

# AWA

Saturday Night  
Wrestling

October 1st, 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 Jackson Haynes hooked around the throat by Eric Matthew Somers.]

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...

VIIIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNNNNNNNCE 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 as we 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: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the superstars of the American Wrestling Alliance, THE Major League of Professional Wrestling, where the winds of change are blowing, Bucky.

BW: What are you on about now?

GM: As we just showed the world, we've got new National Tag Team Champions in Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes - Violence Unlimited. A month ago at the Stampede Cup, we crowned Robert Donovan as the new Longhorn Heritage Champion. The winds of change are in the air and Calisto Dufresne had better watch his back before they blow that title belt right off his waist as well, Bucky.

BW: You're dreaming, Gordo. Just because the AWA's referees snatched the belts off Rough N Ready two weeks ago and just because Nenshou was robbed at the Cup, it doesn't mean that any of these idiots in the Top 10 rankings stands a chance of taking the title off of the National Champion.

GM: I suppose we'll see about that, Bucky. But there's a feeling of celebration in the air here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum. The darkness - that dark cloud that was hanging over the AWA for months is started to break apart and the sunshine is starting to light the place up.

BW: And I suppose Caleb Temple is the coming of the light.

GM: Well, that's another story that we'll be talking about later tonight but we've got an action-packed show for you, fans, featuring the likes of Rick Marley, Supernova, and The Aces!

BW: Did you hear that?

GM: What's that?

BW: It's as if thousands of television sets across the world cried out and were suddenly silenced. Talk about your channel changers. Marley? Supernova? Those punks, the Aces? Tell these people the reasons why they should watch the show, Gordo. The return of Louis Matsui! Raphael Rhodes breaks his silence! And the National Champ is here too!

GM: To each their own. Fans, let's go up to Melis- wait a second!

[The crowd breaks out into jeers at the sight of the woman who debuted in the AWA two weeks ago in shocking fashion, Holly Hotbody, working her way down the elevated ramp to the ring.]

GM: What's SHE doing out here, Bucky?

BW: After the way she was treated two weeks ago by that hussy Melissa Cannon, I think Holly can do pretty much whatever she wants, daddy!

GM: I don't agree with that at all. I understand that Melissa Cannon was supposed to be with us here tonight, handling the ring announcing duties for the night but... well, now I have no idea what's going on.

[Hotbody steps through the ropes into the ring, grabbing a wireless mic from a ringside attendant. The sleek seductress is literally poured into a slinky, red dress and heels, her auburn hair falling down her back in curls. A smirk plays across her lips as she addresses the fans.]

Holly: Yes. I know this is a real upgrade from the rat's nest hair-dos and Wal-Mart rags that the announcer that's usually here wears.

[She raises her arm with a flourish.]

Holly: Well, consider it my gift to you. See, little Miss Melissa couldn't make it here tonight. Seems she had car trouble or some other lame excuse.

[She shrugs, a devilish smile on her lips as she makes a show of rolling her eyes.]

Holly: Guess she's not just stupid and disrespectful but a real flake too. Luckily for you all, I just so \_happened\_ to be in the building with some free time on my hands and a killer outfit, just ready to step in and handle what she apparently couldn't. Besides, it isn't exactly like she was performing rocket science or something. So, sit back, relax, and enjoy a \_real\_ show.

[Holly clears her throat, taking on a "serious" face.]

HH: This is your opening match and it's a singles match. One fall. Ten minute time limit.

[Hotbody smirks, gesturing to herself with a thumbs up.]

HH: First...

[The crowd boos as a man with straight shoulder-length brown hair and a tweed blazer begins walking down the aisle.]

HH: He is..."Mister Mensa", Manny Imbrogno!

[Mr. Mensa quickly slingshots himself over the top rope and then brushing off his nice tweed jacket, which comes complete with elbow patches. In his hand he carries a Kindle, which he is seen typing on before he walks over to the corner and carefully removes the jacket, hanging it on a ringpost as he gestures for the mic...]

GM: Uh oh. Looks like we're going to get another poem from Mister Mensa.

BW: Can't wait. I was hoping we'd get one.

[Mr. Mensa lifts the mic.]

MM: Jeff Jagger is a young man, full of energy and spunk...  
But when it comes down to it, he's nothing but a punk...

[The crowd jeers. Mr. Mensa grins and continues.]

MM: His heroes are the Madfox and the madman Caleb Temple...  
But when he meets yours truly, I shall pop him like a pimple...

[Another burst of jeers. Holly grins at Mr. Mensa.]

MM: When he fails to beat me, he really will be sad...  
But don't you even worry, he'll always have his Dad.

[Mr. Mensa returns the mic to Holly Hotbody, kissing her hand as he does so. She fans herself as she takes the mic with a smile.]

HH: And his opponent... from Charlotte, North Carolina. Five feet eleven. Two ten. He's the Carolina Crusher... JEFF... JAAAAAAGGERRRRR!

["Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins kicks in over the PA system and from the entrance portal emerges young Jeff Jagger. Clad in a long pair of wrestling tights, royal blue in color with "CAROLINA" written down one leg in white lettering and "CRUSHER" down the other. White wrestling boots with a blue "JJ" on them cover his feet, while his chest is bare. His medium-length brown hair is pulled back out of his eyes, revealing a young and eager face that carries a huge smile. The crowd provides a modest face pop as Jagger quickly makes his way towards the ring, slapping the outstretched hands of as many fans as he can reach.]

GM: And here comes Jeff Jagger, fresh off of his win last week against Eric Preston!

BW: He won by getting stomped out by Anton Layton. If that's how this kid wins matches, I hope he goes undefeated the rest of his career.

GM: Bucky, please. Jagger had a great showing against Eric Preston and Layton blatantly ruined a great match between two young Combat Corner grads.

BW: And saved me from needing a nap!

[Jagger climbs into the ring, eyeing Imbrogno as "Zero" begins to fade out. Imbrogno sets his Kindle down and heads towards the center of the ring as Meekly calls for the bell to start the match.]

