floor?! What kind of beast does such a thing?!

[Tucker drops off the apron, kicking and stomping Howie Somers as the crowd jeers. The referee is complaining from inside the ring but Sebastian is trying to block his path to the floor.]

GM: This is ridiculous! Tucker's not the legal man and-

[The camera is zoomed in on Tucker stomping Somers as the crowd gets louder... and louder... and louder...]

...when Daniel Harper suddenly breaks into the camera's view, throwing himself into a crossbody that takes a shocked Tucker off his feet!]

GM: HARPER! HARPER!

[Down on the floor, Daniel Harper is hammering Andrew Tucker with right hand after right hand to the skull...]

...which brings Mike Sebastian out to the floor, grabbing Harper by the hair and pulling him off of his partner!]

GM: Sebastian pulls Harper off- OHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Harper spins, hooking Sebastian by the back of the head, and absolutely CREAMS him with a European uppercut, knocking Sebastian off his feet and putting him down on his rear on the floor!]

GM: Wow! What a shot by Harper!

[Harper turns, pulling Tucker off the ringside mats by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: AND NOW HARPER PUTS TUCKER INTO THE STEEL! OH MY!

[Harper grabs Sebastian, chucking him under the ropes before helping his partner back in as well.]

GM: Harper puts Sebastian and his own partner back in...

[The 19 year old rolls under the bottom rope, pulling Sebastian off the mat by the hair, hooking him for another uppercut...]

...but the referee steps in, shaking his head, drawing big jeers as he forces the fired-up rookie across the ring towards his corner!]

GM: The referee's putting Harper back out!

BW: Good call! Maybe this guy should be the new Senior Official!

[Harper throws an absolute fit as he's forced across the ring...]

GM: Harper being put out on the apron as Sebastian gets up, dragging Howie Somers off the mat by the hair...

[He yanks Somers into a front facelock, tapping him on the back a few times...]

GM: Sebastian sets for the Bad Credit DDT!

[...but Somers has other ideas, straightening up, powering Sebastian into the air...]

GM: OH MY!

[Somers HURLS Sebastian into the air, sending him crashing facefirst down on the canvas!]

GM: COUNTER! BIG COUNTER BY HOWIE SOMERS!

[Somers collapses to his knees, breathing heavily as he looks towards the corner where Daniel Harper is eagerly waiting, stomping the mat as he stretches out his arm, begging for a tag...]

GM: Harper's ready! Harper's waiting! He wants to get in there in the worst possible way!

[Somers slowly crawls across the ring, looking to get to his partner's outstretched hand...]

GM: Somers gets closer... and closer... trying to get there!

[A dazed Sebastian pushes up off the mat, rushing across the ring towards a kneeling Somers who reaches up...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as the 19 year old tags himself into the match, bursting through the ropes where he catches a charging Mike Sebastian with a right hand to the midsection, doubling him up before he grabs two hands full of hair, leaping up to DRIVE Sebastian's face into the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

[Harper gets up, throwing up his arms and shouting "COME ON!" to the cheering crowd which gets even louder as he circles around the rising Sebastian, lifting him around the waist...]

...and DROPPING him down across a bent knee!]

GM: What a backbreaker by the rookie!

[Harper shoves Sebastian off his knee, applying a lateral press but only getting a two count. He grabs Sebastian by the hair, pasting him with two hard right hands between the eyes before climbing back to his feet.]

GM: Both men back up as Harper with a right hand... and another... and another, sending Sebastian falling back into the neutral corner...

[Grabbing an arm, Harper goes to throw Sebastian across but the rulebreaker reverses, sending Harper backfirst into the corner as Sebastian comes charging in...]

GM: Sebastian coming in hot!

[Harper leans back, throwing both legs up into the air and catches Sebastian FLUSH with two feet into the sternum, sending him staggering back as Harper leaps up on the second rope...]

...and leaps off, taking Sebastian down with a flying clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Harper applies another cover, reaching back to hook a leg this time.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[This time, it's Sebastian's turn to just narrowly avoid the pin attempt!]

GM: Ohhh my! How close was that, fans?!

[Harper slams a fist down into the mat, questioning the official who holds up two fingers. The rookie shakes his head as he climbs to his feet, grabbing the legs of the downed Sebastian, looking out to the crowd...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Harper gives a nod to the crowd before stomping down hard into the gut of Mike Sebastian!]

GM: Ohhh! Right in the midsection!

BW: That looked low to me, Gordo!

GM: It was right above the belt line!

[Sebastian is reeling as Harper pulls "Money Driven" off the canvas, standing behind him and shoving him hard into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Sebastian crashes into the buckles, staggering back...

[Harper hooks his arms around the waist of Sebastian, setting his feet...]

...and takes Sebastian up and over, driving him down on his shoulders in a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX! HE'S GOT THE BRIDGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The roaring crowd deflates as Andrew Tucker comes sailing into the picture, diving on the chest of Harper to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: OHHH! SO CLOSE! TUCKER BREAKS UP THE PIN!

[Tucker's presence brings a weary Howie Somers back into the ring, rushing in to greet the rising Tucker with a forearm smash to the jaw, sending him falling back across the ring into the neutral corner!]

GM: What a shot by Somers!

[Harper, climbing to his feet, grabs his partner by the shoulder, pointing him across the ring. Somers nods, backing across from Tucker...]

GM: What's coming up here?

[Grabbing Somers by the arm, Harper whips his partner across where Somers lowers his shoulder...]

...and DRIVES it into the gut of Andrew "Flash" Tucker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big double team by Next Gen!

[Tucker staggers out as Somers backs off. Somers and Harper bury a pair of boots into the gut...]

GM: They go downstairs on Tucker...

BW: He's not even legal!

GM: Somers and Harper hook him...

[The duo take Tucker up and over, crashing down to the canvas with a double vertical suplex!]

GM: Double suplex up and over on Andrew Tucker!

[Somers climbs to his feet but the referee steps in, forcing Howie Somers back.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[Somers loudly protests as Harper climbs up, turning his attention back to Mike Sebastian, the legal man...]

GM: Harper's looking to finish this right now!

[Harper reaches under, looping an arm up under the arm and behind the neck of Sebastian...]

GM: Harper's looking for that cobra clutch suplex and-

[Sebastian pulls Harper by the other arm, twisting out of the hold. Sebastian wraps his arms around the torso, pulling him into a Northern Lights Suplex attempt...]

...but Harper spins out of the hold, slipping his arms up under the arms of Sebastian, dragging him down into a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE! BACKSLIDE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Sebastian's left shoulder comes flying off the canvas, just narrowly breaking the pin attempt in time!]

GM: My stars, another close call right there!

[Harper scrambles to beat Sebastian to his feet, hooking a rear waistlock on the rising Sebastian...]

GM: Harper's got him hooked again... and this time he goes forward... into the ropes!

[The crowd cheers as Harper goes to bounce Sebastian off the ropes, setting up for a rolling reverse cradle...]

...but Andrew Tucker comes charging down the apron, leaping up to catch Harper flush on the temple with a one-legged dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Tucker from the outside!

[The blow staggers Harper, sending him stumbling backwards as Sebastian straightens up, leaning against the ropes. Sebastian reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Tag!

[Tucker steps in, grabbing one arm on Harper as Sebastian grabs the other.]

GM: Double whip shoots Harper into the corner...

[Tucker dashes across the ring, pulling up just out of reach of Howie Somers who takes a swing at him before Tucker turns, running back towards the corner where Sebastian drops down on all fours...]

GM: Tucker across!

[He springs off the back of his partner, connecting with a spinning leg lariat across the jaw as Sebastian rolls to the floor!]

GM: Launch Pad connects out of the former tag champions!

[Tucker floats over the top to the apron, giving a shove to the back of Harper, sending him staggering out as Tucker steps to the second rope, then to the top, measuring the dazed opponent.]

GM: Tucker off the top!

[Tucker leaps from his perch, sailing towards Harper with a crossbody...]

...and the 19 year old wisely bottoms out, sending Tucker crashing to the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Harper nods to the cheering crowd, leaning down to pull Tucker off the canvas...]

GM: Sebastian's shouting at the referee, trying to-

[The official turns towards Sebastian's voice...

...which means he's looking the other way when Tucker SLAMS his arm up into the groin of Daniel Harper!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOES LOW! HE GOES LOW!

[With Harper doubled up, Tucker drags him into a small package! Sebastian points it out to the referee who dives to the mat. Howie Somers comes through the ropes, seeing the match in danger as the faster Sebastian does the same, hurdling over the lateral press as the referee counts one!]

GM: SEBASTIAN IN!

[Sebastian throws himself at the legs of Somers on his way into the ring, wrapping them up and holding Somers in place as the referee counts two.]

GM: No! Not like this!

[But Somers is unable to get free and Harper - hurting from the low blow - is unable to kick out of the small package in time.]

BW: THEY GOT 'EM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhh, I can't believe it!

[Tucker and Sebastian bail out to the floor, arms going instantly up in the air as the crowd lets them have it!]

GM: Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian - Strictly Business - are heading to the Semifinals by hook or by crook, fans. They stole this one right out from under Next Gen!

BW: Strictly Business was willing to do whatever it took to win this match - like the legendary veterans they are. If Next Gen wasn't, well, that's just their own fault, Gordo.

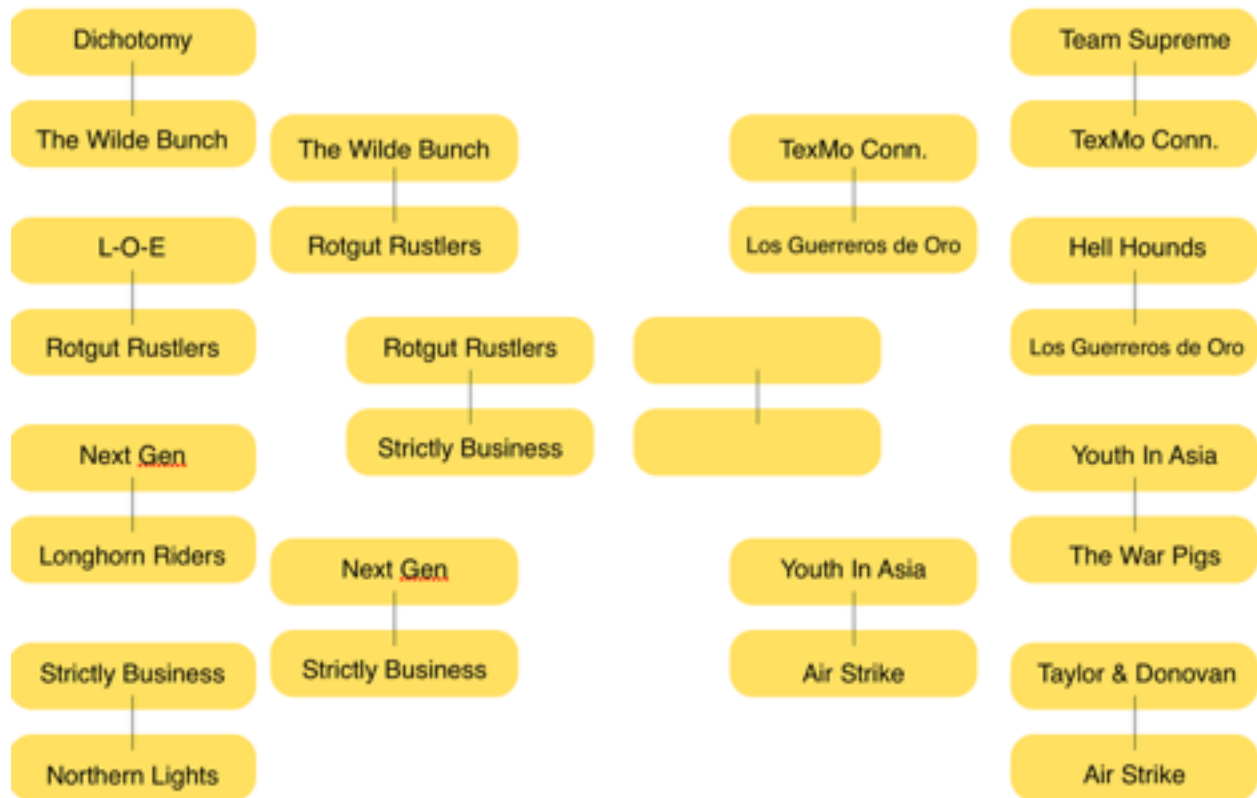
GM: It was highway robbery at its finest if you ask me.

BW: Nobody's asking you - least of all Tucker and Sebastian who are ready to head down to Caesars Palace and get this party started with Brian Lau and the gang. Gordo, I'm thinking of calling it a night and heading over there too. I heard the cast of Zumanity is heading over there after their show tonight.

GM: You're not going anywhere, Bucky, but Strictly Business are. They're heading into the Semifinals... and now let's take a look at the updated bracket for the 2015 Stampede Cup, fans.

[The graphic appears on the screen.]

2015 STAMPEDE CUP



GM: There you have it. On one side of the bracket, the Semifinal is set as the two teams we saw win here tonight - The Rotgut Rustlers and Strictly Business - will meet. On the other side, well, we'll know next weekend because as many of fans may recall, both of those Quarterfinal matches will take place Friday night at a special SouthWest Lucha Libre show in Guadalajara. By the time we take to the airwaves in Mexico City for Copa de Trios, we will know exactly who are the Final Four in this year's Stampede Cup tournament! Fans, we're going to take a quick commercial break but we've got more Saturday Night Wrestling action coming right up so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

The words "Recorded Earlier Today" flashes across the screen as we open up to a shot of the massive Cain Jackson, standing by with his fellow Team Supreme members. Beside him, seated in a wheelchair, is their injured leader, former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright. The camera pulls back to reveal that they're standing inside the middle of a wrestling ring. This is the infamous Team Supreme Dojo, located in the heart of Las Vegas, Nevada, where Supreme Wright once wrestled as its champion.

Jackson is dressed in his sheer black tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the students of Supreme Wright. Atop his head, he wears the black stetson with a silver band around the crown, the famed cowboy hat of Jack Lynch. Jackson removes the hat from his head, holding it.]

CJ: Your hat.

[Jackson admires the stetson for a moment, before making a disgusted look on his face.]

CJ: Your pride.

[He carelessly tosses it over his shoulder and behind him, where it lands harmlessly onto the canvas of the ring.]

CJ: It doesn't mean a DAMN thing, Jack Lynch. I told you once before and I'll say it again...

...Lynch Family pride is a nothing more than a disgusting joke.

I nearly separate your jaw from your face. Supreme Wright nearly separates your arm from your shoulder. But what drives you, what moves you forward, what motivates you to seek revenge?

[He sticks a thumb over his shoulder.]

CJ: Your hat.

[Jackson shakes his head.]

CJ: Because the broken mess of a man that was your father, taught his sons his warped values and ego-driven sense of family pride. And it's you, Jack Lynch, who holds onto the crap your old man taught you like no other. Everything and anything

to satisfy the old man's legacy. Anything and everything sacrificed at the altar of Blackjack Lynch and the family name. It's that detached connection to reality that leads you to value a damn HAT over basic human life.

[The South Carolina native points towards Supreme Wright.]

CJ: Supreme Wright is the greatest wrestler on this planet...and you tried to end his career. But I'm sure...no, I'm POSITIVE, that it was more than justified in your twisted mind, because I took your stupid hat.

[Jackson laughs at the absurdity of the statement.]

CJ: You're sick in the head, Jack Lynch. You're like a rabid dog that needs to be put down. And what better place than to do that, than in the city where Supreme Wright made his name?

[Jackson picks the hat off the ground and holds it out towards the camera.]

CJ: If you want your damned hat, if you want me to return your pride, if you want to earn that right to be called the Iron Cowboy once again...you're gonna' have to do it in the most dangerous place in all of Las Vegas, Lynch.

[Jackson points downward.]

CJ: Inside the ring.

[Wright corrects his charge.]

SW: Inside MY ring.

[The moment Wright opens his mouth, Jackson stops talking and pays attention.]

SW: I don't need to tell you just how important this match is, Cain.

[Jackson nods in the affirmative.]

SW: I don't need to remind you that failure here is simply unacceptable.

Either this is the end of Jack Lynch...

[A beat.]

SW: ...or this is the end of you.

[Fade out...]

Cut to the interview position on the streets of downtown Las Vegas, where Sweet Lou Blackwell awaits. The footage is marked "EARLIER TODAY."

SLB: It is early Saturday afternoon here in Las Vegas where the makeshift arena for tonight's event is still being assembled. But we've already got fans here waiting and watching!

[Blackwell gestures to the fans who give a big cheer.]

SLB: Alright, fans, on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, we heard Caspian Abaran, the young man from Montemorelos issue a challenge for a match on his home soil at Copa de Trios on the 5th of September. But we have not yet heard as to whether his opponent actually accepts this challenge. So... ladies and gentlemen...

[The crowd instinctively begins chanting.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

SLB: My guest at this time, here to give us a definitive answer, The Tsar himself, MAXIM ZHARKOV!

[The massive Soviet makes his way to the interview area as the "Soviet March" roars through the PA towers that have already been erected; he's quite the imposing sight even in his red CCCP t-shirt and track pants. Behind him is his omnipresent adviser, the cheap-suited, clipboard toting Jackson Hunter; the brown leather briefcase adorned with a red hammer-and-sickle decal containing fifteen thousand in cash gripped firmly in his fist.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[Zharkov glowers at the capitalist decadence and depravity surrounding him as "Soviet March" fades.]

SLB: Now, Jackson Hunter... correct me if I am wrong here... But Maxim Zharkov's five-minute challenge was open to any North American athlete who thought they could last five minutes in the ring with this monster, and since Colt Patterson didn't seem terribly interested in getting a straight answer out of you, I have to ask you: does Maxim Zharkov accept the direct challenge of Caspian Abaran?

JH: As I've said before: I do not run the show with Mr. Zharkov. I am not his manager. I am an ADVISOR. I have been in consultation with the Magadan Coalition and I promise you that as soon as I have an answer, you'll be the fifth or sixth to know, Lou. Until then, Mr. Zharkov shall be answering these challenges in the order that they are received.

[Sweet Lou turns the mic over to the impassive Zharkov, arms folded, a scowl beneath his mighty eyebrows and mustache.]

SLB: Now wait a minute... Hugh Jenner, Alex Worthey, Albert Showens... There is something of a pattern in your opponents, Mr. Zharkov...

[Hunter grabs the microphone back.]

JH: Listen, Lord Baldemort...I just called your hotline a few minutes ago and after listening to you speak as slow as possible about the prospects in CCW who are waiting to be called up for fifteen minutes, I heard you say that Zharkov is avoiding Abaran's challenge, because he is not trained to defend against Lucha Libre-style attacks-

SLB: [trying to talk over him] That's for the hotline!

JH: [carrying on] -which is an absolute falsehood! A complete fabrication! Total propaganda posited by those that would hold back the proletariat! Mr. Zharkov is of the belief that information does not belong to one man, but that it belongs to the people. To that end, I shall now read of the entire contents of your hotline live on air in front of these thousands of people...

[Hunter holds his clipboard in front of him, and Blackwell wrestles for control of it.]

SLB: Give me that!

JH: "On September 19th, Juan Vasquez is rumored to be considered the following matches: Andrew Tucker and Mike Seb-"

SLB: Don't give that out!

[The struggle over the hotline clipboard is interrupted by the presence of Caspian Abaran at the interview area.]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[Blackwell stops struggling over Hunter's clipboard, and maintains his veneer of professionalism, but holding the microphone to Abaran.]

CA: I issued a challenge to you, because I knew it would be the most important match in my life. I know what kind of match I am facing. I'm not asking you to lay down for me, Zharkov... all I ask is that I be permitted the opportunity.

JH: Excuse me, son! I am talking here! And I-

[Abaran gives Hunter a mighty shove that knocks him to the ground. The clipboard goes flying and the crowd gives off a mighty cheer. Abaran stands face-to-face with the massive Zharkov. Zharkov is chuckling at his adviser's plight.]

CA: "Aceptas?!" Do you accept?

[Hunter bounds to his feet, making sure to clutch the briefcase full of cash to his chest.]

JH: NO! NO! NO! YOU DO NOT!

[Zharkov gently places his massive palm onto Hunter's shoulder, which causes him to freeze instantly. His eyes are still locked with Abaran, still snickering.]

MZ: Da, tovarisch. Da.

[Zharkov, still chuckling, leaves the interview area. Hunter looks ruined. Abaran is pumped and playing to the friendly crowd. And Sweet Lou Blackwell has a look of smug schadenfreude on his face at Jackson Hunter's plight as he tears a page off his clipboard and crumples it up before pocketing it.]

SLB: There you have it, fans! Caspian Abaran and Maxim Zharkov is confirmed for Copa de Trios - live from Mexico City, only on The X. And fans, tonight on the AWA Hotline, I have all the latest rumors about the upcoming edition of Saturday Night Wrestling where Juan Vasquez will be the matchmaker for the evening.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage to live action where - in front of the Las Vegas crowd - is Mark Stegglet, alongside the Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney, who 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, and a pair of black track pants with thin white stripes running down the sides.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is Callum Mahoney, who earlier this month accepted Derrick Williams' challenge to put him in the dreaded armbar...

CM: It's dreaded for a reason, Stegglet!

SLB: So Williams could try to break the hold to earn a match against him some time in the future. Two weeks ago, the Armbar Challenge took place, but it ended in controversy when you, Callum, raked the eyes of Derrick Williams and started attacking him. What was that about, and are you planning on honoring the stipulation of the Armbar Challenge?

CM: No, Stegglet, I'm not planning on honoring anything with a fella who has got no honor to begin with! Never mind that I was injured, Mark; I've fought hurt many times before, because I'm just that good, but Williams oiled up his arm so he could slip out of the armbar easier! See, that alone was grounds for the challenge to be thrown out in the first place. The fairground fights I used to be part of when I was a wee lad were way cleaner than that so-called challenge. Williams would not even allow me to properly apply the armbar.

MS: Based on what I saw, that was quite clearly not the case!

CM: Williams rolling into the hold and locking his hands so I could not fully extend his arm is not a proper application of the armbar, Stegglet, and instead of breaking the armbar, like he was supposed to, Williams tries to injure me further with a powerbomb! That is not breaking the armbar! I've fought bums and drunks with more honor than Derrick Williams, so, no, I don't have to honor anything.

MS: But then you tried to break his a-

CM: Where I come from, Mark, we do much worse to cheaters, but I'm not in the business of ending livelihoods, which was why all I did was rough him up and not actually break his arm. So, instead of continuing to annoy me, Williams, what you ought to be doing is thanking your lucky stars, or whichever deity you happen to worship, and giving me a wide berth when you come back, because if you keep coming at me, I'll have no choice but to do what I do best and that's put you down for good! Now...

[Callum Mahoney grabs hold of the mic, and we can just catch him saying, "Give me that!" as he yanks it out of Stegglet's hand. He starts to walk away from the interviewer and the interview area, towards the aisle.]

GM: It seems the Armbar Assassin is making his way to the ring, Bucky, even though he isn't anywhere on the sched-

[Mahoney's voice cuts off Gordon.]

CM: Now, seeing as we are in Las Vegas, how about a little game?

[He reaches into the pocket of his track pants and pulls out a wad of cash.]

CM: I have in my hand some of my winnings from this week. You see, here in the AWA, the more we win, the more we get paid and this?

[He holds up the cash.]

CM: Tells you how damn good I am.

[He peels off a handful of bills, holding them up.]

CM: This is five hundred dollars. As you know, before I came to America, I was helping me Pa and Uncle at fairs all over Ireland, the UK and the Continent, while taking on any fella who thought himself capable of pinning my shoulder to the ground for a three-count, or making me cry uncle, or-

[He pauses to stifle a laugh.]

CM: -knocking me out. You might recall that's how I made my AWA debut at Opportunity Knocks two years ago, too. So, since we are in this carnival town and I know many of you fellas can't pass off a wager, how about one of you fight me and see if you can take this money off my hands? Have I got any takers?

[More than a few people in the crowd start shouting, trying to get the Irishman's attention.]

GM: I'm not sure if AWA officials are going to allow this, but Mahoney is challenging someone from the crowd to a match.

BW: A fight, Gordo, not a match. Five hundred bucks and change to the man who can knock him down and put his shoulder to the mat for a count of three, make him submit, or knock him out.

[Mahoney turns, addressing a group of clean-cut young men, save one with a neatly-trimmed goatee.]

CM: How about any of you fellas? No? Wouldn't want to mess up your hair, huh?

[Further down, to a bald man in an electric blue shirt, the top three buttons undone to show off a thick gold chain.]

CM: How about you, huh, fella? What? Wouldn't want to rumple that shirt? I thought so. See, this is a town filled with people who cared more about how they look, than the quality of their mettle. Much like Derrick Williams, and this whole country really, all of you are shallow, greedy, yet lack the honor and fighting spirit to do what it takes to earn yourself some money and some pride.

[Nearly reaching the ring, Callum Mahoney scans the fans at ringside with disdain. His eyes settle on a large, tough-looking biker, dressed in blue jeans, a black Motörhead T-shirt and black leather jacket, with shoulder-length black hair, who, unlike the more boisterous crowd around him, simply stares Mahoney down, his square jaw set, framed by a handlebar mustache. Mahoney slides under the bottom rope, popping to his feet inside the ring, his eyes still trained on the biker.]

CM: You, sir, you don't look like the rest of these greaseballs and low-lifes. Maybe you have what it takes to win yourself some cash. How about it?

[The biker holds his arms out to his sides and we see him mouth the words, "Why not?"]

CM: That's the spirit! Let's get that man in the ring and let's get a referee down here!

[The crowd cheers as the tall biker easily steps over the barricade. Mahoney pulls his T-shirt off and throws it to the outside.]

GM: I can't believe the AWA is going to actually allow this, Bucky!

BW: Why not? It's always been said that the cardinal rule is that if a fan comes over the barricade, they're in our world now and they're fair game. Don't look now but he's coming over the barricade!

GM: We've got some AWA officials circling out here, presumably to advise this man on his rights... fans, let's go back down to "Sweet" Lou at Caesars Palace and we'll be back for... whatever this is.

[We fade back to the friendly confines of the legendary Rain Man Suite at Caesars Palace where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing amidst a wretched hive of scum and villainy. He must be cautious.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. Well, the party is in full swing here on The Strip in Las Vegas and to be honest, most of these guys aren't looking to talk to a reporter. But I've been asked to stay here all night and that's what I'm going to do. Let's see if... well, here's Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Gentlemen...

[Blackwell approaches a pair of couches. One of which has Tony Donovan, head back, eyes closed, looking like he's seen better days and Wes Taylor who is lurched forward, elbows on his knees, head in his hands. A half-drunk glass of some sort of dark-colored beverage is on the glass coffee table in front of him. On the adjacent couch sits Brian Lau, stone-cold sober and listening intently to the fine young gentlemen.]

WT: I... I really thought we had them, Mr. Lau. I mean... sure, locking them in the basement didn't work but...

BL: Wes, Wes, Wes.

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: You've got to remember who you are!

You're Wes Taylor!

You don't need to play games outside the ring. These...

[A pause, as Lau searches for the right word.]

BL: Shenanigans, they're not you, Wes. You need to remember that you're the son of the outlaw. Tougher than a two dollar steak and meaner than badger. What you do happens in the ring, not out of it.

