

AWA

Saturday Night
Wrestling

September 17th, 2011

Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

[As we fade in, we heard the closing theme to the Fishing With Orlando Wilson show as the shot fades to black and is replaced with footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO" where we see James Lynch just narrowly avoid a pinfall at the hands of Jackson Haynes during the Stampede Cup tournament Finals.

A frustrated and furious Jackson Haynes slams his balled fists into the canvas several times, letting loose an anguished roar as he climbs back to his feet...

...and pulls James Lynch up to his. He pulls the dazed Lynch up, staring him dead in the eyes, and begins shaking his head.]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Haynes tugs James Lynch into a standing headscissors, the crowd buzzing at the very simple act. Jack Lynch's eyes go wide. He suddenly turns away, unable to watch what comes next...]

GM: He's gonna put this kid through the ring!

[The near three hundred pound big man from Moscow, Tennessee hoists Lynch up into the air, pausing at the top of the lift...

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[The bloodied Danny Morton lumbers out of the corner as Jack Lynch suddenly spins around, spots what's happening...

...and tears across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the referee dives to the canvas to count, the fans counting with him!]

"ONE!!"

"TWO!!!"

"THREEEEEEEEEE!!!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD, THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Jack Lynch rushes to his brother's side, physically yanking him off the canvas and falling into a huge embrace with him as fade to black and to the sounds of Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Saturday Night Special."

A large white map of the United States fills the screen as the music plays. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum where over 4,500 fans have jammed into the building to watch their favorite AWA stars.

The ring sits in the middle of the oval-shaped seating area, surrounded by a metal barricade on all sides. The ringside seats are your standard steel chairs while tall wood and metal bleachers are erected all around the rear of the oval.

A long elevated entrance ramp runs from the entryway to the ring. On either side of the ramp stand two elevated platforms to be used for interviews. One of these platforms is the home of Todd Michaelson's Money Pit, a "set" with fake walls and bags of money that is supposed to look like everyone's vision of the inside of a bank vault.

As we cut to the ringside area, atop thin black mats that cover the concrete floor of the former warehouse, we find two tables - one for the timekeeper and one for the announce duo.

Speaking of which, the camera cuts from the cheering crowd to the ringside area where we find the familiar faces of "No Descriptions Needed" Gordon Myers alongside "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde - the best announcers in the game.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome HOME!

[Gordon is all grins at this greeting.]

GM: After a long, hot summer on the road - one of the most eventful summers in AWA history - the American Wrestling Alliance has returned home to Dallas, Texas and the Crockett Coliseum for a very special night that we can simply describe as Homecoming. With me here at ringside is the three-time Announcer of the Year, Bucky Wilde... and Bucky, it feels fantastic to be back home.

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. No matter how many hole in the wall slums the front office dragged us into this summer, they would all be a better place to be than the king of hole in the wall slums - Dallas, Texas.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, we have a tremendous night of action in store for-

[The words of Gordon Myers are cut off by the sounds of a very familiar song to AWA fans... musical notes that instantly whip the AWA faithful into an absolute frenzy!]

GM: What the...?

BW: Are my ears deceiving me, Gordo?

GM: If they are, then we're BOTH hearing things!

[The song? "They Reminisce Over You" by CL Smooth and Pete Rock, the music that can only mean the arrival of one man.

The announcers fall silent for a long period of time, allowing the deafening roar of the crowd to tell the tale. After several more moments, a figure emerges from the curtain out onto the elevated platform. He is dressed in his standard white tracksuit with black trim over his wrestling gear. A matching white hood hangs over his head as he stares down at the ramp, jumping back and forth from foot to foot before jogging down the ramp towards the ring, the crowd roaring for their returning hero!]

GM: I can't believe it, Bucky!

BW: Neither can I! I never thought we'd see Juan Vasquez again!

GM: Now THIS is truly a Homecoming!

[He steps through the ropes into the ring, slowly walking out to the center as a lone spotlight falls on him...

...and he whips back his hood to...]

GM: You've got to be kidding me.

BW: Hah! He fooled all of these idiots out here!

[The joyous tone in Bucky's words comes as Pedro Perez reveals his grinning face in the center of the ring, ripping off the white tracksuit and throwing it violently down to the canvas as the fans jeer his every move.]

GM: Pedro Perez just came out here to Juan Vasquez' music, dressed in Juan Vasquez' clothing... what a sham that was, Bucky.

BW: And you fell for it!

GM: Like you didn't!

[The lights come up as we now see Ben Waterson walking up the ringsteps, a smile glued to his face as he lifts the mic.]

ATTSBW: Suckers. Idiots. Morons.

[A nod.]

ATTSBW: What are three words I'd use to describe the fans of Dallas, Texas? Suckers. Idiots. Morons.

[The crowd jeers Waterson who throws an arm around the shoulders of a still-grinning Pedro Perez.]

ATTSBW: As if the world needed further proof that the only thing not bigger in Texas is the IQ scores, you people come along and make us realize it just a little bit more. You've hoped and you've prayed and you've done whatever else you people do... just waiting for your precious hero to rise from the ashes like a Phoenix and rain down fiery Hell on those who wronged him back at Wrestlerock.

[Waterson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: When are you people going to get it through your thick skulls? He is NOT coming back. The name "Juan Vasquez" is simply a page in your history books now... your Canadian history books at that. He is nothing to you but a memory... a guy to make you say, "I remember when..." with a twinkle in your eye.

Juan Vasquez is the past.

And Pedro Perez is the future!

[The boos intensify as Perez nods at that, jerking a thumb at his own chest.]

ATTSBW: And tonight, Pedro Perez will show the world that not only is Juan Vasquez part of the past... but so is that lumbering relic, Robert Donovan, who somehow managed to walk out of Atlanta carrying a piece of AWA gold over his shoulder.

Tonight, Pedro Perez shows the talent and skills that legends are made of and snatches that Longhorn Heritage Title right out from big ol' Rob and hooks it around his waist...

Consider. Yourselves. Warned.

[Waterson throws down the mic as we crossfade from the ring back to the locker room area where Jason Dane stands next to the new Longhorn Heritage champion, Robert Donovan. Donovan's all dressed up for his match tonight, and sporting another "Longhorn Heritage" shirt. His fists are taped up, the brace on his left elbow is as obnoxiously large as ever, but something is conspicuously missing.]

JD: Here we are with Robert Donovan, the man who successfully defeated Nenshou at the Stampede Cup in the Laredo Street Fight, bringing home the Longhorn Heritage championship...but unfortunately, not the title belt.

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: I was almost hopin' you wouldn't bring it up, Jason. See, bein' the champion is what I wanted -- what I've been wantin' since I set foot here in the AWA. It feels good to finally bring that belt home -- oh, wait, that didn't happen, now, did it? As embarrassed as I am to have allowed a man of Percy Childes' girth to outrun me, at least I got the excuse of bein' over forty with wheels that just ain't what they used to be. Who I'm really embarrassed for is the officials of the AWA -- I know why Mr. Von Braun couldn't catch Percy, but the rest of ya should be ashamed for lettin' that bowlin' ball-shaped man escape ya.

JD: He is surprisingly agile for such a bulbous man, Rob.

RD: Don't tell me he outran you too, Dane.

[Jason means to respond, but is quickly cut off.]

RD: It's all right, Jason, you ain't gotta apologize to me. In fact, in a way, I'm happy that he actually got out with the belt an' didn't bother bringin' it back with him...an' that leads me to tonight's upcomin' festivities.

JD: ...Festivities?

RD: It's been a long, long time since I could call myself champion, Jason. If you think I wasn't about to celebrate that at the AWA's Homecoming...well, you thought wrong. I even drug the family up here so they could join in, and as an added bonus, they're gonna get to see a good old-fashioned revenge beatin' to boot!

[Donovan pauses, the look on his face turning serious.]

RD: See, Mr. Perez, I ain't forgot that you were in on what happened at WrestleRock. I even went back an' watched the tape not that long ago, so it

was fresh in my mind what you'd done when the suits came to me to find out what I thought o' defendin' the belt at Homecomin'.

[Donovan reaches over and plucks the microphone from Jason Dane, who looks surprised briefly, then shrugs and sidesteps off-screen.]

RD: Truth be told, I like the idea before they told me it'd be against you, an' once I knew that, I stopped bein' okay with the idea...

...an' started lovin' it instead. See, Perez, I've taken my revenge on Nenshou. I crowned that punk, drove him into the mat an' held him down for the count o' three, takin' away his championship in the process. For a man like Nenshou, defeat is an insult, an' resounding defeat is so much worse. Far as I'm concerned, he's in the rear view mirror now, so I'm free to hit the gas an' start runnin' over the rest of the clowns who robbed the rightful champ.

[Donovan helpfully points to the camera.]

RD: An' guess what, Pedro Perez -- you get to go first...

...Amigo.

[Donovan grins, then turns and walks out, cracking his knuckles unpleasantly as he leaves and we crossfade back to the ring where Perez is tugging at the ropes, loosening up as Ben Waterson gives him words of advice. Suddenly, the PA system comes to life with Metallica's version of "Turn The Page" to a big cheer from the AWA fans.]

GM: A huge reaction from the fans here in Dallas for the man who has brought the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship home!

BW: He may be the champion but he ain't got the strap, Gordo!

GM: That's just a temporary situation because right here tonight in Dallas, Percy Childes WILL return the gold to Robert Donovan and I can't wait to see that.

BW: You're assuming that Donovan gets past Pedro Perez here tonight, Gordo.

GM: Why, you're right, Bucky. I certainly am.

[The seven footer strides out of the entrance curtain to a huge roar. The big man lifts an arm, drawing even more cheers as he starts to make his way down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: It was a South Laredo Street Fight that Donovan wanted at the Stampede Cup and that's exactly what he got, defeating Nenshou to become the second man to wear that title.

BW: There you go again, Gordo. He ain't wearin' the gold yet.

[Donovan steps over the ropes into the ring, smirking at Pedro Perez who is throwing a whole host of big words in the direction of the Longhorn Heritage Champion...

...and then dashes towards him, running headlong right into a big boot to the mush!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: Say good night, Pedro.

GM: This one might be over right there, fans!

[Referee Mickey Meekly signals for the bell to start the match as a stunned Ben Waterson walks down the steps to the floor, staring up in shock as Donovan leans over, pulling Perez up by the hair...]

GM: We're underway in this one. Remember, a ten minute time limit in all Longhorn Heritage Title matches unless otherwise stated.

[Donovan grabs Perez by the arm, throwing him into a corner...

...and charging right in after him, laying in a big running clothesline that puts Perez on Dream Street.]

GM: Pedro Perez is rocked and he's rocked early!

[The big man allows Perez to stagger out...

...and then hooks his right hand around the throat of the former Combat Corner student.]

GM: Donovan's got him hooked! He's gonna-

[Sensing trouble, Ben Waterson pulls himself up on the apron, causing Donovan to hurl Perez aside, stalking across towards the Agent To The Stars...

...and grabbing him around the throat instead!]

GM: HE'S GOT WATERSON! YEAH!! YEAH!! GET 'IM!!

[But Pedro Perez seizes the opportunity to leave his feet, throwing his shoulder into the back of Donovan's knee, taking him down to the other knee.]

GM: Ohh! What a cheapshot!

BW: Cheapshot?! That's totally legal, Gordo!

GM: He hit the man from behind, Bucky!

[Perez immediately gets up, hammering away at the big man with right hands to the jaw. The Mexican-American grappler hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaping off the bent knee of Donovan, smashing a knee into the jaw of Donovan, toppling him over to the canvas!]

GM: Running kneestrike!

BW: Get with it, Gordo. That's a Shining Wizard executed to perfection in the center of the ring!

[Perez throws himself across Donovan's chest, shouting "COUNT! COUNT!"]

GM: We've got one! We've got two!

[The seven footer powers out, throwing Perez a few feet away. The crowd cheers as Waterson slaps a hand on the canvas, angrily screaming at the official as he yanks at his suit jacket, throwing it down on the floor. Perez quickly scampers to his feet, stomping Donovan, trying to keep the champion down on the canvas.]

GM: Perez is all over him! The challenger suddenly finds himself with an opportunity that he may not have expected here tonight, Bucky. He had to know he was a longshot coming in.

BW: Longshot?! He's the future of this industry and he's backed by the greatest mind in the business! Pedro Perez should be the FAVORITE going into this match.

GM: You're delusional.

[Perez drives home a big stomp to the jaw, knocking Donovan flat on his back as Perez pauses, swinging his hips from side to side...]

GM: What in the world...?

[Perez dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and hurling himself into the air, crashing backfirst down across the chest of Donovan!]

BW: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!!

GM: This guy's a joke, Bucky. He's trying to build a career on the back of what Juan Vasquez accomplished in this sport. But Bucky, this man is no Juan Vasquez.

BW: That's right. He's conscious AND not eating through a tube.

[Perez flips over, again grabbing a massive leg.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But again Donovan hurls Perez off him, breaking the pin attempt. The crowd cheers as the big man rolls to his side, trying to get up...

...but the speedy Perez beats him up again, throwing right hands to the jaw of Donovan!]

GM: Perez is hammering away on him and-

[Donovan fires back from his knees with a right hand to the ribs, knocking Perez down to the mat. An angry Donovan gets up, burying a boot into the ribs that sends Perez rolling out to the apron, trying to get away.]

GM: Perez rolls out - a smart move by the challenger...

[The champion approaches the ropes, reaching over them to grab Pedro Perez by his long curly black hair. He powers him up to his feet...

...and then crushes him with a headbutt that knocks Perez down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: Ohh! Donovan scores with the big headbutt... uh oh! He's going out after the challenger!

[Donovan steps over the ropes to the apron, looking down angrily at the downed Perez. Ben Waterson kneels down next to Perez, quickly speaking as Donovan drops down off the apron, sending the manager scurrying away.]

GM: Robert Donovan is standing on that barely-padded concrete floor... pulling Perez back to his feet now...

[And with a mighty lift, Donovan presses Pedro Perez nearly ten feet into the air, holding him high for everyone to see...

...and then steps out, causing Perez to SLAM chestfirst down to the thinly-padded concrete!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A sly grin crosses the face of Donovan as he points a warning finger at Waterson who is peering from around the steel ringpost.]

GM: Donovan's letting Waterson know that he's next! If Waterson gets too close, he's next, Bucky!

BW: Robert Donovan says that he's going to go through EVERYONE who wronged Juan Vasquez at Wrestlerock and if Pedro Perez is first... who the heck is NEXT?!

[The seven footer peels Perez off the floor, throwing his limp form under the ropes into the ring. Donovan quickly follows, pulling himself up on the apron, stepping over the ropes again. The champion steps in, reaching down to grab Perez around the torso...

...and powerlifts him all the way off the canvas into the air, spinning him around, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!!

[Donovan drops down in a press, his palms squarely down on the chest of Perez, holding up his fingers to count along as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Robert Donovan retains the Longhorn Heritage Championship and he does so in very impressive fashion, fans. Pedro Perez put forth a flurry of offense early on in the match but in the end, Robert Donovan was just too much for the rookie to handle. And like you said, Bucky... who in the world is next for Robert Donovan?

[Suddenly, a big ruckus develops at the top of the aisle. The crowd begins to roar as the camera cuts to show the rotund Percy Childes being physically forced down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Haha! And look at this, Bucky!

BW: Hey! Get your hands off him! The man has a back problem!

[AWA security has formed a wall, forcing Childes closer and closer to the ring. A close-up of his sweaty face also reveals him screaming and throwing a world-class tantrum.]

GM: I think he might cry, Bucky.

BW: And you're loving every second of this, aren't you?

GM: I absolutely am! This guy's been an absolute menace to everyone he's come across in the AWA for months and now that Robert Donovan has struck a blow against the Unholy Alliance, Childes is having to sleep in the bed he made!

[Childes holds his ground, clutching the Longhorn Heritage Title against his chest as tightly as he can. He shakes his head back and forth, refusing to go any further...

...until the interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jon Stegglet, emerges from the wall of security, pointing towards the ring.]

GM: We all know the penalty if Childes doesn't do exactly what he's been ordered to do here tonight. He's gotta strap that belt around the waist of Robert Donovan or he's facing an indefinite suspension!

BW: There's a whole lot of those going around lately. I think some members of the front office are going a little power hungry lately, Gordo. The Championship Committee too!

GM: Law and order is being enforced in the AWA and people are paying the price for it.

[Childes goes chest to chest with Stegglet, turning red in the face as he screams at the Chairman...

...and then finally, in a giant sulk, walks towards the ring with his head down.]

GM: Here we go... let's do this...

[Childes steps through the ropes, belt in hand as he looks at a grinning Donovan. The seven footer spreads his arms, gesturing to his waist. Childes again shakes his head violently, embracing the title belt with all he can.]

GM: Put it on him, Percy!

BW: I... I can't watch this.

[With Stegglet and a ring of security behind him, Childes lifts the Longhorn Heritage Title belt up in front of his eyes, shaking his head in disbelief...

...and then just throws the belt down at the feet of Donovan. He quickly turns, trying to shove past Jon Stegglet who holds his ground, shaking his head.]

GM: That wasn't the deal! He's gotta put that belt around Donovan's waist!

BW: Oh, come on! He's been through enough!

GM: Not in my book.

[Childes glares at Stegglet, shouting "YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!" before turning back around. He stands, hands on hips as he glares at Donovan who waits, grinning like an idiot.]

GM: Robert Donovan's content to wait all day. He's loving this and who can blame him?

[An angry Childes leans over to grab the belt. He straightens up, the title belt dangling from his pudgy fingers...

...and then steps around Donovan, looping the belt around his waist before securing it. The crowd roars at the sight of Donovan with the belt around his waist as Childes storms away, stepping through the ropes in a huff.]

GM: There he is, fans! Robert Donovan is now the new Longhorn Heritage Champion... AND he's got the belt!

[Childes storms several feet down the ramp before coming to a stop, turning to look back at Donovan.]

"THIS ISN'T OVER!"

[And to punctuate that, Childes drags a thumb across his throat...

...which brings the wobbly form of Ebola Zaire down the aisle, carrying his wooden stick with him!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Donovan squares up, tossing the title belt aside as he spies the African Madman honing in on him. Zaire shoves past the pair of security who moves to stop him, dispatching them with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat and a headbutt.]

GM: Zaire's comin' for Donovan!

[The savage steps through the ropes, promptly driving the edge of his wooden staff into the ribcage of Donovan, doubling him up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then SMASHES the wooden staff down across the back of Donovan's head, knocking him down to the canvas. Zaire stands over him, weapon in hand...]

GM: Ebola Zaire takes the champion down and takes him down hard!

[Zaire jams the edge of the wooden staff into the throat, strangling the air out of the downed Donovan.]

GM: He's choking him! Zaire is choking the Longhorn Heritage Champion, fans!

BW: I don't see Donovan laughing now! He thought he could mock, embarrass, and humiliate Percy Childes and get away with it? Ebola Zaire is going to END Robert Donovan right here tonight in Dallas, Texas! Happy Homecoming, you idiot!

[The crowd is jeering wildly as Zaire leans his four hundred plus pounds down on the other end of the staff, causing Donovan to clutch at his throat, trying to fight himself free...

...when suddenly, Yuma Weaver comes sprinting down the length of the ramp!]

GM: Here comes the Big Chief!

[Weaver hits the ring, immediately scaling the ropes...

...and leaping off, smashing a chop down across the skull of Zaire!]

GM: Ohhhh!

[The blow staggers the big man, freeing Donovan from his grasp. Weaver scoops up the fallen staff...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a shot! Full force across the chest!

[Weaver tosses the weapon aside as Mickey Meekly, still in the ring, shrugs his shoulder and signals for the bell!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! We're going right into this one! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be back with this match that is already in progress! Don't go away, fans!

[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 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..."

Voiceover: Later tonight, the wait is over.

No more guessing.

No more games.

AWA...

ARE....

YOU...

READY?

[Cut to a live crowd shot.]

Voiceover: Tonight, the AWA gets its savior.

Tonight, the AWA has someone to fight back the darkness.

Tonight... the greatest fans in the world GET... THEIR... ANSWER!

[And we fade back to a countdown clock that reads just over forty minutes to go...

...before fading back to live action where we find Ebola Zaire just battering Yuma Weaver with heavy forearm shots to the back of the neck, knocking him down to all fours.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to a special Homecoming edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling and we are rejoining the showdown between Ebola Zaire and Yuma Weaver. During the break, the sheer physical size of Zaire was put to good use as he has dominated young Weaver for a few minutes now, Bucky.

BW: The kid thinks he can tangle with one of the most legendary savages to ever step foot inside a professional wrestling ring and right now, he's learning how wrong he was about that.

GM: Zaire drags him to his feet... ohh! He fires him through the ropes out to the floor!

[Zaire steps through the ropes out onto the apron, dropping off to the floor. He leans down, grabbing Weaver by the hair...

...and getting drilled across the chest with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot! Yuma Weaver throws some of the most brutal - some of the nastiest chops - that I've ever seen!

[Zaire staggers back as Weaver winds up again...

...and drills the African savage across the chest!]

GM: Another big chop! Zaire got stuck hard there!

[Grabbing the big man by the arm, Weaver goes for a whip...

...and gets a thumb jammed into his eye. Zaire grabs him by the hair, tilting his head back, and slamming a chop down into the windpipe of the youngster!]

GM: Good grief! Zaire just knows so many ways to hurt somebody.

[Zaire grabs Weaver by the back of the head, smashing his skull into the edge of the ring apron...]

GM: Ohh! He hits the apron hard!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Weaver fires back again!

[A second and third chop have Zaire staggering backwards as Weaver grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...and throws himself off, bringing an overhead chop down across the skull!]

GM: Big chop off the apron by Weaver!

BW: Both of these guys have been out on the floor a while now.

GM: The referee's trying to get them both back in.

[Hearing the count reach seven, Weaver quickly rolls back in. From the entrance ramp, Percy Childes screams and shouts at Zaire who stumbles forward, rolling back in...

...and gets a leg dropped across the throat, Weaver quickly going for a cover!]

GM: Weaver covers for one! For two! For-

[But Zaire powers out, throwing the Native American grappler out of the pin attempt. Weaver scrambles to his feet with a shout, greeting a kneeling Zaire with a chop across the chest!]

GM: Another one! He's gonna take the skin right off the big man!

[Weaver grabs Zaire by the back of the head...

...and gets caught with an uppercut to the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Zaire goes back to the throat!

[Wrapping his hands around the throat, Zaire simply walks Weaver back into the buckles, pushing hard on the chokehold.]

GM: He's choking him, Bucky!

BW: Well, yeah... obviously. Zaire ain't gonna try to hide it when he's bending a rule or six.

[Zaire pulls his right arm back, smashing it down in an elbow across the forehead, knocking Weaver down to a knee...

...where a big boot to the jaw knocks him flat.]

GM: Ohh! Weaver's down in the corner- look out here...

[Zaire presses his boot into the throat of Weaver, hanging onto the top rope as he chokes the air out of the Native American.]

GM: Mickey Meekly needs to get in there, fans. Ebola Zaire is choking the life out of Yuma Weaver down in the corner...

[The African savage pulls his foot away from the throat and then slams his knee into the jaw of Weaver. Leaning over, he grabs Weaver by the foot, dragging him away from the corner...]

GM: ELBOW!

[But the big four hundred pound elbowdrop comes up empty as Weaver rolls out of the way, forcing Zaire to crash down hard on the canvas!]

GM: He missed! Weaver rolled aside and Zaire hits the canvas hard!

[Weaver grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet...

...and leaps up, dropping a big splash down across a prone Zaire!]

GM: Big splash! He got all of that! We've got one! We've got two! We've got- ohhh! Zaire fires a shoulder off the mat!

[With a bellow, Weaver takes the mount, pulling the head up to hammer away at the skull of the bloodthirsty beast. The crowd roars for the show of aggressiveness from the young man who lets loose another roar as he climbs to his feet at the count of four. Percy Childe, still standing on the ramp, shouts more instructions to Zaire.]

GM: Does Ebola Zaire even understand what Childe is saying?

BW: Percy better hope so because this night is lookin' real bad for him at this point.

[Weaver takes the midbuckle in the corner, measuring Zaire as he pushes up to a knee...]

GM: Off the ropes...

[And Zaire JAMS his fingers into the throat of the incoming Weaver, knocking him flat.]

GM: Zaire takes him out of the sky and...

[Zaire hits the ropes, winding up his right arm...

...and DROPS the heavy elbow down into the chest of Weaver!]

GM: OHHH! That'll do it. One. Two. And there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ebola Zaire, the African savage, just picked up another victory here on Saturday Night Wrestling and-

BW: He's not done, Gordo!

[Climbing back to his feet, Zaire winds up the big elbow a second time, bringing it crashing down into the heart of the stunned Yuma Weaver. Zaire pushes up to his knees, a goofy (and scary) grin on his face...

...and simply reaches out with his left hand, dragging Weaver's prone form in front of him.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this, fans. Folks, if you've got young children at home, you may want to have them avert their eyes right about now because this man is-

BW: He's got a pencil, Gordo!

[Zaire raises the sharpened pencil over his head, holding Yuma Weaver steady as he begins to lower it...

...and the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: DONOVAN!

[The seven footer comes stumbling down the entrance ramp, a furious glare pointed towards the ring...

...and a wooden chair hanging from his right hand.]

GM: The Longhorn Heritage Champion is lookin' for some payback!

[Donovan steps over the ropes, Zaire completely unaware as he's lost in his own bloodlust.]

GM: Look out here!

[The champion raises the chair high overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: MY GOD, WHAT A SHOT!!

[The wooden chair cracks under the impact, a split tearing through the seat as a stunned Zaire hits the canvas, his pencil falling harmlessly aside, and rolls out to the floor. Donovan pursues, throwing the wooden chair over the ropes, just barely missing Zaire, and shouting for the big man to get back into the ring with him!]

GM: Robert Donovan wants some more of Ebola Zaire! He wants to take this fight to the next level right here in the Crockett Coliseum tonight and these fans sure as heck want to see it as well!

BW: I don't think that's gonna happen, Gordo.

[The ringside area is quickly enveloped in a sea of AWA officials and security, trying to prevent a stunned and now-angry Zaire from getting back into the ring where Donovan is helping Yuma Weaver get up off the mat.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take another break and try and get some control out here but before we do, let's hear from one of the men who will be competing later tonight - the Combat Corner graduate, Jeff Jagger!

[We cut backstage to where Jason Dane is standing alongside the young "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. The young Combat Corner graduate is clad in a black, sleeveless Carolina Panthers shirt and a pair of blue jeans. His medium length brown hair is pulled back away from his eyes, which display a hint of nervousness as Dane begins.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. I'm here with Jeff Jagger, who is getting his first real test here in the AWA tonight, and what a test it is. He faces fellow Combat Corner graduate, Eric Preston. Your thoughts, Jeff?