GM: And we're off!

[Jagger and Imbrogno quickly meet in the center of the ring with a collar and elbow tieup; with both men straining for some leverage. Jagger is the first to obtain it, twisting Imbrogno's arm into a wristlock. Imbrogno shows off some quickness, by rolling forward and leaping to his feet, yanking Jagger by the wrist over onto his back. Jagger quickly scrambles to his feet, looking annoyed at himself.]

GM: Jeff Jagger on his back early in this one. Might there be some lingering effects from the attack by Layton?

BW: We can only hope, Gordo.

[The two men meet once again in the center of the ring with another collar and elbow. Jagger pushes Imbrogno towards the ropes before lifting a knee into the midsection that doubles over the Florida native. Jagger grabs the wrist and whips him to the opposite ropes, from which Imbrogno rebounds and heads back towards the center of the ring. The Carolina Crusher leaps up as Imbrogno runs underneath, then immediately falls to his back and as Mr. Mensa rebounds back once again, uses his feet to propel Imbrogno over him and onto his back! Both men are up to their feet quickly.]

GM: Todd Michaelson made sure that this young man was ready before he graduated from the Combat Corner!

BW: Not a single one of these kids from the Combat Corner have made a name for themselves in the AWA yet. Sounds to me like a waste of money. They could be enhancing my paycheck instead of enhancing this supposed "talent!"

[Imbrogno charges forward and is caught square with a dropkick from Jagger which sends him down once again. But he's up quickly and charges again, and once again is caught with a dropkick that sends him down. Mr. Mensa pounds the mat in frustration as he climbs up once again. Jagger charges forward with a clothesline, which Imbrogno manages to duck under and dash towards the opposite ropes. Jagger spins around just in time to see Imbrogno coming at him with a springboard moonsault from the second rope. Jagger allows Imbrogno's momentum to take them both over, and it's Manny Imbrogno who ends up with his shoulders down as Jagger hooks the leg for a quick cover. One! Two-Kickout by Imbrogno!]

GM: That's a nice piece of technical wrestling by Jagger. He knew he wasn't getting out of the way of that backflip, so he let Imbrogno's momentum do the work.

BW: If this match doesn't get over quickly, the WKIK may switch to Mr. Ed in syndication.

[Jagger pulls Imbrogno up by his brown hair and locks him in a front facelock, throwing him over with a stiff snap suplex. He keeps the hold locked and rolls over, pulling Mr. Mensa back up with him and connecting with a second snap suplex. Again he keeps the hold locked in and pulls Imbrogno up, and tosses him over with a third consecutive snap suplex! He rolls over and hooks the leg, and Meekly dives in for the cover. One! Two! Kickout, again by Imbrogno.]

GM: Jeff Jagger looking sharp here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: Don't worry, he'll pander to these idiots in the crowd and screw something up before long.

[Jagger is quickly back up to his feet and drops an elbow on the back of Imbrogno. He adds in a few stomps to the lower back which causes Imbrogno to clutch at his back.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE PASSED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

BW: There is a God.

[Jagger rolls Imbrogno and grabs his legs, stepping through and twisting Imbrogno up with the sharpshooter known as the Last Rites!]

GM: Jagger had softened up the back of Manny Imbrogno in order to improve the effectiveness of this very move. It's a good sign in a young competitor to be thinking a few moves in advance.

BW: Yeah, but he didn't think too far in advance seeing as though Imbrogno isn't in the center of the ring.

[Sure enough, Imbrogno is very close to the ropes, and despite Jagger having the move locked in tightly and Imbrogno flailing his arms in pain, he's managing to inch towards the ropes. Jagger is trying to keep him away from them, but the bigger man manages to reach out and grasp the ropes, which causes Meekly to call for the break, which Jagger does immediately. The Carolina Crusher lifts Imbrogno off the mat and whips him to the ropes. Imbrogno rebounds as Jagger attempts a leg lariat, which Mr. Mensa ducks under, sending Jagger crashing to the mat.]

BW: Nobody home, Gordo! Your prodigal son isn't perfect after all.

GM: He's not my prodigal son, Bucky, and nobody insinuated he was perfect.

[Jagger scrambles to his feet, only to be met by a boot to the midsection by Imbrogno which doubles the young North Carolina native over. Imbrogno wastes no time following that up with a leaping knee to the neck which sends Jagger back down to the mat. Mensa wastes no time in scrambling up to the top rope and leaping off with a stiff elbow drop that connects with Jagger's sternum. Imbrogno goes for the cover... One... two... kickout by Jagger!]

GM: Manny Imbrogno starting to pick up some steam here, Bucky.

BW: No surprise there, Gordo. Have you seen this guy's wardrobe? He's clearly ahead of the curve.

[Imbrogno pulls Jagger up near the ropes and whips him to the opposite ropes. Jagger rebounds and Imbrogno attempts to backbody drop him over the top rope, but he sends Jagger over, and Jagger lands on his feet on the apron behind Imbrogno! Pop! Mr. Mensa spins around to where Jagger is waiting and the Carolina Crusher throws a right hand, but gets nothing but air as Imbrogno drops to his knees and throws a right hand of his own... dangerously close to the groin! Heel pop as Jagger falls to the outside in agony.]

BW: Now \_that\_ is how you get it done, Gordo.

GM: With a low blow?

BW: It was not! If it was a low blow, the referee would disqualify the man!

GM: He was partially shielded from the action and I'm not sure he saw it. But it looked low to me.

[Imbrogno wastes no time, dashing for the opposite ropes and rebounding back, running back towards the ropes and dives through them and connects with the staggered Jagger with a suicide dive through the ropes, eliciting an appreciative pop from the crowd!]

GM: What a maneuver by Manny Imbrogno! Goodness, we don't see much of that!

BW: That's because there are few people as smart as Mr. Mensa here!

