

**THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE  
PROUDLY PRESENTS  
AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING**

**LIVE FROM THE JOSEPH G. ECHOLS MEMORIAL HALL  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA  
JULY 30TH, 2011**

[As we fade in, we hear the closing theme to the Fishing With Orlando Wilson show as the shot starts to fade. It is replaced a panning shot of a screaming crowd. It is a very rare occasion on Saturday Night Wrestling where we see no mention of what has happened previously... no sign of opening credits...

Just the squared circle, roped in red, white, and blue, and surrounded by thin mats, metal railings, and screaming fans as the voice of Gordon Myers fills the air.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see ALL the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance, THE Major League of Professional Wrestling. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is the three-time Announcer of the-

BW: Don't even bring that up.

GM: What?

BW: Don't even mention it, Gordo. I don't want to talk about those awards handed out by a bunch of idiots who wouldn't know quality announcing if it got drilled into their eardrums.

GM: Bucky, you finished in second place!

BW: Second place still means you lost, Gordo. There's a lot of people around this arena tonight who'd do well to remember that.

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, we are LIVE here tonight in Norfolk, Virginia for yet another stop on the AWA's summer tour as we get closer and closer to the Stampede Cup on Labor Day weekend - the event that will mark the final show of this year's tour.

BW: Good riddance. I'm so sick of all these inbred, podunk towns that the front office drags us to. You know how you're in the South, Gordo?

GM: I wouldn't dare to wager a guess.

BW: The attendance is higher than the number of teeth in the building!

GM: Would you... I can't believe you'd say something about that about these great fans of the AWA! I can't believe that you would-

[Without warning, Living Colour's "Cult Of Personality" blasts over the PA system.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: I don't understand.

GM: Is this who I think...?

[After a few moments of buzzing in the crowd, the curtain tears open to reveal...

..."The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor!]

GM: It's Bobby Taylor! Oh my!

BW: With this music, who else did you expect? But the real question is- what in the heck is HE doing here, Gordo?

GM: I have no clue at all.

[A solemn looking AWA executive makes his way down the aisle clad in a navy blue sportscoat, dark blue jeans, and a pair of cowboy boots. Upon reaching ringside, he quickly scales the ringsteps, grabbing an offered mic from Phil Watson before climbing through the ropes into the ring. He makes a quick gesture, calling for the music to shut off. Taylor stands in the middle of the ring, looking around at the cheering crowd.]

BT: I'm here tonight for two reasons...

The first of which is to tell you all that I've been in the hospital room of Juan Vasquez. In fact, I was one of the first people there. I was, of course, there in my official status as a member of the front office for this company. And I can tell you that the man is hurting. He's hurt... he's hurt bad... but I have every faith that he'll be back!

[Big cheer!]

BT: But I was also there for another reason.

All of you people know that I went through the most hellacious beating ever conducted inside a wrestling ring about fourteen years ago in the Toronto Skydome. I ran my mouth a bit too ragged and a walking Hall of Fame showed up to put me in my place. I took a beating the likes of which no one had ever seen before and there were a whole lot of people who thought I'd never come back from that.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: But I did. I came back... and I fought as many of those guys as I could... and I beat some of 'em too.

That beating... some people will tell you that that was the highlight of my career...

[He smiles, chuckling a bit.]

BT: But to me, the highlight of my career was being able to come back from that better than I ever was before that. I learned a lot from that night - lessons I carry with me to this very day.

And THAT'S why I was in Juan's hospital room.

[He nods.]

BT: I wanted Juan to know that while there's going to be a sea of people telling him that he can't come back from this...

...that there's at least ONE person out there who KNOWS that he can.

[BIG CHEER!]

BT: That's right. Our thoughts and prayers are with you, Juan. And when you start back on that comeback trail, you should know that there's a cranky, surly Outlaw hangin' around these parts that's here for you if you need anything.

Oh, and Juan...

[Taylor holds up two fingers.]

BT: You can put my beating at #2 on the list now, my friend... 'cause what you went through put mine to shame.

Now, that brings me to the second reason I'm out here tonight...

[The Outlaw of professional wrestling looks down at his feet, silent for a long moment.]

BT: I'm here to apologize.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

BT: I'm here to apologize to Juan Vasquez... but more importantly, I'm here to apologize to each and every fan of the American Wrestling Alliance.

What we saw at the end of Wrestlerock... the way we saw Calisto Dufresne capture the AWA National Title...

[Taylor spits on the canvas.]

BT: It was a joke. It was a sham. And as a member of the AWA front office, it makes me sick to think that the National Title changed hands that way...

...and it's all my fault.

[The crowd buzzes more!]

BT: I'm the one, remember? I'm the one who wanted to get at Kevin Slater so badly, I gave that sick son of a....

[Taylor trails off, gritting his teeth.]

BT: I gave him his "Anywhere, Anytime" title shot! I let my own stupid, selfish goals get the better of me... and now, a good man like Juan Vasquez... and a heckuva champion at that... had to pay for what I did.

And what's worse, all the rest of you do too. All the rest of you have to sit here tonight and listen to Calisto Dufresne, standing in front of you as the face of this company. You have to sit there and watch him hold up the standard of excellence in our industry and act like he won it in a competitive matchup.

You have to-

[On cue, ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the Memorial Hall's speaker system and the Norfolk faithful leap to their feet and direct their displeasure towards the entrance portal as the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne struts out.]

GM: What is HE doing here?

BW: He's the champ! He goes wherever he wants to go whenever he wants to go there!

[Clad in a pair of slim fitting blue jeans, a white v-neck tee and quilted leather jacket, Dufresne's long blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail and over his shoulder gleams the National Championship. He stands at the entrance portal for long moments, basking in the "cheers" before sauntering towards the ring amidst a chorus of jeers. He climbs into the ring and is offered a microphone from Phil Watson. Dufresne smiles broadly at Taylor before lifting the microphone to his lips.]

CD: The only thing you have to do, Bobby, is sit back and take a long, hard look at \_your\_ AWA National Champion.

[The boos kick in yet again.]

CD: I don't see what you're out here apologizing about, "boss". I mean, ever since Juan Vasquez became champion the AWA's ratings have

plummeted and we became second-fiddle to some mom and pop shop down in Phoenix.

When I was running the Southern Syndicate and representing this organization, we were number one. And we shall be number one again now that our crusade to eliminate the unsavory elements that plague the AWA is in full force.

[A self-righteous nod from Dufresne.]

CD: But let's be clear, Bobby. This wasn't about Juan Vasquez, or Supernova, or Stevie Scott, or anyone else. This was about one simple thing...

[Dufresne pats the AWA National Title.]

CD: ...this. My throngs of adoring fans have known since day one that I have been the pillar that holds up this fine company. The stalwart that defended the honor of the AWA. But what thanks did I get for it? Stuck in a tag team? Playing second fiddle to Stevie Scott? I am the biggest star in this sport, Bobby. But apparently without this belt, it doesn't count. So I did what needed to be done.

[A cold stare towards the Outlaw before he jabs a finger towards the executive.]

CD: Just like you did. You did what you needed to, to get your hands on Kevin Slater. I did nothing more than you did.

But I've had enough of people saying I didn't earn this. Unlike champions of yesteryear, I plan on defending my title like a true champion. And that's why I've agreed to face the Olympic Champion, Sultan Azam Sharif with the AWA National Championship on the line two weeks from tonight!

[Pop!]

CD: That's right, fans. I'm a fighting a champion. An honorable champion. And a champion you can be proud of. But I'm also a gracious champion, and I recognize that I wouldn't be here on top of the world if I didn't have help. There is serious thanks to be handed out. To all my fans, please put your hands together. And Bobby, you can just sit there and continue to look depressed.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays to an incredible round of jeers, as Marcus Broussard makes his way to the ring, walking side by side with Ben Waterson.]

BW: What a glorious start to this show we're seeing, Gordo! The new champion, the San Jose Shark, AND the Agent To The Stars! You don't get much better than this.

[Both men are impeccably dressed in stylish black suits. Broussard grins at the explosion of boos that greets him, mockingly bowing to the fans as Ben

Waterson applauds from a few feet away. The Agent To The Stars claps Broussard on the shoulder as they start to head up the aisle towards the ring. The manager turns, unleashing a barrage of insults in the direction of an overzealous fan leaning over the railing and waving a homemade sign that says "WATERSON'S A DEAD MAN: CONSIDER YOURSELF WARNED!"

GM: These two are treacherous, disturbed people, Bucky.

BW: Treacherous, perhaps. Disturbed? You're pushin' it, Gordo.

[The duo make their way up the ringsteps, climbing through the ropes into the ring. Broussard strides across, patting Bobby Taylor on the back as he whispers a few words towards him. Waterson shakes the hand of the new National Champion as he takes the offered mic.]

ATTSBW: It is a new day, AWA fans!

[The crowd jeers him as he spreads his arms wide.]

ATTSBW: It is a new day, a new era, and a new beginning for all of us here in the AWA and we really only have one thing to say to all of you fans here tonight in Virginia...

[Pause.]

ATTSBW: You're welcome!

[The boos pour down again on Waterson as he grins broadly, getting a slap on the back from Broussard.]

ATTSBW: Juan Vasquez is gone... possibly to never return to this ring.

But...

But if he does return, like the great Richard Marx once said, I will be right here waiting for you, Vasquez.

[Waterson nods.]

ATTSBW: It's the start of a new era tonight, people. It's an era of dominance. An era of brilliance. It is the start of a world without Juan Vasquez.

And at the end of the day, it's all thanks to the men standing in the ring before you right here tonight.

[Waterson smirks at the shower of boos before handing the mic off to the San Jose Shark.]

GM: It's all thanks to them? Him, Broussard, and Dufresne?! I guess that he's already forgotten Matsui, Nenshou and Childes, the rest of the Alliance, the Moonshiners, the Bombers... all of those people who stepped up to

contribute to one of the worst miscarriages of justice I've ever seen in the history of this sport, Bucky.

[Broussard raises the mic, pausing a moment to soak up the boos before speaking. He turns to point a finger at Bobby Taylor who is now leaning in the corner, glaring at the three men inside the squared circle alongside him.]

MB: That was a heart wrenching story about a hospital visit, Bobby, but I have a hospital visit story as well. A few days ago, I was at an intersection when a cab ran a stop light, and was broad sided by a caravan. The cab had severe damage, and as it happened there was a young boy in the caravan who wasn't wearing a seat belt, and due to the force of the incident he was thrown from his seat and went headfirst into the windshield.

[The audience is silent as Broussard continues on.]

MB: Ambulances were called and medics soon came to take the young boy to a nearby hospital, as well as the elderly man in the passenger seat whose life was nearly ended by the front end of the caravan. Now think of me what you'd like, but I followed the ambulance to the hospital, gave the police as much information as they wanted and tried to lend any support to the victims and their families as possible.

The elderly man recognized me and asked that I come to his hospital room, as he was preparing for surgery. The surgery would be heavy duty, intense, a steel rod stuck into his leg as well as a total hip replacement. He was scared that perhaps he wouldn't make it through, as certainly he'd seen better days.

[Ben Waterson, who obviously hasn't heard the story before, cocks his head back at the serious Broussard, while Dufresne is barely paying attention.]

MB: I looked into his eyes and told him that he'd be fine, that today's doctors and surgeons are the best they've ever been. And as I reflect on it now, thinking back on it all, only one thing comes to mind:

[Broussard looks up and right at Bobby Taylor.]

MB: Even on death's doorstep, that old man looked better than you do in a sport coat!

[Broussard throws his head back and cackles as Waterson bursts out in a fit of laughter, Dufresne as well. The crowd, however, is not amused.]

BW: BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

GM: Oh, that's hysterical.

[Broussard continues.]

MB: While it might not have been personal for Dufresne, the demise of Juan Vasquez was very personal for me. Ironically, it started in a hospital bed.

MAMMOTH Mizusawa had broken my ribs, damn near punctured a lung, and as I sat in the hospital, the only person even minorly associated with the AWA who came to visit me?

Ben Waterson.

[Waterson mouths, "That's right."]

MB: Not Juan Vasquez, not Jim Watkins, not Jon Stegglet. Ben Waterson. Was I leery, was I cynical? Most definitely. But more than that, I had a sour taste in my mouth, knowing that I'd been used as a pawn in Juan Vasquez's larger scheme. Me, Marcus Broussard, the San Jose Shark, the AWA's Ace, the smartest competitor the AWA had ever known...

...used and left out to dry by Juan Vasquez. My pride, never mind my ribs and sternum, was hurting in a bad way. And who better than Ben Waterson to commiserate?

As we dug deeper, the people with a score to settle come out of the woodwork. Alex Epstein paid his own way to get a piece of Juan Vasquez. Pedro Perez, one of the kids I trained, he took unpaid leave from his job to get in his car and drive, just so he could pay back Juan Vasquez. Louis Matsui, the Russians, Percy Childes, the list goes on and on.

So cry me a river, Taylor, tell me all about how banged up your former luggage holder is. If it were me who put this together, me and only me, maybe in a quiet moment I'd have some remorse.

But when my phone rang off the hook with people lusting for a moment of retribution, when literally, the emails and faxes were overwhelming, whatever doubt I had on my conscience was alleviated. The people demanded comeuppance and I \_delivered\_ it.

Like I always do.

[Broussard takes a moment to smooth his suit out, satisfied with himself.]

MB: And with that monumental goal out of the way, it's time to refocus on more meaningful matters.

Calisto Dufresne, I applaud you sir.

[Broussard puts the mic under his arm and claps.]

MB: Not everyone could have the mental toughness to walk into that situation and take the title in the manner you did. That was certainly not ideal, but you got the job done despite what anyone might think. That's not nearly as easy as it sounds. I should know, because I've been in your shoes before.

And I aim to be in them once more. You might be the latest man to wear that gold, but I was the first. And with the decimation of Juan Vasquez in my



back pocket, by my logic I have a sizable claim to a title shot, and I intend to take it. So you--

[And as Broussard points a finger at Dufresne, he's cut off by Metallica's "Seek and Destroy" and that draws a loud crowd response.]

For out from the back comes none other than the Memorial Day Rumble winner and the man fresh off a victory in the Tower of Doom, Supernova. The blonde wrestler has his face painted and wears a black T-shirt and blue jeans. He marches down the aisle, ducking between the ropes, where he is quick to approach Dufresne, Broussard and Waterson...

...and then he quickly takes the mic from Broussard, catching the San Jose Shark a bit off guard.]

S: So... the man who spent most of the past two years grumbling about how Todd Michaelson wouldn't shut up and leave him alone is suddenly the top contender for the AWA National title?

[The face-painted wrestler then gets right in Broussard's face.]

S: I DON'T THINK SO, PAL!

[The fans cheer as now Supernova turns to Waterson for a moment.]

S: Yeah, you're like Adrian Bathwaite... you insist you get respect because you're my elder. Well, Bathwaite never proved he was worth an ounce of my respect, and with you, it's even less so. So don't you test my patience...

[He then turns to face Dufresne.]

S: ...especially when I've got somebody else to address.

[And now Dufresne's eyes widen a bit, although he still keeps a confident smirk on his face.]

S: Like I said before and will say it again... you may be the National title holder but...

[And now Supernova gets in Dufresne's face.]

S: YOU ARE NO CHAMPION!

[Another loud response as Supernova takes a step back.]

S: I find it quite interesting that you've decided the first person you'll grant a shot to is Sultan Azam Sharif... because if you look at the statistics, he hasn't fared that well against me.

Why, I'm the one who won the Memorial Day Rumble, beating 29 other competitors in the AWA... including Sultan Azam Sharif.

I'm the one who came out on the winning team of the Tower of Doom match at Wrestlerock, beating five other men... including Sultan Azam Sharif.

And then this man here [motioning to Broussard] who has beaten a bunch of people now listed under Missing Persons is somehow the next top contender.

[Supernova laughs for a moment.]

S: No, that's not gonna happen! You want to defend your title against the Sultan, be my guest, but the way I see it... I am the top contender to the National title, I rightfully claimed a shot by beating 29 other men, not by just making some handshake agreement, and therefore I am the one who deserves the first shot at the man who holds the National title!

[The fans seem supportive of that idea.]

S: And like I said, Dufresne, you may be-

[But Supernova cuts off his sentence as he turns to see what the crowd has reacted to. And that would be to the appearance of Stevie Scott walking down to the ring. No music like the others, he looks to be all business as he strides down the aisle...although his patterned silk shirt, bermuda short and loafers sans socks say otherwise.]

BW: Gettin' crowded in there.

[Stevie climbs into the ring, then turns toward a ringside attendant and apparently asks for a microphone, because that's what he gets. He then turns and stares briefly at Supernova, then Broussard, then Waterson, and then Dufresne, a glare he holds longer than any of the others.]

GM: Bucky, you could cut the tension in that ring with a knife right now.

BW: A knife? It'd take more like a chain saw, daddy.

[Finally, the two-time National Champion speaks, shaking his head.]

HSS: I have never heard so much rambling on about nothing in my entire life.

[Mixed pop for that. Stevie, taking his time, turns at points at Supernova.]

HSS: You. Rookie.

[Nova raises his eyebrows, but Stevie holds up a hand to him.]

HSS: Look kid, you and me...it's no secret we still got issues. Now, I do respect you more than these other three south ends of north bound mules over there, and I do appreciate the times you've come to my aid, no matter what the motivation was.

[The crowd kinda pops for this, and even Supernova looks surprised.]

HSS: And I do realize you earned a shot at the National Title by winning the Rumble back on Memorial Day. But let's put all that aside for a moment and take a look around the ring. Kid, you're probably gonna be the deal in the AWA one of these days but right now?

[The former champion leans in toward 'Nova.]

HSS: You're out of your league.

[Annnd a little heel pop there.]

HSS: Seriously. I mean, there's no denying your natural talent and your potential, but you're still green. So if you're smart, you'll take some advice from someone who's been there and done that many times over and listen when I tell you to take that title shot and put it in your back pocket. Because if you cash it in now? As much as I'd like to see someone take that undeserved title off the waist of that panty-waist right there...

...you'd just be throwing it away.

[Supernova appears to have issue with this, but Stevie ignores him and turns his focus to Broussard.]

HSS: Now you.

First of all, props on telling the truth about Vasquez. I liked what you did with the whole West Memphis Assassin thing and all, and I really had no beef with you.

[The Hotshot takes a step closer.]

HSS: That is, until you opened your mouth about Stevie Scott.

Seriously, dude. You think \_I\_...

[Pause from dramatic effect, plus a Steviesmirk~!]

HSS: ...copied \_you\_?

Son, I know you're not the most cerebral brother in the locker room, so let's examine so key differences.

A, I never had a masked ninja going around doing some kung fu fighting on my behalf.

B, I haven't come and gone every time something didn't go my way like you have.

And C?

[Stevie inches closer to the San Jose Shark while pointing toward the belt in Dufresne's possession.]

HSS: I made that title right there.

Not you, dreamsicle.

Me, two-time National Champion. Only lost it the second time because my so-called "agent" over there got greedy and forgot that before me, he was managing Darryl Styles and making 50 bucks a night doing it.

You, one-time has-been who lost the belt to Ron freakin' Houston.

[Stevie laughs.]

HSS: Ron Houston, man. Is that sinking in?

So no...you can dream all you want but Stevie Scott never even thought about you until you called me out. And deep down, you know that I am everything you wished you were in the AWA...

...but never could be.

[Just as he did with 'Nova, he gives Broussard no time to respond before turning and pointing at Waterson.]

HSS: Now for you.

[Uncomfortable pause.]

HSS: There's a whole lot I've got lined up to say about you, but for now? I'll just keep it to three words.

[Steviesmirk~!]

HSS: Consider. Yourself. Warned.

[And as expected, it's Dufresne's turn.]

HSS: Congratulations, champ.

[The sarcasm in the word "champ" was clearly evident to anyone with a brain and ears.]

HSS: Proud of ourselves, are we? Getting a win over an invalid?

[Stevie points to a young kid in the front row wearing a Supernova shirt.]

HSS: Who's your first title defense gonna be against? That 8 year old kid right there? I think maybe you could handle him...

...that is, if half the locker room beats him down first.

[That elicits a big pop from the crowd. Dufresne, of course, smirks right through it and taps the title belt smugly.]

HSS: Oh, I know. I know that you are the AWA National Champion. Just like I know how you get those women you always make appearances with.

[Stevie grins.]

HSS: Let's just say Craigslist's doesn't call you their number one customer for nothing.

[Big pop for that too.]

HSS: Look... Stevie Scott may be a lot of things, but he ain't stupid. I knew what those conversations that you and Waterson always had in the back of the plane were about. The way you whispered and giggled like a couple of gossiping 14 year old girls, it's a wonder you weren't listening to Justin Bieber albums.

[Stevie rubs his chin.]

HSS: Actually, that explains that CD I found under your seat in the limo. Anyway... I knew good and well what you two were up to. I knew this day was coming, and believe me... I'm prepared to go to war.

Are you?

[Dufresne nods confidently.]

HSS: Yeah, I bet you are. Of course, this time? You ain't dealing with City Jack or an unconscious Juan Vasquez. You're dealing...

[He takes a step closer, almost directly in Calisto's face.]

HSS: ...with ME.

You think you're dirty? Son...you ain't see dirty yet. I wrote the book on dirty, but the difference between you and me is simple.

I won't end your career by putting your eye out.

[The Hotshot shakes his head.]

HSS: Oh no. No, what I'm going to do is much worse.

I'm going to haunt you. I'm going to humiliate you. I'm going to embarrass you. And when I'm done?

You're gonna wish I'd taken your sight, because what I'm gonna take from you is much, much worse.

[And one last Steviesmirk~!]

HSS: See ya soon, sparky.

[Stevie drops the mic and, before Dufresne or anyone else can react, has already dropped to the mat and rolled out of the ring, heading back up the aisleway. Supernova turns towards the aisle, shouting something in Scott's direction who returns fire verbally. Waterson snatches up the dropped mic, pointing a finger.]

ATTSBW: Look at you two...

[Waterson chuckles, his red face starting to fade.]

ATTSBW: You've got all of these people fooled, I know. They all think you're the great hopes for the AWA. They think you're the ones that's going to save them from this so-called Darkness that's hanging over the entire joint. But the fact of the matter is, you two can't even go out to dinner without fighting over where to go... and you can bet there'll be a Heatseeker or a Heat Wave over the check.

The fact is - if you two are the great hope for these people...

...they've got NO hope!

[Supernova reaches out, snatching the mic out of his hand.]

S: No hope, huh?

[Supernova nods, pointing a finger.]

S: I think what these people are hopin' for right now is that someone kicks all three of your butts... RIGHT HERE TONIGHT!

[Huge cheer!]

S: And if that guy back there...

[Nova jerks a thumb towards the aisle where Stevie is.]

S: ...if he doesn't want any part of this, I know a bunch of guys in that locker room who'd be more than happy to come out here and take you on right by my side.

[Big cheer!]

S: In fact, why don't we give these people what they want? Right here, tonight... the two of you can get your boots and gear on, come back out here, and take on me and the Louisville Slugger in the Main Event!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER! Waterson looks around a little nervous. He leans over, whispering something to Dufresne who nods. Broussard does the same.]

ATTSBW: Alright, kid... you want to tangle with the two greatest National Champions ever?

[Pause.]

ATTSBW: You got it!

[The crowd erupts at the announcement of the night's Main Event as the face-painted fan favorite pumps a fist in triumph. He steps through the ropes to the apron, dropping down to the floor where he backs down the aisle, leaving the fuming rulebreakers inside the squared circle.]

GM: Wow! What a Main Event we just heard announced! It'll be the new National Champion, Calisto Dufresne teaming with Marcus Broussard to take on Supernova and the "Louisville Slugger" Tyler Lee!

BW: A well-oiled machine against a couple of loose screws. Should be a slaughter.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, it's an exciting night here in Norfolk as we inch closer and closer to the Stampede Cup where we learned earlier this week that on Night One, Eric Preston will meet his longtime rival, James Monosso in a Towel Match. And Bucky, from what I understand, the Championship Committee has ruled that this will be the FINAL showdown between these two intense competitors.

BW: The Final Showdown... you gotta love that. That means these two will sink to depths they've never dreamed of sinking to before in order to get that final victory in a war that has plagued them BOTH for over a year!

GM: Moments ago, Eric Preston arrived here at the building in Norfolk and our own Jason Dane was out there to greet him. Let's find out what happened.

[Cut to Eric Preston and Jason Dane standing in the locker room area. Preston's dressed in street clothes with a towel around his neck, hands on hips as he leans into the microphone.]

JD: Fans, you all heard the news. The AWA Championship Committee made it official this week. On Night One of the Stampede Cup, we are going to see the FINAL showdown between Eric Preston and James Monosso in a Towel Match. One of the most brutal, unforgiving matches the wrestling world has ever seen. We all know you've gotten your wish, but my goodness... is this really what you wanted?

[Preston looks down as he formulates his response.]

EP: They say darkness has fallen on the AWA.

I say not so fast.

The old adage says that it's always darkest before the dawn. That it has to get it's absolute worst before it gets better. Things have to reach rock bottom.

I know a little something about rock bottom. I what it's like to grit your teeth and dig deep, to fight for everything you've got because if you don't... you're not gonna have much longer to fight. The worst of times brings out the best in men. That's what they say, anyway.

[Eric shakes his head, organizing his thoughts.]

EP: I made a promise to the people that I'd give them something to be proud of. That I would outwork and outperform every man in that locker room, and do it the right way.

That I'd be a beacon of a light in a sea of darkness.

I can't stand here and tell you that slugging Jon Stegglet is going to be a story to tell the grandkids, but putting an end to James Monosso and his sea of pushers... \_that\_'ll be a story for the grandkids. And I'd love to say that someone else is going to step up in similar fashion, but I don't know anyone else, Jason.

I can't speak for anyone else. All the men I would call friends, they're gone.

[Preston counts them off on his fingers.]

EP: Michaelson, Vasquez, Big Vern, Brent Maverick. All the guys I knew and respected, all of 'em taken out either directly or indirectly by the Unholy Alliance. I'm the last one standing, and I don't say that with any kind of pride. I'm not the toughest, I'm just the last.

Is this what I wanted? To have the last match with Monosso be a Towel match, one that no one thinks I can win?

Hell yes.

[An emphatic nod.]

EP: I might not be the brawler Monosso is, I might not be the crazy, anything goes nutjob that Monosso is... but I have never quit, I have \_never\_ stopped fighting and I won't stop until the bitter end.

And Stampede Cup \_is\_ the bitter end. So you mark my words, Dane. I swear, in front of God and my country, that there is \_nothing\_ I won't do to make Percy Childes raise his fat little arm and throw the towel in. There is nothing I won't do to repay James Monosso the agony and torment he's put not just me, but the AWA through... and there's nothing I won't do to pay back the people. I'm a man of my word, and I'm hellbent on keeping it.



[Preston glares at Dane who smiles and nods, slightly uncomfortable.]

EP: What is it?

JD: Ummm... well, you know that Todd's still laid up at home, right? The doctors won't let him come back to work yet.

EP: Yeah.

JD: He...

[Dane holds up his handy iPhone.]

JD: He called a little while ago... with a... well, he had a message for you, Eric.

EP: He called you with a message for me?

[Dane nods.]

EP: And?

JD: He said that you're not ready yet.

[Preston looks shocked.]

EP: He said...?

JD: He said that you've faced a lot of top talent. A lot of really good wrestlers. But he says you can't wrestle Monosso. You've gotta fight him.

[Preston nods.]

JD: And he says that you need... you need to learn to fight a monster. You need to learn to...

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: ...go to extremes.

[We can hear a cheer from inside the arena.]

JD: He says he made a phone call.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Eric... he says you've got a match tonight against an opponent that will help you... they'll help you learn how to fight a monster.

[Preston glares at Dane for a long moment.]

JD: Eric? Say something.

[Without a word, Preston looks at Jason quizzically and then backs away, fully turning and exiting the area without responding.]

JD: I... uh... well, fans... let's go to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

[We cut back to the ring where we find three men standing in the ring - one of which we've already seen tonight.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. What in the world does Todd Michaelson have in store for Eric Preston?!

BW: I have no idea... and to be honest, I don't really care that much at the moment because-

[The voice of Ben Waterson cuts in.]

ATTSBW: Fans of the AWA, pay very close attention because I have brought a special gift here tonight for you.

[Waterson gestures to the young Hispanic man in the corner, jumping from foot to foot while dressed in a black hooded tracksuit from head to toe, his face just barely peeking out.]

ATTSBW: This is the man whose career was almost tragically cut short because of Juan Vasquez! This is the man whose career has been brought back to life like Lazarus at my hands! This is the man who is the FUTURE of this sport!

Ladies and gentlemen... PEDRO... PERRRRRREZ!