You need to keep it simple and direct. Next time you get your hands on those punks Mertz and Aarons, you grab them by the throat with one hand, and you drive the fist of the other hand into their face until they stop squirming.

That's what Wes Taylor does!

WT: I guess you're right. But even there... Tony, you know we can beat those guys...

[Tony groans, obviously having seen the bottom of too many glasses on this evening, before responding.]

TD: Yeah... yeah, we can. Just maybe we spent a little too much time trying to make fun of those guys...

[Tony sways slightly.]

TD: ...and not enough time just kickin' their tails! They aren't better than us, Wes, not by a damn sight. We should've just dropped the nonsense and beaten those two clowns senseless. WE should be the ones in the Stampede Cup, not friggin' Air Strike!

WT: Yeah, that's wh... I totally get you, man! That makes sense! We should've won, Bri... I mean, Mr. Lau.

BL: You didn't win. But that doesn't mean you lost either. You got something, even if you don't see it now. You got experience. You got the chance to pick yourself up and do it all over again.

You lost a match. But you know what? It wasn't the last match of your career. There's another match right around the corner, just waiting for you. And another match after that? And in five years? Who is going to remember that you lost to those two idiots? In five years, Michael Aarons is going to have a beer gut and a hairline that starts behind his ears, and Cody Mertz is going to be wanted in thirty five states for nonpayment of child support.

No one is going to remember them.

But in five years, when you two are celebrating your long reign as World Tag Team Champions, when you're the team of the last half decade, when your names are spoken of in hushed whispers and awed tones?

Well hopefully, the only thing you remember about this stretch of time is how much fun you had in Vegas.

[Lau glances at Tony, then back to Wes.]

BL: Maybe YOU'LL remember tonight, Wes.

[Tony nods.]

WT: You may be right. But now we're out of the Cup. The tag titles are... well, I feel like Tony and I have come a long way since November when this thing came together but... I'm not sure we're ready for Haynes and Morton, even if they do get their tails over here to the States to actually defend the belts.

[That brings Tony to life a little bit, and he actually sits up straight.]

TD: Forget those paper champs, Wes -- they've been holding the tag belts hostage for ages, too chicken to bring themselves to defend against any real tag teams. Why do you think Air Strike got a rematch? Why not...I dunno, ANY OTHER TEAM IN THE AWA? We spent all that time in Japan, nearly every minute of it learning everything we could about our craft, taking in all that information, all that knowledge, all that wisdom. We learned a hell of a lot in our time there, but you know what the biggest thing we learned was?

[Tony slumps backwards against the couch, laughing.]

TD: We learned that all the stories about Japan and how tough all their wrestlers are are just that -- stories. Violence Unlimited is just hiding there because they know if they came back here to stay, that a whole friggin' PLATOON of younger, hungrier...

[He scratches his chin.]

TD: Hunger.

[He shakes his head.]

TD: Hungry...er?

[He snaps his fingers.]

TD: ...and better-looking tag teams...

[Tony smirks.]

TD: Would just be waiting. But, you know, Wes, maybe you're right. Maybe we need to...

[Tony hiccups.]

TD: Um...well, let's start with listening to the rest of what Mr. Lau has to say.

BL: I'll tell you what your father probably already told you. This is a game of inches, played out over a long, long time. You win a match? Well good. You lose a match? Well, that's not so good. But every single match, there's only one thing that matters.

That's the next match.

You win one, you better win the next. You lose a match? Then you learn something from it, and you win the next one.

You've both got the blood of champions in your veins. You're both capable of great things. Here's what you need to do.

Tomorrow morning, pick a goal.

And you focus on that goal. No matter it is, you spend every minute thinking about that goal. You do everything you have to reach that goal. You stop at nothing until you've accomplished that goal. And when you have?

You pick your next goal.

Focus on your goals. Have confidence in yourself. You're Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan! That means something! Believe in yourself.

And great things will come your way!

WT: Yeah... YEAH! Tony, are you hearing this, brother?!

[Tony groans again, slumping to the side on the couch, waving a dismissive arm at his brother-in-arms.]

WT: You... you sure do know what you're doing, Mr. Lau. Are you sure you don't want to... you know, manag-

[Lau waves his hands in the air.]

BL: Hold up there.

You see that?

[Lau points to the camera.]

BL: As long as that's pointed at us, this conversation ends right here. The conversation you want to have? That's for another time. A time when no one is listening.

[Tony looks up, blinking rapidly, and nods as if he actually knows what Lau just said. Wes nods too, staring at the camera until the cameraman, feeling anxious, simply backs away and we cut back to the downed area.]

We return to the ring, where the biker is already in the ring, along with Callum Mahoney and referee Ricky Longfellow. The biker has his jacket now draped over the ring post near where he is standing, being addressed by the official.]

GM: Well, they got this man inside the ring. I heard the AWA officials warning him that they were not liable for what happened to him... that he was putting his own health at stake by getting in the ring with Mahoney.

BW: He obviously agreed to it. That's what happens when you get these rubes down at ringside.

[The biker nods vigorously to whatever Longfellow is saying, while Mahoney is leaning against the turnbuckles in the opposite corner. The official signals to the timekeeper...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And Mahoney comes marching out of his corner, only to stop in the middle of the ring, holding his right hand out in front of him and his left forearm behind his back.]

GM: This member of the audience looks a little weary to shake the Irishman's hand, and with good reason.

BW: Really, Gordo, that's just unsportsmanlike conduct.

GM: We've seen Mahoney take his opponents by surprise before, Bucky. Who knows what shortcuts he'll pull here.

[Tentatively, the biker reaches for Mahoney's right hand with his own. He shakes Mahoney's hand, and Mahoney nods in approval.]

BW: See, Gordo, no ha-

GM: Mahoney pulls him into a fireman's carry takedown! Mahoney holding on to the arm...

BW: Armbar! The armbar is locked on!

[With his arm between Mahoney's legs and the Armbar Assassin pulling back on it, the biker is quick to slap the mat repeatedly with his left hand, as we hear him yelling, "I give! I give! Let go!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Sorry, pal, whatever your name is; no prize for you tonight.

[Mahoney releases the hold and rolls towards the ropes, sliding under the bottom rope to exit the ring. He holds both arms in the air, while in the ring, Longfellow checks on the biker, who is seated, looking stunned, jaw hanging, as he massages his shoulder. We see Mahoney walk over to ring announcer Phil Watson, motioning for the mic. He swipes the proffered mic away from Watson, bringing it to his lips, as the fans rain jeers upon him.]

CM: Just another casualty of the Armbar Assassin and the count is just going to rise, because this challenge continues until someone actually beats me!

[Mahoney shoves the mic back into Watson's hands, then reaches into his pocket once again, pulling out the wad of cash, which he holds up as he makes his way back up the aisle as we fade to black.]

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

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

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

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

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

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

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

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

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

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

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

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

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

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

"And now their stories can be told."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[We fade back up to the Fremont Hotel and Casino where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: All right, fans, we have had an eventful night here in downtown Las Vegas so far. Plenty more action still to come, including the Main Event between Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver, but in just a few minutes, we are going to see another of the more unique individuals to arrive in the AWA...

[That seems to be the cue for that individual to arrive on the set, and here's The Gladiator. He is dressed in the attire he always wears to the ring, complete with the gladiator helmet and...]

G: Aaarrgghhh aaarrgghhh aaarrgghhh...

[...he's doing that. He's also got what looks like a gold coin in his hand. He paces about the interview set.]

MS: Well, not only one of the more unique individuals, but one of the more successful individuals... as a matter of fact, The Gladiator has yet to lose in singles competition here in the AWA. Gladiator, I gotta ask you...

[He notices Gladiator examining the coin in his hand.]

MS: Well, let's start with what you have that you find so fascinating...

[Gladiator speaks in hushed tones.]

G: The legends spoke of the Sin City and the strip upon which Caesars Palace was located. It was there I found these mysterious objects which were coveted by some of those who traveled to these isolated parts. Have you interest in these things, Mark Stegglet?

[Gladiator hands the object over to Mark, who examines it.]

MS: Well, it looks like a souvenir coin of some sort... did you get this at the famous Caesars Palace?

[Gladiator grunts and starts talking louder, though he's not quite shouting.]

G: The only famous place of a man named Caesar I know was the palatine! But if those who travel to these distant lands are impressed with such items you call souvenirs, it is for them to determine if they hold their interest!

[He turns to the camera, raising his hand, along with his voice.]

G: I AM ONLY INTERESTED IN THE GLORY TO BE GAINED THROUGH COMBAT! THROUGH THE BATTLES I ENDURE AGAINST WHOMEVER IS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO STAND IN THE WAY! IN THE WAY OF MY QUESTS THAT JUPITER AND JUNO CONTINUE TO GUIDE ME THROUGH, WHEREVER THEY MAY TAKE ME! AND THEY LED ME HERE, NOT TO SEEK WHATEVER SO-CALLED SOUVENIRS OTHERS MAY WISH TO ACQUIRE, BUT TO SEEK TOTAL VICTORY OVER ANYONE WHO OPPOSES ME ON MY TRAVELS!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrrl SNORT!

[...that happens, and Gladiator starts pacing about the interview area as Mark tries to keep up.]

MS: In just a few moments, Gladiator, you will be heading to the ring for a match, but I understand you still have a lot on your mind, specifically as it pertains to "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. You saw his tag team of Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy, called The Handsome Family, make their debut two weeks ago. Are you still pursuing this quest to take down Fawcett's charges, even knowing that not only does he have King ONI by his side, but this Handsome Family that presents an entirely different challenge.

[Gladiator quickly turns to face Mark and raises his hand once more.]

G: I AM WELL AWARE OF THE SITUATION PRESENTED BEFORE ME, BUT MY QUEST TO REMOVE THE CHARLATANS AND INFIDELS WHO SPEAK UNTRUTHS AND FALSE PROPHECIES HAS NOT BEEN ALTERED IN ANY FORM! HARRISON FAWCETT CONTINUES TO SPEAK OF FRACTURED SOULS AND DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH WHEN ALL HE PRESENTS BEFORE OTHERS ARE THE SAME SCOUNDRELS AND MONGRELS WHO PLAGUE THIS PLACE I HAVE BEEN COMMANDED TO VENTURE THROUGH! AND THE INDIVIDUAL WHO HE PROCLAIMS TO BE A KING, STOOD EYE TO EYE WITH ME, WHILE I WAS READY TO FACE THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE, ONLY FOR HIS SCOUNDRELS TO INTERVENE AND SHOW FAWCETT REALLY HAS NO FAITH IN THIS KING OF HIS!

[He turns back to the camera.]

G: YOU, HARRISON FAWCETT, YOU CAN SEND YOUR KING INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE MAMMOTHS OF THIS PLANET, BUT IF HE SURVIVES THAT BATTLE IN ONE PIECE, HE SHALL SOON FIND ME, GUIDED BY JUPITER AND JUNO, BACKED BY MY GLADIATORS, READY TO TAKE THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE THAT WAS ONCE DENIED ME, AND IF HE CHOOSES TO SEND THOSE SCOUNDRELS TO STAND IN MY WAY, THEY SHALL FALL BEFORE MY MIGHT! FOR IT IS THE DESTINY OF THE GLADIATOR TO RISE ABOVE ALL WHO ARE NOT TRULY WORTHY OF HONOR, AND I SHALL NOT DISAPPOINT THOSE WHO SENT ME, THOSE WHO BACK ME. AND ONCE THAT KING SHOWS HE IS TRULY MAN ENOUGH TO FACE ME, IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE HE IS DETHRONED!

[He raises both arms above his head.]

G: AND NOW THE NEXT COMBAT AWAITS ME AND VICTORY SHALL BE MIIIIIIINE!

[He strides off camera, growling and still raising his arms.]

MS: The Gladiator still has his sights set on King ONI! Folks, say what you want, but that man is most definitely on a mission! Let's go back to ringside!

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

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from parts unknown, weight unknown, MR. ANONYMOUS!

[A man dressed in a black mask with a gray bodysuit raises his arms to the crowd to little reaction.]

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

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

PW: And his opponent, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the

same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: The Gladiator remains undefeated in singles competition and he's already setting his sights on Harrison Fawcett's charges, even indicating he wants his shot at King ONI!

BW: If he's calling out King ONI, he's not only going to kiss that undefeated streak of his goodbye, he may be kissing his career goodbye! ONI has manhandled just about everybody he's faced!

GM: No different than how The Gladiator has manhandled just about everybody he has faced, Bucky.

BW: And yet he's never faced anyone like King ONI! That's a 500-pound man who is being guided by one of the sharpest minds in the business. Even MAMMOTH Maximus hasn't been able to beat ONI, and that man is over 400 pounds himself!

[The Gladiator stares up above, reaching out with his hand, as if in a trance, as the bell rings.]

BW: Not to mention Fawcett doesn't let ONI or anyone else talk to the clouds or the ceiling!

GM: Gladiator may be unusual with his approach but... Mr. Anonymous from behind!

[The masked wrestler decides to rush up behind Gladiator and hammer away with several forearm smashes.]

BW: This is what I'm talking about, Gordo! This moron can't stay focused on the match!

[Gladiator slowly turns toward the masked wrestler, whose forearms don't appear to have any effect. Gladiator blocks one of the attempts, then levels Mr. Anonymous with forearms of his own.]

GM: Given that Mr. Anonymous' blows are having no effect, I'd say it's not an issue at the moment.

BW: Don't tell me you actually believe that advice he supposedly gets actually helps him!

GM: What I believe has nothing to do with how effective Gladiator is in the ring. Look at that big bodyslam, for instance!

BW: Come on, Gordo, name one other person who gets his advice from a lifeless planet and a pregnant teenager!

GM: You are unreal, Bucky.

BW: If I'm unreal, then what does that make The Gladiator?

[The Gladiator drags Mr. Anonymous off the canvas and shoves him into the corner, where he hammers him with forearms, then grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Here's an Irish whip by The Gladiator... now he comes in after the masked man!

[The Gladiator crushes Mr. Anonymous with a clothesline, causing the masked man to stagger out of the corner and fall to the canvas.]

GM: Nowhere for Mr. Anonymous to go! You have to be impressed, Bucky.

BW: I'm not denying the man can do a few things, but it takes more than that to beat King ONI, or somebody like Porter Crowley or The Lost Boy!

[Gladiator drags the masked wrestler to his feet once more, whipping him into the ropes and catching him on the rebound.]

GM: And look at this, Bucky! Tilt-a-whirl slam!

[Gladiator spins the masked wrestler around briefly before dropping him hard with a side slam.]

BW: You honestly think Gladiator can catch ONI with a move like that?

GM: I'm not saying he can, but he is showing more than enough that he could challenge the big man!

BW: All I'm seeing is him throwing a smaller man around. That may be impressive, but you can't throw offense like that against a 500-pounder, Gordo!

[Gladiator drags Mr. Anonymous up again, then starts running in place as the masked wrestler stands dazed on his feet.]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky... Gladiator about to finish this one off!

[Gladiator runs into the ropes, then rushes past the masked wrestler while going to the opposite side. He then leaps forward as he comes off the ropes.]

GM: SPEAR TACKLE! Down goes Mr. Anonymous!

BW: OK, so a move like that might affect ONI, but he won't go down with just one shot!

[Gladiator reaches upward, motioning with his arms as the fans cheer, knowing what's to come next.]

GM: And here it comes! Gladiator pulling Mr. Anonymous to his feet... and up he goes!

[Gladiator presses the masked wrestler over his head, turning around to face all four sides of the ring.

And then he suddenly drops the masked man and catches him, driving him into the mat with a powerslam.]

GM: And down he goes! Gladiator with the cover!

[The referee's hand slaps the mat three times, Gladiator nodding his head with each hand slap, and then rises to his knees and raises his arms as the referee calls for the bell.]

GM: This one is over! Gladiator continues his winning ways!

[Gladiator rises to his feet, soaking in the crowd's cheers, as the verdict is announced.]

PW: Here is your winner... THE GLADIATOR!

[Gladiator allows the referee to raise his arm in victory, before turning to look at the camera and raising a finger toward it.]

G: HARRISON FAWCETT, THE POWER OF THE GLADIATOR HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED, AND SOON IT SHALL MEAN YOUR DEMISE!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrrl SNORT!

[...that happens, as Gladiator turns away from the camera and ducks between the ropes, heading back up the aisle.]

GM: The Gladiator sending a message to Harrison Fawcett and his charges. I cannot wait to see what happens when he finally meets with any of those men.

BW: I can't wait, either, because it's any one of three of the most dangerous men in the AWA, guided by one of the smartest managerial minds around, and it's going to mean I don't have to see The Gladiator any more, because they'll end him!

GM: That remains to be seen and I think you underestimate The Gladiator's chances. Fans, let's go back to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell down at Caesars Palace!

[Cut back to the Rain Man Suite, where we see Brian Lau on the phone. As he paces back and forth through the main part of the suite, we see various AWA superstars enjoying themselves, and all of the "treats" that Lau has provided them.]

BL: Let's put a pin in that for the moment. I'll call you back. There's some business I need to take care of. Then we can talk your business.

[Pocketing his cell, Lau pauses in front of an obviously "affected" Lou Blackwell, who stands in front of the food tray, his very shaky hands loading a plate up with food, much of which falls off, given Blackwell's current state. Lau reaches out, grabbing Lou by the arm, and guiding him away from the table.]

BL: Enough of that now, Blackwell. It might be Saturday night, but you're still on the job. And there's someone you need to see.

[As Lau hustles Blackwell out of the suite, we enter the dining room area, as a well-dressed couple storm past. They mutter something about losing their appetite as Blackwell and Lau make their way through the entrance. We see a mostly deserted dining room, with many chairs overturned as if the diners left in quite a hurry.]

BL: You're hungry? You want something to eat? Here, pull up a chair and sit down! And like I said, do your job, Blackwell!

[One table in the center of the room is in fact occupied. Sitting in front a mountain of food is none other than KING Oni. He tears a leg off the turkey in front of him, sinking his teeth into its flesh as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett rises from his chair.]

"D"HF: Gentlemen, welcome. I welcome the company.

[Fawcett looks around the room at all the empty seats. Oni tears the meat off the bone and tosses it disinterestedly to his left. The Lost Boy leaps up in the air from a crouched position on the floor and catches it in his teeth. He gnaws on it excitedly. Porter Crowley stops admiring himself in the jagged shard of mirror lass he has gripped in his hand for a moment to nod in approval at his tag team partner.]

"D"HF: It seems the other guests had somewhere else to be.

BL: You shouldn't be sharing the air with their likes. They're not worthy of your company.

[Lau glances to KING Oni.]

BL: And certainly, not worthy of a king's rarefied air.

SLB: Fawcett, what is all this? On a big night for the AWA such as this and your men are having a private buffet?

[Oni looks up at Blackwell suddenly, a low snarl rising in his throat.]

"D"HF: Such hostility is...

[Fawcett flashes a dark smile as Lau returns the grin, nodding.]

"D"HF: Unwise.

[Oni maintains a hate-filled stare, his eyes locked with Blackwell's.]

SLB: Now, now there's no need for that. It was an innocent question. Why are you and your men here instead of seeing action tonight?

BL: Oh don't you worry Blackwell.

[Lau gives a knowing wink to the interviewer, as the camera makes a quick cut to the still preening Crowley.]

BL: They're going to see plenty of action tonight.

[Blackwell shakes his head with disgust as Fawcett chuckles.]

"D"HF: It is a fool who rushes in blind to the battlefield, unprepared. This superpower you see before you, he is no mere man. He is the King of Demons. The amount of energy used for his superhuman feats of strength is the likes of which you could never possibly fathom. This is merely a light sorbet to cleanse the palate. For there are two sizable meals in my liege's future. Two nagging insects buzzing about his ears that shall soon know the pain of the swatting hand.

SLB: I imagine one of those "pests" is none other than MAMMOTH Maximus, one of the few ever to actually DEMAND a match with KING Oni.

[Oni blinks in recognition at the mention of Maximus' name.]

KO: FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!!

"D"HF: Indeed. A very sad case. One that is so tired of life that they throw it away so carelessly. Being not as skilled as Supreme Wright is not a unique trait, but that very trait seems to have made him feel as though there is no point in going on. Now while that is a sad state of affairs...

[Fawcett nods grimly.]

"D"HF: Your sovereign lord is only TOO happy to comply with your wishes. You shall be ground into the dirt like the mammoths of old, proof of your previous existence only able to be proven by an archeological dig.

SLB: I can only imagine the other man you refer to is the Gladiator, who has had plenty to say about you and your "family" as of late. No doubt because your Lost Boy robbed him of his chance at winning a shot at the World Heavyweight Championship during that Rumble match not long ago.

[Fawcett shakes his head, patting The Lost Boy on the head. The Lost Boy looks up from his bone for a moment, looking around with bewilderment before continuing to attack it.]

"D"HF: What kind of insane world do we live in where popular opinion is that the King of Wrestling was not cheated out of his rightful place as number one contender, but the Gladiator of all people was?

[Crowley looks up from his mirror shard.]

PC: Even the voices don't have an answer for me, Uncle Harrison. Every torture of the damned can't understand the lies of these rude men.

[Fawcett nods sadly.]

"D"HF: Sadness will and does prevail. Sadness at a man so led by his deities that he can't see that the road ahead has given away to nothing but oblivion. For you see, he fights to please them...

[Fawcett reaches into his breast pocket with a black leather gloved hand, taking out his gem.]

"D"HF: But I see them. I have read the ancient and sacred texts, so I know of them.

[Fawcett nods at Oni destroying a rack of lamb and at The Lost Boy snapping his turkey bone in half.]

"D"HF: However, I have a deep hunger to know more. The Gladiator is not alone in holding allegiance to powers greater than himself. I am similar in that, but oh so different. For the ones he shouts to are nothing but the eternal enemy. The opposition to all I hold dear. To the old ones that I pledge allegiance to, they are and they are and they shall be again.

[Blackwell gives Fawcett a look of confusion.]

SLB: They are and they shall be what?

"D"HF: Worry not, Blackwell. Soon I shall teach all the children. There are many rooms in my home, as you well know. There is one for the Gladiator as well. For his head is full of answers to many of my questions. Whether it be by questioning or by the steel clamp...

[Oni headbutts a watermelon, splitting it open so that he can feast on the red insides.]

"D"HF: Oh, how shall they pour out of his skull. In that, you should all rejoice. For then an immense monument shall be erected as finally that terrible knowledge shall be known to one and all. The broken bodies of your KING's enemies shall lay at his royal feet as those that once held sway over this world hold it in their grip once more.

[Just then, Lau's cell rings, and, ducking his head in apology, Lau stands up, taking a few steps away, the camera following him for a few moments.]

BL: I'm glad you called me back. So listen, is losing your sanity forever in an inescapable vortex of horror a hard limit, or are you open to negotiation? Because my close friend and personal physician, "Doctor" Fawcett saw your picture, and.

[Cut back to a disturbed Blackwell, who is shaking his head.]

"D"HF: The Lost Boy may have started it, but he has a new purpose now. Bringing a new era of fashion forward with my beautiful boy. They have been left out of the Stampede Cup, but that is only tempting the rabid dog with fresh meat. Meat so fresh that the blood can still be licked off the floor.

SLB: Are you saying you are targeting whichever team wins that prestigious honor?

[Suddenly, Crowley sighs.]

PC: No, he's saying the entire tag team division has become a killing floor. Every woman that ever screamed in horror, everytime Scumbag Travis tempted my brother with friendship only to leave him on the side of the road...

[Crowley twitches.]

PC: Every nagging and mocking voice...

[Crowley begins smashing himself in the forehead with his mirror shard, drawing blood as he climbs on top of the table, crushing a pair of lobsters under his feet.]

PC: THEY WILL ALL PAY! THEY WILL ALL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO SCREAM IN PAIN!!

[Crowley jumps off the table, getting right in Blackwell's face.]

PC: They all know I'm handsome, they all want to know my tips on romance. I hear the ladies in my head begging to know how to land a man like me. Do you want to know too, rude man?

SLB: I-I...

PC: All the old lines are true. You just need to know how to do it the right way. You see, the surest way to a man's heart is the stomach. In fact?

[Crowley grabs a large fork from the table, shoving it mere inches from Blackwell's right eye.]

PC: I LIKE TO USE A FORK!!

[Blackwell falls to his knees, holding his hands up in defense as Lau and Fawcett enjoy a good long laugh. Oni grabs two handfuls of the crushed lobster shells and bites deeply as we fade out.

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 to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." The shakiness of the camera work, as well as the less than stellar production suggests that this is being shot on a handheld. We're in a corner of a hotel parking lot, where Jack Lynch stands, leaning against the back of a weathered pickup truck, arms folded across his chest. As he always is, the King of Cowboys is dressed all in black.]

JL: Inside that hotel you'll find all the boys gettin' together and livin' it up. But I didn't leave my wife Tammy and my little girl Jamie behind in Texas so I could go and live it up here in Vegas. This ain't no party for me, and ya ain't gonna see Jack Lynch enjoyin' Sin City.

Though there is somethin' that is worth toastin'.

[Lynch offers a slight smile, as he thinks back to the last AWA broadcast.]

JL: Two weeks ago, the whole world saw what happens when a Lynch sets his mind to doin' something. Travis Lynch took that National title that's been rightfully his for months now. And in doin' so, he becomes the first Lynch to hold singles' gold here in the AWA.

Congratulations, baby brother. Ya did it, and ya did me and old Blackjack proud. Now normally, I'd tip my hat to ya...

But that's the problem, ain't it? I got no hat to tip.

[The Iron Cowboy exhales slowly, as the intensity returns to his face.]

JL: There's people that don't understand why I care so much about a hat. I've heard more than one person ask me why I don't just go buy myself another one. And every time they do, I don't bother to answer. Because there's some things that, if a person don't understand it right away, there ain't no way to make 'em understand.

It ain't that my daddy gave me that hat. And it ain't that Waylon Jennings himself gave that same hat to old Blackjack. Those things are important, but they ain't why every I see Cain Jackson wearin' that hat I'm ready to put my first through the wall.

Now I said before that if ya don't understand, I can't explain it, but I'm gonna try anyway. Here's how it breaks down in my world -

Ya tell a man by the hat he wears.

If you're a priest, ya wear a certain kinda hat. If you're workin' construction, ya wear a hard hat. No matter what ya do, no matter what road ya travel on, a man looks at your hat, and he knows who ya are.

That hat ya took from me, Cain, that's a cowboy hat, and it's a Lynch family hat. Those two things mean somethin'. They mean somethin' to me, and they tell the world who I am with nothin' more than a glance.

Bein' a cowboy ain't about ridin' horses and ropin' cattle. When you're a cowboy, that means you're a certain kinda man. A man who stands up for the things that matter - friends, family, and the right kinda livin'. Bein' a cowboy means you got the right kinda religion. I ain't talkin' about church, ya understand. I'm talkin' about lookin' out for your fellow man, and standin' up for your convictions. It's a simple code, but it's been the right way to live for hundreds of years.

And bein' a Lynch means that you take pride in where ya come from, and ya fight, every day, for the things ya want. Bein' a Lynch means you're a champion, somethin' that Trav proved not two weeks ago. There's nobility in the Lynch name, and a legacy that everyone who has that name has an obligation to carry on.

When ya took my hat, Cain Jackson, ya took all that from me.

[A hand goes through Lynch's dark hair.]