[Jagger gives a rueful smile.]

JJ: Back home in Charlotte when I was eight or nine years old, an eagle made a nest out on the property. I watched it from afar for a few weeks and how it worked with the lil' baby birds. The mama bird did somethin' interestin' after they got a lil' bigger and were 'bout ready to fly... she decided to give one of 'em a good ole' shove right outta that nest and the lil' fella sure enough started to fly. A little awkward, but he got the job done.

JD: Are you suggesting that the AWA brass is pushing you out of the nest?

[A small laugh escapes Jagger's lips.]

JJ: Well let's not pull no punches, Mr. Dane. I ain't exactly set the world on fire since I been here. Sure, I've been pretty successful inside the ring, but I ain't exactly been in there 'gainst Supernova or Rob Donovan either. It's time to go or get off the pot as my daddy's known to say.

JD: You're certainly going to get a chance against Eric Preston. Being that you've both come through the same training, do you think there's anything you may be able to exploit inside the ring?

JJ: I certainly hope so. I know this is a good chance for me to get on the radar and start movin' my way up the corporate ladder as it were, so I've spent a ton o' time watchin' Eric's matches on tape to try and get ready for this match. And there's some things I think I can use to my advantage, but there's certainly been a difference over the past few months in comparison to when he first graduated.

JD: Such as?

[Jagger raises an eyebrow at Dane.]

JJ: It's pretty obvious, ain't it? He's got quite the mean streak since Anton Layton's been stickin' his nose in his business with that whack-job Monosso. And I ain't exactly sure if that mean streak is gonna spill over into tonight's match, but I gotta be ready for whatever he throws at me.

JD: And you're seeing this as your chance to springboard into major success here in the AWA?

[A slight shrug and a smile.]

JJ: The way I figure it, Mr. Dane, there are two major requirements for major success in anythin' you do in life. The first one is being in the right place at the right time. Seems to me like Dallas just might be the right place and tonight might be the right time.

JD: And the second requirement?

[The Carolina Crusher nods; a look of determination playing across his face.]

JJ: ...Doin' somethin' 'bout it.

[With that, he walks off camera, leaving Dane standing alone on camera as we fade to black.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.]

And then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing at the elevated interview platform.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a man who did not see his weekend go as planned two weeks ago in Atlanta, Georgia. Please welcome at this time...

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIIGHT?!#

MS: SWEET! DADDY! WILLIAMS!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the introduction of one of the most popular men in the entire AWA as he comes through the entrance curtain. He raises a hand to the fans, a big grin on his face at their reaction as he makes his way towards the platform.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams looks more serious tonight than we're used to seeing out of him, Bucky.

BW: You mean he's not dancing around like a fool, shaking his fat rear?

GM: Something like that, yes.

[Williams walks up the platform, patting Mark Stegglet on the shoulder before the announcer begins.]

MS: Sweet Daddy, it's gotta come back here to Dallas and get a reaction like that.

SDW: Absolutely, brother. Two weeks ago, I had the honor of coming to the ring in front of my hometown fans. And tonight, I get to come out here in front of home-away-from-hometown fans. These people are the best fans in the world and the reason that I continue to drag myself into that ring day after day, week after week...

[The fan favorite soaks up the cheers from the crowd.]

MS: You mention two weeks ago in Atlanta at the Stampede Cup. Things certainly didn't go as you had hoped, I'd imagine. You went into the tournament with Tin Can Rust as your partner and... well, uhhh...

[The rotund Atlanta native chuckles.]

SDW: No need to sugarcoat it, baby. We didn't quite get on the same page and got knocked off by a couple of kids who flat-out just wanted it more. Don't get me wrong... I wanted to win in front of my hometown... my family, my friends... but it wasn't meant to be.

And that's part of why I'm out here tonight.

MS: From what I understand, you have some words for Tin Can Rust.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: That's right. Rust, we've known each other a long time. We've traveled the roads together with Jack. Now, you and I... we ain't never been exactly what you'd call friends but I got all the respect in the world for ya.

[A shake of the head.]

SDW: But at the Cup, I didn't get the feeling that that respect was mutual, baby. And for ol' Sweet Daddy, that just ain't gonna fly.

So, I have a proposition for ya, Rust.

[A grin.]

SDW: Two weeks from tonight, you... me... that ring.

[Big cheer!]

SDW: We let it all hang out. We throw down like only two ol' timers like us can do. And at the end, we dust ourselves off, shake hands in the middle of the ring, and move on with our lives.

And knowing the kind of man you are, Rust... I know you're gonna accept so I'll see you there.

[The fan favorite starts to exit when Mark Stegglet places a hand on his arm.]

MS: Sweet Daddy, one more question...

SDW: What's that, brother?

MS: You were the one... you saw this dark cloud coming to the AWA. You saw the Darkness arriving before any of us did. And after months upon months of things being really bad around here for a lot of people... well, it looks like things might be turning around.

[A chuckle.]

SDW: You noticed that too, huh? First, big ol' Rob strikes a blow by grabbing that fifteen pounds of gold. Then the Lynches win the whole thing at the Cup. And I got a suspicion that ain't the only title changing hands 'round these parts.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: Dufresne, you better bury that belt in your backyard 'cause that's the only way you're keeping it much longer, baby.

[And with a pat on the back, Williams walks out of view to the cheers of the crowd.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... it is a very special night here at Dallas, Texas... and it truly is a Homecoming in every sense of the word. So, please... give a big ol' Welcome Home greeting to the first lady of the American Wrestling Alliance...

MELISSA CANNON!

[The crowd roars as we crossfade back down to ringside where we find a grinning Melissa Cannon dressed in a tight black sparkly dress. She smiles at the crowd's reaction, raising the mic to her mouth.]

MC: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 210 pounds... "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger!

[The former Combat Corner graduate raises a hand to some cheers from the crowd.]

MC: And his opponent...

[The crowd roars at the sound of "Slither" by Velvet Revolver.]

MC: From Greenville, South Carolina... weighing in at 251 pounds...

ERIC PREEESSTTOOOOOOONNNN!!

[As the song kicks into high gear, the fans erupt again as Eric Preston trots out into the entrance way. Preston throws up a fist to the crowd, and then zig zags down the aisle, slapping hands and exchanging war whoops. The chiseled Preston wears dark green tights with a white and silver diamond pattern at the waistline, white boots with black laces that have the outline of a star on the outside of each in red. A thick black elbow pad is on his right arm. His wrists are heavily wrapped in white athletic tape as he heads down the aisle.]

GM: Fans, Jason Dane caught up with Eric Preston earlier tonight to get his comments on this match - let's listen in right now...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Jason Dane is standing in front of the camera.]

JD: Fans, standing with me right now is Eric Preston, whose big weekend at the Stampede Cup has shot him way up the rankings in the hunt for the AWA National title. Eric, come on in here.

[Preston enters from the right, dressed to wrestle in green tights, with a grey Nike t-shirt over top, and presumably some sort of footwear.]

JD: Stampede Cup was a big event for you, personally and professionally. You yourself have said that you got rid of that dark cloud hanging over your head, and the resounding win has made you a major contender for the National title. What's next?

EP: I'm getting a strange vibe from you, Jason. You're talking like something ended at Stampede Cup, but in reality something started. Stampede Cup was just a beginning, my man, it was an eye opener. People looked at me and saw Eric Preston, Combat Corner grad, kid with potential. Needs some seasoning, a little rough around the edges. Needs some life experience.

In short, everyone was extremely complimentary of me, and still managed to be a little condescending. All the things I couldn't do, all the things I didn't, that's all everyone ever talked about. What was _wrong_ with Eric Preston.

But we showed 'em, one step at a time, one day at a time, that there wasn't a damn thing wrong with Eric Preston.

[Preston nods.]

EP: When you don't know something, you talk it down. No one knew what I was all about, no one knew what Eric Preston was made of. Now the AWA knows, the whole world knows... and suddenly everybody changed their tune. Suddenly I'm a major contender, suddenly, Eric Preston's the hot name on everyone's lips. He did something no one else did, he slayed the monster, he did the impossible.

Bottom line, Jason Dane, I didn't change. _We_ didn't change-

[Preston motions to the camera.]

EP: ...what happened is that everyone else clued in to what the people already knew.

And that brings me to tonight, and Jeff Jagger.

He and I crossed paths not too long ago in the Corner. We're not best friends, but I know what he's all about. And more than that, I know what Jeff Jagger is feeling. I know what he's thinking about, when he gets the back handed compliments, when people say he's good for a young kid.

He's thinking, 'If I only had one chance, one shot, they'd see what I'm all about. Gimme one shot, that's all I need.'

I know that because I thought that, because I felt that. I heard the people saying I was good for a rookie, that I just needed to learn my way around the ring, and it made me nuts. It took me two years to get even a little bit of respect around here, so Jeff Jagger, I feel you my man. I have been there... and I ain't never goin' back.

Combat Corner or not, I need to build momentum off of the Stampede Cup. I need to fulfill my promise. I need to keep rolling, and if that means I gotta roll over you, then that's how it's gotta be. Jeff Jagger, understand, you and me don't have a problem, but you're a hurdle in my path to something bigger. So if I can jump over you, that's what I'll do.

But it's Homecoming, it's our first night back in Big Dallas, Texas, so I just might bear down and knock you over instead. We'll shake hands at the end of the match, we'll be friends when it's all said and done, but once the bell rings, you're gonna find out what the AWA is starting to realize.

Eric Preston's the real deal.

[And we crossfade back to live action where Eric Preston has entered the ring, leaning against the buckles as the official checks his boots for any illegal objects.]

GM: Now, this should be a very interesting showdown, Bucky, with these two former Combat Corner students meeting for the very first time.

BW: It's a Carolina collision. Two of Michaelson's flunkies out here sucking up to the fans. The only question is - did Eric Preston learn enough from his time with Anton Layton to carry forward the success he had against James Monosso?

[Referee Marty Meekly signals for the bell to start the match as Jeff Jagger tugs at the top rope one more time. The two combatants begin circling one another as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Here we go... and right away, these two quickly shake hands, showing the kind of sportsmanship that must make Todd Michaelson proud.

BW: Pshaa... have you MET Todd Michaelson? Ever seen a Michaelson match on tape? The man fights dirtier than Pigpen from Peanuts.

GM: Pigpen from...? Huh?

[Preston immediately goes from a collar and elbow tieup into an overhand wristlock, pushing down on the arm. The smaller Jagger falls back, wincing under Preston's power advantage...]

...and then goes with the power, twisting the arm around into a hammerlock!]

GM: Nice counter by the rookie!

[Jagger yanks up on the arm, applying pressure as Preston searches for a way out. He reaches back an arm, hooking Jagger around the head and neck. Preston pushes up off the mat, swinging his weight forward to take Jagger down to the mat with a flying mare...

...and then kicks Jagger HARD in the spine!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Look at that, Gordo. Tell me that's not an Anton Layton move. Tell me that Preston doesn't look like a disciple of the Prince of Darkness with something like that.

GM: It was a very hard kick for certain.

[Preston grabs Jagger by the arm, hauling him up off the mat, and firing him into the ropes. The rebounding Jagger ducks under a back elbow attempt, hitting the far ropes...

...and leapfrogging over a backdrop attempt.]

GM: He avoids the backdrop, slamming on the brakes and-

[BOOM!]

GM: European uppercut up under the chin of Preston!

[Grabbing the back of Preston's head, Jagger pulls his head down again, and rocks him with a second European uppercut, this one sending Preston staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Jeff Jagger's got Eric Preston on the ropes early here in Dallas.

[Jagger moves in, throwing Preston's arms back and uncorking a hard chop across the chest.]

GM: Big chop by Jagger! The son of a famous referee in the Carolinas, Jeff Jagger lays another knife-edge chop across the chest of Eric Preston. And how odd this must be for Eric Preston. How does Preston not look across that ring and think he's looking into a mirror of sorts? Both men from the Carolinas, both men coming out of that Combat Corner, both men struggled early in their AWA careers.

BW: Are you saying Jagger's gonna spend a year getting his head caved in by a madman?

GM: I surely hope not but in the AWA, you never can tell.

[Grabbing Preston by the arm, Jagger attempts a whip but Preston reverses it, whipping Jagger out...

...and then yanking him back in from arm's length, cracking him under the jaw with a back elbow smash!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot! Jeff Jagger's going to need to check his teeth after that one.

[Preston immediately pulls Jagger back to his feet, landing a trio of right hands across the jaw that sends the rookie back into the corner. The Greenville native grabs an arm, firing him across...

...and then charging in after him, spinning and leaping at the last moment to drive his elbow under the chin again!]

GM: Good grief!

[Preston quickly grabs a side headlock, swinging his right arm around in the air...]

GM: Bulldog out of the corn- Jagger shoves him off!

[Hitting the brakes, Preston swings around, charging back in on Jagger who ducks down, hoisting him into a fireman's carry...

...and then shoves him up and over, dropping him across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Gutbuster by Jagger!

[Jagger promptly flips Preston onto his back, diving across the chest.]

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

[Springing to his feet, Jagger hits the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and dropping down into a baseball slide, tucking his legs so that his knee slams into the torso of Preston, forcing him to roll under the ropes all the way out to the floor.]

GM: Eric Preston is seeking the refuge of the floor, trying to recover from this sudden flurry of offense from Jeff Jagger.

BW: He took two pretty hard shots to the ribs right there, Gordo. He may be sucking a bit of wind out here by us.

GM: And I don't think Jeff Jagger's the kind of young man to chase Preston out to the floor.

[Jagger paces back and forth as the official starts a count.]

GM: Marty Meekly starts up a ten count on Eric Prest...

[Gordon trails off at the bustle of sound coming from the top of the aisle.]

GM: The fans are reacting to something... we can't quite see what it is yet but...

[The camera shot changes, revealing a hooded Anton Layton walking slowly down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

GM: And don't look now but the Prince of Darkness is headed down the aisle towards the ring, fans. This can't be good news for anyone.

BW: Except Eric Preston. Now that his Master is there, he may get something done.

GM: I believe Eric Preston has made it quite clear that he has no association with Anton Layton.

BW: You're buyin' that? I've got a mint condition Mint Condition LP with your name on it, Gordo.

GM: A... huh?

[Jagger points a finger at Layton, shouting something in his direction. Layton does not respond, simply stepping down to the floor and circling around to where Preston is pulling himself off the floor, clutching his ribcage. Layton leans closer...]

GM: It looks like Anton Layton is saying SOMETHING to Eric Preston. We can't quite hear what he's saying but...

[Preston reaches up, grabbing the ropes to pull himself back up on the apron. Jeff Jagger approaches the ropes, still shouting at Layton...

...and catches a right hand on the jaw from Preston!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Preston!

[Jagger stumbles back and then replies with a kick through the ropes into the ribs. He grabs Preston by the arm, slinging it over his neck just before the Carolina Crusher hoists Preston off the mat...

...and dropping him down hard in a vertical suplex, floating over into a pin attempt!]

GM: Cover for one! Cover for two! Cov-

[But Preston fires a shoulder off the canvas before the three can come down. Jagger rises, slapping his hands together before he drops down, smashing a knee into the ribcage of Preston, and then applies another cover, earning another two count.]

GM: Back to back two counts for Jeff Jagger but he's going to need something more... a bigger gun in his armory to put down a man like Eric Preston. We saw James Monosso hit Preston with all sorts of stuff in that Towel Match at the Cup but even he couldn't stop Eric.

BW: But you have to think about all the punishment that Eric Preston took at the hands of Monosso. Not just in that match but over the past year. Can you really say that this guy is competing at a hundred percent after all that?

GM: This guy as you put it is looking for a shot at the AWA National Title so I'd say he's close to a hundred percent, yes.

BW: You lookin' for a Shai EP to go with that Mint Condition one?

GM: A who?

[Pulling Preston to his feet, Jagger executes a full armtwist before throwing a few kicks to the midsection. He pulls Preston into a side waistlock, lifting him up, and depositing him into a sitting position on the top rope, tangling his legs in the ropes...

...and swinging him back into the tree of woe!]

GM: Oh! He's got Preston hanging upside down in the corner there.

[Grabbing the top rope, Jagger lays in kick after kick into the hurting ribs of Preston before switching to a series of knees to the torso as well. The referee backs Jagger off, warning him for the attack in the corner. Jagger gestures angrily at Layton before storming away.]

BW: I don't think Jeff Jagger's as trusting as you are, Gordo. I think he believes Layton is out here at Preston's request.

GM: I just don't believe that's possible, Bucky.

[Jagger backs across the ring to the opposite corner, slapping the buckles as he waits for the referee to clear out. Marty Meekly untangles Preston from the ropes, dropping him down to the canvas...

...when suddenly Anton Layton reaches under the ropes, grabbing the ankle of Jagger and yanking it out from under him to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: What do you think now, Gordo?

GM: I think Anton Layton just blatantly interfered in this match! He reached right in there and tripped up Jeff Jagger!

BW: Obviously. But he did it for Preston!

GM: You've got no proof of that! Eric Preston didn't do-

[An angry Jagger gets to his feet, shouting at Layton who pleads his innocence to a questioning official. Back on his feet, Preston strides across the ring and shouts at Layton.]

“STAY OUT OF MY BUSINESS!”

GM: Well, that was pretty clear, Bucky.

BW: Bah. It's a cover. Preston's trying to throw us off the trail but this ol' dog ain't fooled, daddy!

[An angry Jagger grabs Preston from behind, smashing a headbutt into the base of the skull. A second one lands as well before Jagger hooks a side waistlock, hoisting Preston up and dropping him down in a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Big suplex! Right down on the back of the head!

[Jagger pops up, pointing a finger at Layton as he backs to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Jagger's on the middle rope! He's gonna leap off onto-

[The Carolina Crusher makes his leap, sailing off the middle rope backfirst...

...right onto the raised knees of Preston!]

GM: Knees up! Knees up by Preston and Jeff Jagger just came crashing down across the knees!

BW: That'll knock the wind right outta ya.

GM: It certainly will.

[Preston rolls Jagger off his knees and onto his own shoulders in a makeshift schoolboy.]

GM: Preston gets a cradle for one! For two! For-

[Jagger's shoulder flies off the mat before the three count comes down. Preston pushes up to his knees, slamming his hands into the canvas. He shoves himself up to his feet, leaning down to drag Jagger up as well.]

GM: Irish whip by Preston...

[Preston crouches down slightly and then EXPLODES out of the crouch with a king-sized lunging clothesline that floors Jagger!]

GM: Good grief! What a clothesline from Preston!

[Preston pumps a fist at the roar of the crowd, leaning down to pull Jagger off the mat again, firing him across...

...and then hoisting him up, pivoting, and DRIVING Jagger down to the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[He dives across the chest, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Jagger fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Very close to a three count there off that impactful powerslam by Eric Preston!

[Preston annoyingly shakes his head at Jagger, hands on his hips as he kneels on the canvas. He looks up at the official who confirms the two count. Preston climbs up to his feet, looking towards the corner...

...and points to the buckles to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Preston's heading for the top!

[But as soon as the Combat Corner graduate takes a few steps towards the corner, Anton Layton climbs up on the apron. He whips the hood back, shaking his head and imploring Preston not to do it.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Preston wants to come off the top but Layton realizes what a mistake that is for him! Anton Layton's trying to help this kid but he's too bull-headed to admit it! Just embrace the darkness, Preston, and enjoy the ride!

GM: Eric Preston is hot! He's screaming at Layton to stay away from him... to get down off the ropes... to-

[Jagger takes a chance, crawling over towards Preston and pulling him down in a schoolboy!]

GM: Rollup for one! For two! For thr-

[But Preston just narrowly avoids the big upset, kicking out at the count of two.]

GM: Eric Preston almost got one ripped right out from under him there! Jeff Jagger took advantage of the distraction from Anton Layton and almost won this thing!

[Preston catches Jagger coming up to his feet with a right hand behind the ear. He yanks Jagger into a front facelock, reaching for the arm...

...but again pauses to shout at Anton Layton, imploring him to leave the ringside area just before Jagger yanks him down in a small package!]

GM: ANOTHER CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Preston fires the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: So close! So close right there, fans!

[Preston scrambles up again, this time leaving his feet and popping Jagger squarely in the jaw with a dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Nice dropkick - perfect execution on that one!

[Preston rises again...

...and again points to the turnbuckles.]

GM: He says he's going up top!

BW: No, you idiot! Anton said no!

GM: He doesn't give a damn what Anton Layton says! Get that through your head!

[The crowd roars as Preston defiantly steps through the ropes and begins the climb up to the top rope...]

GM: Preston's heading up top! He's gonna fly!

[But before he does, Anton Layton shrugs off his robe, rolling under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and rushes towards the rising Jeff Jagger, slamming a double handed sledge into the chest!]

GM: What did he just do?!

[A shocked Marty Meekly immediately wheels around and signals the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Anton Layton goes to work stomping and kicking the downed Jeff Jagger as a stunned Eric Preston looks on from his perch on the top rope.]

GM: Eric Preston can't believe it either! Anton Layton just blatantly jumped into the ring in full view of the referee and assaulted Jeff Jagger! The bell has rung - this match is over!

[Layton leaps up, driving both feet down into the chest of Jagger as Preston drops down off the ropes.]

GM: Jeff Jagger is getting mugged by Anton Layton and... look at this!

[The Prince of Darkness steps back, gesturing towards the downed Jagger.]

GM: Layton's inviting Preston to join him in assaulting Jeff Jagger!

BW: What's he gonna do, Gordo? The moment of truth for Eric Preston!

[Preston glares at Layton, shaking his head...

...and then suddenly uncorks a right hand to the jaw, knocking Layton flat on his rear end to the roar of the crowd. Still fuming, Preston shakes his head at the downed Layton.]

"This is your last warning. Stay the hell away from me."

[And with that, Preston turns and makes his exit from the ring, leaving a downed Layton behind and the Dallas crowd exhilarated at his parting shot.]

GM: Haha! How's that for an answer, Bucky? The moment of truth indeed!

BW: What an idiot! Layton could have taken him all the way to the top and he tosses that aside for... for what?

GM: His self-respect! His honor! His fans!

BW: Rubbish!

GM: Eric Preston has walked out on Anton Layton and I think the so-called Prince of Darkness has got his answer. Fans, we've gotta take another break but before we do, let's go backstage to Jason Dane who is standing by with a special guest.

[Cut to backstage where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand, with the towering form of Alex Martinez standing behind him. Martinez stands up tall and straight, stretched to his full seven feet of height. Gone is his leather jacket, replaced only by a simple black t-shirt stretched across his muscular chest. He wears a pair of black jeans as well. As always, his eyes are covered by a pair of mirrored sunglasses.]

JD: Tonight, Mr. Martinez, you step into the ring against Jeff Matthews. A man who has already beaten you here in the AWA. Let's be frank. Some say that this is the end for you. They say you're too beaten up. That this mysterious Dragon finally has your number. Week after week, we've seen you take horrific beatings. You've lost matches to Mark Langseth. You were pinned by Jeff Matthews.

The question is, just how much is left in your tank, Mr. Martinez?

[Martinez turns his head, glaring down at Dane.]

AM: You know, Dane, normally, a man says all that to me? He's gonna find my hand around his throat. But you're right. You're right when ya say that I've had the hell beaten outta me, ever since I stepped foot in an AWA ring.

But I'm here to tell ya that this ain't the end of Alex Martinez. This is the beginning.

[Martinez pulls off his sunglasses, as the camera zooms in close on his face.]

AM: There's a lotta talk goin' around about the darkness reignin' over the AWA. And who's gotten a better glimpse of that darkness than me?

I had to watch as my good friend, Juan Vasquez, was laid out. I've had to stand in the back and watch one good man after another be taken through them curtains and into an ambulance.

And more than once? I've been the one on the stretcher.

But ya know somethin', Jason Dane? I've also seen somethin' else. I've seen the light peerin' through the darkness.

I watched two men who represent the future of this sport overcome havin' the odds stacked against them and watched 'em step up and triumph. I'm talkin' about Eric Preston, who stopped the unstoppable Monosso.

And I watched as James Lynch, written as bein' dead by everyone, dug down and found somethin' deep inside himself, and come out with one final gambit. And I watched them Lynch boys celebrate their victory.

How am I gonna do anythin' different?

JD: So, you're saying that you're fine after the months of damage done to you?

AM: Fine? Nah, I left "fine" a long time ago. But I learned a long time ago. What's done to my body is nothin'. Not as long as I got my heart. And I'm here to say, my spirit ain't broken.

I may ache, but I am ready.

[Martinez slides his sunglasses back on.]

AM: Tonight, I close the book on Jeff Matthews, and put an end to the Dragon. Mark my words.

JD: There you have it, a determined Alex Martinez. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by Tommy Fierro.]

TF: I've been up and down your television dial for over twenty years now but I ain't never been prouder to be on a station than I am right here on WKIK - your home for all things AWA, baby! Woooo!

[The shot of the veteran Fierro fades out to the back where Jason Dane stands before the AWA banner.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please allow me to introduce my guest at this time; Larry Doyle. Larry--

[Doyle, the bulbous man-child that he is, lurches into the frame, talking on his cellphone.]

LD: Upset. They called it an upset. Highway robbery is closer to the truth. Look, I'm taking care of the situation. Just give it a little time and we'll be back on top of things. So long as I'm running things you're golden. You got me? Okay, now feel better.

[Fumbling momentarily with the screen of his phone, Doyle eventually manages to disconnect the call.]

LD: Damned things are supposed to be easier to use than ever, so why does a little face grease make it impossible for this thing to read my finger?

[Looking around, Doyle recognizes that he is, indeed, one half of a currently conducting interview.]

LD: Eh? Dane? What the hell do you want!?

[Cocking an eyebrow, Jason scoffs slightly at Doyle's imperious tone and confused state.]

JD: You asked for this interview, Larry. If you don't want the airtime I'm sure that someone--

LD: No, believe me I want it. I want more. I want all the airtime. This should be the Larry Doyle Show starring Larry Doyle! Every man in this company should have to change his name to Larry and all the ladies need to get one sewn on so they can change their names too!

JD: Ew! What?

LD: I'm done not getting my due! The Bombers are getting ready to run wild, Dane! Mark my words! Mark 2 my words while you're at it.

JD: Uh...

LD: Who were those guys? I'll tell you why they were able to slip one in on us. We couldn't possibly do any homework on those jokers. Search for 'em on the internet. Go ahead. Wikipedia brings up guns and bible junk. Google gives you mostly dirty pictures of dudes named Mark. You should like that part, Dane.

JD: ...

LD: The fact is that my poor Menace has been erased from active competition and the Bombers, the preeminent team in the AWA, nay, the world--

JD: Nay?

LD: --have been buried yet again by the people who claim to be in charge of the AWA. See, the problem with the AWA is that we don't have free elections. Let the people decide who should run the show. Let's put it to a vote!