[Imbrogno seems to have taken a bit of punishment of his own on that move and takes a few moments to get up before grabbing Jagger and rolling him back into the ring. Before climbing in himself, however, Imbrogno climbs to the top rope as the crowd buzzes in anticipation to see what the Florida native has up his sleeve. Imbrogno raises his arms and leaps off with a front flip senton that connects solidly with the downed Jagger! He once again hooks the leg... One! Two...!]

GM: Kickout by Jagger! That was close and Jagger is in some trouble right now.



[Imbrogno screams at Meekly; indicating he should have had three there. Imbrogno places his hands on his hips in frustration before looking over to his corner where his Kindle still sits. He quickly heads over to it, picking it up and begins punching buttons on it.]

GM: What in the world is he doing!?

BW: He's got all the possible scenarios planned out, Gordo, and he's referencing them here! He's going to decide what he'll do to put this young punk away!

[Having seemingly come up with a course of action thanks to the Kindle, Manny Imbrogno heads to the top rope once again.]

BW: Being a part of Mensa myself, I know what he's up to!

GM: What's that, Bucky?

BW: He's going for the Smart Bomb!

[And sure enough, Imbrogno puts his arms in the air and leaps off the top rope with the senton bomb!]

BW: OHHHHHHH!!!

GM: Nobody's home! Jagger moved! Imbrogno wasted too much time with that Kindle and he just paid for it.

[He sure did. But he's about to pay for it even more as Jagger climbs to his feet and crouches down, waiting for Mr. Mensa to climb back to his feet. Imbrogno finally obliges, getting back up and spins around to where Jagger is waiting. Jagger ducks under and locks in the sleeperhold as the crowd pops!]

GM: There it is! The Carolina Clutch! And that's going to be all she wrote for Mr. Mensa!

[Imbrogno flails to try and get out of the hold, but there's nowhere to go and he begins to fade. Meekly comes in, lifting his arm once, twice, and finally a third time and calls for the bell! Ding! Ding! Ding!]

GM: Jeff Jagger has done it! He continues on his winning ways here in the AWA!

BW: Hopefully he wants a crack at Anton Layton so we can see the end of him!

[Holly Hotbody makes it official, although looking a bit sad as she does.]

PW: Here's the winner... Jeff Jagger.

["Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins kicks in yet again as Jagger quickly hops out of the ring and heads up the aisle, slapping fans' hands on the way.]

GM: Ms. Hotbody didn't sound so excited about that, Bucky.

BW: I think she might have been smitten with Mr. Mensa. Can't blame her.

GM: Jeff Jagger's heading back up the ramp towards our interview area where Jason Dane is standing by. Jason?

[We crossfade to the interview platform where the music dies down as Jagger approaches Dane. Dane raises the microphone to his lips and begins.]

JD: Another impressive victory this week, Jeff.

JJ: Thanks, Jason. I'm just tryin' to come in here and give the fans their money's worth and work my tail off. He gave me a run for my money in there, just like Eric Preston last week, but I was fortunate enough to come out with the Dubya.

JD: Speaking of Eric Preston last week, what are your thoughts after getting the victory via disqualification due to Anton Layton's interference?

[A dark look crosses Jagger's face.]

JJ: Look, nobody wants to get a win like that and nobody wants to get jumped from behind by some guy who hears voices. But if you take all that out of the equation, I think I gave Eric Preston all he could handle and I'm confident that I was gonna be walkin' outta there with a win.

[Jagger nods self-confidently.]

JJ: I'm more than happy to get back in there with Eric, or Anton Layton, or anybody else in that locker room who wants to get twisted into a pretzel!

[Small pop from the crowd.]

JD: On another note, the AWA announced this week that your father, Johnny Jagger, would be named as the AWA's Senior Official after what happened to Michael Meekly at Homecoming. How's it going to be having your father in the locker room as you continue your career?

JJ: I'm thrilled that both of us have made the big time. My dad's got a bigger name as a referee than I do as a wrestler, and...

[Jagger trails off, as he sees Buford P. Higgins walking into the shot. Higgins, as always, is dressed impeccably in a completely white suit and fedora. Producing a golden microphone from his suit pocket, the ring announcer turns to Jagger with a big smile.]

BPH: I'm sorry, playa', but this interview's over!

[There's some boos from the crowd for Higgins' proclamation. Jason Dane looks around in confusion.]

JD: Wait, what do you mean this interview's over!? This is time that we-

BPH[Interrupting]: We're running behind schedule, Mr. Dane! I was supposed to introduce THE GREATEST!...SKYWALKER JONES, for his match five minutes ago! WKIK isn't happy about us running over every week...there's housewives at home missing their reruns of Mama's Family! So...[Points to Jagger] Congratulations on your daddy getting the new job, but next time you wanna' keep on talking, try winning faster!

[Oh, the crowd didn't like that one. Jagger just shoots Higgins a dirty look, before walking away.]

BPH: Aw, don't get salty now...I'm just telling it like it is! Now if you excuse me, I've got an introduction to make.

[Higgins walks towards the ring as the crowd greets him with boos.]

GM: Can you believe the audacity of that man? Jeff Jagger was right in the middle of an interview!

BW: Hey, like Higgins said, if Jagger could beat his opponents faster, he could talk all he wants! Time is money, Gordo, and every second we spent talking about Jagger's old man just delayed us from spending more time with Skywalker Jones!

[Meanwhile, Higgins has entered the ring, ready to announce Skywalker's arrival.]

BPH: DALLAS, TEXAS! My apologies for the delay, but finally...it's that time again! Time to rise up and pay homage to the man! Coming down to the ring now, fresh off his SPECTACULAR, DOMINATING, MINDBLOWING performance at the Stampede Cup! Ladies..he weighs in at an absolutely and completely arousing...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He's got swagger and won't waste your time like Jeff Jagger! [BOO!] From Hot Coffee, Mississippi...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath.]