JL: Your boss, Supreme Wright, he don't see me as a Lynch, or a cowboy, or even a man. He looks at me, and the only thing he sees is a pawn. All I am to Supreme Wright is a chess piece, someone who ain't even worthy of bein' taken out because of somethin' I done.

And though it pains me to admit it, when ya took my hat, ya made his point for him.

When you cracked my jaw with that big boot, when ya put my hat on your head, you showed the world that I can't defend what's mine. And a cowboy has always been measured by his ability to keep what's his safe. Ya robbed me of somethin' more important than a hat. Ya made me less of a man, hell, ya made me less than a man when ya did what ya did.

And I can't be the Iron Cowboy, I can't be Jack Lynch until I get it back.

So that's what I'm aimin' to do.

[Once more, Lynch crosses his arms over his chest.]

JL: Tonight, in front of Las Vegas and the entire world, I'm takin' back what ya stole, and I'm gonna show the world what kinda man wears the hat of a Lynch.

And then, I'm gonna show the world what happens when ya treat a Lynch like a pawn in your game.

Because I'm a damn sight far from finished with you or your boss.

See, it breaks down like this. I put Supreme Wright in a wheelchair, but that wasn't the end. Crippin' Supreme Wright don't pay him back for the way he views me.

Retirin' him does.

And so long as you're on AWA television, you ain't retired.

Puttin' your ass in that chair wasn't about makin' sure you get the best parkin' spot at every arena. It was about takin' something as important to you as takin' my name is to me. See, wrestlin' is all you got Wright.

And that's the very thing I'm comin' for.

Your worth is measured in championships. The name "Supreme Wright" don't mean nothin' if ya ain't at the top of this sport. So I'm takin' that from you. Not for a month, not for six months, not for a year. Forever.

This war ends when you quit, Wright. And I'm talkin' about quittin' wrestling.

And right now, there's a big man weain' my hat standin' between me and my goal. So I'm fixin' to go right through him.

Ya been wearin' my hand for too damn long, Jackson. For too long, you've gotten away with makin' me look like less of a man.

So tonight, the only thing you're gonna have on your head is my hand, as I slap on the Iron Claw and squeeze until ya squeal.

And when he's down, you better roll them wheels real fast Wright.

Because you're next.

Ya take my word for that.

[The lanky Lynch strides forward, stepping away from the camera, as we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and the WINNER GETS THE HAT!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The opening hook to "The Baddest Man Alive" by The Black Keys and RZA begins to play as the crowd comes to life, with boos coming from the AWA faithful in attendance.]

#I could take the pitchfork from the devil
#Keep a super suit like I'm incredible
#From the deep, blue sea to the dark blue sky
#I'm the baddest man alive

[The boos intensify when they see Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains with members of Team Supreme in tow. The members of Team Supreme are all dressed in their trademark red and black tracksuits, with the exception of Jackson, who wears a sheer black version of the tracksuit, signifying his status above the rest of the pack. Atop his head, he wears Jack Lynch's black stetson and his tracksuit

jacket is unzipped, revealing a "KEEP CALM AND BIG BOOT EVERYBODY" t-shirt worn underneath.

Jackson and the rest of Team Supreme then move to the side, as we see the leader and founder of Team Supreme, Supreme Wright, being wheeled out by "Flawless" Larry Wallace. The crowd actually initially gives a decent-sized cheer for the man who once dominated the Las Vegas territory. He gives Jackson a stern look, clearly mouthing the words, "Don't fail me." He then moves his attention back to the ring... HIS ring, as he's wheeled down the aisle and the rest of his charges follow.]

#I'd grab a crocodile by his tail
#Handcuff the judge, and put the cops in jail
#Make the meanest woman break down and cry
#I'm the baddest man alive
#I'm the baddest man alive

PW: ... he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina... weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds... he is...

[Suddenly, we see Larry Wallace break away and sprint ahead of the pack, getting into the ring and cutting Watson off.]

PW: What the...

[Wallace whispers something into Watson's ear, before the ring announcer rolls his eyes and goes back to making his introductions.]

PW: He is ALSO universally recognized as the KING OF THE COWBOYS!!!

[Big time boos, as Jackson removes the Stetson from his head and waves it around at the crowd.]

GM: Cain Jackson is NOT a cowboy.

BW: How can you say that, Gordo? He's their king!

[Back to Phil.]

PW: He is...

"THE BEAST"

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCCKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

[Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a high ponytail. Once he reaches the ring, he barks some orders at the other members of Team Supreme, who proceed to surround the ring. Removing his tracksuit, Jackson reveals black compression shorts with metallic blue and silver flames running along the sides and black and blue kneepads and boots. He removes the Stetson from his head, handing it over to Larry Wallace for safe-keeping.]

GM: Cain Jackson has held that hat for months now - ever since Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson teamed up to injure the arm of Jack Lynch so long ago. Tonight, the Iron Cowboy gets his chance to get one of his prized possessions back.

[Phil Watson continues as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Las Vegas crowd ERUPTS as the sounds of "Hard Row" by the Black Keys comes over the temporary PA system.

PW: Coming to the ring now... hailing from Dallas, Texas... standing six feet, seven inches, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty five pounds...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the tall muscular form of Jack Lynch. The eldest of the Lynch brother is, as always, dressed all in black. His body is covered by a long black coat. It's open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. Both of his fists are taped with black tape that extends from the middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms. Lynch slowly raises his right arm, his fingers twisted into the shape of his family's legendary Iron Claw to a big reaction. He gives a nod in response before starting down the aisle, keeping his gaze locked on the ring where Cain Jackson is pacing back and forth, ready for the battle to come. Lynch shrugs out of his coat on the way down the aisle, leaving it in a pool behind him as he approaches the squared circle...]

GM: Here comes a man who is NOT in a mood to mess around here tonight in Las Vegas, fans!

[Upon getting near the ring, Lynch dives headfirst under the bottom rope and Cain Jackson surges forward, putting the boots to him before he can get to his feet. Referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Cain Jackson with an assault before the bell but-

BW: But the bell's rang now so it's totally legal!

GM: I don't know about totally legal but Ricky Longfellow seems like he's going to allow it as Cain Jackson is putting the boots to Jack Lynch, forcing him back through the ropes and out to the floor.

[Jackson steps out onto the apron, standing tall as he looks down at Lynch, leaping off to bring a forearm crashing down across the shoulderblades, putting the Texan back down on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: Forearm off the apron by Cain Jackson, showing a sense of urgency that we're not used to seeing out of him.

BW: Remember, Gordo, what Supreme Wright said to him two weeks ago. Wright wants Lynch taken out - he wants him ENDED - here tonight so that when Wright returns from injury, he can put his focus squarely on Ryan Martinez and regaining the World Heavyweight Title.

GM: That may explain this aggressive start by Jackson as he drags Lynch off the mat by the arm...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[The barricade shifts visibly as Lynch's body SLAMS backfirst into it! Cain Jackson shouts at the Texan from several feet away, stalking towards him as several Team Supreme members shout their encouragement from around the ring.]

GM: You know what Jason Dane should've asked Landon O'Neill earlier tonight - when in the world is going to do something about these Team Supreme buzzards coming out here and surrounding the ring every time one of them compete?!

BW: That's not true, Gordo. Larry Wallace was out here by himself earlier tonight... and might I say, he did it flawlessly.

GM: When he was running from Jimmy Jack Shane? That's what he did flawlessly?

BW: I thought the suits told us not to mention that.

GM: You're right. My apologies. I'm just frustrated with the idea that Team Supreme seemingly gets to write their own rules in regards to making every match a lumberjack match!

[Approaching Lynch by the railing, Jackson buries a hard right into the gut... and another... and another before grabbing two hands full of hair, dragging him away.]

BW: Gordo, should we read anything into the fact that Lynch came out here all alone? No sign of O'Connor or Weaver or his usual band of hangers-on?

GM: I think you should read into it that Jack Lynch wants to do this on his own. This so-called World War Lynch started with him and if it's going to end here tonight in Las Vegas, he wants it to end with him as well.

[Jackson leans over, planting his shoulder into the gut of Lynch as he storms forward, DRIVING Lynch's lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! The small of the back into the hardest part of the ring and Cain Jackson has wasted no time at all in targeting the back of Jack Lynch.

[Jackson muscles Lynch up onto the apron, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before he pulls himself up using the ropes, stepping over the top to climb into the squared circle.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now and Cain Jackson continues to stalk Jack Lynch. Supreme Wright - you can look right at that man's face and not tell if he's pleased by what he's seeing or not. There's something wrong with that man.

[The camera cuts to Wright on cue to show that Gordon - as usual - is correct. Wright's face is stoic as he watches the action inside the ring.]

GM: Cain moving in on Jack, trying to inflict more punish- oh!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch wheels around and buries a right hand from a doubled-up position to the gut of Jackson!]

GM: The Texan goes downstairs!

[He winds up again, throwing a second one to the breadbasket.]

GM: That makes two as Jack Lynch tries to chop down the big man! Cain Jackson is six foot eight and 285 pounds in there while the Iron Cowboy six foot seven and 265. Smaller but not by much.

[Jack straightens up, winding up a third time, but Jackson cuts him off, swinging a knee up into the gut of Lynch.]

GM: Cain Jackson goes downstairs, cutting that comeback short.

[Jackson clasps his hands together, slamming a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades, putting the Texan down on all fours.]

GM: Jackson knocks Lynch back down again! And what a big match this is for Cain Jackson who - until tonight - has largely been known as Supreme Wright's bodyguard or flunkie...

BW: I'd love to hear you tell him that.

GM: But a win here tonight against a star like Jack Lynch could punch Cain Jackson's ticket for the big time. He might be headed to superstardom in a flash.

[Jackson slams a boot into the ribs of Lynch, causing him to flip over onto his back. Looking out to Supreme Wright for approval and getting none, Jackson clasps his hands together again, dropping down to his knees and hammering home another double axehandle, this one closer to the right shoulder of Lynch. Lynch cries out, rolling to his side and grabbing at his shoulder.]

GM: Uh oh... it looks like Cain Jackson may be looking to target that arm - that arm that he and Wright injured so many months ago.

[From his wheelchair, Wright finally shouts something to Jackson who was getting back to his feet...

...and then drops back down, grabbing the arm and folding it so that Lynch's elbow is pointing straight up and his palm is pressed against the mat.]

GM: What is-

[Jackson STOMPS down on the right elbow, causing Lynch to recoil in pain, rolling over onto his stomach as Jackson grins, looking out to Wright for approval... and gets none as Wright simply settles back into his wheelchair, watching closely.]

GM: A vicious move from Cain Jackson apparently called for by Supreme Wright and at this point, Jackson seems more concerned with pleasing his mentor than he does in actually beating Jack Lynch.

BW: It's kind of like the Karate Kid, Gordo. Wright don't want Jack Lynch beat. He wants him out of commission.

[Jackson grabs Lynch by the arm, dragging him off the mat and into an armtwist before he folds the arm behind the Texan in a hammerlock...

...and ROCKETS him shoulderfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Into the buckles goes Lynch!

[As the Texan staggers back out, Jackson grabs the arm, twisting it around again and slams an elbow down into the shoulder. A second one forces Lynch down to his knees as Jackson swings a leg over him, applying a straddle armbar.]

GM: And when you see a guy the size of Cain Jackson, you don't expect him to have a submission arsenal, Bucky.

BW: That's the training at the hands of Supreme Wright. Every one of these kids out here at ringside is going to be a well-rounded competitor thanks to the former World Champion plucking them out of Michaelson's Combat Corner.

[Jackson yanks on the arm, putting pressure on the shoulder and elbow as Lynch grabs at his shoulder with his free hand, wincing in pain. Wright can be heard

shouting to his charge again which leads to Jackson reaching down with his right hand...

...and fish hooking Lynch, yanking his face back and twisting his neck!]

GM: Oh, come on! That's blatantly illegal!

BW: The referee's counting it, Gordo, calm down.

GM: Jackson holds it until four, just barely breaking in time.

[Jackson wipes his saliva-covered fingers on his tights before he buries another kick into the ribs of Lynch, forcing him to roll out to the floor again. The big man of Team Supreme looks to follow him before the referee steps in, forcing him back...

...which allows a trio of Team Supreme members to swarm the downed Lynch, stomping and kicking him with delight as the crowd lets them have it!]

GM: They're all over him on the floor! Come on, referee! Do your job in there!

[As the referee turns around, the Team Supreme members have already broken apart, leaving a beaten Lynch down on the floor as Jackson shoves past the official, stepping through the ropes to the apron. He again raises his arm...]

GM: Looks like another big forearm off the apron coming up...

[But as Jackson leaps, Lynch swings a right hand up into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him!

[With Jackson reeling, Lynch grabs a handful of hair...

...and SMASHES Jackson's face into the ring apron, sending him staggering away towards the timekeeper's table. Lynch shakes out his right arm, wincing in pain as he throws a glare at the nearby Supreme Wright who does not respond.]

GM: Lynch and Wright with a brief staredown there and-

[Lynch suddenly lowers his shoulder, racing forward, tackling Jackson around the midsection and sending him flying backwards onto the timekeeper's table which somehow manages to stay up despite the near six hundred pounds crashing down on top of it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT NOW!

[Taking a sloppy mount, Lynch grabs a handful of hair and absolutely pummels Jackson with right hands to the skull over and over again as the referee shouts his protests from inside the ring.]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS ALL OVER CAIN JACKSON ON THE FLOOR!

BW: That's no way to treat the King of Cowboys!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, stomping Jackson in the chest a few times before he ducks through the ropes, breaking the referee's count. The official gets up in the

face of Jack Lynch who ignores him, looking down at Cain Jackson as the Beast pushes up on all fours...

...and Lynch breaks into a dash, bouncing off the far ropes...]

GM: What in the...?

[Lynch swings his leg up between the ropes, DRIVING it into the face of the kneeling Jackson with a running boot to the mush, sending Jackson sprawling off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Running big boot of sorts by the Iron Cowboy and I wonder how Cain Jackson likes being kicked in the mouth for a change!

[With the big man of Team Supreme in a pile on the floor, Lynch steps out on the apron, giving a shout to the Vegas crowd as he steps gingerly out on the timekeeper's table, keeping his balance as he waits for Jackson to rise...]

GM: Lynch on the table, waiting... and waiting...

[And as Jackson rises, rubbing his mouth...

...the Texan hurls himself off the table, catching him flush with a flying clothesline off the table!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch pushes up to his knees, fists balled up and throwing back his head with a shout to the fans!]

GM: Jack Lynch putting his body on the line here in Las Vegas, trying to find a way to put Cain Jackson down for the one-two-three and regain his family heirloom!

[Lynch grabs Jackson by the hair, blasting him between the eyes with one right hand... and another... and another. He climbs off the floor, dragging the Team Supreme big man to his feet as the members of Team Supreme surround them, shouting at the Texan.]

GM: Get them back, ref!

[The official does exactly that, sliding out to the floor and shouting at the Team Supreme members, ordering them to step back or he'll eject them all from ringside. Lynch rolls Jackson under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The Texan's out there on the floor, exchanging words with all these Team Supreme members!

[The referee encourages Jack to get back into the ring as he shouts at Team Supreme. Supreme Wright shouts towards the ring as Lynch turns, sliding halfway under the ropes into the ring...

...when a rising Cain Jackson STOMPS the elbow!]

GM: OH!

[Kneeling on the mat, Jackson lifts Lynch's arm into the air...

...and SLAMS him elbowfirst down into the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

[Lynch pulls his arm back, cradling it in pain as Supreme Wright nods his head approvingly - his first show of support all match long. Cain Jackson steps out to the apron, staring down at the Texan who has slumped to a knee, gripping his right elbow in pain...]

GM: Jackson drops off the apron, pulling Lynch up by the hair...

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Jack Lynch locking the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw - on the skull of his enemy. Lynch shouts, pressing his fingers into the skull and temple of Jackson!]

GM: He's got the Iron Claw locked in!

BW: But he's out on the floor! That crooked, cheating Stench boy has locked on an illegal hold outside the ring!

GM: It's NOT an illegal hold!

[But Lynch's weakened arm and Jackson's still fresh state causes him to fight back against the hold, grabbing Lynch by the wrist... pushing... pushing... pushing...]

GM: Jackson's fighting it! Jackson's trying to-

[The arm suddenly gets shoved away to a shocked reaction from the AWA faithful before Jackson suddenly leans down, lifting Jack Lynch into the air for a double leg takedown...]

...and then RUSHES forward, slamming him backwards shoulder-first into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jackson steps back, throwing his arms apart with a roar.]

BW: BEAST! MODE! ENGAGED!

[Lynch slumps to his knees, grabbing at his shoulder as Cain Jackson stands over him, looking over to Supreme Wright who nods approvingly again. The Beast smirks as he drags the Texan off the canvas, rolling him under the ropes back inside the ring...]

GM: Jackson tosses Lynch back in... and look at this!

[Jackson rolls back into the ring, signaling out to "Flawless" Larry Wallace. Wallace grins, nodding happily as he hops up on the apron, holding Lynch's black Stetson in his hand...]

...and places it on the head of Cain Jackson who mockingly throws up a "hook 'em horns" to boos from the AWA crowd. Wallace drops off the apron as Cain slaps his right arm, backing into the corner...]

GM: Cain Jackson's calling for the Lariat! The Discus Lariat!

[Jackson is crouched, nodding, waiting as Lynch staggers up to his feet, grabbing at his shoulder. He slowly turns towards Jackson who surges out of the corner, going into a full spin...

...and OBLITERATES the Texan with a Discus Lariat!]

BW: LARIAT! LARIAT! NOW _THAT’S_ THE KING OF THE COWBOYS!

[With Lynch in a heap, Jackson dives across him, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch’s shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: No, no, no! Two count only! Jack Lynch kicks out of the Discus Lariat!

BW: That’s huge, Gordo. I hate to admit it but Stench just kicked out one of Cain Jackson’s signature moves and- uh oh. Supreme Wright is not pleased!

[Wright rises out of his wheelchair, grabbing a pair of crutches as he stares into the ring at a kneeling and surprised Cain Jackson. Jackson and Wright lock eyes as the Beast climbs back to his feet, pointing out to Wright with a, “I got this, boss” before he turns back towards the corner...]

GM: Where in the world...?

BW: Oh, this might be a big mistake, Gordo!

[Jackson moves across the ring, stepping over the top rope to stand on the ring apron. The Beast gives another shout, stepping one foot up onto the second rope...]

GM: Cain Jackson’s heading up top!

BW: He’s going for Hard Rain - that frog splash off the top!

GM: If he hits it, it’s all over!

[The six foot eight big man steps a foot to the top rope, looking down at Lynch as he steps the other foot to the top...]

GM: Jackson’s up top! Jackson’s going for the home run!

[But before the big man can leap off the top, Jack Lynch is on his feet, rushing across the ring...

...and SHOVES Jackson’s feet out from under him, sending him crotchfirst down onto the top turnbuckle!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LYNCH TAKES HIM DOWN! LYNCH TAKES HIM DOWN HARD!

[The Texan leans against the buckles, breathing heavily as he reaches up, grabbing Jackson by the hair... and PASTES him with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Big right hand by the Texan!

[A second and third haymaker follow, leaving Jackson dazed as Lynch steps up on the middle rope, grabbing a front facelock, slinging the Team Supreme member's arm over his neck...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's not!

BW: Oh, I think he is, Gordo!

GM: Lynch on the top - he's got him hooked! Lynch reaching down to hook the tights...

[Lynch grits his teeth, pulling hard...]

GM: SUUUUUPERRRPLEEEEEEX!

[...and hoists Jackson into the air, plummeting backwards from the top rope where both men SLAM into the canvas! Lynch floats over, rolling into a lateral press as he reaches back to hook a leg!]

GM: HE GOT IT ALL! LYNCH HOOKS THE LEG!!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd ROARS as Jackson's shoulder flies up off the canvas, breaking the three count!]

GM: KICKOUT! JACKSON KICKS OUT JUST IN TIME!

BW: Cain Jackson was looking for Hard Rain but once again, Jack Lynch manages to avoid or survive one of Jackson's big weapons!

GM: Jack Lynch with the superplex to avoid Hard Rain and you're right, Bucky. Cain Jackson's gotta be extremely frustrated right now at Lynch being able to get out from under his big moves or to completely avoid them altogether.

[A weary Lynch grabs Jackson by the hair, drilling him with one right hand... and another... and another before pushing up to his feet.]

GM: Lynch has got Jackson down but now it's his turn to find a way to finish off the Team Supreme big man!

[Lynch leans down, dragging Jackson off his feet by the arm, whipping him into the turnbuckles where he advances, stepping up to the second rope. He raises his gloved right hand into the air, drawing a cheer...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down from the second rope, grabbing Jackson by the arm again, sending him across the ring where he crashes into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Jackson's reeling and here comes Lynch!

[The Texan storms across the ring, leaping into the air to deliver a jumping high knee to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Right under the chin! Jackson's on Dream Street!

[Lynch grabs the arm again, shooting Jackson across one more time.]

GM: Jackson hits the corner... and here comes Lynch again!

[The Texan storms across the ring...

...and a shout from the floor from Supreme Wright sends Cain Jackson spinning out of the corner, hooking Lynch's trunks as he passes by...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS Lynch shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL!!

[Jackson slumps over the top rope, breathing heavily as Supreme Wright slams a hand down on the apron, shouting at Cain Jackson who nods, slipping through the ropes.]

GM: Jackson's out on the apron...

BW: You know what's coming!

[Jackson backs down the length of the apron, his back up against the steel ringpost. The big man slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, pointing down the apron to where Jack Lynch's head is pressed up against the steel ringpost...]

GM: Jackson's going for it! Jackson's calling for it! He's gonna put Lynch in the hospital if he hits this!

[The Team Supreme big man comes storming down the length of the apron, swinging his leg up for the Concussionizer...]

GM: BOOT!

[...but Lynch shoves himself backwards, causing Jackson to SLAM his own foot into the steel ringpost, jamming his knee. Jackson cries out, cradling his knee as he falls through the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Jackson missed and he jammed his knee in the process!

[Lynch comes across the ring, grabbing Jackson by the ankle, pulling him out to the middle of the ring...

...where he ties up the limb, looking to hook in a figure four leglock!]

GM: He's going for the figure four! He's-

[Larry Wallace suddenly pulls himself up on the apron, jumping up on the second rope to shout at Lynch who breaks the submission hold attempt, rushing forward to

grab Wallace by the hair. The referee rushes into the mix, getting himself tied up between Wallace and Lynch!]

GM: We've got a fight on the apron! Ricky Longfellow's trying to get them apart!

[With Lynch and Wallace tangled up, Jackson pushes up off the mat, visibly limping as he shakes out his leg...

...and then gives it a slap, positioning himself behind Jack Lynch!]

GM: Jackson's setting up for the Big Boot! Jackson's right behind the Texan, looking to finish him off!

[Jackson is ready... Jackson is set... and as Lynch breaks away from his argument, Jackson rushes forward, swinging his leg up...]

GM: BIG BOOT!

[...and as Lynch sidesteps, Jackson delivers the Big Boot RIGHT into the face of Larry Wallace, sending the Flawless One selling off the apron and crashing down in a pile on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Jackson spins around, grabbing at his knee again...

...which is when Jack Lynch surges forward, executing a single leg takedown that puts Jackson down on the canvas. Lynch lifts his right hand into the air...]

BW: NO!

[...and LOCKS the Iron Claw on the knee of Cain Jackson!]

GM: THE CLAW'S LOCKED IN!

BW: This is... this is how he injured Supreme Wright! This savage son of a-

GM: Lynch has got the Claw locked on the knee of Cain Jackson!

[Jackson reaches up, grabbing at his head in pain as Lynch digs his fingers into the kneecap...

...and referee Ricky Longfellow swings to the side, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He gave up! Jackson gave up!

[Lynch abruptly lets go, shooting his arms up into the air, shouting a triumphant cry as he slumps to his knees in victory. The crowd ROARS as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match by submission...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch drops to his back, rolling from the ring. He raises his arms in victory again before turning towards the exit...

...and comes face-to-face with a stone-faced Supreme Wright who is on his feet, on his crutches.]

GM: Uh oh. This could be trouble.

[The masses of Team Supreme surround the staredown, ready to strike at a moment's notice or the hint of a signal from their leader...

...who suddenly gives a nod, causing the Team Supreme members to break the circle. Lynch looks surprised as he quickly moves towards the break, turning to keep his eyes on Team Supreme as he backs down the aisle.]

GM: Jack Lynch is walking out of here...

[The official jogs to meet him, handing over the black Stetson that Lynch fires up into the air to another big reaction before he settles it back down on his head.]

GM: He's won! He's defeated Cain Jackson and Team Supreme! And that can't sit well with Supreme Wright at all!

[As Lynch exits and gets big cheers, Cain Jackson rolls to a knee, wincing in pain. He looks out at Supreme Wright, the former World Champion not saying a word as Jackson rolls to the floor. He pushes up to his feet in front of Wright, looking him in the eye, pain all over his face... and then falls to a knee, shaking his head.]

GM: He can't even stand! He was trying to stand, trying to look his mentor in the eye but he can't do it. The pain is too much for him.

[Wright doesn't say a word, staring silently down at Jackson who kneels before him, looking up at him with pleading eyes.]

GM: Supreme Wright warned him... he told him not to fail him...

[The former World Champion stares... and stares...

...and then simply turns around, turning his back on Cain Jackson. The crowd "oooohs!" in response.]

GM: Wow. Supreme Wright just turned his back on Cain Jackson! He's... my stars, he's walking away from him!

[And as the leader goes, so does the army - Team Supreme mirroring their leader's actions as they turn their back on the kneeling Cain Jackson, walking in step behind Supreme Wright as he uses the crutches to hobble down the aisle. Two of them carry an unconscious Larry Wallace between them, holding him up as they follow their brothers-in-arms up the aisle.]

GM: They're... they're walking away, Bucky. They're leaving him here!

BW: Team Supreme has just walked out on Cain Jackson!

GM: Not a one of them looking back at the man who has led them in the absence of Supreme Wright. Not a one of them looking back at their so-called brother.

BW: Hey, he failed them and Supreme Wright does NOT tolerate failure, daddy.

[A stunned Jackson watches as his mentor and his brothers walk away, leaving him kneeling on the floor as a pair of AWA officials come over to offer assistance getting him back to his feet 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.]

Back from commercial break and The X's camera quickly pans throughout the AWA fans lining the Fremont Street Experience. The screams and cheers from the fans are heard and a number of fans can be seen downing their drinks of choice. As the camera begins to pan back to the ring, a few fans can be seen shoving one another, drinks flying in all directions, AWA security though is quick to separate the various parties involved. The camera focuses upon Mark Stegglet, who is proudly standing in the AWA interview area, at the top of the entrance way.]

MS: Fans, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, live on the X in Las Vegas!

[The drunken Las Vegas fans scream loudly.]

MS: Two weeks ago, live in Portland, Oregon, my next guest became the NEW AWA National Champion...

[And even though the AWA is outdoors, Stegglet is drowned out by the shrieks and shrill screams of thousands of women on the street.]

MS: Please welcome... TRAVIS LYNCH!