JD: The fans? You want the fans to vote on who runs the front office?

LD: What? Heck no! That's stupid. You're stupid. Were you born stupid or did you catch it like a cold, Dane? Good God, man, no. Let US vote! Not you, of course, you're just a lackey for the front office. But let's get a committee together. Maybe myself, my boys, Layton seems like a nice guy, that Monosso guy could keep track of the minutes of our meeting.

JD: You can't be serious...

LD: Oh yeah, can't do it without our new champ. Dufresne would likely have to have a gavel to keep order. We can get rowdy, what with all the free beer the AWA would be providing.

JD: Larry, I think you have actually lost touch with reality.

LD: Reality, Dane? Reality is overrated. Reality is the prison that traps the small of mind. Now clever fellows like myself, we are the ones who sculpt what you call reality into something a little more palatable. Watch. Pay attention. You'll see what I mean next week. Same Doyle time, same Doyle channel.

[Doyle leaves abruptly, no further explanation apparently needed.]

JD: Okay, so apparently I don't need to ask any questions. Could we arrange for a drug screening on that guy? Seriously...

[Cut back to ringside.

Johnny Cash's "The Streets of Laredo" blares over the loudspeakers and the curtain parts, a long shadow cast over the aisleway.]

BW: No! I thought they were just joking. They're not seriously letting him come out, are they?

GM: Oh Bucky... they're all coming out tonight.

BW: This is awful, Gordo. I'm going to be sick.

[In his sixties now, the old man still looks fit and trim. Blackjack Lynch stands at the entranceway, head lifted as the fans stand, paying homage to a true legend of Texas wrestling. Blackjack wears a crisp and clean white dress shirt, and a pair of blue jeans. He turns to the aisle, and out steps an older woman, her hair gone to grey.]

BW: Oh great, he brought out granny!

GM: Bucky! That's Doris Lynch. Blackjack's wife, and the family matriarch.

[Doris stands beside her husband, and the crowd greets her enthusiastically. Two more figures emerge. Teenage boys. One is blond haired, and has a spray of light freckles across his face. The other is dark haired, tall and lean. One can imagine Blackjack Lynch looked like this when he was younger.]

BW: Wait a minute.... THERE ARE MORE LYNCHES?!

GM: The handsome young man with the blond hair is Samuel Lynch. And his dark haired brother is the youngest Lynch boy, Jacob.

BW: Won't someone please get rid of all these Lynches?

[The four Lynches walk slowly to the ring, basking in the cheers of the fans. They move to the center of the ring, where Blackjack takes the microphone, speaking in his trademark gravelly voice.]

BJL: I'm a hard man. Growin' up under me? It ain't no easy thing. I push my kids, every day of their lives. If your last name is Lynch, you grow up learnin' how to be tough, and knowin' that the old man expects perfection.

But now, all I am...

[There's a small quiver in Blackjack's voice.]

BJL: is proud!

My three boys, they went out and they did everything they said they were gonna do. Travis, he fought one hell of a fight. And though he didn't take the belt, he fought hard, and his hand was raised. And Jack and Jimmy? Do I even need to say it?

[The crowd ROARS at the mention of the Stampede Cup winners, saying everything Blackjack hasn't.]

BJL: Sam and Jake? You two are out here because I want you to see what it looks like when you're successful. I want you two boys to watch and listen to your brothers. Because one day, you'll be in the ring too. One day, this might be you. And you, my lovely Doris...

[Blackjack looks to his wife.]

BJL: Well, you had a hand in all this too. And I want you to see what your boys have done. And just how much these people love them.

[Another huge pop from the crowd.]

BW: Not all of us...

GM: Bucky! Will you stop?

BJL: First things first. Travis, come on out.

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush hits the speakers.]

BW: And here comes the loser of the bunch!

GM: Loser? If Summers didn't purposely get himself disqualified Travis Lynch would be walking to this ring with the PCW Heavyweight Championship belt.

[Travis is attired in a pair of tan dress slacks and his trademark tight polo shirt, this one tonight is a pale grey. Travis slides under the bottom rope and quickly shakes his younger brother hands before kissing his mother on the cheek and then giving his dad a hearty embrace. Blackjack gives Travis the microphone to the delight of the females in the crowd. Travis smiles sheepishly as Doris gives him a slight smirk.]

TL: Hello Dallas, Texas!

[The Dallas crowd roars back at Travis, who flashes his pearly whites with an ear to ear grin.]

TL: Now this is what I call a Homecoming! Standing here with my family and my extended family.

[Travis motions out to the crowd.]

BW: He better not be referring to me cause I want nothing to do with this family.

[Travis smiles for a moment.]

TL: With this amount of love I can't help but let the disappointment of not winning the PCW Heavyweight Championship dissipate.

BW: Wow, now that's a big word for any of the Lynch boys.

GM: He graduated from Rice University, Bucky.

TL: But Rex Summers, don't for one second think that means I won't be coming for that strap again!

[The crowd roars their approval as Travis' younger brothers applaud. A loud "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" scream rings throughout the arena. Travis smiles while Doris can only shake her head slowly side to side as she tries to hide a smile.]

TL: Summers, at the Stampede Cup you felt the Iron Claw... felt the strength of the Lynch family trademark as it crushed your temples, causing you stare to up at me with shock in your eyes; as the realization came to you... that you can't cash the checks your mouth wrote...

[Travis pauses the left hand still high in the air.]

TL: So you did the only thing you could, you cheated to maintain your ever so flimsy grasp on the PCW Championship belt. A belt with a rich legacy, a legacy you continue to tarnish night after night.

[Slowly, Travis lowers his hand and balls it into a fist.]

TL: So tonight, when my brothers and I step into that ring to face Johnny Casanova, Dick Bass and yourself, I think it's high time you felt the discus punch!

[The crowd cheers as Travis kisses his left hand.]

TL: But right now isn't the time to discuss your future or how the PCW Heavyweight Championship deserves better than to rest upon your waist. Right now is a celebration - a celebration in the honor of the 2011 Stampede Cup Champions!

[The crowd roars as the Lynches all smile proudly.]

TL: Dallas, Texas allow me to introduce to you the 2011 Stampede Cup Champions, my brothers Jack and James Lynch!

[Travis motions to the entrance way as "Hard Row" by the Black Keys blares over the loudspeakers, and every single fan gets on his or her feet, ready to welcome the triumphant Lynch Brothers back home.]

GM: Here they come...

BW: Don't say it!

GM: The _BEST_ tag team in the world!

[On the left stands Jack Lynch. Dressed head to toe in black, as always, his father's cowboy hat resting easily on his head. And on the right is James Lynch. And between them?

That beautiful silver Stampede Cup.]

GM: Those two men went to hell and back to win that Cup. They defeated four outstanding teams, three of them in one night. They earned the right to call themselves the greatest tag team on the planet.

BW: But what gives them the right to bring out all these Stenches?

[Jack and James carry the Cup to the ring and set it on the apron. Then the brothers enter, bringing the Cup over the top rope and towards the center of the ring. Their heads held high, they lift the Cup up over their shoulders, basking in the crowd's adulation. And then, they turn to their father. With smiles on their faces, they set the Cup down at Blackjack's feet, and move forward, embracing their father. And when the camera cuts to his face, the old man has tears in his eyes.]

BW: Oh, this is just getting worse! Someone please come out and crash this celebration before I get sick!

GM: Bucky! Let the Lynch family have their moment.

[And then its handshakes and hugs all around, as Jack and James are congratulated by their entire family. Finally, Jack takes the microphone.]

Jack: The only thing that feels better than bein' back in Texas?

[A grin.]

Jack: Bein' back in Texas with the Stampede Cup!

Before I say anything else, there's one thing I've gotta get off my chest. When we were in the ring with VU, well, I've always known that Jimmy was a tough little bastard. But Jimmy? There was a moment when I lost faith. I saw you gettin' roughed up, and I admit it, I thought it was all over. I could see that it was all over.

But you dug down deep, and ya found somethin' deep in ya, and ya pulled it off. You got that pin, and you won that Cup. You won it, brother. And so, I'm gonna say this in front of the whole world.

James, there ain't no person walkin' this earth who's got more heart than you.

[Jack extends his hand, but as James goes to take it, the eldest Lynch brother pulls him forward, hugging him in a tight embrace. The microphone is given to James, whose first words are drowned out by the cheers of the crowd.]

Jack: A heart that pumps the same blood as every one of us inside this ring.

[The camera backs up getting all seven Lynches inside the AWA ring.]

James: Jack and I... We told everyone that we were goin' to bring the Stampede Cup back to Texas.

[James looks down for a second and raises his head with a huge Lynch grin.]

James: At times things got _real_ tough inside that ring.

The Russians...

Violence Unlimited...

They beat on us real good.

But you all... The AWA fans... You believed in us. You had our backs. Without you... We wouldn't be here tonight. And that's a darn fact!

[The Texas crowd are on their feet as Jimmy looks at his two brothers.]

James: Brothers, tonight is a special night. While there is a celebration going... And for good cause! We also have a chance at some unsettled business, Lynch way!

[Travis and Jack shake their heads agreeing with their brother.]

James: Rex Summers, Dick Bass, and Johnny Casanova... Tonight you are in the house of the Lynches. And you look like you are a little out numbered. You see we brought thousands of our rowdy family members.

[James spins around pointing to all the fans in the arena.]

James: So tonight when this arena is rockin'... When Travis spins around with a hard left hand... When big Jack raises that giant gauntlet... You are going to look around and the only thing you will see is confusion in your partners eyes. Confusion, because tonight there is no dang way we are going to lose in the arena **BLACK JACK BUILT!**

[A big grin ear-to-ear sits on the face of Black Jack. And the general of the Lynch clan, Jack takes the microphone.]

Jack: Y'know...

[A chuckle.]

Jack: I did a little checkin'. And I figured somethin' out. Whenever the Lynch brothers have teamed up here in the AWA. Whether its me and Jimmy, or Trav and me, or Jimmy and Trav. Or the three of us together?

We ain't never lost.

And believe me when I say, we're not changin' that tonight. The Lynch family has got the momentum. Despite what Rex Summers thinks. We got, right here, the man that all the ladies love.

[Another high pitched chorus of "WE LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" interrupts Jack.]

Jack: And you got, right here, the winners of the Stampede Cup. The men who are at the very top of the tag team mountain. Who thinks they're gonna beat us?

[The Lynches all look to each other, shrugging in an exaggerated fashion. They can't think of anyone capable of beating James, Jack and Travis.]

Jack: Exactly. So tonight, at Homecoming, we're gonna do what we always do... we're gonna win.

But, there's just one last thing.

To win the Cup, we beat Violence Unlimited. But to get there, we beat The Russians. And the Russians beat Rough n' Ready. You see where I'm goin' with this.

[The crowd's pop says they do.]

JL: Tonight, there's gonna be a match for those National Tag Team titles. Way I see it? Well, whoever comes out of that with those belts?

I think we got a claim on the next title shot. Am I right?

[The fans say it all... James and Jack nod in agreement as they raise their fist in respect to the Texas fans. Travis leaps onto the top turnbuckle as the ladies swoon over their boy toy. One by one the Lynch family begin to empty the ring... The younger two brothers, Doris, Blackjack, Travis, and then the two men who has brought the Stampede Cup to Texas ... Jimmy and Jack!

And we fade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing next to the confident young man, Alphonse Green. Green is dressed to wrestle in his green trunks and white jacket. Dane looks to the camera to interview the youngster, as Green runs his fingers through his blonde bowl haircut.]

JD: I'm here with Alphonse Green, who scored his first victory a few weeks ago, and is looking to continue his winning streak in later on in the show. Now, Alphonse, when you scored your first victory, the crowd seemed less than enthused with your victory.

[Green nods in agreement, as he also noticed the less than lukewarm reception his match got with the crowd. With a high pitched, but raspy voice, Green starts to speak.]

AG: Well, um... Jason.. uh.. you can't always win 'em over on your first impression, but I'm never going to give up!

[Green does an enthusiastic fist pump as Dane looks on, eyebrow raised.]

JD: ..is that all you have to say?

AG: I'm sorry, Jason, I just got so excited and I just can't hide it. WHOOOOO!

[Green does a clumsy little strut as Dane looks less than enthused.]

AG: I know that most of you good people out there need a little more convincing that I'm not a bad guy, and that I appreciate all you hard working customers who want the most bang out of your buck! My opponent tonight.. is a bad guy. He doesn't like you people like I do!

JD: Well, your opponent tonight is Matt Ginn, and I'm not so sure he cares much for the people, but you're giving up a lot of size to him..

[Green holds up his hand, and Dane shoots him a 'how dare you interrupt me' look.]

AG: My daddy always told me, the bigger they are the harder they fall, and he made a lot of people fall in that squared circle back in the 80s. He passed down a lot of knowledge to me, and he also passed down to me the move that won himself the Portland Pro Wrestling Heavyweight championship! I'm gonna use that move tonight, the Thaddeus Green Reverse Bear Hug, baby! It's makin' a comeback, and when I lock it in on Matt Ginn, he's gonna scream to the world...

...that I am _NOT_ a bad guy! WHOOOHOOOOO!!!

[Green fist pumps his way off camera, as Dane wonders what the heck a Reverse Bear Hug is all about.]

JD: I don't know about you guys, but if he can lock whatever he claimed to know on his opponent, I think I'll start his fan club. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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.

Suddenly, the opening guitar riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kick in over the PA system and the crowd immediately leaps to their collective feet, showering the entrance portal with jeers. From it emerges perhaps the most despised man in wrestling, the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne saunters out towards the interview clad in a purple plaid shirt and a pair of gray jeans. His long blond hair flows freely past his shoulders; over which rests the gleaming National Title. Always present is the cocky smirk that plays across the champion's face. He soaks in the jeers for long moments before taking a deep bow. He makes his way over to the interview area where Jason Dane awaits. As Dane opens his mouth to speak, Dufresne reaches over and snatches the microphone from him.]

CD: Damn, it's good to be home!

[The Dallas crowd responds with more jeers, letting the Ladykiller know exactly how they feel about having him home. Dufresne ignores them and pats Jason Dane on the shoulder.]

CD: No offense, junior, but your services won't be needed tonight. Calisto Dufresne wants to speak directly to his throngs of adoring fans. He doesn't need to be peppered with mindless questions and useless drivel.

[Dufresne turns his attention back to the crowd.]

CD: Your champion rides back from the Stampede Cup victorious! I said before the start of the Cup that I wouldn't lose a match, and sure enough, I didn't! That's the mark of a great champion as you all well know. Being a man of his word is paramount in this business and while I may not have walked out with the actual Cup or the million dollars, let's be honest... I already have plenty of money and have one of those Cups collecting dust in my trophy case.

[A shrug from the National Champion.]

CD: A benevolent leader such as yours truly is known to shower his subjects with gifts on occasion. And consider me allowing the Lynches to win the Stampede Cup yet another example of how my reign as champion differs from those of the tyrants and criminals who held this post in the past.

[Another bow from Dufresne as the crowd boos yet again.]

CD: And once again, it was Supernova and Stevie Scott who could not muster the courage or testicular fortitude to overcome the greatest champion this organization has ever known. As you all know, I'm not the type to brag or boast about my ability or skill. I don't need to. Because when I get inside there...

[Dufresne jabs a finger towards the ring.]

CD: ...I'm at home.

And while tonight may be termed "Homecoming", I don't think I'll be stepping inside my domicile tonight.

[The Ladykiller shakes his head.]

CD: Even the bravest, most honorable champions deserve nights off. So consider me the Master of Ceremonies of sorts. I will sit back in the locker room, ensuring that my loyal subjects...

[A smirk creeps across Dufresne's lips at his use of the phrase coined by Royalty.]

CD: ...put on a show for the masses.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: Let the games begin.

[With that, "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks back in over the PA system and Dufresne tosses the microphone back to a dejected-looking Jason Dane and heads back through the entrance portal.]

GM: The National Champion truly is delusional, Bucky. I believe this man actually thinks he WON last weekend!

BW: Well, he didn't lose, right?

GM: If there were a few more seconds in that match, he certainly would have.

BW: Maybe. And if there were dollar bills fallin' off my mama's oak tree, I might go buy a rake.

GM: What in the world are you talking about now?

BW: I'm talking about Calisto Dufresne being the best wrestler in the world and no one - not you, not that face-painted goon, not that washed-up has-been Scott - can take that away from him. He's the National Champion, the man to beat, and I just don't see anyone around these parts that can do that.

GM: You'd better look again, Bucky, because when that man is forced to defend his title against a man like Supernova... like Stevie Scott... maybe an Eric Preston or a Robert Donovan, we're going to have a new-

[The announce team is interrupted by the shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween", causing the fans to erupt into boos.]

GM: Oh, no. This madman wasn't scheduled to be here tonight!

BW: When Monosso wants time, daddy, you give it to him.

GM: The producers are telling me that yes, it's been cleared. We're going to hear from the man who was finally convincingly defeated at the Stampede Cup, and here he is.

[James Monosso slowly marches down the aisle, with a hunched-over posture and glaring grey eyes. His stringy greying dark hair is pulled back, and he's wearing an AWA SUPERCLASH T-Shirt instead of his usual insane asylum shirt. The broad-shouldered wild-eyed madman is not in any kind of ring attire, favoring navy blue sweatpants and old white sneakers. He isn't accompanied by Percy Childes tonight, but is carrying a manila envelope. A strangely placid expression is on his face.]

BW: Huh. He's in street clothes.

GM: Perhaps he finally took enough punishment to retire.

BW: Myers, if yer gonna be happy about somebody cripplin' Monosso, then you're a hypocrite to cry when it happens to someone else.

GM: ...you're right, Bucky. I apologize, fans. This man just brings out the worst in everyone. Jason Dane still refuses to interview him, as do I, and that's probably why he'll be doing this in the ring instead of the interview area.

[Monosso has reached the ring, and enters to a cascade of boos. He picks up the house mic and waits for his music to stop.]

JM: So, I bet you're all real happy about what happened at the Stampede Cup.

[CHEERS!]

JM: Those inbred idiots won the million dollars, which they probably plan to waste on booze, drugs, and their invalid dad's medical bills.

[BOOOOOOOO!]

JM: Yeah, I'm booing too. And I bet you're happy that big turd Donovan stole Percy's Longhorn Heritage Title.

[CHEERS!]

JM: Too bad he can't steal some new knees or a new lower back. Too bad he'll be icing up his joints watching Nenshou go on to the main events, knowing that he's never going to have enough in the tank to get there himself. Welcome to your ceiling, Donovan; it's all downhill from here. Believe me.

[BOOOOOOOO!]

JM: Yeah, that brings me to me. I bet you're all dumb enough to be happy that Eric Preston won a match against me at the Stampede Cup.

[MASSIVE CHEERS! Monosso takes in the cheers for a moment... and then his face slowly morphs into a sick, twisted grin.]

JM: But he didn't beat me.

[BOOOOOOOO!]

JM: Oh, I'm not talking about the towel. I couldn't care less about the towel. Preston won the match; I'm not as crazy as you people seem to think I am. But you're not as sane as you think you are, either. None of you are, because you think he won. You think the man with the long concussion history, the body that suffered ten years of injury within ten months, and the

man who started his walk down the path of darkness... (you just watch! it'll happen!)... you seem to think he's a winner. You seem to think that getting his hand raised one time, one night was worth Todd Michaelson's well-being? Was it worth a generation of kids seeing just how dark and final this sport is? What it does to you? You think you won, Preston?

No... you lost long before the Cup. Enjoy your match win. I'll see you in the disability line in ten years. Oh, no, wait... I'll be dead by then. So somebody get this on tape and play it for him when his life descends into hell:

"I told you so."

[The crowd continues to jeer as Monosso grins.]

JM: And here I still am. I still have a bit of time left to try and gather money in a probably-futile attempt to survive after I'm too broken to go on. So now that I'm done making my point, the way I see it is this: anyone dumb enough to get into this sport after seeing THAT deserves what they get. All of it. And so I'm back to what I was doing in the first...

[An alarm bell flares as the lights dim...the countdown clock that's been running all summer flashes up onto the screen, counting down from 1:00. Monosso's head snaps up, looking incredulously at the screen.]

GM: Monosso's rant has been mercifully interrupted! That's the Countdown Timer! It looks like we're finally going to find out what all of this hype's been about, Bucky!

BW: I'm not sure that it's such a good idea to steal time from James Monosso, no matter WHO you you are, daddy.

[Monosso shouts at the nearest camera.]

JM: This is MY time! Who's-

[And suddenly, his mic cuts out. The fans cheer for that as the countdown clock continues to run...]

GM: We've been waiting all summer for this, Bucky. Who's it gonna be? Who is responsible for this long wait to see who this clock is counting down to?

BW: I'm not sure but by the look on Monosso's face, I'd say this person may be gone as quickly as he showed up. He may... get outta here... if you catch my drift.

GM: I believe I do.

[At fifteen seconds, the arena lights go black.]

GM: Whoa!

[A large tarp falls down over the entranceway, a projector lighting it up with an old fashioned movie countdown as the crowd counts along.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The countdown stays at zero as green and red lasers begin flashing all over the tarp before shooting up towards the ceiling of the Crockett Coliseum, lighting up the sky as the crowd murmurs with excitement.]

GM: What an entrance this is, Bucky!

BW: I've never seen anything like this in the AWA. They've spared no expense tonight for this... whoever this is.

[A quiet bassline begins to play over the PA system. A voiceover follows.]

"FATHER...please forgive me the wrongs I have done...

...and those I am about to do."

[A wailing electric guitar kicks in, the start of Motley Crue's "Saints Of Los Angeles" as the lasers fall away, replaced by a lone spotlight that swings around the arena back and forth, illuminating the cheering Dallas, Texas fans...

...and then slashing through the darkness to light up a man standing with his back to the crowd, his arms thrown out to his sides.]

GM: I can't quite see...

BW: Oh no.

GM: What?

[Suddenly, the arena lights come back to full strength...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in unison!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!! THAT'S RICK MARLEY!!
RICK MARLEY HAS RETURNED TO THE AWA, FANS!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo. I thought this punk would never been seen from again after he tucked his tail and ran out of town the first time a few years ago.

GM: Rick Marley has returned and this crowd is going crazy!

BW: And speaking of crazy, look at Monosso. This idiot Marley just interrupted the madman from Happy Valley and Monosso doesn't look too happy about it, Gordo. This return may be a REAL short one.

[With the music still blasting and the crowd still roaring, Marley slowly turns around to face the fans. The dark haired cruiserweight simply stands, nodding to them with the slightest of smiles playing at the corner of his mouth...

Finally as the music fades, Marley lifts the mic to his mouth.]

RM: Welcome to...SATURDAY...NIGHT...SHOWTIME!

[Marley pauses as the crowd responds with a round of cheers, smiling out at the arena.]

RM: Now...I've been away for a while...traveled all over the world...but still, the only place that people truly appreciated me was here...so...

[A slight bow.]

RM: Thank you, and it's good to be home.

[Marley grins at another big roar from the crowd, looking around at the fans. He nods his head...

...and then turns towards the ring where James Monosso fixes him with an icy stare. Snapping his fingers, Marley points down the aisle.]

RM: Well... it WAS good to be home... but then when I was getting ready to come out to say hello, I noticed that we were having a verbal sewage problem in the ring... so... sir... let me ask you for the first, but almost certainly not the last time...

Will you PLEASE... ZIP IT!?

[The audience erupts into cheers again, Monosso replying with nothing but a cold glare.]

RM: I mean... for the love of GOD, man... you've been talking non-stop about the same thing for MONTHS now. We get it... you think the industry sucks. The business is rough.

That doesn't mean that you've got to make it worse by boring us all to death, Jimmy-boy.

[The crowd laughs at Monosso who appears to be fuming at this point.]

RM: I've walked down all of those roads... I've driven in the same rental cars, and I've eaten at the same terrible diners as you... and you, me, and each and every guy in the back is aware that this is the price we pay to do what we love.

It's the price we all GLADLY pay to do what we do, and if you think it's too much, then step aside and let these people actually get a return on their investment. If they want crazy, that's what the History Channel is for.

[He pauses, looking around the cheering arena.]

RM: But all you've done since the day you walked in off the street is leech the fun right out of this sport. That's what it is, Jimmy: A sport. Maybe you didn't get that memo, but it's true. And just like all the other sports, some people fail because they can't handle the reality behind the sport. People like you, Jimmy, who find it too easy to blame society and too hard to just go do something about your failures.

Did you ever think that maybe they locked you in a padded cell for a REASON? Maybe going after a cop with a shovel back in 2001 wasn't the sanest way to deal with being tired, stressed-out, and frustrated on the road during a tour? You know, like we ALL get now and then, only the rest of us don't commit assault with a deadly weapon? Maybe you're lucky they didn't put you in Attica, and maybe your lawyer worked the insanity plea...

[Suddenly, the voice of Monosso interrupts Marley.]

JM: SHUT UP! SHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUP...

[Wow, Monosso is going ballistic. He's snatched Phil Watson's mic away and is screaming himself hoarse at ringside... until they cut that mic, too. The fans are cheering wildly for the madman's own past coming to haunt him.]

RM: Looks like you were right, Jimmy. The truth really does hurt. So pack up that load of garbage you've been shoveling. It's done.

[Marley shakes his head.]

RM: Nah... YOU'RE done!

[Big cheer! Marley points out to the crowd.]

RM: WE... are done with you. And all of our great fans here in Dallas, Texas...

[Marley pauses for the fans to cheer their city.]

RM:...They just want you to know: Your time's up... and now it's time to take it to the next level!

[Marley stands smirking and motioning for the fans to cheer more as Monosso stands in the ring glaring at the cruiserweight, mouthing "You're going to pay for this." at him as the shot fades.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip!
Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.

And then fade back up to live action where Jason Dane is standing back in the locker room area amidst a crowded scene and a graphic that reads "EARLIER TONIGHT."

Immediately to Dane's right hand side stands the first couple of the AWA - in their estimation, at least. That's Johnny Casanova in the 'Playboy Enterprises' robe, and Big Mama in the evening gown.

Standing behind them is "Dirty" Dick Bass. The big Florida native looks as "happy as always", a big snarl across his face as he rubs his knuckles.

To Dane's left stands the two men who round out the ensemble cast. The reigning PCW World Champion "Red Hot" Rex Summers stands, dressed in a tailored suit with the title slung over his shoulder. Next to him, the Maker of Legends, Buddy Morton in a suit more polyester than should be legally allowed.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and in mere moments, we're going to head down to the ring for six man tag team action that will see the three Lynch Brothers, Jack, James, and Travis - teaming up against... well, the trio you see before you right now. Gentlemen, what are-

[Casanova is getting visibly irate, and interrupts as Dane is about to say something else.]