BPH:  
JOOONNNN  
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the entrance dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso. Skywalker Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain",

tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before holding open the ropes for him as he steps through the ropes. Higgins then turns to Jones' opponent, already standing in the ring with a look of disgust on his face.]

BPH: And his opponent...that guy.

[A man sporting a black mullet and goatee and wearing thigh length blue trunks yells at Higgins in outrage, as Jones just points and laughs.]

BW: HAHAHA!!!

GM: Excuse Buford Higgins, folks...but Skywalker Jones' opponent is Rick Scott, from Apple Springs, Texas.

BW: Don't bother remembering the name, kids...he won't be here for long!

[As the referee motions for the bell to ring, Scott tries to catch Jones off-guard, charging right at him. However, Jones side-steps him, shoving him chest-first into the corner. As Scott stumbles out, Jones is immediately on him, whipping him into the opposite corner.]

GM: Rick Scott tried to get the fast start on Jones, but it backfires on him!

BW: Are you kidding me!? Like this fat oaf is going to catch Jones by surprise... you can hear his footsteps coming from a mile away!

[Jones is quick to follow-up, leaping up and catching Scott in the face with a high knee!]

GM: And a big knee to the face by Jones!

[Jones stays on the second rope for a second...]

"WATCH THIS!"

[...and then drops down, grabbing Scott in a front-facelock and hooking a leg. He then rolls backwards with Scott and back to their feet...and right into a fisherman suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Jones with the pin...NO! Scott just gets the shoulder up!

BW: Wow! A roll through fisherman suplex!? It's like he makes up moves as he goes!

[Jones looks up at the referee and slapping his hands together three times quickly, motioning for him to count faster, before continuing his attack. He tries to whip Scott into the ropes, but the bigger man reverses it. However,

Jones holds onto the ropes. Scott charges at him with a clothesline, but Jones ducks down, sending him up and over to the outside!]

GM: Scott backdropped over the ropes and I think even the crowd knows what's coming...Jones is going to fly!

BW: Fasten your seatbelts, Gordo, 'cause we're ready for take-off!

[As Scott rises, Jones runs into the far ropes, rebounding off and full speed at Rick Scott. He then leaps completely over the ropes, wiping out Scott with a somersault plancha...and landing on his feet!]

"OOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: HE LANDED ON HIS FEET! A full somersault from the inside of the ring to the outside...and he landed on his feet!

BW: Are you kidding me!? He landed on his feet!?! This kid is ridiculous!

[Jones just stands there with a big grin, nodding his head approvingly at the crowd's cheers, before climbing up onto the guardrail and thrusting his arms into the air, as an ecstatic Buford P. Higgins jumps around him, exclaiming, "That's right! That's right! Who da man!? Who da man!?"]

GM: In all my years of calling the action, I have never seen anything like that. This showboating however...is simply unnecessary.

BW: Get used to it, Gordo! He's only going to get better and the celebrations are only going to get bigger!

GM: I only hope you're half right, Bucky. I don't know if his ego can possibly get any bigger than it already is!

[Tossing Scott back into the ring, Jones climbs up onto the ring apron and grabs onto the top rope, waiting for Scott to get back to his feet before springboarding back into the ring with a huge front dropkick!]

GM: Patented springing dropkick by Jones! I think this match is all but over.

[Slamming Scott down near a corner, Jones then cups his hands over his mouth, yelling out...]

"SHOOT! THE! MOON!"

[Big cheer!]

GM: Oh boy.

BW: He's calling for it, Gordo! You're right, this match is over!

[Climbing to the top turnbuckle, Jones motions for the crowd to cheer louder, before pointing to the sky and backflipping off...over-rotating his moonsault...and landing onto Rick Scott with a monstrous legdrop!]

BW: He makes gravity a joke! How does someone like this even exist?

GM: There it is! The backflip legdrop! ONE! TWO! THREE!

[As the referee raises Jones' arm in victory, Buford makes it official...]

BPH: The winner, as always...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath.]

BPH:  
JOONNNNN  
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[Jones celebrates his triumph as the crowd responds with a mixed reaction.]

GM: These fans are impressed with the man's athleticism as we all are but there's plenty about his attitude inside that ring to dislike, Bucky.

BW: I don't know where you get that. He's confident, Gordo!

GM: He's arrogant, Bucky!

BW: Bah!

GM: Fans, Skywalker Jones scores the victory and 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 before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to live action where we join Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and we've already had a wild way to kick this show off with two great performances by Jeff Jagger and Skywalker Jones, two of the young lions - the future of this company.

BW: If Jeff Jagger is the future of this company, I'm gonna make some phone calls and send my resume around town.

GM: How can you say that about a fine young man like Jeff Jagger but sit here and support a self-centered jerk like Skywalker Jones?

BW: That's 'cause I'm a former manager, Gordo! I look for talent! I look for skills! I look for marketability! I look for confidence! Jeff Jagger's out here trying to be a nice guy, shaking hands and hugging people while Skywalker Jones is creating a buzz! This man is trending on Twitter right now!

GM: On what?

BW: He's a phenomenon! He's a difference maker! He's an impact player! He's money in the bank! The spotlight belongs to him as soon as he steps through the curtain and they're still talking about him after he walks back through it. You just don't get it, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not. Maybe I don't GET Skywalker Jones but I know a blue chip prospect when I see one... and that's Jeff Jagger, Bucky.

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: We certainly will. Fans, two weeks ago at Homecoming, the Countdown Clock we've been seeing all summer ran down to zero and we saw the return of a man who has been gone from the AWA for over two and a half years, "Showtime" Rick Marley. The fans were thrilled to see Marley, we were thrilled to see Marley...

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo.

GM: But there was one man who was NOT thrilled to see Rick Marley and that man was James Monosso.

BW: Monosso got interrupted by Marley! A total show of disrespect! Of course, he wasn't happy to see Marley.

GM: James Monosso, perhaps thankfully, is NOT in Dallas here tonight - nor is the rest of the Unholy Alliance who are in Japan on a special tour. But James Monosso did have this very special pre-taped message that we were asked to show here tonight. Let's roll the tape, guys.