[The RUSH classic "Tom Sawyer" begins to play and the screams become louder as the 6' 3" man from Dallas, Texas makes his way onto the entrance. Travis is attired in blue jeans, his black cherry ostrich cowboy boots, a white T-shirt with the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. (This T-shirt is now available at the AWA shopzone!) The left hand and wrist of Travis are heavily taped, and once again upon the tape are written the letters AD. Around his waist rests the AWA National Championship Belt. The new champion smiles wide for the camera as he reaches the interview area and slaps Mark on his right shoulder.]

MS: Welcome champ...

[Before Mark can continue, Travis' smile seems to get bigger and he interrupts Mark mid-sentence.]

TL: You know Mark, I've been waitin' a long, LONG time to be announced as the AWA National Champion and I've got to be honest... it sounds a whole lot better than I dreamed it would!

MS: So let me be the first to ask, how does it feel, champ? How does it feel to finally have the AWA National Championship around your waist?

[Travis once again flashes his pearly whites to the camera and exhales before speaking.]

TL: You know Mark, after nearly six long months... it feels awesome!

[Travis taps the AWA National Championship belt twice as he continues to speak.]

TL: I finally proved to my fans and all the boys in the back that I CAN and WILL back up all my words. I don't write checks I can't cash, unlike a certain blonde who has been kicked to the curb once again!

[The fans cheer at the mention of poor Miss Sandra Hayes' recent firing.]

MS: I have heard rumors that say Rob Driscoll wasn't prepared for you and that you are the reason he is no longer employed in the AWA.

[Travis shakes his head side to side in complete disapproval with that statement.]

TL: Let me tell you somethin', Mark. I had just as much time to prepare for that match as Rob did, and I'm sure as the sky is blue, not the one put him in that match. He owes that to Miss Sandra Hayes. And as for him being on the unemployment line... I get that his emotions were runnin' high but he got exactly what he deserved for what he did to Johnny Jagger.

[Mark nods his head in agreement.]

MS: You have to admit, Travis, it was your kiss that sent her in a blind rage that caused her to set-up the match.

[Travis chuckles and shakes his head no.]

TL: Mark, it's simple, Miss Sandra Hayes allowed her emotions to get the better of her. But she's not the first women to let a kiss from a Lynch boy change her life. Just ask ma, Tammy or even Sunshine... but for Miss Sandra Hayes, her emotions not only cost Rob Driscoll but herself as well. You see, I didn't go to Portland lookin' for a fight with Driscoll... the only reason I was there was to get my hands on Dave Copper for costin' me the AWA National Championship at All-Star Showdown.

MS: Without question you did just that, as Dave Copper spent the night in Legacy Emanuel Medical Center undergoing concussion tests.

TL: I don't know what Miss Sandra Hayes kept in that Gucci Bag, but without question it packs a wallop, and that's somethin' I know first hand. Don't get me wrong it's not as much as a wallop as a discus punch, but enough to end the night of "The Professional", and more importantly enough to keep the odds just a bit more even.

[Mark Stegglet looks down at the taped up left hand of Travis.]

MS: I see your hand is heavily taped tonight, is it broken?

TL; Nah. That steel ring post and Driscoll's jaw did a number on it... it hurts like the dickens but it should be fine.

[Travis moves his fingers on his left hand showing the fans at home that's it is okay.]

TL: Mark, I knew I was goin' to be for a war two weeks ago and damn was I ever. Rob did everythin' he could to retain this title...

[Travis undoes the AWA National Championship Belt and hoists it high into the air for all to see before resting it over his right shoulder.]

TL: But at the end of the night, after months of heartbreak, I finally, FINALLY, had my triumph. I finally raised this belt...

[The Texas Heartthrob pats the title belt with his left hand.]

TL: High into the air and laid claim to my first taste of championship gold here in the AWA.

MS: With that belt around your waist you've joined a storied lineage, Travis. Broussard, Houston, Sudakov, all men who have held that belt once. And let's not

forget Stevie Scott who has held it twice or even the only other man to hold the title twice and the current Number One Contender for it, Juan Vasquez.

[Travis nods his head as the Las Vegas fans cheer at the mention of the Hall Of Famer.]

MS: And we have heard Juan say that he shouldn't have lost that very title in the first place.

[Travis adjusts the AWA National Title upon his shoulder and looks out towards the fans lining Fremont Street.]

TL: Juan Vasquez...

[And that as far as Travis gets before "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play. There's a loud roar of cheers from the crowd, both diehard or tourist, who immediately recognize the man making his way to the ring... Juan Vasquez. The Hall of Famer is wearing 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. He enters the interview area and immediately walks straight up to Lynch, the two getting into a sort of stare off...]

JV: I heard you calling my name, Travis. So here I am...

[...before cracking a smile.]

JV: ...to congratulate you on your win. I knew you could do it!

[The crowd seems to let go a breath they probably didn't even know they were holding once Juan says that.]

JV: But now that you're the champ, you should know that there ain't any more time to be wasting celebrating. Now that you're the National Champion, you should be expecting the responsibilities to become bigger, the challenges to become greater and that winning the title wasn't the end of a war...

...but just the beginning of one.

[The smile on Juan's face disappears, as he says those words.]

JV: Because while ripping that title away from Driscoll's grasp might've been ten different shades of Hell, amigo, you've got yourself a whole different sorta' Hell to deal with now.

ME.

[A roar from the crowd, funny enough. They can't wait to see two of their favorites throw down.]

JV: And Stegglet's right. I DON'T think I should've ever lost The National Title. The way The National Title was taken away from me was one of the all-time greatest miscarriages of justice in the history of this sport. And ever since the National title was taken away from me, I've been waiting for the opportunity to get back what I lost...

...and I'm tired of waiting.

[Juan turns to Mark Stegglet.]

JV: You want an inside scoop, Mark? Well, I've got one heck of a story for you to break right here and now!

[He turns his attention back to Travis.]

JV: In a few weeks, *I* get to be the match maker, Travis. And in the interest of fairness, I'm going to announce my Main Event for that card. On September 19th...

...JUAN VASQUEZ TAKES ON TRAVIS LYNCH FOR THE AWA NATIONAL TITLE!!!

[A HUGE roar can be heard from the crowd! Meanwhile, inside the ring, Travis Lynch nods his head, looking ready to take on the challenge.]

JV: So enjoy your month as champion, Travis. 'Cause on September 19th, it's gonna' be the Hall of Famer steppin' into the ring against the Texas Heartthrob... and I'm regaining the title that I should've never lost.

And Juan Vasquez WILL become your three-time AWA National Champion!

[There's a clear divide in the crowd, half cheering and half jeering that proclamation. Juan stands there, confidently smiling at the young champion. However, Travis Lynch looks to be every bit as confident as his Vasquez.]

TL: You're right about one thing, Juan. September 19th it will be the Hall of Famer stepping into the ring against the Texas Heartthrob... but this is MY...

[Travis grabs the AWA National Championship belt with his heavily taped left hand and raises it into the air.]

TL: ...AWA National Championship!

[The camera zooms in a bit framing the title between Travis' and Juan's heads. After a few moments they camera pulls back and Travis extends his right hand towards Juan.]

TL: And I'm looking forward to it.

[Juan looks down at Travis Lynch's hand. Long enough for the crowd to begin to hush up in anticipation at his next move...

...before he stares up to look the champion straight in the eye and shakes his hand! BIG POP!]

MS: Alright! You heard it here, first, fans! The match is set and on September 19th, Juan Vasquez will be the Match Maker and he will challenge Travis Lynch for the National Title on that evening!

[The fans are still cheering the handshake between Lynch and Vasquez as we slowly fade to a graphic that reads "AWA TOP TEN" with some cheesy synth music playing over it. The graphic changes to one that says "World Champion - Ryan Martinez, National Champion - Travis Lynch, World Television Champion - Shadoc Rage" across the top. A voiceover begins.]

MS: Hello everyone, I'm Mark Stegglet here to give you a quick in-depth look at the most recent AWA Top Ten Rankings updated following our last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. Here we go!

["#10 - Brian James" appears on the screen.]

MS: Checking in at #10 is the son of the Blackheart himself, Brian James, fresh off a major victory over an established legend in "The Butcher" Otto Verhoeven. It's been nearly one year since James' change of heart and alignment with Brian Lau and you have to believe it's only a matter of time before he receives a shot at championship gold.

["#9 - Calisto Dufresne" is added to the list.]

MS: Former World Champion. Former National Champion. The Ladykiller has seemingly done it all here in the AWA but after his recent loss to Juan Vasquez, many have wondered if there are any worlds left to conquer for Calisto Dufresne. Is he doomed to simply be Johnny Detson's errand boy?

["#8 - Juan Vasquez" appears.]

MS: Juan Vasquez is an AWA legend, one of the cornerstones that the company is built on and now he finds himself within reach of a title that many feel he never should've lost. Will Travis Lynch's dream come true turn into a nightmare at the hands of the former champ? Time will tell.

["#7 - Supernova" appears.]

MS: After being hit with that devastating knee strike by Shadoc Rage, Supernova's future hangs in doubt at this moment. Once the top challenger to Rage's TV Title, you now have to wonder if Supernova's poorly-timed injury will allow another top contender to leapfrog over him.

["#6 - Dave Bryant emerges.]

MS: The former two-time World Champion would love to believe that a third time is a charm but in order to get himself back into position to challenge for the World Title once more, many believe he needs to beat the man directly above him in the rankings...

[And on cue, "#5 - Demetrius Lake" appears.]

MS: The self-proclaimed King of Wrestling and the Doctor of Love have been locked in a battle of wills for months but there is a potential end on the horizon just one week away when Lake and Bryant collide at Copa de Trios. The very future of the AWA World Title picture may rest on the shoulders of that encounter.

["#4 - Jack Lynch" arrives.]

MS: With a big win tonight over Cain Jackson, the Iron Cowboy's stock may be rising in the days to come. Could he leap over his own TexMo Connection partner - Bobby O'Connor - to take the #3 position in next week's rankings?

[Well, since you spoiled it. Yep, #3 appears.]

MS: Bobby O'Connor has been hovering around this position since winning the Rumble earlier this year but a Rumble win doesn't guarantee future success. Just ask Terry Shane... if you can find him. O'Connor's seemingly determined to play second fiddle behind Jack Lynch and over time, that may cost him.

["#2 - Hannibal Carver"]

MS: For over a year, we have all waited and watched to see when Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez would collide inside the ring. Tonight, it happens with the World Title on the line and a win by Carver would set the AWA on its collective ear. Can

the Boston Brawler score the biggest win of his storied career here in Las Vegas? Stay tuned.

[And lastly...]

MS: And what if Ryan Martinez DOES survive tonight's encounter with Hannibal Carver with the AWA World Title still around his waist? Well, then he's got a much-anticipated rematch with Johnny Detson waiting for him in one week in Mexico City. Detson failed to win the title in another country at Rising Sun Showdown but could his luck change in Mexico? And what happens if Carver wins the title? Would Detson versus Carver be added to the Copa de Trios lineup? So many questions... but we'll get answers later tonight!

[With the full Top 10 on the screen, Stegglet wraps it up.]

MS: And there you have it, fans, the AWA's Top Ten Contenders as voted by the Championship Committee on August 16th. That's all for now but join me back here next time when I keep on countin' 'em down! Now let's head back to ringside to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde!

[We crossfade from the Top 10 back to ringside.]

GM: Some great analysis on the Top 10 contenders list which could definitely see some shake-ups after tonight, Bucky.

BW: Sure could. Of course, the world is waiting to see who walks out of here as the World Champion but Jack Lynch beating Cain Jackson could have an effect... and what about Supernova? If he's injured, he might slip right on out of the Top 10.

GM: It will be very interesting to see what happens but right now, I'm being told we've got some pre-taped footage of "Red Hot" Rex Summers out on the town last night here in Las Vegas.

BW: The "Red Hot" one out in Sin City? Oh, this is going to be good, daddy.

GM: That's what I'm afraid of. Let's take a look...

[The screen fades to black for a moment before what appears to be video from a cell phone fills the screen with the image of Rex Summers. Summers is decked out for a night on the Vegas strip, black dress slacks, highly polished black dress shoes, and a royal blue dress shirt, the top three buttons are undone and the sleeves are rolled up just a bit. He's smirking as a beautiful brunette is hanging all over him, her ample chest pressed against him as she gets as close to him as she can for a selfie. The camera flashes and Summers points at his cheek and she kisses him before he turns his attention to the cell phone.]

RS: Is that what we're traveling in tonight? Couldn't even get an Uber ride?

[The disgust can be heard in Rex's voice as the camera pans towards an ordinary yellow cab and the hand of the camera man opens the door.]

CM: Sorry...

RS: How can O'Neill expect Rex Summers to spend a night on the Vegas Strip... you know what for what I have in mind tonight, this is probably for the best.

[Rex gets into the cab and the camera man follows him in. Rex leans forward to look at the name on the medallion.]

RS: Does that say Arjun?

[The camera catches the driver nod his head as he speaks.]

A: Where to tonight?

[Rex Summers holds up a single finger as grabs his cell phone and begins to speak.]

RS: My good doctor. What can 'Red Hot' Rex Summers do for you? What? No, no it's not like that. Of course Porter was invited tonight, but someone was impatient... have to be honest with, what's planned for tonight... He does not want a part of it... He's too pretty for tonight's trip... Tell you what, let the Handsome Family know after Saturday Night Wrestling we will HEAT the strip up...

[A throaty chuckle comes from Rex Summers as he hangs up the cell phone and returns his attention back to Arjun.]

RS: Rex Summers is looking for some... entertainment... some excitement... and of course the company of Las Vegas' most captivating and charming creatures of the fairer sex. You know what Rex Summers is talking about, don't you Arjun?

A: Of course, of course. Would you like to go to Ghostbar, The Bank Nightclub, I-Bar...

[The camera catches Arjun looking into the rearview mirror, as Rex Summers shakes his head no.]

A: Maybe Voodoo or Chateau Nightclub...

RS: Arjun, perhaps... just perhaps "Red Hot" wasn't clear enough. Now, normally Rex Summers would take you up on one of those offers but a slight change to the menu is required. Tonight, we need something... special. Now, do you think you can help out with that?

[Arjun smiles and nods.]

A: I know just the place.

[As the cab begins to move, the camera goes to black for a moment. When the camera comes back on the cab door is opening and the camera moves and catches a neon sign saying topless lounge. The camera turns back towards the cab and catches Cheetahs light up in its' glory in neon as Rex Summers steps from the cab and looks at the absolute crap hole of a building for a long moment.]

RS: When you ask someone to take you to the place featuring the filthiest, nastiest women in town...

[Again, the screen goes black for another moment before we see a close up of Rex Summers' face, filled with complete disgust. For a split second he gags, almost of he is ready to vomit. He turns his attention to the camera.]

RS: You're probably wondering why Rex Summers would allow himself to be seen in an establishment like this... and that is a legitimate question. Why would a man chiseled to perfection like Rex Summers, want to be around a wretched smell of warm Corona and cat urine... and that's not even the odor of the building.

[Rex Summers shakes his head as if he just got a whiff of the odor he just described.]

RS: When the voice of the AWA, one Mr. Gordon Myers, claims it is time to face real competition like Cesar Hernandez... you need to prepare yourself for pungent odors. Cesar spent years working the ranch with Blackjack and the combination of hay and horse manure... well, that odor seeped into his pores and no matter how many times he's bathed in the Rio Grande it remains a part of him.

[Summers with his trademark throaty chuckle.]

RS: Now Gordon Myers, seems to think his good old buddy, Cesar Hernandez, could be the one to slow down the man who held the PCW Heavyweight Championship on four separate occasions... that Cesar Hernandez, the very man, who spent a year chasing "Red Hot" Rex Summers for that very title and failed each and every single time... is going to be the one who defeats Rex Summers?

Gordon, Gordon... I just do not get it. Everyone in this business says you are one of the smartest men they have ever met... and yet here you are betting on a man, whose greatest claim to fame is accidentally breaking Bucky Wilde's leg; to beat Rex Summers. Tell me Gordon, where's that fabled intelligence of yours?

[A voice can be heard asking Rex if he wants a private dance, which he quickly dismisses with a wave of his hand.]

RS: Sorry honey, Rex Summers has no interest in you rubbing any part of that cottage cheese you believe is firm on him. Wait... wait... honey, when is Isabella due on stage.

[The camera barely picks up the phrase "Five minutes or so."]

RS: Five minutes...

CM: Who's Isabella, Rex?

RS: She's the sole reason Rex Summers at Cheetahs tonight.

[A devilish grin crosses his face.]

RS: 'Cause it would be rude to come all the way to Las Vegas and not say hello to Cesar's dear wife.

[Rex Summers tilts his head back and laughs for a moment before the camera fades back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside. Bucky Wilde is - quite frankly - in hysterics.]

BW: AHAHAHAHHAHA!

GM: There is absolutely NOTHING funny about this!

BW: Says you!

GM: Bucky Wilde, you know there's absolutely NO truth in what Rex Summers just said! Cesar Hernandez' wife is not a... a...

BW: Careful, Gordo. That's the man's wife you're talking about.

GM: I can't even believe that he'd insinuate that-

[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: Oh, and here he comes now.

[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 beautiful brunette beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is intertwined with Rex's. She is wearing a red crop top and a very short black mini skirt.]

BW: There goes my hero... watch him as he goes...

[Phil Watson begins the introduction of "Red Hot" as the brunette blows a kiss to the camera.]

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.]

GM: I've been in this business a long time Bucky, I can shrug off a few comments from Summers, but his insinuation about Cesar's wife crossed a line. He's gotta realize that-

[Summers cuts off Gordon Myers.]

RS: Cut the music!

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

GM: I'm in complete agreement with the fans here tonight in Las Vegas.

[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, I want you to listen to these people here in Sin City. Can you do that for me?

[The Summers Sweetheart nods with a smile on her face.]

RS: What you are hearing are the cries of lethargic, limp luses of Las Vegas, who lost the loves of their lives last night when Rex Summers stepped foot of the plane. When the word of "Red Hot's" arrival reached the Strip, the divorce rate tripled!

[Rex Summers lets out a throaty chuckle and as he does so, the boos change to cheers.]

BW: Listen to these fans, they love this man and who can blame them?

[The cheers though are not for Rex Summers, they are for the figure of Cesar Hernandez rushing down the aisle and sliding into the ring. Summers hasn't seen him, raising the mic to speak again. The Summers Sweetheart spots one pissed-off fan favorite as he comes off the mat, bailing out as Summers slowly turns...

...and gets his legs ripped right out from under him with a double leg takedown!]

GM: HERNANDEZ TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The Summers Sweetheart gives a shriek from the floor as Hernandez is battering Summers with clenched fists down on the mat!]

GM: CESAR HERNANDEZ IS MAKING SUMMERS EAT THOSE WORDS! THOSE VILE, VILE WORDS!

BW: Somebody stop this! Where is the Vegas police department when you need 'em?!

GM: Summers brought this upon himself with his comments!

BW: It's not Summers' fault that Hernandez can't take a joke.

GM: A joke?!?

[The disgust can be heard in Myers voice as Summers struggles out from under Hernandez, getting to his feet. The fan favorite grabs him by the arm before he can escape, swinging him around with a big chop across the sculpted chest as Summers' robe falls off him.]

GM: Hernandez is all over him!

[A few more chops land before Hernandez grabs the arm, shooting Summers across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by Hernandez...

[Hernandez though drops his head and is caught with a swift kick that snaps his head up.]

GM: Oh! Hernandez put his head down and-

[Summers THROWS himself forward into an impactful clothesline, taking Hernandez off his feet and putting him down to the canvas to jeers from the crowd!]

BW: Yeah! Get him, Rex! Teach him a lesson about putting his dirty hands on you!

[Climbing back to his feet, Summers looks down at Hernandez with disgust before driving the sole of his boot into his chest.]

GM: Summers stomping away at Hernandez who came out here all full of fire and emotion and may have burned himself out, Bucky.

BW: Summers looks really upset, Gordo. How DARE Hernandez deprive these fans of seeing Sexy Remy in action here tonight?

GM: "Sexy Remy"... how disgusting.

[Summers leans down, dragging Hernandez off the feet before drilling him with a straight right hand...]

GM: Big right to the jaw... and a second one!

BW: Do it again!

GM: How can you encourage this man?

[Another shot lands on the jaw of Hernandez, rocking the veteran and sending him staggering towards the ropes.]

BW: Teach him a lesson for me, Rex!

GM: A lesson from you?

BW: As you've pointed out multiple times lately, Hernandez broke my leg years ago... he deserves all he gets!

[Summers pushes Hernandez back against the ropes, paintbrushing him across the face a few times before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Summers shoots him acro- no, reversed!

[The former PCW Champion hits the ropes, rebounding back towards Hernandez...

...who leaves his feet, clocking Summers on the jaw with a flying forearm smash!]

GM: OHHH! EL MISIL DE JALISCO CONNECTS!

[Summers hits the canvas hard, rolling quickly under the ropes and out to the floor as Hernandez climbs to his feet, throwing his arms up into the air and shouting for Summers to get back in the ring!]

GM: Some words being used there by Cesar Hernandez that I'd rather not repeat but who could blame him, Bucky? After the garbage being peddled by Summers out here about Cesar's wife, Rex Summers knew he was poking the bear and it cost him here in Las Vegas.

[The Summers Sweetheart rushes to his side, helping him up as he staggers back up the aisle as Hernandez continues to shout at him from inside the ring.]

GM: Rex Summers looks like he wants no more of Cesar Hernandez on this night but you better believe this one's far from over.

BW: No doubt, Gordo. There will be another time and another place for these two.

GM: Fans, we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the

mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot of the towering MAMMOTH Mizusawa leaping into the air, crushing Corey Lawson underneath him in a 420 pound splash to win the very first edition of Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash I.]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the Dallas Memorial Coliseum, we see Mark Langseth making his AWA debut as he takes on the one-night-only appearing Macht Kraftwerk as Langseth counters a superkick into his Greatness Personified anklelock.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Dave Cooper, then one-half of Rough N' Ready, has the lower half of Duane Henry Bishop tied up in a Texas Cloverleaf when Cletus Lee Bishop, the bigger half of the Bishop Boys winds up and CRACKS Cooper in the back of the head with a steel chair!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Making his second appearance of the night, the Japanese Giant represents the Matsui Corporation in fine fashion by dropping a massive legdrop down on a metal briefcase, crushing Tumaffi's face and skull underneath it.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[AWA history is made with the Triangle Elimination Match, showing Shane Destiny clinging to the top rope as Kevin Slater attempts to German Suplex him off the apron onto the concrete floor.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[The National Tag Team Titles are at stake when Calisto Dufresne hurls a fireball into the face of Kentucky's Pride member, City Jack.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[A shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott emerging in front of the crowd at SuperClash I, clad in a blue and white full-length robe glistening with jewels as gold and white sparks fall in a curtain behind him.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Juan Vasquez stands at the top of the aisle, hands on his hips and a big smile on his face at the reaction of the Dallas crowd.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[We see Scott whipping Vasquez towards the corner where the challenger leaps up to the middle rope, blindly leaping back and twisting around into a cross body that takes the champion down to the mat.]

#The boys are back in town#

[With Vasquez dangling off the apron, Scott leaps down to the floor, driving the point of his elbow down into the windpipe.]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Vasquez comes charging across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive that wipes out the National Champion.]

#The boys are back in town#

[With Scott trapped in the figure four leglock and no referee in sight, Raphael Rhodes stands over both men, steel chair in hand, and swings it down on a helpless Vasquez.

One final shot as the main chorus echoes out, showing Ben Waterson, Stevie Scott, Gary Bright, and Raphael Rhodes standing over a prone Juan Vasquez.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 89 days"... and we fade to black.

We fade back up in one of the nearby casinos where Mark Stegglet stands alongside "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of blue jeans with a white dress shirt tucked in, paired with a red plaid bow tie and brown herringbone blazer. A blue scarf hangs around Dufresne's neck, covered by his long blond hair cascading over his shoulders. A pair of gold-rimmed Aviator sunglasses shield Dufresne's eyes from the camera.]

MS: Fans, I'm backstage with former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Calisto, you look more prepared to hit the Vegas Strip than you do to hit the ring tonight.

CD: That's right, Stegs. My close personal friend, Floyd Mayweather, put me in contact with Steve Wynn, who comp'd me the Presidential suite at Encore tonight; so I don't have time to go smack around the Juan Vasquez's of the world. I've got to get back over there and find a few young ladies to share \$80,000 in linens with. Being the biggest star in this sport has its perks.

[A smirk from Dufresne.]

MS: We noticed you weren't at Johnny Detson's side earlier this evening.

CD: You think Johnny needs my help intimidating Ryan Martinez? Please. Johnny is on cloud nine. In just a week, he's going to be the next AWA World Champion – thanks to my guidance, of course. A year's worth of plans are coming together just as I predicted they would.

Once we cut the dead weight that was Eric Somers, the path to the championship was clear. It doesn't seem fair that they gave Hannibal Carver his shot at gold with this much liquor surrounding him, but that's not my concern.

[Dufresne wags a finger at the camera.]

CD: No matter who Johnny ends up facing... Next week down in Mexico City, we sure as Hell won't be drinking the water; but we'll be drinking plenty of champagne.

In fact, I think I'll go get a head start on that right now.

MS: Mr. Dufresne, one more question...

[Dufresne sighs.]

CD: What is it?

MS: Two weeks ago, my broadcast colleague Colt Patterson said some pretty harsh things towards you. Do you have any comment on that?

[Dufresne grimaces for a moment... and then breaks into a smile.]

CD: Sin City awaits. See you around, Stegglet.

[On that note, Dufresne turns and walks off camera, leaving Stegglet alone.]

MS: Well, apparently Mr. Dufresne would prefer to forget what Colt said two weeks ago. But all seems to be well between he and Johnny Detson as Detson stands seven days from a rematch for the World Heavyweight Title! Coming up right now, we've got our special tag team challenge match so let's go down to Phil Watson!

[Cut to the ring where the ring announcer is already standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing in at 265 pounds... "BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR!

[As the lead guitar takes over in "Godzilla" O'Connor bursts into view to a big reaction from the crowd...]

GM: Bobby O'Connor, welcome to Las Vegas... and every time you see O'Connor, you have to think about that Rumble win and that guaranteed World Title opportunity he's got in his back pocket.

BW: You know, Gordo, if I had this kid under my charge, I'd tell him to wait til Martinez battles Carver... and whoever wins that battles Detson... and then pick the scraps the very next show to cash in that title shot.

GM: And that's why you'll never manage someone like Bobby O'Connor who has too much honor to do something like that.

BW: Honor, huh? The grandson of the Strangler doesn't have "honor."

[O'Connor is clad in his usual ring gear along with a Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt featuring an image of the grim reaper with the initials "B O C" across the chest as he makes his way down the aisle, slapping the hands of ringside fans as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his tag team partner...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA and the hometown crowd goes WILD!]

PW: From Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 228 pounds... he is the Doctor of Love...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[The cheers get louder as Bryant emerges into view, holding up his arms as he stands in a glittering dark blue robe over his ring attire. The hometown fans are cheering loudly, earning a slight bow from Bryant before he starts down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: What a team this is gonna be, fans, as Bobby O'Connor, a young man that many consider to be a future World Champion will be teaming with a veteran in Dave Bryant - a man who is a former two-time AWA World Champion.

[Bryant reaches the ring, going quickly up the steps, ducking through the ropes and removing his robe, handing it out to a ringside attendant before he moves over to shake hands with O'Connor. Bryant points down the aisle to a nod from O'Connor.]