JC: Ya said ya wanted an interview with me, Dane, so shut yourtrap and listen to what I gotta say. Firstly, to the new golden boys of the AWA, Jackie Boy and Jimmy Lynch, I guess I oughta congratulate ya. Ya did good, fellas. Ya beat all those real top teams, and came out with the gold.

Of course, lesser men than me might make some issues of the 50 years experience the two of ya have got together - or is it less? Maybe ya just look so old I'm getting myself confused. But, anyway, as I said, it don't matter to me. Me and Dick Bass, second match together, the pair of ya in your seventeen thousandth or something... and we still nearly beat ya. Ha.

[A shrug of the shoulders.]

JC: But at the end of the day, ya done well, I guess. Two thirds of ya, anyway.

[He smiles mockingly.]

JC: How does that feel, Trav? What was it like, celebrating with your two brothers, when ya couldn't get the job done yourself?

JD: Now just wait a minute, Johnny... as I said, Travis Lynch nearly got that belt until this man... [gestures to Summers] Rex Summers, intentionally got himself disqualified!

[Another shrug from Cas. Summers tries to grab the mic but Casanova grabs Dane's wrist, steering it towards him.]]

JC: I keep hearing those words when people are talking about Travis Lynch. Nearly, almost, came close... well, I got news for ya, Travis. Nearly never sold no horses. Ya talk about coming close to winning; the only thing that tells me is that ya DIDN'T win. So when you're stood there looking at your brothers with this nice big Cup... it's gotta be there, in the back of your mind, that ya got nothing to be too proud of yourself.

JD: Are you suggesting there'll be dissension in the ranks of the Lynch brothers?

JC: I ain't suggesting anything. I'm just speakin' my mind, Dane. Maybe everything's rosy in the Lynches' garden and things are going just fine for them. But when they step in the ring with the chairman of Playboy Enterprises, the enforcer Dick Bass, and our teammate for the night Rex Summers...

[Big Mama licks her lips at the mention of Summers, causing Casanova to scowl briefly.]

JC: ...Then they better be certain sure they can trust each other.

[Dane turns to the brawler of the group.]

JD: Dick Bass, your history with this particular family is no secret. You come from PCW, the home promotion of the Lynch brothers and yet the rumors persist that you couldn't be happier here tonight. Care to explain?

[Bass chuckles]

DB: You hit the nail right on the head, Dane, I couldn't be happier. Those sniveling little Stench Brothers, all in one ring... might actually bring a smile to my face. Not a smile of happiness Dane, a smile of the cruel pleasure in knowing what I'm going to do to all three of 'em!

JD: ...and that would be?

[Bass mockingly taps his chin.]

DB: Well let's see, Dane. First I'll start by ripping out the liver of that scrawny little one Travis. Then when I'm done making him run off crying to his daddy, I think I'll bust up the kidneys of the daddy wannabe, Jack Stench. I'm sure that won't be much trouble because I've been softening them up for years kicking his rear end all over you know what's half acre!

JD: And James?

[Bass eyes narrow as a cruel smirk crosses his lips.]

DB: Well you see Dane, that is where it gets a little personal. That little dweeb has been runnin' his mouth much too long. I think he forgets the beating I laid on him back in that other federation... and it's time for a refreshment course on what happens when you bad mouth Dick Bass. Those Stenches got lucky beating me and Johnny at the Cup, and here that little puke is runnin' around like he is some kind of big shot because they won the Cup.

[Bass spits on the floor]

DB: James Stench is the one I'm going to hurt the most. I'm going to *break* every bone in his body and make it so slow and painful even his ugly brothers will feel his pain.

[Bass laughs cruelly as Dane seems to be disgusted.]

JD: The Lynch Brothers have been wrestling together for years. Do you rea-

[Bass interrupts]

DB: It don't matter how long they wrestled together! Tonight myself, Casanova and Summers will show EVERYONE that the Stenches are a bunch of overrated big mouthed little *idiots*! Tonight I climb into that ring and my mission is to make *every* single one of 'em wish the AWA never signed Dick Bass to a contract. I'm gonna beat them just like I beat their daddy... and who knows Dane...

[holds up Delilah]

DB: Maybe I'll give the whole Stench Family... [chuckles] matching scars.

[Bass smirks as a concerned-looking Jason Dane turns to Morton and Summers. Morton angrily glares at Casanova as he snatches the mic.]

BM: So a little birdie tells me the Lynches are going to be honored tonight. What a disgrace it continues to be, the glorification of a family who couldn't even keep its business running. This is what it's come to, applauding a bunch of sell-outs? While the real world's champion is left, once again, to pick away at scraps of airtime.

[Buddy shakes his head.]

BM: What has the world come to?

[Summers clears his throat, and puts a hand on his manager's shoulder.]

RS: Why would we expect any differently than we've gotten so far, Buddy? When the Tenth Wonder of the World is relegated to night one of that

Stampe Cup instead of headlining night three? I've been disrespected from the day I set foot in the AWA, and tonight is no different.

Maybe it's fitting that the entire Lynch family is on hand, because tonight the sexiest man in pro wrestling will take all of his anger and frustration out on Doris Lynch's three twerps all at once.

[Buddy taps Summers' shoulder.]

BM: Don't forget champ, you've got some backup this time.

[Morton gestures to Summers' partners. Rex grimaces as he glares at Dick Bass.]

RS: Right, just like Dick Bass [air quotes] 'had my back' a few weeks back when he wanted a shot at my title? I'll tell you what, Dickie Boy...

[A powerful arm extends, pointing a finger at Bass' face.]

RS: All is forgiven between us _IF_ you prove to me tonight that your head is on straight and you help me rid this place once and for all of the Lynch boys. You and Casanova take care of James and Jerk-

BM: You mean Jack, champ.

RS: That's what I said, Jerk. Take care of James and Jerk Lynch, and leave the runt of the litter to me. Little Travvie, the guy who fluked his way to a victory over yours truly. We're not done, you and I Travis. Not by a longshot, and not until I've driven your head into the mat with another Heat Check.

And then there's your old man. Blackjack. Listen up, I know you can hear me you fossil. Try to stick your nose in my business tonight and it'll be the last mistake you ever make. Besides, with Buddy here patrolling the outside of the ring along with Big Mama, you'll never get the chance. Ain't that right, Buddy?

BM: That's right, champ. Big Mama's bite is worse than her bark, and as someone who's hotel room has been next to hers on more than one occasion, that bark is deafening.

[Big Mama seems to bristle at the comment as Casanova actually laughs.]

RS: And when all is said and done, tonight's not gonna be about celebrating the so-called greatness of the Lynches. It's gonna be about recognizing _ONCE AGAIN_ that Rex Summers is the REAL... WORLD'S... CHAMPION.

[We fade from the crowded scene back down to the ring where Melissa Cannon is standing.]

MC: The following contest is a six man tag team match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The roar of Janet Jackson's "Black Cat" starts up over the PA system.]

MC: Being accompanied to the ring by Buddy Morton and Big Mama, they are the team of "Playboy" Johnny Casanova... "Dirty" Dick Bass... and "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[The jeers greet the fivesome as they walk through the curtain, heading down the elevated walkway to the ring. Casanova takes the lead, shouting at the fans as Dick Bass walks behind him. Buddy Morton and Rex Summers follow and Big Mama is right behind them, very obviously enjoying the view.]

GM: The team of Playboy Enterprises and Rex Summers have some serious grudges in this one with the Lynch boys, Bucky.

BW: Bass and Summers have had several wars with the Lynch boys back in their PCW days together. You can bet they'll really be looking for the kill tonight on this night that's supposed to be so friggin' special for them.

GM: Especially with the Lynch family now seated at ringside.

[The camera cuts to ringside, panning across the front row where we see Blackjack, Doris, and all the rest. They're looking up to the ring with disdain as Rex Summers, dressed in a full length red robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front snatches the mic away from Melissa Cannon.]

RS: Aaaaaaaaand cut it. Listen up, and listen good you Dallas deadbeats. What I'd like to do now is give you all a lesson to live by... Stop stuffing your faces, start dragging your sorry butts to the gym, and maybe one day you'll look one tenth as good as I do.

[Rex keeps a straight face for all of a few seconds before bursting into laughter.]

RS: Nah, just kidding. You people are hopeless. But at least you can see what a real man should look like. Hit the music.

[Rex drops the mic, and as the music starts to play again he begins to disrobe as Buddy stands behind him and takes the glittering garment, folding it neatly as the chiseled Summers flexes a little for the crowd. The response is mostly boos, but more than a few females in the audience clearly enjoy the show, Big Mama included. The camera cuts to ringside where a disgusted Doris leans over to Blackjack, whispering something to him as the music changes to "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent to the roars of the crowd.]

MC: And their opponents... from Dallas, Texas...

[HUGE HOMETOWN CHEER!]

MC: JAMES... JACK... TRAVIS...

THE LYNNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[The cheers grow more intense as the three brothers stride into view, all dressed for battle. Jack Lynch has already pulled off his long black coat, throwing his gloved right hand into the air to the cheers of the crowd. James and Travis trade a high five upon walking into view, grinning at the reaction of the fans...

...and then all three men begin the walk down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: And here come the happiest family in the Crockett Coliseum here tonight, fans! James, Jack, and Travis - the Lynch brothers - are out here to celebrate their big win at the Stampede Cup and how better to do it than to win this six man tag in front of their entire family.

[The Lynches make their way to the ring quickly, James slingshotting over the ropes and threatening an oncoming Rex Summers with the Iron Claw. Summers quickly backpedals to the corner, shouting across the ring as Travis and Jack join their brother in the squared circle.]

GM: All six men are in there now and this is gonna be a handful for Mickey Meekly to handle for sure, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, 'cause the Stenches cheat.

GM: That's not exactly what I had in mind.

[The two sides huddle up briefly as the official tries to get the match started and eventually, gets it down to Rex Summers and James Lynch.]

GM: The man who carries the PCW World Championship belt with him everywhere he goes and the man who won the Stampede Cup for he and his brother will be starting this one off here tonight.

[The two men circle one another as the bell rings to start the match, James crouching low and occasionally surging forward towards Summers who balls up his fists, ready to throw down.]

GM: Rex Summers doesn't look too excited about tangling with James Lynch here in this one, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he's a World Champion. He shouldn't have to sully himself with these rednecks. Ugh. I can smell the cow dung in their hair from here. You know they use that stuff as hair styling product?

GM: They do not!

BW: That's what Buddy Morton told me.

GM: Of course he did. That sounds about right.

[James Lynch and Rex Summers continue to circle until Lynch tires of it, moving in quickly with his fists at the ready...

...and Summers bails out, ducking through the top and middle rope.]

GM: And typical Rex Summers right there.

[Summers shouts at the official to back James off which Mickey Meekly quickly does, allowing Summers to slip back through the ropes. He points a finger at Lynch, shouting at him.]

GM: If Rex Summers thinks he's going to intimidate James Lynch here tonight, he's sorely mistaken.

[The two men circle one another again before coming together in a collar and elbow, Summers quickly powering his smaller opponent into a side headlock. He nods to the jeering crowd, muscling the head in his arms with a "That's right!" just before Lynch hoists him off the mat...

...and drops him tailbone-first down on a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Atomic drop by Lynch!

[Summers hits the canvas, flailing about a bit before he quickly makes his way to the corner, slapping the hand of Johnny Casanova.]

GM: Well, that didn't take too long. In comes the Playboy... and he doesn't look much happier than Summers did.

[Casanova struts around the ring, pausing to swivel his hips in the direction of the Lynch family in the front row...

...which causes James to rush him, barreling him back into the buckles where he slaps the hand of big brother Jack.]

GM: The tag is made to Jack Lynch...

[Jack rushes in, grabbing Casanova by the hair and hammering him with a right hand to the skull.]

GM: Big right hand by Jack Lynch! The big brother of the Lynch clan throws a hard shot to the skull!

[Grabbing Casanova by the hair, Lynch doubles him up...

...and then ROCKS the Playboy with a big kneelift, snapping Casanova backwards and down to the canvas!]

GM: KING! SIZED! KNEELIFT! Jack Lynch knocks Casanova flat with the big kneelift and the Playboy went down hard and isn't getting up right away off that one.

BW: He caught him with all of that!

[Jack dives down to the mat, grabbing a handful of hair to hammer away with right hands to the skull of the Playboy. The crowd roars at Jack's flurry of offense before he hauls Casanova back to his feet, slapping the hand of Travis Lynch - which brings a big scream from the ladies in the crowd.]

GM: In comes the young heartthrob...

[The muscular Travis throws a pair of big right hands to the skull of Casanova. Lynch grabs the Playboy around the head, snapmaring him down to the mat and promptly leaping up, dropping a big knee down across the chest of Casanova to even more cheers from the crowd!]

GM: And the Lynches keep the fight comin' to the team of Rex Summers and Playboy Enterprises!

[Lynch climbs back to his feet, cocking his muscular arm...

...and coming up empty as Casanova rolls out from under an elbowdrop attempt. Lynch bounces up, staggering towards the wrong corner as Casanova shoves him into it, slapping the hand of Dick Bass who comes in hot, throwing three big haymakers into the jaw of Travis Lynch.]

GM: This is a fight, pure and simple! We just keep seeing big right hands thrown all around in this one. Bass is hammering away on Trav- ohh! Lynch fires back!

[A pair of right hands from Lynch frees him up, moving across the ring but Bass intercepts, shoving him back into the neutral corner where he throws a few more right hands, hammering Lynch backwards into the buckles...

...where he retaliates with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Travis Lynch is trying to fight back against big Dick Bass in this one!

[Using the kicks to create some space, Lynch hops up on the middle rope and leaps off with a double axehandle across the skull, sending Bass stumbling backwards to the canvas. Travis marches to the corner, slapping his big brother's hand...]

GM: Jack's on his way back in... here comes the double...

[Each man grabs an arm, firing Bass hard chestfirst into the corner! He falls back, clutching his sternum as Jack Lynch leans down, dragging Bass back to his feet again...]

GM: Big right hand to the jaw!

[Grabbing the arm, Jack fires him across, taking two big steps towards the rebounding Bass...

...and leaps up, smashing his knee into the jaw!]

GM: High knee! High knee!

[Jack dives across the chest of Bass, earning a two count before Rex Summers stomps Lynch on the back of the head, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Ohh! Summers breaks up the pin! I think Jack Lynch might have had him right there if it hadn't been for Summers. That high knee is devastating!

[Summers steps back out, leaning over the ropes to slap the hand of Bass. He quickly rushes back in, pulling Lynch off the canvas, pasting him with a right hand to the jaw and then buries a boot to the gut before snapping Jack Lynch down to the mat with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: Neckbreaker by the former PCW World Champion! Nicely done!

BW: Former? Check again, Gordo. That man carries the strap, daddy.

GM: He may carry the title belt but you can't be the champion of a dead promotion.

[Summers grabs the top rope, laying in a few stomps to the back of Jack Lynch's head. He leans over the ropes towards the front row of Lynches.]

"How's the retirement going, old man?! You sellout!"

[Buddy Morton cackles with delight as Summers lays in a few more stomps to the head of the downed Jack Lynch. But as soon as Summers pulls Lynch off the mat, Jack surges forward, hooking Summers around the waist and driving him back to the corner where James Lynch slaps his big brother's hand, tagging himself in...]

GM: There's the tag to James Lynch... Summers is trying to battle his way free...

[A few clubbing forearms to the back of Jack Lynch loosens his grip just before James comes sailing off the top rope with a forearm smash over the skull of Summers.]

GM: Ohh, what a shot off the top!

[James Lynch stays on the attack, forcing Summers back to the ropes with a series of right hands to the midsection. He grabs the muscled Summers by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Lynch fires him in and... WHOOOOA MY! What a backdrop by Lynch!

[Summers slams hard into the mat and promptly rolls out of the ring to the floor, searching for a second wind as Buddy Morton quickly moves to his side, trying to settle down his charge. James Lynch paces around the ring,

pumping a fist to rally the crowd as Morton and Summers huddle up on the floor.]

GM: James Lynch is all alone in there and- look out here!

[Casanova charges in, trying to get at Lynch...

...but gets flattened with a leaping dropkick!]

GM: Casanova goes down!

BW: Here comes Bass!

GM: And he goes down as well! A pair of big dropkicks by James Lynch and he's got the entire team of opponents reeling out on the floor!

[The trio huddles up with Buddy Morton as Big Mama looks on, a look of dismay on her face, as James Lynch mounts the midbuckle with a "COME ON!" to his opposition.]

GM: Rex Summers breaks away from the huddle... he looks a little caught off-guard by what these three brothers have put him through so far.

[Summers walks around the ring, Big Mama smiling at him as he passes. A shout from Casanova draws Big Mama's attention back to him as Summers pulls himself up on the apron, stepping back into the ring.]

GM: James Lynch immediately comes in on- ohh! Summers to the eyes!

["Red Hot" Rex Summers promptly pulls the blinded James Lynch into a side headlock again. He wrenches on the head again, turning the brother towards his father...]

"At least this place manages to keep the lights on, huh, oldtimer?"

[James Lynch backs to the corner, slapping the hand of Travis Lynch who rushes in as Summers tries to pull James away from the corner, and quickly hooks a side headlock of his own on Summers but the powerful Summers backs Travis into the buckles...

...and then steps back, hammering down with a forearm smash across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by Summers!

[Summers rears back again, throwing a second blow, this one to the well-sculpted midsection of Travis Lynch.]

GM: Two men with incredible physiques in there right now, hammering away at each other...

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Summers turns his body and whips him along the ropes towards the Playboy...

...who buries a knee in the kidneys of Travis Lynch, stopping him cold as Summers approaches the corner. Casanova angrily slaps Summers on the shoulder.]

GM: I don't think Summers was looking for a tag there but Casanova brings himself in anyways.

[Casanova spits on his fist, throwing a pair of right hands to the jaw of Travis Lynch...

...and eats a right hand in reply!]

GM: Lynch trying to battle back out...

[But as Travis steps out of the corner, Casanova grabs him by the upper body, HURLING him back into the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! Right back into the corner hard!

[Grabbing Travis around the head, Casanova snapmares him over to the mat...

...and then rakes both boots across the eyes and face!]

GM: Oh, come on! Cheapshot by the Playboy!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Big Mama applauds with a "Woooo!"]

BW: Big Mama sure liked the looks of that.

GM: She'd be the only one.

[Casanova kisses his fist again, dropping a fist between the eyes of Travis Lynch, stunning him as he goes for a cover.]

GM: The Playboy gets a one! Two!

[But Travis Lynch powers out of the pin attempt at the count of two. Grabbing a handful of hair, Casanova peppers him with blows to the head and face as he shouts at him.]

"How's that feel, Trav?! Huh? Does it sting? Does it sting like failure?"

GM: Does he really need to lay the trashtalk down on Travis Lynch as well?

BW: Of course he does. He just wants to point out that Travis Lynch is a total failure who lets his family down every time he laces up his boots.

GM: Bucky!

[The Playboy drags Lynch off the mat by the arm, winging him into the ropes...]

GM: Casanova fires him in... backdr-

[But Lynch leaps over the top, taking the Playboy down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP GETS ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He almost got him there! Travis Lynch almost got the win with that sunset flip and-

[Travis peels to the side, slapping the hand of his big brother.]

GM: In comes big Jack...

[Grabbing the rising Casanova by the back of the trunks, Jack FIRES him shoulderfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! He hit the corner hard!

[Casanova staggers out as Lynch hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and getting caught with a knee thrown into the midsection of big Jack!]

GM: And that'll take Jack Lynch back down to the canvas!

[Casanova stumbles to the corner, slapping the hand of Dick Bass who comes in, pulling Jack up by the hair...

...and drilling him between the eyes with a measured right hand!]

GM: Big shot between the eyes!

[At ringside, we hear Blackjack Lynch shout some encouragement to his eldest son...

...and gets a “Keep your mouth shut, you old fossil!” from Rex Summers, drawing jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Rex Summers is laying the badmouth on Blackjack Lynch out there. What a show of disrespect from Summers!

BW: I kinda liked it.

GM: You would.

[Bass fires Jack Lynch across the ring...

...and CRACKS the biggest Lynch across the collarbone with a hard swinging clothesline, knocking Lynch down to the canvas.]

GM: HARD clothesline by Bass! And the big man from Florida knocks Jack Lynch flat with that.

[Bass measures the downed Lynch, dropping an elbow down on the chest before hammering Lynch's skull with some clenched fists. Climbing back to his feet, Bass drags Lynch up with him, and connects with an overhead elbow smash that sends Lynch falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Bass has him up against the corner... big right hand to the ribs... and another... and another...

[Grabbing the top rope, Bass throws a series of knees into the ribs as well, doubling up Lynch, and then flooring him with an overhead elbow to the back of the neck.]

GM: Bass knocks him down to all fours here and...

[Pushing up to his knees, Lynch throws a right hand to the breadbasket.]

GM: Big shot to the gut by Lynch!

[Bass returns fire, throwing a boot into the chest of Lynch.]

GM: Bass with a boot to the chest...

[Lynch throws a second... and a third to the gut, sending Bass staggering back. Jack Lynch re-takes his feet, winding up...

...and DRILLING Bass with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Bass fires back, throwing a pair of right hands to the temple.]

GM: Dick Bass won't go down that easy!

[Lynch throws a right...]

GM: Another haymaker from the Texan!

[Bass throws a right...]

GM: These two are trading right hands and these fans are loving it!

[Another right from Lynch followed by a right from Bass.]

GM: Shot after shot for both of these men, trying to take one another down to the mat!

[Lynch keeps on throwing, knocking Bass all the way across the ring to the opposite ropes. Jack grabs an arm, firing Bass across and setting for a backdrop...

...but Bass counters, first by putting on the brakes and landing a boot to the face that straightens Jack up.]

GM: Ohh! Bass with a counter!

[The big Florida native slaps his right arm, setting up for another clothesline...

...but Lynch ducks under it, blindly reaching back with both arms to hook the arms of Bass.]

GM: Backslide! He's got him down!

[The official dives to the canvas.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another near fall right there for the Lynch Brothers!

[Jack Lynch scrambles to all fours, crawling quickly towards the corner...

...but Bass grabs him by the ankle, dragging him back to the center of the ring where he buries an elbowdrop into the back of the neck. He walks to his own corner, slapping the hand of Rex Summers who slips into the ring and drops an elbow of his own on the neck.]

GM: A pair of elbowdrops by Bass and Summers and they've got Jack Lynch in some trouble now.

[Summers drops another elbow before getting back to his feet and slowly striking a single bicep pose to the jeers of (most) of the crowd. He points the other hand out at Blackjack Lynch.]

"This one's for you, old man!"

[And drops a crushing elbow to the back of the neck, rolling Jack onto his back.]

GM: Summers scores with the elbow and he gets a one! Two!

[But Lynch throws a shoulder off the mat at two.]

GM: That's not enough to keep Jack Lynch down for a three count and-

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the twenty minute time limit here for this six man tag team battle.

[Summers grabs Lynch by the hair, drilling him between the eyes with a right hand and earning a warning from the official.]

GM: Powerful right hand to the skull by Summers!

BW: Everything Rex Summers does is powerful, daddy.

GM: A second shot between the eyes! That might have Jack Lynch seeing some stars.

[And a third connects before Summers shoves Lynch back down to the mat, diving across him.]

GM: One! Two! Th-

[But again, Lynch's shoulder comes up, much to the dismay of Rex Summers who looks out at the front row to see the celebrating Lynch family. He mutters something under his breath before climbing to his feet, dragging Lynch up with him, pulling him right into a front facelock...]

GM: Uh oh... something big coming up here, I think.

[Summers slings Lynch's arm over his neck, nodding to the jeering crowd.]

GM: Rex Summers is looking for a suplex, fans. He's got him hooked and-

[And instead, Lynch pulls him down into a cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHHHHHH!

BW: Just a two! Two count only there!

GM: How close was that? And you just can't let up on these Lynch boys! They've proven that just when you think they're done for, they manage to pull out something like that or that headscissor cradle that James Lynch broke out at the Cup!

[Jack Lynch sees a window, crawling towards his corner. Rex Summers desperately grabs the ankle, trying to avoid letting the tag occur..

...and then Johnny Casanova rushes in, dropping an elbow on the back of Lynch's neck to make REAL sure that tag doesn't happen. The crowd jeers Casanova as he slinks out of the ring, James and Travis Lynch protesting from the apron to no effect.]

GM: Johnny Casanova with a cheapshot right there, fans, but the official does nothing more than issue a warning to him.

[Summers gets to his feet, dragging Lynch across the ring by the foot towards the Playboy Enterprises corner. The PCW World Champion slaps Casanova's hand before firing Lynch into the ropes, dropping him with a clothesline. Summers pauses to flex both arms, drawing some cheers from the ladies in the building - even Big Mama. Casanova shouts at Summers, ordering him out to the apron as he glares at Big Mama...

...and drops another elbow on Jack Lynch, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But Lynch again gets the shoulder up at two to the cheers of the crowd. Johnny Casanova rises to his feet, angrily kicking at the ropes and shouting at the official as he leans down to pull Lynch off the mat, tugging him right into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh. He's looking for the Playboy Plunge! If he hits that, it's over, Bucky!

BW: It sure is. Drill 'im, Playboy!

[Casanova reaches down, underhooking the left arm of Lynch...

...who promptly stands up, backdropping Casanova up, over, and down hard to the canvas below!]

GM: What a move! Big backdrop by Lynch to get out of the hold!

[Down on all fours, Lynch turns himself around to face his own corner, looking to make the tag as a dazed Casanova gets up to try and stop him...

...but Lynch crawls right through the legs, making a lunging tag to James Lynch who slingshots over the top rope, immediately throwing a right hand to the skull followed by one to the flabby midsection of Casanova, sending the Playboy back into the ropes.]

GM: James Lynch comes in hot and Casanova may be in trouble now!

[Grabbing an arm, Lynch fires him to the closest set of buckles, smashing the Playboy into them at top speed where he staggers out, collapsing on the canvas where James leaps high into the air, dropping an elbow across the throat and going for a cover.]

GM: Casanova's down for one! For two! For- just the two count there.

[A frustrated Lynch slaps a hand on the canvas as he climbs back to his feet, looking for his next attack. He leaps up, driving a knee into the gut of Casanova, causing a big groan of pain from the Playboy.]

GM: Another shot down South on Casanova. The Lynches like hitting this guy in his weak spot.

BW: Weak spot? Those are abs of steel, daddy!

GM: Abs of fluffy cotton is more like it.

[Lynch climbs to his feet again, dashing across the ring to the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaping high, going for a big splash!]

GM: SPLAAAAAAAAAAS-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: KNEES UP!! KNEES UP BY THE PLAYBOY!!

[Lynch grabs his own midsection in pain, having been introduced very hard to the raised knees of Johnny Casanova. The Playboy rolls to the side, trying to recover as both men are laid out on the canvas.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting! Both men need to make the tag and get the heck out of there, Bucky!