[We cut to a plain white mica-block wall, in front of which is James Monosso.

Monosso, clad in his PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION T-Shirt, is glowering at the camera hatefully. His face is clean-shaven, flat, ringed by his stringy greying hair (and slightly receding hairline), and is punctuated by his wild, angry eyes.]

JM: Marley, you think you're so damn clever, so smart. You show a clock for months, and then suddenly come out on my interview time. You try to outtalk me to get attention, because that's what you're good at. Talking. I hope you're happy with all your attention. I hope you think your big return was a big success. Because it just goes to show that you're a fool, who didn't pay attention while you were gone. You won the championship in Phoenix and now you think you're gonna do it here. But if you knew what was goin' down in Texas since you left, you woulda never interrupted me.

Because I saw. I saw how Craven chased you for years in Phoenix till you wore him out. I saw how you work. And that ain't gonna happen to me, Marley.

Because I know somethin' you don't know.

[Monosso's glare turns into a grin.]



JM: Right now, I'm in Japan with Percy, Nenshou, and Zaire. We're on tour, because they pay good money over here. But they only want their violence in doses. When I come back to Texas, Marley, I'm gonna paint the whole state red. And how do I know I'm gonna get my hands on you?

Because by the time SuperClash comes around, you'll be BEGGING for a match with me.

Why? Percy reminded me of something. Something I wish I remembered when you stuck your big nose in my business. But all these years take a toll on the memory, and honest... what he reminded me of wasn't really anything that stuck out to me at the time. For me, it was just Tuesday. But for you? Well, you'll figure it out eventually.

So the last thing I gotta say is to the Championship Committee, or whoever they got workin' on where we're gonna have SuperClash. On behalf of myself and Rick Marley, I wanna vote for Syracuse, New York. It has a lot of meanin'.

[And with that odd request, Monosso starts giggling.]

JM: I know he'd love to go \_BACK\_ there.

[And now he's outright laughing. What the heck?]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise!

[The video ends, and leaves us with a really confused Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: That was... odd.

BW: Monosso has a secret, Gordo! That can't be good!

GM: Syracuse isn't on our list of possible destinations; it's a great wrestling town, but too far out of our way. So what on earth did Monosso mean by that?

BW: He's bat guano crazy, Gordo, why are you askin' me?! Ask Rick Marley what he meant!

GM: Perhaps we'll do that later tonight because "Showtime" Rick Marley IS here in the Crockett Coliseum tonight and you can bet he was watching the video that we just saw. But for now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade to the ring where Holly Hotbody is standing.]

HH: Next up... one fall, ten minutes. To my right... from... where?

[Hotbody looks over to Matt Ginn who looks confused.]

HH: Eh, whatever. Weighing...

[She eyes Ginn for a bit.]

HH: Two fifty? Two sixty? That sound right?

[Ginn is still puzzled.]

HH: This guy here... Matt Ginn!

[Ginn folds his arms, not acknowledging the crowd as they heckle him a little bit. Ginn is wearing his usual black trunks with large white triangular patterns on each hip. He strokes his goatee as his opponent is introduced.]

HH: Opponent guy... in the ring to... well, he's over there...

[She points across the ring.]

HH: From Podunk, Kentucky...

[The opponent interrupts, shouting "Paducah!" to no reaction from the guest ring announcer.]

HH: He weighs in at...

[She consults a notecard, looking surprised.]

HH: Seriously? A hundred and ninety-five pounds?

[He nods. She shrugs.]

HH: Alphonse Green!

[Green seems really enthusiastic, but the crowd doesn't share his enthusiasm. Green is wearing green trunks, with white boots and no knee pads. His blonde hair is in it's usual Moe Howard hair style, and his almost cherubic face has a huge smile across it.]

GM: I honestly still have no idea what to make of Alphonse Green, as Green is trying to get this crowd behind him.

BW: The kid's got potential, Gordo, but I wonder if he's going about this the right way.

GM: This is a match that was actually scheduled for two weeks ago but due to the length of the show, it was bumped off the lineup. That's why we're seeing it here tonight.

[The bell sounds, and Green and Ginn circle each other. Green tries to sneak in a take down, but it's not happening. Both men are backed into the ropes, and the referee calls for a break.]

GM: A clean break there. Both men showing some sportsmanship.

[Both men make their way to the center of the ring. Green smirks, then raises his right hand, seemingly to ask for a test of strength.]

GM: Is he really going to do this?

BW: See, he might have had the right idea to start this match, but this isn't something a kid of his size should do! Ginn's gonna cream the kid, watch!

[Both men lock up in the test of strength. Of course, going up against the larger Ginn, Green easily loses. Ginn sends Green to his knees, and laughs to the crowd. Oddly enough, you can hear some in the crowd laughing along with Ginn.]

GM: It appears that the crowd is taking this test of strength as seriously as Ginn is.. wait a second!

[Gordon just noticed that Green is apparently using this laughter as an attempt to feed off the crowd to power out of it. Unfortunately, Ginn has a 'Oh no, whatever shall I do?' look on his face, and lets go of the test of strength. He mockingly ruffles Green's hair and backs off...

...and gets rocked with a right hand to the gut as Green makes his way back to his feet!]

GM: A right hand! Another! I think this has actually gotten Ginn rocked!

[Green is back on his feet, and after a few right hands to the gut, starts laying in with knife edged chops, but they appear to barely make any contact with the big man.]

BW: Ya know, those chops might actually hurt if he wasn't way off with them. Those chops are barely making contact!

GM: I think Green was better off with those punches, as Ginn just stopped him cold with a kick to the midsection!

[Green is doubled over, and Ginn quickly takes him down with a gut wrench suplex! Ginn floats over into a cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But two is all Ginn's going to get. Ginn pulls Green to his feet and starts hammering Green's back with forearms. Ginn stands Green up, and rears back..]