[The hood flips back to reveal the traitorous Perez, the fans quickly jeering him. He sneers at the crowd, pulling off the tracksuit as he looks across the ring at a younger man than he, tugging at the ropes. A graphic comes across the screen that reads - "PEDRO PEREZ (w/Ben Waterson) vs SHANE STOLTZ"]

GM: How DARE he, Bucky? How DARE Waterson say that Juan Vasquez is the reason this young man's career was almost cut short? It was the Southern Syndicate who attacked Pedro Perez who was - at the time - a student at the Combat Corner! They're responsible - not Vasquez.

BW: It was Vasquez that drove them to it!

GM: What a joke that is.

BW: Perez doesn't seem to think it's a joke, Gordo.

[The bell sounds as Waterson steps out to the apron. Perez quickly locks up with Stoltz, immediately slipping out of the tieup into a rear waistlock. He

holds it for a moment before drilling Stoltz in the back of the neck with a forearm smash that knocks the younger man to a knee.]

GM: Hard shot to the neck by Perez... ohh! Big knife edge chop to the back of the neck as well! That'll put Shane Stoltz down on the canvas...

[Holding up his right arm, Perez drops an elbow down on the back of the neck of his opponent. Scampering back up, he cocks the arm again, dropping a second elbow. He repeats the process, repeatedly getting up and dropping an elbow down a half dozen times before he rolls to a knee, gesturing for the cheers of the fans... and getting nothing but boos.]

GM: Pedro Perez was part of that brutal and heinous assault on the now-former National Champion, fans. That's why he's getting such a violent reaction from these fans here in Norfolk.

[Perez grabs Stoltz by the hair, hauling him to his feet, and smashing him with a headbutt between the eyes, sending Stoltz staggering back into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt on target there!

BW: I think that was a better headbutt than even Vasquez could use!

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Perez actually stumbles from the force of the headbutt as well, grabbing between his eyes as he moves towards the corner, throwing a knee into the midsection. Grabbing the top rope, he delivers knee after knee into the gut of Stoltz, forcing him down to a seated position against the turnbuckles. Still holding the ropes, he slams his knee repeatedly into the face of his opponent.]

BW: Hey, I think I've seen this before!

GM: I think we all have. This... this punk kid is using the moves of Juan Vasquez, Bucky!

BW: Oh, I don't know about all that.

[Grabbing the dazed Stoltz under the arm, Perez elevates him out of the corner, throwing him a few feet out with a hiptoss!]

GM: Look! Right there! The hiptoss!

BW: A lot of people use a hiptoss, Gordo.

[With Stoltz down on his back, Perez hits the ropes, rebounding off, and throwing himself into a senton!]

GM: That backsplash right there! Are you trying to tell me that he-

BW: It didn't look much like Tommy Stephens, Gordo.

GM: It lacked the execution of the former two-time National Champion but-

[Perez hauls Stoltz off the mat, listening to some shouted orders from Ben Waterson, replying with a nod as he hoists Stoltz up over his left shoulder, reaching back to cradle the head with his right arm. It takes him a couple of tries before he's finally able to lock in the hold.]

GM: He's got him up for the City of Angels but... well, this isn't Juan Vasquez' City of Angels, fans! He's having all sorts of trouble keeping Stoltz up there and-

[Instead of a running delivery of the move, Perez simply walks a couple of steps and then DROPS straight down, smashing the back of Vasquez' skull into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Perez quickly rolls into a cover, grabbing a leg.]

GM: One! Two! And three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee lifts Pedro Perez' arm in victory before Ben Waterson can arrive to yank the arm away from the official, raising the hand himself.]

GM: Pedro Perez is your winner, fans... although I can't say I'm too impressed by this young man's technique in there. Maybe he should spend some more time at the Combat Corner, Bucky!

BW: What are you saying about Shane Stoltz then 'cause he just got rocked by Pedro Perez!

GM: Perez fought a decent match but even you can't argue that his execution is on the level of-

BW: Of who? The former two-time National Champion? That's who you want to compare this rookie to?! Is that what-

GM: That's not what I-

[Suddenly, another voice breaks in.]

"So what ARE you saying, Myers?!"

[The camera cuts to ringside where we see Gordon Myers rising to his feet, Ben Waterson and Pedro Perez standing next to him. Waterson snatches a mic off the timekeeper's table.]

ATTSBW: Are you saying that Pedro Perez doesn't deserve a chance inside this ring, Myers? Are you saying he's not good enough to be here?

GM: I didn't say anything like that, Mr. Waterson. The young man went to the Combat Corner so I'm sure-

[Perez leans in.]

PP: You can be sure I learned absolutely NOTHING in the Combat Corner, Myers!

[The crowd jeers!]

PP: That halfwit Michaelson thought he was teaching me something. Hey, I was so brainwashed, I probably even thought I was learning something. But now I know that only at the hands of Mr. Waterson here did I truly learn something. Now, I'm an AWA competitor. Now, I'm ready to be an AWA superstar. And soon enough, I'll be ready to be an AWA champion!

GM: I see. Well, would you care to comment on your role in that brutal beating of-

PP: Juan Vasquez was a blight on the wrestling world. I couldn't see it last year when I... until Mr. Waterson showed me the truth. He showed me that it was Juan Vasquez' fault. Everything was Vasquez' fault! I nearly had my career ended because of Juan Vasquez and you expect me to feel remorse at the role I played in ending his?!

GM: I think you're sadly mistaken about-

PP: You know what I think YOU'RE sadly mistaken about, old man? I think you're sadly mistaken in believing that ANYONE gives a fig about what you think.

[Perez grins arrogantly, beaming proudly as Waterson pats him on the back.]

GM: Mr. Perez, your actions at Wrestlerock have not gone unnoticed. In fact, two weeks ago, we heard BC Da Mastah MC challenge YOU to a one-on-one match.

PP: Who?

GM: BC Da Mastah MC.

PP: Is this some kind of a joke? Are you making that up?

[Perez looks at Waterson.]

ATTSBW: No, they really did hire someone with that name.

PP: Wow. Okay. Well, you tell... uhh... that guy... that anytime he wants a shot at the future of this sport, I am not a hard man to find. Tell the Committee to call my agent... and make the contract count.

[With a smirk, Perez walks off with Waterson trailing behind, leaving Gordon Myers to shake his head.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The shot cuts to footage marked "TAPED EARLIER TODAY" and finds a darkened room. A voice comes from the shadows. It is unmistakably the voice of the "Prince of Darkness" Anton Layton.]

AL: Darkness, they say, has fallen on the AWA.

[A hint of a cackle emerges.]

AL: They say this like it's news. We hear it spoken from the heralds like they proclaim information that has suddenly arrived when it is known that the true Darkness has been here for quite some time now.

When I arrived here in the AWA, I brought forth the Darkness with me. Whether it was me... my angel of the Mist... my God of War... or those associated through my most unholy of alliances with Childes, I have constantly cast the AWA in shadow.

[Silence for a moment.]

AL: But now, with their hero vanquished, now they proclaim the Darkness has arrived and they credit it to men like Dufresne and Broussard... like Matsui and Waterson... pawns like Perez and Epstein...

[Another soft chuckle from the shadows.]

AL: They do not know. They do not understand. Even brilliant men like Matsui and Waterson do not have true comprehension of the forces with which they entangle themselves. These men are conniving. They are sadistic. They are cruel.

Some might even call them evil. But they are not Darkness.

[A hard "SLAAAP!" is heard, flesh on flesh.]

AL: And they do not know the Master's ways. The AWA is filled with plots and secrets. Assassins, Men With Money, even... so-called Dragons.

But only I can bring forth the wishes of the Master. Only I can bend my ear and hear his whisperings.

Listen... listen now...

[A long, awkward pause.]

AL: Do you hear it?

[Suddenly, the room is filled with a blinding light, Layton's face a mere inches from the camera lens, filling your screen.]

AL: OF COURSE YOU DON'T HEAR IT! THE MASTER NEED NOT SPEAK TO THE LIKES OF YOU! THE MASTER NEED NOT SPEAK TO THOSE UNWILLING TO HEAR HIS WORDS AND UNABLE TO ACT UPON THEM!

[The voice falls to a near whisper suddenly.]

AL: But there is one... yes, there is one...

[Layton pulls back a bit from the camera, stroking the beginning of a golden beard on his chin.]

AL: He may hear. He may understand.

[A grin.]

AL: He may act.

[Layton throws his head back, his eyes clenched tight.]

AL: He draws near, Master! Do you see him? Do you sense his presence? Is he the one?

[Layton's voice falls to near silence.]

AL: Is Childes right?

[The Prince of Darkness shakes his head, shoving over the camera as he walks out of the brightly-lit room, making his exit as we fade to black.]

[Fade to black.]

Cut to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

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

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black... and then back up to live action, panning over the interior of the building.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling and we're already having a heck of a night here in Norfolk, Virginia, Bucky.

BW: You know what's gonna cap this night off, Gordo? The Call Of The Wilde later tonight with that turncoat Sudakov!

GM: Turnco- are you kidding me?

BW: He betrayed his Uncle and his manager! What else would you call him?

GM: I'd call him a former National Champion and one of the toughest men in our sport... and if you don't want to eat a Russian Sickle, you should call him that too.

BW: I'll call him whatever I wanna call him, Gordo! And he'll like it!

GM: That remains to be seen. Now, coming up next, fans...



["Great Gate of Kiev" plays as the four men who comprise Royalty step their way out of the entrance.]

GM: I was expecting this after hearing Joe Petrow earlier today complaining to Jon Stegglet over his recent rulings.

BW: Why shouldn't he, Gordo? Stegglet gives Violence Unlimited another championship match? What a sham!

GM: They've only had one shot!

BW: And they lost that one shot. And they lost every other chance to prove they should get another tag team title shot.

[Joe Petrow leads the way to the ring, followed by the two Lords of Wrestling - the AWA National Tag Team Champions Rough N' Ready. Finally, bringing up the rear, is the crown-wearing Mark Langseth.]

GM: Only you and Royalty think that any of those matches were anything on the level.

BW: See! Disrespect! Plus Stegglet overlooked the King yet again in the recent rankings. Gordon Myers, did you know he's undefeated?!

GM: Really.

BW: YES!

[As all four men assemble into the ring, they're each handed microphones. Petrow bites his upper lip for a moment, appearing to be hard at work controlling himself and the words he is about to speak, though he is unable, or unwilling, to hide his heavy sarcasm.]

JP: Oh, this is real nice. Thanks so much AWA brass, for allowing Royalty this time to paraded out here as afterthoughts. You know, these "dark days", getting shut out of the mid-year wrestling awards, none of it had to be this way! If Juan Vasquez hadn't cowered away from the ONLY true King of wrestling, Royalty would have never allowed that slime Calisto Dufresne to steal the AWA National Championship!

[The crowd starts to murmur a bit, not liking Royalty, but not liking Dufresne either, so not really sure how to react...]

JP: And if these two gentlemen were allowed to put Violence Limited behind them after beating them time and time again, then maybe there would be other tag teams in the AWA that people cared about!

[OK, it's official, the fans still don't like Petrow!]

JP: But the fact remains that, while the AWA deserves to reap the harvest of their inept management, Royalty deserves none of this! And none of you deserve Royalty! Not even that fatso in the 17th row wearing our t-shirt;

hey pal, you don't get yourself into shape, you don't look and perform like a winner, then sure, we'll take your money, but you still don't deserve to be associated with us!

[So...Royalty is definitely still bad. Boo!]

JP: So if King Langseth doesn't get his title shot, then maybe that means you don't deserve to have him as your champion! And if Rough 'n Ready doesn't get challengers worthy of champions, then maybe that means you don't deserve to see them in the Stampede Cup! Hell, I just might get my overpriced lawyers to earn their keep, and get us all out of this whole organization alto-

[At this point, Dave Cooper pulls Petrow aside, catching the Royalty manager off guard a bit.]

DC: Hold on... calm down just a little bit.

JP: Calm down for \_what\_!? Staying calm and not taking action is what got us into this mess!

DC: What you have to understand, Joe, is this... while it may be true than the four of us have proven our superiority to Violence Unlimited and that those two aren't deserving of another shot at the titles... Eric and I have no intention of pulling out of the Stampede Cup! We've been denied the Cup the last two years and we are not going to let it happen again! So if the AWA insists that Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes will get another shot at our National Tag Team Titles, we'll play along with it.

[Before Joe can say anything, Dave holds up his hand.]

DC: Hold on... let me finish, Joe.

Now, as far as what the AWA has put forward... Jon Stegglet, I can promise you this will be the last time Violence Unlimited gets a shot at our tag team titles... because this time around, we are going to beat those two so badly, that Stegglet, you won't have any choice in the matter regarding another shot for Violence Unlimited, because they'll be sharing a hospital room with Juan Vasquez!

[Joe now has a big smile on his face, then he laughs.]

DC: The way I see it, there is no more dominant force in the AWA than Royalty! At Wrestlerock, everyone saw just how well the four of us function as a unit and how we established ourselves as the true elites in professional wrestling! Everyone talked about how dark the days have become after watching what Louis Matsui, Ben Waterson, Calisto Dufresne and the rest of their lost did to Juan Vasquez... but the way I see it, it took 20 men to do what it only takes the four of us to accomplish! Mark my words, Dufresne... you would NEVER see this man right here...

[With that, he motions to Mark Langseth.]

DC: ...ever have 20 men do his dirty work for him! This man right here went toe to toe with Alex Martinez, one of the toughest men on the planet... and yeah, I don't like Alex, but I'll give the man his due... and yet, this man right here, the undisputed King of Wrestling, went one on one with him and he came out on top! And you, Dufresne, know darn well that if you stepped in the ring with Martinez, it would take you all of two seconds before you tucked your tail, ran out of the ring and went off to go sipping margaritas on some desert island, just because you don't have the guts to stand up to someone when you're on your own!

[That remark actually draws a positive response from the crowd.]

DC: But don't you go mistaking that for any of us being sympathetic to Juan Vasquez... the man said he wanted to take on the world and he found out the hard way what happens when you do that! The way I see it, what happened to him at Wrestlerock is his own damn fault. If he was really smart, he would have kept his mouth shut instead of insisting he take on the whole world!

[So much for the positive response earlier, as the boos return.]

DC: And as for those who wonder what makes us so different... it's because we are the elite in professional wrestling... we say we are the best and we prove it in the ring. All it takes is the four of us, and those who dare to cross our paths are taken out of the way! We don't insist on taking on the whole world... the whole world tries to take us on because we are, beyond a shadow of a doubt, their betters and they only wish they could be as great as we are!

[He turns to Eric Matthew Somers.]

DC: Big man, you have anything to add to that?

[Eric just lowers his shades and smiles.]

EMS: I need not add anything... but I'm sure the King does.

[Langseth looks over at Eric and Dave, nodding to the Lords before bringing up the microphone.]

ML: You all are sheep.

[If there was any goodwill left in the crowd, that's all gone thanks to those words.]

ML: Sure, boo me! Sure, boo the Lords! Boo the architect of Royalty, Joe Petrow! Boo men who had NOTHING to do with that creep Dufresne's laughable championship match. Boo the men who wouldn't sully themselves to stoop to that slimebag Ben Waterson.

[Langseth looks around at the crowd, eyes wide.]

ML: Boo your ONLY white knights! You all want a solution to the AWA's darkness?

[The King of Wrestling looks back at Royalty.]

ML: Well, it's right here! Standing in this very ring! Trust in us - FOLLOW us, get in line and WORSHIP us and ALL your darkness will be gone!

[The crowd doesn't buy it, leaving Langseth scrambling.]

ML: Oh, you think Supernova can defeat Dufresne? He had to have an elderly man help him beat Layton's motley crew! Stevie Scott? The man who stabbed you in the back what... three? Four times now? Ready to cast your lots with him?

[Langseth shakes his head.]

ML: No, no... See, what you're looking at is the ONLY man who can take back the National Championship. The only RIGHTFUL man to take back the title! The only UNDEFEATED man on this roster! And certainly the only...

[Langseth flashes a completely insincere smile.]

ML: ... KING! YOUR KING! The man - the ONLY man - who can restore peace!

[The King turns to the other side of the arena.]

ML: Harmony!

[Langseth pounds his right hand into his left palm.]

ML: And RULE with an iron fist!

[The crowd's not buying it at all, booing the King more and more until he finally snaps.]

ML: You all know it's true! You know I should be the champ! I should be the Man! I AM THE MAN! I'm undefeated, damnit!

[Langseth drops his hand holding the microphone and tries to tell Petrow to tell the crowd that he's the man.]

ML: I'm your savior!

GM: I think Mark Langseth has officially lost it.

BW: You would "lose it" too if everyone didn't recognize your rightful place!

[The King calms himself down...]

ML: Okay... THE POINT is... Royalty can be the guiding light this place needs. All you have to do is hand over your trust. Your undying loyalty... And give the AWA over to us. Forget the Alliance. Forget the counter-alliance.

[Langseth takes a step back in line with Royalty.]

ML: And realize... that Royalty controls the AWA! We are the RIGHT option! We are the path to SALVATION! We are... ROYALTY!

[The music kicks back in, the crowd still jeering Langseth's unbalanced words as Joe Petrow stands back, applauding his men. Rough N Ready look... well, true to their name as they glare out over the jeering crowd.]

GM: I'm not sure I understand this at all, Bucky.

BW: What's to understand? The National Tag Team Champions are sick of defending their titles against Violence Unlimited and Mark Langseth wants his DESERVED shot at the National Title!

GM: But... did you hear those words directed towards Calisto Dufresne? Towards Ben Waterson? Towards the Unholy Alliance? Royalty seems to have put themselves on their own island in a churning sea, Bucky. They have no allies... and apparently they WANT no allies!

BW: Why do they need allies? They're the best in the world!

GM: I can't believe you actually think Mark Langseth deserves a title shot. How many matches has he had in the past couple years, Bucky? I bet you could count them on two hands!

BW: I bet you - and all these pea-brain idiots in the crowd - would need to! And if breaks ten, off come the socks!

GM: Rough N Ready can talk all they want about Violence Unlimited and the Stampede Cup but in just a month's time, they're gonna have to live up to those words. I'm just not sure they can do it. I think time is running out for the National Tag Team Champions!

BW: You know who else time is running out for, Gordo? That old man, Jim Watkins! I hear that if he can't get up on his feet soon, they're gonna send 'im to the glue factory, daddy!

GM: Would you stop? Fans, as you know, Jim Watkins competed in the Tower of Doom during Wrestlerock and he suffered a handful of injuries during that match. We're told that the AWA's medical team has ordered him to stay home until those injuries have healed up and at that point, he will also be cleared to return to his role on the Championship Committee. We're going to have another update on Jim Watkins next time on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, so make sure you tune in in two weeks for that. Now, we're about to head back to the ring for more action but before we go, let's go backstage to Jason Dane who is with one of the competitors in our next match. Jason?

[Crossfade to the locker room area to Jason Dane.]

JD: Jason Dane here with a man set for his first AWA match against Johnny Sone tonight, Manny Imbrogno.

[A young man with a mop-headed brown hair and beard/moustache steps into view, smiling wide to the camera. Imbrogno's dressed in his ring gear of white trunk, white knee pads, and white boots. He also wear a tweed jacket with a Kindle sticking out from the side pocket.]

MI: Hello! Hello, Jason Dane!

JD: Hello, Manny -

MI: Please, Jason! You can call me... Mr. Imbrogno! Or Mr. Mensa because I am a certified member. I have a superior intellect to anyone here in this wrestling organization.

JD: Well, I -

MI: Including you, Jason. Including you.

[Manny nods, still smiling.]

JD: Well, that remains to be seen, but I heard that you requested time to... recite a poem?

MI: Yes! Yes Jason, from time to time, I like to share my own wealth of knowledge and grasp of the English language with the fans. It's my own way of giving back some culture to these people so lacking in even the basics. So if you don't mind...

[Dane backs off as Imbrogno whips out his Kindle and starts to read aloud his ode...]

There once was a man, Who was all alone  
He had not ONE fan, His name was Johnny Sone!

He came to the ring this day, full of hope was he  
Until he saw who he was to face, "No! No! It couldn't be!"

He tried with all his might, wishing that it can't be so  
But could not bare the thought of a fight with the great Manny Imbrogno!

["Mr. Mensa" puffs out his chest with a toothy grin.]

Indeed it is I, the true jumper, high flyer, and wrestling knight  
I bring the gift of prose and intellect to go with my flight

But it's now time for my AWA debut, my introduction's complete  
So Johnny Sone, here now! Here now! It's time for your defeat!

[Imbrogno pulls back his Kindle and looks up at the camera... and then gives a bow to Jason Dane before leaving the scene.]

JD: Well, all I can say... is let's go to ring for the next match!

[Shot crossfades to the ring, where Phil Watson stands by, mic in hand, for the introductions.]

PW: This next contest is schedule for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring from Los Angeles and weighing in at 217 pounds...

JOHNNY SOOOOOONNNNE!

[Sone raises an arm to the crowd, who reciprocate with a smattering of applause. He's dressed in his normal ring gear of green and silver wrestling shorts with matching boots.]

GM: To say that it's been a rough 2011 for Johnny Sone would be quite an understatement.

BW: Yeah, after that fluke win over Preston when his brains were scrambled, it's been all downhill for the kid.

GM: In recent weeks, he tried his hand at tag teaming with Tin Can Rust, but that partnership apparently has been discontinued.

BW: Now that's low, Gordo - getting dumped by that fossil cause you can't keep up with Rust. That's bad!

PW: And his opponent...

[The "Olympic Fanfare and Theme" by John Williams sounds throughout the arena.]

PW: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at 245 pounds...

"MR. MENSA" MANNY IMBROGNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOO!

[The Norfolk crowd gives Imbrogno a decent pop as he walks to the ring, in the same ring gear and jacket from earlier. As he approaches the apron, "Mr. Mensa" casts aside his tweed jacket and flips over the top rope backfirst.]

GM: Manny Imbrogno making his AWA debut after having a successful run in Florida Championship Wrestling.

BW: Did you hear his piece earlier?

GM: Piece?

BW: His poem- the rhyming scheme was exceptional. He's quite the literary expert, daddy!

GM: Oh, that? It was... clever.

BW: Clever? That e.e. cummings-like! Poe-esque!

GM: What?

[The bell saves us from the rest of the conversation as Sone and Imbrogno circle each other in the center of the ring.]

GM: There's the bell! This match should be something, pitting two two aerial artists.

BW: Imbrogno's more accomplished, Gordo. More experience, success, and knows what to do in the ring. Sone's just lost out there.

[Imbrogno and Sone lock up, but the bigger veteran Imbrogno takes control and shoves Sone to the corner. Imbrogno takes control with a hammerlock that he turns into a arm drag takedown. Sone scurries up to his feet and backs away.]

GM: Imbrogno gets the better of that first exchange.

BW: Of course! He probably studied Johnny Sone so much that he knows Sone more than Sone knows Sone.

[The two lock up again in the ring, but this time Sone's able to take control as he sends Imbrogno into the ropes. On the rebound, Imbrogno goes for a clothesline, but Sone ducks that.

As Imbrogno rebounds from the opposite side, Sone's able to sweep his legs out for a low kick, but Imbrogno jumps over and runs into the opposite ropes again. Rebounding again, Imbrogno goes for a knee to the crouching Sone, but the third generation wrestler's able to shoot his other leg up to send Imbrogno down to the mat.]

GM: The action's almost too quick to call, Bucky!

BW: You're telling me!

[As Sone positions himself close, however, Imbrogno quickly kips up and surprises Sone with another arm drag. Imbrogno then pops right back up, leaps over to the near turnbuckle and springs off, crashing down with a front flip senton. Big crowd pop as the ref positions for the cover.]

GM: Early cover! One! Two! T- No! Imbrogno impressive thusfar with some quick moves and we can all see now why he calls himself "the high flyer".



BW: He's deceptive, Gordo - he's got a build bigger than your run of the mill high flyer, but he gets some pretty good air on his jumps. Package that with his overall ability and experience and you've got yourself a good wrestler!

[Imbrogno gets up, picking Sone up by the hair, hitting a couple of hard shots to the face before backing Sone into the ropes. Dazed, Sone can only just stand there as Imbrogno charges with a clothesline that sends the Los Angeles native up and over the ropes.]

GM: Sone crashes to the mat thanks to that clothesline by Manny Imbrogno!

BW: This match is all Mr. Mensa at this point, Gordo. I don't see Sone coming back against someone like Imbrogno - he's in a higher class than Sone.

GM: Right now, you may be right, Bucky. Sone seems out matched against Imbrogno tonight.

[Imbrogno flashes a smile and nods as the ref starts a count on Sone. The younger Sone, though, tries to get up to two feet on the outside. Seeing this, Imbrogno races towards the ropes and jumps through the top & middle, hitting Sone back first into the guardrail with a tope con hilo.]

GM: What a move by Manny Imbrogno!

BW: That may have taken both men out, though, Gordo! Imbrogno hit the mat hard, but Johnny Sone's head did crash right into the metal of that guardrail.

GM: Both men are down right now

[Camera shows nearby the action to the first row where a familiarish face. An old man, dressed in a dull blue polo, khakis, and a driver's cap, slaps the guardrail furiously to try to get Sone going.]

GM: Looks like Johnny Sone's uncle, Fudo Sone, was able to make it Norfolk for this match. He doesn't seem happy.

BW: Well, his nephew's stinking up the joint, so I'm sure the old man's ashamed he showed his face here tonight.

[As Sone staggers up, holding onto the guardrail, Fudo Sone leans over and tells something to his nephew. Just as the uncle sits back down, Imbrogno charges at Johnny Sone... but gets face planted to the floor via a drop toe hold!]

GM: Sone with a swift move there on Manny Imbrogno! And I have to wonder if that was Johnny Sone's instinct or if he just got some timely coaching there from his uncle!

BW: If he did, the ref should throw him out right now! That's not fair - that's fan interference!

[Johnny Sone drags the dazed Imbrogno up and rolls him into the ring. Before younger Sone follows, he goes back to his uncle who again whispers something into Johnny's ear while pointing at Imbrogno.]

GM: It's not conventional, but I don't think it's illegal either, Bucky. In any event, Sone's back in the ring after consulting once more with his uncle.

[Sone slingshots himself into the ring, hitting an elbowdrop to the small of Imbrogno's back. Sone then pulls Imbrogno back up only to deliver a swift kick to the thigh, followed by a kick to the same area on the back.]

GM: Sone taking control here with a more focused offense, now to the back of Manny Imbrogno.

BW: Cause he's take some illegal advice - that old man's not allowed to pass information!

[With Imbrogno clutching his back, Sone spins around and hits "Mr. Mensa" square in the temple with a heel kick that levels the Jacksonville native.]

GM: Imbrogno's down! Sone with the cover! One! Two! Thre- NO! Imbrogno gets the shoulder up just in time!

BW: Imbrogno's brain is too strong for some simpleton's kick, Gordo. He was probably just contemplating the origins of life or the development of man's moral code while on the mat there. No worries here!

GM: He was what?

BW: E equals MC something.

[Sone slaps the mat, a little frustrated he didn't get Imbrogno. The young man takes a moment to discuss the count with the ref.]

GM: Sone feels that the count may have been a tad slow.

BW: It's things like this, Gordo, that shows Sone's not ready for the big time. When's the last time you saw a ref reverse a count cause someone complained it was slow? Focus, young man!

[Sone finally goes over to the still down Imbrogno and drags him up by the arm. Sone applies a front facelock and holds his arm up to the audience, who gives a decent pop in reply.]

GM: Sone signaling for what looks like the Waru Quake fisherman suplex. If he hits this, it's all over, Bucky!

BW: Maybe, but... I don't think his old man's liking what Sone's doing.

[Indeed, Uncle Fudo's up on his feet, waving his arms wildly trying to get his nephew's attention and shouting for him not to go for the finisher yet...]

But it's too late as Sone attempts the Waru Quake... but Imbrogno can be seen flashing a grin before reversing the attempt into a small package!]

GM: Small package by Imbrogno! One! Two! Three! He's done it!

[The bell rings as Imbrogno springs to his feet, arms up in the air in triumph.]

PW: Your winner, via pinfall...

"MR. MENSA" MANNY IMBROGNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOO!

GM: Manny Imbrogno with a win his debut here as Johnny Sone once again has another rough outing here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: Another mistake, another time where he didn't read his opponent... This kid is barely even skidding by at this point, daddy!

[As Manny Imbrogno proudly marches out of the ring, tweed jacket and Kindle in hand, Johnny Sone gets up off the mat. He shakes his head for a moment and slumps his shoulders as he once again tastes defeat.

As he steps outside the ring, his uncle Fudo motions him over and starts to talk to the young man.]

GM: It's certainly an uphill climb from here on out for Johnny Sone and he will need to start performing better soon in order to stay here in the AWA.

BW: That's right, daddy. There's a heck of a lot of top-level talent knockin' on the door of this place every day and if Sone can't pick up his game, he'll be out on the street before you know it.

GM: Fans, back at Wrestlerock, there was a big Longhorn Heritage Title showdown between the challenger Robert Donovan and the champion Nenshou that had a... controversial ending. Let's take a quick look and then go to some footage from earlier today when we were interviewing Jon Stegglet, the Interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, when Robert Donovan interrupted. Roll it, guys.