GM: The fans are solidly behind this duo and no matter who Demetrius Lake opts to bring out here is likely to get booed all the way to Arizona, Bucky.

BW: We'll see about that. The King's got powerful connections and he might have brought someone these people have always wanted to see. Maybe the Outlaws! Maybe the Fraternity Boys! Maybe-

[The sounds of "Mack The Knife" interrupt Bucky.]

GM: It sounds like it's time to find out.

[As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, the curtain parts for the intimidating figure of Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" takes a moment to look over the crowd, his eyes focused in a mean glare. The six-foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. A surly look is on his mustached face as he stops at the top of the aisle, slowly lifting his arms...]

GM: Well, who's it gonna be? Who has he found to-

[The shredding electric guitar tearing through the Vegas sky lets the crowd know EXACTLY who he's found. And for the few who aren't sure, the opening lyric gives the rest away...]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

GM: OH MY STARS! THE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS ARE IN THE BUILDING!

[The crowd is ROARING for the big surprise as Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes storm past Demetrius Lake, marching down the aisle with purpose as the title belts dangle over their shoulders.]

GM: Does this mean...? Are Violence Unlimited BACK in the AWA?!

BW: We all heard the reports over what happened in Japan. Haynes and Morton got suspended from Tiger Paw Pro and got stripped of the Global Tag Crown... but they're here tonight in Las Vegas with the AWA World Tag Team Titles around their waists! What a coup for the King!

[Lake is all grins as Haynes and Morton slide under the bottom rope...]

...and tear across the ring, assaulting Bryant and O'Connor before the bell can sound. Substitute referee Andre Lang jumps in, waving his arms wildly, trying to break up the pre-bell assault but fails miserably as Morton overwhelms Bryant, pushing him back into the corner as Haynes and O'Connor trade blistering haymakers in the center of the ring!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! The titles aren't on the line but you gotta believe that none of these four men care about that at this particular moment in time!

[Haynes is pounding O'Connor with right after right but O'Connor holds his ground, responding with jaw-jacking blows of his own as Morton gets Bryant on his heels, switching to knife-edge chops up against the buckles.]

GM: Morton's got Bryant in trouble in the corner... knife edge chops across the pectorals...

[But in between two chops, Bryant reaches out, swinging Morton around so that Professor Pain is back in the corner. The former World Champion reaches back and lays in blow after blow to the temple of Morton.]

Out in the middle of the ring, the crowd is roaring as Bobby O'Connor strings together a series of hard right hands, knocking Haynes back against the ropes where the Missouri native takes him up and over with a clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE SENDS HAYNES OUT TO THE FLOOR!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby drops down on the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor to go after Jackson Haynes.]

GM: O'Connor's out there on the floor and this is right up his alley, Bucky! Bobby O'Connor likes a good tussle as much as anyone!

[O'Connor and Haynes go right back to trading blows out on the floor as Bryant grabs Morton by the arm, looking to whip him across but Morton reverses it easily...]

GM: Morton reverses... charges in!

[But he runs right into Bryant leaning back, kicking his feet up for Morton to run facefirst into!]

GM: Ohh! Morton crashes into Bryant's feet!

[The Doctor of Love hops up on the second rope. leaping off for a double axehandle...]

...but Morton snatches him out of the sky in a bearhug!]

GM: Oh! Caught by Morton!

[The Oklahoma native sets his feet before LAUNCHING Bryant up and over, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY BY MORTON!

[Morton takes the opportunity to get right back up, charging across the ring...]

...and HURLS himself between the ropes, wiping out a stunned Bobby O'Connor with a dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Morton gets up, trading a high five with his tag team partner as the referee steps out, finally getting Haynes to back off to his corner as Morton rolls back in, waiting for Bryant to get up off the canvas...]

...and kicks him HARD in the ribcage!]

GM: Oh! What a kick to the ribs by Danny Morton!

[Bryant rolls to his back as Morton stands over him, gesturing for the former World Champion to get to his feet. In the corner, Demetrius Lake slams his hands down on the apron, shouting "Drop him on his head! Break him!"]

GM: Demetrius Lake is quite enthusiastic about the idea of Danny Morton physically punishing Dave Bryant...

BW: This is a major coup for Lake, Gordo. We heard all the rumors for the past two weeks - the Longhorn Riders, the Walking Dead, the return of Dichotomy, the return of the Bishop Boys... but I don't think ANYONE called this one, Gordo. Demetrius Lake bringing Violence Unlimited back to the American Wrestling Alliance is a major coup!

[Morton reaches down, dragging Bryant up to his feet by the hair, where he smashes his skull into the Doctor of Love's, sending Bryant falling back into the ropes where he bounces off, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Morton to cheers!]

GM: Bryant fires back!

[A second haymaker lands before Morton lands a big boot into the midsection. He hooks a front facelock, dragging Bryant across the ring where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Here comes the Hammer!

[As Haynes steps into the ring, Morton slams a double axehandle down across the back of Bryant. Haynes does the same as Bryant drops to all fours. The duo trade off, blow for blow, as the referee's count gets to four. Morton steps out, smirking at the jeering crowd as Haynes leans down, dragging the former World Champion off the canvas.]

BW: Violence Unlimited setting out tonight to show that you can put two of the best singles wrestlers in the world together but they're no match for the best tag team in the world!

GM: That remains to be seen as Haynes connects with that big overhead elbow smash, putting Bryant back into the corner of the World Tag Team Champions!

[Bryant tries to come back out but Haynes shoves him back in, throwing a clubbing forearm to the neck... then to the ear... then to the back of the head, battering Bryant up against the corner with clubbing forearms, sending him down to a knee where Haynes SMASHES a knee into the side of the head, knocking Bryant down to a prone position!]

GM: Good grief! A surge of uncontrolled violence in the corner by Jackson Haynes has put Dave Bryant down on the canvas in a bad, bad way!

[Haynes grabs the top rope, stomping Bryant over and over until the referee steps in, forcing Haynes to back off.]

GM: Haynes breaks off his attack at the count of four...

[Haynes walks out to the middle of the ring, shouting something disparaging at Bobby O'Connor...]

...which brings the hot-headed fan favorite into the ring, taking two steps towards Haynes until the referee cuts him off, holding the protesting O'Connor at bay while Haynes gestures to Morton.]

GM: What is this all about?

[The Moscow, Tennessee native pulls Bryant up, whipping him alongside the ropes. He grabs Morton by the hand, Haynes running along the ropes inside the ring while Morton runs on the apron, taking Bryant down with a double clothesline!]

GM: Violence Unlimited takes Bryant off his feet!

BW: An illegal attack thanks to Bobby O'Connor's hot temper... and Demetrius Lake loves it, encouraging Morton and Hayes to really pour it on on Dave Bryant.

GM: You have to believe that Lake is hoping that Violence Unlimited wears down Bryant before their battle in Mexico City at Copa de Trios next weekend.

[Haynes pulls Bryant off the mat, throwing him back into the corner where Morton is standing. The Hammer backs in, hooking Bryant around the head and neck, tossing him down into a seated position with a snapmare before BLASTING him across the cheekbone with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! Big crossface by Haynes... and he tags right back out, keeping the fresh man in there.

[Morton steps through the ropes as Haynes exits, leaning down to drag Bryant off the canvas...

...where Bryant uncorks a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand!

BW: No effect!

[Morton shakes his head, sticking out his tongue and striking a pose to taunt Bryant before he **BLASTS** him with a standing clothesline, nearly taking the Doctor of Love out of his boots!]

GM: Good grief!

[Down on the canvas, Bryant clutches his collarbone in pain as Lake laughs loudly and obnoxiously out on the floor. He slaps the canvas, encouraging Morton as the American Murder Machine drags Bryant back to his feet...

...and presses him straight up over his head with ease!]

GM: Wow! What power! Morton's got him straight up over his head!

[The crowd is in awe as Morton lowers Bryant... and presses him back up. He does it again... and again, showing off his incredible strength...]

GM: Look at the strength of Danny Morton!

[Morton steps closer to the ropes, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and **HURLS** Bryant over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded asphalt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON THROWS BRYANT DOWN TO THE FLOOR! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Morton puts a foot on the second rope, stepping up and taunting the AWA fans who are letting him have it for the throw to the floor. Bobby O'Connor drops down to the floor, making his way around the ring to check on the downed Bryant as the referee starts his ten count.]

GM: Bryant is down, O'Connor is there with him but the referee is starting his ten count! He's going to count down Dave Bryant and he just might count him out after that slam!

[Morton backs off as the official counts, getting up to four before Bryant even moves, rolling over to his knees, reaching up towards the ring apron where Morton is jogging in place in the ring, waving his arms, shouting for Bryant to get back in the squared circle.]

GM: Bryant's grabbing the bottom rope, trying to drag himself back into the ring, trying to beat that ten count...

[The count is up to six as Bryant gets to one knee, reaching up and hooking the ring apron with his left hand. Morton is still running in place, his legs pumping high as he gets ready to strike again...]

GM: Bryant pulls himself up on the apron at the count of eight...

[And Morton rushes forward, trying to strike...

...but Bryant ducks down, using the ropes to slingshot himself into Morton's midsection!]

GM: Bryant goes downstairs, using Morton's momentum against him!

[Bryant slingshots over the top, dragging Morton down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Morton clashes his heels together on the ears of Bryant, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Morton kicks out! And Bryant's trying to get towards his corner!

[The battered Bryant is crawling across the ring to where Bobby O'Connor is waiting, arm stretched out looking for a tag...]

GM: Bryant's trying to get there... but there's no chance of that as Morton is back up... and drops a big elbow down in the lower back!

[Morton climbs to his feet, pointing a threatening finger at Bobby O'Connor before grabbing Bryant by the feet, dragging him back across the ring towards Violence Unlimited's corner where he reaches out and tags in his partner.]

GM: Jackson Haynes in off the tag. Remember, fans, this is a non-title matchup. The titles are NOT on the line in this one.

BW: They're not but there's no better way to earn yourself a shot at the titles than to beat the champions. That puts you right at the top of the list of contenders in a hurry.

GM: It certainly does.

[Haynes drags Bryant up by the hair, each grabbing an arm to whip Bryant across the ring...

...and then drop him with a double running shoulder tackle, pinballing Bryant halfway across the ring before he crashes down to the canvas near the ring ropes!]

GM: Another impressive double team by the World Tag Team Champions!

BW: You know, Gordo, I have to imagine it's no coincidence that Violence Unlimited have returned to the AWA on the same night when we started moving teams into the Final Four of the Stampede Cup.

GM: Violence Unlimited, of course, are the only two-time Stampede Cup winners. They would have a vested interest in seeing who wins the tournament because you have to imagine that the winners will be first in line at a future title opportunity.

[Haynes moves himself in front of a crawling Bryant, planting a boot down between the eyes, cutting him off before he can get anywhere near O'Connor..

...and then pivots, driving a right hand between the eyes of "Bunkhouse" Bobby, sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot... cheap shot as well!

[O'Connor again tries to get into the ring and again gets cut off by the referee as Haynes pulls Bryant up, lowering his shoulder into the midsection and charges back across the ring, smashing Bryant back into the VU corner where Haynes tags Morton back in.]

GM: Quick tags by the World Tag Team Champions, showing part of the reason why they're one of the most successful tag teams in the world of tag team wrestling today. Multiple-time Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions, multiple-time AWA tag team champions.

BW: You mentioned the two Stampede Cup wins.

GM: The resume of Violence Unlimited is unmatched anywhere in the world right now as Morton steps in...

[Morton muscles Bryant into the corner where he throws a knife-edge chop with the right hand, switching right into a straight right to the jaw... to a chop... to the punch... to a chop... to the punch...]

GM: Morton's brutalizing Bryant in the corner!

[Bryant hangs onto the top rope, staggering out of the corner to the middle of the ropes where Morton grabs him by the arm, shooting him across...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Bryant!

[Bryant builds momentum, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back with a low dropkick to the knee!]

GM: BRYANT GOES DOWNSTAIRS!

[The dropkick knocks Morton down to his knees, wincing in pain as Bryant rolls to the side, pushing up to his knees.]

GM: Bryant caught him and he's created an opening! He's created some space to get up there and-

[Demetrius Lake hops up on the apron, screaming and shouting at the official, getting the referee's attention as Bryant wobbles forward, collapsing...

...and slaps the hand of Bobby O'Connor!]

GM: TAG!

[O'Connor comes in, high-stepping as he gives a war whoop and BLASTS a rising Morton with a right hand... then a left... then a right... then a left. He grabs Morton by the hair, rushing the corner and SMASHING Morton's head into the neutral turnbuckles!]

GM: O'Connor's on fire!

[Lake promptly points out O'Connor being in the ring...

...which is the referee's cue to shout at O'Connor, ordering him to exit the ring!]

GM: The referee's trying to get O'Connor out of the ring!

BW: He didn't see the tag! If you don't see it, you can't allow it! You know that, Gordo!

[The referee is shouting at O'Connor, trying to get him out of the ring as Jackson Haynes comes in behind the official's back, pulling Bryant to his feet, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Haynes is going for the powerbomb!

[But the Tennessee native takes too long, allowing Bryant to yank the legs out from under Haynes...]

GM: Bryant's going for the Crab! He's going for the Iron Crab!

[With Haynes' powerful legs under his arms, Bryant flips him over onto his stomach!]

GM: He's got it locked in! Bryant's got it locked in on Jackson Haynes!

BW: But Haynes ain't the legal man!

[With Bryant distracted, Morton hits the far ropes behind him, rebounding back as Haynes looks ready to slap the canvas...]

...and BLASTS Bryant with a clothesline to the back of the head, sending him sailing between the ropes where Lake catches him in mid-air, pivoting, and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEMETRIUS LAKE WITH AN ILLEGAL ASSIST ON THE FLOOR!

[Bryant is down on the floor in tremendous pain as Lake lays the badmouth on him, backing away as Haynes rolls out to the floor, leaving the legal man - Danny Morton - inside the ring while Bobby O'Connor protests the action going on behind the referee's back.]

GM: It's starting to break down here in Las Vegas as Demetrius Lake helps Violence Unlimited - like they need any help out here.

BW: What a team those three make, Gordo. The King of Wrestling and the Kings of Tag Team Wrestling! If Copa de Trios wasn't already set for that tournament, these three should get a bye to the Finals, daddy!

GM: The Dogs of War might take issue with that, Bucky.

[The referee finally regains control, getting a fuming O'Connor back out on the apron as Danny Morton walks towards the ropes, hobbling a bit as he steps through the ropes, looking down at Bryant.]

GM: Danny Morton's going out to the floor... going after the former World Champion who is in a bad, bad way here after taking over ten minutes of abuse from the World Tag Team Champions.

[Morton gingerly sits down on the apron, stepping down to the floor as he pulls Bryant up by the hair...]

...and uses that same grip on the hair to power Bryant up into the air, flinging him so hard towards the railing that Bryant crashes horizontally across the barricade!]

GM: Good grief!

[Lake shouts encouragement to Danny Morton, prodding him to keep up the abuse of Dave Bryant.]

BW: Morton is manhandling Bryant and at some point, you have to start to wonder if Bryant's going to even be able to make it to the ring at Copa de Trios. He might be headed to a hospital right here in Las Vegas instead of to the airport for a flight to Mexico City after this one's over.

[Morton advances at the near-motionless Bryant, hauling him off the floor by the hair. A few fans shout right in Morton's face, earning a glare that quickly silences them.]

BW: Those loudmouths up front better watch themselves, Gordo. Morton and Haynes have been in Japan where it's perfectly okay to smack a rowdy fan in the teeth.

GM: I don't know about that as Morton rolls Bryant back into the ring, climbing up onto the apron after him.

[Morton ducks back through the ropes, moving towards Bryant, reaching down towards Bryant who is down on all fours...]

GM: Waistlock!

[The crowd buzzes as Morton deadlifts Bryant off the mat, holding him off the canvas...]

...and then SLAMS him down on the back of his head with a released German Suplex! Lake again applauds as Morton sits up on the mat, a sadistic smile on his face.]

GM: Bryant gets dumped like a sack of potatoes and if he doesn't get out of there soon, he's done for, Bucky.

BW: And not just in this match. He won't make Copa. He won't even make SuperClash!

GM: Tis the season to start looking forward to Thanksgiving night in Houston, Texas, and you know that these competitors climbing into the ring are thinking about it. Violence Unlimited may be wondering if they'll still have the tag titles in Houston and just who might challenge them for the titles that night.

BW: Maybe it'll be Bryant and O'Connor.

GM: Maybe it will.

BW: What a kick in the teeth that would be to Jack Lynch. I kinda like that idea!

[Back on his feet, Morton reaches out and slaps the hand of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: Another tag for Violence Unlimited while Bryant has been in the ring since the opening bell.

[Haynes and Morton batter Bryant back and forth with a series of right hooks, sending a stunned Bryant between them. Morton steadies him before both men break to opposite ropes, bouncing back...]

GM: SANDWICH LARIAT!

[...and Bryant front rolls out of the way, causing Morton and Haynes to deliver a lariat to each other!]

GM: THEY MISSED! BRYANT ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY!

[With the tag champions stunned, Bryant pushes up off the mat and lunges...]

GM: TAG! AND THAT TIME, THE REFEREE SAW IT!

[Lake angrily slams his fists down on the canvas as Bobby O'Connor comes charging in, lashing out with a left-right-left on Morton followed by a Mongolian chop on Haynes. He grabs each by the head, pulling them together...

...and CLASHES their heads together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Morton stumbles back, dropping to the mat and rolling out to the floor as Haynes falls back against the ropes. O'Connor advances on him, winding up and SMASHING a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Big right by O'Connor!

[Haynes staggers, falling back into the neutral corner as O'Connor pursues him, fists balled up and at the ready before he throws a quick and stinging left jab... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Fists are flying here in Las Vegas and- BOOM! BUNKHOUSE ELBOW BETWEEN THE EYES!

[O'Connor grabs the stunned Haynes by the arm, whipping him across the ring where "The Hammer" slams into the buckles. O'Connor comes charging in after him, spinning to throw a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Running elbow connects by "Bunkhouse" Bobby!

[O'Connor steps out, watching as Haynes staggers out towards him. He lifts the stunned Haynes into the air, twisting around, and DRIVES Haynes down to the canvas with an impactful powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! HE PLANTS HIM!

[The Missouri native reaches back, hooking a leg as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[From out on the floor, Danny Morton yanks O'Connor out of the ring by the leg!]

GM: OH! MORTON SAVES THE MATCH!

[Morton throws a right but O'Connor blocks it, throwing one of his own!]

GM: O'Connor connects and-

[Grabbing a handful of trunks, O'Connor HURLS Morton over the railing and into the ringside crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON GOES FLYING INTO THE CROWD!

[O'Connor wheels around, crawling back up on the apron. He pumps a fist as he steps through the ropes, moving towards Haynes who is back on his feet. Haynes takes a wild swing at O'Connor who ducks under it, throwing a stiff uppercut on the chin!]

GM: OH! What a right hand! He jacked his jaw something good right there!

[O'Connor grabs Haynes by the hair, hauling him out to the middle of the ring where he leaps up, smashing his head down into Haynes!]

GM: Leaping headbutt!

[Haynes gets scooped up off the mat, spun around and slammed down on the canvas!]

GM: Big slam by O'Connor... and check it out, fans! O'Connor's calling for that lariat - for Fear The Reaper!

[Standing in the neutral corner, O'Connor swings the right arm around and around, causing the fans to scream in anticipation...]

...when suddenly, Demetrius Lake is up on the apron. O'Connor rushes him, taking a swing!]

GM: Whoa! He almost got him, Bucky!

BW: Hey, you can't lay your hands on a King like that!

[O'Connor is shouting at Lake from inside the ring, allowing Jackson Haynes to get back to his feet, winding up his right arm on his own and BLASTING O'Connor with a lariat to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Haynes flips O'Connor over, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But "Bunkhouse" Bobby isn't done yet, firing a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Wow! Jackson Haynes was a half count away from finishing this one off!

[Up on his feet, Haynes drags O'Connor out to the middle of the ring, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Haynes is going for the powerbomb! He's gonna end this!

[But before he can, O'Connor drops to a knee.]

GM: Bobby blocks it!

[Haynes tries to deadlift him to no avail, breaking the attempt to hammer away at O'Connor with clubbing forearms to the back and neck...]

...and then Haynes reaches down, wrapping his arms around the torso of O'Connor!]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb again!

[But as Haynes lifts him up, O'Connor starts to fight it, battering the forehead with clenched right fists...]

...and then flips right over the top, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! SUNSET FLIP!!

[O'Connor's trying to take Haynes down to the mat but "The Hammer" is fighting it, struggling to avoid being taken down...]

GM: Haynes is fighting it! Haynes is trying to stay on his feet!

[Demetrius Lake, sensing Haynes is about to go down, hops up on the apron, shouting at the referee, drawing his attention...]

...which allows Dave Bryant to step in, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[The superkick catches Haynes FLUSH under the chin, sending him toppling backwards into the sunset flip...]

GM: O'CONNOR GOT HIM DOWN!!

[The referee turns to go back and count as Lake reaches out, wrapping his arms around him to prevent the count...]

...which is Dave Bryant's cue to run around the ringpost, grabbing Lake from behind...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Bryant YANKS, bringing Lake tumbling down off the apron to the floor!]

GM: BRYANT PULLS LAKE DOWN!!

[The referee rushes across, diving down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd EXPLODES in shock as Danny Morton makes a LUNGING save through the ropes, breaking the pin!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: MORTON MAKES THE SAVE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Bryant slaps the canvas in frustration, pulling himself up on the apron to go aid his partner as Morton pulls O'Connor off the mat, hooking in a rear waistlock...]

GM: Morton's looking for the Backdrop Driver!

[But O'Connor's got other ideas, hammering his fist into the forehead of Morton, breaking free...]

...and CONNECTS with a lunging clothesline that takes both he and Morton over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: O'CONNOR CLEARS OUT MORTON!

[Bryant comes through the ropes, striding across the ring, pulling a barely-conscious Haynes off the canvas...]

GM: Bryant's trying to finish him off!

BW: He's not the legal man!

[Bryant leans down, sweeping the legs out from under Haynes.]

GM: He's going for the Iron Crab again!

[Demetrius Lake jumps up on the apron again, shouting and screaming...

...which causes Bryant to abandon his Iron Crab attempt. The referee rushes towards Lake, trying to get him down as Bryant is stalking across the ring.]

GM: Lake's on the apron! The referee's trying to get him down! But here comes Dave Bryant and-

[Bryant winds up and BLASTS Lake with a right hand, sending him sailing off the apron...

...and sending something flying through the air, bouncing on the canvas in front of Jackson Haynes!]

GM: What... what was that, Bucky?!

BW: What was what?

GM: Lake just threw something into the ring! He threw something over the ropes to...

[The crowd buzzes, trying to warn the referee as Jackson Haynes grabs the white object, sliding it into his right hand as Bryant comes back towards him, looking to pull him up...

...and CRACKS Bryant on the jaw with it, sending him plummeting back down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAYNES COLDCKOCKED HIM! HE KNOCKED HIM FLAT!

[Haynes rolls to the side, shoving the white object into his trunks, and then lunges over the prone Bryant!]

GM: Bryant's out! He's completely out cold!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: Wait a second! He's not even legal!

BW: Huh?

GM: You said it yourself! He's not even legal!

[The referee hits the mat once... twice...]

GM: Come on, referee!

[...and he slaps the mat a third time!]

BW: Yes! Big win for Violence Unlimited in their SNW return!

GM: Bucky, you said he wasn't the legal man! Dave Bryant wasn't the legal man and he got pinned after Haynes hit him with...

BW: What?!

GM: I don't know what it was but-

BW: Sounds like slander to me. And this whole thing about Bryant not being legal, I don't even know if that's against the rules anymore.

GM: Give me a break! Dave Bryant and Bobby O'Connor just got robbed of what looked like a victory to me by Violence Unlimited and Demetrius Lake! They looked like they had-

[With the match over, Demetrius Lake rolls under the ropes, coming to his feet where he walks over to the downed Bryant, laying the badmouth on him...

...and then starts stomping Bryant into oblivion!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee jumps up in the face of Demetrius Lake who simply pushes him aside as he continues stomping the head of the downed and motionless Dave Bryant...

...when Bobby O'Connor rolls back into the ring, throwing himself into a double leg takedown!]

GM: BOBBY TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The crowd ROARS as O'Connor draws and fire, pummeling Lake in the head repeatedly!]

GM: O'CONNOR'S ALL OVER LAKE!

[Which brings in Danny Morton who snatches O'Connor off of Lake, barely hesitating before elevating...

...and DUMPING O'Connor down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: BACKDROP DRIIIIVERRRR!

[Morton pops back up, soaking up the jeers of the Las Vegas crowd as he starts putting the boots to O'Connor as Lake goes back to stomping and kicking Dave Bryant!]

GM: Come on, referee! Do something about this!

BW: What do you want him to do?! The match is over!

GM: Morton's stomping O'Connor! Lake's stomping Bryant! We've got trouble here in Las Vegas and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: JACK LYNCH! JACK LYNCH IS COMING DOWN THE AISLE!

BW: And he ain't comin' alone! He's got that steel chain with him!

[Lynch comes up swinging the chain, causing Morton to first dive out of the way, wanting no part of the weaponry as he ducks out to the floor!]

GM: Morton clears out and- ohhhh boy! How about this one, fans?!

[Lynch angrily throws the chain down and lifts his right hand, ready to slap on the Iron Claw at a moment's notice...

...and when Demetrius Lake turns to face him!]

GM: Lake didn't know he was there!

[And seeing the Iron Claw at the ready, Lake quickly bails out through the ropes, shaking his head as he lands on his feet on the floor. He points into the ring at Jack who is ready to pick up where they left off last November. Lake shakes his head, walking away...]

GM: And I don't think Demetrius Lake wants ANY part of Jack Lynch, Bucky!

BW: He's got a chain in there!

GM: He put it down!

BW: AND AN ILLEGAL HOLD!

GM: IT'S NOT ILLEGAL!

[Lake and Morton help a dazed Haynes to his feet, walking him back down the aisle as Lynch stands guard over Bryant and O'Connor, ready to defend his allies as needed...]

GM: Fans, we may need to get some help out here for Dave Bryant and Bobby O'Connor but we'll be right back after this quick break!

[Cut to black.

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

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

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

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

I'm gonna give you my heart

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

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

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

Because you light up the path

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

Fade 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 Shadoc 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 on a handheld shot of a vacant gymnasium - vacant save for three men.

Pedro Perez is in the foreground, lifting barbells while wearing a midnight blue tank top. In the far background, we can see Isaiah Carpenter doing box jumps, getting king-sized vertical leaps on each jump. And just behind Perez, Wade Walker is working a heavy bag... and I do mean WORKING it. Perez lifts the weights up, clanging them together before lowering them back down.]

PP: Seven more days.

[Perez lifts the weights, touching them together, and lowers back down again.]

PP: It's not often that in this sport you can circle a date on a calendar and know that it's your destiny to succeed on that day. But last November, the AWA gave us that chance.

They stood up and marked a day on the calendar and said... here...

[He drops the weights, jabbing a finger into his palm.]

PP: Here is the day that we're going to Mexico City with the best trios in the world. We're gonna throw 'em all together to battle it out and in the end, we're going to stand up and say, "This is the best six man tag team in the world..."