GM: Haymaker.. NO! Green ducks!

[Green quickly bounces off the ropes and launches himself at Ginn with a huge flying shoulder tackle! Of course, Green doesn't quite take Ginn off his feet, so he tries again!]

GM: Another shoulder tackle! Ginn's still on his feet!

BW: Come on, Green! You've gotta do something else to take him down!

[Green, seeing Ginn still on his feet, launches himself for a third shoulder tackle..]

BW: Swatted like a fly!

GM: Ginn just slapped Green away, and Green is dazed on the mat. Ginn quickly pulls Green up, and snaps him back down to the canvas in a snap mare!

[Ginn punts Green's exposed back and quickly snaps on a reverse chin lock.]

GM: Ginn's got the chin lock cranked in.. come on ref!

[Ginn lets go of the chin lock, just to pull at the sides of Green's mouth. Green screams in pain, as Ginn drives the point of his elbow into the back of Green's head. Ginn then shouts to the crowd that he's about ready to finish this as he pulls Green to his feet. Once again, Ginn mockingly ruffles Green's hair.]

BW: Ginn's just toying with the kid right now, Gordo.

GM: He can put Green away at any time now, but I think he's just looking to hurt him right about now. Ginn with a hard Irish whip into the turnbuckles, and Ginn is getting ready to put him away.. no!

[Ginn charges in, and launches an elbow.. which just barely misses! Green, dazed, sees a moment of opportunity as Ginn is doubled over.]

GM: Green charges... big knee lift!

[While the knee lift doesn't take Ginn down, it appears to be effective enough where Green, in a moment of clarity, hops up on the second rope, and rebounds with a big kick!]

GM: WHAT A ROUNDHOUSE KICK! Took the bigger Ginn off his feet!

BW: That's what the kid needs to do! There ya go, Green!

[The crowd actually cheered as the kick echoed throughout the arena! Ginn falls to the mat as the crowd encourages Green to go for the cover!]

GM: Green dives on top of Ginn! ONE! TWO! NO!

BW: That wasn't enough, but that was a start!

GM: I'll say.. wait, what's Green doing?

[Green shouts to the crowd that it's time for the Thaddeus Green Reverse Bear Hug! Whatever goodwill Green earned with that nice kick quickly goes away.]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Now how in the heck is this gonna work?

[The crowd groans as Green attempts to lift Ginn up for the bear hug that won his father many matches in the Northwestern Territories.]

BW: Dang it, Alphonse! You're not your daddy! Stop this!

GM: He's trying, but Ginn is just too big!

[Green is trying to feed off the crowd to give him the strength to lift the two hundred and fifty seven pounder up, but there are a smattering of boos. Ginn, recovering from the kick, appears to be grinning. Ginn effortlessly powers Green up and over! Bucky simply groans.]

GM: Green might have had that match if he didn't go for that bear hug.

BW: He needs to start taking advice from people if he's gonna go anywhere in the AWA, now he's about to lose this match because he's got a family name to live up to!

GM: Green is back to his knees, and Ginn is positioned behind him.. it looks like he's going for..

[Ginn quickly grabs Green, and is starting to lock on an abdominal stretch!]

BW: I heard about this move! Ginn apparently has imported a famous Japanese submission move called the Stretch Plum! He gets this one locked in and he's gonna win his first match!

[Green is struggling not to get locked in his submission move, and somehow is scrambling for the ropes. Ginn is trying to pull him back, but Green reaches with his legs and has locked them around the second rope!]

GM: Green's not letting Ginn lock in that Stretch Plum, but Ginn is trying to yank him back as hard as he can!

[Ginn yanks Green though where Green's death grip on the second rope is loosened, but Green still has his feet positioned on the second rope.]

BW: If he pulls him back, it's over!

[And sure enough, Ginn pulls Green back hard enough, where both men launch backwards. With a hard thud, the back of Ginn's head hits the mat, and the back of Green's head hits Ginn's face!]

GM: He pulled back a little too hard! I think Ginn is out!

[Sure enough, Ginn isn't moving, and Green is shaking out the cobwebs. Green suddenly realizes Ginn is down on the mat, and launches himself at Ginn with an awkward looking splash!]

GM: 'Big' Splash! ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Green's win streak continues!

GM: As fluky as it may be, a win is a win at the end of the day! Let's get the word!

[Holly raises the mic.]

HH: Here is your winner... MATT GINN!

[The referee waves a hand at Holly, pointing to Green.]

HH: Oh. Are you sure?

[Mickey Meekly nods.]

HH: Okay. Here's your winner... Alphonse Green!

[Green climbs on his feet and hops around in excitement, as the crowd gives a half hearted round of applause.]

GM: Alphonse Green scores a win.

BW: Even Holly Hotbody seemed surprised by that.

GM: Who isn't? Green has a unique style about him but it seems to be working so far. We'll see what happens when he attempts to move up a level in competition. We'll see if-

[Suddenly, "Shout at the Devil" by Motley Crue begins to play as the Coliseum crowd greets the new AWA National Tag Team Champions with a humongous roar!]

GM: There they are, Bucky! The new National Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited!

BW: I still can't believe they took out Rough N Ready, Gordo! They ended a dynasty! Those two meatheads can take credit for putting an end to Royalty!

GM: They've been the best tag team in Japan, they won last year's Stampede Cup, they came within a hair of winning this year's Stampede Cup and now they hold the AWA National Tag Team Titles!

[Inside the ring, Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton have each mounted a corner, holding up the tag team titles for all to see. Stepping down, a still bandaged-up Morton produces a microphone from his backpocket, absolutely giddy with excitement.]

DM: We did it! We did it! WE DID IT!!! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED ARE YOUR NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!!

[Big pop! A more excited than usual Morton runs in place, shaking his arms up and down, firing up the crowd.]