[We fade to footage marked "WRESTLEROCK" where we find Nenshou down on a knee as Donovan twists his arm, drilling him in the chest with a punch.]

GM: HEART PUNCH!! HEART PUNCH!!

BW: And if I'm not mistaken, I think that was a BLACKHEART Punch, Gordo!

GM: Robert Donovan may be about to take us on a trip down Memory Lane!

[Nenshou crumples from the heart punch, rolling out to the apron to

avoid a pin attempt...]

"SIXTY SECONDS!!!"

GM: SIXTY SECONDS LEFT!! COME ON, ROB!!

BW: Are you kidding me, Gordo?! You're supposed to be impartial!

[Donovan reaches over the ropes, dragging Nenshou to his feet. He hooks a front facelock on him, dragging him over the ropes so that his feet are resting on the top rope. The big man pauses, nodding to the roaring fans who know exactly who this is a tribute to...

...and DRIVES Nenshou's skull into the canvas!]

GM: DDT!! MY STARS, WHAT A DDT!!

BW: IT'S THE MODIFIED DDT!! SHADES OF TEX VIOLENCE!!!

[Donovan flips Nenshou to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But just before the three count comes down, the referee leaps up, pointing at Nenshou's foot which is resting over the bottom rope...

...just a couple feet away from where Percy Childes is standing!]

GM: Did he-?!

BW: No way! He's handcuffed to-

[BOOM!]

GM: SWEET DADDY'S HAMMERING PERCY CHILDES!!

[The crowd roars as the fan favorite backs him against the steel ringpost, battering Childes with right hand after right hand after right hand!]

GM: I think that's our answer! Childes interfered and got that foot on the ropes and-

"THIRTY SECONDS!!!"

GM: Come on, Rob! Get it done!

[Donovan climbs to his feet, angrily looking out to the floor where

Williams has knocked Childes down to the floor but continues to hammer him over and over again. The seven footer reaches down, hauling Nenshou up to his feet, drilling him with a right hand, sending him spiraling away from Donovan...

...where he promptly SPEWS that green mist into the eyes of Sweet Daddy Williams!]

GM: OHHH! THE MIST ON WILLIAMS!!

[Donovan grabs Nenshou from behind, pulling him back into the middle of the ring. He drives a knee up into the midsection, hooking a gutwrench...]

GM: He's got the gutwrench hooked! He's going for the powerbomb again!

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!!!"

[The seven footer hoists Nenshou high into the air, turning him over...

...and DRIVING Nenshou down to the canvas below!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! DONOVAN PLANTS HIM!!!

[The big man staggers forward, dropping to a knee, and then throwing his heavy frame down into a lateral press...]

GM: He's got him down! ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But Donovan proves to be JUST too close to the ropes where Percy Childes reaches in, swinging for the fences with the urn in hand...

...and DRILLS Donovan in the cheek with it, knocking him off the downed Nenshou as the bell rings!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT BY CHILDES!!

BW: Childes saved the title! He saved the title, daddy!

GM: Or did he?! I think Donovan might have gotten the pin before the bell! He might have-

BW: No way, Gordo! You're delusional!

GM: The referee is out on the floor, conversing with the timekeeper and the ring announcer. What's it gonna be here? What's the decision?

BW: All I know is that Donovan is NOT the new champ.

GM: How do you know that?!

BW: He's not! He can't be!

GM: He hit the powerbomb! He had this match won and-

[The voice of Phil Watson interrupts.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has reached a decision. After consulting with the official timekeeper, referee Mickey Meekly has ruled that...

...the TIME LIMIT HAS EXPIRED!!!

[The crowd jeers!]

PW: This match is declared a DRAW! Still the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion is Nenshou!

[The crowd is booing wildly as we crossfade back to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY!"

We are in the back -- in mid-conversation, to boot. Robert Donovan, dressed in his ring gear, is standing not far from the interim head of the Championship Committee, grinning like a cat who got into the cream.]

RD: So, Jon, just a lil' in the way of confirmation...I get any match I want, anywhere and anytime I want? Is that right?

[Donovan turns and grins at the camera briefly, while Stegglet sighs.]

JS: Yes, Rob, that's the deal. You wanted the handcuffs off, so for... whenever it is this takes place, they're off. Your match, your rules, you name the time and the place.

[Donovan chuckles, rubbing his hands together.]

JS: That's maybe the most terrifying thing I've seen today, Rob.

RD: Oh, don't you worry, Steggy...I'm actually gon' do you a little favor, right here an' now. 'Cause I ain't Calisto Dufresne, I'm gonna tell you when an' where right now, in front of this camera, so you an' the rest o' the audience...and Nenshou....know when it's comin'.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow slightly.]

RD: Seems to me the boys bustin' their behinds to win that Stampede Cup could maybe use a break sometime... so at the Stampede Cup, that's when, an' I don't think I gotta tell you the where anymore.

JS: So, it'll be you facing Nenshou for the Longhorn Heritage title at the Stampede Cup. I appreciate knowing ahead of time when... but... uhh... what kind of match will it be?

[Donovan laughs.]

RD: Oh, Jon, you know me. This ain't my first rodeo an' it ain't yours either. You know the kinds of things I've done...

[Donovan reaches up, briefly touching his disfigured left ear.]

RD: An' the kinds o' things I've had done to me. Percy Childes has had his mouth open non-stop for months, runnin' me down, runnin' my history down. My match against Nenshou? Well, it's gonna be a nice lil' tribute to that Longhorn heritage...an' while I ain't quite sure what the match'll be yet, I can tell ya one thing it ain't gonna have.

JS: What's that?

RD: A damned time limit.

[Donovan abruptly stalks off after that, a nasty grin on his face. Stegglet stands, blinking, then looks at the camera.]

JS: What on earth did I just do?

[And with that, we fade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Robert Donovan is a man on a mission - and that mission is winning the Longhorn Heritage Title at the Stampede Cup, fans! And I've got a feeling that THAT big man will not be denied! And speaking of big men, coming up next we'll be seeing Hugh Jenner taking on a man who made an impressive debut a few weeks ago in the form of "Big Bad" Bruno Bradley

BW: Maybe he can add another cross to that left arm tonight after he moidahs Hugh Jenner, Gordo.

GM: Bradley didn't do himself any favors with the AWA fans with his poor sportsmanship last time out here, it'll be interesting to see how they react to him tonight.

BW: Eh... who needs 'em?

GM: Hugh Jenner is already in the rin-

[The opening guitar riff of Metallica's "Ride the Lightning" practically shoots out of the PA, having absolutely no qualms about interrupting Gordon.

A large bear of a man barrels through the curtains. He stops suddenly and juts his head back and forth at the audience.. a menacing glare that leers around the arena. His bald head is covered in an ornate spiderweb tattoo. His left arm has six crosses inked across it.. each with a name haunting it. His right.. a burning flame that runs up the arm. He's in a sleeveless spandex top that meshes into a pair of black spandex bottoms. The words on

the front bleeds off the black attire - "Big Bad" He turns.. jutting his thumbs over his back at the words across it - "Bruno Bradley."]

GM: This big man from Las Vegas is an impressive sight, Bucky. Six foot three, three hundred and forty pounds is what he claims to weigh in at... not too sure about that...

[Bradley climbs the steps, grinning a big ol' toothless grin as he juts a meaty index finger towards his waiting opponent. Jenner nods his head, motioning for his opponent to "bring it." Bradley obliges, stepping through the ropes wildly, swinging around...

...and getting caught with a right hand by Jenner as the bell rings and a graphic comes up that reads - "HUGH JENNER vs "Big Bad" BRUNO BRADLEY.]

GM: Hugh Jenner taking it right to Bruno Bradley! A right, a left, a right, a left.. he's just changing it up and firing on all cylinders here, Bucky!

BW: We'll see how long \_that\_ lasts, Gordo!

GM: Jenner hits the ropes.. big clothesline by Jenner!

[Bradley's arms wave backwards as the big man teeters, trying to keep himself from falling. Jenner hits the ropes again.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HAHA! BRADLEY JUST SPEARED HUGH JENNER OUT OF HIS SHOES!

GM: Bruno Bradley has lived up to his moniker thusfar in the AWA.. he is one big, bad man.

BW: You got that right, Gordo!

[The big man from Sin City yanks his victim off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging Jenner's arm over his neck before powering him straight up overhead into a suplex. He holds him high, leaving him upside down, letting the blood rush to his skull, showing off his power to the entire world. He lets the moment linger for a moment, the crowd awed by his strength...

...and brings him down hard in a bone-rattling suplex!]

BW: Nobody can ever say Bruno Bradley lacked in the power move department, Gordo! I'm becomin' a bit of a Bruno Bradley homer, a man after my own heart.

GM: Bruno Bradley, all three hundred and forty pounds of him, hits the ropes...

BW: Biiigggg body splash by Bruno B, daddy!



[Bradley stays atop Jenner as the ref dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd jeers as Bradley pushes up to his knees, yanking Jenner off the canvas by the hair. He smirks a gap-tooth smile, shaking his head at both the official and the booing crowd.]

GM: He pulled him up at two! He had the man beat right there, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, you're probably right about that.

[Bradley pushes off the mat, shoving Jenner back down as his gaze rises slowly, menacingly, and comes to rest on the top rope. He nods as he steps through the ropes to the apron, climbing to the top turnbuckle where he perches, turning side-to-side.. making sure the entire world sees what he's about to do. He turns back to Jenner and leaps.. tumbling forward.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BAD DAY! BRADLEY GOT ALL OF IT! THIS ONE IS OVER!

BW: Calm down, Gordo.. it was inevitable, daddy.

[The three count comes quickly as does the ringing of the bell as Bradley slowly raises his 340 pounds off the prone Jenner, having his beefy arm raised in triumph to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh my.. Bruno Bradley just wiped the floor with Huge Jenner. Three moves and this match was over. Hugh Jenner didn't even have time to see it coming!

BW: That's what happens when you're standin' on the tracks when the Bradley Train is chuggin' at ya!

GM: And what a dangerous train it is to stand in front of. This man continues to live up to his nickname. He's big. He's bad. And if he continues like this, he's going to be a serious force to be reckoned with here in the AWA. Fans, we're going to take another break but we'll be right back with more action here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[We fade to black and then we cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing with plastic army men. The little green army guys are spread out in attack formations, with all kinds of objects being used as cover/sniping positions/barricades/etc, but the kids don't seem real enthused.]

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 Calisto Dufrense?]

Kids: \*gasp\*

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

Kids: Juan Vasquez!

[And... did James Monosso just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with MAMMOTH Misuzawa in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Nenshou leaping down the staircase at Stevie Scott? And why are Rough & Ready beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Violence Unlimited 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 Supernova is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Sultan Azam Sharif with a flying clothesline, Eric Preston is hiptossing Johnny Casanova across your family room, and the Aces and First Family are brawling across your driveway. Joe Petrow takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Sweet Daddy Williams as he had Mark Langseth in a headlock, Percy Childes and Count Adrian Bathwaite are in a shouting match, Kolya Sudakov tries to Sickle Robert Donovan, who ducks... poor Kolya hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Anton Layton wanders by and double-stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

AL: Ehehehehehehehe!

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with new 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!

[Stevie Scott Irish-Whips Juan Vasquez into the family entertainment center! Then we see the kids playing with the Scott and Vasquez action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Nenshou tries to blow mist at Calisto Dufrense, but he pulls the kitchen door open to block! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

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

[Danny Morton and Eric Cooper double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov 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 Alex Martinez is doing a double-somersault chokeslam to Johnny Casanova. 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 Coliseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Sweet Daddy, Velikov, Preston, and MAMMOTH. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (plus one who is, but he's off TV right now so this keeps him in exposure!) 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!

[We fade from the commercial to Jason Dane who is standing in the ring due to a lack of an interview platform in this building.]

JD: Welcome back, fans... Ladies and gentlemen, I know the man I'm about to invite out here is not who you want to see, but he's requested this time to address the AWA and its fans and he has been granted this time. So, without further ado, please welcome, if you can...

[He is interrupted by the opening of Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" to an EXPLOSION of boos.

Making his way from the back is none other than the smirking, bespectacled Louis Matsui, dressed in a navy blue suit, lavender shirt and red tie. The

chorus of jeers is unrelenting, punctuated by a smattering of "Juan Vasquez" cheers. Matsui takes it in his stride as he approaches Jason Dane on the interview platform. The music fades, but not the crowd.]

"VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ!"

JD: Louis...

[HEEL POP!]

"VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ!"

JD: Louis Matsui...

[MORE JEERS, THEN...]

"VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ!"

[Jason Dane opens and closes his mouth uselessly. Matsui rolls his eyes and snatches the mic away from him as the crowd jeers him again for "abusing" an announcer.]

"VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ!"

LM: Vas-quez! Vas-quez! Vas-quez!

[The crowd boos Matsui for mocking them. He sneers at their reaction before raising the mic again.]

LM: Well, what's it going to be? Are we going to continue with this stupidity, or are you going to let me talk? Because you and I could shout our voices hoarse; he still ain't showing!

[Another round of boos. Matsui waits for it to settle... Somewhat.]

LM: It seems like the word on everyone's lips is... Justice... Payback... Retribution... Whether it's all you peons...

[MASSIVE HEEL POP!]

LM: Or the boys in the back... You would have us pay for what we did to that HYPOCRITE...

"VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ! VAS-QUEZ!"

LM: That's right! For what we did to that FRAUD at Wrestlerock! You would have every single one of us, from Pedro Perez...

[Heel pop!]

LM: To the Television champion...

[HEEL POP! Some "Donovan" chants are heard.]

LM: To Marcus Broussard...

[MASSIVE HEEL POP!]

LM: To the National CHAMPION...

[The jeers are through the roof!]

LM: Calisto Dufresne! And, of course, the man who masterminded it all, yours truly!

[Apparently someone in the crowd got the idea to start a "Make 'em pay!" chant that spreads quickly through the arena.]

LM: Yeah, yeah, make us pay. My question is, HOW are you planning on making me, Louis Matsui, pay for what I did? Sure MC Blabber Blubber might have called out Pedro Perez. Sure, Bobby Donovan's gonna get one more chance at Nenshou. Sure, Stevie Scott tried to take a cheapshot at Dufresne. But what do I care what any of those guys do? What do I care what any of the so-called forces of good do? The Lynches? The Rockstars? The Antons? What do any of them mean to me?

"MAKE 'EM PAY! MAKE 'EM PAY! MAKE 'EM PAY!"

LM: Sure, Supernova has got no problem pushing an old man like Count Adrian Bathwaite around, but, hey, I'm standing right here, with nobody watching my back; he can come out here and bash me upside the head if he wants! But is that going to make things better? Is that going to bring Juan Vasquez back? Is that going to take the National title away from its rightful owner?

[HEEL POP!]

LM: No! All it does is show how corrupt your so-called heroes are! You see, when Vasquez defeated MAMMOTH, he left me with close to nothing. And today? Today I don't have that much more... No client... No gold... Just the satisfaction of knowing I did what even the giant was not able to do... Put Juan Vasquez down and tear that title away from his cold hands!

[MASSIVE HEEL POP!]

JD: But, Louis, without talent to manage, why are you still here in the AWA?

LM: Would you rather have me gone, Jay-Dee? Do you think Vasquez, IF he ever finds the heart to pick himself back up... Do you think he'd want to come back to an AWA without Louis Matsui? The man who engineered his title loss AND his destruction in a matter of MINUTES! Fact is, my brain's not just good for leading virtual unknowns to glory! My brain's not just good for masterminding the downfall of such false idols and pretenders as Tumaffi and Juan Vasquez! And my TALENT goes BEYOND the talent I manage!

That's what makes me valuable to the front office. That's what makes Louis Matsui valuable to the suits at AWA HQ. That's what makes me as valuable of an employee of this company as a Jon Stegglet, or a Jim Watkins. And that is the reason why you ain't getting rid of me that easily, Jay-Dee...

[HEEL POP! Chants of "Go away! Go away!" start up among the fans.]

LM: Oh, no, I ain't goin' nowhere. Client or no client, I've got a contract, a non-competitor's contract, and it's the very thing allowing me to come out here week in, week out and doing what I do best, reminding all you lazy bottom-feeders what it looks like being at the top. It's also the very thing preventing the mob, with their torches and pitchforks, from touching me! And because I'm THAT GOOD at doing what I do, it's pretty much ironclad. You want to make me pay? Nah-uh. When Louis Matsui does business, he makes sure he's the one who GETS PAID!

[With that, he hands the mic to Jason Dane, turns to the crowd and makes the money gesture, rubbing his thumbs against his middle and index fingers, before making his way to the back to the sound of Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity."]

JD: Louis Matsui making it very clear that he's not going anywhere, fans. Not at all. He's here in the AWA and apparently that's the way it's going to stay! Let's go down to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Eric Preston is already standing, tugging at the top rope to loosen up.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. Now, we know that Eric Preston really didn't have any intention of competing here tonight but apparently Todd Michaelson was concerned that Preston didn't have enough experience fighting a monster so he is going to deliver one onto him here tonight in Norfolk.

BW: With friends like Michaelson, who needs enemies? I'm sure he thinks he's doing Preston a favor by sic'ng some beast on him and making him go to the Extreme to beat him but how much damage is gonna be done to Preston before his Final Showdown with James Monosso, Gordo?

GM: We're about to find out. Preston's ready for his opponent but just who is it gonna be?

[The announcers fall out for a moment, waiting to see along with the rest of the crowd... not to mention Eric Preston.]

Suddenly, arumbling fills the air... quickly followed by the booming opening notes of Brujeria's "Ritmos Satanicos."

The man known only as Kraken steps through the curtain, raising his arms in the air, roaring guturally at nobody in particular.]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: Oh, gee... thanks, Todd! You're a real peach! Love, Eric!

GM: This monster has been seen in the AWA before, Bucky, but it has been quite some time since we've seen the mammoth beast known as the mighty Kraken!

[The music picks up it's pace ever so slightly, the bass still rumbling, but Kraken moves no faster, eyes focused on the ring and the ring only where Eric Preston has started to pace, looking a little anxious...]

BW: Seriously, Gordo... what kind of friend and mentor would do this to someone else?!

GM: One who thinks his student needs a little more experience before the biggest match of his life!

BW: Yeah, but-

[The crowd roars as Eric Preston seizes the moment where Kraken has grabbed the middle rope, about to pull himself up onto the apron, rushing across the ring, leaping up...

...and DRIVING both feet squarely into the mush of the big man, knocking him backwards and down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Baseball slide connects - there's the bell and- PRESTON!!

[The crowd EXPLODES as the former Combat Corner student grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself over the ropes...

...and WIPING OUT Kraken with a pescado!]

GM: OHHHH, WHAT A DIVE!!

BW: Down in Mexico, they call it a pescado, Gordo!

GM: A what?! Isn't that a fish?!

[Quit marveling that Gordon actually knew a little Spanish and take a look at Eric Preston delivering boot after boot to the ribs of the downed 307 pound Kraken.]

GM: Preston's showing some fire out there tonight, really taking the fight to the man from Cripple Creek, Colorado...

BW: Now, how the heck do you know the man's hometown on the spur of the moment but can't be bothered to learn the names of the moves?!

[Reaching down, Preston hauls Kraken off the mat by the eyeholes of his mask, drilling him with a haymaker as he reaches his feet. Inside the ring, the referee's count hits five as Preston grabs the big man by the arm, wheeling around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PRESTON SENDS 'IM INTO THE STEEL!!

[The loud "CLANG!" still echoes through the building as Preston delivers a pair of kicks to the ribs before hauling Kraken off the steel, rolling him under the ropes into the ring for the first time. Preston quickly climbs up on the apron, looking at the corner buckles... and then waves it off, stepping through the ropes instead.]

BW: Hey, take a look at that. The kid may be learning something.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: During that losing streak, it seemed like every time he went to the top, it ended up backfiring. His gut told him to take it to the air right there but he changed his mind and is really laying in those kicks to the ribs on the big man right now, daddy.

[Preston drags Kraken off the mat by the arm, again wheeling him around to fire him into the corner.]

GM: Good grief! The ring shook off that one!

[Preston charges across with a head of steam, turning and leaping at the last second to SLAM his elbow back into the jaw of the big man!]

GM: Ohhh, what a shot!

BW: Kraken better count his teeth - what's left of 'em - after that!

[Hooking a side headlock, the young man swings an arm around.]

GM: He's calling for the Riley Roundup! A tribute to his old friend Vernon Riley that the Unholy Alliance took out of wrestling. Riley hasn't been heard from since, Bucky.

BW: Riley's sitting on a beach in Florida somewhere enjoying his golden years, I'd bet.

[Preston charges out of the corner, looking to bulldog Kraken's masked face into the mat...

...but the big man pulls up, straightening up and HURLING Preston several feet across the ring and down to the mat!]

GM: Counter! Kraken countered the bulldog and...



[As soon as Preston scampers back to his feet, he gets drilled with a running tackle that snaps him back to the buckles, his head and neck visibly whiplashing upon hitting the corner!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: It's like getting rear-ended on the freeway, daddy.

GM: Look out now...

[With Preston dazed, Kraken squares up, grabbing the top rope with his left hand, and delivers a trio of hard standing clotheslines to the upper body with his right arm, leaving Preston clinging to the top rope, trying desperately to stay on his feet...]

GM: Eric Preston's on Dream Street right now in Norfolk, fans! This surprise opponent - a gift from Todd Michaelson - might be too much for Preston to deal with.

[Kraken backs off, heading all the way across the ring where he slaps himself across the chest a few times, letting loose a frightening roar before tearing across the ring...]

GM: AAAAAA VAAAAA LAAAAA ANCH-

[But at the last possible moment, Preston somehow kicks his legs up, slipping his entire torso through the ropes to the safety of the apron as Kraken SLAMS chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! Preston with a perfectly-timed counter to save his skin right there and-

[Grabbing the back of the mask, Preston SLAMS Kraken's face into the top turnbuckle, further dizzying the big man...]

GM: Preston grabs him again, right hand... right hand... right hand...

[But suddenly, Kraken spins away from a right hand, going all the way around...]

...and DRILLING Preston in the temple with a spinning backfist, a blow that lands with enough force that Preston goes sailing off the apron, crashing down on the thinly-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: He caught him with that backhand!

BW: Kraken calls it the Uraken and he just delivered it with devastating force, Gordo. Preston may be out - he may be done for right there.

GM: The referee's starting a count on him and- what the?

[Kraken shoves the official aside, stepping out to the apron where he drops down to the floor, moving towards the sprawled-out Preston.]

GM: Kraken apparently isn't looking for the countout here, fans.

BW: If Michaelson told him to get this kid ready for Monosso, he can't take the countout. He's gotta be out to put the kid in the hospital because you know damn well that Monosso will be!

[Out on the floor, Kraken drags Preston off the mat by the back of the trunks...

...and suddenly, an explosion of jeers sounds out from the Norfolk crowd.]

GM: What the...?

[The camera shot cuts to the top of the aisle, revealing the "Prince Of Darkness" Anton Layton.]

GM: Layton?! What the heck is Anton Layton doing out here?

BW: We heard from Layton earlier tonight. What was it that he said, Gordo?

GM: He said... he said there was a new servant of the Master drawing near! Was he talking about...?

BW: It's Kraken! It's gotta be Kraken! My god, can you imagine the Unholy Alliance with Kraken added to the mix?! Layton, Polemos, Monosso, Nenshou, Zaire, and KRAKEN?! They'd be unstoppable!

[Kraken nods at the approaching Layton, hoisting Preston up under his right arm, holding him there...

...and DROPS him down in a sideslam on the padded floor!]

GM: OHHH! Sideslam on the floor!

BW: And that'll knock the wind out of your sails, Gordo. I bet Layton was impressed by that.

[The slowly approaching Layton nods his head, staring down the aisle where Kraken delivers a pair of boots to the ribs before leaning down, pulling Preston back to his feet.]

GM: Both men back on their feet now - and we've gotta keep an eye on the official here. He's taking his time with this count but he's up to six now.

[Referee Mickey Meekly holds up six fingers as he continues to count the competitors out of the ring.]

GM: Kraken scoops him up, holding him across the chest...

[The big man turns around, facing the ringpost...]

GM: Oh no!

[The 307 pounder charges forward, looking to put Preston into the steel...

...but Anton Layton steps in front of the ringpost before he can do so.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Layton blocked him! Kraken was gonna put Preston into the post but Layton blocked him!

[A shocked Kraken lets Preston go, dumping him down to the floor, and pointing a finger at Layton who throws his head back, cackling gleefully.]

GM: Layton had better watch out here. Kraken's coming for him.

BW: I don't think he cares, Gordo.

[Kraken inches closer and closer, a meaty arm pointed in Layton's direction...

...when suddenly, Eric Preston's feet catch him squarely in the middle of the back, SMASHING him into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!!

[Preston grabs the masked man, tossing him under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron. He steps through the ropes...

...and delivers a HARD running boot to the ribs!]

GM: Good grief! What a kick that was!

BW: If the U.S. Women's Soccer Team kicked like that, they might have won the World Cup!

[Preston dives atop Kraken, hooking a leg.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- just a two count there!

[An angry Preston straddles Kraken, grabbing the masked man by the back of the head and delivering blow after blow to the skull as Anton Layton shouts his approval from the floor.]

GM: What in the world has gotten into Anton Layton out here with Eric Preston?!

BW: I have no idea.

[Switching his grip, Preston grabs the head with both hands, repeatedly SMASHING the back of Kraken's skull into the canvas, the referee shouting for a break...

...and eventually dragging Preston off of Kraken, screaming a warning at him.]

GM: Preston almost got himself disqualified right there!

BW: That's where he needs to be, Gordo. That's the level - the mentality - that he needs to be at if he wants to win the Final Showdown with James Monosso in a month's time. He's gotta be ready. He's gotta be fired up. He's gotta be willing to do ANYTHING to win!

[Preston pushes past the official, delivering a boot to the face of the kneeling Kraken. Kraken shakes it off though, climbing back up to his feet where Preston throws a right hand... and a second... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth...

...and then gets caught with a boot in the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Kraken fires back!

[Stepping forward, Kraken pulls Preston into a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb!

[The powerhouse hoists Preston up into the air...

...but at the peak of the lift, Preston fires back, throwing right hand after right hand to the skull. With Kraken momentarily dazed, Preston shoves off, backflipping out of the powerbomb grip and down to the canvas where he promptly does a full spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CREEEEEEEEAMS Kraken with a rolling elbow!]

GM: SHADES OF TODD MICHAELSON!! KRAKEN IS DOWN!!!

[Seizing the moment, Preston promptly steps out to the apron, starting to climb the buckles...]

BW: Ahhh, this kid won't ever learn, Gordo.

GM: Eric Preston's heading to the high risk district! He's going for the kill here!

BW: If he wants the kill, take my chair, kid! Waffle 'im and call it a night! Don't do this flippy flyin' stuff!

[Preston gets to the top rope, arms held high as he measures his man, waiting for him to get to a knee...

...and LEAPS!]

GM: CROSSBOD-

[But the powerhouse snatches him out of the sky, pivoting, and DRIVING Preston into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! THAT'LL DO IT!!

[But before the referee can dive down to make a count, Anton Layton steps up on the apron, shouting at the official...]

GM: Wait a second! Layton's distracting the ref! He's got the referee distracted and-

[Kraken pushes off of Preston, stomping over towards the ropes where Layton and Mickey Meekly are arguing...]

GM: Preston's trying to get back up... he's still shaken from that powerslam. And I'm not sure, Bucky, but I think Anton Layton may have just saved Preston from defeat in this!

BW: He did, Gordo! He did! Preston went off the top like we all know he shouldn't do and he paid for it again! Kraken had the man beaten right there in the middle of the ring and Anton Layton - for some reason - just saved his worthless skin!

GM: But why? Why?!

BW: Ain't it obvious, Gordo? Preston is the man that Layton was talking about!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Eric Preston is NOT the Master's latest servant! He CAN'T be! I refuse to believe it!

BW: Believe it or not, it's obvious that Layton thinks it's true!

[Layton finally drops off the apron as Preston gets to his knees. An angry Kraken turns around, moving back in on Preston...

...who suddenly springs up, hooking Kraken around the head as he tucks the top of his head under Kraken's chin, dropping down to both knees!]

GM: JAWBREAKER!! HE CAUGHT HIM!!

[Popping back up, Preston delivers a boot to the gut of the stunned Kraken, doubling him up. He slaps his knee twice as he steps away, charging back in, and BLASTING Kraken with a kneelift!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A KNEELIFT!! HE KNOCKED HIM OUT, BUCKY!!

[Preston dives on top of Kraken, reaching back to hook both legs tightly as the referee makes the three count.]

GM: Eric Preston has beaten the mighty Kraken!

BW: That's huge, Gordo. That's a big win for the kid as he looks into the eyes of the sadistic James Monosso in about a month's time at the Stampede Cup in that Towel Match. But remember, all he did here tonight was pin Kraken. He didn't make him quit... and he didn't do anything that would make someone throw in a towel. Win or no win, I don't think Preston's ready for Monosso yet.