In case you're wondering... that's us... the Dogs of War.

[Perez leans forward on the weight bench, closing in on the camera.]

PP: I know. That's what everyone says. But we're the ones you should believe... and since we're in Vegas, we're the ones you should put your money on. Because while there's no doubt in our minds that guys like the DMP or TexMo and Kenta are great wrestlers...

[Perez shakes his head.]

PP: To them, this is just another night... just another payday.

For us... we were born for this.

[He drops off in a manic chuckle.]

PP: The Dogs of War were put together by...

[Perez strokes his chin.]

PP: Not the time... not the time. Percy Childes brought us together and said, "I have one goal for you. To be the best."

[The Puerto Rican spreads his arms.]

PP: And here we stand. For months, this is the date on the calendar we've been waiting for. For months, when people on the Internet have said, "Where are the Dogs? What are they doing?"... we were here. Lifting weights, doing cardio, training with every ounce of our bodies so that we can walk into Mexico City and send eight other trios crying into the night.

There is no doubt in our mind that we will do what we set out to do and win this tournament. None.

And it's not about money... it's not about glory... it's about living up to a promise we made to Percy and our trainer.

[Perez looks down.]

PP: We swore to be the best. And this is our chance to prove it. And no one.

[His gaze comes up, cold and intense as he shakes.]

PP: Not the TexMo Connection... not Kenta Kitazawa...

[The shaking grows stronger.]

PP: Not any luchador they can throw together.

[And stronger.]

PP: Not... the Dead Man's Party.

[And stronger.]

PP: No one. Nobody. No way. Not on that night. Not on OUR night.

We will walk out of Mexico City as the King of Trios...

[He slams a fist into an open palm, his face twisting into barely-contained rage.]

PP: ...and no one will take that away from us.

[Perez leans over, his hand covering the camera lens as we cut to black...

...and then slowly fade up on a shot of Mark Stegglet standing in front of a wall where Bobby O'Connor is just a few feet away, looking dejected as he leans against the wall.]

MS: Mr. O'Connor, after what happened to you and Dave Bryant tonight, I have to wonder. Is this over between you two and Demetrius Lake?

[But before Bobby can answer, there's a voice that comes from behind Stegglet, interrupting the two.]

"You're damn right it's over."

[The camera angle switches to reveal Jack Lynch has entered. The Iron Cowboy stands, looking at his partner and gives him a once over before speaking.]

JL: Now listen Bobby, ya already know that, if there's anyone who's happy to see Demetrius Lake get whooped on, its me.

But Lake? He ain't the concern of me no more, and he ain't your concern neither.

We got us a war to finish. A war with Supreme Wright and his flunkies. What you did tonight, helpin' out Bryant? Well, that was well and good. But its time that you and I get back to business.

The business of puttin' Wright on the shelf.

What do ya say, partner?

[O'Connor looks at Jack for a second, a slight shake of the head as he responds.]

BOC: Jack, it's funny that you say it's time to get back to business and then mention Wright. Because isn't that personal?

[Jack blinks in surprise, taking a slight step back.]

BOC: As far as putting Wright on the shelf, how do we put him any more on the shelf than when he's confined to a wheelchair? How much more do we need to do? How many more people need to be hurt before this war is put to rest. We beat them in the middle of that ring, as nice as you please. The man is unable to get around without the help of that chair.. Will you only be satisfied when his career is cut down in its prime?

[Jack starts to respond as Bobby shakes his head and keeps speaking.]

BOC: Can you live with that on your head? Because I've got to be honest, I don't know if you can. An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind, and there's nothing wrong with my vision. I can see clearly the REAL business we need to focus on. Copa de Trios. The Stampede Cup. And it's long past time, partner...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: That we take those tag team titles from Violence Unlimited and bring them home where they belong.

MS: Those are some strong words from your friend and partner, Mr. Lynch. What do you have to say in response?

[Jack Lynch narrows his eyes at O'Connor, and responds to Stegglet without ever taking his eyes off his partner.]

JL: I think, Mark, that Bobby and I need to have us a talk that ain't for the cameras. Which means, Mark, its time for you to get goin'.

[A stunned Stegglet stands motionless, until finally Lynch turns to look at him, snarling out a response.]

JL: Go on, get! And take that camera man with ya!

[Stegglet rushes out of view, leaving the two tag team partners to discuss their difference of opinion...]

...and as we come back up on the ring, Melissa Cannon is already there, pacing back and forth. Her attire is identical to what we saw her compete in at Rising Sun Showdown 2 - a yellow jumpsuit made of cloth, hanging loose from her body. Her upper body is covered in a similar fabric, cut slightly into a v-neck.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here on The X and Las Vegas is about to get a real treat as Melissa Cannon has declared an Open Challenge to take place right inside this very ring here tonight. She came out to the ring during the break and now she's waiting to see who will-

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to cheer. Cannon turns towards the aisle, looking down it... and cracks a smile at the sight of Julie Somers, dressed in a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots.]

GM: It's Julie Somers! Julie Somers is accepting the challenge!

[Somers observes the cheering fans, points to Melissa, and starts walking down the aisle, slapping hands with a few of the fans stretching over the barricade.]

GM: Well, I think many of us suspected that it might be Julie Somers accepting the challenge here tonight when she didn't accompany her friends in Next Gen to the ring and-

[But as Somers heads towards the ring, another figure comes storming into view...]

GM: Wait a second! From behind!

[The crowd jeers as Somers gets struck across the back of the head, pitching forward and falling down on the carpeted asphalt!]

GM: That's Charisma Knight! What the heck is SHE doing?!

[A sneering Knight pulls Somers off the floor by the hair, shouting into her face...

...and then FLINGS her into the steel barricade lining either side of the entrance aisle!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Melissa Cannon looks to go help Julie Somers but referee Eddie Vincent steps in her path, shaking his head. She protests, pointing out the attack as Knight pulls Somers up again, dragging her down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Charisma Knight came out of nowhere and she's assaulted Julie Somers before Somers could even get to the-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE POST!

[Somers collapses in a heap, AWA officials rushing to her side as Knight stands over her, looking down menacingly at her. With a satisfied nod, she backs away from the downed Somers and, locking eyes with Cannon, circles the ring, heading toward the timekeeper's area.]

GM: An absolutely vile and vicious assault on Julie Somers by Charisma Knight! What does that accomplish, Bucky?! What does this woman even want out here?!

BW: What does she want? Are you even paying attention? Can't you see she's in her wrestling gear?! I'd say it's pretty damn clear what Charisma Knight wants right about now, daddy!

[Snatching the mic off the timekeeper's table, Knight breaks her staredown with a fuming Cannon to throw a glance towards Julie Somers who is being helped to her feet and down the aisle by AWA medical team members.]

CK: Sorry Julie, this wasn't personal between me and you... just business.

[She turns her attention back to Melissa Cannon, walking around the ringside area.]

CK: Now, as for us... it's VERY personal.

[The crowd jeers Knight as she pauses near the corner, locking eyes with Cannon again.]

CK: As much as Julie may deserve this opportunity to showcase herself in a match on a very special Saturday Night Wrestling, I call into question just how much you, Melissa, deserve it.

[Cannon shouts at Knight, inviting her into the ring to find out how much she deserves it. Knight ignores her and continues speaking.]

CK: You... the Golden Girl of AWA, the girl that has the Office's ear. The girl who has taken it upon herself to be front and center of everything.

[The boos continue to pour down for the picture Knight's trying to paint.]

CK: You see, Cannon, I don't think you deserve to be the centerpiece here. Because you... your mere presence out here is stealing a spot from people like me or even Somers there who were more deserving of the match at Rising Sun Showdown against Ozaki - a match I've waited YEARS to have.

We paid our dues. We drove the roads, slept in cars, worked in VFW halls for nothing but gas money, while you hung around here as an announcer. You didn't have it hard, yet here you are, taking the spotlight because you're the favorite of the Michaelsons. Like you're the daughter they always wanted.

[She starts climbing the steps.]

CK: Right now, there's people out there wondering why I didn't step up and accept the challenge for Tokyo if I felt that way. Maybe even you're asking that question. You want the answer? It's because since Day One when I walked in here, when I asked, it was "sorry kid, no interest in a division."

No interest in a division. So you can understand that when that witch Ozaki showed up, spouting off a challenge... I didn't want to get my hopes up. I didn't want to get my hopes up that finally, FINALLY after 5 years of clawing and fighting and doing whatever I could to get that witch in the ring after she took away my career in Japan that it could actually happen.

[Knight shakes her head with disgust.]

CK: And there you were, snatching that spot out from under me... and then acting like you're some kind of hero because she bowed to you afterward. I know Ozaki... I know her better than you ever will and believe me when I say, it wasn't respect. It was acknowledgment that she took you lightly and you made her break a sweat.

[She nods as Cannon shouts off-mic at her again.]

CK: You stand out here, talking about the girls who want to be here... who want to compete and how you want to fight to get that opportunity for them. You're no hero, Cannon. I've got you pegged. All this pandering you do, all this fighting for the little girl, all this acting like you're the female Ryan Martinez, it's all a show. Because deep down, you're just a glory hog that has a very good backstage connection.

[Knight pauses, the boos pouring down.]

GM: Charisma Knight with some harsh accusations towards Melissa Cannon.

BW: Harsh, huh? I guess the truth is always "harsh."

[Knight steps through the ropes, continuing to speak.]

CK: Your Open Challenge is a sham... just like you. And I could've came out here tonight and taken you out instead. I could've done that and let Somers have her shot at putting me down for a three count but I didn't do that... and I didn't do that because I needed to make a statement. Because I need to expose you for the fraud you are, Cannon.

You're out of your league. You got lucky in Japan but lightning isn't going to strike twice. You got-

[Melissa's obviously heard enough, charging across the ring, leaping into the air and smashing a forearm into the jaw of the still-talking Knight.]

GM: OH!

[Referee Eddie Vincent signals for the bell to start the match!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: We’re off and running here in Las Vegas! Look at Melissa Cannon go!

[Forearm after forearm lands on the big mouth of Charisma Knight, battering her back against the turnbuckles as Cannon lets loose her anger over what Knight just did to Julie Somers.]

BW: She’s got the woman in the corner, ref! Get in there!

[The official steps in, sticking an arm in front of Melissa Cannon, forcing her back out of the corner. She marches out to the middle of the ring, throwing her arms into the air and pulling them down with a roar as she rushes back in, leaping up again...

...but Knight pulls herself clear, causing Cannon to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Oh! The veteran, Charisma Knight, gets out of the way in time!

[Knight spins Cannon around, lighting her up with a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Big chop by Knight!

[With Cannon stunned, Knight grabs the top rope, burying a knee into the midsection... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Knight’s going to town with those knees to the breadbasket, really doing a number on Melissa Cannon!

[The referee steps in again, forcing Knight back out of the corner. He’s reprimanding her as she walks away from him to the middle of the ring, mocking Cannon’s gesture from moments ago, letting loose a shout as she charges back in...

...and SLAMS a running knee up into the gut of Melissa Cannon!]

GM: Ohh! That’ll knock the wind right out of your sails, fans!

[Grabbing Cannon by the arm, Knight shoots her across the ring, running right in after her to CRUSH her against the buckles with a running avalanche splash!]

GM: Knight JAMS all of her 150 pounds up into the frame of Cannon!

BW: And Charisma Knight looks determined here tonight, Gordo. She looks like she’s out to prove a point to every fan in the wrestling world who thought Melissa Cannon was the bee’s knees after Rising Sun Showdown and that match with Miyuki Ozaki.

[Knight spins out of the corner, shouting at the jeering fans who only jeer louder as she marches back in, squaring up to throw a roundhouse kick into the ribcage!]

GM: Knight with a hard kick to the body followed by another one right after!

BW: Charisma Knight, if you’ve done your homework like I have, specializes in breaking down an opponent. She’ll work the body with these kicks and knees, getting them down on the mat with some slams and suplexes and then goes to

work on the leg. Her entire gameplan is centered around locking in the Figure Four leglock and trying to get her opponent to give up.

GM: If you know that much about Knight, I'm sure Melissa Cannon does as well.

BW: I wouldn't be so sure about that. Everyone in the city of Las Vegas thought it was Julie Somers who would answer the challenge here tonight... I bet THAT'S who Cannon prepared for.

GM: Well, as a point of record, Julie Somers DID answer the challenge here tonight until Charisma Knight viciously attacked her from behind. We're told that Miss Somers is being worked on by AWA medical personnel who are currently trying to determine if she needs to be taken to a nearby medical facility for a possible concussion after hitting headfirst on the steel ringpost.

[The bantering announcers fill the airwaves as Knight unleashes a series of kicks to the body, leaving Melissa clinging to the top rope to try and stay on her feet as the official again warns Knight for the offense in the corner.]

GM: Melissa Cannon has been getting pummeled in the corner so far in this one and that may be a bad place for her against Charisma Knight.

BW: You think? Cannon's in the wrong part of town and she's paying for it... and I'm not just talking about the slum that is downtown Las Vegas.

GM: Would you stop?

[Bucky cackles as Knight drags Cannon out of the corner by the hair, lifting her up across her torso.]

BW: She's gonna slam her!

GM: I don't think so!

[Knight drops down to a knee, DRIVING Cannon's ribcage into the other knee!]

GM: Ohh! Devastating backbreaker... aimed more at the ribs actually.

BW: A rib breaker?

GM: Call it what you want, I call it effective because Melissa Cannon is in incredible pain fairly early into this Open Challenge encounter.

BW: Maybe next time Cannon wants to make a grandstand challenge, she'll look around the locker room before doing it because this isn't the match she was expecting here tonight. She wanted to have some love-filled showcase of a possible Women's Division to show Landon O'Neill but instead, you've got Charisma Knight - angry, bitter, and full of the desire to break Melissa Cannon in half.

[Knight walks around the downed Cannon, taunting the ringside fans who boo loudly in response.]

GM: The fans here in Las Vegas are all over Charisma Knight for her actions so far in this one.

BW: Her actions? What? Winning? I know Las Vegas ain't used to anyone but the house winning but they can't boo her for that.

[Knight walks back towards Cannon who has rolled to all fours...

...and BURIES a soccer kick into the ribcage, causing Cannon to flip over onto her back.]

GM: Good grief! What a kick that was!

[Standing over Cannon, Knight drops down to a knee, jamming her other knee into the injured ribcage. Cannon reaches up a hand in protest but Knight grabs it, yanking the arm aside as she digs her kneecap into the ribs causing Cannon to wail with pain.]

BW: And that cry of pain is sweet, sweet music to the ears of Charisma Knight, I guarantee you that, daddy.

GM: We knew Charisma Knight had a dark side from her dealings with the Hell Hounds but now we know she's cold, vicious, and sadistic as well.

BW: You didn't get that when she showed up with a team called the Hell Hounds? Come on, Gordo. Try to keep up.

[Knight rises to her feet, glaring down at Cannon who rolls to her side, trying to create some space. The Cleveland native lightly reaches out with her leg, tapping Cannon in the forehead with the toe of her boot.]

GM: Charisma Knight just taunting Cannon now, mocking her...

[She leans down, grabbing a handful of Cannon's hair, hauling her up off the mat...

...where Cannon EXPLODES into a right forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Big shot by Cannon!

[A second one follows, sending Knight staggering backwards as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Melissa Cannon's trying to rally back from all the punishment she's taken so far!

[Cannon advances on Knight, reaching out to hook her left hand behind the head of Charisma Knight...

...and BLASTS her with a European uppercut!]

GM: Cannon lands the uppercut!

[A second and third follow, sending Knight falling back into the ropes. Cannon throws her arms back, giving a roar as she advances on her opponent...

...and Knight pushes off the ropes, bouncing a forearm off the forehead of Cannon, knocking her down to a knee!]

GM: OHH!

[Knight grabs a handful of hair on Cannon, swinging her shin up into the forehead of Cannon once... twice... three times... four times... five times.]

GM: Short kicks to the skull of Melissa Cannon!

[Knight pushes the dazed Cannon back, dropping back into the ropes to build up some speed...

...when Cannon leaps up, throwing the back leg up into a big boot to the chest of the incoming Knight, sending her falling back through the ropes, crashing out to the floor!]

GM: PUMP KICK CONNECTS! Down goes Charisma Knight, dropping out to the floor and-

[Cannon leaps up, giving a shout as she dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and throws herself between the top and middle ropes, attempting a tope dive that Knight cuts off with a stiff forearm shot in response, leaving Cannon hanging out to dry over the second rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KNIGHT STOPS CANNON SHORT! Wow!

BW: She went for the big dive and Knight was ready for her! Cracked her right on the jaw with a short forearm!

[With Cannon hanging over the ropes, Knight scrambles up onto the ring apron. She grabs two hands full of hair, holding Cannon in place, swinging a big knee up into the ribcage...]

GM: Big knee to the body!

[...and another...]

GM: She’s getting rocked in the ribs again!

[...and another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Knight’s absolutely battering the ribcage of Melissa Cannon!

[Knight ducks back through the ropes into the ring, planting a knee into the lower back. She reaches over, cupping her hands under the chin of Cannon, pulling back to stretch out the back and ribs of the fan favorite. The referee jumps in, starting a five count as Knight screams at her!]

GM: Charisma Knight laying the badmouth on Melissa Cannon while she’s tied up in the ropes!

[The referee shouts at Knight, getting her to back off at the count of four. She walks across the ring, leaning over the far ropes to shout at the jeering ringside fans before turning around, charging across the ring...]

GM: Knight from the blind side - DROPKICK TO THE BACK!

[The blow causes Cannon to fall through the ropes, dropping down to the floor as Knight gets to a knee, smirking at the result.]

GM: Well, Bucky, if Charisma Knight was hoping to send a message here tonight, she’s doing exactly that. Melissa Cannon who issued this Open Challenge tonight is out on the floor and she’s been absolutely dominated by Knight since the opening bell.

BW: That’s right. Cannon may get her spunky flurry of offense here and there but so far, this is Charisma Knight’s match to lose and I don’t see that happening, Gordo.

[Knight drops down, rolling out to the floor. She pauses to shout at a ringside fan before she leans over, dragging Cannon off the floor by the arm, swinging her back under the ropes inside the ring with her legs dangling out...]

GM: Uh oh... Knight's got a leg and-

[She lifts the leg up, holding it high, and then SLAMS the back of the knee down on the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Right down on the back of the knee - good grief!

[Cannon pulls her leg away, crying out as she grabs for her leg...

...but Knight yanks it away from her, pulling hard on it before she stretches it out again, raising it up...]

GM: She's gonna do it again!

[...and SLAMS it down on the ring apron a second time!]

GM: Again! Two hard shots with the back of the knee hitting the edge of the apron!

BW: That's a good way to rip a knee into pieces. Direct impact on the PCL could tear that thing in half in an instant.

[Cannon pulls her legs away, crawling away from the ropes as Knight pulls herself on the apron, ducking through the ropes. She slowly pursues as Cannon desperately tries to create space.]

BW: Look at Cannon crawling for her life. You gotta love that if you're a Charisma Knight fan.

[Knight slowly approaches, pointing and mocking Cannon to her fans in downtown Las Vegas. As Cannon gets to the ropes, she drags herself up to his feet, hobbling on one leg as Knight gets near...]

GM: Cannon can't even put any weight on that-

[Knight lashes out with a low kick to the back of the knee, sending Cannon's weakened leg up into the air, dropping her down on the back of her head on the canvas.]

BW: Sweep the leg, Charisma!

[Down on the mat, Cannon grabs at her knee as Knight grabs the top rope, stomping the knee repeatedly as the referee gets involved, warning Knight to back away.]

GM: Knight breaks off her stomping attack at four... and again, taking the time to circle the ring, taunting all these fans. If she's sending a message to Melissa Cannon, she's also sending a message to all of these fans here in Las Vegas.

[Knight circles back to Cannon who is up on her knees, trying to get back to her feet...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She slapped Melissa right across the face! Come on, referee!

BW: "Come on, referee?!" What do you want him to do? It was even an open hand!

[Knight smirks as she drags Cannon off the mat by the hair...

...and Cannon lashes out with a short forearm!]

GM: Cannon fires back!

[A second forearm connects... and a third... and a fourth!]

GM: She's got Knight staggered!

[Cannon backs off, throwing her injured leg up for a kick to the ribcage but Knight catches it!]

GM: Uh oh!

[She shakes her head, smiling at Cannon...

...and then jerks the leg, twisting to the side, and yanking Cannon down to the canvas with a Dragon Screw leg whip!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: You talk about ripping a knee apart! Holy Toledo, Gordo!

[Cannon is screaming in pain, writhing back and forth on the canvas as she clutches at her knee. Knight climbs back to her feet, standing over Cannon and mocking her...]

BW: Listen to Charisma telling her to get up... "UP!" she says. You gotta love that attitude... that aggression.

GM: I do?

BW: You do if you appreciate winners, Gordo.

[Knight leans down, dragging Cannon off the mat again, lifting the leg up under her arm. Cannon bounces on one foot, trying to keep her balance as Knight smiles at her again...

...and that smiles twists into a sneer as she jerks the leg, twisting the knee violently a second time!]

GM: Another one! Charisma Knight is trying to rip that knee into pieces here tonight in Las Vegas!

BW: Continuing to work that knee, you know it can't be long now until she goes for that figure four leglock! And if she locks that in, Cannon will be screaming "I QUIT" so loud they'll hear her down in the Rain Man Suite, daddy.

[Knight climbs to her feet again, waving for Cannon to get up again as Cannon tries to crawl away, again looking to create some space.]

GM: Melissa Cannon is crawling, desperately trying to get over here by us, trying to create some distance and give herself time to recover.

[Cannon gets to the ropes as Knight slowly approaches, dragging herself to her feet as Knight moves in...]

GM: Knight's measuring her...

[Charisma Knight changes her attack, throwing a kick aimed at the ribs of Cannon who suddenly reaches out, hooking the leg under her arm! The crowd cheers the counter as Knight gets a panicked look on her face!]

GM: Cannon with the counter! Cannon's got her by the leg!

[Cannon twists the leg, setting the top of her foot down on the middle rope...]

GM: What is-

[...and then steps up on the second rope, leaping into the air, bringing her foot down on the back of Knight's knee and SHOVING down as the rope tries to hold her foot up, causing Knight's knee to hyperextend as she falls to the mat, holding her own leg!]

GM: WOW!

BW: What in the heck was that, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but Melissa Cannon countered that kick into... something... and now it's Charisma Knight screaming and holding onto her leg.

[Cannon quickly moves, lifting the leg off the mat, holding the foot...

...and then plants her left foot on the upper thigh, throwing herself down towards the mat as the leg gets yanked hard against the grain. Knight trembles, shaking out her leg as Cannon sits on the mat.]

GM: Two big attacks to the leg by Cannon and it looks like she's trying to return the favor after the abuse that her own leg has been put through by Knight!

[Grabbing the ropes and obviously favoring her leg, Cannon drags herself back to her feet, leaning down to pull Knight off the mat. She leans down, sweeping the leg out under her arm...

...and turns Knight over into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: The half Crab is locked in!

[Knight cries out, clawing at the canvas as Cannon leans back, cranking on the injured limb!]

GM: She's got the half Boston Crab locked in!

BW: She's too close to the ropes though, Gordo. Way too close to the ropes!

[Knight stretches out, just out of reach of the ropes. She pushes up to her elbows, inching closer...

...and grabs the bottom rope, forcing the referee to call for a break!]

GM: Ohhh... Knight made it to the ropes!

BW: A miscalculation on the part of Melissa Cannon, showing some of that inexperience. Remember, she's been a pro wrestler for many years but most of those years were spent holding a microphone!

[Knight rolls out to the floor, leaning over and clutching her leg as Cannon steps out to the center of the ring, shaking her leg a few times. She clinches her teeth, racing to hit the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: HERE! COMES! CANNON!

[...and HURLS herself between the top and middle ropes, swinging an elbowstrike into the jaw of Knight, knocking her flat out on the floor at ringside!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY MELISSA CANNON! DOWN GOES CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[Cannon rolls to her back, clutching her knee as the referee steps closer to the ropes, starting a double count.]

GM: Both women are down after that dive which I think took as much out of Melissa as it did out of Charisma Knight. They're both down and referee Eddie Vincent has started a ten count on them both.

BW: If neither of them can answer the count, they'll both be counted out and this one will be over!

GM: I know neither of them want to end it that way, Bucky.

BW: You got that right.

[Vincent's count is swiftly to three as the Vegas crowd rallies behind their favorite, trying to get both women back into the ring to continue the match.]

GM: Both girls are down... the count is ongoing by guest official Eddie Vincent...

[The count is up to five as Cannon rolls to her knees, looking up at the ring towards the counting official.]

GM: Melissa Cannon with signs of life, trying to get back inside the squared circle... and it looks like Knight is trying to get off the mats at ringside as well.

[Cannon reaches up, grabbing the ropes, pulling herself up at the count of seven, tugging herself towards the ring...

...but Knight makes a lunging grab for the back of her yellow pants, hanging on as Knight drags herself up as well.]

GM: The count is to eight!

[Cannon wheels, throwing three short forearms, breaking Knight's grip as she pulls herself up on the apron. The referee's count hits nine...

...and she collapses through the ropes into the ring just as Knight makes a lunge under the bottom rope! Applause goes up from the Vegas crowd for the near double countout!]

GM: Wow! How close was that one, fans?! A count - less than a count - away from a double countout!

[Back inside the ring, the two competitors slowly stir, climbing back to their feet, the crowd roaring their support for both women...]

GM: Knight and Cannon are on their feet... oh! Hard forearm shot by Knight!

[Cannon returns fire, throwing one of her own!]

GM: They're trading blows in front of this crazy crowd in Las Vegas!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A hard slap by Knight spins Cannon's head around...

...until she seems to snap, reaching out to grab Knight by the back of the head, smashing her forearm repeatedly into the side of the head!]

GM: FOREARM! FOREARM! FOREARM!

[Keeping a grip on the head, Cannon switches to brutal European uppercuts, snapping Knight's head back over and over and over...

...and then Cannon lets go, spinning around, and BLASTING Knight with a spinning backfist!]

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST!

[The blow drops Knight like a rock as Cannon dives across her, reaching back to hook a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, I THOUGHT SHE HAD HER THERE!

[Cannon rolls off Knight to her back, covering her face with her arms.]

BW: I think Cannon thought she had her too but Knight wasn't done! Charisma Knight wasn't done quite yet, Gordo!

[Cannon slips back to her knees, shaking her head as the crowd encourages her to keep going. She nods, climbing off the mat, visibly wincing as she puts pressure on her knee, dragging Knight up to her feet...]

GM: Big forearm by Cannon!

[The blow sends Knight staggering back, falling against the turnbuckles. Cannon advances on her, leaning over to lift her into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Cannon drops her up top... and now she's climbing up after her!

[Cannon reaches out, wrapping her arms around the torso of Knight!]

GM: Belly to belly off the top?!

BW: It sure looks like it!

[But Knight feels it coming, smashing her arms together on the ears of Cannon, stunning her opponent...

...and then grabbing her by the hair, Knight DRIVES her skull into Cannon's, sending her flying backwards off the apron, falling down to a knee!]

GM: Knight knocks her back down and-

[As Cannon gets to her feet, looking up...

...Knight leaps off the second rope, DRIVING a forearm into the jaw of Cannon!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF, WHAT A SHOT!!