BW: They’re trying, Gordo, but who’s gonna get up first?

[Casanova stirs to a knee, running a hand through his hair as he tries to push himself off the mat. He leans down, dragging James Lynch up by the hair. The Playboy pulls Lynch towards the corner, smashing his skull into the top turnbuckle before slapping the hand of Dick Bass.]

GM: The tag is made to “Dirty” Dick Bass!

[Bass steps in, measuring his man, and throws a hard right hand to the ribs of James Lynch. A second one soon follows, leaving Lynch gasping for air against the buckles. Leaning over, Bass grabs the middle rope...]

GM: Uh oh...

[Bass lunges forward, slamming his shoulder into James Lynch’s ribcage.]

GM: Hard shot to the body in the corner!

[Still holding the rope, Bass drives his shoulder in a few more times, leaving Lynch hanging onto the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Bass drags him out... scoops him up... and a big ol’ slam in the middle of the ring!

[Bass quickly hits the ropes, walking off...

...and leaps up, dropping his knee down in the ribs! Bass quickly applies a cover, reaching back to grab a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NO!! Not enough for three!

[Bass scrambles to his feet, cutting off Lynch who is frantically trying to reach the corner. He drags Lynch back across the ring, throwing him headfirst into the buckles before tagging Rex Summers back into the match.]

GM: Another tag... we talked a lot about the experience of the Lynch brothers as a team going into the match but the team of Summers and Playboy Enterprises has been working very well together as well.

[Summers marches across the ring, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat of Lynch, leaving him gasping for air on the mat as Summers attempts another cover.]

GM: Cover for one! For two! For thr-

[But again, James Lynch shows the heart that made him one-half of the Stampede Cup champions, firing a shoulder off the canvas. An angry Rex Summers climbs to his feet, shouting at the official...

...while James Lynch is crawling towards the corner.]

BW: REX! REX! TURN AROUND!

[The entirety of the rulebreaking corner seems to be shouting the same thing as Summers berates the official, completely unaware that Lynch is drawing closer to the corner...]

GM: Rex Summers has no idea that James Lynch is-

[Summers wheels around, making a dive...

...and drilling Jack Lynch with a right hand, knocking him off the apron!]

GM: Ohh! No tag for Jack Lynch but-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE TO TRAVIS!!

[Travis Lynch comes through the ropes fast, throwing a right hand to the skull of a shocked Rex Summers. A second one lands as well. Lynch grabs the arm, flinging Summers across the ring...

...and LAUNCHES him high overhead and down to the canvas with a big backdrop to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Travis Lynch sends Summers flying! These two tangled at the Stampede Cup and they're picking right back up where they left off, fans!

[Travis pulls Summers up, dragging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Travis is going for a big suplex and...

[Bass rushes into the ring, drilling Lynch with a forearm smash to the back of the head. The big Florida native swings Lynch around, throwing a right hand to the skull...

...which brings Jack Lynch charging into the ring, throwing a big haymaker to Bass!]

GM: It's starting to break down in there!

[Which, of course, means that Johnny Casanova rushes in next, attacking James Lynch who is out on the apron. The crowd is roaring for the brawl as the camera cuts between Casanova hammering James Lynch, Jack Lynch slamming fist after fist into the skull of Dick Bass, and Rex Summers getting taken over the ropes to the floor with a running clothesline by Travis Lynch!]

GM: SUMMERS GOES OVER THE TOP!!

[The crowd is going nuts as Travis Lynch steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor to go after Summers.]

GM: It's out of control! The referee can't get these guys - there's fighting all over the ring and now it's spilling out to the floor!

[Outside the ring, Travis Lynch is battering Summers with right hands to the skull...

...and then grabs him by the arm, trying to fling him towards the railing.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES TRAVIS!! SUMMERS REVERSED THE WHIP!!

[An angry Rex Summers marches across the ringside area, hammering Travis with an overhead elbowsmash between the eyes, knocking the youngster down to the floor. Summers looks up, pointing a finger at Blackjack Lynch who is just a few feet away at this point.]

"I'm gonna split him open and it's all your fault, old man!"

[Summers presses Lynch's head back against the railing, hammering away at the forehead of Travis. Blackjack Lynch stands a few feet away, shouting at Summers...

...who suddenly reaches out, grabbing the older man by the shirt and YANKING him over the railing to the floor!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ROARS with disgust as Summers buries a boot into the ribs of Blackjack Lynch...

...and then quickly bails out, grabbing Buddy Morton and the PCW World Title and dashing up the length of the aisle alongside the ramp as Jack and James Lynch rush from the ring to their father's side.]

GM: What in the HELL just happened out here, Bucky?!

BW: Rex Summers just put that old fossil in his place!

GM: That son of a...

BW: GORDO!

GM: I'm sorry, fans, but there's absolutely NO excuse for what we just saw. Rex Summers just assaulted Blackjack Lynch - a man... what? Thirty years his senior? The man should be fined! He should be suspended! He should be arrested, Bucky! The man should be arrested for assault!

BW: Oh, now you're just being a drama queen, Gordo. Blackjack Lynch wants to be all over AWA television - well, he just got his wish! I just wish I'd gotten mine.

GM: I'm afraid to ask.

BW: I wish that Rex had gotten the chance to slap that dinosaur to the floor with a Heat Check, daddy!

GM: That's horrible! You make me sick, Bucky! Fans, this match has obviously been thrown out... but we've got more action to come later tonight. But let's go to commercial while we get some help out here for Blackjack.

[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. And then we fade back to live action where we go up to the interview platform with Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Fans, would you all please welcome at this time... he is, by far, one of the most popular wrestlers in AWA today... he is the man they call... SUPERNOVA!

["You Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest kicks in over the PA system, drawing a loud ovation, as the face-painted fan favorite emerges from the back. He's wearing one of the new Supernova T-shirts, black with a fiery sun and his name underneath in yellow lettering, plus blue jeans and tennis shoes. Supernova heads straight for the platform, turning momentarily to howl at the crowd, before turning to Stegglet.]

MS: All right, Supernova, during the first round of the Stampede Cup, you and Stevie Scott failed to advance against Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard, but it appears that, just maybe you and Stevie Scott have finally gotten on the same page.

S: Well, Mark, there's no question that Stevie and I come from different walks of life... I mean, we both like to walk on the wild side of life, but we just happen to take different approaches to that! But, yeah, while there was a moment that I was having a little doubt about who Stevie really was, I can say this... he's always been the great wrestler that I knew he was, but now,

I can say I know that he's a man of his word and I can count on him when I need him the most!

MS: So where does this leave you and Stevie now?

S: Mark, we aren't exactly what I would call buddies... but I do think we have an understanding of each other and exactly how we are gonna have to approach things from this point forward! Because I know he'll concur when I say this... we've only just begun when it comes to Broussard and Dufresne!

MS: Are you still intending to cash in on your title shot that you secured at the Memorial Day Rumble?

S: Let's just say... the time will come for that soon enough. I know Stevie wants his shot as much as I do... and then there's the fact that snake in the grass Broussard wants to have his shot as well. So you've got three guys saying they should get a crack at the champ, two of whom can make good arguments... and then there's Broussard...

[A slight laugh.]

S: But I do know that if Dufresne, Broussard and Waterson want to keep playing their games, then I'll be happy to oblige... and soon, they'll be playing my game, a game that's simply called...

[He gets an intense look on his face as he turns to shout out to the crowd.]

S: CAN YOU TAKE THE HEAT?!

[And then another howl follows as he departs the platform.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, there you have it... Supernova still keeping his sights on Dufresne and Broussard, and now, he just may have Stevie Scott by his side as he does it! Fans, we are going to send it to...

"YOU AREN'T SENDING IT TO ANYONE!"

[The voice of Eric Matthew Somers of Rough N Ready can be heard loud and clear. Mark is caught off guard as the National Tag Team champs storm the platform. The two are already dressed in their wrestling attire, the tag team title belts in their hands.]

EMS: This is our time, Stegglet! And if I were you, I'd get my ass out of here!

[Stegglet takes a step back, but doesn't go anywhere... and that's when Dave Cooper grabs the mic from Stegglet.]

DC: You heard the man... and the patience I usually have is in short supply!

[Stegglet looks a bit unnerved, but finally throws up his hands and walks away from the platform.]

DC: That's the smartest thing you've done all night, Stegglet... and now, we come to the matter at hand...

We know that there's been a conspiracy against Royalty for the past few weeks! We know that the front office in the AWA wants to tell us that our demands are unreasonable! First they fire our manager... then they suspend an all-time great... and now, they cost us the Stampede Cup!

And tonight, they keep giving their favorite sons, Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes, yet another opportunity at our belts! And I can only imagine they'll keep stacking the deck against us!

Consider this your warning, Jon Stegglet... if there's any funny business that goes down tonight in the tag team title match, then rest assured we are going to see to it that the responsible party is held accountable right then and there!

Don't even doubt my words for one minute... any attempts to give Violence Unlimited something they don't deserve, and we will NOT be held responsible for what happens next!

[With that, he throws the mic down and he and Eric storm off the platform. There's an awkward moment where the camera shot stays on the platform for a moment before cutting to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Are we... okay, fans, we apologize for the words of Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers. They certainly were not scheduled to have interview time right then and there but... well...

BW: They took the time that they deserve as the National Tag Team Champions.

GM: I'd say that's debatable and after tonight, you may no longer be able to say that, Bucky. Fans, lost in the excitement of the Stampede Cup was the return over a month ago of MAMMOTH Mizusawa to the AWA. It had been several months since we'd seen the giant and despite Louis Matsui's claims to the contrary, many were wondering if we'd seen the last of the big man here. But at a most opportune moment, Mizusawa and Matsui let us know we were all very wrong about that. Now, if you recall, we had to cut away from that scene just as Mizusawa got in the ring. Tonight, for the very first time, we've got exclusive footage of exactly what went down as we went off the air. Let's take a look at that right now...

[The scene fades in on footage marked "Saturday Night Wrestling - August 13th, 2001" where Louis Matsui is standing in the center of the ring surrounded by men like Robert Donovan, the Rockstar Express, Ricky Armstrong, and others. Matsui has a mic in hand and is dressing down everyone around him.]

LM: I thought so... Because nothing you do to me is going to cost Nenshou the Television title! Nothing you do to me is going to take the National title away from Calisto Dufresne! And NOTHING you do to me is going to bring Juan Vasquez back!

I did what I said I'd do... That's nothing any of you can take away from ME!

[Matsui throws the mic down, arms spread apart in celebration...]

RD: You have a real interesting way of lookin' at the world, Matsui. You think this is some kind of an old black and white movie - where the cowboys in the white hats won't hit a guy in glasses 'cause he just can't bring the fight to 'em.

[Matsui lowers his arms, looking puzzled.]

RD: Maybe once upon a time, I lived in a world where I wouldn't deck a man who couldn't fight back...

[Pause.]

RD: ...but that day's long gone... amigo.

[And with that, Donovan unleashes a jaw-cracking haymaker that catches Matsui solidly in the face, knocking him down to the canvas to a THUNDEROUS roar from the crowd!]

GM: OH YEAH! DONOVAN DECKED MATSUI!

BW: There was NO call for that!

GM: Are you kidding me?! Did you hear the things he was saying?! Did you hear him boasting about what he did to Juan Vasq-

[Suddenly, the sounds of "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" fills the air.]

GM: What the-?

BW: Oh my god.

[A HELLACIOUS ROAR hits the PA just a moment before someone emerges from the entrance tunnel... someone we haven't seen for quite some time... and someone who looks more than a little angry at this particular moment in time.]

GM: MIZUSAWA! MIZUSAWA! THE GIANT HAS RETURNED!

[The camera pans up MAMMOTH Mizusawa's giant frame, covered in black slacks and a t-shirt with Japanese kanji written on it. His face is red with rage as he shakes with fury...

...and then starts towards the ring to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Mizusawa's headed for the ring! He's headed towards the ring!

BW: Donovan's darn lucky he's got all the guys in there with him! He's gonna need it!

[The giant makes it to the ring in near record time, grabbing the top rope and pulling himself up onto the apron. He glares inside the ring at Robert Donovan who has squared his body to face the monster...

...who points at the fallen Matsui before bringing his hand up to his throat, dragging a thumb across it!]

GM: Oh my stars. Fans, we're almost out of time! We've gotta go!

[Mizusawa steps over the top rope, promptly drilling an incoming Ricky Armstrong with a backhand chop. He grabs both members of the Rockstar Express, SMASHING their skull together in a noggin knocker! A swarm of fan favorites come towards him, the giant throwing them aside almost as quickly as they approach him...

...until soon it's Mizusawa coming straight for Donovan!

Cut to black.

But then promptly back up from black on footage marked "EXCLUSIVE" where Donovan and Mizusawa come together in the center of the ring, throwing heavy haymaker as quickly as their massive bodies will allow.]

GM: The fight is on in the middle of the ring! Donovan and Mizusawa, the two giants colliding in a sea of humanity!

[The various fan favorites still standing in the ring try to get involved, trying to wedge themselves between Donovan and the returning giant...

...but Mizusawa is on a mission, repeatedly manhandling people. The crowd jeers as he piefaces Jeff Jagger to the mat. A combined effort from Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton stops him short as they take turns throwing haymakers to his skull.]

GM: Violence Unlimited has got Mizusawa! They stop him in his tracks and-

[The powerful tag team hurls the giant into the ropes...

...but he barrels them both over with a running double clothesline!]

GM: Down goes VU! Oh my!

[Tommy Fierro jumps up on the back of Mizusawa, throwing right hands to the massive skull...

...and then Donovan rushes in, delivering a big boot to the jaw of the giant, sending him toppling backwards into the corner, squashing Fierro against the buckles!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Donovan didn't do any favors to Tommy Fierro right there, Gordo.

GM: He certainly didn't and- what the...?!

[The crowd gasps in shock as Louis Matsui, back to his feet, jumps on the back of Robert Donovan, trying to do the same thing Tommy Fierro did to Mizusawa just moments ago, flailing like a madman with his left hand at Donovan's head...]

GM: Matsui's lost his mind!

[Donovan swings around, reaching back over his shoulder to grab Matsui around the head and neck...

...and VIOLENTLY wrenches him down to the canvas, leaving Matsui clutching his neck in pain. The big man shouts something down at Matsui as he slowly turns around...]

GM: MIZUSAWA!

[The giant seizes the opportunity, hooking his hands around the throat of Donovan...

...and powering him up into the air!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!!!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: MAMMOTH SLAM ON DONOVAN!! GOOD GRIEF, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

BW: The giant just slammed another giant like he was a cruiserweight, daddy!

GM: Mizusawa is standing over Donovan... the whole ring has gone still at that. A ring full of AWA competitors - completely in awe at what they just saw by the giant!

BW: And MAMMOTH Mizusawa just sent a very clear message, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: There's only room for ONE giant in the AWA, daddy, and he's standing taller in that ring than anyone else ever has!

[Mizusawa lets loose a massive roar, raising both arms as we fade back to live action at the interview platform where Jason Dane has been joined by the interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jon Stegglet.]

JD: Joining me at this time, fans, as you can see is Jon Stegglet. Mr. Stegglet, it's been one heck of a night here back home for the AWA in Dallas, Texas...

[Big hometown cheer! Stegglet grins at the reaction.]

JS: It certainly has... and these great fans continue to show the entire wrestling world why the AWA could choose to host events all over the country but we continue to make our home right here in Dallas!

[Another big hometown reaction.]

JD: Mr. Stegglet, we just saw some footage of MAMMOTH Mizusawa's return to the AWA from about a month ago. But oddly enough, we have not seen either Mizusawa nor his manager, Louis Matsui, since then. Do you have any word for us on either of those individuals?

JS: Jason, I have it on good authority that Louis Matsui WILL be here in two weeks.

[The crowd boos!]

JD: What about Mizusawa?

JS: As of right now, I only have confirmation on Matsui.

JD: Okay, what about another man who has been very silent since his return to the AWA - Raphael Rhodes?

[The crowd boos again.]

JS: Mr. Rhodes' actions as of late have not gone unnoticed by the Championship Committee. He seems to have a serious chip on his shoulder and has been taking it out on several competitors. Well, we grew tired of seeing that and elected to simply not schedule Mr. Rhodes for several weeks in hopes that he'd snap out of whatever funk he's been in.

I'm happy to say that we've reached an agreement with Mr. Rhodes and he also will be here in two weeks' time... on the Money Pit where he will break his self-imposed silence for the first time since his return.

JD: Raphael Rhodes on the Money Pit in two weeks? That's big news, Mr. Stegglet!

JS: We agree and I personally can't wait to hear what he has to say.

JD: I'm told that you also have an update for us on the search for a venue for SuperClash III - an event that is just over two months away.

JS: I do, I do. If you recall, a few weeks ago, we gave the list of sites under consideration.

JD: Twelve cities in all.

[A graphic comes up on the screen with the SuperClash III logo along with the cities listed beneath - Los Angeles, Phoenix, Dallas, St. Louis, Atlanta, New Orleans, Orlando, Charlotte, Las Vegas, Norfolk, Chicago, and Memphis.]

JS: All fantastic cities - all would be tremendous hosts for the big event. But in the end, we have to start narrowing this list down. And I was told earlier this week that I can announce the following... no longer being considered for the host city of SuperClash III...

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: As great as our time was over Labor Day weekend at the Stampede Cup, the front office decided it would not be fair to our fans to have two major events in Atlanta this year. So, they're out of consideration.

[The graphic removes Atlanta from the list, leaving eleven cities.]

JS: One of last year's hosts for SuperClash, St. Louis, has also been eliminated.

JD: And then there were ten.

JS: After much discussion, we have also decided to remove Norfolk, Virginia as well as Las Vegas, Nevada from the list. That leaves us with eight. I've been told by the front office that by this time in two weeks, I'll have the Final Four available to announce. So, again, if you are in one of those eight remaining cities - Los Angeles, Phoenix, New Orleans, Orlando, Charlotte, Chicago, Memphis, and right here in Dallas...

[BIG CHEER!]

JS: Send your e-mails, tweets, postcards, whatever - let the front office know how much you want the AWA in your hometown this year on Thanksgiving night for the biggest night of the year, SuperClash III!

JD: Mr. Stegglet, thanks for all the exciting news here tonight - and in just a few moments, Jeff Matthews and Alex Martinez will have their rematch. Any predictions?

JS: Knowing these two men like I do, I can predict that it's gonna be a tough, tough fight... and also knowing these two men like I do, I'd also predict that just about anything can happen so you won't want to miss it.

JD: That's coming up in just a bit but before that, let's go down to the ring for the Money Pit!

[The sounds of the O'Jays' "For The Love Of Money" plays over the PA system. A voiceover is heard.]

"And now... your host of the Money Pit... TODD MIIIIICHAELSON!"

[The crowd cheers as the spotlights light up the ring where Todd Michaelson is seated on a wooden stool, a big grin on his face.]

TM: Man, I've missed that. Dallas, Texas... let me hear ya!

[Another big roar!]

TM: Welcome to the return of the Money Pit! It's good to be back here at the center of the AWA universe, helping break the biggest stories companywide.

Tonight, we have a very intriguing situation in our hands because it could very possibly be the final night we see a certain former AWA National Champion inside an AWA ring... heck, inside ANY ring in the United States. Of course, I'm referring to Kolya Sudakov.

[Some cheers from the crowd for the Russian War Machine.]

TM: Sudakov's future lies in the hands of a man who cares not one bit about him in the slightest... or any of you. He only cares about himself. At this time, please welcome that man to the ring... IVAN KOSTOVICH!

[The crowd jeers as the Soviet National Anthem begins to play. After a few moments, Ivan Kostovich emerges from the locker room in a stylish black suit. Vladimir Velikov walks out behind him, dressed in his wrestling singlet and a red windbreaker jacket, waving the Soviet flag on a metal flagpole. They make their way down the aisle, Kostovich sneering at the booing fans as he steps through the ropes. Velikov takes the center of the ring, waving the flag back and forth to more boos as Kostovich sits on the other wooden stool in the ring.]

TM: Mr. Kostovich, Mr. Velikov... welcome to the Money Pit.

IK: I'm sure the pleasure - and honor - is all yours.

[Michaelson grins at the barb.]

TM: I'm sure it is. Let's get down to business. Several months ago, you managed to secure Kolya Sudakov to a managerial contract - giving you full control over his career...

[Kostovich raises a hand.]

IK: Not just his career, Comrade Michaelson. His very life.

[The Russian says that with a sneer, drawing more jeers from the crowd.]

TM: I see. Well, with that in mind, you had reached an agreement with Mr. Sudakov before the Stampede Cup. If Sudakov helped Mr. Velikov here win the Cup, you would release him from that contract. But... that didn't happen. And you threatened severe consequences if it didn't happen. So, the real question on everyone's mind tonight is - what does the future hold for Kolya Sudakov?

[Kostovich speaks.]

IK: First, Michaelson... I take exception to your introduction of me earlier. You described me as a man who cares only for himself.

[Kostovich shakes his head.]

IK: That is not the case, Comrade. The truth of the matter is that when I first came to the AWA, I cared a great deal about Kolya Sudakov. I cared about restoring this proud Russian fighter into the monster that he once was. The name "Kolya Sudakov" once made opponents tremble with fear. It made fans recoil with horror at what he would do to their favorites. But somewhere along the way, Sudakov became soft. He became weak.

He became... an American.

[The crowd jeers Kostovich's words as he shakes his head.]

IK: Kolya Sudakov has proven unable to return to his previous ways. He has proven unable to be reshaped into the warrior he once was. And that has made him useless to me... and worse, useless to his country.

I am a proud Russian, Michaelson. I am a man who would do anything and everything for his nation. You saw that in the Tower of Doom.

And as a proud Russian, I can no longer allow Kolya Sudakov to walk the streets of America as a symbol of Mother Russia.

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: At this time, I'd like to bring Kolya Sudakov to the ring and give him an opportunity to say... I suppose, it's time for him to say goodbye to these fans here in the United States. Ladies and gentlemen, the former AWA National Champion... Kolya Sudakov!

[With no music and no fanfare, the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov, walks through the curtain in a pair of jeans and a black AWA button-up shirt. Sudakov makes his way down the ramp, looking down almost the entire time. Reaching the ring, he glares at both Kostovich and his Uncle Vladimir before stepping through the ropes into the squared circle. Sudakov takes a few quick steps towards Kostovich before Velikov steps in front of his manager, taking up a protective stance.]

TM: Kolya... Kolya... take it easy, man.

[Sudakov backs off, still glaring at the other men in the ring.]

TM: You put a lot on the line going into the Cup. You knew what would happen if you guys lost. And while you put up one heck of a fight, in the end, you didn't win the Cup. So... well...

[Michaelson shrugs.]

TM: The floor is yours.

[Todd hands the mic over to Kolya.]

KS: Kolya come to Dallas to say...

[A pause. Kolya looks down.]

KS: Goodbye.

[The crowd jeers. Ivan Kostovich grins in response, nodding his head.]

KS: Kolya got himself into a situation that he could not get out of. I get cards... e-mails... asking Kolya to do something to save himself. But there is nothing left. Kolya must go... Kolya must leave AWA.

[Sudakov points a finger at Kostovich.]

KS: I will not beg. I will not.

It is time for Kolya to... how you say... walk out with my head held high.

[The crowd cheers for Kolya's courage.]

KS: Thank you, AWA. Thank you, Dallas.

[Kolya nods, handing the mic back to Michaelson.]

TM: AWA fans, let's hear it for Kolya Sudak-

[Kostovich interrupts.]

IK: That's it?! You're not gonna beg for your career? You're not gonna tell us all how much you love this pathetic excuse for a superpower?

[More jeers!]

IK: You're not going to get down on your knees and plead for me to give you another shot?!

[Kostovich looks angry now.]

IK: This isn't right. This isn't how it was supposed to happen. You were supposed to be embarrassed! You were supposed to be humiliated! You were supposed to be a broken shell of a man!

Head held high?

[He shakes his head.]

IK: HEAD HELD HIGH?! This is NOT how this will end, you pathetic, worthless, piece of sh-

[But Kostovich's final words are cut off by Sudakov drilling his Uncle with a right hand, knocking him flat...

...and then a menacing finger is pointed at Ivan Kostovich.]

IK: Wait, wait, wait! No!

[Sudakov backs down Kostovich, walking him all the way back to the corner. Kostovich is frantically shaking his head, hands raised as he begs for mercy.]

GM: Sudakov's got Kostovich trapped! Get 'im, Kolya! Get him!

BW: What?! Why?!

GM: After everything this piece of garbage has done to Kolya over the past few months, how in the world can you even ask that? How can you even ask such a thing?

[Sudakov grabs Kostovich by the shirt, looking around at the roaring crowd as he rears back his right hand...]

GM: He's got him! He's gonna... what the heck?!

[The crowd buzzes as someone hurdles the ringside barricade, rolling under the ropes in a white t-shirt, blue jeans, and a blue baseball cap pulled down over his face.]

GM: Who the heck is that?

[The mystery guy buries a knee into the kidneys of Sudakov, cutting off any possible attack on Ivan Kostovich. He swings the Russian around, drilling him with a right hand to the jaw.]

GM: He's going after Sudakov!

[Sudakov tries to fight back, wrapping his arms around the torso, driving him back into the ropes where the hat comes tumbling off.]

GM: That's Dick Sullivan!

[Sullivan hammers down with forearms on the back...

...and then clears out as Velikov SLAMS the wooden flagpole down across the back of his nephew, knocking him down to his knees!]

GM: Ohh! Velikov cracked him over the back!

[Measuring his man, Sullivan DRILLS Sudakov between the eyes with a right hand, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[Sullivan grabs Sudakov, hauling him into a front facelock...

...and hoisting him into the air, holding him straight up and down...]

GM: He's got him up! What's he-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAINBUSTER!!

[The crowd groans at Sudakov's head and neck being DRIVEN into the canvas at sickening impact.]

GM: Sudakov's out! He's been laid out by Dick Sullivan who... did he come out of the crowd?

BW: I think he did. He came out of the front row, I think.

GM: This was a set-up! Kostovich... look at him!

[The elder Russian embraces Sullivan, raising his hand to the jeers of the crowd as they exit the ring.]

GM: They're leaving Kolya Sudakov laid out here on the mat. Dick Sullivan is walking out of here with Vladimir Velikov and Ivan Kostovich. Unbelievable. Fans... we'll be right back with more action.

[The camera holds on the downed Sudakov several moment before fading 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.

And then fade to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" down at ringside where The Aces have made their way to the broadcast table. Gordon Myers is standing in front of the table, mic in hand.]

GM: I think we all know what brings the Aces down to the broadcast position tonight.

[Childes grins, slinging the "Egyptian Tag Team Championship" over his shoulder.]

SC: That's right, babycakes. We promised Bucky he could have these belts since he paid for them.