GM: But perhaps the bigger story unfolding here is what in the world is going on with Eric Preston and Anton Layton?

[Grinning at what he sees in the ring, Layton slowly backs away from the ring. A puzzled Preston speaks to the referee, pointing at Layton a few times as the official explains what happened.]

GM: I'm not even sure if Preston realized what Layton was doing out here. It looks like Mickey Meekly is having to explain it to him right now. Eric Preston wants NO part of Anton Layton - I promise you that.

BW: Even if Layton can deliver victory in the Final Showdown?

GM: No part of him, Bucky. Eric Preston's a better man than that.

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: Fans, it's a wild night of action here in Norfolk but this is nothing compared to what it'll be like in Atlanta on Labor Day weekend for the Stampede Cup. Twenty-four teams come to Atlanta, all looking to become the team to walk out with that Cup, with the right to call themselves the greatest tag team walking, and one million dollars! Twenty-four teams including these guys - the Egyptian Tag Team Champions, the Pharaohs! Let's take a look!

[Fade into a white backdrop. The AWA logo is splashed across the backdrop in a red, white, and blue color scheme. In front of the backdrop stand three men. The man on the right is wearing a black, full-wrestling bodysuit. Flesh colored muscles have been airbrushed across the bodysuit in the appropriate places. His face is covered in a mask with mesh covering the eye holes, nose, and mouth. The mask has been airbrushed to resemble the art seen on the sarcophagous of Egyptian Pharaohs. The man on the left has the same wrestling attire. Both men have their arms crossed over their chests.

In front of them stands a caucasian man in his mid-forties. He's wearing a charcoal three-piece suit, white button-down shirt, and red power tie. His hair is gray with some patches of brown still left in it.]

MAN: Call me Jeremiah King, handler to the Egyptian Heavyweight Tag Team Champions, the Pharaohs.

[He looks over his right shoulder to the man standing behind him. He looks back at the camera, a warm smile crossing his face.]

KING: On Labor Day Weekend, the sport of professional wrestling will turn its world-wide attention to the AWA's Stampede Cup. A two-night event that will see the best tag teams in professional wrestling compete for a chance at a cash prize and the title "greatest tag team in the world".

[King's smile broadens into a grin.]

KING: And what better place for this to happen than THE major league in professional wrestling, the AWA? And what a list of talent that's gathering to participate in this slappendous event.

[The grin works its way into a smirk. After a second, the smirk disappears.]

KING: The AWA National Tag Team Champions, Rough N Ready will be participating in this tournament. You also have the number one contenders, Violence Unlimited. We've got former PVW Tag Team Champions, the Wild Cards. We've got current PCW Tag Team Champions, Sweet Sensation. We've even got a legendary team, Dynasty, making a return for this special event.

[King shakes with anticipation.]

KING: We've also got teams from Asia, the Carribean. Then the teams who are hungry and want to prove to the world they're the next big thing in tag team wrestling. That's where Ramseyes and Darius come into play. They've defended their tag team championship all over the Middle East and India for the past six months. They've been waiting for this opportunity.

[King nods his head to affirm his last statement.]

KING: Six months the Pharaohs have been waiting to get a chance to showcase their stuff in the United States. The Stampede Cup is just the place to prove they're not only the best in the Middle East, but the best in the world. We'll see everyone Labor Day Weekend.

[And with that, we fade back to the ring where a graphic comes up that reads "SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS vs COLT STEEL" in blue text with an AWA logo strategically placed at the top.]

GM: And we're back in the ring for the veteran, Sweet Daddy Williams, in action!

[The bell rings as Williams tangles up with Colt Steel, the two men jockeying for an advantage. Williams quickly sidesteps, taking Steel over in a hiptoss to the cheers of the fans. Williams puts a hand on the back of his head, shaking his thang from side to side to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Haha! Sweet Daddy Williams sure knows how to get a crowd going, Bucky.

BW: He knows how to get me going too... to the closest bathroom so I can lose my lunch.

[An angry Steel kicks the ropes before stomping across the ring, shoving Williams with both hands in the chest...

...and gets knocked flat with a haymaker in response!]

GM: The Sweet Daddy isn't messing around tonight, Bucky.

BW: As opposed to when he's usually screwing around and acting a fool?

GM: You want to say that to his face?

BW: I'm needed here.

[Williams has his fists at the ready when Steel gets back to his feet, ready to throw if Colt Steel comes in hard. But an angry Steel stomps away again, slapping his hands into the top turnbuckle. He points at Williams, shouting something at the official. The referee quickly warns Williams against using the closed fist to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: That's right. Do your job in there, Meekly.

GM: He seems to be doing exactly that to me, Bucky.

BW: Well, now he is!

[Steel walks to the center, tying up with his opponent again...

...and promptly digging his fingers into the eyes, temporarily blinding him.]

GM: Steel to the eyes there... ohh, big right hand! And another! And NOW who is using the closed fists, Bucky!

BW: He's just paying back the fat man!

[Steel grabs an arm, firing Williams across the ring, rushing in behind him with a clothesline...

...and gets a back elbow under the chin instead!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by the man from Hotlanta, Georgia!

[Swinging Steel around in the corner, Williams hooks a side headlock, charging out of the buckles...



...and DRIVING Steel facefirst into the canvas before applying a press for the quick three count.]

GM: Oh yeah! The Riley Roundup of Sweet Daddy Williams claims another win here in Norfolk, Bucky!

BW: What a joke. Colt Steel should retire 'cause there's no living this one down, Gordo.

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams will be joining us here at ringside in just a moment...

[The shot cuts to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky stand up to greet the victorious fan favorite, the crowd still cheering for his victory as he shakes Gordon's hand and ignores Bucky.]

GM: Another victory for you here tonight, Sweet Daddy.

SDW: Well, Gordon Myers, the Sweet Daddy is always glad to notch another win on my ever-growin' belt, baby.

[The crowd cheers as Williams grins. He waves an arm to settle them down.]

SDW: But I think we all know that nothin' is right around here no more, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean?

SDW: The air seems thicker... heavier... dirtier. The water don't taste right. Even the food makes ya a little sick to your gut, ya know? Ain't nothin' been right for Sweet Daddy since the 4th of July.

GM: You're referring to Wrestlerock and what happened to Juan Vasquez.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: That's exactly right, baby. Juan Vasquez is a good friend of mine. He's made mistakes in his life though... but who hasn't? We all make mistakes. He's done stuff here... done stuff in other places... that maybe he ain't exactly proud of. But who hasn't?

I'm tellin' ya right here and now the man has done NOTHING to deserve what happened to him at Wrestlerock. NOTHING!

[Big cheer!]

SDW: So, Dufresne, Matsui, Waterson, Broussard, Perez... all the rest. You come out here and you keep doin' what you're doin'. You run the man down. You drag his name through the mud. 'Cause like the Outlaw said earlier, Juan Vasquez WILL be back. I promise you that. And when he comes back, he'll rain down vengeance on every one who wronged him that night.

And if he needs some help in that, he ain't need to look no further than right here, Gordon.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Alright, Sweet Daddy - the Stampede Cup is just about a month away and you find yourself on the outside looking in.

SDW: The Stampede Cup is comin' to Hotlanta, Georgia, baby - my hometown! And ain't no one asked the Sweet Daddy to stand by their side and try and win a million dollars.

[He wipes a fake tear from his eyes.]

SDW: It hurts, baby. It stings a bit. But that's okay 'cause I got my eye on somethin' that weekend. I got my eye on SOMEONE.

Tin Can Rust...

[Big cheer!]

SDW: I know you're out there watchin' somewhere, baby. And I know you've entered the Cup without a partner. You've been reachin', you've been scratchin', you've been crawlin' - tryin' to find someone who can stand in there and replace your brother in that team with ya.

[He shakes his head.]

SDW: That ain't me, my friend. That ain't none of us. No one can replace City Jack in Kentucky's Pride.

But if you're willin', Rust... I'd sure as heck like to try!

[Williams grins, clapping Gordon on the shoulder before striding off as the sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" are heard coming over the PA system.]

GM: You heard the man - he wants to team with Tin Can Rust at the Cup! It sounds like a match made in heaven to me, fans. Don't go away 'cause we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[And with the crowd cheering their hearts out, we fade to black.]

And then back up on an animated Jason Dane... no, he's not just moving a lot. He's LITERALLY animated - like Porky Pig style.]

JD: They say I'm the man with all the answers.

[A cut to a different angle of animated Dane.]

JD: They say I'm the man who gets all the scoops.

[Another cut. Another angle.]

JD: They say I'm- is all this really necessary? It's not like I'm Geraldo, guys.

[A voice off camera shouts "CUT!" and animated Jason Dane walks off a green screen set through a crowded studio.]

JD: I'm not the "most feared man in America," fans. What I am is a pretty good reporter who has an eye for the stories you're gonna want to know about. That's why AWA Access has been one of the most downloaded apps ever and that's why the AWA gave me permission to start my own website!

I'll be bringing you the hot news, the big stories, and the stuff not fit to air.

[Animated Dane strokes his animated chin.]

JD: Maybe I AM the most feared man in America!

[A "BZZZ!" sound of electricity is heard as animated Jason Dane fades away and a title graphic appears.]

"JASON DANE - COMING TO A BROWSER NEAR YOU!"

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to live action with Jason Dane standing at the top of the aisle with one-half of Violence Unlimited, Danny Morton. The barrel-chested Oklahoman is dressed in his usual boxer's robe, the hood pulled down to reveal his bearded visage. Morton has his arms crossed over his chest and a stern look on his face as Jason Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Danny Morton, you and Jackson Haynes suffered a setback in your ongoing pursuit of the AWA National tag team titles at Wrestlerock, when Royalty once again stole a win over you with the use of Joe Petrow's cellphone. However, tonight you're in for another fierce fight when you go up against Raphael Rhodes. Your thoughts?

DM: There's a whole lot that can be said about that gutless stunt Royalty pulled at Wrestlerock, Dane...

[Suddenly, a grin forms on Morton's face.]

DM: ...but I'm just too excited right now! I'm getting all jittery! I finally get the one fight that I've wanted since I've come to the AWA...a match with Raphael Rhodes!

[A big cheer from the crowd, who also anticipate one heck of a battle between the two.]

DM: I've seen and heard a whole lot about Rhodes' rampage through the South. He broke some kid's jaw. He snapped another kid's ankle. He took his forearm and pulverized Jakubowski's nose into dust!

[Danny slaps his hand against his forearm, making a loud "SMACK!"]

DM: He's been making a bunch of people feel kinda' nervous when he comes out now. No one knows when he's gonna' snap. He's a heartbeat away from ending a career! A ticking timebomb ready to go off at any moment! If you're not careful, he'll cripple you before you can even blink!

[Morton rubs his hands together and laughs.]

DM: Good.

[Jason Dane has a confused look on his face.]

JD: "Good?" How can that possibly be a "good" thing?

DM: Because it tells me that this boy is ready to give me a fight!

[Morton turns his attention to the camera.]

DM: Listen up, Rhodes! You might got a whole lot of the boys in the back shaking in their boots, but I ain't one of them! I've \_wrestled\_ with a broken arm! I've \_wrestled\_ with a broken nose! I've fought with my head split wide open right down the middle with a hundred stitches and a hope and a PRAYER!...holding it together!

So you know a broken arm won't stop me! A broken ankle won't keep me down! I'm gonna' keep comin' and comin' and comin' right after you! I'm gonna' fight you 'til you got no choice but to say "I QUIT! REF, I QUIT! I QUIT, BECAUSE DANNY MORTON IS WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE TOUGHEST MAN I HAVE EVER SEEN AND I JUST CANNOT WIN!!!"

[The crowd has apparently become as fired up as Morton himself, as a small chant of "Danny!" can be heard. Morton acknowledges the cheers, nodding his head up and down before turning his attention back to the camera.]

DM: They tell me, that you've been busting bones and breaking bodies because you want to get your career back on track. Well, sorry to break it to ya' kid...but you're about to get sent off the rails by THIS locomotive!

[Pop!]

DM: You're supposed to be the toughest fight in the AWA, but I guarantee that by the end of the night, that title will belong...to Danny Morton!

[A pumped up Morton beats his chest and screams out "YEAAAH!!!" before walking off camera to the cheers of the crowd.]

JD: Now THAT'S a man ready for a fight. I can't wait for that one. But right now, let's go backstage where my good friend, Mark Stegglet, is standing by with the man who will challenge for the Longhorn Heritage Title in mere moments - "Big Chief" Yuma Weaver! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet does indeed stand by with Weaver who is dressed to compete. He does not look happy.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. Yuma, this is the biggest match of your career in just moments and... well, you do not look pleased.

YW: Don't get me wrong, Mark. I'm real happy to be getting a shot at the Longhorn Heritage Title. And I'm real happy to be getting a shot at Nenshou and Percy Childes.

But under the circumstances, no... I'm not pleased.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: Circumstances?

YW: Mark Stegglet, I'm sure Wrestlerock was a busy day for you, wasn't it?

MS: Yes.

YW: And I can't expect you to remember every little thing that happened there. But while everyone walked out of Wrestlerock talking about Calisto Dufresne and Juan Vasquez and the Tower of Doom and whatever else, there was only one man on my mind - Percy Childes.

[Stegglet's confusion is not eased.]

YW: See, Mark... I wasn't at Wrestlerock. I would have loved to have been there - sitting in the back, watching with the rest of the guys in the locker room. It would have been a great experience for me but I had family issues to attend to so I was back home with my friends and family watching the show.

I felt like a big star. It was my first time home since signing with the AWA and everyone in the neighborhood came out to see me. Sure, it was all about everyone else - what's Supernova like? Is Gordon Myers really that nice? Have you ever met Juan Vasquez?

But it was great... just great.

[Weaver shakes his head.]

YW: If you paid attention, you would notice that NO ONE said my name all night at Wrestlerock. No one...

...except Percy Childes.

Percy Childes said my name at Wrestlerock... as a punchline. As a joke. He wanted to embarrass me. He wanted to humiliate me.

[Weaver nods.]

YW: Mission accomplished, Percy. You did exactly that... with me in front of all my friends and family who then realized that I was just a joke in the AWA.

So, that's why I called the Committee... and that's why I made this challenge for tonight...

Because, Percy... I know what you hold dear... and it's not Nenshou. It's not Monosso. It's not Zaire.

It's that title. And if I take that title, I hurt you just as badly as you hurt me on the 4th of July.

[A cold glare at the camera as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The sounds of a Native American war chant is heard over the PA system along with some rhythmic drumming.]

PW: From Bernice, Oklahoma... weighing in at 258 pounds...

He is the BIG CHIEF...

YUUUUUUMAAAAA WEEEEEEAVERRRRR!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Weaver striding through the curtains. The 26 year old is bulky in tone - not muscular but powerful. His black hair is pulled back in a ponytail with the actual tail dyed a bright crimson color. Leather tassles hang around his white boots. His white singlet covers up some of his bulky frame as he salutes the ringside fans, jogging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The biggest match in the young career of this 26 year old former three time All-American from the University of Oklahoma. He also played four season in the NFL, Bucky.

BW: That'd be impressive if he could wrestle this match in pads.

GM: You deny that the NFL has some of the toughest men on the planet?

BW: Real tough spoiled millionaires crying because they didn't get paid an extra six hundred thousand for showing up to work? Maybe a bonus for putting their jock on correctly? How about a-

GM: Alright, we get the point.

[Weaver reaches the ring, walking down the apron and pointing out to the cheering fans before he steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Weaver's in and ready... now all eyes turn and wait for the champion...

[The music fades and is replaced by the sounds of "Raijin's Drums by George Sakalis playing over the PA System.]

PW: And his opponent...

[After a moment, the mysterious Nenshou appears, wearing a long black robe with the hood pulled down over his painted face. Pausing at the entrance, he begins to walk smoothly and unhurriedly down towards the ring, his steely gaze locked on the squared circle. Behind him comes his manager Percy Childes... overweight and sweating, the piece of filth is as loud as his charge is silent, jawing at fans and threatening to brain them with his crystal orb topped cane.]

PW: He hails from the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in tonight at 235 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Percy Childes... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

NENNNNNNSHOU!

[The boos pick up as Nenshou steps up on the apron, climbing through the ropes and falling to a knee. He quickly jerks off the hood covering his face, releasing a spray of green mist into the air as he does so. Weaver keeps a safe distance from the mist, glaring at Childes who pats the title belt draped over his shoulder. Weaver points a finger at Childes which causes Nenshou to get to his feet, throwing a back kick to the air, taking a protective stance in front of his manager.]

BW: Haha! If Weaver wants a piece of Childes, he's gotta go through Nenshou, daddy!

GM: And I think Yuma Weaver is looking to do exactly that here tonight, Bucky. This young man is looking to become the Longhorn Heritage Champion here in Norfolk.

[Referee Michael Meekly steps up between the two, giving some final words before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go! A ten minute time limit in this one - the very rule that cost Robert Donovan the title back at Wrestlerock. He had the man beat when that bell rang, Bucky.

BW: That's what you say. I think Nenshou was just luring him into a sense of confidence before he struck.

[Nenshou circles, dancing aside as Weaver attempts a tieup.]

GM: Nenshou's certainly got a speed and quickness edge tonight while Weaver will have the strength and power advantage in his stocky form.

[Nenshou dashes in, throwing a snapping kick to the thigh before dancing back again. Weaver winces, rubbing the leg as he nods his head, waving Nenshou towards him.]

GM: Nenshou seems to be trying to hit and move here.

BW: A smart strategy - no doubt created by Percy Childe, the genius that he is. Stay away from Weaver's size and power... and tick some time off the clock as well.

GM: Are you saying they might TRY to get a time limit draw?

BW: To Percy and Nenshou, a draw's the same thing as a win. You keep the title. Any scenario where you keep the title is a victory to them.

[Weaver tries to cut off an escape for Nenshou, backing him towards the corner...

...and attempts a big chop that Nenshou front rolls under, popping up to his feet, ducking a clothesline that Weaver rushes him with, and lashing out with a back kick on the chin, knocking Weaver off his feet!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: The man is poetry in motion, Gordo! He truly is the Human Highlight Reel that I've said he is!

[An angry Weaver climbs back to his feet, shouting at Nenshou to tie up...

...which he surprisingly does but quickly spins out of it into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the left arm of the Native American who struggles against the tightened hold.]

GM: Nenshou's got the arm, wrenching up on it in that hammerlock...

[A well-placed elbow catches Nenshou on the jaw, breaking his grip, and spinning him away. Weaver spins him around against the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAVY CHOP TO THE CHEST!!



BW: Good lord, you could hear that one down the street, Gordo.

[Weaver winds up again, ready to deliver a second...

...but Nenshou brings up both arms, absorbing the big chop on his forearms, a counter that hurts both men, causing Weaver to stagger away clutching his right arm as Nenshou winces, falling back against the buckles.]

GM: Nenshou's in the corner, that one hurt him as much as it hurt Weaver, I think.

[The Big Chief spins around, moving back in on Nenshou who lashes out with a boot to the gut. He grabs Weaver by his red ponytail, slamming his face into the buckles. Grabbing an arm, Nenshou fires him across the ring, rushing in after him...

...and DRILLING Weaver in the jaw with a spinning leg lariat in the corner!]

GM: OHHHH!

[A staggered Weaver stumbles out into Nenshou's waiting arms as he gets hoisted up, dropped immediately down across the knee in a backbreaker as Nenshou heads to the corner...]

GM: He's going for the moonsault! Nenshou's looking for the quick win!

[The Asian Assassin swiftly reaches the top rope, not pausing for a moment as he propels himself backwards through the air in a backflip...

...and rotates all the way over, landing on his feet as Weaver rolls aside to avoid the moonsault!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou landed on his feet!

[Weaver pushes up to a knee...

...and Nenshou launches himself into a low dropkick, knocking Weaver through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: The challenger gets sent out to the floor there... and it looks like Nenshou's going out there after him...

[Nenshou hauls Weaver to his feet by the ponytail, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Big whip!

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES WEAVER!!

[Weaver slams spinefirst into the metal barricade, his arms flinging back over the steel to stay on his feet. Nenshou approaches, arms up to protect his head and face...

...and snaps off a side kick into the sternum, a blow that takes Weaver all the way down to the floor.]

GM: Nenshou is really taking it to this young man Weaver so far, Bucky.

BW: Yuma Weaver's got a lot of potential but Nenshou's showing that potential doesn't mean a thing if you can't take advantage of it. This might also be an experience issue for Weaver. He hasn't been a pro wrestler for very long - less than a year now, right?

GM: That's right. He had a short stint in PCW before becoming part of the AWA after the purchase. But we've only seen him in a handful of matches here in the AWA so far.

[Nenshou hauls Weaver off the mat by the hair again, grabbing an arm.]

GM: Another whip...

[The champion sends his challenger rushing towards the apron but at the last moment, Weaver shows off some shocking agility, leaping up onto the apron from the floor on the run. He spins around as Nenshou rushes towards him, trying to grab a leg. Weaver hooks his arms over the top rope, using them to swing himself backwards over the ropes into the ring, narrowly avoiding Nenshou's attempt to grab his legs...

...and then leaps up, grabbing the top rope to swing his legs between the middle and bottom rope, SMASHING his feet into the face of Nenshou, knocking him backwards to a big cheer!]

GM: Ohh! And for a rookie, that's quite the veteran series of moves, fans!

BW: It was impressive but let's not get ahead of ourselves, daddy.

[Weaver steps back out onto the apron, measuring the dazed Nenshou, and leaps off the apron, smashing an overhead chop down over the skull of Nenshou!]

GM: BIG CHOP OFF THE APRON!!!

[Weaver nods his head to the cheering crowd, dragging Nenshou off the floor and firing him back under the ropes into the ring. The Big Chief rolls back in as well, immediately dragging the champion to his feet, and firing him off the ropes...]

GM: Weaver fires him in...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER BIG CHOP!!!

[The red welt is quickly visible on the chest of Nenshou before Weaver dives across him, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: WE'VE GOT ONE!! WE'VE GOT TWO!!

[But Nenshou fires a shoulder off the canvas at two. The camera quickly cuts to Percy Childe, breathing heavily and sweating profusely at the near fall. He shouts something in Japanese to Nenshou as Weaver regains his feet, leaning over to pull Nenshou up...

...and gets caught in the throat with a stiff-fingered blow!]

GM: Ohh! Right in the windpipe!

[Weaver staggers away, clutching his throat as he gasps for air, falling back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Nenshou with a cheapshot to the throat, really taking the air out of Weaver who was on a roll before that.

[The champion struggles to his feet, approaching the still-gasping Weaver, and promptly hooks his hands around the throat, choking the Big Chief against the buckles.]

GM: That's a blatant choke!

BW: Of course it is. And it's brilliant! You've got a man who can't breathe in there so you're gonna make it a little bit worse, daddy!

GM: The referee's counting - Nenshou breaks the choke at four...

[And promptly lashes out with a trio of hard chops across the chest, lighting up the Big Chief who falls back again, arms draped back over the top rope. Nenshou grabs his left arm, firing him across the ring to the opposite corner...]

GM: Weaver to the corner...

[Nenshou backs to the buckles, charging out to throw himself into a cartwheel and then into a handspring...]

GM: HANDSPRING ELLLLLB- OHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Weaver lashes out with a big chop to the back and shoulders of the incoming Nenshou, knocking him flat!]

GM: Weaver counters the handspring elbow!

[Weaver steps out of the corner, dragging Nenshou up where he grabs him around the waist, hoisting him up...

...and bringing him tailbone-first down on a bent knee, staggering him!]

GM: ATOMIC DROP! Nenshou's stunned!

[Weaver races past the stunned Nenshou, rebounding off the far ropes, and FLATTENS Nenshou with a high-speed running, leaping crossbody block!]

GM: OHHHH! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Nenshou fires a shoulder off the mat just before the three count, causing the crowd to groan in disappointment.]

GM: He almost had him there, Bucky! Almost!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Weaver nods his head to the cheering crowd, leaning down to drag Nenshou off the mat by the hair. He grabs the arm, firing him across again...

...and again lighting him up with a big knife-edge chop, knocking Nenshou flat!]

GM: Another cover for one!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But AGAIN the shoulder fires up!]

GM: So close! Yuma Weaver has been so close a few times now to becoming the Longhorn Heritage Champion! The crowd is with him on every blow! They want to see him dethrone Nenshou here tonight in Norfolk!

[Weaver pushes up to his knees, burying his face in his hands for a moment in disbelief.]

GM: Come on, kid. Stick to it in there.

BW: He's letting his inexperience shine there. Letting his frustrations get the better of him.

GM: Yuma Weaver's back to his feet, reaching down for Nenshou once again...

[And again gets a stiff-fingered blow driven into the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Into the windpipe again! Ring the bell, ref!

[Weaver drops to a knee, clutching his throat as Nenshou gets up, rushing forward. He steps off the knee of Weaver, SLAMMING his own knee into the skull!]

GM: OHHH! GOOD GRIEF, WHAT A SHOT!!

[With Weaver prone on the canvas, Nenshou swiftly scales the ropes, backflipping off, and smashes down across the chest of Weaver, reaching back for a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!! That's all she wrote.

[The bell rings as a gleeful Percy Childes climbs the ringsteps, gesturing wildly with his crystal-topped cane as Nenshou climbs to his feet, his hand raised by the official.]

PW: Here is your winner - and still the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion - NENNNNNNSHOU!

[The crowd jeers as Childes steps in, raising his man's other hand as he holds the title belt high in the air as well.]

GM: Nenshou retains the title - thanks to an illegal throat strike.

BW: Are you kidding me? It was the Shining Wizard and the Moonsault that put Weaver down for the three count. Not the throat strike.

GM: What do you think led to those two moves, Bucky? It was the throat strike!

BW: You just don't want to admit that Nenshou is the future of this business, Gordo! You just don't want to admit-

GM: You don't want to admit that Yuma Weaver was just moments away from becoming the new champion! And you certainly don't want to admit that at the Stampede Cup, Nenshou's reign is going to come to a crashing end at the hands of Robert Donovan!

BW: That brain-dead goof? There's no chance for him at the Cup, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that. And as you can see, Jason Dane has made his way to ringside here to speak with the winner - and still champion - Nenshou and Percy Childes. Jason?

[Dane stands at ringside with the microphone. The crowd boos as Nenshou exits the ring, moving over to stand next to his manager. His facepaint has largely come off by this point, giving us a rare look at the man behind the paint... he's still very fresh-faced, though his expression is cold and without emotion. Childes is chuckling as he makes sure to give the camera a good look at the Longhorn Heritage Championship Belt.]

JD: Alright fans... what a spectacular effort by Yuma Weaver...

[The fans cheer the gritty challenger! Even Percy slow claps, albeit in a mocking sort of way.]

JD: ...but still the Longhorn heritage Champion is Nenshou and... what is HE doing here!

["He" would refer to Ebola Zaire, whose gargantuan girth looms in from the right hand side of the screen. His large red headcloth obscures much, but the heavily-scarred African man is wielding a short-staff and apparently standing guard behind Childes.]

PC: You needn't concern yourself with the African Madman, Dane. If he was here for you, that question would have ended with gurgles rather than a question mark. We are here to speak of the future. I have heard some suggest that the future may lie with this Yuma Weaver fellow. And I have now seen with my eyes that he is as talented as they say. Indeed, he has almost every quality needed for greatness.

Almost.

That lacking quality, Jason Dane, is the soul of a killer. That merciless drive to not merely pin your foe, but to destroy even the thought of him from the minds of the people. While it's true that sometimes the pin is enough, there will inevitably come a time when the harshest, cruelest man wins. When pragmatism is the difference between victory and defeat. Yuma Weaver does not have that... and neither does Robert Donovan.

[Boo the segue!]

JD: Robert Donovan has the match of his choice against Nenshou, Percy. Any match he wants!

PC: So he does. That makes it interesting, I admit. Nenshou fears no challenge, Dane. I, however, question the wisdom of the Championship Committee in making so broad of a promise. So I ask you this... since Nenshou has been the number one contender for so long, will he get the match of his choice when he gets a chance at the National Title?

JD: He hasn't been the number one contender for THAT long, and isn't the number one contender now!

[Percy holds the championship belt aloft.]

PC: You don't get to change the rules because you don't like who they favor, Dane. A secondary champion is always, always the defacto number one contender to the main title. This has always been so; the reason that the rankings don't list him as number one is because his own championship derives some responsibilities of its own. Such as facing a man in any match of the challenger's choosing. So let me make this perfectly clear to you, Robert Donovan. If you select an acceptably standard type of match, so be it. Nenshou fears nothing. But if you attempt some ridiculous ploy, such as

"the winner is the first man to gorilla press slam his opponent" or similar obviously unfair contest?

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Dane jumps out of his shoes as Zaire suddenly smashes the staff into the apron with hand speed one wouldn't expect from a man of his size and shape.]

PC: You won't make it to the arena that night.

[BOO!]

PC: It doesn't matter if I am there or not, it doesn't matter if there are cages, barbed wire, bullropes, or sharks. My Nenshou will face you in any legitimate contest. Because just like Yuma Weaver learned moments ago... you can't stipulate killer instinct.