[Knight rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Cannon bridges out from under Knight, coming to her feet. She grabs at her knee for a moment before dashing the few feet to the ropes, bouncing back...

...and DRIVING both feet into the face of the kneeling Knight with a low dropkick!]

GM: DROPKICK! SHE GOT HER!

[The blow sends Knight over onto her back as Cannon scrambles into another pin attempt, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Knight lifts a shoulder, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Another two count there... the dropkick not enough to keep Knight down for a three count! And these fans in Las Vegas are living and dying with every pin attempt! They're fully behind this outstanding battle between Charisma Knight and Melissa Cannon!

[Cannon rolls to her feet, giving a shout as she approaches Knight, yanking her off the mat by the back of her tights...

...and then uses the tights to pull her into a rear waistlock!]

GM: Waistlock!

[But before Cannon can attempt the German Suplex, Knight gives a quick back elbow to the ear, breaking the hold. Knight does a standing switch, ending up behind Cannon where she grabs the injured leg, lifting and tucking as she lifts Cannon into the air...]

GM: Reversal into...

[...and brings Cannon crashing down on a bent knee!]

GM: SHINBREAKER!

[Using the momentum from the shinbreaker, Knight bounces Cannon right back up into the air...

...and DUMPS her on the back of her head and neck with a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: Wow! High impact combination by Charisma Knight, going right back to the leg with the shinbreaker and then stunning Cannon with the backdrop suplex...

BW: And if you've studied ANYTHING on Charisma Knight, you know EXACTLY what's coming next, daddy!

[Knight climbs to her feet, wincing a bit as she stands over Cannon. She points down at her, waving an arm in the air...]

GM: She's calling for the Figure Four! She's trying to finish Melissa Cannon off right here and now!

[Knight leans down, grabbing the leg. She twists the arm around in the spinning toehold, reaching down for the other leg...]

GM: Knight's going for it... she's almost got it!

[But as she reaches down for the other leg, Cannon swings it up, catching Knight RIGHT between the eyes with her foot!]

"OHHHHH!"

[Knight's eyes go glassy from the blow, slumping forward as Cannon reaches up, using a handful of hair to pull herself to her feet, yanking Knight into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Cannon hooks her! She grabs one arm! She grabs the other!

[Clenching her teeth, Cannon lifts Knight up off the canvas, flipping her over...

...and her leg gives out in mid-maneuver, causing her to drop Knight down to her back instead of sitting out in the powerbomb!]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR BOMB!

[With Knight flat on her back, Cannon grabs the legs, flipping over into a double leg cradle, lifting her injured leg into the air while attempting the pin...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! SHE GOT HER!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cannon collapses out of the cradle as the bell sounds, rolling to her side and grabbing at her injured knee as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... MELISSA CANNNNNNNONNNNN!

[With the aid of referee Eddie Vincent, Melissa Cannon climbs to her feet, wincing as she tries to put weight on the leg. She throws an arm into the air, raised up by Vincent who points at her...]

GM: Melissa Cannon has done it! She laid down the Open Challenge for here tonight, got surprised by Charisma Knight coming out of nowhere to brutally assault Julie Somers from behind and STEAL the match-

BW: Steal the match?! How the heck do you STEAL a match?!

GM: Regardless, it was a hard-fought battle but in the end, Melissa Cannon scores the one-two-three with the Billion Dollar Bomb and what a match it was as Cannon continues to try and prove to the AWA front office that not only do these ladies

deserve an opportunity to compete but that they've EARNED that opportunity to compete with battles just like that one.

[Cannon is hobbling, falling into the ropes as she looks out at the cheering crowd, raising her arm again...

...when Charisma Knight lumbers in, throwing herself at Cannon from behind, driving her shoulder into the back of Cannon's hurting knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON! CHEAP SHOT BY KNIGHT!

[Charisma Knight sneers at the jeering crowd before viciously stomping the knee of Cannon, trying to do even more damage.]

GM: The match is over and this sore loser just can't stand it!

[Knight grabs Cannon by the foot, dragging her out to the middle of the ring...]

BW: And now she's REALLY gonna lock in that Figure Four, Gordo!

[Knight spins the leg, wrapping it up in a spinning toehold...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: SOMERS! IT'S JULIE SOMERS!

[The fan favorite, a heavy white bandage wrapped around her head, makes her way down the aisle, sliding into the ring as Knight spots her coming and opts to bail out to the floor!]

GM: Oh, and of course, Charisma Knight wants no part of Julie Somers when Somers sees her coming!

[Somers angrily shouts for Knight to get back into the ring but Knight has other ideas, backing down the aisle and leaving Somers to stand over Cannon's downed form, kneeling to check on her as the referee waves for a pair of medical team members to join them.]

GM: We're going to get some help in there - thank the maker for Julie Somers' good timing to save Melissa Cannon from any further trouble - we're going to get some help for Cannon and... fans, we'll be right back.

[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.

And then back up to live action where we see Mark Stegglet, looking visibly uneasy as he throws a glance off-camera.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and I...

[Stegglet looks off-camera again, pointing to the cameraman who pivots to find AWA President Landon O'Neill standing amongst a group of uniformed security officers. He's speaking to all of them, apparently giving orders. At a gesture, the cameraman and Mark Stegglet inch closer.]

MS: President O'Neill?

[O'Neill turns, looking at Stegglet... then to the camera... and here comes the well-whitened smile.]

LON: Yes, Mark... how can I help you?

[Stegglet looks around the group of uniformed officers, his eyes coming to rest in particular on a man over six and a half feet tall and about 300 pounds. He's very tall with a body carved out of oak.]

MS: I've gotta ask, sir... what is this all about?

[O'Neill throws a glance at the security squad, giving a signal at which they walk away. The big man is the last to go, pulling on a black leather fingerless glove as he looks down at Stegglet over mirrored sunglasses, before he exits.]

LON: What do you mean?

MS: All this security. Are you expecting trouble here tonight?

LON: Mark, the last time the AWA was in Las Vegas, there was an incident that ended with several AWA competitors being taken to jail. As the AWA President, I'm going to make sure that doesn't happen again.

MS: By any means necessary?

[O'Neill stares at Stegglet for an uncomfortable moment.]

LON: Anything else? Good.

[The AWA President walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind as we slowly fade out to the ring where once again Gordon Myers is standing in the center with a microphone in his hand.]

GM: Fans, it's been one heck of a night here on the streets of Las Vegas and we're not done yet!

[Big cheer!]

GM: Earlier tonight, we heard from our World Champion albeit with the interference of Johnny Detson, the Number One Contender--

[Gordon pauses for the boos to die down.]

GM: --and now we will hear from the man who will challenge Ryan Martinez in this ring in just a few moments!

[A siren is heard as the fans scream in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, the camera zooms in on the top of the entrance aisle... But no Carver.]

BW: Someone tell that bum he's on!

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

[The camera pans to a wide shot of the rabid crowd, and then zooms in on a particular wild section of fans that are jumping and yelling.]

BW: Every last person there should be arrested!

[Standing in the center, raising two cups of beers to his lips as a large circle of fans cheer him on is Hannibal Carver. He hands the now empty cups to two fans, and double high fives them both to a huge reaction.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT - BLACKOUT TONIGHT#

[Carver makes his way through the crowd, hopping the railing as he's slapped on the back by excited fans.]

BW: I hope they know to properly dispose of those cups he was drinking out of. They're a level one biohazard as soon as that booze hound got his grubby hands on them!

[Carver makes his way down the aisle, raising a six pack of beers to the sky to a big pop. He enters the ring, popping the top off one of the cans as he nods at Gordon. Myers is about to speak when Carver leans into his microphone, cutting him off.]

HC: I'll say this much... If there was ever a town that didn't need me to tell them to hoist 'em, I'm looking at it!

[Big time cheers as Carver takes a big swig, the camera switches to show countless members of the crowd doing the same. Gordon grins, moreso because the fans are having a great time rather than for the show of public intoxication.]

GM: Hannibal, this is it. The big night where you finally go one on one with the champion of the world, Ryan Martinez. But there seems to be all sorts of controversy surrounding you this evening, extending even beyond that match.

HC: Now, I thought tonight was going to be straight and to the point for once. No jaw jacking back and forth, just me taking Lord Dumbkid to the woodshed like he never has been taken before. But instead, as soon as I get into town I have everyone buzzing in my ear about every damn thing. But I ain't ever been one to not speak my mind, and unlike Landon...

[Carver pauses and cups his free hand to his ear, and sure enough mocking chants of "LANNNNNNN-DON!!" Ring out.]

HC: ...I'll do it without stammering and trailing off into awkward silence like some jackass.

[Carver pauses to finish off his can of beer, only to pop open another.]

HC: Speaking of which, let's start with that piece of trash. People ask if I saw his pretty little interview with Dane. Dane, who even though I sent a member of his own family back to the grave, had to speak the truth about me. About me and how this spraytan pansy has a beef with me. How he's trying to keep me from EXACTLY what I've got my eyes set on just because I don't go around shaking hands and kissing babies. I ain't no Boy Scout like that sorry excuse for a man I'm about to beat the hell out of tonight, but I am one thing and that's someone who's damn near broken himself in half for this sport.

So I might not do the right things like some politician, but like it or not yeh're looking at YER next World Champion. No amount of yeh suspending me or making sad little faces when people bring up my name is gonna change that. So yeh don't approve of me on top of this mountain? That's fine. I don't approve of the likes of you heading up this company. I ain't here to make friends so all of that makes no difference to me. But get in my way?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Then to go along with that silver spoon that's permanently in yer gullet yer gonna have my boot up your ass!

[Carver points the beer can directly at the camera as the fans cheer wildly for unnecessary violence. Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: I know you are feeling confident tonight, but the AWA President is hardly the last of your concerns. Two weeks ago, we saw Mickey Cherry laid out by what appeared to be a beer bottle... And there are a fair amount of accusing fingers pointing in your direction, not the least of which is Casanova.

HC: Then there's this... Well hell, I don't know what to call the mixed up goof. He's been working up the courage to ask me on a damn date to his senior prom as far as I can tell. And hell, I've been a little busy getting a receipt for a shovel that got blasted over my damn head to address his bloated carcass, so forgive me if I haven't had a chance to properly introduce myself.

[Carver raises his can, nodding as if about to propose a toast.]

HC: Cassie, my name is Hannibal Carver. Pleased to meet yeh. Now, I might not be Air Strike... But I ain't no stranger to having someone waiting for me after the show with lust in their hearts. So I guess I can't blame yeh that much. But I DO have to break some hurtful news to yeh. This broad over here?

[Carver points to a redhead in an old "KOOKY QUARTET" shirt cut up to showcase her womanly form.]

HC: Or that blonde, or those three brunettes?

[Carver winks at the screaming women.]

HC: That's more my style, Cassie. And while yer wiping those tears, let me ask that other question I know yer asking.

Did I crack yer scrawny manager over the head with a beer bottle?

Sounds like a good enough time to me. IF he got in my way. But the little twinkletoes didn't. And besides all that, I think yeh know me well enough now, Gordon...

[Carver nods before finishing off his beer.]

HC: Yeh know I'd say I did it if I cracked someone's skull into next week. Hell, I'd brag about it. Like how I was about thirty-seven sheets to the wind when I toasted Travis' big win. Like how I keyed Detson's car two weeks ago. But attacking that wimp from behind? No chance. And especially not with a beer bottle. That's alcohol abuse and yeh know it, Gordon.

[The crowd cheers as Carver tosses his empty to the mat. He grabs a remaining full one from the former six pack as Gordon looks down at the discarded can for a brief moment before continuing.]

GM: As I said, several things on your plate... But none as important as your match with Ryan Martinez for the most coveted title in our sport.

[Carver nods in agreement.]

HC: The fight I've been waiting for, for far too long. Tonight, Ry--

["Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play, cutting off Hannibal and drawing the same negative reaction from earlier. Out walks Johnny Detson, smile plastered on his face as he stares at his old nemesis in the ring. Detson is wearing a pair of jeans and the same royal blue t-shirt with Ryan Martinez' sword and shield logo from earlier. Across the front are the words "White Knight" in stylized gothic lettering, while on his left sleeve, just below the shoulder is a logo for the Give a Dream Foundation.

He makes his way into the ring and goes right towards Gordon Myers, using the play-by-play man as a barrier between him and Carver. An annoyed Myers turns towards Detson, but Detson quickly shifts so that he always has a firm barrier between he and Carver. Now more annoyed, Myers speaks.]

GM: JOHNNY DETSON... you have no business being out here; don't even think about turning--

[Detson holds up a finger, interrupting Myers.]

JD: Gordon. I had no intention of interrupting... but I just... had to... see...

[Detson trails off, leaning a little bit closer and just staring at Carver. After a moment, Detson starts chuckling to himself as a big smile forms on his face.]

JD: My God! You actually think you can win tonight? Truly unbelievable!

[Carver's eyes fill with rage as he takes a step forward which causes Detson to jump back five feet in the corner. Gordon Myers shakes his head, saying something off-mic to Carver as Detson immediately signals for a timeout, waving his hands back and forth.]

JD: Whoa, whoa, whoa, just hold on there. Listen... listen! You don't want to go around attacking people so that the... what did you call him? Spray tanned desk jockey? So that he can suspend you... AGAIN!

[Carver briefly stops as Detson takes the time to compose himself, wagging a finger back and forth.]

JD: That's what I thought! And besides I'm not here for a fight, I'm here to help you, Hannibal, because somewhere down the line someone has seriously misinformed you. Look at yourself, go on... LOOK!

[Detson points at Carver up and down.]

JD: Bringing alcohol out to the wrestling ring. Threatening our World Champion with ungodly bodily harm. Attacking unarmed managers with beer bottles, threatening wrestlers with assault.

[Detson shakes his head in mock disgust.]

JD: And these fans, THEY LOVE IT!

[Huge roar from the crowd as Carver looks out at them.]

JD: But win?

[Laughing, Detson continues.]

JD: You can't win! And they know it; and deep down you know it too! You think when they all chant Han-ni-bal that they're cheering you on to victory?

[On cue, the chant kicks in.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Detson grins.]

JD: No, it's because they want to escape their own meaningless life by watching you drink in the ring, tell off your boss, and beat someone until they bleed.

[Some cheer for the senseless violence, others just boo because Detson is talking.]

JD: Victory? That's just the icing on the cake, these people don't care about you because they all know that you're a loser!

[Detson nods in agreement with himself.]

JD: Even Ryan Martinez knows it. Just think, he didn't hesitate to give me a title shot after this match, and he didn't say if he won. What did he call you? A carnival geek? A side show attraction? Obviously the mighty White Knight thinks so highly of you! It was him that took on the Wise Men, it was him that single handily defeated them! Him and no one else...

[Detson, letting his arrogance get the best of him, is starting to move away from his Gordon Myers barrier, as he continues to lecture Carver. Carver looks fit to be tied, absolutely fuming as Gordon Myers tries to stay in front of him, shaking his head at the Boston Brawler.]

JD: Must be nice to know that the champ thinks so little of you and your contributions that he's already planning what to do with the title after his victory. And you know something? He's right!

[Carver is boiling over with anger now as Detson holds up a finger.]

JD: Now don't get me wrong, Hannibal. You're going to come down to the ring tonight and whip Ryan Maritnez from this side of the ring to that side. I would know, I've fought you twice and two times you gave me the beating lifetime!

[Huge cheer for that memory as Detson scratches his chin.]

JD: Tell me Hannibal, how many of those match did you win?

[Detson smirks and holds up his thumb and index finger in a circle.]

JD: Oh that's right, none! You see my point? You can give me the beating of a lifetime and I'm still your superior! You will never beat me and you'll never beat Ryan Martinez. So you can leap frog me and get a title shot you don't deserve, I'll always be your better! You can beat me to an inch of my life, but I'll always come out on top! You can do all this better than most, but we know that when push comes to shove in crunch time, you'll lose each and every time!

[Detson shakes his head. Carver takes a step forward but Gordon Myers puts a hand on his chest. Still holding the mic, we can hear Gordon.]

GM: Hannibal... don't do it, kid. It's what he wants. It's exactly what he wants. Think about-

[Detson interrupts.]

JD: That's why Ryan Martinez isn't worried about handing out future title shots and that's why I'm not worried about my shot either because deep down everyone here knows that Hannibal Carver is nothing more that a garbage wrestler that never HAS nor never WILL amount to anything in this sport! SO WHY DON'T YOU DRINK ON THAT?!

[With that, Detson smacks the half-filled beer can up and out of Carver's hand where it falls to the canvas. Detson stands there, cocky smirk stuck on his face as Carver looks down at the beer can and then up at Detson. Gordon steps away, looking into Carver's face as he raises the mic.]

GM: Hannibal, don't do-

[Carver suddenly surges forward, throwing himself into a sloppy Fierro Press, knocking Detson off his feet and down to the canvas!]

BW: CARVER TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Carver's fist is flying, bouncing his knuckles repeatedly off the skull of Johnny Detson who raises his arms, trying to defend himself as the crowd ROARS in response for the sudden outbreak of violence!]

BW: There's no call for this! Where the HELL is security?!

[The Boston Brawler pulls Detson off the mat, clocking him with a stiff elbow shot to the jaw, sending him falling down to his knees...

...and Carver dips a hand into his pocket, pulling something into view and holding it high over his head for the AWA faithful to see!]

BW: Oh HELL no! He's got that damned can opener!

[Carver is holding Detson by the hair, showing off the can opener as the crowd is split on this development. The die-hard Carver fans are screaming their heads off, encouraging Carver to rip his foe's head wide open. Those who would be partial to Ryan Martinez are jeering this ratcheting up of the violence - a return to the Carver of old!]

BW: He said he'd never do it again! He said when he joined this company that his can opener days were over!

[As the former hardcore hero lowers the metal teeth of the can opener down towards the forehead of the struggling Johnny Detson...

...the floodgates open!]

BW: Alright! Get in there - break this up!

[AWA officials come pouring from the locker room area, swarming the ring to try to prevent Carver from doing what he's about to do.]

BW: We've got some officials climbing in there now and-

[Carver lowers his hands, placing the can opener back in his pants pocket, staring down at Detson who flops over onto his stomach on the mat...]

BW: It looks like that's been averted for-

[...and Carver suddenly reaches out, snaring the first AWA official he can get his hands on in a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES his skull down into the canvas with the Blackout! The crowd ERUPTS for the move - mostly - but there is a ripple of shock and anger washing over some parts of the crowd as well.]

BW: He just used the Blackout on an AWA official! He's gonna be suspended! He's gonna be gone, daddy!

[Carver climbs back to his feet where two more officials grab him by the arms...

...and he yanks his arms together, sending the two men crashing into each other. One falls through the ropes to the floor while Carver grabs the second, securing the three-quarter nelson again!]

BW: He's-

[He leaps up, delivering the Blackout to another AWA official!]

BW: That's two! He's taken out two officials!

[The Boston Brawler regains his feet where another official grabs him by the arm, quickly ending up locked in a three-quarter nelson before being DRIVEN skullfirst into the mat!]

BW: ANOTHER BLACKOUT! CARVER'S SNAPPED! CARVER'S OUT OF CONTROL!

[Carver springs up to his feet, throwing his arms back with a roar as several AWA officials back off, hands raised. But one brave soul steps forward, grabbing Carver from behind by the arm...]

BW: Wait! Don't-

[Without even looking, Carver shakes off the arm, reaching back to snare the three-quarter nelson again...]

BW: NO!

[...and SPIKES Gordon Myers skullfirst into the mat! The crowd ERUPTS in shock... and then falls absolutely silent at the sight of a motionless Myers facedown on the mat. Carver pops back up to his feet in the midst of a feeding frenzy, turning to look at his victim...]

BW: That son of a-

[Carver's eyes drop to Gordon Myers' prone form, his jaw dropping at seeing Myers down on the mat. His arms drop to his side, the fight temporarily being taken out of him as he sees what he accidentally did. The look of remorse is unmissable as Carver runs a hand over his head, throwing his arms apart, looking to the officials for help as he lowers to a knee...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in surprise again as a voice rings out from down the aisle!]

"NO! NO! YOU GET AWAY FROM HIM!"

[The spotlight swings down the aisle to reveal AWA President Landon O'Neill marching towards the ring, flanked by the AWA security team members we saw earlier.]

LON: You get away from him right now! Get... security, get him out of there! Get him out of the ring! Get him out of this place! Get him out of this whole city! Where are...

[O'Neill looks around frantically and spots a handful of Las Vegas Police officers jogging into view.]

LON: You! Police, arrest that man! I want him arrested! I want him GONE!

[Carver glares at O'Neill, shaking his head, trying to plead his case as he points down to Myers as security gets there first, grabbing Carver by the arms. He grimaces, looking as though he might be ready to put up more of a fight...

...but the presence of the six foot eight security team members stops him short as the big man grabs him around the head, helping drag him out of the ring.]

BW: Good! Get him out of there! Get him out of this whole damn company!

[Once on the floor, the big man reluctantly hands him over to Las Vegas police who are quick to secure Carver in a pair of handcuffs, walking him down the aisle towards Landon O'Neill!]

LON: You've gone too far this time! You're gonna be fined! You're gonna be suspended! You're...

[O'Neill is furious as Carver draws near. He steps forward, sticking a finger in the face of the handcuffed Carver.]

LON: You're done, you hear me?! No title shot! The Main Event is OFF!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers at this news as Carver shouts a complaint, being literally dragged from the makeshift arena by Las Vegas police, right up the aisle and out of view...

...and we abruptly cut 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...

...and we come back to a wild scene. Mark Stegglet is standing with Landon O'Neill in the backstage area.]

MS: Fans, we're back and-

LON: He's done, Stegglet! DONE!

MS: Mr. O'Neill, it was a chaotic scene out there with Hannibal Carver and Johnny Detson and...

LON: He attacked officials! He attacked Gordon Myers, for crying out loud!

MS: Sir, I don't think anyone watching could honestly believe he INTENTIONALLY went after Gordon Myers!

[O'Neill is fuming mad, shaking his head.]

LON: I don't care! I don't care! He's been arrested! He's not competing in the Main Event tonight... he's spending the night in lockup! He's-

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"NO!"

[The owner of the voice storms into view, ready for action, in the form of the AWA World Champion Ryan Martinez. Martinez lifts a hand, pointing at Landon O'Neill who seems surprised to see the AWA's White Knight.]

RM: I've waited nearly a year. These people have waited just that long to see me take on Hannibal Carver tonight.

You are not taking that away. Not from me, and not from the AWA's fans!

You bring Carver back, and you put him in this ring. You give me what we all came here tonight for.

And O'Neill? I'm not asking you. I'm telling you!

[O'Neill's eyes flash with anger.]

LON: You're... you're what? You're TELLING me? Is that an order, Martinez?

[Martinez glares at the AWA President.]

LON: Maybe you're forgetting who you're talking to.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: You may be the President. But O'Neill?

I'm the World Heavyweight Champion!

And I intend on giving these people what they came to see. And that is their World Heavyweight Champion defending his belt against the best in the world. That's what I promised them.

And you know I always keep my promises.

So if you're unwilling to do that...

[Martinez exhales slowly.]

RM: Then I'll get on the phone and see if Tiger Paw Pro wants to book the World Heavyweight Champion to take on the Global Crown Champion!

[O'Neill recoils at the blatant threat.]

RM: You give me what I want, or I'll find another way to give these fans what they want!

Because if I can't defend my title against the best in the world right here, I'll go someplace where I can.

[O'Neill stands silent for a moment, looking at Martinez and considering the threat now hanging over him.]

LON: I see. This is the kind of thing I expect out of Carver... but not from you. You talk about doing what's right for the fans? What's right for the fans is protecting them from a public menace like Hannibal Carver! I'm not like Watkins and O'Connor and the others who came before them... I don't hold grudges... I don't play this game personally. This isn't personal, Martinez... this is business.

[O'Neill looks at the World Champion who doesn't seem to be backing down.]

LON: But if this is how you want to play it... fine. You get your title match.

[Martinez smiles in response, nodding.]

LON: But not against Carver. That ship's sailed, pal. But if you want to defend your title tonight, you got it! Now get out there to the ring and let me go find your opponent.

[Martinez shakes his head in disgust, turning and walking away.]

MS: A title match? With who?

LON: I guess I've got a couple minutes to find out.

[O'Neill swiftly walks out of view, leaving Stegglet behind as he goes hunting for a challenger.]

MS: Fans, Landon O'Neill says there WILL be a title match... and Ryan Martinez is apparently heading to the ring. Who will be coming out there to face him? We're moments away from finding out! Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We cut from black on the opening note of Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back In Town" on a shot of Travis, Jack, and James Lynch backstage at an AWA event, cowboy boots up on a table as they play cards and laugh.

On the next power chord, we cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez pointing towards the ring next to Eric Preston, miming throwing a right hand. They appear to be in the old WKIK Studios.

The next one brings a cut to Supreme Wright inside a rundown industrial warehouse. He's running in place before dropping down flat on his stomach on the mat, pushing up to his feet and doing it all over again. Nearby is Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling from his mouth.

The third one in the set cuts to Air Strike at a fan event, signing autographs and posing for pictures with the assembled masses. Cody Mertz grins as two girls sandwich him with kisses on the cheeks.

A fourth power chord and cut reveals Brian James, drenched in sweat and shadowboxing against a wall of an empty Crockett Coliseum.

The next goes to Dave Cooper standing in a corner with Eric Matthew Somers, obviously some older footage as Calisto Dufresne stands nearby, a smile on his face as Cooper is regaling them with some story.

Another cut - this one to Hannibal Carver popping the top on a beer and handing it over to Derrick Williams who clinks beer cans with the veteran before they throw them back in tandem.

The next cut shows Supernova in front of a mirror, applying his own facepaint as Jason Dane stands nearby, talking to the young lion.

Back to the next series of chords and another cut, this time to Skywalker Jones, Hercules Hammonds, and Buford P. Higgins arriving at a venue. Jones is wearing dark sunglasses and waves a dismissive hand at the camera as Hammonds proceeds to rip off his t-shirt and strike a double bicep pose while Higgins mugs for the camera in the background.

Then to Bobby O'Connor standing with his grandpa Karl while Karl has some poor backstage worker by the upper body, grabbing an arm as Bobby nods in understanding.

The next one goes to Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau peeking through the curtain at a live event, watching the action inside the ring from the backstage area.

And one final power chord in the intro takes us to Ryan Martinez, sitting in a pair of folding chairs with his legendary father. The two men are deep in conversation as workers walk around them.

The lyrics kick in with a shot of the towering MAMMOTH Mizusawa leaping into the air, crushing Corey Lawson underneath him in a 420 pound splash to win the very first edition of Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash I.]

#Guess who just got back today?#

[From the Dallas Memorial Coliseum, we see Mark Langseth making his AWA debut as he takes on the one-night-only appearing Macht Kraftwerk as Langseth counters a superkick into his Greatness Personified anklelock.]

#Those wild-eyed boys that had been away#

[Dave Cooper, then one-half of Rough N' Ready, has the lower half of Duane Henry Bishop tied up in a Texas Cloverleaf when Cletus Lee Bishop, the bigger half of the Bishop Boys winds up and CRACKS Cooper in the back of the head with a steel chair!]

#Haven't changed, haven't much to say#

[Making his second appearance of the night, the Japanese Giant represents the Matsui Corporation in fine fashion by dropping a massive legdrop down on a metal briefcase, crushing Tumaffi's face and skull underneath it.]