[Both Childes and Tyler put their respective belts on the broadcast table in front of Bucky Wilde.]

DT: Thanks for letting us use the belts, Bucky. It's greatly appreciated.

[The Aces turn and head back to the locker room area as we fade back to live action, Gordon and Bucky down at ringside with the Egyptian Tag Team Titles on the table in front of Bucky who is looking irritated.]

GM: Well, Bucky... it looks like you've got some new jewelry.

BW: Whatever, Myers. The Aces think they can get to me with this but by the time I melt these down into a necklace, they'll make a fine Christmas gift for Mama. You know what would make a great Christmas gift for me? The Aces with a pair of fractured skulls.

GM: Give me a break.

BW: Oh, I'll give THEM a break.

GM: Fans, let's go down to the ring for one of tonight's featured attractions!

[We crossfade to the ring where Melissa Cannon is standing.]

MC: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introduc-

[A voice calls out, interrupting Melissa's announcement.]

"Wait a second! Just hold up!"

[There's a confused buzz as all eyes turn to the entrance ramp, the direction of the sudden interruption. A busty bombshell of a woman steps from behind the curtains, a sneer etched on beautiful features. She's clad in a slinky, black halter top and form-fitting jeans, completing the look with heels. Her auburn hair falls straight down her back, bangs resting above her eyes and a microphone in her hand. To fans of UWF/MBC, she is known as...]

GM: "The Seductress" Holly Hotbody?! The last I knew, she was working up in Canada! What is SHE doing here?!

[Apparently to confront Melissa, if the venomous look she's shooting the announcer is any indication. Holly walks down the length of the ramp, ignoring the outstretched hands of the fans as her gaze never leaves the ring.]

HH: This whole thing _can't_ be real. See, a few months ago, the place I used to run, MBC, closed their doors. So, I came down to Dallas to let the AWA know that I was all set and ready to finally class this place up with a proper women's division. So, I'm sitting and waiting, biding my time to hear a yay or nay.

[She makes a face as she enters the ring through the top and middle ropes. She make her way over to Melissa, eying her up and down.]

HH: And, as I am, I see _you_ out here, celebrating your little return to announcing as if any of us here still gives a damn!

[Holly places her free hand on her hip, smirking at Melissa.]

HH: News flash, honey. Your days of being remotely relevant around here are over. See, while you've been off wherever with whoever, there have been some slight changes. There's a new breed of woman in the AWA, one who doesn't just look good but can kick your butt while doing it.

[A dazzling smile crosses Holly's lips.]

HH: Unlike you, I'm here to make real history, inside of the ring, and not hide outside of it behind some microphone. [sneers again] So, your best bet is to run along now, back to the sidelines. Because your kind has been rendered obsolete.

[She pauses, waiting for Melissa to leave.]

HH: You can either do it voluntarily or I can make you do it.

[With that, Holly leans closer, nose to nose with Melissa now, and shrugs.]

HH: Your choice.

[A smirk crosses Melissa Cannon's face as she raises her mic.]

MC: The thing about working here that I find completely awesome... is that you just never know what the heck is gonna happen.

[The crowd cheers the unpredictability!]

MC: When I got the call from the front office asking if I wanted to come back here tonight and take back my job as the ring announcer, I have to say... I was a little hesitant.

You see, a few months back, an old friend decided to try and beat some sense into me. She wanted me to realize what my true calling in this business was. And this?

[Melissa holds up the mic.]

MC: This ain't it.

[The crowd cheers!]

MC: But I took the gig cause I wanted a little more time to make my decision. It's been a heck of a night to watch...

...and then came you.

[Melissa grins again, gesturing at Holly.]

MC: Holly Hotbody, we've never met... we don't know each other... our paths have never crossed.

But I can tell you with certainty that I've had MUCH better women than you get in my face and threaten me...

[Melissa steps forward with that, getting right in the face of Hotbody to the cheers of the crowd. Holly Hotbody takes a few steps back, an incredulous look flashing across her face.]

HH: You get one fluke win over some washed-up has been and think you can step to me!?!

[She laughs.]

HH: Do you know who I am? I'm not some scared flower, who's spent her best years with a microphone because she's too afraid to make that real leap into wrestling. I've been beating skanks and winning championships all over the world for years now. And creating a legacy as one of the greats.

So, you'd better get that mouth in order and show some respect to your obvious superior!

[Hotbody steps forward again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A hard slap across the face by Cannon sends Hotbody falling backwards to the mat, landing on her rear end as the crowd roars. She angrily rolls out to the floor, slamming her hands down on the canvas and shouting up at Cannon who simply smiles in response, waving for Hotbody to get back in the ring.]

GM: Melissa Cannon is NOT backing down from a fight here tonight, fans! If Holly Hotbody wants a piece of Melissa Cannon, she'll give her all she can handle right here at Homecoming!

[A fuming Hotbody backs down the ramp, shouting "This isn't over!" as she heads towards the locker room, Cannon still itching for a fight as we fade to black.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.

And then back up to live action where Melissa Cannon has been replaced by Phil Watson in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Los Angeles, California...

#Its all right...#

PW: Coming to the ring... he stands seven feet tall, and weighs in at three hundred and fifty pounds.

[There's a buzzing in the crowd, as eyes turn towards the entranceway.]

#Its all right...#

[The buzz begins to build into a roar.]

#Its all right, I'm just a...#

PW: The one and only...

[And then the crowd gets...]

#LITTLE CRAZY#

PW: AAAAAAAAAALEX MAAAAAAARRRRRTINEZ!!!

[The curtain is pulled aside, and out steps Alex Martinez. His expression calm but intense, Alex Martinez pauses a moment, and then steps forward. All around him, fans cheer and scream, hands reaching out to touch him, though the stoic Martinez doesn't appear to be aware. He wears long black wrestling tights and his wrestling boots, which look more like biker boots than "proper" gear. Both of Martinez' fists are covered in black fingerless gloves, and his right elbow is covered in a black pad.]

GM: There he is, Bucky. A living legend in our sport - a man that the people believe is a surefire Hall of Famer. But this man wants more than that. He wants to be immortal. Tonight, he meets a man who wants to show the entire world exactly how mortal Martinez is.

BW: Two former World Champions. One Hall of Famer and one soon-to-be Hall of Famer. This is the kind of match that only the AWA can deliver and I've been waiting for this rematch for almost a month now, Gordo.

GM: The entire world has. Alex Martinez wants to prove that the injuries he's suffered at the hands of men like Jeff Matthews, James Monosso, and the Blonde Bombers isn't going to keep him down. He wants to prove that this mysterious Dragon can NOT stop the Last American Badboy.

BW: He wants to do that... but can he? We're about to find out.

[Martinez throws one long leg and then the other over the top rope. He moves into the center of the ring and stares back down the aisle, waiting for his opponent...]

GM: And now all we can do is wait, Bucky. Wait for-

[Wailing violin rings out from nowhere as the instrumental beginnings to "When You're Evil" by Voltaire herald the appearance of the mysterious Minion. From the back this dark figure emerges, identity hidden by a black vinyl trench coat and gas mask. Blankly staring (the only way to stare when your eyes can't be seen) down the aisle at Alex Martinez the Minion shakes his head slowly.]

Minion: Can you hear the bells toll, Mighty Martinez? Low and leery, they know that which you cannot yourself perceive. Your end, so avoidable, is at hand. Should you persevere beyond this point then assuredly the very core of your being, stripped bare, will burn in torment at feeling the Dragon's raging breath upon your neck.

None would fault you a grain of fear, Martinez. None would think you less were you to flee in the face of absolute destruction. From the greatest titan of the deep to the lowliest insect writhing in filth all feel the basest instinct quantified as self-preservation. Fight ... or flight. Your choice. Assuredly you must understand that, you cannot possibly prevail. When your bones are picked, Alex...

[The Minion pauses at addressing Martinez, for the first time, by his first name.]

Minion: What shall you do? You cannot have a career. A shadow of what you once were you will fall alongside all the other victims that populate this cursed realm and watch as the Dragon reigns over all. You must know that, after these dark days fall, you will be the first condemned by the almighty Dragon to eternal torment.

One. Last. Chance. Believe me when I say that, 'though I am harbinger of the end, I do not wish to see you destroyed utterly Alex. I merely know that, one way or another, yours must be the first sacrifice... For the Dragon to reign unopposed the greatest legend living among the mortals of the AWA must be exiled. Be you willingly sent to a simple, civilian wife, finding a new Veronica or fed to the flames ... this much is your prerogative. Now, let him speak fellows, get him a microphone. What is your choice, Alex? Peace and freedom from pain ... or the flame?

[Martinez stares at the Minion, and... hesitates. There's a moment, brief, but still there when the big man seems ready to walk away. He's pensive, mulling over just walking away. But that passes, and the legend shakes his head, and clenches his fist. Taking the microphone, he brings it to his lips.]

AM: Lemme make this clear to you. And to the Dragon. You want me to back down?

NO... WAY... IN... HELL

That I will ever give up!

Matthews, get your sorry carcass out here, and let's do this!

[Martinez throws the mic aside, fists balled up at the ready as he waits for his long-time friend and enemy, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews. Suddenly, a burst of gunfire sounds fills the air leading directly into the memorable guitarwork that starts off "One" by Metallica.]

GM: Alex Martinez says he will not give up and that means that the match with the Madfox is on!

[Martinez glares down the aisle, slightly crouched as he stands with his fists clenched, ready for the fight that is to come...

...a fight that comes from behind, just as Jeff Matthews does, throwing himself at the injured and heavily bandaged knee of Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! Matthews takes out the knee!

[The Madfox gets to his feet, shouting at Mickey Meekly who signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Matthews promptly launches into a barrage of stomps to the wrapped knee, looking as though he'd like to put his former partner's knee through the canvas.]

GM: Matthews is all over the knee, that heavily wrapped knee that Martinez has had so many problems with as of late.

[Grabbing the big man by the leg, Matthews goes to flip him over into a half Boston Crab...

...but Martinez throws his other leg up, kicking the Madfox squarely in the chest, causing him to drop the leg.]

GM: Martinez fights back from the downed position. He doesn't want to get locked in any of Matthews' submission holds. Jeff Matthews is one of the best technical wrestlers on the planet. He can bend you, twist you, snap you, and break you in some of the holds he has mastered including the Foxtrap figure four leglock and the Fujiwara Armbar.

[Matthews stomps the knee again before leaning down, grabbing the leg under his armpit...

...and gets caught with a boot to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Again, Martinez lashes out with those long legs and catches Matthews coming in for the leg...

[The blow staggers Matthews, giving Martinez a window to crawl for it, trying to get across the ring to the ropes to get back to his feet.]

GM: Martinez is on the run, looking to get back up...

[Pulling himself off the mat, Martinez clings to the ropes, backing to the corner and assuming a defensive posture as Matthews moves in on him...

...and gets drilled with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Martinez with the reach advantage and he just made Matthews pay for it! Hard shot to the skull!

[A second haymaker stuns Matthews long enough for Martinez to grab him by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Into the buckles!

[Martinez hooks Matthews around the waist, hoisting him into the air, and dumping him down on the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Backdrop suplex... Martinez makes a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, making a two count before Matthews fires a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Just a two count off the suplex by Martinez.

BW: And you can see with the quick cover that Alex Martinez has two goals in this match - he NEEDS a victory. He wants this win badly. But he also wants to win it quickly. He knows that the longer he hangs around in this match, the advantage shifts to Jeff Matthews. If the Madfox gets this match deep into the time limit, he holds the edge. So, Martinez wants to win and win quick, Gordo.

[Martinez rolls over into a straddle, grabbing his former friend by the hair and battering him with right hands to the skull. The referee immediately starts a five count, trying to get Martinez to relent but the Last American Badboy isn't hearing it, continuing to throw bombs as the crowd roars their support.]

GM: Come on, Alex! You gotta break it up!

BW: The ref's count hit five. Ring the bell!

GM: That's certainly at the referee's discretion, Bucky.

BW: Tell that to Rough N Ready!

[Finally, Mickey Meekly grabs Martinez around the arm, blocking another punch...

...and the seven footer swings his arm violently backwards, sending the official sailing down to the canvas. The crowd groans as Martinez climbs to his feet, looking down at Meekly who looks surprised but unharmed.]

GM: Alex Martinez just flung Mickey Meekly down to the mat and-

[Meekly climbs to his feet, angrily warning Martinez who nods, begging off. The big man wheels around, moving back in on Matthews. He leans down, dragging Matthews up by the hair, throwing him back into the corner. Martinez surges in, throwing the undamaged knee into the ribcage, rocking the Madfox.]

GM: Martinez stays on the attack.

BW: He should be thanking his lucky stars that Mickey Meekly's a sucker! Meekly should've rung him up for throwing him down to the mat.

GM: But Mickey Meekly recognizes the intensity surrounding this match. He knows that both of these men have turned it up a level and that they're both going to be looking to put the other man down hard here tonight in Dallas at Homecoming.

BW: It's a crazy night when THIS isn't your Main Event, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Remember, Violence Unlimited will challenge Rough N Ready for the National Tag Team Titles in our Main Event tonight and that'll be taking place immediately after this one.

[Straightening up in the corner, Martinez throws a big standing clothesline across the upper chest, snapping Matthews' head back. The big man grabs an arm, flinging the Madfox across the ring...]

GM: Matthews hits the far side hard... here comes Martinez!

[The seven footer lumbers across the ring, his injured knee hampering his charge...

...and making him just slow enough to miss a diving Matthews who escapes his rival's attack.]

GM: Ohh! Martinez hits the corner hard!

[Matthews swings around, kicking his former friend in the back of the knee, knocking him down to a kneeling position. Matthews grabs him by the hair, pulling his head back...]

"Walk away, Alex... walk away before you can't walk anymo-"

[A hard right hand to the midsection cuts off Matthews' trash talking, leaving him a few steps back, gasping for air as Martinez climbs back to his feet...

...and hooks his hands around the throat of Matthews!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him hooked!

[But before Martinez can hoist the Madfox into the air for the Firebomb, Matthews sticks a thumb in the eye of the big man, temporarily blinding him, causing him to fall back into the corner. Matthews drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor...

...and grabs Martinez' legs, yanking them out from under him.]

GM: Ohh! He brings down the big man...

[Holding the legs, Matthews drags Martinez so that his legs are straddling the steel ringpost. Grabbing the injured leg, Matthews winds it up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashes the injured knee into the steel ringpost, causing Martinez to howl in pain.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

BW: Jeff Matthews has been sent here on a mission tonight. To end the career of Alex Martinez. And that's exactly what he intends to do. He wants to hurt the man and hurt him badly.

[Matthews winds up the leg again...

...and SMASHES it into the ringpost a second time, again causing the big man to scream in agony.]

GM: Two times he's driven the man's knee into solid steel! And there's no give to that steel ringpost, fans. That's cold, solid, unforgiving steel that his injured knee is being smashed into.

[Matthews pulls the knee away again, looking into the ring at Martinez.]

"Give it up, Alex! Quit or I'll do it again."

[Martinez braces himself on his knees, shouting something in response.]

GM: Whoops. I don't think we want to repeat that. I apologize for the language of Alex Martinez, fans, but you can certainly understand with the amount of pain he's in that he'd-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN!!

[Martinez flails about on the canvas, scooting himself back under the ropes into the ring where he grabs his injured limb. Jeff Matthews' smirk would send a chill down your spine as he slowly walks up the ringsteps, climbing through the ropes towards his injured and hurting opponent...

...who violently stomps the knee.]

"GIVE UP!"

[Martinez shakes his head, writhing back and forth in pain. Matthews stomps the knee again, grinding his heel into the knee, digging it back and forth to the jeers of the crowd.]

"QUIT!"

[Martinez' cries of pain are the only response other than an anguished "Noooooo!" that Matthews gets. The Madfox shakes his head...

...and then leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down on the injured leg with a kneedrop!]

GM: Good grief!

[Matthews continues to kneel on the leg, grinding his knee back and forth. Martinez again screams out in pain as his rival tortures him. The big man sits up in pain, trying to free himself...

...but a stiff right hand knocks him back to his back.]

GM: Hard shot there.

[Matthews scrambles to his feet, leaning down to grab the foot of Martinez.]

GM: He's going for the figure four!

BW: If he hooks in the Foxtrap tonight, I don't think Martinez will have a choice but to give up... and that's exactly what Matthews and the Minion want to see happen.

GM: Matthews swings around in the spinning toehold and-

[Martinez lifts his good leg, placing his foot on the rear of Matthews and shoving him out of the submission hold attempt to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: Martinez blocks the Foxtrap! A close call for the big man for sure.

[The Los Angeles native rolls to his stomach, trying to put some distance between he and his attacker but Matthews is right back on him, grabbing the foot...

...and lifting the entire leg high in the air before SLAMMING the kneecap down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief! That's how you shatter a kneecap! Right there is how you shatter a man's kneecap!

[An anguished Martinez starts to roll to his side, rolling right under the ropes and out to the floor. Matthews slowly approaches the ropes, ignoring the official who tries to get him to step back and let Martinez get back in on his own.]

GM: The Madfox steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor now...

[Jeff Matthews stomps the knee a few more times on the floor, smashing it into the thinly-padded concrete floor...

...and then leans down, tugging and tearing at the protective padding on the floor.]

GM: What's he-

BW: He's trying to tear up the padding! He wants to expose the concrete floor! The Madfox is seriously looking to end Alex Martinez' career here tonight in Dallas!

GM: I don't know what he's thinking, Bucky, but I don't like the looks of this.

[Matthews rips and tears, finally yanking free some of the tape holding the mats in place, revealing a section of the concrete floor as he folds the mats back. The fans are jeering as he approaches Martinez who has managed to get to a knee...

...and fires a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Martinez fighting back! Fighting for his very life!

[Martinez throws a second blow, grabbing the apron to pull himself to a standing position as Matthews moves back in...

...and he catches the Madfox with a back elbow under the jaw!]

GM: Nice shot there by the big man.

[He grabs a stunned Matthews by the hair, smashing his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the hardest part of the ring!

[As Matthews stumbles back, Martinez slams his elbow backwards into the jaw of the Madfox, knocking him a few more steps away.]

GM: Martinez has got him rocked and-

[The Madfox rushes in as Martinez turns around...

...and the seven footer ducks down, wrapping his arms around his rival's torso, hoisting him up into the air...]

GM: He's got him up! He's-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DROPS HIM FACEFIRST ON THE APRON!!!

[The crowd roars at the counter. Martinez leans against the apron, trying to recover as Matthews lies flat on the floor, clutching his face.]

GM: The Last American Badboy with a big-time counter there and now he's got Jeff Matthews in a bad way out here on the floor.

[Martinez straightens up and then points at the exposed concrete to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Martinez is gesturing to the concrete floor! What's he gonna do?

[The big man leans down, dragging Matthews off the padded floor...

...and drags him right into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh no...

BW: He can't do this, Gordo! Somebody's gotta stop him!

GM: Alex Martinez is gonna powerbomb Jeff Matthews straight to hell!

[The seven footer struggles to get the Madfox up into the air, Matthews dropping to a knee to try and counter it.]

GM: Matthews is trying to stay down! He knows what'll happen if Martinez manages to get him up for that powerbomb.

[The Madfox lashes out with a right hand to the side of the knee, causing Martinez to shout out, stumbling away from Matthews who regains his feet, throwing Martinez under the ropes and back into the ring.]

GM: Matthews puts him back in... and now he rolls back in as well...

[The Hall of Famer grabs the leg, yanking hard on it to straighten it out...

...and twists it into a spinning toehold!]

GM: He's going for the Foxtrap agai-

[Martinez again gets his foot on his opponent's rear, shoving hard to send Matthews sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER!!

[Martinez rolls to his stomach, pushing up on all fours as Matthews struggles to recover from the hard fall to the floor...]

GM: The seven footer's moving in on him...

[The big man reaches over the ropes, grabbing a rising Matthews by the hair...

...but the Madfox goes to the eyes again, blinding Martinez just before he yanks the big man's legs out from under him, taking him down to the canvas. He tugs on the leg, dragging it out over the apron...]

GM: No, no, no!

[The Madfox lifts the injured leg high...

...and SLAMS it down on the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Martinez screams out in pain, sitting up against the ropes with an anguished expression on his face as Matthews walks away from the ring.]

GM: That leg's gotta be... I don't know, Bucky. Can he even feel it right now?

BW: Judging by him crying like a little girl every time Matthews hits it, I'm guessing he can feel it.

GM: The Madfox is- hey, get out of here!

[Matthews physically pulls Bucky Wilde out of his seat.]

BW: What the heck did I do to you?!

[The Madfox grabs the chair, folding it up as he walks towards the downed Martinez...

...and has referee Mickey Meekly slide to the floor, stepping in front of Matthews with his hands raised!]

GM: Meekly's trying to stop him! Jeff Matthews wants to bash in that knee with a steel chair and REALLY put Alex Martinez out of this sport but the official got in his way. The official says if he does it, the match is over!

BW: I don't know if Matthews even cares, Gordo!

GM: You may be right about that. He's got that steel chair in his hands and he seems determined to use it.

[Matthews reaches out, grabbing the official by the shirt collar, and throwing him to the side, rearing back with the chair again...

...and Mickey Meekly makes a daring move, grabbing the chair with both hands and ripping it away from the off-balance Matthews!]

GM: Meekly stole it! Meekly stole the chair!

[An angry Madfox spins around, glaring at Mickey Meekly who is retreating with the steel chair. Matthews turns back towards the hurting Martinez, reaching for his legs...

...and gets a boot shoved into his face, sending him sailing backwards!]

GM: Martinez kicks him off again! The big man continues to use his size advantage and those long legs to keep Jeff Matthews at bay!

[Martinez rolls out to the floor, limping towards the Madfox...

...and bowls him over with a hard clothesline!]

GM: Martinez puts him down hard again!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

[Martinez leans against the ringside barricade, the Crockett Coliseum fans reaching over to slap him on the shoulders. He shouts at Matthews, screaming at him to get up. The big man stumbles away from the railing, leaning down to drag the Madfox to his knees.]

"YOU WANNA PUT ME OUT, JEFF?!"

[Martinez reaches back, slapping Matthews across the face.]

"YOU WANNA END MY CAREER?!"

[A second slap connects hard, snapping Matthews' head back.]

"MY TURN!"

[Martinez drags Matthews by the hair, hauling him across the ringside area to the exposed concrete...

...and yanking the Madfox into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Wait a second! What the heck is he thinking here?!

BW: He's gonna... my god, he's not going to do this.

GM: Yes he is! Alex Martinez is gonna piledrive Matthews on the concrete floor!

[The Last American Badboy reaches down, wrapping his arms around the torso of the Madfox...

...and powers him up into the air, holding him above the concrete floor!]

GM: NO! DON'T DO IT, ALEX! DON'T DO IT!

[A frantic Matthews starts flailing at the injured leg as Martinez tries to steady himself...

...and drops down, falling to the side, dropping Matthews harmlessly to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! He couldn't hit it! He couldn't spike Matthews onto the floor!

BW: Matthews managed to take a few swings at that injured knee and Martinez couldn't keep his weight up. He just fell to the side but Matthews' head didn't even touch the floor!

[An angry Matthews climbs to his feet, stomping the knee repeatedly before dragging Martinez back up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Matthews puts him back in... and now he rolls in as well.

[The Madfox climbs to his feet, grabbing Martinez by the foot, twisting it around into a spinning toehold, leaning down to grab the other leg...

...and dropping back into the Foxtrap figure four leglock!]

GM: Figure four! He locks in the Foxtrap in the center of the ring!

[Martinez immediately sits up, crying out in pain as his injured knee is further damaged by his long-time rival.]

GM: This might be it, fans! Can Alex Martinez hang on?! Can he find a way out of the figure four leglock?! Or will Jeff Matthews end the match - and Martinez' career - tonight?!

[The Last American Badboy screams in pain, grabbing at his knee as Matthews rocks back and forth, turning up the pressure on the injured limb. The official drops down to all fours, checking on Martinez to see if the big man submits.]

GM: Can Martinez hang on here? Matthews has that hold in deep and it's expertly applied!

BW: Give it up, you big idiot! Give it up and take a long vacation on a tropical beach somewhere... in your wheelchair! Hahahah!

GM: Oh, you're hysterical!

[Martinez refuses to submit, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: He won't give up! He won't give in! He won't quit!

[Matthews rocks back and forth again, turning up the pressure on the injured knee.]

GM: Matthews is-

[The Madfox leans back, grabbing the ropes for additional pressure as the referee kneels next to Martinez to check for the submission.]

GM: Let go! Let go of the ropes, Matthews!

BW: The ref doesn't see it! He's got the ropes for leverage and-

GM: Martinez is losing strength, Bucky. That's the problem with a hold like this.

BW: It certainly is. If the Madfox can get enough pressure on the knee, he might force Alex Martinez to pass out - to black out - from the pain of the figure four leglock.

GM: It'll be just as good as a submission.

[Martinez slumps back down to the canvas, arms barely moving as his shoulders hit the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The big man sits up, breaking the pin attempt, shaking his head at the official. Martinez pumps his arms, trying to find a way out, trying to turn the hold over.]

GM: This is only way to get out of this hold in the middle of the ring like this! You've gotta roll the hold over. Martinez has got to roll over onto his stomach and reverse the pressure!

BW: But can he do it? Can he turn it over?

GM: If he can't, we may be about to hear the bell ring right here. Alex Martinez has fought long and hard, trying to recover from all the injuries thrown down upon him by the Dragon's henchmen but right here tonight, this could be the end of...

[Martinez slumps back down to the mat again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again, Martinez sits up, breaking the three count.]

GM: Again! Again he gets the shoulder up! Again he-

[Matthews abruptly breaks the hold, climbing to his feet, and diving atop Martinez, throwing right hands to the skull.]

GM: Matthews broke the hold! He didn't want the passout! He wants a submission! He wants-

[Matthews hammers the head of Martinez with right hands, breaking it at four.]

GM: Jeff Matthews hasn't had enough of this! He really wants to torture Alex Martinez!

[The Madfox pulls Martinez off the mat by the hair, securing a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: He's got him hooked for the Foxden!

[But before he can drop Martinez with it, the big man throws him off, dropping him down to the canvas.]

GM: Martinez blocks it! He throws him down to the mat!

[Matthews scrambles to his feet, charging back in...

...and getting caught under the chin with a big boot to the jaw! Martinez stumbles as well, his bad knee buckling under him as he falls down to a knee.]

GM: Martinez to a knee... Matthews is down hard off the big boot!

[The Los Angeles native kneels on the mat, wincing in pain as he struggles up to his feet. He leans against the ropes, shaking out the bad leg as he waits for the Madfox to rise.]

GM: Jeff Matthews got nearly knocked out cold by that big boot! He may be in some serious trouble here.