JM: And speaking of killer instinct!

[Huh? Jason, Percy, and even Zaire look surprised as James Monosso emerges from the left of the screen. Monosso has a sheet of paper in one hand, but is most notable for the fact that he is dressed very differently. His usual "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" T-Shirt is gone, replaced with a black Combat Corner T-Shirt... which is taped over with a big red X. Monosso is wearing black jeans, and a bandana over his stringy greying black hair.]

PC: James! What are you...

JM: I decided I wanted mic time. You got a problem with that, Dane?

JD: I... don't see how I could say 'yes' to that.

JM: So speaking of killer instinct, Eric Preston thinks he has some now. And maybe he does, maybe he does. We'll see. It's hard to say that he's learned anything, seeing how he's still here, and still trying to prove me wrong... by proving me right. I don't think he's very bright. But killer instinct is the topic of the day, and I want to do this in front of everyone. Percy Childes!

[Percy has one of those looks on his face that is simultaneously suspicious, confused, and threatening. He clearly was not expecting this. He answers Monosso with an edge in his voice.]

PC: YES, James?

JM: Here is the towel for the match...

[Monosso pulls out an old yellowed towel. It was white once. Percy regards it with the same disgust you would give a toddler who was handing you his used diaper.]

JM: I found it in a drawer at John Van Mann's house. I used this towel to wash off after the last time I won a championship. That was about ten years ago or so. I don't know why the idiot kept the old tag title belts we won wrapped in it, or why he looked so surprised when I came for it. Or when I hit him in the face with a shovel. Some people, you know?

PC: James, may I advise against... ah, alleging extracurricular activities with potential criminal charges... someone might think you really did that.

JM: I don't think he's going to call the cops; it happened in his ALLEGED garden. Where he allegedly grows illegal substances that he needs because wrestling destroyed his back and knees and he can barely even move. Do you see where I'm going with this, Preston? That's you in ten years. Or less, depending on how long it takes Michaelson to throw in the towel. See, I wanted THIS towel, because it reminds me.

[He holds the towel up to the camera.]

JM: It reminds me that somewhere up in Detroit lives a man who used to be my best friend. He was like eight years younger than me, popular guy, had all the potential and talent. But he jumped off the ropes once too often and ended his own career before he was thirty. Then he wrote me off and turned on me like everyone did, and now he lives in a hole in the wall in the bad part of Detroit, where some idiot tried to mug me and I ALLEGEDLY had to break both his arms and throw him into a moving bus. He ALLEGEDLY has been in and out of jail for drugs, all because he can't cope with the pain. And he still kept all his title belts, his posters, his videos, his fan mail, and looks at it like some sad little boy looking at a picture of his dead mom and crying himself to sleep.

And maybe if Todd throws in the towel quick, you can write this stupid sport off and at least die with dignity. Because otherwise, whether it is sooner or it is later... that's gonna be you...

[Monosso points at the camera to indicate Eric Preston.]

JM: ...and you...

[Monosso points at Yuma Weaver, who spent a minute or two discussing certain calls with the referee, then stayed by the aisleway to hear the promo.]

JM: ...and yes, even YOU.

[And then he turns and points his finger right in the face of Nenshou.]

The crowd goes into "OOOOOOOOOOHHH!" mode, and Nenshou's eyes go wide as saucers. It's hard to tell whether the Asian Assassin understood a word Monosso said, but he definitely understands the body language. And those wide eyes are neither shock or fear... they are outrage.



Percy hits shock and fear simultaneously, and can't bring the crystal ball at the end of his cane up in Monosso's face fast enough. Zaire immediately assumes a combat-ready position, moving to flank Monosso. Monosso's eyes go right to the crystal ball; he shows the other two no concern.]

PC: THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT! WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT?!

JM: What did I tell YOU about that?

[Percy's brow furrows. He doesn't seem to know what Monosso means by that question.]

JM: The same thing I told them all: you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise!

[With those words, Monosso leaves, hustling up the aisle (pushing poor Yuma out of the way as he goes). Childes stands there stewing a bit, and Nenshou whispers something into his ear. We cut back to the announce table.]

GM: What... what did we just see?!

BW: That Monosso's crazy! Didn'tcha know?!

GM: Percy Childes very confident about Nenshou's coming match with Robert Donovan, and perhaps justifiably so after this tremendous match... but then Monosso came out, and Childes has no control over him!

BW: Listen, Gordo. I remember Monosso from way back, daddy, an' I already told ya. You don't "control" James Monosso. Ya just try an' direct him, an' hope for the best. Percy's one hell of a director, but if he thinks James is gonna exempt Nenshou from his rants about younger guys, then he thought wrong. Monosso don't care. Period.

GM: Incredible friction in the Unholy Alliance... and within Percy's own group... and we didn't even get a chance to find out what he thinks about the situation with Anton Layton and Eric Preston! But both Monosso and Nenshou have massive tests coming up very soon, so I am sure this little confrontation will be swept under the rug... for now. Fans, it's an exciting night in Norfolk and it's only gonna get better! Rhodes! Morton! NEXT! So don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

We fade to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

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

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner. We freeze there for a moment and then fade back up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY!" It is Jason Dane standing in front of a door with the name placard "RAPHAEL RHODES" affixed, clenching a corded microphone.]

JD: As our fans know, Raphael Rhodes has most recently returned to the AWA, and has been on quite the streak of violence against local talent. He has also been remarkably silent to not just the media, but all AWA employees. With his upcoming match tonight against Danny Morton, we wanted to give Mr. Rhodes the opportunity to address the fans... but he hasn't exactly been cooperative.

[Dane knocks on the door.]

JD: Mr. Rhodes! Jason Dane here... we want to get a word with you for tonight's show!

[Dane pauses, waiting for a response that is not coming.]

JD: Mr. Rhodes?

[Dane knocks on the door again, then looks at the camera.]

JD: It appears that if Mr. Rhodes is inside, he certainly does not want to talk.

[Dane rattles the doorknob, finding it to be unlocked.]

JD: Ah ha! The door is unlocked. Perhaps this calls for investigative journalism.

[Dane opens the door, and finds Raphael Rhodes standing immediately on the inside, dressed out for action in his ring gear.]

JD: Mr. Rho-...

[Rhodes snatches the microphone away from Dane, unplugs the cord, and promptly throws the microphone down the hallway, handing the cord back to Dane. As Dane looks out the door, Rhodes gives him a shove out of the locker room and slams the door behind him. Dane looks at the camera.]

JD [barely audible]: My word, how rude!

[Fade back to the ring where Danny Morton is pacing around and around the ring, his boxing robe having been removed and handed out to a ringside attendant.

"Shot By Both Sides" by Magazine filters through the public address system as Raphael Rhodes walks from the entranceway. He is sporting plain black trunks with the Wigan crest on the left hip, along with black kneepads and black boots. He is also wearing a black leather jacket with something blue protruding from one of the pockets.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you just saw, Raphael Rhodes was extremely uncooperative with Jason Dane earlier today, and thusfar continues his streak of not talking to anyone within the AWA... the most anyone has gotten out of him is a word from his agent, and no one else.

BW: It's certainly helped his results, he has been undefeated since returning to action, and has caused quite the stir as well.

GM: Ahh, I think the referee might want to check Rhodes' pocket when he enters the ring though. I do not like the looks of what I'm seeing.

[Rhodes takes the blue item out of his pocket and shows it to the referee as soon as he steps between the ropes. The referee quickly inspects it and approves it, and Rhodes pops the item into his mouth.]

BW: You're always looking for a reason not to trust someone, Gordon.

GM: Folks, I assume that is a mouthguard. We don't commonly see wrestlers wearing those, they typically are worn by boxers.

BW: Who knew the Brits cared about their teeth? You ever seen his uncle without the fake chompers he's got? Ugh.

[Rhodes produces another mouthguard, a packaged red mouthguard, and hands it to the referee as well, motioning to Morton across the ring.]

BW: Seriously, when did English people start caring about dentistry?! This is a whole new world and I feel unfamiliar with it.

GM: Perhaps a show of respect for Danny Morton? These two men are two of the hardest hitters in not just the AWA, but all of pro wrestling. Perhaps Rhodes is concerned for his safety and wants to show the same courtesy for Morton?

BW: I think he's just sayin' that if he doesn't wear that mouthguard, he's going to knock Morton's teeth down his stinkin' throat.

GM: ... he could mean that, I suppose.

[Rhodes removes his jacket and prepares to fight. Morton glares at the offered mouthpiece that the official has handed to him...

...and slaps the referee's hand, sending the protective mouthgear sailing out to the floor. A fired-up Morton shoves past the official, marching out to the center of the ring where Rhodes quickly joins him, the two physical brutes standing toe-to-toe as Marty Meekly reluctantly calls for the bell.]

GM: Here we go and-

[Morton promptly points to his face, more specifically to his jaw, and slaps it a few times, screaming at Rhodes to "DO IT! DO IT!" The corners of Rhodes' mouth seem to twitch for a second, the slightest hint of a smile...

...before he winds up and lets loose a forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

[Morton stumbles back a step or two, hand shooting up to his jaw. He turns to the side, spitting a wad of blood out onto the canvas.]

GM: Oh!

BW: That's disgusting.

GM: Danny Morton just had his mouth busted up by Raphael Rhodes - with the first shot of the match!

[Shaking his head, Morton slaps himself across the face a couple more times, marching back to the middle of the ring where Rhodes is standing...

...and this time, it's Rhodes who throws his arms down, sticking out his face to invite the blow.]

GM: Are you kidding me? Rhodes wants a shot from Morton now!

BW: We knew this was gonna get ugly in a hurry.

GM: We certainly did and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Morton lunges forward, smashing his forearm into the jaw of Rhodes, a blow that sends him staggering backwards. Morton pounds his chest with his fist, letting loose a guttural roar in the direction of Rhodes who shakes off the effects of the blow, stomping back out to the middle of the ring, squaring his shoulders...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! What a chop!

[Morton smirks at the chop, slapping his own chest a couple times, leaving red welts right next to the one that the blow from Rhodes left behind, and then squares up as well...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars - a chop from Morton as well!

[Rhodes shakes off the chop, grabbing Morton by the hair, and crushing him with a headbutt that knocks him down to a knee.]

GM: The headbutt from Rhodes!

[Morton pops back up, grabbing two hands full of Rhodes' head and SMASHES him with a headbutt between the eyes, a blow that knocks Rhodes a few steps back! Morton shouts at him, "WHAT ELSE, PUNK!? WHAT ELSE YA GOT?!"

GM: Oh, I don't know if I'd ask that.

[An angry Rhodes stomps him, grabbing the hair again, delivering a second crushing headbutt that knocks Morton to a knee... and another that puts Morton down on both knees... and a third that knocks him all the way down to the mat on his back! Rhodes throws his arms apart as he backs away, letting loose a roar of his own as a dazed Morton tries to sit up before falling back down to his back.]

GM: And if there's one thing we know above all others about Raphael Rhodes, it's that his headbutt is an absolutely lethal weapon! Danny Morton may have just found that out the hard way, fans.

[Rhodes stomps back in, pulling the dazed Morton off the canvas and shoving him back against the ropes. He promptly winds up, throwing a big chop across the chest. With Morton reeling, Rhodes grabs him by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Whipped across by Rhodes, off the far si-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Morton leaves his feet, throwing himself into a flying shoulder tackle that sends Rhodes sailing across the ring, crashing down to the canvas where he promptly rolls under the ropes and out to the floor. Morton climbs to his feet, throwing back his arms with a roar.]

GM: An incredible flying tackle by Danny Morton and that'll change the tide in this one.

BW: Rhodes needs to realize that while they both hit hard, Morton's got all that size and power on top of it. He can do things in there that'll have a lot more impact than Rhodes will.

[Morton sticks his upper body through the ropes, reaching down to grab Rhodes by the hair on the apron...

...and Rhodes lashes out with a kick to the temple from his back. A second one staggers Morton while Rhodes slips off to the floor. He reaches up, grabbing Morton around the head and under the arm...]

GM: What in the world is he trying to do, Bucky?

BW: I'm not sure but-

[Pulling hard, Rhodes yanks Morton between the top and middle rope by the upper body...

...and FLINGS him down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: I don't have a clue what you'd call that but... it was almost like he hiptossed him through the ropes onto the floor, Gordo!

GM: That's the closest I could use to describe it as well. An incredible leverage move by Raphael Rhodes right there on the much larger man, using his weight and size against him.

[Out on the floor, Rhodes leans against the apron, breathing hard through his mouthpiece as he eyes the downed Morton who has rolled to his side, inching an arm around to grab at the small of the back. The Brit slowly approaches...

...and BURIES a hard kick to the kidneys that echoes through the building!]

GM: My stars, these two men are doing some major damage to each other. Danny Morton, you would have to think was hoping to build some momentum for the Stampede Cup in this one but right now, he's gotta be worried about suffering an injury that might take Violence Unlimited OUT of the tournament all together.

BW: And with Rhodes in there, that's a very real possibility.

[Rhodes stands over Morton who is flat on his stomach on the floor and simply drops down, driving his knee into the lower back. Reaching down with his left hand, he grabs Morton's shaggy hair and pulls back hard, bending the lower back against the knee.]

GM: A punishing hold being applied - but they're still out on the floor. They need to get back inside the ring, Bucky.

BW: The referee's count is up to six now.

[Hearing the count, Rhodes tugs Morton off the floor by the back of the tights, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. Rhodes rolls back in as well, climbing to his feet...

...and rushes in, delivering a barrage of stomps to the kidneys!]

GM: Rhodes leans in, dragging Morton off the mat...

[And BURIES a forearm into the lower back, causing Morton to stagger over into the ropes, draping himself over the top rope. Rhodes continues to approach, raising his right arm, and smashing an overhead elbow down into the kidneys.]

GM: Another hard shot to the back - and it quickly has become obvious the target of Raphael Rhodes. He's going after that back.

[With Morton still draped over the ropes, Rhodes braces his arms, and slams a headbutt down into the kidneys!]

GM: Again to the back and... where is Rhodes going now?

[The crowd buzzes as Rhodes steps out to the apron, hooking a front facelock.]

GM: Rhodes is gonna try and take Morton over the top!

[He slings Morton's arm over his neck, waving to a ringside photographer who is in the way...]

GM: The Brit's going for a suplex here... look out, fans...

[Rhodes struggles with the weight of Morton, getting him slightly off the mat for a suplex attempt... but has to set him back down. An angry Rhodes tries again... but again is forced to set him back down...]

GM: Rhodes can't get him up, Bucky. He's just too big.

[Morton suddenly breaks free, throwing right hand after right hand to the skull of Rhodes...

...and then quickly and easily powers him up into a suplex of his own, walking backwards with him before dropping them both down to the canvas to a bone-rattling thud!]

GM: Ohh! Morton hits a suplex of his own! Big counter by the big man from Oklahoma!

[Down on the canvas, Morton continues to grab at his back as Rhodes does the same now a few feet away.]

GM: Both men are down... both men are hurting after that big suplex by the American Murder Machine...

BW: Rhodes is starting to stir, Gordo. I think he's gonna make it up first.

GM: It certainly appears that way.

[Rhodes slowly gets to his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. He spots Morton still down on the mat and throws his arms apart, falling forward in a headbutt attempt...

...but comes up empty when Morton rolls to the side!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE FALLING HEADBUTT!!

[Rhodes promptly rolls to his back, clutching his forehead from the missed headbutt. Danny Morton, having rolled to his side, rolls up to his knees, breathing heavily as he nods at the downed Rhodes. The big man grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet.]

GM: Danny Morton is on his feet, fans!

[Morton grabs Rhodes by the hair, dragging him to his feet off the mat. The 285 pounder promptly hooks him, hoisting him up under the big man's arm...

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

GM: Backbreaker! He dropped him down hard on that one!

[The crowd roars as Morton rises again, still holding Rhodes under his arm, and drops him down again!]



GM: Another one! Look at the power on display by the big man from Tulsa, Oklahoma, fans!

[Morton gets up a third time, turning all the way around so all of the fans can see Raphael Rhodes on display...

...and drops him down over the knee again!]

GM: Three big backbreakers - that might be it, fans!

[Morton shoves Rhodes off his knee, applying a lateral press.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The shoulder fires off the canvas, breaking the pin up at two.]

GM: Not enough! He couldn't keep Raphael Rhodes down for a three right there.

[Danny Morton regains his feet, dragging Rhodes up again...

...and Rhodes promptly sticks a thumb in the eye, blinding Danny Morton!]

GM: Ohh! He goes to the eyes!

[With Morton blinded, Rhodes hits the ropes behind him, rebounding off...

...and getting scooped up into the air, rotated, and DRIVEN into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: So close, Bucky! Danny Morton was so close to scoring the win right there!

[Morton regains his feet again, grabbing Rhodes and hauling him back up to a vertical base. He promptly wraps his arms around the waist...]

GM: He hooks him! He's got him by-

[But a desperate Rhodes knows what's coming and frantically rakes his fingers across the eyes, blinding Morton who shoves him off...

...RIGHT into the official!]

GM: OHH! The referee got knocked flat!

[Rhodes stumbles away, leaning against the buckles as a blinded Morton repeatedly rubs his eyes, trying to clear his vision enough to keep fighting as Rhodes tries to recover in the buckles...

...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: The champs are here!

[The camera cuts to the aisle, revealing Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers coming down the aisle.]

GM: The National Tag Team Champions are coming down the aisle towards the ring and-

[Cooper is the first one in, immediately moving in on the blinded and stunned Morton, hammering away on him with rights and lefts. The crowd jeers as the Professional tees off on Morton, working him over as Eric Matthew Somers steps in, shouting to his partner who clears out...

...and allows Somers to SQUASH Morton against the buckles with a 350 pound avalanche!]

GM: OHHH! SOMERS SMASHES MORTON WITH THE AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!!

[Morton stumbles out into a boot to the gut by Cooper who hooks a front facelock...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: JACKSON HAYNES! HERE COMES THE HAMMER!!

[Haynes SPRINTS down the length of the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope where he drills Dave Cooper with a right hand to the head, breaking his grip on Morton. Spinning away, he catches an incoming Somers with a right hand... and a second... and a third...

The bell sounds from outside the ring but Haynes shows no reaction, still throwing bombs.]

GM: Haynes is taking on BOTH members of the National Tag Team Champions!

[Grabbing a handful of Somers' hair, Haynes drags him across the ring and SMASHES him skullfirst into the top turnbuckle! He stalks across the ring, grabbing Dave Cooper by the arm...

...and FIRES him into his own tag team partner!]

GM: Haynes sends Cooper into Somers! Oh yeah!

[But with Haynes momentarily distracted, he gets DRILLED from behind, knocked flat by Raphael Rhodes!]

GM: Ohh! Rhodes nailed Haynes! What in the world is he...?

[Rhodes takes a long look at the National Tag Team Champions in the corner...

...and simply waves them off, stepping out of the ring and making his exit.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes is walking out of here! He's walking out on this match!

BW: What match?! This one's been thrown out, I'm sure!

GM: You may be right, Bucky. We did hear the ring bell sound in there somewhere.

[Dave Cooper steps out of the corner, shaking off the cobwebs to deliver a barrage of boots to the head of the downed Jackson Haynes. Somers follows him out, waving for Cooper to pick Haynes up off the mat.]

GM: The National Tag Team Champions have the Number One contenders at their mercy here. Cooper pulls Haynes up, shoves him over to Somers...

[The big man hooks Haynes around the throat, shouting at the ringside fans who are jeering him...

...and powers him up into the air, DRIVING him down with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CHOKESLAM BY ERIC MATTHEW SOMERS ON HAYNES!!

[Jackson Haynes lies in the center of the ring, flat on his back as Eric Matthew Somers walks across the ring, leaning over the ropes to shout at some ringside fans...

...which allows Danny Morton to charge across, grab him under the legs, and hurl him over the ropes to the thinly-padded floor!]

GM: OH YEAH!! MORTON SENDS SOMERS TO THE FLOOR!!

[And spins around, pointing a finger at a shocked Dave Cooper who was stomping the heck out of Haynes still. Cooper lifts his hands, shaking his head as Morton approaches...

...and then lashes out with a boot to the gut, catching Morton off-guard.]

GM: Cooper caught him there... right hand... another... another...

[Grabbing the arm, Cooper fires Morton across...]

GM: SPINEBUST-

[Morton ROLLS OVER Cooper with a giant running tackle, blocking the spinebuster attempt! With the crowd roaring, Morton pulls Cooper up off the mat, pulling him into the side waistlock...

...when suddenly he gets DRILLED from behind!]

GM: PETROW!! PETROW'S OUT HERE TOO!!

[Morton releases Cooper, dropping him down to the mat as he turns around to spot Petrow...

...and decks him with a right hand!]

GM: MORTON DROPS PETROW!!

[With chaos reigning, the referee gets back into the squared circle, trying to regain some control. He's shouting at Danny Morton who pushes Petrow out to the floor with his boot. Morton spins around, glaring at the referee, and pulls Cooper off the mat, tugging him into a side waistlock...

The camera cuts to the floor where Eric Matthew Somers is trying to get back in but a dazed Jackson Haynes has hooked himself around the big man's legs, preventing his escape.

A quick cut back shows Morton with his arms hooked...]

BW: He can't do this! This isn't a legal match! This isn't a-

[Morton powers Cooper into the air and DUMPS him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIIIIIIVER!

[Morton grins as he sits up, rolling to his hands and knees and crawling on top of a downed Cooper. The referee looks down at Morton who glares up at him in response. With a shrug, the official drops down to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Morton pushes off of the downed Cooper, a huge grin on his face as he lifts his arms into the air.]

BW: It's not a legal match, Gordo! It didn't happen!

GM: Match or no match, we just saw Danny Morton pin Dave Cooper in the middle of the ring! We just saw Violence Unlimited DEFEAT Rough N Read-

BW: We did not! There were no contracts! This wasn't a legally sanctioned match by the AWA!

GM: And if it happened here tonight in Norfolk, it can happen in one month's time at the Stampede Cup, fans! And if it happens at the Stampede Cup, we WILL have new National Tag Team Champions!

BW: This is a joke! This is some kind of a stupid, sick joke! Rough N Ready did NOT lose here tonight and no matter how many times you say it, Myers, it STILL didn't happen!

GM: The Stampede Cup has got the entire world talking and the entire world will be watching - especially the people of Japan as two of their own come to Atlanta, Georgia to try and win the whole thing! Let's hear from the representatives of Tiger Paw Pro!

[Fade from a screaming Joe Petrow to... Oh, there's that smile again!]

WP: Ladies and gentlemen... hello again!

[William Payne once again graces the AWA faithful from a pretaped vantage. His smile gleams wide, matching perfectly with the white pinstripes on his bright blue three piece. Hands holding his lapels, his nods knowingly.]

WP: In case you forgot, which obviously you could never, my name is William Payne and I am here representing the two men who are coming to America, making heeeeeeeeeeeestory and bringing the Stampede Cup BACK to Japan, daddy!

[The camera pans back further, showing the two men. I'll let Mr. Payne introduce them.]

WP: These two men right there are \_THE\_ uncrowned Stampede Cup champions, it's only a matter of time.

[For some inexplicable reason he taps his shiny silver Rolex, holding it up to his ear for a second and slightly shaking it. He snaps out of his lapse and gets back to it.]

WP: This... large... gentleman to my right is Mad Hayashi! And folks, don't let his choice of clothing... that I didn't choose... obviously... fool you. This man has competed in matches so bloody they could neeeeeeeeeeeeeever be shown on AWA television. Matches full of gore and violence and evil and nastiness and all kinds of crazy craziness! Matches that would make a blood bank blanche! Matches that makes doctors faint! Matches that... well... let's just end it there. My mother is watching and the poor lady is quite faint of heart.

[He waves to the camera as it pans over for a focus on Hayashi. The rotund beast is heavily scarred, his forehead a mess of ridges and valleys. One arm, tucked into a gaudy all yellow short sleeve button up is burned at the elbow, discolored and misfigured. He takes a big, rude snort, spitting the results to the floor off camera. Payne looks absolutely horrified, eyes open cartoonishly wide. He turns back really slowly as he tries to regain his composure.]

WP: Ahem....

...annnnnnnnnnnd the man to my left MIGHT be familiar to some American wrestling fans. A machine made for wrestling. An automaton of action. A paragon of punishment. Silent but violent. Cliche. Cliche. Cliche... blah blah. Basically, fellow AWA'ers, this man is \_THEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE\_ (finger thrust into the air for emphasis) most dangerous man to ever step into the Stampede Cup and that`s my George Foreman guarantee! Asama Inoue, this man, daddy... he is going to disappoint a lot of fans out there as they cheer for their heroes and their heroes are smashed all over the place rag doll style, no matter who they be!

[Inoue is every bit his description. He is a large thick man with dark skin, shaven head and intimidating grimace. He makes no move, simply a statue of restrained violence ignoring all said and done around him.]

WP: And now... to the REAL business we got here.

Simply put, the Stampede Cup committee is deciding who gets the top 8 seeds. They're sitting around, without me...

[He mouths "insulted!" to the camera silently.]

WP: ...and deciding who the best eight teams are. The teams who will get the early advantage, a bye, in this tournament and have that much better of a chance of taking that trophy home. Not that anyone has a chance of course. But still, it's a matter of principle that I just can't abide by. Sure, sure, some old guy and his protege may have a spot already. Sure, sure, this Tommy Fierro guy did some good stuff a while ago. Yeah, yeah... yadda yadda. So, to make the math right they are picking...

[And then he stops, doing fake math in the air.]

WP: ...carry the two... seven more teams. My problem is... it should be six. WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE should have a spot.

This man.

This man.

Us?

We should be getting an automatic berth in the top eight. Everyone, great teams all around, might deserve a spot in the tournament, even I won't refute that. This is \_the\_ collection of \_the\_ greatest tag teams in the world today. No doubt, daddy, buuuuuuuuuut... who else had to win a tournament to GET in this tournament? Hmmm...

...THESE GUYS!

[No fade yet.]

WP: These two went through their own tough field of willing challengers. They fought and fought and fought all night and they EARNED their spot in this tournament. They just didn't apply like it's some McDonalds down the block and because they're breathing they got a job. No siree, they actually earned a spot in the tournament and as the team that beat other teams for the right to face other teams, this team should AU-TO-MAT-I-CALLY be in the top eight seeds in the Stampede Cup.

And this ain't no appeal! This is a demand for you folks down there voting and deciding to make the right decision. The PROPER decision and make sure my two guys get in the top eight. Because you know who gets really, really, really mad when they get screwed over? You know who won't be very happy on their trip over the ocean on their way to the Stampede Cup, getting all tired and cranky and hungry and come on down and commit all sorts of unspeakable evils on everyone they face?

Yup.

You guessed it.

[Thumbs over his shoulders.]

WP: Do the right thing, AWA. Because? It's...

THESE GUYS!

[Payne turns to his charges.]

WP: Yeah, daddy! We're coming to America and we're winning the Stampede cup! Right thing, AWA! DO EEEEEEEEEEEEEET! RIGHT THING! TOP EIGHT RIGHT THERE!

[Fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: The most... unusual... William Payne with a taped message from Japan on behalf of his team. Now, I'm told that Payne will be bringing those two to the United States in the next couple of weeks so that they can complete their training here in America. We are hopeful that we may be able to get Mr. Hayashi and Mr. Inoue in action here on Saturday Night Wrestling BEFORE the Cup so keep your eyes open for that. But what do you think, Bucky? Do they deserve a Top 8 seed?

BW: There's a lot of great teams in this thing, Gordo. Twenty-four of the best teams in the world are looking to walk out of Atlanta as the Stampede Cup winner... but he's got a point. No other team had to win their own tournament to make it TO the dance. He makes a strong case and it may be one that's difficult for the Championship Committee to pass on.

GM: Very true. But what about another team that has entered the Cup? A team we have not seen very much of lately but one that could be a major force in the tournament. I am speaking of the First Family - a duo that has

proven to be quite controversial here in the AWA - and a group that actually asked us to send someone out to them this week. We sent Mark Stegglet on location to... well, you'll have to see this yourself to believe it. Roll the tape.

[Cut to Mark Stegglet standing outside of a gray, one-story building somewhere in a rather run-down looking part of Dallas. Stegglet, wearing a light blue polo shirt with AWA stitched on the left breast, has a serious expression on his face as he addresses the camera.]

MS: Hello AWA fans. Today, I was invited by Adam and the First Family to visit their community and learn more about the "Church of the First Man". Join me, for this insight into the world of one of the most unique tag-teams in AWA.

[Cut to a drab and spartan interior of a church. White walls, wooden panels and small windows that barely allow the light of the morning to come in paint a somewhat depressing picture. The rows of benches are populated by maybe two dozen parishioners, elderly people with grim faces.]

MS (voice-over): I came to the "Church of the First Man" on a Sunday morning to find Adam preaching to his flock.