DM: We fought and we fought and WE FOUGHT! I got my whole head split wide open and bled all over the place, but didn't have time to bleed! There was no quit in these bodies! We weren't going to stop fighting! We weren't going to stop punching and kicking! We weren't going to stop until those belts were ours!

[He cradles the belt close to his chest, cackling.]

DM: And now they're ours...ALL OURS!!!

[Big pop! Haynes steps into view and removes his hat, staring out towards the crowd as they give the big man from Moscow, Tennessee his due respect. He nods approvingly, before addressing the masses.]

JH: Now, I'm gonna' mention these two guys' names one more time and then, that'll be the last you'll ever hear 'bout them from our mouths...

ROUGH N READY!

[A huge round of boos greet the mentioning of the former AWA National Tag Team Champions.]

JH: You gave me and Danny one of the toughest fights of our lives! I hate to admit it, but you two bastards are without a doubt, one of the greatest tag teams there ever was!

[Haynes chuckles, before he and Morton lift their newly won AWA tag team title belts high into the air.]

JH: So, I guess it's only fittin' that you lost the titles to \_THE\_ greatest tag team there ever was!

[A big roar from the crowd!]

JH: But the time for celebration's over, now. Me and Danny ran Royalty out of the AWA! We sent them packin'! But there's still challenges and there's still a whole mess of teams out there that want these belts... and the way we see it, one of those teams has first dibs. That's right... I'm talkin' 'bout the Lynches!

[A huge cheer from the crowd for their hometown heroes!]

DM: You laid down the challenge in the middle of this ring, fellas... well, I think it's only fair that we \_accept\_ that challenge in the middle of this ring! Come on down!

[Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" gets the crowd on their feet, as the curtain is pulled aside by a black gloved hand. It's Jack Lynch out first, tipping his cowboy hat to the crowd. At his side is his brother James. Perhaps the only person to have sweat and suffered as much as Danny Morton in recent weeks. The Lynches proceed down the aisle at a deliberate pace, the eyes of both teams locked on each other. Jack and James move towards the center of the ring, and the four men stare at one another, tension thick in the air. Finally, Jack speaks.]

Jack: There's somethin' that needs to be done, right here, right now. So why don't we just get this out of the way. Because Morton, Haynes, Jimmy and I owe ya both somethn'.

[All four men square up again, staring at each other. And then, the current Stampede Cup champions extend their hands. The members of Violence Unlimited look at each other, and then their hands extend, as the crowd roars in approval while the four men shake hands.]

Jack: Congratulations on winning those belts. You two fought hard. And you earned 'em. Heck, last time I saw someone fightin' that hard was the finals of the Stampede Cup.

You might remember that.

Now then, there is somethin' I need to address.

[The hands drop, as all four men continue to stare at each other, no one willing to back down an inch.]

Jack: Best tag team there ever was?

[Normally laid back, Jack Lynch drawls the words out in a sarcastic, dubious tone.]

Jack: \_Was\_ is the right word. 'Cuz from where I'm sittin', the best tag team there \_is\_ happens to be the one that won the Cup. What do you think, Jimmy?

[And Jimmy stands there with a big Texan grin as he stares across at VU.]

James: Violence Unlimited ... You two are as tough as nails. We sat back there with all the rest of the boys and watched as you finally tossed that monkey off your backs and sent Rough and Ready packing ... And I can't help but to admit that I cheered as you two raised those titles high as the new AWA National Tag Team Champions.

[James Lynch holds his hand up as if he is saying "wait" ...]



James: While there is no doubt that you two earned those shots it all began when you won the 2010 Stampede Cup ...

[The fans cheer as they know where Jimmy is going with this.]

James: And I don't know if you guys are still a little drunk off winning those tag team titles but, we have one of those too ... And we did it beating \_you\_.

We respect you ... We respect what you have accomplished inside this ring... but those titles you wear around your waist.

It's our next stop.

[The Lynches' words seem to have rubbed Jackson Haynes in completely the wrong way, as the oft-crazed brawler takes a step forward, staring down at James.]

JH: Your next stop... and when ya' step inside the ring with us again, as far as you're \_gonna\_ go, boy.

[A few scattered boos for Haynes' threat, but otherwise, a heck of a lot of cheers, as the fans sense something big brewing.]

JH: 'Cause you stand here in the middle of the ring throwin' around the word "respect" but I don't think you quite understand the meanin' of the word!

[Haynes' eyes grow wide, the surest sign that he's about to explode. Both Lynches seem to be aware of this too, as they take a slightly more defensive posture.]

JH: Get this, boy! And if you don't understand, then ask your daddy, 'cause he knows exactly how it goes in this sport! You were the best for ONE night! We've been great for YEARS! At the Stampede Cup, for the first time in your life, when you were dead in the water, you were able to look down deep inside your heart and grab ahold of a greatness that you were never capable of! The question is, are you capable of being great like that day in, day out...week in, week out???

[He points an accusing finger at the Lynches.]

JH: 'Cause the ones drunk off victory sure as heck ain't us! You \*won\* the right to be called the best...but now it's time for you to \_prove\_ it!

[Just then, Danny Morton steps in and holds Haynes back, trying to calm his tag team partner down.]

DM: WOAHH, Jack! Calm down! Calm down! They're not the enemies here!

[Annoyed, but calming down slightly, Haynes puts his hat back on and stands there, stewing with anger.]

DM: You gotta' excuse Jack! He's still sore about the Cup...but you fellas won that fair and square! You *\*are\** without a doubt, worthy of being called the best tag team in the world...for now.

[Morton nods.]

DM: Yeah, that's right! I said it! "For now."

We'll see who really is the greatest down the line, but tonight?

There's other business to take care of! I've been hearing a lot about how tough you are, James Lynch! I've been hearing a WHOLE lot about it! They say you're as tough as they come! The toughest man in all the AWA!

[Morton points to the bandages on his head.]

DM: But you're not the one that bled out half of his soul in that ring at the Stampede Cup and kept on going! You're not the one that had fifty-three staples put in his head and still went out there to win the AWA National titles! So I'm wondering, just how tough you really are!