[Martinez wobbles forward from the ropes, leaning down to drag Matthews up by the hair...

...and hooks both hands around the throat!]

GM: Oh my god!

[The crowd EXPLODES as a helpless Matthews dangles limp from the hands of the Last American Badboy. Martinez nods his head, saying something unheard by the mic to Matthews...

...and hoists him into the air!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!! HE'S GOING FOR THE FIREBOM-

[Suddenly, the lights go out!]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd is buzzing with confusion as the Crockett Coliseum is doused in complete darkness.]

GM: What's going on here? What in the world is going-

[The PA system comes alive with a song very familiar to professional wrestling fans.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Is that what I think it is?

GM: It can't be! That can't be what I'm hearing!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Still shrouded in shadows, the AWA faithful roar in reaction to what sounded like a chairshot...

...and then as the lights come up.]

GM: Oh. My. God.

[The crowd EXPLODES in an insane reaction rivaling any ever heard at an AWA event.]

BW: Gordo, I can't believe my eyes! I can't believe what I'm seeing!

GM: It can't be. It absolutely can not be!

[The camera hits the ring, showing Alex Martinez down on his knees, right before the man who apparently struck him with the chair, preventing Jeff Matthews from being Firebombed into the canvas.

A man who stands, steel chair in hand, drenched in the sounds of the AWA faithful... along with the sounds of "O Fortuna."]

GM: IT'S CALEB TEMPLE!! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, CALEB TEMPLE IS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF AN AWA RING!

BW: I never thought I'd see the day, Gordo!

GM: I never DREAMED I'd say the day but it's happening right here tonight at Homecoming! Caleb Temple is standing in the middle of the ring, looking down at his longtime rival, steel chair in hand...

[Temple's arms are outstretched in a Jesus Christ pose, soaking up every single second of this moment. His eyes are closed, his head thrown back with a twisted grin splashed across it...

...and as the eyes open, he rests his gaze on an unbelieving Alex Martinez who is shaking his head.]

GM: Martinez can't believe it either!

BW: Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews on the same side?! This is Alex Martinez' worst nightmare, Gordo!

GM: I can't-

[Temple suddenly lunges forward, chair swinging down from overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHAIR TO THE SKULL!! MY STARS, HE CAVED IN MARTINEZ' SKULL WITH THAT STEEL CHAIR!!

[Martinez collapses in a pile, Temple flinging aside the mangled chair as he stands over his victim, looking down at him. A tired and battered Jeff Matthews climbs to his feet, standing behind Temple as he too looks down at his beaten rival.]

GM: Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple are UNITED in a war against Alex Martinez! How in the world can this be happening?! How?!

BW: I have no idea. And think about this, Gordo. Just how powerful is this Dragon to put together a union like this? Before Jeff Matthews showed up a few months ago, it had been YEARS since anyone had seen him inside the ring. And now Caleb Temple? I thought Caleb Temple was gone forever!

[Proving Bucky quite wrong, Temple's face is covered with a sick grin as he stares down at Martinez, his head now being surrounded by a pool of blood, the crowd still roaring as 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 before we fade back to black... and then back up to live action, panning over the still-buzzing crowd as the announcers speak.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... a special edition... a Homecoming if you will... and what an incredible night it's been. You can still hear it... feel it in the air. Moments ago, the unthinkable happened. The legendary Caleb Temple emerged from the shadows and nearly caved in Alex Martinez' skull with a steel chair... and then stood united with Jeff Matthews in their determination to end Alex Martinez' career. Unbelievable.

BW: I never thought I'd see it. Never.

GM: And like you said, Bucky, I thought Caleb Temple was out of this sport forever. We hadn't seen him in... what? Five years? At least?

BW: It's gotta be something like that, Gordo. But to quote one of my favorite movies, The Usual Suspects...

GM: "The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist."

BW: You're smarter than you look, Gordo. Caleb Temple IS the Devil incarnate. We've seen that many times over the fifteen years that he's been a part of this sport. But tonight, we may have seen his greatest accomplishment - the retirement of Alex Martinez.

GM: I can't... I won't believe that has happened. Alex Martinez is down but he is not out, Bucky.

BW: You're talking about a man who has Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple - his two greatest rivals - standing in front of him now. And if he somehow, someway, by some miracle manages to survive that, who knows who else the Dragon will throw at him. Face it, Gordo. Martinez is beaten. The Dragon has won. The sooner that that big goon realizes that, the sooner he can retire in peace... and not in pieces.

GM: Fans, the National Tag Team Title match is coming up next but before we got to the ring, let's go to some pre-taped footage of the challengers getting ready for this very important showdown.

[The words "EARLIER TODAY" flash across the bottom of the screen as we open up to a shot of Jason Dane, standing between Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes. Morton is wearing a leather trenchcoat, his "PROFESSOR PAIN" t-shirt w/ huge airbrushed picture of his own face on it and a pair of leather pants. Jackson Haynes is dressed in his floppy tri-cornered cowboy hat and his "THE HAMMER" t-shirt w/ huge airbrushed picture of his own face. The two appear less energetic than usual following their loss at the Stampede Cup. Morton still bears wounds from the tournament, as his head is wrapped in bandages.]

JD: Violence Unlimited, you came oh so close to repeating as Stampede Cup champions in Atlanta, but fell short when you lost in the finals against The Lynches. However, you have an opportunity tonight to exorcise some demons when you take on Rough N Ready for the AWA National tag team titles! First off, Danny Morton, you suffered a horrendous cut on your scalp during the tournament...how's the head?

[Morton runs his fingers along the bandages.]

DM: 53 stitches, little buddy. Not even half way to my personal best! Ha! As far as I'm concerned, it's just a flesh wound!

[He cackles and slaps Dane on the shoulder, damn near knocking him over.]

DM: But injury or no injury, we're not going to take anything away from The Lynches, 'cause it takes one heck of team to get a win over Violence Unlimited under any circumstance! And they did it on the biggest stage possible, The Stampede Cup! They took our best shot, they gave as good as they got and when it was all said and done, they came out of Atlanta as the greatest tag team in the world! So congratulations to them!

[Morton then rubs his hands together, smiling.]

DM: But now those boys are gonna' find out just exactly what it means to hold the title of "world's greatest tag team." It isn't just about winning a big trophy and holding up a giant check! You don't just put the Cup on display and forget about it! That victory is something you carry with you every day of your life until someone comes along and knocks you off! From the moment you wake up, 'til the moment you take off your boots and drag yourself to bed, you're defending your right to be known as the greatest! There's gonna' be teams coming around from all over the world trying to get a shot at the best in the business, fellas...and you better believe that me and Jack are gonna' be right there with them!

[Morton puts up his dukes, as Jackson Haynes removes his hat and spins Dane around towards him. There's a sour look on the Tennessee native's face as he stares Dane down.]

JH: But as much as losin' the Stampede Cup hurt, losin' tonight...would be unbearable, Dane! It would be unforgivable! Losin' tonight would be something that there wouldn't be _any_ possible redemption for!

[In his hands, he wrings his hat, clearly angrier than he's letting on.]

JH: We've been chasin' Rough N Ready for damn near a year now. And while we held the title of greatest tag team in world, those bastards lied, cheated, and stole victory from us time and time again! And no matter how many times we wrassled other teams and won and conquered...those boys could always hide behind Joe Petrow and Mark Langseth's skirts and point to the belts 'round their waists and keep on claimin' they were the best!

[He then flings his hat to the ground and sticks a finger into the air.]

JH: The one thing...THE ONE THING that's always eluded us were the National titles! The only thing that was left for the greatest tag team in the world to acquire!

[Haynes raises his head up high, inhaling and exhaling hard, before looking back down, talking through clenched teeth.]

JH: ...and we could never get'em.

[He wipes at his face with his hand, before staring at the camera in a calm and collected, yet still agitated tone.]

JH: At the Stampede Cup, I showed James Lynch a moment of compassion and I was repaid with a lifetime of regret! One moment of hesitation was all it took to lose it all! I'll never forgive myself for losin' the Stampede Cup, Jason Dane.

[And then, a twisted grin appears on Haynes' weather-beaten, unshaven, ugly mug.]

JH: But I don't have to worry 'bout that tonight! Ya' see...I stared James Lynch dead in the eye before I was gonna' finish him off, 'cause that's the sorta' courtesy you give to an opponent that's earned your respect! But Rough N Ready can forget about it! You ain't ever gonna' see it comin'! Tonight, those bastards ain't gonna' get the privilege of mercy! They ain't gonna' see anything _close_ to compassion! What they're gonna' get, is the tail-whuppin', the butt-kickin', and the jaw-jackin' that they've had comin' to them all along!

[Haynes' familiar wide-eyed, wild expression rears its ugly head as Jason Dane shrinks away just a bit.]

JH: I don't give a single damn 'bout what happened to Petrow or Langseth! I don't care about your little conspiracies! The only conspiracy here is that me and Danny CONSPIRED to stick BOTH our boots down your stinkin' throats, tonight! The only thing that matters is the beatin' that we're gonna' be administerin' inside that ring! There ain't gonna' be any more regrets for Jackson Haynes this month, boys! Tonight, me and Danny are takin' those titles!

[Morton then grabs Dane by the shoulder, spinning him back towards him.]

DM: We saw how Rough N Ready were at the Cup! [Turns to the camera] Are you still mad? Are you still angry?

[He pounds his fist into his chest about as hard as humanly possible.]

DM: ARE YOU FINALLY _READY_ TO FIGHT US MAN-TO-MAN???

[Danny points a finger right at the camera.]

DM: THEN BRING THAT FIRE! BRING THAT DESIRE! BRING THAT HATRED INTO THE RING AND SHOW US JUST HOW ROUGH, TOUGH, AND READY YOU ARE TO KEEP THOSE TITLES!

[He grins.]

DM: And we'll show you that no matter how rough, tough, and ready you are, you'll never be ROUGHER, TOUGHER, or more READY...

[Both members of Violence Unlimited then move in towards the camera, swarming in until all that's left to see are the ugly mugs of Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton.]

DM: ...than Violence Unlimited.

[We fade away from the pre-recorded footage to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit and is for the AWA National Tag Team Titles!

[Watson pauses as the sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" starts up over the PA system.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd EXPLODES as the challengers storm through the entrance curtain into view of the Crockett Coliseum crowd for the first time in several months. Jackson Haynes swings his hand down overhead on the "SHOUT!" lyric, causing the crowd to sing-a-long.

Danny Morton whips the crowd into a frenzy as he removes his boxing robe, swinging it around his head, and then throws it down to the elevated platform before stalking down the aisle towards the ring. Jackson Haynes follows, repeatedly slamming his own open hand across his bare chest,

leaving a red welt behind as he steps through the ropes into the ring to an even bigger roar.]

GM: The 2010 Stampede Cup Champions. The Number One contenders to the AWA National Tag Team Titles. And by far, two of the toughest men I've ever encountered in all my years in this business. The situation seems ripe for a title change right here tonight in Dallas, Bucky.

BW: If Haynes and Morton can't do it here tonight, I don't know if they ever will, Gordo. They just might pack up their bags and head back to Japan if they lose here tonight.

GM: But the men they face tonight will not just go quietly into the night. They've worked for far too long and far too hard to get where they are in this sport to do that.

[The music starts to fade and is replaced by Deep Purple's "Knocking At Your Back Door" - a song that sends the crowd the opposite direction, booing their heads off at the men who it represents, a team they once supported with all of their hearts.

After a moment, the curtain parts and the National Tag Team Champions walk through. Both men have intensity carved into their stoic faces, glaring down the aisle at the men who dare to challenge them on this night for THEIR tag team titles. Dave Cooper is the first into view, yanking off a black t-shirt that reads "ROYALTY" in white lettering on the front of it. He holds it up in front of a nearby camera, shouting "YOU CAN'T BREAK US!" before chucking it into the crowd. Eric Matthew Somers nods at his partner's words, not saying any of his own as he marches down the aisle, lifting a heavy arm to point at the two men waiting for them inside the ring. The champions step through the ropes, the official immediately throwing himself between the two teams to try and keep some law and order.]

BW: Wait a second! Michael Meekly's the referee for this?!

GM: Of course he is. He's the AWA's Senior Official.

BW: Yeah, but he's also the guy who pulled the rug out from under the champs two weeks ago at the Stampede Cup! Are you trying to tell me that Rough N Ready can get a fair shot with this guy?

GM: Absolutely.

BW: We'll see about that.

[Phil Watson steps to the center of the ring, obviously a bit nervous standing between the four competitors as he raises his mic...]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... they are the 2010 Stampede Cup Champions and the current Number One contenders for the titles they compete for here tonight. They are your challengers. From Tulsa,

Oklahoma and Moscow, Tennessee respectively... fighting tonight at a total combined weight of 595 pounds...

DANNY MORTON...

"THE HAMMER" JACKSON HAYNES...

VIIIIIIIOOOOOOLENNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNLIMITED!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the fan favorite duo who doesn't respond one lick, staring straight across the ring at their targets for this night.]

PW: And their opponents... in the corner to my left... they are the current reigning and defending AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS. From Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in tonight at a combined 615 pounds...

"THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER...

ERIC MATTHEW SOMERS...

ROUGH! N! REAAAAAAAADYYYYYYYYY!!!

[The boos intensify for the champions as they reluctantly remove the title belts from over their shoulders, handing them over to Michael Meekly. Cooper has a few words for Meekly as the AWA's Senior Official takes the championship belts from them, holding them in the air to show the crowd before handing them off to a ringside attendant.]

GM: The long-awaited moment has arrived. Violence Unlimited is about to challenge Rough N Ready for the National Tag Team Titles in what I would expect might be their final opportunity for the gold.

BW: I would say it IS their final opportunity, Gordo. They had to really fight to get this one on the books. If they fail tonight, I expect Rough N Ready could ice them out forever.

GM: You heard Phil Watson say this match has a time limit of one hour. This show is close to running overtime but WKIK has committed to seeing this title match to a conclusion. They WILL be sticking with us here tonight until this match comes to an end so our thanks to our broadcast partners for that and we know the fans appreciate it as well.

[The two teams huddle up, discussing last minute strategy as Phil Watson exits the ring and Michael Meekly has some words with the timekeeper. Meekly turns around, trying to get the teams to get a man each out on the apron.]

GM: And it looks like it'll be Jackson Haynes starting it out for the challengers... and Dave Cooper is staying in for the champs.

BW: Haynes getting in there first could mean nothing or it could mean that Danny Morton's not completely healed up from the injuries he suffered at the Cup. We know he got 53 stitches in his head to seal that wound. Maybe that's a concern for them?

GM: That's a good point, Bucky. But there's only one way to find out.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell as Jackson Haynes slams an arm down on the top turnbuckle and quickly spins around, marching across the ring towards Dave Cooper who looks a little surprised...

...and backs off, sticking his upper body between the ropes. The referee steps in, stopping Haynes as the crowd boos.]

GM: Michael Meekly stops Haynes from advancing on the man in the ropes. Dave Cooper looked a little shocked by Haynes' quick approach there and decided to bail out.

BW: A smart move in my book. You keep the match at your pace. You don't let the other guys tell you how to wrestle. The sign of a true champion if you ask me.

GM: The fans sure didn't like it.

BW: Who cares what these nine-to-fivers like?

[Haynes stands in the center of the ring, glaring across at Cooper, shouting at him.]

BW: Did he just call Dave Cooper a-

GM: Yes, yes he did. Fans, as always, we apologize for the language of Jackson Haynes.

[Cooper edges out of the corner...

...but as soon as Michael Meekly steps clear, Haynes bullrushes Cooper back into the neutral corner, fists at the ready. The Hammer rears back, throwing a right hand to the ribs... then one up top, cracking Cooper on the jaw. Haynes grabs Cooper by the arm.]

GM: Big whip across and Jackson Haynes is starting this one off quickly!

[Haynes stampedes across the ring towards the neutral corner..

...and Cooper sidesteps the charging clothesline, throwing Haynes chestfirst into the corner, and grabbing the stumbled challenger into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[Cooper pushes the shoulders down to the mat as Michael Meekly dives to the canvas to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Haynes powerfully kicks out, sending Cooper sailing several feet away. An angry Haynes gets back to his feet quickly, greeting an incoming Cooper with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

BW: That'd stop an elephant dead in its tracks, daddy!

[The blow stuns Cooper, knocking him back into the buckles of the neutral corner. Haynes marches in after him, throwing two more big shots to the jaw.]

GM: Jackson Haynes is one of the fiercest, hardest hitting men you'll find in the world of professional wrestling, fans. And Dave Cooper can personally testify to that right now.

[With Cooper cornered, Haynes hammers home a forearm smash across the sternum that buckles his knees. A second one lands shortly after, dropping Cooper to a knee. When a third one connects, it's aimed for the back of the neck, knocking Cooper down to all fours. And when the last blow lands, it flattens Cooper out completely to the roar of the crowd which Haynes echoes as he again slams a forearm, this time into his own chest.]

GM: Jackson Haynes is all sorts of fired up here tonight in Dallas, Texas, fans! This is a man who will stop at nothing to walk out of the Crockett Coliseum tonight wearing that gold around his waist.

BW: Yeah, but he's in there with two guys who'll also stop at nothing to keep the titles. When both teams in the match have everything to lose, there's just no telling what's gonna happen in this one.

[Reaching down, Haynes hauls Cooper back to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock. He slams a knee up into the chest of Cooper, dragging him across the ring towards the corner, and then smashes him with a second kneestrike before slapping the hand of Danny Morton to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: And in comes Professor Pain!

[With Cooper trapped in the front facelock, Morton winds up and slams a heavy forearm across the back as Haynes releases the hold, stepping out to the apron. A second forearm knocks Cooper down to all fours and a third flattens him out...

...but Morton doesn't care, dropping down to his knees and raining down heavy forearms on the back of the head, neck, and occasionally the back of the downed Dave Cooper to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: DANNY MORTON IS DESTROYING DAVE COOPER!!

[And Morton springs to his feet, throwing back his arms in another massive roar.]

GM: Violence Unlimited is asserting themselves brutally here in the early moments of this one and Dave Cooper is suffering for it.

[Morton leans down, grabbing Cooper by the arm and dragging him back to his feet where he slaps the hand of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: Quick tags by the challengers...

[Each man grabs an arm, firing Cooper across the ring...

...and knocking him flat with a double running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohh! Big time double team by Haynes and Morton!

[Morton exits the ring as Haynes makes the first pin attempt of the match, earning only a two count before Cooper fires a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Only a two count there in the early moments of this one, Bucky.

BW: Early moments is right. We're barely three minutes into the match and these morons are already going for pin attempts? Give ME a break, Gordo.

GM: Dave Cooper went for a cradle barely thirty seconds in, Bucky.

BW: Well, that's different.

GM: I see.

[Jackson Haynes drags Cooper to his feet, burying a boot into the midsection. He turns his back on the Professional, reaching back to grab him around the head and neck, taking him down with a snapmare...

...where he promptly CREAMS Cooper with a crossface forearm smash across the cheek and nose!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot that was!

[Keeping Cooper seated on the mat, Haynes drills him with a second crossface, this one to the other side of the face...

...and after winding up the right arm, he delivers a third, this time allowing Cooper to slump down to the mat, dropping into another cover.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Cooper again slips a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: And another two count. The challengers are wasting no time in going for the pin quickly and frequently here tonight. They know what's on the line. They know exactly what's at stake and they're gonna keep on pushing for those titles, Bucky.

BW: That's what they're supposed to do, Gordo! Don't give 'em a prize for it!

[Pulling Cooper back up, Haynes crowns him with an overhead elbow smash, knocking Cooper back into the VU corner where the Hammer slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: And another quick exchange by the challengers, constantly keeping the fresh man in the match...

BW: What in the world are they setting up for here?

GM: I have no idea.

[With Cooper sandwiched between them, Haynes and Morton launch him sky high in a military press...]

GM: Double military press!

[They hold him high for a few seconds, the crowd roaring...]

...and then drop him straight down on a pair of bent knees!]

GM: OHHH! GUTBUSTER!!

[Cooper clutches his ribs, rolling to his back as Danny Morton dives across him for a pin attempt. Eric Matthew Somers can be heard shouting encouragement from the corner...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! Shoulder's out at two!

[Morton claps his hands together angrily as he pushes up to his knees. He climbs to his feet, reaching down to drag Cooper back up by the back of the trunks...]

...and yanks him into a side waistlock! The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: He's going for the Backdrop Driver! He's gonna finish-

[But a desperate Dave Cooper immediately slams a thumb into the eye of Morton, blinding him for the moment.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot!

BW: But a beautiful counter! The Professional had that move well-scouted so as soon as he felt it come on, he knew exactly what he needed to do to save himself from-

[Cooper tries to stagger away towards his corner where Eric Matthew Somers is waiting...

...but Morton grabs the back of the trunks again, yanking Cooper into a rear waistlock!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Morton hoists Cooper into the air and launches him backwards, sending him sailing down onto the back of his head and neck with a thunderous released German suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! There's no way to eyegouge your way out of that one, fans! And Dave Cooper is in some SERIOUS trouble here!

[Morton crawls across the ring, throwing himself over the chest of a downed Dave Cooper.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Cooper, ever the ring general, lifts his leg and drapes it over the bottom rope, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Ohhh! So close!

BW: Dave Cooper ALWAYS knows where he is inside that ring. He knew that the ropes were right there to save him.

GM: Perhaps but after a move like that, how much more can Dave Cooper stand, Bucky? We're only... what? Five minutes into this match?

BW: A little bit more, yes.

GM: Can Dave Cooper continue to absorb punishment like this?

[Danny Morton pulls Cooper back to his feet, violently shoving him back into the neutral corner. He squares up, lashing out with a knife-edge chop across the chest, then comes back the other way with a forearm smash to the jaw.]

GM: Ohh!

[Morton repeats the process - knife-edge chop, forearm the other way. Chop, forearm, chop, forearm. He gets faster and faster with the motion, a blur of violence in the corner as Cooper is hammered over and over repeatedly, the crowd roaring...

...and as Morton spins away at the referee's orders, he lets loose a crazed roar as Cooper slumps down to his knees against the corner and EATS a big boot to the mush!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Morton grabs Cooper by the ankle, dragging him away from the ropes.]

GM: Danny Morton, learning from a previous mistake, makes a cover. ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd jeers as Eric Matthew Somers lumbers out to the middle of the ring, stomping the skull of Morton to force a break of the pinfall. Mickey Meekly's immediately on Somers' case, forcing him out of the ring as an irate Morton gets up, shouting at Meekly to "KEEP THAT JACKASS OUT OF HERE!"]

GM: Danny Morton is hot under the collar but who could blame him? He might have had the match won right there with that brutal barrage in the corner but Eric Matthew Somers saved the match - and the titles - for his team.

BW: A smart move. I'm not sure if Cooper was kicking out of that.

[Morton is fuming as he pulls Cooper back to his feet...

...and slings him over his shoulder to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for the Oklahoma Stampede!

BW: We may be about to crown new champions, Gordo!

[But as Morton rushes towards the champions' corner, Cooper slips off the shoulder, shoving Morton towards the buckles...

...right into a standing clothesline from Somers!]

GM: Ohh! Somers catches him coming into the buckles!

[Cooper rushes forward, hooking the back of Morton's trunks, and HURLING him over the turnbuckles, over the ringpost, and all the way down HARD to the thinly-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COOPER SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!! MY STARS!!

BW: And that wasn't your typical over the ropes to the floor. He went the long and hard way down to the floor, Gordo. Over the buckles, over the ringpost, and all the way down to that solid, solid floor! A brilliant move by Dave Cooper to buy himself some recovery time and-

[A dazed Cooper slaps the hand of his partner who happily drops down off the apron, moving in on the motionless Danny Morton.]

GM: The tag is made to Eric Matthew Somers and he's looking to bring the pain out there to Professor Pain on the floor.

[Hauling Morton back to his feet, Somers presses his challenger's spine against the ringpost, leaning over and grabbing the bottom rope with both hands...

...and SLAMMING his shoulder into the midsection, smashing Morton's spine into the unforgiving steel!]

GM: OHHH! What a brutal blow by Eric Matthew Somers out on the floor!

[A second shoulder connects, again smashing Morton's back into the steel. A third and fourth follow, leaving Morton slumping down to his knees as the official berates Eric Matthew Somers from inside the ring.]

GM: AWA Senior Official Michael Meekly is all over Eric Matthew Somers here, telling him to get the fight back into the ring...

[A fiesty Somers uses a little sign language to let Michael Meekly know exactly what he thinks of his officiating.]

GM: Oh jeez... fans, we apologize for that. Somers and Cooper are just simply out of control lately.

BW: I wonder why.

GM: Don't start with this conspiracy business again.

[Somers then smashes a double axehandle down across the skull of Danny Morton, knocking him facefirst down to the floor. He smirks as he looks up at the protesting Meekly before pulling Morton off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The big man pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes with a glare in the direction of the official...

...before dropping a big elbow down into the chest of Morton!]

GM: Three hundred and fifty pounds DOWN on Danny Morton!

[Somers rolls into a big lateral press as the referee dives to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Morton fires a shoulder off the mat to break the count, the referee signaling for a two count. Somers angrily glares at the referee, lifting three fingers.]

BW: He's right, you know! That was a slow count!

GM: It was not!

[Somers climbs to his feet, pulling Morton up with him and flinging him like a ragdoll into the neutral corner. He approaches, leaning over and grabbing the middle rope...]

GM: Again?!

[Somers SLAMS his shoulders into the ribs!]

BW: And I love this strategy from the National Tag Team Champions. They saw what an asset Danny Morton's power was during the Stampede Cup and they're looking to neutralize it. Shots to the back, shots to the ribs. If your ribs and back are jacked, it's gonna be real tough to lift up someone... especially if that someone is 350 pounds, daddy!

[The crowd jeers as Somers ignores the referee's shouts, delivering a few more shoulder tackles to the ribs. The big man straightens up as the official moves in, shouting at him...]

...and gets a hard shove in the chest from Somers to the "oooooh!" of the crowd.]

GM: Eric Matthew Somers had better watch himself, Bucky.

BW: Why? If Meekly DQs them here, they keep the titles! Go ahead, Meekly. Abuse your power here tonight!

GM: That's not what happened and you know it.

[Somers seems to be saying the same, shrugging his shoulders at the official and shouting, "Do it! Ring the bell!" Meekly shakes it off, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Somers delivers a hard standing clothesline in the corner!

[Morton slumps down to his rear, leaning against the buckles as Somers walks across the ring, leaning in the opposite corner...]

...and charges across at top speed, SMASHING his rear end into the face of Morton, crushing him between the big man and the buckles!]

GM: Danny Morton is in a world of hurt right now, fans!

[Somers grabs Morton by the ankle, dragging him away from the turnbuckles. The big man backs into the ropes, slowly walking off of them...]

GM: SPLASH!!