[We see Adam, clad in a white suit, red dress shirt, white tie at the altar, smiling brightly as he speaks animatedly to the small group of listeners. Thankfully, we continue with Mark Stegglet's voice-over instead of the actual sermon.]

MS (voice-over): Since coming to AWA four months ago, Adam has spent a lot of his time with this small community, preaching three times a week to them.

[Cut to Stegglet holding his microphone towards a small, wizened woman in her 70s, wearing a humble black skirt and blouse. She eyes the mic suspiciously.]

MS: So, why do you come to the service here?

Woman: Why ... it is the closest church to the home. You see, with my hips ... I can't walk all the way to the next Evangelist church, yes?

MS: And what about the particular style of the preacher her?

Woman: Adam? Well he ... he talks a lot. I would prefer to sing more hymns but with him, it is all preaching, you know. I also suspect he messes up portions from the Bible from time to time. (She shrugs.) Still, it is all in the Lord's name, yes?

[Cut to Adam, Eve and Stegglet sitting on the benches after the service. The members of the First Family smile at Stegglet with glaring intensity.]

A : So, how did you like my sermon, Mr. Stegglet? Did you feel the warmth? Did you feel the light?



MS: Well ... I ... first of all, I was surprised how long it took. I mean ... four hours is kind of long-winded, isn't it?

E : Faith knows no time limits, Mr. Stegglet. There is no stopping the Lord's voice once it spews forth from Adam's mouth.

[Cut to a scene shot of the service. The camera zooms on to Mark Stegglet, his eyes closed as he dozes on the bench.]

E (voice over): All you can do is rejoice and be elevated by the message and throw your lot in with the future of American way of life and American wrestling ... the First Family.

[Cut back to the interview with Adam and Eve.]

MS: Yes, sure, but there is still so much we do not know about you. For example ... your relationship. Nobody I talked to seems to know whether you are husband or wife, brother or sister ...

A : Aren't we all God's Children, Mr. Stegglet? What importance do your small-minded labels have on the spiritual nature of us? You have to see beyond your terms and see Adam and Eve ... the First Man and the First Lady of wrestling. We have come to lead you into an age of enlightenment, Mr. Stegglet, not be the subject of your gossip.

MS: You didn't really answer my question and I do not see the ha-

E : AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT!

[Mark visibly recoils as Eve screams at him. Cut to Stegglet clutching his microphone as he stands besides Brother Cain. The Biblical Behemoth seems out of place in the church, still wearing his ring attire, including the executioner's hood. He is holding a collection bag in his hands. The only movement are his heaving shoulders as he breathes.]

MS: Brother Cain, your involvement with Adam and Eve has given the tag team of the First Family a lot of legitimacy. Your size, your strength \_and\_ your ability to go fast from time to time have turned quite a lot of heads. Still, your past has been a puzzle. Your wrestling skill suggests that you are not a rookie but of course your mask hides your true identity. Can you give us a hint of your background or the story how you met the rest of the First Family or your stance on the theological position Adam raises?

[Stegglet holds his mic up to Brother Cain's face.]

BC: ...

MS: ...

BC: ...

MS: ...

BC: ...

[Cut back to Adam and Eve as they are talking to Stegglet.]

A : You see, Mr. Stegglet, it truly is a time of darkness in AWA today. The events of the past few weeks have shown that. Is it a wonder, though? The Lord has always punished those who treat his Chosen badly and right now I feel like Moses and the rest of the AWA is the Egyptians.

MS: Which makes the people who took down Juan Vasquez ... the Plagues?

A : Ah, so you know the Good Book, Mr. Stegglet. Right now, me and my people are being held down, held back but come the Stampede Cup, come September 3rd, the unbelievers and sinners will once again face the First Man of Wrestling and the Biblical Behemoth, unleashing their holy wrath on them. And then these halls in which we now sit shall be filled with the faithful, hanging on our lips, listening to our message, being elevated into a new era of goodness and piety.

E : REJOICE!

[Cut to Stegglet and Brother Cain, Stegglet's arm still extended. We can only guess how long they have stood like this.]

BC: ...

MS: ...

BC: ...

MS: ...

BC: ...

[Cut to Mark Stegglet in front of the church building.]

MS: Well, this quite a day for me out at the "Church of the First Man". On location, I'm Mark Stegglet. So long, fans!

[We fade from the shot of Stegglet to black.]

A voiceover comes from the blackness.

"The following announcement has been paid for by Royalty."

[Cut to a backstage AWA backdrop, and an all-to-familiar manager...]

JP: Greetings humanoids, this is the Eternal World Champion and founder of Royalty Joe Petrow, here to introduce the latest Royalty goods, available on awashop dot com!

[Petrow snaps his fingers, and a cute blonde with a poofed up 80's style hairdo walks into the shot wearing an oversized dark blue t-shirt]

JP: Let the world know that you are a loyal follower of King Langseth with this all-new Royalty t-shirt!

[The smiling woman faces the camera, allowing us to get a good look at the air-brushed visage of King Langseth, arrogantly sitting on a throne with his royal robe and crown, flanked on either side by the tag-belt wearing, Rayban glaring Rough 'n Ready members, a smiling Joe Petrow behind them all, spreading his arms out to encompass his charge, and the large old-English script word ROYALTY written underneath.]

JP: These shirts are made with 10% cotton, and are sold right here in the good old U S of A!

[Petrow twirls his finger, imploring the woman to turn around, upon which we see that the back of the shirt has three words, all with old-English capitalization:

Hustle.

Royalty.

Respect.]

JP: These shirts come in American sizes of double, triple, and quadruple XL for the low low price of \$29.99! And all proceeds go directly into the pockets of Royalty! [quiet aside] alright, beat it toots!

[The lady's painted smile turns into a disgusted scowl as she stalks out of the shot. Petrow continues his sell, holding up a small thin box with many pictures of Mark Langseth in action.]

JP: And coming soon on DVD, The Definitive AWA Mark Langseth Collection, containing every winning moment of King Langseth's two decades of AWA dominance, all overdubbed with special commentary by the King himself!

[Cut to a shot of match footage. A hard stomp to the shoulder forces Martinez to roll to his stomach, wincing in pain and cradling the injured arm. Langseth stands above him, his feet by the head of his downed rival.]

ML: That's it! Crawl, crawl at my feet you worthless scum! Apologize to the greatest wrestler of all time, and your better in every way! I am King Langseth! ALL HAIL KING LANGSETH!

[Cut back to a smiling Petrow, who finishes off the hard sell]

JP: So show your pride, your appreciation, and your dollars to Royalty by visiting awashop dot com slash royalty today! And ALL HAIL KING LANGSETH!!

[Pause on Petrow's cheesy grin for an uncomfortable number of seconds before fading out...

...and back to live action where Mark Stegglet is interviewing Johnny Casanova and Big Mama - wearing the usual expensive robe and dress, respectively - they're starting to make their way out for their match tonight.]

MS: Johnny, you seem to be a man down?

JC: Man down? If ya mean my employee, Jack Holland - who I guess is technically a man, even if he's not what springs to mind at the word - he'll be around somewhere, Stegs. If he knows what's good for him.

MS: So you've not been talking strategy for tonight's match?

JC: Strategy? Listen, Stegs, we got our strategy down pat. I tell the lug what to do, he does it. When he sticks to that strategy, we go out there and win, he gets paid. If he does what he's done previously and messes up - then he can forget his wages. It's simple - just like the Gentleman himself is.

MS: Do you have any respect for your tag team partner?

JC: Steggles, I don't need no respect! I got money, darn it! I can say what I want about Jack Holland, and he will stand there, take it, smile sweetly if I ask him to, and do anything I tell him to. Ya know why?

MS: I have a feeling you're about to tell me.

JC: Cause money talks, Steg, and my wallet is SCREAMING. Believe me, y'all are about to see a dirtier side of the Gentleman out there tonight.

[And with that, we fade to the interior of the building where Robert Palmer's "Addicted to Love" plays causing the crowd to boo for the entrance of Johnny Casanova and the always noticeable Big Mama.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing in at a reported 486 pounds...

"PLAAAAAYBOY" JOHNNY CAAAAASAAAAANOOOOVAAA

and

JAAAAACK HOLLLAAAAND!

[Holland, in his normal ring attire, trails behind AWA's top couple, looking like he wishes he could anywhere else. Casanova, in his normal gear along with a black robe, as the evening gown-clad Big Mama on his arm as they walk to the ring. He seems to try to calm down the first lady of wrestling before barking an order to Jack Holland to go up ahead and open the ropes for them.]

PW: And their opponents!

[The sound of bees, or perhaps vuvuzela, buzzes through the expo, as a masked woman with frizzy red hair and ample tracts of land leads the equally masked Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee to the ring. Their brand of colorfulness and demeanor seems to be a little more accessible to kids who are receptive to their slapping hands around ringside]

PW: Lead to ringside by The Queen Bee, from Parts Unknown, weighing in at a total combined weight of three hundred thirty eight pounds...

...BUMBLE BEE and YELLOW JACKET, THE HIVE!

[Both of these men are covered from head to toe. Bumble Bee wears yellow full-length tights that also cover his entire torso. The color is broken up here and there with a few streaks of black. His face is covered in a yellow mask with black 'antennae' coming off the top.

Yellow Jacket is in similarly colored attire but with alternating yellow and black stripes covering him from head to toe. The two outfits are different but similar enough to be confusing to opponents... and officials... at times.]

GW: The Hive hitting the ring, and straight away, Johnny Casanova and Jack Holland stamping away at them as the Playboy gives his employee directions! Come on, ref!

BW: Johnny Casanova is showing his ring smarts here, Gordo! Get the guys straight away!

[Holland and Casanova have their opponents in opposite corners now and are both unloading with chops as Michael Meekly is trying to get things started properly, warning the heels that one of them needs to get out. The Playboy and the Gentleman aren't listening, though, and go for a double Irish whip - only for the Hive to reverse it, much to the crowd's delight, as the pair get sent crashing into each other and both stagger backwards into stereo dropkicks!]

GM: Look at that for a counter, Bucky! Meekly finally getting this one under control, sending Holland and Bumble Bee to the outside, and Yellow Jacket drops a quick elbow on Casanova.

[Jacket picks up Johnny now, and sends him to the ropes, Casanova bounces off - head scissors by the Hive member!]

BW: Is he the legal man? I don't think he's the legal man, Gordo!

GW: Are you kidding me?

BW: I think they swapped members. That's why they wear those confusing costumes, to cheat their way to victory!

[Cas is up to his feet now, and rakes the eyes of Yellow Jacket, then hurls himself to his corner where he makes the tag. Holland comes into the ring and immediately hits a couple of hard right hands on his opponent, then follows his boss's orders and throws him into the corner.]

GM: Holland pounding away with forearms here, and the Hive member looking in trouble!

BW: This is great! Check out the teamwork from Playboy Enterprises, Gordo!

[Bumble Bee, on the outside, is encouraging the crowd to cheer for the Hive, while Casanova is taunting them. Holland hits two big knees to the midsection, and Casanova demands to be tagged back in.]

GM: Casanova climbing up to the second rope, and unloading with punches now! Jumping off... DDT! ONE! TWO!

BW: He nearly had him, Gordo! Just a matter of time!

GM: Casanova with the tag out, and the pairing of Playboy Enterprises are doing a great job of cutting the ring in half. I don't like their tactics, but there's no question that they're becoming a good team.

BW: That's because Holland is finally learning to do what Johnny Casanova says, Gordo!

[Holland stamping away now, and whips Yellow Jacket to the ropes, before putting him down with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. He goes for the cover... only for Casanova to shake his head and scream at him.]

GM: Well, just as we were complimenting this pairing on their teamwork, some dissension in the ranks - Casanova seems to want the pin himself.

BW: I don't blame him, Gordo! Holland needs to stop being a glory hog!

[And now Casanova screaming at Holland once more, as the Gentleman has reluctantly moved over ready to make the tag, which is letting Yellow Jacket crawl towards his corner. The crowd is buzzing as Bumble Bee gets ready to move in... but Holland turns back, and just grabs his opponent by the leg before he can reach his partner!]

BW: Good grief, Gordo! Holland nearly messing this one up, but Casanova's coaching from the outside pays off!

[Holland dragging Yellow Jacket back across the ring, where he drops an elbow to the back of his opponent's knee. The Gentleman looks at Johnny Casanova to ask if he wants the tag - but Casanova shakes his head, and drops off the apron!]

GM: What on earth?

[Big Mama is up on the apron now, distracting Michael Meekly, and Casanova grabs Yellow Jacket's leg from the outside and slams it hard into the ringpost! Holland looks on, trying to decide whether to take advantage of the cheating, but eventually follows more barked instructions from Casanova and stamps away on the leg as Cas scrambles back to the apron.]

BW: The trio of Playboy Enterprises is a well-oiled machine, Gordo!

GM: Fighting against a duo, since Queen Bee hasn't stooped to the levels of Big Mama yet.

[Casanova calling for the tag now, and comes in, with he and Holland grabbing a leg each of Yellow Jacket and hitting a wishbone legsplitter on the downed Yellow Jacket. Casanova now lifts him up and shoves him into the corner, where Jack Holland follows more instructions and grabs from behind as Cas loads up a discus punch.]

BW: Look at this teamwork, Gordo!

GM: I'd rather look at it than listen to it - does Johnny Casanova EVER shut up?

[Casanova unleashes the discus punch, but Yellow Jacket ducks - only for Cas to pull the punch just before he socks his partner in the face! Casanova smiles smugly, tapping his head to show how intelligent he is, as Yellow Jacket gets a desperation headbutt to stagger the Playboy, then dives for his corner!]

GM: Oh my! Yellow Jacket nearly makes it, he's crawling over, Casanova trying to catch him, Holland charging into the ring... he makes the tag!

[Or not. Michael Meekly was shepherding Holland out of the ring as the Gentleman tried to get in there, and missed the tag completely, so is demanding Yellow Jacket gets back into the ring. Casanova is smirking as the fans are going crazy about this one.]

BW: Solid decision there from Michael Meekly, for once in his life.

GM: Are you kidding me? Yellow Jacket made the tag fair and square!

BW: He's gotta call what he can see, Gordo. I'm surprised at you, criticizing an official like that. It's a hard job they have, you know.

[As the announcers banter, Cassanova is stamping away on the right leg of Yellow Jacket once more, before picking him up and hitting a huge atomic drop to send him staggering into the corner. Spitting on his fist, he hits a massive uppercut, then hits a hip swivel neckbreaker and makes a lazy cover that earns him a two count.]

GM: Close call, but Yellow Jacket escapes!

BW: Next time, Casanova will have him, Gordo!

[Sighing, Casanova grabs his opponent by the arm and whips him to the ropes. Yellow Jacket rebounds... and slides between the Playboy's legs, making a desperation lunge to his own corner.]

GM: HE MAKES THE TAG! This time, Yellow Jacket tags out, and Bumble Bee flies in with a springboard dropkick! Casanova turned around straight into a face full of feet! Holland not sure whether to come in - Bumble Bee makes the decision for him with a leaping kick that knocks him off the apron! Johnny C is on his feet, and Bumble Bee charges in at him - leaping high knee! Look at him go!

BW: You gotta be kidding me, Gordo!

[Casanova bounces off the ropes into a split legged faceslam from BB, who makes the cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! KICKOUT AT TWO!! I thought he had him, Bucky! And so did this crowd! Listen to them!

[Bumble Bee goes to pick Casanova up, but Casanova, out of desperation, gets a small package, and manages to get his feet on the ropes for some leverage earning another two count before the Hive member kicks out to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: So close!

GM: Close to a travesty!

[Both men staggering to their feet, now, and Casanova gets taken down by a headscissors! Yellow Jacket, on the outside, is struggling to stand properly after the damage he took to his leg, but still wants the tag, and the crowd want to see it as well - and get their wish!]

BW: He's crazy!

GM: The bees are buzzing, Bucky! Here comes BUZZWORTHY!

[Indeed it does! The Hive hit their patented combination, Yellow Jacket hitting a flying legdrop before Bumble Bee gets a flying splash, then Yellow Jacket covers.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Holland saves! The lug did something right!

GM: Playboy Enterprises had lost this one, but Holland just made the save in time! And now it's breaking loose! Holland has dragged Casanova over to his corner, where he makes the tag, as Yellow Jacket's ankle gave out on him before he could stop it! Holland throwing Yellow Jacket to the ropes, where



the Hive man grabs onto them... The Gentleman charges in... YELLOW JACKET PULLS THE ROPE DOWN!

BW: I think Holland just landed on his head on the outside! If he had a brain, that woulda knocked it outta his ear!

GM: Yellow Jacket, acting on instinct, pulled down that rope, and now Casanova is making his way to check on his partner... oh my! I think we're about to see something again!

BW: Not this!

[Yellow Jacket slides outside, stands on the apron, leaps to the middle rope and moonsaults with a half twist into a double axe handle down onto Holland - then Bumble Bee does the same thing to Casanova - immediately followed by Yellow Jacket flipping again onto Holland, then Bumble Bee again onto Casanova, and a couple more times, even Queen Bee getting into the act, as the crowd go wild!]

GM: This is the same attack that LOST the match for the Hive last week, but they've learnt from their mistakes, and Bumble Bee rolls Holland back into the ring, as Yellow Jacket makes it in himself, beating the count. How's that for strategy, Bucky?

BW: Strategy? Their manager just hit a moonsault on Jack Holland! If Big Mama hit a moonsault on one of these darn bees, you'd be screaming blue murder, Gordo!

GM: If Big Mama hit a moonsault on ANYONE, I'd be speechless, Bucky!

[Jacket makes the cover, but Meekly is distracted, as Big Mama is on the apron screaming at him. Eventually, he turns around, and sees Holland being pinned.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The Gentleman fires a shoulder up just before the three count comes down.]

GM: Only just barely escapes! The Hive have all the momentum here! Big Mama still on the apron... OH MY!

[Big Mama no longer on the apron, as Queen Bee sends her crashing to the outside by yanking her down by the legs!]

BW: DISQUALIFY HER, REF!

GM: I don't think he saw it, Bucky, and as you so rightly said earlier, he can only call what he can see! Remember the hard job the officials have.

BW: THIS IS TERRIBLE!

[Casanova, visibly distraught, is checking on Big Mama now, while back in the ring Yellow Jacket makes the tag and he and his partner go to the ropes.]

GM: BEES' KNEES! Yellow Jacket with a double knee to take Holland down!

[And Bumble Bee promptly leaps backwards off the top, flipping back with a moonsault double kneedrop to the chest!]

GM: OHHHHHH! BUMBLE BEE COVERS!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: Tell me this isn't happening!

GM: It certainly is! What an enormous victory for the Hive with the Stampede Cup looming just one month away! A huge victory to put momentum solidly on their side - but what does this mean for Playboy Enterprises?! Holland and Casanova were looking pretty good at times in this one but in the end, the teamwork of the Hive was just too much for them to handle!

[With Casanova stalking up the aisle, nearly dragging Big Mama with him, and leaving Jack Holland behind, the Hive is celebrating inside the ring, the crowd roaring for Yellow Jacket, Bumble Bee, and the Queen Bee as they celebrate their triumph...

...when suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz with confusion.]

GM: Wait a second... get the camera over there... isn't that-?

[The camera cuts to reveal a grinning face that we saw earlier tonight...

...in a supposedly pre-taped video from another country.]

GM: That's William Payne! What in the heck is he doing-

[The crowd ERUPTS in a shocked response as Mad Hayashi and Asama Inoue bursts through the curtain, stomping past Payne as he shouts "TORA! TORA! TORA!"

GM: Here comes trouble!

[Inoue moves quicker than his partner, rushing down the aisle towards the ring where a shocked Yellow Jacket takes to the air, slingshotting over the ropes...]

GM: FLYING FISH!!

BW: PESCADO, YOU IDIOT!

[But Inoue sees it coming, sidestepping and allowing Yellow Jacket to badly crash and burn on the barely padded floor. Mad Hayashi stomps past, being pointed into the ring by Inoue as he leans down, pulling the masked man up...

...and OBLITERATES him with a standing lariat!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Hayashi climbs up on the apron, soaking up a barrage of rights and lefts from a surprised Bumble Bee. Trying to use his speed, Bumble Bee charges the adjacent corner, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back as he twists...

...and gets FLATTENED, knocked out the sky with a powerful clothesline!]

GM: Hayashi levels Bumble Bee!

BW: Just like his partner did to the other one!

[Hayashi steps through the ropes, throwing a crazed glare at Queen Bee - enough to send her scrambling from the ring as he drags Bumble Bee up, scooping him up across his chest...

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

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: You're gonna need a spatula - and maybe a hose - to get that Bee off the windshield, daddy!

GM: I can't believe this! A total ruse put on by William Payne and this devastating duo from Tiger Paw Pro! Payne tricked us all! We thought they wouldn't be in the United States for a week or two still!

BW: They're here! And they just showed the entire world how much of a threat they are in the Stampede Cup, daddy.

[Payne joins his devastating duo inside the ring, pointing to the laid out bodies all around...]

"TOP EIGHT!! TOP EIGHT, BABY!"

[Hayashi climbs to his feet, looking down at the motionless Bumble Bee as Payne continues to shout "TOP EIGHT" into the closest camera as the crowd jeers wildly...

...and we fade to a sunny day outside the Lynch Texan ranch. The camera fades outside the brick Texan ranch of the head of wrestling's royal family, Blackjack Lynch.

The first brother to be recognized is the middle brother, James. Standing in the back of the trailer attached to a big Dodge 4x4 truck. James who appears to be tying down some equipment.]

JL: Welcome to the Ranch. Right here is the foundation of who we are and everything we stand for. The men we have become was built right here. A lot has been said about my brothers and I since we arrived in the AWA.

[James stops working for a moment and continues.]

JL: We have been called undeserving of the hype and attention we have received. Claims of using our father's legacy as a golden ticket. It's nothing new ... It's been ammunition from our critics from day one. While you may think we've had a punched golden ticket ... My brothers and I have been fighting an uphill battle since the day we were born.

[James smiles thinking for a few seconds.]

JL: Our father never believed much in "golden tickets" and when we entered the PCW we all received our baptism by fire.

[James laughs and in a mocking voice.]

JL: What doesn't kill you makes you stronger. So when we arrived here in the AWA. We knew the critics would come back out in full force. We knew there was going to be a locker room just waiting to find out if we lived up to all that hype. And I think for the first time after our match with the Unholy Alliance some of those critics realize the Lynch boys are for real.

[There's a chuckle that comes from off camera.]

"Or, they just want to see me get smacked again."

[The voice is unmistakable. Deep and gravelly, like his father's. But spoken in a slow, some might say lazy, drawl. It's Jack Lynch, the oldest brother. Despite the heatwave that's made national headlines and put Texas on water rations, Jack is still dressed all in black. A short sleeve shirt, button down shirt, black jeans, black boots. And of course, his father's black cowboy hat. Tall and lanky, Jack leans against the door of his brother's pickup.]

JL: Lots of folk didn't understand what it meant when old Blackjack slapped the taste outta my mouth. I'm not gonna dwell on it, and I ain't gonna try to justify it to people that don't understand. Let me just say this.

Y'all did see the claw take down the Unholy Alliance, right?

[Lynch removes his hand momentarily, running his free hand through his hair before putting it back on.]

JL: We took some lumps last time we were in the ring. But the three of us took down the Unholy Alliance. We took a stand, and we did what we said we were gonna do. Now the question is, what comes next?

For me and Jimmy? Its the Cup.

By now, you've heard that the Lynch brothers are in the Cup. But let me make this clear. This ain't one of those "we're just glad to be invited" deals. We're in this thing to win it. There's a lotta great teams. But there's only one team with the Lynch family on it.

That Cup? Its ours. Right here, right now, I'm promising that if we don't win that thing, it'll be because they had to carry us out on stretchers.

I want that Cup, Jimmy wants that Cup. And you can be damned sure that ol' Blackjack wants that Cup.

So that's what's next for Jimmy and I. But what about the other Lynch? Trav, what're you plannin' on doin', other than makin' the girls scream, that is?

TL: Is there something else I'm supposed to do?

[Travis walks into view, attires in blue jeans, a tight black t-shirt and his usual cowboy boots and slaps the eldest Lynch on the shoulder as the three share a laugh.]

TL: Seriously though, I'm gonna keep doin' what we Lynch boys do best and that's win. You see at Wrestlerock the Darkness may have been standing tall at the end of the night ...

[Travis slowly shakes his head in disgust.]

TL: ... and the world maybe talking about how the Darkness has a tight grip around the neck of the AWA ... y'all have to realize that Wrestlerock was just one night ... only one night in the long hot summer to come. I want you all to take a good look at us ...

[Travis pauses as the camera pans over the three brothers.]

TL: In front of you, you see the knights of the AWA, the Lynches! At Wrestlerock we were still standing tall as we exposed that the Unholy Alliance isn't as tough as they want everyone to believe. The Unholy Alliance fell to the Lynches ...

[Jack and James nod their heads proudly.]

TL: And Wrestlerock was just the beginning of the Unholy Alliance's descent.

[Travis flashes his pearly whites at the camera.]

TL: While Jack and James are focused on the Cup, I'm focused on the gold and what better way to continue to take the Unholy Alliance apart than to take the gold from around Nenshou's waist. The cry used to be there's gold

in dem der hills ... well, soon it's going to be there's gold around Travis Lynch's waist!

[As the three brothers move to stand together, we crossfade back to the arena in Norfolk where we find Phil Watson standing.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring, they weigh a combined four hundred and seventy eight pounds, here are Matt Ginn and Kyle Houlder!

[Boos from the crowd, as both Ginn and Houlder arrogantly thrust their arms in the air.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers, to a HUGE reaction!]

BW: This better not be who I think it is!

PW: And now, their opponents... at a total combined weight of four hundred and eighty-five pounds... from Dallas, Texas...

JAMES AND JACK... THE LYNCH BROTHERS!

BW: It is them! You do this to me every time, Myers! You know I hate these guys! Wasn't it bad enough we had to watch them stand around like a bunch of Texas morons on their pappy's ranch? Now we have to watch 'em stink up the ring too with their horse droppin' feet? You know that's why James Lynch wrestles barefoot, right? He wants to shove those stinky, gross horse apple feet in someone's face!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the middle Lynch brother James Lynch, the dirty brown hair, clean cut, young Texan. James wears a grey lightly zipped jacket and yellow speedo wrestling trunks. He's also barefoot.

By his side is the tall, lanky form of Jack Lynch. The eldest Lynch, as always, is dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. 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. On his right hand is a fingerless glove made of black leather.

Jack and James step through the ropes into the ring, Jack pausing to remove his coat as James pulls off his zipped jacket as the official steps between the two teams, ready to call for the bell. As the bell sounds, both teams waste no time, as all four men go rushing at each other.]

GM: And its already breaking down! The Lynch Brothers are already in the Stampede Cup, could we be seeing Ginn and Houlder trying to make some sort of statement?

BW: Yes, and the statement is "I hate these stinkin' STENCH brothers!" It's the statement everyone makes!

GM: That's not true! The Lynch brothers are incredibly popular. And their victory over the Unholy Alliance has only made the fans love them more.

BW: Come on Gordo! You know they only won because there are like nine thousand Lynches. What was Anton going to do? How is going to fight against not only Jack, James and Travis, but Marsha, Jan, Cindy, Bobby, Peter, Greg..

GM: Bucky!

[As Ginn and Jack continue to fight, Houlder whips James into the ropes, only to have it reversed. James hits a perfect dropkick that sends Houlder out of the ring. Finally, the referee restores order, sending James to the outside, leaving Jack and Ginn as the legal men.]

BW: And don't forget Michael, Jermaine, Tito, Jackie, Marlon, Randy...

GM: Bucky!

[Ginn lifts Jack up and slams him down hard to the mat. But as he bounces off the ropes and readies to drop a knee, Jack rolls out of the way and comes up, leveling Ginn with a big tackle. Jack sends Ginn into the ropes with a hard whip and then hits a high knee, before dragging Ginn over to his corner, and tagging in his brother.]

BW: Then there's Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, Mike, Ralph and Johnny..

GM: Bucky! Will you stop?

BW: Fine, you get the point.

[James vaults over the top rope, and lands an axehandle on Ginn's back. Ginn goes to the ropes again, and takes a dropkick to the mouth.]

GM: That'll have Ginn drinking through a straw for awhile.

BW: I'm surprised he didn't punch him. Wait, that's the other brother.

GM: I'll never understand what you have against the Lynch family.

[Meanwhile, James has slammed Ginn down hard on the mat, and now he tags in to his brother, Jack. Jack enters the ring slowly, and then looks to the crowd. He gives them a nod and lifts his right hand as the crowd chants.]

"IR-ON CLAW! IR-ON CLAW! IR-ON CLAW!"

[As Ginn slowly gets to his feet, Jack's fingers curl forward. His arm extends, and he catches Ginn's head.]

GM: THERE IT IS! Its over already!

[Ginn flails before sinking to the mat, his shoulders flat.]

GM: ONE TWO THREE!! This match is over.

PW: The winners of the bout... THE LYNCH BROTHERS!!