#But man, I still think them cats are great#

[AWA history is made with the Triangle Elimination Match, showing Shane Destiny clinging to the top rope as Kevin Slater attempts to German Suplex him off the apron onto the concrete floor.]

#They were asking if you were around#

[The National Tag Team Titles are at stake when Calisto Dufresne hurls a fireball into the face of Kentucky's Pride member, City Jack.]

#How you was, where you could be found#

[A shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott emerging in front of the crowd at SuperClash I, clad in a blue and white full-length robe glistening with jewels as gold and white sparks fall in a curtain behind him.]

#I told them you were living downtown#

[Juan Vasquez stands at the top of the aisle, hands on his hips and a big smile on his face at the reaction of the Dallas crowd.]

#Driving all the old men crazy#

[We see Scott whipping Vasquez towards the corner where the challenger leaps up to the middle rope, blindly leaping back and twisting around into a cross body that takes the champion down to the mat.]

#The boys are back in town#

[With Vasquez dangling off the apron, Scott leaps down to the floor, driving the point of his elbow down into the windpipe.]

#The boys are back in tooooooooooown#

[Vasquez comes charging across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive that wipes out the National Champion.]

#The boys are back in town#

[With Scott trapped in the figure four leglock and no referee in sight, Raphael Rhodes stands over both men, steel chair in hand, and swings it down on a helpless Vasquez.]

One final shot as the main chorus echoes out, showing Ben Waterson, Stevie Scott, Gary Bright, and Raphael Rhodes standing over a prone Juan Vasquez.]

#The boys are back in town#

[As the lyric changes to a raucous guitar solo, a graphic comes up that reads - "SUPERCLASH VII - HOUSTON, TEXAS - 89 days"... and we fade to black...

...and then back up on the ringside announce table where Bucky Wilde has been joined by Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Are we- welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling on The X, fans! And after what we just saw-

BW: After what we just saw, Hannibal Carver should be locked up!

MS: He was definitely on his way to the back of a police car... just like our colleague Gordon Myers was on his way to the back of an ambulance. Fans, Gordon WAS conscious when he was being taken out during the break however the blow to the head and the torque on the neck... Dr. Ponavitch had him taken out on a stretcher and to a local medical facility to be examined.

BW: Our thoughts are with you, Gordo. Take care, ol' buddy.

MS: Amen. And now, it's Main Event time here on The X as Ryan Martinez is set to defend the World Heavyweight Title against... who?

BW: Your guess is as good as mine... especially with half the roster down the street at Caesars Palace.

MS: It looks like Phil Watson is ready though and... well, I guess it's time to find out!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to go.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is for the AWA World Heavyweight Title! Introducing first...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Coming to the ring now, hailing from Los Angeles, California...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the makeshift arena, only for the sound to be drowned out by the sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.]

PW: Weighing two hundred and fifty five pounds...

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi" until they two are drowned out by the White Knight's legions of fans.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

PW: He is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

This is Ryan...

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

PW: MARRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZ!!!!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance, dressed as we saw him moments ago. Fuming mad, Martinez stalks down the aisle in long white ring pants - on the right leg a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color. His torso is bare, showing off his title belt. He rolls under the bottom rope, coming up to a knee where he unclasps the championship, handing it over to Ricky Longfellow.]

MS: Very unusual for the champion to enter first.

BW: More power plays by Landon O'Neill, I'm sure.

MS: The AWA President did not seem happy with Martinez moments ago... and you've gotta wonder who he's found back in the locker room area to accept this match on short notice, Bucky.

BW: You think it's hard to find someone willing to take a World Title match? Even on short notice? Guys wait their entire lives for a shot at this title. They'd take it on a second's notice.

MS: They might not have much more than that... and as the World Champion paces back and forth across the ring, angered by the fans being robbed of the match they've waited over a year to see, we wait and see who Landon O'Neill has found to-

[The sweet yet eerie melody of "Kagome Kagome" by Hatsune Miku and Megurine Luka begins to play over the PA, drawing a big shocked reaction from the AWA faithful. Martinez tries to hide it but his eyes visibly go wide when he hears the music in question - music that can mean the arrival of only one.]

MS: Holy...

BW: Are you kidding me?!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and his Family... from the Kimon or Demon Gate and weighing in at 514 pounds...

KIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING ONNNNNNNNNNNIIIIIIIIII!

[The melody is undercut by an accompanying synthesizer that sounds like it's straight from a 1950's horror movie as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks through the curtains, raising his gem up high for all to see.]

MS: It's Oni! KING Oni!

BW: It certainly is!

MS: Doctor Harrison Fawcett leading the way and... oh no.

BW: He's not alone, daddy!

[The crowd's reaction gets louder as we see The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley come into view as well, taking up flanking positions on either side of their manager who grins, lifting the gem towards the sky once more...

...and out stomps the gargantuan KING Oni. He's clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki-style mask/headaddress in the style of the oni from folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

MS: Brrr. I get chills just looking at this group. That's the stuff of nightmares right there.

BW: He is a nightmare walkin' for Ryan Martinez. Martinez has dreaded this day - you can be sure - from the moment that KING Oni arrived here in the American Wrestling Alliance... and now it's happening!

[Martinez has stopped pacing, settling back into a corner, watching as a cackling Fawcett leads his menagerie of monstrosity down the aisle towards the ring.]

MS: At this point, you have to wonder what... about preparation, Bucky. Ryan Martinez was prepared for Hannibal Carver but this? This is an entirely different animal.

BW: A good way to describe Oni.

MS: I was talking about the match itself but yes, KING Oni is a monster of a man... a beast of a competitor...

[Oni steps up on the ring apron, removing the mask... revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. He then removes his robe, wearing a black singlet with a dark red mawashi [the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat] worn over the singlet. Oni steps into the ring as Fawcett directs his other charges to take positions down at ringside.]

MS: And this doesn't seem right at all... in fact, it looks like a setup to me. Fawcett being out here with his monster is one thing - one mountain to climb - but Crowley and the Lost Boy being out here too? This is a four-on-one!

BW: Or more if you get an accurate census on Oni.

MS: Ryan Martinez, the World Heavyweight Champion, is back in the corner, staring across at Oni who is getting some final advice from Doctor Harrison Fawcett... and this whole situation gives me a bad vibe, Bucky.

BW: Ryan Martinez has faced monsters before - men like Caleb Temple - but this is a different story altogether.

MS: Martinez has got about an inch of height on Oni but he's outweighed by... what? Almost three hundred pounds?

BW: It's the biggest physical mismatch that Martinez has ever been in. His father is seven feet tall and well over 300 pounds and HE'D be physically outmatched by KING Oni!

[The crowd is buzzing as the referee signals for both Oni and Martinez to come out to the center of the ring. He draws them together, giving some final match instructions as the two men stand just about a foot apart, staring dead into each other's eyes...]

MS: The air has been sucked out of this makeshift arena, Bucky. The fans are shocked by this turn of events and...

BW: And right about now, you gotta think Martinez is regretting trying to pull a power play on Landon O'Neill.

MS: He was very emotional in that moment. Knowing Ryan as I do, I would say he would never do such a thing. I've known him since we were both very young and I can't imagine he'd ever... if he wasn't in such a bad way after seeing his big match with Carver called off.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow takes a deep breath, turning towards the timekeeper and waving a hand...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: The bell ri-

[But before Mark can even get the words out, Martinez strikes first and strikes hard, lashing out with an open hand slap across the cheek of the demon...]

MS: WOW! HE SLAPPED THE DEMON!

[Oni doesn't even react to the blow, holding his gaze on Martinez who flashes a look of panic before he turns up the heat, lashing out with slap after slap after slap to both sides of Oni's face...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Martinez drops back, looking at Oni who took two steps back under the onslaught of blows...]

...but the Demon snaps his head up, staring dead into the eyes of Martinez before letting loose an ear-splitting bellow!]

MS: Oh my god.

BW: No effect!

[Martinez looks around at the crowd, stunned at what he just saw, and then rushes back in. grabbing Oni by the mohawk...]

MS: Forearm! Another! A third!

[A half dozen blows land on the jaw of KING Oni as Martinez tries to batter the big man off his feet...]

...but Oni simply reaches out, snagging Martinez by the back of the head, surging forward to DRIVE his skull into Martinez!]

MS: HEADBUTT!

[Holding onto the head, Oni flings Martinez into the corner using it...]

...and rushes the half distance of the ring, attempting a corner avalanche!]

MS: ONI LOOKS TO END IT EARLY!

[But Martinez BARELY gets out of the corner in time, causing Oni to slam chestfirst into the corner. The World Champion grabs the arm, turning him around...]

MS: Martinez has got him in the corner! We all know what's coming next!

[Martinez squares up, looking out at the roaring crowd surrounding the ring on the streets of Las Vegas!]

MS: Let him have it!

[With Bryant prone in the corner, Martinez lays each arm over the top rope ...and the crowd roars as he squares up.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

MS: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez steps back, finished, as he stares at Oni who clings to the top rope as Fawcett shouts at him from out on the floor, raising the crystal over his head...

...and Oni steps out of the corner, not staggered... not stumbling... walking with purpose, stalking towards Martinez who looks on in disbelief as he backpedals, moving backwards as the demon comes towards him!]

MS: My oh my! He's still on his feet, Bucky!

BW: Oni took all those chops and he... did he feel them?!

MS: Oh, he felt them but he also recovered quicker than anyone we've ever seen before! Ryan Martinez can't believe it! Ryan Martinez is desperately trying to figure out what to do next! He's brought out the big guns early - that same blitzkrieg style assault he used when he won the World Title but it did not - has not - worked against the Demon!

[Martinez finds his back against the buckles and - realizing he's about to be trapped - surges forward as Oni raises his right hand for a clubbing blow.]

MS: Right hand by the Dem- blocked by Martinez!

[The crowd cheers as Martinez winds up, putting some extra mustard on a forearm shot to the jaw of KING Oni!]

MS: Big forearm by Martinez!

[He winds up, landing a second on Oni who has his arms down, catching him flush on the jaw - a blow that actually sees Oni take a step back to steady himself.]

MS: And this time, the forearms seem to be having an effect!

[Martinez looks out at the cheering crowd, winding up a third time...

...and BLASTS Oni right on the jaw, causing the Demon to stumble back three steps this time, his legs a little rubbery underneath him!]

MS: Ryan Martinez, the World Champion, with a display of heart that few can match - the same type of heart that made him the World Champion last fall against Supreme Wright to begin with! He's got Oni stunned!

[With Oni dazed, Martinez makes a dash into the ropes, bouncing off...]

MS: CLOTHESLINE!

[The fully-outstretched arm bounces off the collar bone of the Demon - a blow that connects solidly but doesn't seem to have any greater effect on Oni.]

MS: Martinez hit it all but-

BW: He's gonna try it again!

[The World Champion dashes across the ring, hitting the ropes to build up speed as he races back towards Oni, extending his arm again as Fawcett shouts to his super heavyweight charge...

...who SWINGS his open right hand, BLASTING Martinez across the chest with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: Agggh! What a chop that was!

BW: That wasn't even a chop! He... it was almost like a slap but... man, Martinez got knocked into the middle of next week with that, Stegglet! I don't know about you but I smell a new champion!

MS: Ryan Martinez finds himself facing down the greatest challenge of his title reign right here in Las Vegas, Bucky! I would never doubt the talent... the heart... the determination of the World Champion but I've gotta agree that his title is in serious jeopardy at this point of the contest!

[Oni leans down, dragging Martinez off the mat...

...and CLUBS him across the back of the head and neck, putting him right back down on the canvas as Fawcett grins at ringside, a sheen of sweat on his forehead as he rubs his hands together in anticipation.]

MS: Look at Harrison Fawcett. He thinks he's got this one in the bag, Bucky.

BW: He may not be wrong, Stegglet. If I was the good Doctor right about now, I'd be feeling VERY confident!

[Oni stands over Martinez who pushes up to all fours, trying to climb back to his feet as Oni looks down at him...

...and swings his foot up into the collarbone, causing Martinez to roll back onto his rear, grabbing at his neck as he looks up at Oni.]

MS: What a sight that must be... what's going through the World Champion's head as he sits on the mat, looking up at the Demon himself... the most massive man in the AWA... the biggest threat to his title he's ever faced! What could he possibly be thinking, Bucky?

BW: I don't have a clue... and I'd never want to be in the position to find out.

[Martinez rolls a knee underneath him, pushing up off the mat where he comes up swinging, throwing a right hand to the ample midsection...

...just getting an emotionless stare out of Oni.]

BW: Oni's treating him like a small insect!

MS: The champion hits him in the abdominals again!

[The crowd collectively gasps as Oni hooks Martinez around the throat with both hands, effortlessly lifting him up into the air, high over his head as Ricky Longfellow immediately starts counting...]

MS: No attempt to hide that choke at all!

BW: Fawcett better be careful though. He's gotta make sure Oni breaks in time!

[Fawcett can be heard screaming at Oni as the referee counts three... four... five... before Oni unceremoniously throws Martinez down to the mat, turning to look at Fawcett who is gripping the gem tightly in his left hand, nodding his head.]

MS: He throws the champion down to the mat and as Ryan Martinez is down there, you can see him gasping for air, having had a bunch ripped right out of his lungs by the Demon.

[Oni stalks slowly towards Martinez, not burning up any excess energy.]

MS: This crowd... an eerie hush has fallen over this crowd in Las Vegas who knows they're watching something that-

BW: They're watching history in the making!

MS: You could be right but it's more than that. They're watching the complete domination - so far - of the World Heavyweight Champion. They're watching KING Oni show the entire wrestling world that perhaps he is the unstoppable force of the future here in the AWA.

BW: A lot of people have criticized Doctor Harrison Fawcett for not signing Oni to face more competition but looking at this - who in the world would be competition for this guy? King Kong? Godzilla?

MS: I have no idea... but the World Champion is not out of this yet.

BW: That's because he's too dumb to stay down. Just give it up, kid. Give up the title right now and save yourself!

MS: I think we both know there's no chance of that happening.

[As Martinez pushes up to his knees, Oni sidles up next to him, grabbing Martinez by the back of his head and pressing his face down on Oni's knee, lifting his leg up...

...and DRIVING Martinez' head into the knee as he slams his foot back down on the canvas!]

MS: Simple but effective! Another devastating blow by KING Oni... and the World Champion just rolled out to the floor!

BW: If he's smart, he'll stay down and take the countout. He'd keep the title that way at least.

MS: Oni's trying to go out after him but the referee's trying to hold him back.

BW: Why?! Ricky Longfellow is showing a clear bias here by trying to keep KING Oni from going out to the floor to finish off Martinez!

[With the referee distracted, The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley jump into the fray, stomping and kicking the World Champion several times before Crowley pulls him up, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring.]

MS: Crowley puts the champion back in but not after some extra-curricular activities by Fawcett's Family out there on the floor.

BW: It's like an unofficial Lumberjack Match. Martinez ain't gettin' out of here to save his title, Stegglet.

MS: Do you really think that's what he was trying to do?

BW: If he's smart... so, no.

[Oni grabs Martinez by the arm, dragging him off the mat, and yanks him into his waiting arms...]

MS: Oni lifts him up! He's got him up for a...

[Oni turns back towards the middle of the ring before throwing Martinez down violently with a bodyslam.]

MS: ...SLAM!

[Martinez rolls up to his hip, reaching back to grab at his lower back.]

BW: You know, Stegglet... when you look at a guy the size of KING Oni, a lot of people will only focus on his weight and the impact of moves involving his weight. But Oni's as strong as a bull moose too. That slam probably shook Martinez from his toe to the tip of his hair on his head.

[Martinez rolls to all fours, crawling away from Oni, looking to create some space from the Demon as he pursues...]

MS: Martinez crawling away, trying to get a chance to regroup as Oni is on the hunt!

BW: The hunt for the World Heavyweight Title!

[Oni leans down, grabbing Martinez by the back of his white tights, lifting him right off the mat to his feet...

...and connects with another open-handed blow between the shoulderblades, sending Martinez stumbling into the turnbuckles.]

MS: Martinez falls into the corner! Barely able to stand!

[Fawcett shouts, "NOW! FINISH HIM NOW!" Oni backs across the ring to the far corner as the crowd begins to buzz in anticipation...]

MS: He's going for the avalanche again, I think! He missed it the first time but...

[Oni stampedes across the ring...

...and CRUSHES Martinez under 514 pounds against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION, DADDY!

[Oni grabs Martinez by the head, flinging him out of the corner and down to the canvas. Fawcett can be heard shouting "PIN HIM NOW!" as Oni drops to a knee, planting a palm on the chest of the World Champion.]

MS: That's a cover!

[Longfellow dives to the canvas, raising his arm...]

MS: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE- NO! NO! MARTINEZ SLIPS A SHOULDER UP! THAT WAS _BEYOND_ CLOSE, FANS!

BW: It don't get any closer, daddy.

[Oni glares at Ricky Longfellow who holds his hands an inch apart to show exactly how close it was.]

MS: If KING Oni went for a lateral press, putting any of that 500+ pounds chest-to-chest, we might have a new World Champion right now, fans! But because he went for the arrogant cover, Martinez was able to get a shoulder up... able to slip out the back door...

[A battered and hurting Martinez takes advantage of the distracted Oni, rolling under the ropes where he drops down to the floor in a heap. This time, Ricky Longfellow slides out to the floor, taking up a protective stance and keeping the Lost Boy and Porter Crowley at bay...

...when suddenly, the AWA fans begin to boo like madmen!]

MS: You've gotta be kidding me! The man's already outnumbered!

[A smirking Johnny Detson is walking down the aisle... fast.]

MS: The Number One Contender to the World Heavyweight Title, the man responsible for this whole thing if you ask me, is on his way down the aisle and he's gotta be concerned, Bucky.

BW: Why is that?

MS: Because his title shot next weekend in Mexico City is only valid if Martinez retains the title!

BW: You don't think the good Doctor would do the honorable thing and give Detson a shot at Oni?

MS: Honorable? That man? I don't think so!

[Detson reaches the ring swiftly, moving towards the downed Martinez where the referee steps in, waving him back. The Number One Contender raises his hands, pleading innocence.]

BW: What in the heck is Longfellow doing out there? He's playing guardian angel instead of counting Martinez out!

[In the meantime, Martinez has dragged himself over towards the timekeeper's table, using it to pull himself to a knee as KING Oni steps out on the apron, moving down to the floor where Longfellow quickly vacates the premises, watching as Oni pulls Martinez the rest of the way up...

...where Martinez spins, BLASTING him between the eyes with a forearm smash!]

MS: OH! Martinez caught him!

[With Oni surprised, Martinez grabs a handful of mohawk and SLAMS Oni's face down onto the wooden table at ringside!]

MS: Ohh!

[Martinez grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He steps back, crouching down as he stands by the ringpost, waiting for Oni to straighten up...

...and then rushes forward, swinging his leg up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: Running kick RIGHT to the face!

[Oni slumps forward, grabbing the ring apron with both hands as he tries to steady himself. Martinez steps back into the ring, throwing his arms up with a "COME ON!" that seems to wake up some of the fans who were starting to fear the worst for their White Knight.]

MS: Ryan steps back in... waiting for Oni to get back in as well!

[Doing a quick circle around the ring, Martinez rushes in, dropping down into a baseball slide dropkick, catching Oni right in the face with both feet!]

MS: BASEMENT DROPKICK BY THE CHAMP!

[Oni again slumps forward for a moment before using the apron to push up, eyes wide with anger as he climbs up on the apron...

...and Martinez moves in on him, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

MS: BIG CHOP!

[The knife-edge blow connects with the massive chest of Oni who raises both arms, swinging them down in a Mongolian chop that catches Martinez on both sides of the neck, driving him down to a knee.]

MS: Martinez goes down! And with one shot, Oni gets himself right back into things!

[Oni steps through the ropes, delivering a second Mongolian chop, knocking Martinez flat on his back on the canvas...

...and then steps up on the chest, resting 514 pounds on the chest of a struggling Martinez, earning a referee's four count before stepping off onto the mat.]

MS: Aggh, can you even imagine what that feels like?

BW: Like a truck parked on your chest, I'm guessing.

MS: Martinez got back into this thing for a moment but just like that, KING Oni - the challenger and I can't believe I'm saying that - is back in control. No one thought when we came here tonight to Las Vegas that we'd be seeing KING Oni challenge for the World Heavyweight Title here tonight but after what happened with Hannibal Carver a little while ago, that's exactly what we've got.

[Martinez rolls to all fours, pushing up off the mat as Oni drags him back up by the head, throwing him bodily into the turnbuckles again.]

MS: Oni tosses him into the corner... another splash perhaps?

[But Oni simply walks in, wrapping his massive paws around the throat of Martinez, choking him against the top turnbuckle...]

MS: The referee right in there to count... another blatant choke by the challenger...

[Oni breaks at four, throwing his head backwards and then swings it forward, going for a headbutt...

...but Martinez slips under the grasp of Oni, watching as he headbutts the top turnbuckle!]

MS: Oh! Oni missed! He missed the headbutt!

[With Oni stunned, Martinez backs off a few steps before coming back in... and BLASTING Oni with a forearm shot to the temple!]

MS: Big forearm by Martinez!

[He winds up again, landing a second...]

MS: Another!

[He squares up...]

MS: Here we go again!

[But as Martinez looks to land another series of Machine Gun Chops, Oni raises a hand, grabbing Martinez' wrist in his massive grip!]

MS: Oh! Oni caught the chop! He caught the chop!

[Martinez struggles against Oni's grip, ripping his hand free as he spins...

...and CRACKS Oni in the neck with other hand in a spinning back chop!]

MS: OHH!

[With Oni reeling, Martinez grabs the arm...]

MS: Big whip coming up!

[...but Oni's not budging!]

BW: I don't think so!

[Oni lets loose a hellacious roar as he YANKS Martinez' arm, pulling the World Champion towards him...

...a move that actually sees Martinez go sailing over the top rope, crashing down on the floor at ringside!]

MS: OVER THE TOP AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR! ONE HECK OF A FALL FROM THE RING TO THE FLOOR, FANS!

[The camera zooms in on Martinez, completely motionless on the floor, as KING Oni turns to strike. The referee jumps in his path, waving him back...

...which is Johnny Detson's cue to rush into the fray, pulling Martinez off the floor by the hair...]

MS: What is he...?

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: DETSON RAMS HIM HEADFIRST INTO THE POST! HE HIT THE POST!

[The World Champion collapses in a heap on the floor as Detson backs away, moving far away from him as the referee turns around and starts his ten count. KING Oni walks around the ring slowly, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

MS: Martinez is down and... I think he's out!

[Doctor Harrison Fawcett clutches the gem, trying to get Oni's attention as the referee counts... and counts...]

MS: KING Oni seems like he's noticing this crowd for the first time! He's staring out at the masses and-

BW: What is Harrison doing?

MS: You're on a first name basis with that lunatic? You might end up a future guest at his manor if you keep that up.

BW: His house looks lovely. I understand he's got a guest room with your name on it.

MS: No thanks. The referee's count is up to five... now to six... Martinez hasn't budged!

[Fawcett is pleading with Oni to get Martinez back into the ring but Oni's gaze is on the masses baying for his blood...]

MS: Oni doesn't even hear Fawcett! He doesn't-

[The camera cuts in the direction of Oni's gaze...

...and comes to rest on a face that's quite familiar to AWA fans.]

MS: Is that... wait a second! That's Anton Layton!

BW: You're right, Stegglet! What's Layton doing here?!

MS: This isn't the first time we've seen Layton in the crowd watching KING Oni

[But it doesn't appear to be Oni that has captured the attention of the Prince of Darkness... it appears to be Doctor Harrison Fawcett who suddenly looks quite nervous at the presence of Layton, lowering the gem and taking a few steps back as Oni stands in the ring...

...and the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: What.,?

BW: He got counted out!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match via count out...

KIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING ONNNNNNNNNIIIIIIIII!

[Fawcett slides into the ring, marching over towards his super heavyweight charge, lifting his massive arm up into the air...]

BW: Oni's done it! Oni beat the World Champion!

MS: A countout win for KING Oni - that means that Ryan Martinez will keep the World Title but- wait a second!

[The crowd buzzes with anger as Johnny Detson rolls Martinez under the ropes into the ring. He slides into the ring after him, pulling off his Fox Sports X hoodie and throwing it aside before dragging a limp Martinez to his feet...

...and pulling him into a standing headscissors!]

MS: NO!

[A quick double underhook later sees Martinez DRIVEN facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson pops up, a smirk on his face as he looks down at the motionless World Heavyweight Champion at his feet...

...and then reaches out a hand towards Doctor Harrison Fawcett who eyes the Number One Contender for a moment before inclining his head and accepting the handshake.]

MS: Now what is THIS all about?!

BW: It looks like we've got ourselves a new friendship!

MS: Detson hits the Wilde Driver on the World Champion who was already out cold from hitting the ringpost and... now what?!

[Detson flips Martinez over as Fawcett barks orders to his charges, causing Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy to hold the arms and legs of Martinez...]

MS: Oh no!

BW: They're REALLY gonna put him down now, Gordo!

MS: Somebody's gotta stop this!

[With Martinez laid wide open, Oni bounces off the ropes as Detson takes up a position, giving Oni a little extra push down as he leaps...]

MS: CRACKED EARTH!

[...and DRIVES his 514 pounds down on the ribs of Ryan Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: THE WORLD CHAMPION JUST GOT CRUSHED UNDER KING ONI!

[Oni pushes up to his knees...

...and the crowd begins to cheer!]

MS: Here comes the cavalry!

[The first wave of help for the World Champion comes in the form of Travis Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, racing down the aisle towards the ring. The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley fan out to greet them...]

MS: Travis and Bobby O'Connor are here... oh! The Lost Boy boots Travis right in the face!

[The Lost Boy and Crowley spill out to the floor, greeting Lynch and O'Connor in slugfests just beyond the apron as Detson waves for Fawcett and Oni to drop the splash again. Oni climbs to his feet, looking to oblige when...]

MS: GLADIATOR! GLADIATOR! GLADIATOR!

[The wild man comes tearing down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet and wedging himself between Ryan Martinez and KING Oni!]

MS: And look at this, fans! We've got ourselves a showdown!

[The crowd is suddenly ELECTRIFIED at the showdown between Oni and the Gladiator, buzzing with anticipation, waiting to see what happens when the irresistible force meets the immovable object!]

MS: We've got ourselves a standoff and look at Fawcett! Fawcett wants no part of the Gladiator! Fawcett's ordering Oni out of the ring and...

[With the Gladiator distracted, Johnny Detson rolls out to the floor, looking to make his escape.]

MS: Johnny Detson taking off like a thief in the night! Oni wants a piece of the Gladiator but Fawcett's telling him no, trying to use that gem... that crystal to control him!

[Fawcett has the gem right up in the face of Oni, trying to keep him back as the Gladiator shouts and bellows for action, standing over the downed Ryan Martinez.]

MS: What a scene here in Las Vegas, fans, but with all this going on, my thoughts are on one week from tonight in Mexico City! Can Ryan Martinez - after what he just went through - even compete?! And if he can, what kind of condition will he be in when he puts the World Title on the line against Johnny Detson?!

[A smirking Detson backpedals down the aisle, pleased with his accomplishments on this wild night of action...

...as we fade to black.]