[But Morton brings the knees up!]

GM: MORTON GOT THE KNEES UP! MORTON GOT THE KNEES UP!

[The crowd roars as the big man rolls off Morton, clutching his ribcage in pain.]

GM: Danny Morton needs to make a tag here... he needs to get the fresh man in there and Jackson Haynes is ready for him, fans!

[Haynes slams his arm on the buckle, rallying the crowd to clap for Danny Morton who rolls to his stomach and starts crawling towards the corner...]

GM: Morton's trying to get there... I'm not sure anyone can stop him, fans...

[But Dave Cooper has other ideas, rushing into the ring and grabbing Morton by the ankle, dragging him back to the champions' corner before Jackson Haynes or the official can stop him. Cooper and Haynes exchange words as the referee forces the Hammer back out to the apron.]

GM: Dave Cooper just bought Eric Matthew Somers some time there and the big man is taking advantage of it, climbing to his feet.

[Somers clutches his ribs as he gets up, glaring down at Danny Morton who is now up to his knees. He moves in on the American Murder Machine...]

GM: Somers pulling Morton to his feet- ohh! Right hand to the gut by Morton!

[The crowd roars for the Tulsa native as he hammers a second right hand to the injured ribcage of Somers...]

...and then ducks down, looking for a slam!]

GM: He's gonna slam him! He's gonna-

[But Morton pulls away, clutching his lower back...]

...and gets HAMMERED with a double axehandle blow across the back, knocking him into the Rough N Ready corner. Somers reaches up, slapping the hand of Dave Cooper who quickly moves in.]

GM: Dave Cooper tags back in... he seems to have recovered quite a bit from the beating he took earlier in the matchup...

[Each member of the National Tag Team Champions grabs an arm...]

...and FIRES Morton spinefirst into their corner!]

GM: OHHH!

[They pull him back out, resetting...]

...and HURL him into the buckles again!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: They've got a five count to get in and out of there!

GM: I could've counted to twenty by now!

[The champions deliver the crushing doubleteam for a third time, leaving Morton slumped down on all fours in their corner as the crowd jeers them relentlessly.]

GM: A brutal doubleteam by the champions and now it's Danny Morton who is in a lot of trouble in this one. We're closing in on the ten minute mark... a lot of time left in this one.

BW: No way, Gordo. The way these two teams are punishing each other, there's no possible way they get anywhere near the one hour time limit in this one. This match could end at any moment.

[Cooper winds up his right arm, dropping a hammering elbowsmash to the kidneys of Morton, flattening him out. The Professional rolls him to his back, going for a cover.]

GM: Cooper covers! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd cheers as Morton fires a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. Cooper grabs a handful of his shaggy brown hair, clubbing him with right hands to the face before shoving him back down to the mat, and slapping the hand of Somers.]

GM: Quick tag by the champions...

[Cooper pulls Morton to his feet, slamming the 285 pounder down to the mat with great impact...

...and then clearing out as Somers drops another huge elbowdrop across the ribcage!]

GM: Good grief! Three hundred and fifty pounds driven down into the ribs again... and another cover by the champions. They get one! They get two! They get- no! Just a two count there!

[Somers pushes up to his knees, shaking his head at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: We've past the ten minute mark in this one and the fight is raging hard. Both teams have been through a lot physically in this one already, Bucky.

BW: These are two very physical teams. It wouldn't make sense if they were in there trying to outlast the other. They want to beat people up and that's exactly what we're seeing.

[Somers drags Morton up to his feet, scooping him up...

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

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by the big man!

[Showing tremendous power, Somers muscles the 285 pounder back up into the air, turning to the adjacent side of the ring...

...and drops him down across the knee again!]

BW: Back to backbreakers!

GM: Oh, that's clever.

[Somers shows off again, turning to the third side for another backbreaker. He powers him up, shaking his head as he turns to the fourth side...

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

GM: OHHH! THAT MIGHT DO IT, FANS!!

[Somers stays atop Morton, shouting at the official to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd roars as Jackson Haynes rushes in, laying in a boot to the back of Somers' skull to break up the pin attempt. Dave Cooper shouts a few words in Haynes' direction as the official does the same.]

GM: I think they might have had it right there if it wasn't for Jackson Haynes.

[An angry Eric Matthew Somers climbs to his feet, shouting at Haynes...

...and then violently yanks Danny Morton into a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's calling for a powerbomb!

BW: If he hits it, it's over!

[Somers hoists the Oklahoma native up high into the air...

...but somehow loses his grip at the top of the lift, allowing Morton to slip out, landing on his feet right in front of Somers where he promptly SMASHES his own skull into Somers!]

GM: HEADBUTT! That stuns him!

[Somers throws a right hand in response that Morton easily blocks, hammering home a second headbutt to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: A second one! Morton's trying to fight back! Trying to get to his corner!

[The champion throws a left hand this time, Morton slapping it away and scoring with a third headbutt. He sticks out his tongue, letting loose a big roar...

...and wraps his arms around the torso of Somers!]

GM: What is he-

[Morton again tries to hoist Somers off the mat, this time for what appears to be a belly-to-belly throw...

...but Somers ain't going anywhere as Morton falls back, clutching his lower back.]

GM: He couldn't get him up!

BW: Color me shocked!

GM: Danny Morton's back is hurting him too much and-

[Somers replies by wrapping his own arms around the waist of Danny Morton, hoisting him up and hurling him across the ring with a belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: OHHH! And Somers hits the exact move that Danny Morton was looking for right there! Morton wanted the belly-to-belly but in the end, it's Eric Matthew Somers who gets it!

[But the throw puts Morton VERY close to his own corner, a fact that isn't lost on Eric Matthew Somers as he rushes across the ring to try and cut off a tag...

...but Morton gets physically shoved to the side by his partner, causing Somers to SMASH into the buckles an instant before Jackson Haynes DRILLS him with a left hand between the eyes!]

GM: OHH!

[Somers stumbles backwards...

...as Morton stumbles forward!]

GM: TAG!

[Jackson Haynes comes tearing into the ring, throwing a right hand to the jaw... then a left from the other side. A big windup haymaker sends Somers stumbling to the center of the ring where Haynes dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...

...and DRILLING Somers with a lariat to the back of the head, knocking the big man flat!]

GM: OHHH! HE DROPPED THE BIG MAN!! HE DROPPED ERIC MATTHEW SOMERS!!

BW: I've talked to some of the people he's hit that on, Gordo. They say it's like getting cracked in the noggin with a Louisville Slugger!

GM: I can believe it!

[Haynes reaches down, slapping the canvas with both hands as he shouts for Somers to get back to his feet, the crowd roaring for the wildman from Moscow, Tennessee...]

GM: Somers is dazed, fans. He's on a knee but he looks out!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Haynes DRILLS him between the eyes with a right hand... then a left... then a right... then a left...]

GM: A series of punches by the brawler!

[Shaking his head at the champion, Haynes winds way back with his left hand...

...and flattens him with a haymaker!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot!

[Haynes dives across the chest of the downed Somers.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd gasps as Somers powers out, throwing Haynes off of him.]

GM: My stars! What a kickout by Eric Matthew Somers!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: Fifteen minutes have passed in this one hour time limit. Like I said earlier, there's a lot of time left.

BW: And like I said earlier, there's no chance they're getting there. Did you see that left hand that Haynes just laid on Somers? A whole lot of hot sauce on that one, daddy!

[Haynes climbs to his feet, throwing a finger of warning at Dave Cooper who looked about to slip into the ring. Cooper drops down off the apron, shaking his head in innocence as Haynes leaps into the air, dropping a big leg across the chest of Somers.]

GM: Another cover!

[But again, Somers powers out at two, leaving a shocked Jackson Haynes standing over him.]

GM: Jackson Haynes has hit a pair of very big shots on Eric Matthew Somers but the big man has kicked out with authority on both. The Hammer may be starting to wonder what it'll take to put Somers down for a three count.

[Haynes shakes his head...

...and then raises his right hand, a heavily taped thumb extended!]

GM: Haynes is calling for the Whiskey Lullaby! He's gonna put Somers to sleep!

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Look at the panic on Dave Cooper's face! He knows what happens if Haynes hits that thumb strike to the throat! He knows that his partner's lights will go out and with them, you can also turn out the lights on the National Tag Team Title reign of Rough N Ready!

[Haynes waits, measuring his victim as Somers rolls to all fours, trying to push himself back to his feet...]

GM: Jackson Haynes, the Hammer, is set! He's ready! He's gonna turn out his lights!

BW: Do something, Cooper!

[Knowing he needs to do exactly that, Cooper rushes around the ring to the blindside of a dazed Danny Morton...

...and yanks him down off the apron!]

GM: What is he-?

[Cooper grabs Morton by his shaggy brown hair with both hands...

...and SLAMS his skull into the steel ringpost at full velocity!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, YOU COULD HEAR THAT CLANG BACK IN TULSA!!

[Morton collapses in a heap on the floor, Dave Cooper beating a quick retreat as Jackson Haynes abandons his Whiskey Lullaby attempt, heading out to the floor to check on his partner.]

GM: Dave Cooper with an absolute desperation move to save the titles there!

BW: That's why they call 'im the Professional, daddy! He's always thinking several steps ahead and when you're facing a bonehead like Jackson Haynes, it ain't exactly rocket science to outsmart him! I love it!

GM: A brutal assault on Danny Morton and-

[The crowd gasps as Haynes rolls Morton onto his back and we see a horrific flow of blood pouring out of the skull of Professor Pain.]

GM: Oh no. That wound... the wound he suffered at the Stampede Cup. The wound that took 53 stitches to close has just been reopened by the National Tag Team Champions!

BW: And how does THAT affect this match, Gordo? Dave Cooper just took Danny Morton effectively out of this match! Morton can't fight with his head all busted up like that!

GM: You may be right, Bucky... but it didn't stop him at the Stampede Cup and I can't imagine it'll stop him here at Homecoming with the greatest prize in tag team wrestling on the line!

[A dazed Eric Matthew Somers steps through the ropes to the apron, dropping down on the floor where he approaches Jackson Haynes from behind...

...but the Hammer senses him coming, swinging around to deck Somers with a right hand! Big cheer!]

GM: Haynes caught him coming in!

[Suddenly filled with rage, Haynes smacks him with a few more right hands before grabbing an arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES SOMERS!! Spinefirst into the ringside barricade!

[A pair of AWA medical team members reach the ringside area, kneeling down next to Danny Morton as a reluctant Jackson Haynes leaves his partner's side, blasting Somers with a pair of right hands before swinging him around, draping his throat over the ringside railing...]

GM: Haynes is choking him! He's choking Somers on the barricade!

[Referee Michael Meekly slides out to the floor, reprimanding Jackson Haynes who breaks the choke...

...and then slams an overhead elbow to the back of the neck, leaving a gasping Eric Matthew Somers to stagger away, falling down to his knees as Haynes argues with the official.]

GM: This is breaking down a bit out here thanks to the cold and calculating cheapshot attack on Danny Morton perpetrated by Dave Cooper moments ago. Danny Morton is bleeding buckets out here, the AWA medical team trying to determine if he can even continue. He might have a concussion after being put into the ringpost that hard.

[Haynes shoves past the official, leaning over to grab something on the floor...

...and draping it around the throat of the kneeling Somers, cranking back on it!]

GM: He's got a cable of some kind! Maybe one of our audio cables? I'm not sure but he's strangling Eric Matthew Somers with it!

BW: Now how the heck is THIS legal? Ring the bell, ref! Do your damn job!

GM: He IS doing his job! He's trying to get Haynes to break the chokehold!

BW: The man's using an illegal weapon! How is this not an IMMEDIATE disqualification?!

GM: It's the referee's discretion and he knows how important this match is, Bucky! Surely you wouldn't want to see the match end like that either!

BW: If it's the right thing to do, I sure as heck would!

[At the referee's screams, Haynes releases his choke, allowing Somers to slump facefirst down to the canvas as the Hammer chucks the cable aside. The referee shouts at him, ordering to break the match back into the ring.]

GM: Haynes pulls Somers up by the arm, shoving him back under the ropes... and now he rolls back in as well.

[Jackson Haynes is fired up now, not immediately looking for a pin attempt as he casts a furious glare across the ring at Dave Cooper who mocks him, pretending to cry.]

GM: Oh, brother. Dave Cooper is really asking for it here tonight in Dallas, fans. And Jackson Haynes just might be the man to give it to him in the form of that Whiskey Lullaby or a powerbomb or... who knows what else.

[Grabbing the dazed Somers by the arm, Haynes wheels him around into the buckles, charging in behind him with a thunderous clothesline!]

GM: Big running clothesline in the buckles!

[He grabs a limp arm again, whipping him across to the other neutral corner, rushing across...

...but Cooper's a bit faster, grabbing his partner by the arm and dragging him clear as Haynes SLAMS chestfirst into the corner. Cooper keeps dragging Somers to the corner, slapping his hand.]

GM: Dave Cooper just tagged himself in!

[Haynes staggers backwards into Cooper's waiting arms, hoisting the Hammer up and dropping him with a backdrop suplex.]

GM: High impact suplex by the Professional!

[Cooper rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Haynes kicks out at two. Cooper quickly takes the mount, grabbing a handful of hair...]

GM: Right hand to the skull! And another!

[Cooper hammers away for several moments before the referee's count reaches four. The Professional glares at Meekly as he climbs to his feet, pulling Haynes up with him and shoving him back into a neutral corner, throwing a series of kicks to the ribs.]

GM: Cooper's got the challenger in some trouble here in the corner...

[Reaching out, Cooper slaps Haynes across the face!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Nodding his head, Cooper steps up to the midbuckle, raising his right hand with a "COME ON!" The crowd jeers as Cooper starts to throw right hands, counting along with himself...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Cooper hops down with a fist pump, running around the ring, waving his arms to mock the crowd.]

GM: This guy's just turned into a real jerk, fans.

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TWENTY MINUTES!"

[Cooper walks back into the corner, grabbing Haynes by the arm...

...and getting swung back around into the corner where the Hammer drills him with a right hand to the jaw, nearly knocking him flat.]

GM: What a shot!

[An angry Haynes mounts the midbuckle, raising his right hand into the air.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Haynes pauses, looking out at the crowd who roar in response. He nods his head, raising his right hand again...]

"ELEVEN!"

"TWELVE!"

"THIRTEEN!"

"FOURTEEN!"

"FIFTEEN!"

"SIXTEEN!"

"SEVENTEEN!"

"EIGHTEEN!"

"NINETEEN!"

"TWENTY!"

[Haynes drops down off the buckles, a staggered Dave Cooper hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet as the Hammer grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Haynes crashing spinefirst into the corner where he staggers out into Cooper's waiting arms, twisting and turning...

...and DRIVEN into the canvas with a bone-rattling spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper slides across Haynes, tightly hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars as a bloodied Danny Morton makes a lunging save, planting a forearm down across the back of Dave Cooper.]

GM: My stars! Danny Morton, completely covered in a crimson mask, just saved the match for his partner, Jackson Haynes! Violence Unlimited's challenge for the National Tag Team Titles is still alive!

BW: How the heck is Morton even moving?! His skull is split open as bad as it was two weeks ago. He's bleeding all over the place in there.

[A dazed Morton rolls to his back...

...which gives Dave Cooper a chance to angrily hammer the cut. Cooper climbs to his feet, pulling Morton up with him...]

GM: No, no!

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

GM: GOOD GOD!! Show some damn mercy!

BW: Hey! Danny Morton could have stayed out of this match! He could have stayed on the floor and packed it in! But he got himself involved in this match again. He made the save off the spinebuster so he gets exactly what he deserves if you ask me!

GM: No one was asking you!

[The referee reads Dave Cooper the riot act as he sneers at the jeering crowd, mocking them by pretending to cry over the bloodied Danny Morton being thrown to the floor. Cooper swings around, drilling a rising Jackson Haynes with a right hand to the jaw. A second one follows, knocking Haynes back down to a knee.]

GM: Haynes is trying to get back to his feet but Cooper just keeps hammering away at-

[Cooper pauses, measuring the downed Haynes by "framing" him with his hands...

...and then uncorks a VICIOUS spinning back kick to the jaw of the kneeling Haynes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cooper collapses across Haynes' chest, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE- NO! NO! SHOULDER UP!! THE REFEREE SAYS HE GOT A SHOULDER UP!!!

BW: WHAT?! THERE'S NO WAY, GORDO! That referee is as crooked as the spine on my mama's Golden Retriever, Bucky Junior!

GM: Your mother named the dog after- never mind!

[Dave Cooper pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands for a moment before he shoots a hate-filled glare in the direction of Senior Official Michael Meekly.]

GM: Dave Cooper can't believe it! We've never seen that kick from him before but it seemed sure to earn the win for the champions! I thought they had him beaten for sure right there.

BW: They did! Michael Meekly is slow-counting his way all through this thing!

GM: Despite the claims of Bucky Wilde, Michael Meekly is doing a FINE job of officiating this match!

BW: I don't think so!

[Cooper climbs to his feet, looking down at the resilient Jackson Haynes, hands on hips...

...and then marches to the corner, slapping the hand of Eric Matthew Somers.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Yeah! Bring the big man in and FINISH this punk, Cooper!

[Somers steps through the ropes, still looking a little dazed from earlier in the match...

...and takes three big steps before hurling himself into the air!]

GM: SPLAAAAAASH!

[BOOM!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Jackson Haynes just narrowly rolled out of the way of the big splash, avoiding the 350 pounds being crushed down onto his prone body!]

GM: Jackson Haynes rolled out of the way and avoided the big splash! He may have saved their shot at the titles right there, fans! I think if Somers had hit that, this thing would be all over!

[Haynes, now rolled onto his stomach, slips his arms beneath him, trying to push his way back to his feet as Cooper screams and shouts for his partner to roll back to the corner to tag him in.]

GM: Cooper wants the tag! He wants Somers to bring him back in! But Jackson Haynes is getting time to recover here... he's getting time to get back to his feet...

[A dazed Eric Matthew Somers rolls towards his corner, slapping the hand of Dave Cooper who comes in fast...

...and grabs the kneeling Jackson Haynes in a front facelock...]

GM: NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: DDT! DDT ON THE KNEELING HAYNES!!!

[Cooper flips him to his back, diving across the chest and hooking a leg.]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NOOOOOO!

GM: SHOULDER UP!! SHOULDER UP!! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, JACKSON HAYNES IS REMARKABLE!! WHAT HEART!! WHAT FIGHTING SPIRIT!!

[Cooper pushes up to his knees, eyes wide with disbelief. He shakes his head in shock... then switches gears to rage, slamming his hands repeatedly into the canvas...]

GM: Dave Cooper just flipped his lid! He can't believe Jackson Haynes kicked out of that DDT!

BW: Neither can I!

GM: Neither can these fans! Neither can I! But that doesn't take away from the fact that it happened! Dave Cooper couldn't get the job done with the DDT and now he's left to wonder what else he can do... what is it going to take to finish off Jackson Haynes?!

[The Professional slowly climbs to his feet, looking up to the sky in disbelief. He stands for a moment, hands on hips, shaking his head.]

GM: I think Dave Cooper is shell-shocked, fans! I don't think he has the slightest clue what to do next.

[Cooper leans down, dragging Haynes back to his feet, and drilling him with a forearm shot to the jaw that sends Haynes falling back to the ropes, leaning on the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Jackson Haynes is out on his feet, fans.

BW: That's right! The slightest breeze will knock him over right now.

GM: Perhaps but the breeze can't pin him for a three count either.

[Grabbing Haynes by the arm, Cooper whips him across...

...and catches him on the rebound, lifting him up on the shoulder, and then throwing him back down to the canvas!]

GM: A modified spinebuster by Dave Cooper and- he's going for a Boston Crab!

[The crowd buzzes as Cooper tries to muscle the much-larger Haynes over onto his stomach in the submission hold but the Hammer, sensing the match and his team's shot at the National Tag Team Titles is in danger, fights the turnover with all the strength left in his body...]

GM: Jackson Haynes is fighting it! He knows this match may be over if he gets flipped over! He's putting everything he's got left into fighting this hold!

[Giving up, Cooper switches positions, and drops back, catapulting Haynes into the air, firing him towards his own corner...

...where a bloodied Danny Morton has just managed to get himself back to his feet, slapping his partner's arm as he sails facefirst into the buckles!]

GM: Oh no!

BW: Oh yes! Morton tagged himself in! This bloodied-up goofball just tagged himself into the match!

[Morton stumbles through the ropes as Cooper wheels around, spotting him for the first time...

...and buries a boot in the gut of the Tulsa native, cutting off his offensive attack. He quickly grabs Morton by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But the former football player rebounds hard, charging back and HURLING himself into the air, flattening Dave Cooper with a leaping shoulderblock! BIG CHEER!]

GM: MORTON TAKES DOWN COOPER!! WHAT A MOVE!!

[A shocked Dave Cooper is quickly to his feet, quicker than the bloodied Danny Morton, catching Morton with a kick to the gut again on the way up. He grabs an arm, flinging Morton back into the champions' corner, charging in behind him...

...and scoring with a big running clothesline on the Tulsa native.]

GM: Cooper drills him!

[And promptly slaps the hand of Eric Matthew Somers who tags in, promptly backing across the ring as Cooper puts his shoulder into Morton's stomach, keeping him in place as Somers charges...]

GM: AAAAAA VAAAAA LAAAAA AANCHE!!!

[But Morton hangs onto Cooper and with a 350 pound Somers unable to slam on the brakes in time, he squashes his own partner between himself and Professor Pain!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH!

[With Cooper taking some of the impact, the Professional staggers out where a shocked Somers huddles up with him...

...and both men get toppled with a high impact running double clothesline by the American Murder Machine!]

GM: MORTON FLOORS 'EM BOTH!!! OH MY!!!

[The bloodied Morton kneels in the center of the ring, crimson cascading down his face onto his chest and arms. His powerful arms brace him from falling facefirst to the canvas, trembling with effort as he tries to keep himself in the match.]

GM: Danny Morton is an incredible warrior to watch in that ring!

[Morton pushes himself back to his feet, pulling a dazed Dave Cooper from his knees to his feet...

...and CHUCKS him over the ropes to the floor like Cooper did to him earlier!]

GM: MORTON CLEARS OUT COOPER!!

[The big man from Oklahoma spins around, punching himself in the jaw a few times. He lets loose a roar as he starts to run in place, waving his arms, waiting for Somers to rise...]

GM: Look at Danny Morton! Where in the world is he getting this energy from?!

BW: I don't- I have no idea! Somebody needs to stop this though!

[A staggered Eric Matthew Somers pushes himself up to his feet, in a daze as he spins around...

...and finds himself being hoisted up into the air in the powerful arms of Danny Morton who HURLS him down to the canvas!]

GM: SLAM!! HE SLAMMED ERIC MATTHEW SOMERS!!

[Morton collapses on top of Somers as Michael Meekly dives to the canvas to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: COOPER PULLED THE REF OUT!!

[Barely back to his feet, Dave Cooper reached under the bottom rope, yanking the official out of the ring to save the titles.]

GM: Dave Cooper just saved the National Tag Team Titles and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE SHOVED MEEKLY TO THE FLOOR! COME ON!!

BW: YES! RING THE BELL! IT’S OVER!! THE CHAMPS RETAIN!!

[But the downed Meekly is unable to call for a bell as Dave Cooper looks around...

...and shoves Phil Watson out of his seat as well, grabbing the steel chair he was sitting on.]

GM: Oh, come on! You’ve gotta be kidding me!

BW: Cooper’s got a chair! He’s got the chair in hand!

[Cooper slides back into the ring, raising the chair over his head as he approaches the kneeling Danny Morton...]

GM: NO! NO! DON’T DO THIS!!

[Cooper nods his head at the bloodied Morton, ready to cave his skull in with the chair...

...when suddenly Jackson Haynes grabs the chair!]

GM: THE HAMMER GRABS THE CHAIR!! HE SAVED HIS PARTNER!!!

[Haynes snatches the chair out of his hands, burying a boot into the midsection...

...and takes a full-force swing at the back of Dave Cooper!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE SENDS COOPER TO THE FLOOR!!!

[The blow from the steel chair sends Dave Cooper sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the concrete floor again. A fired-up Jackson Haynes holds the chair high above his head with one hand, soaking up the roar of the crowd...

...and turns right around into a one-handed choke!]

GM: NO! SOMERS HAS GOT HIM BY THE THROAT!!

[Haynes drops the chair from his hand, grabbing at the powerful arm gripping his throat...]

GM: Haynes is trapped! Jackson Haynes is trapped in that chokehold and-

[Never one to give up, Haynes takes the moment of hesitation and swiftly swings his hand up...

...SLAMMING a taped thumb into the side of Somers' throat!]

GM: WHISKEY LULLABY!! WHISKEY LULLABY!!

BW: He didn't get all of it! Somers is still standing! He couldn't get enough force behind it with the hand around his thro-

[Somers staggers around, completely dazed...

...and gets hoisted up in the powerful arms of a beaten and bloodied but never broken Danny Morton.]

GM: OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!!

[Morton pauses, holding Somers across his chest...

...and Haynes SPIKES the chair down on the canvas, pointing to his partner...]

GM: YES! DO IT!!

[Morton takes a three-step run, leaping up as Haynes leaps up onto his back, adding extra force...

...to a RING-SHAKING OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE!!!]

GM: STAMPEDE!! STAMPEDE!!!

[Haynes spins out, looking for the official...

...and spots a dazed Michael Meekly rolling back into the ring.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT!! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED HAS DONE IT!!

BW: NO! NO! NO! NOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd is ERUPTING in cheers as Jackson Haynes yanks the bloodied Danny Morton to his feet, falling into an embrace with his brother-at-arms as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners...

[Wait for it.]

PW: ...and NEEEEEEEEEW AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

VIIIIIIIOOOOOLENNNNNNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNNNLIMITED!

[The crowd EXPLODES in raucous cheers once again as a still-dazed Michael Meekly hands the title belts over to Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes. The bloodied Morton cradles the belt against his chest as Haynes throws his high in the sky gripped in his right hand, the fans roaring even louder for the display of the titles being given to the new champions!]

GM: They've done it! Violence Unlimited has won the National Tag Team Titles and they are on top of the world! Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton have repeatedly shown themselves to be the toughest tag team in the world and tonight, with these belts in hands, they are arguably the GREATEST tag team in the world!

[The locker room empties, the ring quickly filling with bodies to help the new champions celebrate their victory.]

GM: What a moment! What a night! The AWA is home and it feels so good! Fans, we're out of time! For Jason Dane, Mark Stegglet, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[The shot holds for several moments on the new champions celebrating with the AWA's fan favorites and the roaring crowd alike. Haynes mounts the midbuckle, thrusting the title belt repeatedly in the air as Danny Morton leans against the corner, blood pouring from his head onto his new golden title belt...

...as we fade to black.]