[LOUD cheers from the fans, as Jack and James have their hands raised in victory.]

GM: An impressive win from the Lynch brothers. And certainly, Bucky, the Championship Committee was watching.

BW: Let's hope they come to their senses and toss these Stenches out! We don't need their kind in the Stampede Cup!

GM: Bucky, these boys are in the Cup and they're gonna stay there... but what are YOU going to do if they win the whole dang thing?

BW: ...

GM: What?

BW: I think I just threw up in my mouth.

GM: Hehe... fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[As the Lynch Brothers celebrate their win, we fade to black.

And then back up on an animated Jason Dane... no, he's not just moving a lot. He's LITERALLY animated - like Porky Pig style.]

JD: They say I'm the man with all the answers.

[A cut to a different angle of animated Dane.]

JD: They say I'm the man who gets all the scoops.

[Another cut. Another angle.]

JD: They say I'm- is all this really necessary? It's not like I'm Geraldo, guys.

[A voice off camera shouts "CUT!" and animated Jason Dane walks off a green screen set through a crowded studio.]

JD: I'm not the "most feared man in America," fans. What I am is a pretty good reporter who has an eye for the stories you're gonna want to know about. That's why AWA Access has been one of the most downloaded apps ever and that's why the AWA gave me permission to start my own website!



I'll be bringing you the hot news, the big stories, and the stuff not fit to air.

[Animated Dane strokes his animated chin.]

JD: Maybe I AM the most feared man in America!

[A "BZZZ!" sound of electricity is heard as animated Jason Dane fades away and a title graphic appears.]

"JASON DANE - COMING TO A BROWSER NEAR YOU!"

[Fade to black.]

We fade back inside the arena, a panning shot of the cheering Norfolk crowd all waiting to see what is next on this edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling.

And the growl that kicks off "Black Cat" comes over the PA system, quickly sending the crowd into fits of anger. And if that didn't do it, the sight of Buddy Morton on his way out does.]

GM: Oh, not these guys again. I'm really sick of what they've had to say as of late.

BW: Your hatred is misguided, Gordo. Buddy Morton's a prince.

GM: He's a weasel, Bucky... he and his buddy Summers who- yeah, look at what he's carrying out here.

[Morton holds high over his head the PCW Heavyweight Championship belt as "Red Hot" Rex Summers follows his manager from the back, dressed impeccably in a nice three-piece suit and with a large smirk on his face. The pair make their way to the ring, with an increasingly hostile crowd greeting them at every turn. Morton takes the house mic.]

BM: Alleged ladies and experimental test subjects, please give it up for the ONE TRUE WORLD CHAMPION OF WRESTLING... REX SUMMERS!

[That's it, AWA fans. Let your hatred flow. Summers revels in it, and takes the microphone from Buddy. After adjusting his tie...]

RS: That's right, Buddy. I am the only true World Champion, the proud PCW Champion. And unlike the so-called Ladykiller walking around this dump with ten pounds of garbage, I earned my strap the old-fashioned way... with hard work and effort. I beat everybody in my path to the top, and made old man Lynch break down and sell his way out of the business.

But you know what, [said slow, almost mockingly] Ca-lis-to Du-fresne... any time you want to try and legitimize your paper crown there, you come knock on the door of the real world's champ. I'm not a hard guy to find, just ask the Lynch gals.

[Boo!]

GM: This is utterly disrespectful! Summers continues to come out here and parade himself off as a champion while degrading people left and right.

BW: In all fairness I doubt it's the first time anyone's called the Lynches a bunch of sissy girls, and I doubt it'll be the last.

[Summers takes the title belt from Morton and places it over his shoulder as he continues. Morton just stands and grins like the cat that ate the canary.]

RS: I'm in a particularly giving mood this week, so I'll tell you what I'll do. AWA head honchos, I know you've got another big show coming up soon, that Stampede Jock Strap... I'll do you the honor of putting this title up on the line at the show, just so you can promote it with an actual heavyweight championship match on the lineup.

[Morton leans over, whispering something to Summers.]

RS: Well, of course, Buddy. Of course they would put that title defense as the Main Event. It's only natural. Where else would Rex Summers belong but the Main Ev-

[The cracking of a whip thunders through the complex turning Rex Summers' and the crowd's attention to the entranceway.]

GM: And that can mean the arrival of only one man, Bucky Wilde - it's "Dirty" Dick Bass!

BW: The happiest guy in the AWA!

GM: It's been awhile since we have seen Dick Bass, Bucky. And I have to wonder exactly why he's out here. It's no secret to folks who have followed PCW in the past, these two men have history, fans... both as friends as well as foes.

BW: I don't know anything about all that but from what I've been told, Dick Bass was out on tour - barhopping across this great country of ours trying to find his smile.

GM: Would you stop?!

BW: What? My sources are always dead on, Gordo.

[As the announcers bicker, the man known as "Dirty" Dick Bass is already halfway down the aisle. Dressed to impress as always, the Florida native wears blue jeans, black cowboy boots, and simple black t-shirt that is a little too tight on the shoulders and his barrel-like chest.

As always, the black Stetson is pulled down close to the brow, hiding his menacing eyes as he stands by the apron, eyeballing Summers and Morton as he reaches for an offered mic. Bass climbs the ringsteps and begins to speak.]

DB: Just so there isn't any confusion...

[Bass steps through the ropes, removing his Stetson and putting on the corner post. He pauses a moment before striding across the ring, stepping right up into the face of Rex Summers who immediately shouts out, "What are you doing?!" off mic. Bass holds up a hand, never taking his eyes off the PCW World Champion.]

DB: Just so you know what I'm about to say- I mean.

[The crowd is puzzled, some actually cheering the Florida native as he glares a hole through Summers. Bass rubs his handlebar moustache, looking down to the mat for a moment as he if he's looking for the right words to say. After a moment, he raises his gaze to Summers once again.]

DB: Now Rex, it isn't any secret that you and I... well, let's just say we've both walked the same line before and we've both stood on opposite sides of it back in PCW.

Now I didn't mean to rain on yer' parade and I don't mean to steal your thunder. You know that's not what I'm about.

[Summers nods in understanding as Morton is unmoving. Bass rubs at his moustache some more before continuing.]

Bass: But I couldn't help but hear you out here telling everyone how yer' the real World champion and Calisto isn't.

Now I'm not out here to defend his honor or tell you you're wrong because quite frankly I don't give a damn.

[A few members of the crowd actually cheer this. Weird.]

DB: But something you said caught my attention. You said you wanted to defend that title Rex, so I came out here man to man, face to face to tell ya....

[Bass points at his own chest.]

DB: I'm yer' man.

[Rex looks perplexed as Morton shakes his head. Bass ignores the manager and continues.]

DB: Ya see... a lot of folks around here, they think you can't be the champion of a place not in business anymore. They think with PCW gone under, that makes you not a champion anymore.

[Bass shrugs.]

DB: I ain't speakin' to that but what I DO know, Rex... is that you can't be the champ no more if you don't put that strap hangin' over yer shoulder on the line...

[The crowd cheers! Summers looks a little surprised, grabbing the title belt a little firmer.]

DB: So, whaddya say, champ? Rex Summers vs "Dirty" Dick for the PCW World Title.

[The crowd is buzzing with excitement at the idea of Summers getting his - even if it's at the hands of someone they don't particularly care for.]

DB: You wanna show everyone that you're the real World champion, then here's your chance, Rex... whaddya say?

[Summers looks a bit nervous as he raises a hand, grabbing the mic from Buddy Morton.]

RS: You... uhh... you want a shot... at me?

[Summers looks puzzled as Bass nods his head.]

RS: Well, uhh... we... we think that'd be...

[Summers looks at Morton who tries to shake his head without being seen.]

RS: We think that's alright, don't we, Buddy?

[Buddy Morton slaps on a fake smile, nodding quickly.]

RS: But... well, a match of that magnitude... with that much star power... we think we should give our new employer here a chance to capitalize on it, don't you?

[Bass raises an eyebrow, not speaking.]

RS: We think that... uhhh... let's do it next Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The crowd boos the obvious display of cowardice. Summers turns on them!]

RS: SHADDUP, YOU FAT SWEATHOGS!

[The crowd explodes in jeers!]

RS: So, uhh... Summers versus Bass for the title... next time. Okay?

[Bass eyeballs Summers warily... and then slowly nods.]

DB: Alright, Rex. You get a stay of execution. But in two weeks? That belt...

[Bass slaps the golden belt on the shoulder of Summers hard.]

DB: ...is comin' home with me and Delilah.

[There are some more cheers at that! Bizarre. Bass turns his back, walking away from Summers...]

GM: Rex Summers will defend the PCW World Title against Dick Bass in two weeks... I don't even know if that's legal! Can he defend the title of a promotion that no longer exists? Can he- look out!

[The crowd jeers as Summers DRILLS the exiting Bass between the shoulderblades with the title belt, knocking him down to the canvas. Summers tosses the belt aside as he lets loose a barrage of stomps and kicks to the downed Bass on the canvas.]

GM: Rex Summers is working over Dick Bass on the mat! A cowardly, cheap sneak attack by "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Dick Bass should never have turned his back on him!

BW: I don't know about this one, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: I'm not... you know the saying that you should spit in the wind, never tug on Superman's cape, etc?

GM: Sure.

BW: I'm not sure you should EVER backjump Dick Bass.

[Summers continues the assault, laying in kick after kick to the downed Bass before pausing to put his hands on his head, swiveling his hips towards the crowd which jeers - mostly except for those infatuated women - before he goes back on the attack, leaning down to pull Bass up to his feet...

...and getting drilled with an uppercut that causes him to spit a mouthful of saliva into the air!]

GM: Ohh, what a shot!

[Bass pulls himself to his feet, sneering at Buddy Morton who quickly bails out of the ring, abandoning his man to "Dirty" Dick Bass who grabs Summers by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...

...and launching him up and over to the mat with a big backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY BASS!!!

[The crowd roars as Bass signals for the Bass Breaker...

...but doesn't get to put it on as a frantic Buddy Morton pulls his man from the ring by the ankle, dragging him back up the aisle as Bass shouts at them both from inside the ring.]

GM: Dick Bass just sent Rex Summers a message! Dick Bass wants the PCW World Title! And in two weeks, he's gonna get a shot at it, fans!

[The camera cuts to the fleeing Morton and Summers as the crowd taunts them from the aisleway.]

BW: What? You're a Dick Bass fan now?

GM: Not at all but I won't mind ANYONE cracking Rex Summers upside the jaw a time or two. And I'm sure after some of the things he's said, our guest right now would agree.

[The shot cuts to reveal the voice of the AWA, Gordon Myers, standing at ringside in a close-up shot.]

GM: Fans, at this time, I would like you all to welcome the interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jon Stegglet.

[There's a decent-sized cheer from the fans as the shot zooms out to reveal Stegglet in frame. Stegglet shakes Gordon's hand.]

GM: Now, Jon, I understand that you're here right now to talk about a match that was supposed to happen this evening. Namely, a match involving Jeff Matthews.

JS: That's correct, Gordon. Two weeks ago, I told Jeff Matthews that he would have to have his first match in the AWA here tonight. However, as you're about to see, that match will not be happening tonight.

GM: Should we explain what...?

JS: I think it would be best to just run the footage.

GM: Remember, fans... this was taped earlier tonight here in Norfolk before the show began. Let's take a look...

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" - we are in the parking lot of the Joseph G. Echols Memorial Hall. The camera shot is a little bit wild, just kind of panning around as we can hear the voice of Mark Stegglet.]

MS: How's the lighting here? Good?

[From behind the camera, we get the voice of the cameraman.]

C: It's fine.

MS: Who are we out here to interview again?

C: Shouldn't you know that?

[The camera gets pulled up to shoulder height, a blurry shot of Mark Stegglet as he consults a set of notes.]

MS: Let's see here... did that one... did that... aw hell, the Moonshiners.

[The cameraman chuckles, the camera shot bouncing.]

MS: It's not funny, man. That guy freaks me out. You see the way he looks at me? I feel like a piece of meat or... hey, over there... it's Matthews.

[The view of the camera quickly changes - our apologies to anyone with motion sickness - and comes to rest of Jeff "The Madfox" Matthews, gym bag in hand as he walks across the parking lot towards our camera crew.]

MS: Let's go see if we can get something out of him... come on...

[Brace yourself. The camera shot is really bouncy as we move closer to Matthews who spots us coming.]

JMM: Not tonight, Stegglet. I've got business to take care of.

MS: Come on, Jeff. Just a quick word or two. Tell us what you're thinking here tonight before your debut.

JMM: I'm thinking I'm gonna put my fist through your face if you don't get out of my way.

[A loud thud is heard from off-camera, the sound of a car door slamming.]

MS: You know my Uncle wouldn't like that, right? You might get yourself suspended or-

[A voice calls off from off-camera.]

"Hey, jack..."

[The camera quickly turns, finding Alex Martinez standing next to a black car. He takes a couple steps forward, his lips moving but the sound muted out presumably for language.]

AM: Ain't no way in hell you're wrestling tonight, Madfox.

[The cameraman steps back, the shot falling to the side for a moment as Martinez continues to walk towards Matthews.]

AM: You want a match? I'm here to make sure there's only one guy you're gonna face...

[Matthews grins, apparently pleased by this news as he tosses his back to the side.]

JMM: Let's do this...

[Mark Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: Guys, wait! This isn't supposed to happen! Alex, you're still-

[The two men rush towards each other, Matthews shoving Stegglet back against a nearby car. The momentary lapse in focus on Martinez gives the seven footer the advantage as he hits first, tackling Matthews down onto the asphalt. The cameraman steps closer, zooming in as they two men scramble, swinging and struggling with one another to try and get an advantage. Eventually, Martinez winds up on top, his first thrown punch connecting solidly on the chin of the Madfox. A second blow follows but Matthews rolls aside, causing the big man to SMASH his already-injured hand into the concrete.]

MS: You on this? Keep shooting!

C: Shouldn't someone go get-

MS: Keep shooting, damn it!

[Martinez howls in pain from the missed punch, rolling off of Matthews to all fours where he cradles his injured hand under him. The Madfox scrambles to his feet, spitting on the concrete before kicking Martinez full-force in the ribs, knocking him over onto his back.]

JMM: GET UP!

[A second kick to the ribs lands.]

JMM: GET UP!

[Another one to the ribs connects!]

JMM: Get up and face this like a man, Martinez!

[Not waiting for the big man to follow orders, Matthews unleashes another kick, this time landing right in the face. Martinez rolls to his side, grunting in pain as Matthews looks to land another kick to the face. He lets it fly but Martinez gets his good hand up, slowing the blow enough to wrap his arms around the leg, pulling it out from under the Madfox and bringing him down to the concrete. Martinez crawls over the back of Matthews, pinning him down under his weight, and throws a pair of blows with his good hand to the ribs.]

AM: How's that? HUH?!



[Another shot to the ribs follows before Martinez pushes up to his feet, grabbing a nearby hood of a car to steady himself. He leans against the car for a moment, shouting for Matthews to get up as he tries to regain his balance. An angry Matthews winces as he rises, grabbing his ribs as he get back to his feet. The Madfox turns around, the two men glaring at each other for moment before he rushes forward, seizing the moment before Martinez can react, tackling him around the waist, and pushing him back onto the hood of the car. In the background, we can hear the noise of what sounds like a group of people rushing towards the scene, shouting in the direction of the brawl.

Matthews climbs atop the hood, straddling Martinez as he hammers him with right hands on top of the vehicle. He leaps off, grabbing his rival around the waist...

...and SLAMS his spine back into the adjacent car door!]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!”

[Martinez groans in agony as he’s smashed into the metal door. He grabs the roof of the car, trying to stay on his feet as Matthews spins away...

...and walks towards the cameraman.]

C: Wait... what are-

JMM: Gimme that!

MS: Jeff, please... you guys have gotta-

[Matthews rips the heavy television camera out of the cameraman’s hands, our shot going wild as the Madfox swings the camera by the handle, moving back towards Martinez.]

JMM: You want a fight...

[The audio cuts out again for a moment. The shot cuts to a security feed from the parking lot - a grainy black and white shot. Matthews suddenly raises the camera overhead, the camera we’re still pulling audio from, ready to smash Martinez over the head with it...

...but at the last moment, Martinez sidesteps!]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

MS: HOLY...

[The audio cuts out again as the security footage shows us Martinez leaning against the hood of the adjacent car, looking back at Matthews who drove the camera through the car window, his arm following closely behind it. The Madfox withdraws his arm, the black and white footage showing several dark

marks on it which we can assume are blood. Matthews stares at his arm in shock as Martinez straightens up, ready to move back in...

...when suddenly a swarm of AWA officials and security hit the scene. Two of the officials immediately drag Matthews to the side, looking at his arm.]

O: We've gotta... good lord, where's Ponavitch? We need a doctor now!

[It takes a half dozen security guards or more but eventually, Martinez is pushed back and held there as the officials and security escort a shocked Matthews towards the entrance to the building.

And we fade back to ringside to Gordon Myers and Jeff Matthews.]

GM: Jon, the immediately question is - how is Jeff Matthews' arm?

JS: You know, Gordon... we got really lucky out there tonight. I can confirm that after extensive examination by Dr. Ponavitch as well as Matthews being taken to a local medical facility, there are no major injuries that have resulted from that confrontation. No tendons or arteries were damaged. Luckily, it seems as though the camera broke the window and all he suffered were cuts from the broken glass falling on it. Jeff Matthews is a lucky, lucky man in the opinion of our doctors.

GM: But he can not compete tonight?

JS: That's correct, Gordon. He took quite a few stitches to his hand and arm and it is the recommendation of the medical staff that he NOT compete until his hand and arm have healed properly. So, to repeat, Jeff Matthews will NOT be competing here tonight.

GM: Okay... but what about Alex Martinez?

JS: That remains a problem.

GM: Mr. Stegglet, no offense, but he has repeatedly ignored the orders of the Championship Committee AND the front office to stay home on medical leave. Has he been cleared to compete?

JS: He certainly hasn't.

GM: Well, it appears you have a difficult decision to make.

JS: You're right, Gordon. Now, Alex Martinez was taken away - by force, I might add - from the building here tonight. He is not here any longer... yet it appears we can not get him to stay away. It has become apparent that he will NOT abide by the AWA's rulings.

After consulting with the Championship Committee, we are prepared to offer Alex a deal that will allow him to compete once more...

[The crowd cheers!]

GM: A deal? What kind of a deal?

JS: The AWA's legal team is drafting an agreement right now for Alex Martinez' signature. If he signs the deal, his medical suspension will be lifted immediately so that he may return to action.

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: What's the catch, Mr. Stegglet?

JS: The catch is that by signing it, he agrees to waive the AWA of ANY and ALL liability if he is further injured... or worse. He will, in effect, excuse us of any responsibility for anything that happens to him in an AWA ring or while on property being used by the AWA.

Since Mr. Martinez seems unconcerned about his health even though we greatly are still worried about it, the Championship Committee has decided to let him compete - provided he waives any right to sue for damages now or in the future.

GM: I have to be honest, Jon. I don't think a lawsuit is quite up his alley.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: I agree, Gordon, but I have a responsibility to this company and its employees. Therefore, here's the offer - Alex Martinez can show up at the building two weeks from tonight where I will be waiting inside the ring. He has two choices at that point...

One, he can sign the offered waiver and return to action.

Or two, he can agree to sit out until our medical team has cleared him.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: What if he chooses to sit out and then... well, things like this happen again.

[It's Stegglet's turn to shake his head.]

JS: If Mr. Martinez chooses to sit out and then does not live up to that agreement, the AWA will consider him in breach of contract and will begin proceedings to terminate his employment with the American Wrestling Alliance. At that point, any further action by Mr. Martinez will constitute criminal activity and he will be in the hands of law enforcement.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: It sounds like Alex Martinez has a major decision to make in the next two weeks, fans. Thank you for coming out here, Mr. Stegg- wait a second... what is this? What are YOU doing out here?

[Who is it? Who else? The mysterious masked man dubbed the Minion. As Stegglet steps to the side, the Minion has joined Myers.]

GM: I'll say it again, what are you doing here?

MINION: My master... the one you call the Dragon... he watches, Mr. Myers. He is always watching - omniscient of all that occurs in this company. He - like these sheep who flock to the side of the Mighty Martinez - saw the atrocity committed by Martinez. Perhaps you did not?

[Myers shakes his head.]

GM: I saw what happened in the parking lot - but it looked to me that Matthews was as much to blame for what happened as Martinez was!

MINION: Tsk, tsk. To the untrained eyes of a lemming, it would likely appear that way. But to those who see, Myers, you would achieve true understanding of the situation. You would see that Jeff Matthews was scheduled for single combat INSIDE a wrestling ring tonight - not in a parking lot. But Alex Martinez - the Mighty Martinez - could not let that occur without feeding his equally Mighty ego.

GM: What are you trying to say?

MINION: Open your ears and you shall understand, Myers. My master, the one you call the Dragon, is always watching as I said. And he has seen that Alex Martinez continues to act in a most cowardly fashion.

His refusal to face the Madfox, the ghost from his past, continues to bother my master.

His refusal to atone for his many sins that have brought him to this situation, continues to aggravate my master.

And worst of all, his refusal to heed my Master's call to simply vanish... that quite simply ENRAGES my master.

[Myers shakes his head.]

GM: What's the point?

[The Minion glares at Myers from behind his mask for several silent moments.]

MINION: The point, Meek Myers, is that your lack of understanding is-

GM: Can you stop with all the word games and get to-

MINION: SILENCE, MYERS!

[Gordon steams as the Minion presses his fingertips together.]

MINION: My master's patience runs towards in end. THAT... is the point.

GM: And?

MINION: Until this time, my master has been content to allow Mighty Martinez to run his gauntlet one man at a time.

GM: Except for the Blonde Bombers, of course.

MINION: Do not attempt to muddle the issue, Myers. Martinez was allowed his own ally to battle the Bombers... an ally who has quickly learned the futility in fighting what is inevitable as the Mighty Martinez creeps closer to understanding with each sand through the hourglass.

[Myers sighs.]

GM: So... what? Are you claiming responsibility for what happened to Vasquez now?

[The Minion chuckles.]

MINION: It is not Vasquez that concerns my Master. It is only the Mighty Martinez. His time draws near, Myers... much like his friend's has come.

But, as I said, the Master's patience draws to an end.

The time draws near where single combat is not enough.

[Myers' eyes go wide.]

GM: What are... are you saying that Martinez is-?

MINION: What I say is simple. If Alex Martinez does not choose in two weeks time to vanish from the realm of the AWA - the wise and obvious choice to a realistic man...

[A pause.]

MINION: Then my Master, the Dragon... will have to assemble his horde...

[Myers shakes his head.]

GM: What does that mean? What are you implying?

[With a short chuckle, the Minion simply nods his head to Myers and makes his exit, leaving, as always, more questions than answers.]

GM: Wait! Come back here!

[But the Minion does not answer to Gordon Myers, walking back up the aisle without a further word and leaving a frustrated Myers behind.]

GM: Fans, I don't like that man one bit... but what he just said... the words he spoke... I got chills, fans.

[Myers shakes his head again.]

GM: I don't... fans, let's go up to Bucky.

[We cut to the inside of the ring where Bucky Wilde looks a little anxious as well.]

BW: Well, hopefully I can get more answers than Gordo managed right there. Nice try, Gordo.

[Bucky suddenly breaks into a grin.]

BW: WELCOME... TO THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[The crowd reacts - some cheer, some boo - but they react and really that's all Bucky cares about.]

BW: So, the AWA apparently came to their senses and realized that Todd Michaelson and the Money Pit was a sham, a joke, a cheap impostor. They realized that if they wanted true groundbreaking stories, cutting interviews, and ratings - oh yes - ratings... then they needed the Main Attraction, the straw that stirs the drink and makes the other channel's ratings' sink...

[Wilde grins, jerking a thumb at himself.]

BW: That'd be me, you know?

BUUUUUUUUCKTHORRRRRRN WILLLLLLLLLLDE!

[Another crowd reaction. Pick 'em.]

BW: And tonight, I've got a guest that a lot of people have been waiting to hear from since Wrestlerock - since the 4th of July when he PROVED what kind of man he is.

Let's take a look at some footage from the Tower of Doom so you can see EXACTLY what I'm talking about... roll it, Pepper!

[We fade to footage marked "WRESTLEROCK" where we find action from the Tower of Doom in progress. Kolya Sudakov is down in the bottom cage of the Tower, arguing with Count Adrian Bathwaite when the trapdoor opens up and Vladimir Velikov drops down to join his nephew in the bottom cage.]

GM: Velikov's into the bottom cage!

[And the big Russian immediately marches across the ring, shoving his nephew hard in the chest. He points to Bathwaite, screaming at Sudakov in Russian, and then shoves him a second time.]

GM: Come on, Kolya! Stand up to these guys! Be your own man!

BW: We've been through this before, Gordo. He can't! If he wants to stay employed in this company, he can't do a single thing that Ivan Kostovich doesn't tell him he can do!

[Velikov shoves Sudakov again, shouting at him again...

...and this time, Sudakov shoves back, knocking Velikov down on his rear to the roar of the crowd!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

GM: YES! YES! DO IT, KOLYA!

[There's a quick cut to a little later in the match where Vladimir Velikov stumbles up to his feet, shouting at Kolya Sudakov from across the ring, marching towards him...

...and shoving him with both hands in the chest again!]

GM: Velikov shoves him back and-

[BOOM!]

GM: RIGHT HAND BY SUDAKOV!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Kolya Sudakov knocking Vladimir Velikov flat with a right hand. The big Russian scrambles back to his feet...

...and gets RUN! RIGHT! OVER!]

GM: SICKLE!! SICKLE!! SUDAKOV HITS THE SICKLE ON HIS UNCLE!!

[The AWA fans ERUPT at the sight of the Sickle being used on Sudakov's abusive Uncle, knocking him flat...

...and then Sudakov ORDERS Bathwaite to open the door which he quickly does.]

GM: Sudakov's leaving! Sudakov walked out of the cage and just like Stevie Scott, he's walking away from this match!

BW: He exited the cage - we're tied at one!

GM: But he's out of here! He wants nothing more to do with this match! My stars, fans... I never thought I'd be so happy to see a Russian Sickle from Kolya Sudakov!

[Sudakov storms back up the aisle, the fans cheering him as he makes his exit.]

BW: Sudakov just made the biggest mistake of his life, Gordo! He's done! He's finished in this company! Kostovich is gonna send him back to Siberia for this! What an idiot!

GM: He's a man, Bucky! He's a man who just made a choice regardless of the consequences!

[We crossfade back to live action where Bucky is grinning.]

BW: My good friend, Gordo, down there says he's a man who made a choice regardless of the consequences. Well, I think we're about to find out exactly what those consequences are.

At this time, please welcome my guest tonight... the former AWA National Champion... KOLYA SUDAKOV!

[The crowd roars to life with a bit of a mixed response for the former National Champion as he strides through the curtain. He's in street clothes - a pair of black slacks and a white polo. He quickly makes his way down the aisle, climbing the ringsteps and stepping into the ring.]

BW: Dead man walkin' right there, people. Enjoy your last look at 'im.

[Sudakov glares at Bucky as he approaches, finally taking Bucky's offered hand for a firm handshake that leaves Bucky wiggling his fingers.]

BW: Easy there, tiger. Got a hot bowling date tomorrow night.

Now, let's get right down to brass tacks, Sudakov. For several months now, you've been on contract with Ivan Kostovich - an agreement that you SIGNED OFF on. You put your career in his hands after losing a match and now... you were REQUIRED to do everything he said, were you not?

[Sudakov looks down... and then nods.]

BW: That's right! You were! You were supposed to do everything that Ivan Kostovich said. When he told you to beat down Supernova, you did it. When he told you to slap around Jim Watkins, you had to do it.

But I can pretty well guarantee that he did NOT tell you to deliver the Russian Sickle to your Uncle Vladimir in the Tower of Doom!

[The crowd roars at the mention of it. Bucky looks furious while Kolya looks up with a slight grin.]

BW: You think that's funny, Sudakov? Well, I'll tell you someone who DOESN'T think it's funny and that's Vladimir! And even worse for you, that's Ivan Kostovich! Neither one of them think it's funny. Neither one of them think a single thing you did in that Tower was funny! And just because these idiots cheer you for it, that don't make it right, son.



[Sudakov glares at Bucky, waiting for his moment to speak.]

BW: So, I think you get one chance... one moment in time... to explain yourself in a way that saves your career - the career that STILL rests in Ivan Kostovich's hands in case you've forgotten.

The floor is yours, kid.

[Bucky hands over the mic. Sudakov takes it, looking down for a long moment before raising his head.]

KS: Kolya come out here tonight... in front of all these fans in Virginia and watching on television... to say...

[Dramatic pause.]

KS: I'm sorry.

[The crowd EXPLODES into boos! Bucky looks quite pleased with himself, grinning widely.]

KS: I am sorry... to men like Supernova...

[The crowd buzzes, Bucky looking suspicious now.]

KS: Supernova was my friend. He did nothing but support Kolya and trust him. And Kolya made him regret that. I... apologize to Supernova.

Jim Watkins... I'm sorry to him also. He is good man. Good, proud man. And Kolya helped humiliate him with Russian flag. That is not what Jim Watkins deserves.

[Bucky snatches the mic back.]

BW: Are you kidding me? You get one chance to save your career and you're apologizing to idiots like Supernova and Watkins?! You're a bigger idiot than-

[Kolya snatches the mic away, pointing a warning finger at Bucky to even more cheers than before.]

KS: Kolya is biggest idiot! Kolya is big idiot for not standing up to Uncle Vladimir and Comrade Kostovich! Kolya is big idiot for not being man enough to... to go home instead of do what they ask Kolya do.

The AWA fans... the AWA fans cheer for Kolya... when Kolya not deserve it. They cheer... they chant his name...

[On cue...]

"KOL-YA! KOL-YA! KOL-YA!"

[Sudakov smiles.]

KS: Thank you... but Kolya no deserve that. Kolya let you down. Kolya... apologize to you most of all. I am sorry for hurting you all.

[He shakes his head.]

KS: Kolya knows what must happen next. Kolya will be sent back to Russia - never come back. Kol...

[He pauses.]

KS: I want to thank you all for everything. AWA is... best time in Kolya's life.

[He nods at the cheering crowd.]

KS: Thank-

[The sounds of the Russian National Anthem kicks in to a big shower of jeers as Vladimir Velikov and Ivan Kostovich emerge from the back, both looking angry and ready to fight. Kostovich leads the way, his head still bandaged from the Tower of Doom as he snatches a mic from a ringside attendant, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He instantly points a finger at Sudakov.]

IK: You... you pathetic shell of a man.

[The crowd jeers.]

IK: You come out here and you apologize to these morons? You apologize to Watkins and Supernova and...

[Kostovich spits.]

IK: The thought that you used to be a proud Russian warrior makes me sick. The fact that you used to wear gold for fighting, representing our people makes me sick.

You are nothing, Sudakov. You are beyond nothing.

[Velikov shouts a few words in Russian from over Kostovich's shoulder.]

IK: You are right. You are completely right, Vladimir. I should send him packing back home to Russia for... re-education.

[Sudakov visibly winces at the idea of that.]

IK: You went back once for that, didn't you? When you failed your country the last time, we sent you back.

It wasn't pleasant, was it?

[Kostovich grins, knowing what happens during that process.]

IK: You deserve to go back there for that. You really do.

[Kostovich eyes Sudakov for a moment.]

IK: However...

[Sudakov raises his head, looking at Kostovich.]

IK: I have already committed you and Vladimir to compete in the Stampede Cup as a tag team.

[Velikov shouts something at Kostovich in Russian.]

IK: Your wants do not concern me, Vladimir. At this point, we can not find you a better partner in time.

He... is the only choice we have.

So, I make you an offer, Sudakov...

[Kostovich pauses.]

IK: If you win the Stampede Cup, bringing glory to our country and to our people...

...I will allow you to stay in the AWA under my employ.

[The crowd boos loudly. Sudakov lowers his head, shaking it back and forth.]

IK: If you refuse, you will go back to Russia IMMEDIATELY to begin the process of breaking you down to the raw material we started with when we built you. Perhaps... perhaps the second time around, we can make you better.

Oh, it'll hurt... it'll be quite painful, I'm sure. But it'll be well worth it to us.

[Kostovich smirks.]

IK: So, Sudakov... your answer...

[The former National Champion has his head lowered for a long moment, slowly lifting it to meet Kostovich's eyes.]

KS: My answer... is...

[Pause. Sudakov nodding his head.]

KS: HELL! NO!

[An EXPLOSION of cheers echoes through the building as Kostovich angrily shouts in Russian at Sudakov.]

IK: NO?! NO?!

[Kostovich again shouts a stream of angry words in Russian at Sudakov.]

IK: You refuse my generous offer?! You would choose to go back to Russian rather than fight for your people's glory in the Stampede Cup?!

[Sudakov nods.]

KS: I am... a man. And Kolya will NOT follow your orders anymore. Do...

[He breathes deeply.]

KS: Do your worst.

[Kostovich seethes for a long moment, finally nodding his head.]

IK: This is... America, yes? Home of the negotiation? I make you a counter-offer, Sudakov.

You team with Vladimir in the Cup... and if you win...

[Kostovich grits his teeth.]

IK: I will release you from your contract that binds you to me.

[The crowd ROARS at the offer. Sudakov stares at his manager for a while before raising the mic...]

KS: My answer... is...

[Pause.]

KS: YES!

[DEAFENING CHEER!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! The Russians are in the Cup and if they win the whole thing, Sudakov is free! He's free from the control of Ivan Kostovich! He's free from all the stuff they've put him through over the past several months! And the stakes for the Stampede Cup just became a heckuva lot higher for Kolya Sudakov on Labor Day weekend!

[With the crowd roaring the agreement struck between Sudakov and Kostovich, we fade to black.]

Cut to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

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

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner.

[The camera fades back in on a green band preview header. This preview is approved for all audiences. This feature is rated R.

The green fades, replaced by a black screen with red lettering fading into view "AWA Pictures Presents..."

"Eye of the Tiger" by Survivor begins to play in the background...]

#Risin' up, back on the street  
Did my time, took my chances

Went the distance, now I'm back on my feet  
Just a man and his will to survive#

[Shots of Calisto Dufrense...of James Monosso...of Nenshou...of Marcus Broussard... Ebola Zaire...Polemos...all standing with their hands raised in victory...]

#So many times, it happens too fast  
You change your passion for glory  
Don't lose your grip on the dreams of the past  
You must fight just to keep them alive#

[The screen shows still shots of Supernova...Tyler Lee...Juan Vasquez...Alex Martinex...all lying on their backs in various amounts of pain...]

#It's the eye of the tiger, it's the cream of the fight  
Risin' up to the challenge of our rival  
And the last known survivor stalks his prey in the night  
And he's watchin' us all in the eye of the tiger#

#Face to face, out in the heat  
Hangin' tough, stayin' hungry  
They stack the odds 'til we take to the street  
For we kill with the skill to survive#

[A quick flash of montage shots of a man's arms as he does pushups... pale skin shining with sweat. A shot of a back while inclined sit ups are done. Of legs as they do jump rope...]

#Risin' up, straight to the top  
Have the guts, got the glory  
Went the distance, now I'm not gonna stop  
Just a man and his will to survive#

#The eye of the tiger...  
The eye of the tiger...  
The eye of the tiger...#

[The words "Coming Soon" hit the screen, followed by the countdown clock which now reads "48:22:15:17" and continues to tick down one second at a time.

And we fade back to live action.

Suddenly, "South Texas Deathride" by the Union Underground hits, and Robert Donovan comes storming through the curtain and down the aisle. The song doesn't have much of a chance to play, as his stride quickly carries him to the ring, where he takes a quick side trip to grab a microphone before climbing up the steps, stepping over the top rope, and motioning for the music to stop altogether.]

RD: I ain't so interestin' that people wanna hear any kind o' long speech, so I'm just gonna get right to the point. At WrestleRock, nothin' short of a robbery occurred. Armed robbery, if ya wanna get technical about it -- any way you slice it, via some o' the most foul means I've witnessed in many a year in this business, Calisto Dufresne stole the National Championship from a man who, as far as I'm concerned, is still the rightful owner -- Juan Vasquez.

[The crowd pops, and Donovan pauses briefly.]

RD: Go on all ya want about how Dufresne earned his "whenever, wherever" match, but I...don't....care. Thanks to whatever bull Matsui's been cookin' up for months now, thanks to the worms 'at crawled outta the woodwork to get their revenge or just get their name back in the lights after people quit givin' a damn, the rightful champ got robbed, an' now we have a champion in name only.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

RD: Sorry place ta be -- but we only got ourselves ta blame, I suppose. We tried to stop it from happenin', but Matsui had this planned out beautiful, made sure anybody who mighta had a mind to keep that from happenin' was tied up, least long enough for his scheme to bear fruit. It worked once, Matsui, but just like I said I would, I'm out here to tell you that it ain't gonna pay off -- you an' yours are gonna get what's comin' to you, even if I gotta bring it all to you myself!

[Donovan's empty hand clenches at his side.]

RD: Now that that's off my chest, it's time to do a little callin' out. First group? You know who you are. If you had any part in what went down at WrestleRock, yer on the list. Matsui, Childs, Nenshou, Broussard, Dufresne, an' anybody else who had a hand in that, you got payment comin'. The second group...anybody who has a problem with what happened at WrestleRock. Anybody who has a problem with Calisto Dufresne walkin' around pretendin' he's a champion. Anybody who has a problem with the Unholy Alliance, with Matsui, Broussard, whoever. I don't care who you are, don't care about yer motivation. If you wanna see 'em pay, I'm callin' you out for a lil' show of solidarity. In two weeks, I'm gonna march my happy behind from that curtain up to this ring, come hell or high water -- an' if you're in, you can join me. We can either put aside whatever differences we got an' stand up to this Tide o' Darkness, or we can all fight amongst ourselves 'til it swallows us, an' the AWA, whole.

[Donovan goes to drop the mic, then raises it back up.]

RD: ...An' if you got a problem with what I'm sayin', I'm callin' you out too -- feel free to come out in two weeks an' shut me up!

[With that, Donovan drops the mic, stepping over the top rope and hopping down to the floor before stalking his way up the aisle.]

GM: Wow! Robert Donovan with some strong words for the entire AWA locker room! He's drawing a line in the sand, Bucky, and he wants to know what side of the line everyone is standing on!

BW: Who the heck does Donovan think he is to lead that fight? Geez, Waterson was right. If guys like Supernova, Stevie Scott, and Robert Donovan are the best hopes the fans have, they've got NO hope at all!

GM: I wouldn't say that too loudly, Bucky. He might assume you're on the other side of the line. And it'll be very interesting in two weeks' time to see just who steps up to the plate to either join Donovan... or to stop him. Fans, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go backstage where one-half of our big tag team showdown is standing by!

[Cut to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing between Supernova and Tyler Lee. Supernova is dressed in his wrestling attire, his face painted black and yellow. Lee is dressed in his wrestling attire as well and has his Louisville Slugger slung over his shoulder.]

MS: I am here with Supernova and Tyler Lee, who are set to take on Marcus Broussard and Calisto Dufresne here in mere moments... now, Tyler Lee, you suffered a back injury in the Tower of Doom match at Wrestlerock and we haven't seen you in action since that time... are you prepared to go for tonight's contest?

TL: Mark, I won't lie to you... when I fell through that trap door in the Tower of Doom cage and landed on my back, I busted it up pretty good... I'm still not 100 percent tonight. But the one thing I do know, and the one thing that Dufresne and Broussard better understand, is what happened at the end of Wrestlerock disgusted me!

[He takes his bat and slaps it in his hand.]

TL: Understand one thing, Dufresne and Broussard... there is no way people like me are going to just stand by and let you and those who want to associate themselves with you do whatever they please. People like me, people like Supernova, the Lynches, Fierro and Armstrong... we're gonna take the fight right to you! I may not be 100 percent, but that's not gonna stop me from getting into that ring, taking this Louisville Slugger right here, and knocking you right out of the ring with it... big boy!

[He gives a quick salute to the camera.]

MS: Supernova, you made your challenge to Dufresne... do you see tonight's match as the chance to show him the challenge you'll bring?

S: Challenge I'll bring? Mark, you make it sound like all I'm wanting to do is prove myself to be a worthy challenge for the National title. Well, I won the Memorial Day Rumble and I do have a title shot coming my way... but this isn't just about my shot at the National title. This is about what a disgrace it is to see Dufresne just take the easy way out to get himself the



championship and prove that, he may be the title holder, but as I said before and I will say again, he's no champion!

[He turns to the camera, a wild look in his eyes.]

S: You see, Dufresne... and the same with you, Broussard... I'm not the type of guy you want to get stirred up. You both saw what happened in the Tower of Doom and what ultimately became of the Foreign Legion! The Sultan may not have liked what went down, but now he knows what happens when you get someone like me stirred up! And you may have had the numbers at Wrestlerock to keep me from doing a number on you... but tonight, it's the two of us and the two of you and things are gonna be different!

Dufresne... Broussard... Waterson... you may have taken Juan Vasquez out of the picture... for now, anyway.

[A slight laugh.]

S: But you've still got me to contend with... you've still got people like Lee and the others he's mentioned... and you'll find out tonight that, while the Tower of Doom may have taken a lot out of me, and may have taken a lot out of Lee... we've still got a lot of fight left in our bodies to ensure you feel the heat!

[With that, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls. He and Lee then depart the interview set.]

MS: There you have it, fans... Supernova and Tyler Lee are definitely fired up for tonight's main event! Let's go down to the ring for tonight's Main Event!

[Crossfade to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with TV TIME REMAINING!

Introducing first...

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" hits the PA and brings an instant repulsed reaction from the capacity crowd.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson... they are the team of Marcus Broussard and the AWA National Champion... CAAAAAALISTOOO DUUUUFRESNE!

[The most hated men in the building stride into view to even louder boos from the AWA faithful. Waterson leads the way, absorbing a few thrown water bottles as he shouts in the direction of their hurlers. Broussard is the second one through, clad in a pair of black trunks with a golden shark across the rear end. Dufresne is the last one into sight, the title belt wrapped around his well-toned waist, his arms raised high as the crowd boos his every movement.]

GM: This is perhaps the most hated tag team in the history of this company, fans. The man who stabbed Juan Vasquez in the back... the man who cashed in his title shot on essentially an unconscious man... and to boot, they come out with the man who helped put that whole plot together.

[The trio quickly makes their way down the aisle, ringed by security as they approach the ring. Waterson rolls under the ropes, followed by Broussard while Dufresne takes the long way, climbing the steps. He stands atop them, head bowed as the crowd hurls insults - and worse - in his direction before he steps through the ropes into the ring.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The music fades and is replaced by Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Comin'"]

PW: The team of the "Louisville Slugger" Tyler Lee... and his partner... THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The crowd EXPLODES as the face-painted fan favorite and the baseball bat wielding Southerner storms into view to the heavy metal sounds of Judas Priest. Lee points the bat down the length of the aisle where Dufresne is handing the title belt off to the official, planting a kiss on it before he does...

...and with a howl to the fans, Supernova breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope!]

GM: HERE WE GO!!

[The referee, Michael Meekly, calls for the bell to start the match as Broussard catches Supernova coming in, raining down punches and kicks and elbows on to the back of his head and neck but Supernova keeps on climbing, struggling all the way to his feet where he blocks a right hand from the San Jose Shark, firing one of his own in response!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S FIGHTING BACK!!

[A series of hard right hands from the Venice Beach native battles Broussard backwards, knocking him into the neutral corner where Supernova unloads a series of haymakers to the jaw before grabbing the first National Champion by the arm, hurling him across the ring...]

GM: Ohh! Broussard hits the corner hard, staggering out...

[And Supernova elevates him, hurling him through the air and down to the canvas!]

GM: BIG! BACK! BODYDROP!

[Supernova swings around, shouting to the roaring crowd...

...and rushes the corner, grabbing Dufresne by the hair! The crowd is ecstatic as Supernova hooks an arm, trying to drag Dufresne under the ropes into the ring despite the protests of the referee!]

GM: He's got him! Get him, kid! Get him in there and show him what a REAL champion looks like!

BW: Wait... are you talking about Supernova? A real champion?  
BWAHAHAHAHA!

GM: You'll think it's real funny when Supernova gets his shot at the National Title and Calisto Dufresne, Bucky!

BW: You're right. I WILL think it's funny! I wonder if Supernova can even wrestle for the National Title - he might mess up his makeup!

[With Supernova's back turned on the ring, Marcus Broussard seizes the moment to dash into the corner, leaping up to smash his knee into the back of Supernova, knocking him into the buckles.]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: And THAT'S why Supernova can't be a champion, Gordo! He's too dumb! He's too naive! He doesn't have the intellect of a true champion like Dufresne and Broussard!

[Leaning over, the San Jose Shark grabs the middle rope, yanking himself towards Supernova's cornered form, slamming his shoulder into the lower back. He backs off... and then repeats the attack, smashing the spine before straightening up and slapping the hand of Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: The tag is made to the Ladykiller... and fans, remember, Supernova and Tyler Lee are one of twenty-four teams that have entered the Stampede Cup on Labor Day weekend!

BW: Not after they get done here tonight.

GM: We'll see about that.

[With both rulebreakers in, they each grab an arm on Supernova, pulling him out of the corner...

...and then HURLING him spinefirst back into it!]

GM: Ohh - and the attack on the lower back of Supernova is apparent here early in this one.

[With Supernova back in the corner, Dufresne delivers a pair of boots to the midsection of the Number One contender before slamming a back elbow into the jaw.]

GM: Hard shot to the jaw by Dufresne... and fans, this is really the first time we've seen Calisto Dufresne in action since back in March at The Main Event.

BW: No way, Gordo. You're forgetting his epic, hard-fought victory at Wrestlerock already?

GM: I'm sure you find that hysterical, Bucky, but those of us who respect the AWA National Title and what it represents are not amused by the actions of Calisto Dufresne in capturing the gold at Wrestlerock.

[Dufresne buries a knee into the gut of Supernova, dragging him from the corner by the arm. Winding up, he SLAMS a double axehandle down across the back, knocking Supernova down to his knees where he measures him, winds up his right arm...

...and drops a heavy elbowdrop into the small of the back!]

GM: Big elbowdrop by Dufresne, rolls him into a cover...

[But he barely gains a two count before Supernova kicks out.]

GM: The Number One contender is out at two.

BW: Were you not listening earlier? What makes him the Number One contender? Marcus Broussard was the first man to wear the National Title. Nenshou's the Longhorn Heritage Champion. Heck, even Stevie Scott's got a better claim in my opinion!

GM: In your opinion, perhaps... but in the eyes of the Championship Committee, that honor goes to the man with the guaranteed shot at the gold in his pocket for winning the Memorial Day Rumble - Supernova!

[Dragging Supernova back off the mat, Dufresne hooks a front facelock and hauls him to the corner where he slaps the hand of the San Jose Shark. Broussard moves swiftly into the ring, hopping up on the middle rope, and leaping off with a well-placed elbowsmash to the spine!]

GM: Ohh! Well-executed elbow by the San Jose Shark - and listen to these fans boo his every move. What a turncoat. What a Benedict Arnold this guy is, Bucky.

BW: He explained all that! He told the whole world why he did it!

GM: Explaining why he did it doesn't make it right!

[Broussard delivers a quartet of stomps to the lower back before rolling Supernova onto his back with his toe, dropping into a lateral press... but again barely getting a two count before the fan favorite slips free.]

GM: 'Nova's out at two again and these two are going to need to do more than that if they expect to put him down for a three count.

BW: Oh, don't worry... they will...

[Broussard quickly hauls Supernova back to his feet, securing a side waistlock before hoisting him into the air...

...where he flips right over the top, landing on his feet!]

GM: SUPERNOVA ESCAPES! SUPERNOV- OHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes the reaction as Broussard blindly spins around and nearly takes Supernova's head off with a lariat! He quickly applies another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the fan favorite it out at two.]

GM: And you can tell from the quick cover, the San Jose Shark may be taking Supernova a lot more seriously than he's letting on, Bucky.

BW: The kid's tough. He's talented. We get all that. He's just not a champion.

GM: Not yet perhaps.

[Broussard grabs a handful of hair, pasting Supernova with a series of right hands to the face before shoving him back down to the mat...

...and shouting some insulting words in the direction of Tyler Lee.]

GM: Broussard's getting on the case of the Louisville Slugger now.

BW: He may be trying to lure him in... do some extra damage to Supernova...

[The San Jose Shark grabs Supernova by the arm, dragging him to his feet. An Irish whip sends the face-painted fan favorite into the ropes but a back elbow under the chin sends him down to the mat.]

GM: Nice elbow by Broussard... ohh! Fistdrop! Right between the eyes!

[And the Shark rolls into another cover, waving for the referee to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got - no, that's all.

[Broussard angrily shouts a few words at the official before regaining his feet. He grabs Supernova by the arm again, dragging him off the mat...

...and then hears Calisto Dufresne shouting for a tag. An annoyed Broussard nods, dragging Supernova over to the corner before slapping the hand of the National Champion.]

GM: Doubleteam on the way here... they fire him off the ropes...

[The two rulebreakers join hands, looking for a double clothesline...

...but Supernova ducks under them, rebounding off the far side and leaving his feet with a split-legged dropkick that catch both men solidly on the chin!]

GM: OHHH! `NOVA CAUGHT `EM BOTH!!

[The crowd is roaring for Supernova as he rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl towards the corner where the "Louisville Slugger" is waiting, stomping his feet, slamming his arm on the top turnbuckle, trying to urge his friend and partner to make the tag...]

GM: Come on, Supernova! Get over there and make that tag!

[Ben Waterson slams his hands down on the apron, screaming at Dufresne and Broussard as Supernova inches closer and closer to the turnbuckles where Lee's arm is stretched out...]

GM: He's almost there, fans! Supernova is almos-

[Sensing trouble, Waterson climbs up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention as Supernova slaps his partner's hand! BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!! TYLER LEE MAKES THE TAG!!

[A fired-up Tyler Lee rushes the ring, grabbing the rising Broussard by the arm and firing him across the ring...

...and knocking him flat with a rushing clothesline! The crowd roars as he turns his focus on Calisto Dufresne, grabbing him by the arm as well.]

GM: Another whip!

[But on the Ladykiller's rebound, Lee sidesteps...

...and HURLS Dufresne right into Waterson, knocking the Agent To The Stars off the apron!]

GM: OHHHH! DOWN GOES WATERSON!!!

[Lee nods his head to the roaring crowd, reaching down to slap the canvas with both hands. He grabs the dazed Dufresne from behind, powering him up overhead...

...and bringing him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Atomic drop! A big one!

[Dufresne slams chestfirst into the corner, staggering back out to Tyler Lee who shoves him back into the buckles, mounting the second rope with a roar to the crowd who roars right back. He raises his closed right hand, rearing back...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lee grabs two hands full of hair, leaping off, and SMASHING Dufresne's face into the canvas to a huge cheer from the fans!]

GM: Tyler Lee, this young man from Louisville, Kentucky slams down the Ladykiller in the corner...

[Lee pops up to his feet, pointing out to the crowd, doing a full 360 spin to the roar of the crowd. He grabs Dufresne by the hair, dragging him up to the feet...

...and gets DRILLED in the lower back by an incoming Marcus Broussard's forearm. The San Jose Shark delivers a second one before hooking a side waistlock, powering the 270 pounder up, and DROPPING him down in a side suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! Broussard dumps him down in a suplex and-

[Lee immediately rolls to his side, reaching back to grab his lower back.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: We heard Lee talking earlier about the back injury he suffered in the Tower of Doom... and if we heard it, you KNOW that the San Jose Shark heard it.

[Broussard grabs Dufresne, shaking him violently as he grabs Lee off the mat, quickly pulling him up to his feet.]

GM: The San Jose Shark's directing traffic here... what is he... oh no...

[The first National Champion picks Lee up, dropping him down in a violent side backbreaker, holding him across the knee as Dufresne takes to the middle buckle, holding his arms high...

...and leaps off, SMASHING his knee down across the throat, snapping Lee brutally down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Dufresne dives atop the downed Lee as Broussard peels off, stomping and kicking the recovering Supernova, preventing from getting back inside in the ring as the referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got...ahhh, there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Dufresne immediately gets back to his feet, flipping Lee over to his back and delivering kick after kick to the injured lower back of the Louisville Slugger.]

GM: GET HIM OFF OF LEE!! GET HIM OFF THE MAN!!

[The Ladykiller shoves a struggling Lee down to the mat, leaping up to drop a big knee on the lower back.

The camera cuts to the other side of the ring where Broussard SLAMS Supernova's head into the ringpost on the apron, sending the face-painted fan favorite crashing down to the floor before he spins around, joining Dufresne in stomping the lower back of the Louisville Slugger!]

GM: These two are out of control! They're attacking an injured man!

BW: Hey, that injured man got into the ring! He deserves whatever he gets at this point!

[Broussard tugs Lee off the mat to his feet, hooking him around the waist. He pops his hips, DRIVING Lee down to the canvas with his trademark belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OHHH! SPINEFIRST DOWN TO THE MAT AGAIN!!

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: DONOVAN!! DONOVAN!!

[The seven footer, looking as pissed-off as ever, comes stalking down the aisle, steel chair in hand...]

GM: DONOVAN'S COMING FOR 'EM!!



[The big man hits the ring fast, shoving the steel chair under the ropes and stepping up on the ring apron where Broussard drills the seven footer with a right hand!]

GM: The Shark's meeting him there! Right hand on Donovan... and another... and anoth-

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan hooks him around the throat!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT HIM!

[The big man steps over the ropes, keeping his hand locked around the throat of the San Jose Shark...]

GM: Yeah! Get 'im, Rob!

[Donovan walks to the center of the ring, pointing at Calisto Dufresne who has bailed out of the ring to the floor, shaking his head and clutching the title belt to his chest...

...as the big man hoists Broussard high into the air!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CHOKESLAM BY DONOVAN!!

[The big man throws his arms back, letting loose a big roar that the crowd echoes as the seven footer points a threatening finger at Dufresne who backs down the aisle towards our camera. The camera moves to the side of him, zooming in as he turns towards it...]

"Forget about Donovan! I'm the National Champion! I'm the best wrestler in the world! I'm the-"

[Suddenly, the camera falls, Dufresne shouting...

...and as we cut to another camera, we see a man in a cameraman uniform on top of Dufresne, hammering him with right hands in the aisle!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: That cameraman just attacked the National Champion! He should be fired! He should be-

[And as the camera zooms in, we see exactly why this attack has gone down.]

GM: IT'S STEVIE SCOTT! IT'S STEVIE SCOTT ATTACKING DUFRESNE!

BW: He's dressed as a cameraman! What a dirty trick! What a-

GM: He said he was dirtier than Dufresne! He said he wrote the book on dirty and was gonna prove it to the champion! My stars, no one knew it was him! How long has he been down there dressed as a cameraman?! How long has he-

BW: WHO CARES?! GET HIM OFF THE CHAMP!!

[The crowd roars as Stevie Scott continues to hammer away at the National Champion with right hands to the skull as a sea of AWA officials come charging into view, swarming the brawl on the floor.]

GM: We've got officials all over the place! They're trying to break this up! They're trying to get this situation under control! We're almost out of time, fans! We'll see you next time, fans!

[We cut to another shot, Stevie Scott being dragged off the shocked Dufresne. Scott's got a big goofy grin on his face as they drag him away, pointing at the Ladykiller.]

"I told you! I told you I'd get ya!"

[With the Hotshot laughing at the victim of his attack as he is dragged down the aisle away from the Ladykiller as we crossfade back to the locker room area where we find Mark Stegglet, somewhat disheveled, as he blocks a doorway with his body and still tries to talk to the camera.]

MS: Uhh, fans, I'm... hang on... yeah, okay... I'm in the back here at the main exit for the building, waiting on- wait, yeah, here he is. Eric Preston, Eric, a word please.

[The camera cuts to the right to find the pride of the Combat Corner walking toward the exit, freshly showered, wearing jeans, and plaid, untucked button down shirt. He carries a black duffel bag over his shoulder and stops to look at Mark.]

MS: Eric. A word?

EP: Yeah, sure thing.

[Preston doesn't seem very happy to answer, but he stops walking and straightens up.]

MS: Fantastic win tonight, especially with no notice beforehand, extremely impressive. But we all want to know, what business does Anton Layton have with you? Or, what business do \_you\_ have with him?

EP: An old adage for you, Mark, on a day full of 'em. When in Rome...

[But the ending is spoiled by a voice from off camera, one that's unmistakeable.]

“But you’re not waging your battle in Ancient Rome, Eric...”

[Anton Layton slowly walks into the picture, softly chuckling to himself.]

AL: But if certain people have their way, you certainly are being fed to the lions.

You look to your hero and teacher, Michaelson, to shine the light to guide you through the darkness and into the Promised Land...

[A sick grin.]

AL: The mistake of a young fool.

[Preston bristles at being called a fool, fists balled up for a fight. Layton shakes his head, lifting a hand.]

AL: But I have the answers for you, Eric. I have that which you seek. You want to vanquish the darkness in a month and defeat the madman... MY madman...

Do not seek to vanquish the darkness to reach your destination, Eric. Do not look for the light to guide you through the darkness.

[Layton extends his hand.]

AL: Embrace the darkness. Let it into your heart... your soul... yourself. Become one with that which you wish to destroy...

[A smile - his hand still offered.]

AL: Only then will you find yourself the master of your own fate. Ehehehehehe... ehehehehehheheh....

[Preston looks at Layton, then back at Stegglet, then back at Layton’s offered hand...]

EP: I'm listening.

[And with that, Preston follows Layton off camera, leaving Stegglet alone, still in the doorway...]

...as we fade to black.]