[This time, it's Danny Morton's turn to stare James Lynch in the eye.]

DM: *\*I\** say, me and you step into this ring tonight and we find out!

[James looks around the arena as the fans are on their feet calling for him to do it! He then turns back to Morton.]

James: I was born a Lynch ... We had no choice. It's in our blood. Some of my earliest memories involves Jack here stretching me out or breaking my arm as he suplexed me wrong on the basement floor.

You're right ... We were the better team for one night. We are no strangers to the pecking order... and until you two place those titles on the line that's all we have to go by. While, you may be used to teams like Royalty and Rough and Ready hitting you from behind. You will always know where Jack and I stand ...

And Danny Morton you want to find out just how tough I am?

[The two men trade glares.]

JL: I've never backed down from a fight before ... and I am not about to start now. I'll see you in the ring.

[A massive cheer comes from the crowd as Lynch extends his hand and Morton shakes it!]

GM: James Lynch versus Danny Morton... TONIGHT! 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 we rejoin our announce duo at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and just before the break, we heard what has now been declared tonight's Main Event get made with James Lynch meeting Danny Morton in one-on-one action! What a match that's gonna be.

BW: How much would it cost me to make sure Morton leaves Lynch a greasy spot in the ring at the end of the night?

GM: Bucky, would you stop? It's going to be one heck of a showdown and I can't wait to see what happens. It might also be a sneak preview of-

[Suddenly, the opening guitar riffs to ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" come blaring through the PA system and the crowd erupts with boos directed towards the man who saunters through the entrance portal, the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: The National Champion has arrived here in Dallas - and no, not quite on schedule.

BW: He's the champ, daddy! He does whatever the heck he wants!

GM: Obviously.

[Dufresne is clad a plaid-patterned, purple collared shirt that's a size too small and a pair of light grey jeans. His long blonde hair hangs down past his shoulders, over one of which hangs the AWA National Championship. He smiles broadly at the reaction from the crowd, taking a deep bow before heading over to Jason Dane, who awaits him in the interview area. The two men are forced to wait long moments as the crowd dies down before beginning.]

JD: Calisto, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling.

CD: The pleasure's all yours, Dane.

JD: You specifically requested time early in the show tonight to address the fans. What's on your mind?

[Dufresne tosses an annoyed look towards Dane.]

CD: Jason, does a benevolent ruler need a reason to speak to his masses? Does a general need an excuse to rally his troops? Does Hugh Hefner need a reason to speak to the Playmates?

JD: Well, no, but-

CD: But nothing. I wanted, as always, to make sure the tens of thousands of fans in attendance and watching around the world got the opportunity to see their champion in the flesh.

[The crowd says thank you by showering the Ladykiller with boos yet again.]

CD: It truly is a shame, Jason, that the AWA has been unable to come up with any competitors to be able to challenge me for this.

[Dufresne rubs the National Title lovingly.]

JD: What about-

[Dufresne cuts Dane off yet again.]

CD: Not that it's any real surprise, though. There never really has been anyone of my caliber in this business, let alone at the top of this organization. So, it is with sadness and reluctance in my heart that I announce tonight that due to a complete dirth of worthy opposition, Calisto Dufresne will not be participating at SuperClash!

[The crowd erupts once again as Dufresne nods solemnly.]

CD: I understand, folks. Nobody is more upset about this than I am, believe me. But, let's not forget that I'm a fighting champion! The fighting-est champion this organization has ever seen, in fact. And that's why I'm out here tonight to announce that I will be putting the National Title on the line...

[A grin from Dufresne as the crowd buzzes slightly.]

CD: ...and I'll be putting on the line tonight!

[Now there's a pop! Dufresne circles around a bit, playing up to the reaction.]

JD: That's huge news! Which one of the top challengers will it be!? Stevie Scott? SUPERNOVA!?

[The crowd pops at the mention of their favorites. Dufresne scoffs at the mention, but grins again.]

CD: Oh no, Jason. Oh no. I'm going to be defending against a man who has worked harder than either of those two never-weres to earn a shot at gold. He's been putting butts in the seat week in, week out. Just like I do. He's been battling the best he can get his hands on week in, week out. Just like I do. And he deserves a crack at glory!

JD: Who could it be!? Who's getting the shot!?

[Dane and the crowd are both confused as Dufresne waits, allowing the tension to build.]

CD: Try this one on for size, Dane: The man who I will be facing in the biggest AWA National Title match in recent memory is...

[Wait for it...]

CD: ...BC DA MASTAH MC!

[Dane immediately looks dejected, the crowd looks collectively furious and Dufresne looks quite pleased with himself as he's showered with more jeers. All those reactions quickly change, however, as the interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jon Stegglet, walks through the curtain into view, mic in hand. He addresses Dufresne who remains on the interview platform.]

JS: While I appreciate that you actually want to defend the title here tonight, champ... I'm afraid that's not going to happen.

[The crowd boos... sorta.]

JS: I'm sure B.C. would LOVE the opportunity to wipe that smirk off your face but the fact is, he has not earned a shot at the National Title... so he will not be getting one.

But I do know someone who has...

[The crowd starts to buzz.]

JS: In fact, I know someone who went through twenty-nine other competitors to EARN a shot at that title you've got around your waist.

[The crowd roars at the reference to Supernova as Dufresne waves his hand dismissively at Stegglet.]

CD: You've got to be kidding me, Stegglet. How many times does this kid have to come up short before you guys on the Championship Committee realize that he doesn't have the goods!?

[A deep sigh from Dufresne.]

CD: I mean, even Stevie Scott, who hasn't been right about something since the Clinton administration is on record as saying that the face-painted freak isn't ready for the big time. I'm tired of carrying him in matches and then having him come up short and I'm definitely not putting my fans through it once again at SuperClash!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: You're a real piece of work, you know that? So, let's get a couple things straight. You WILL be in action at SuperClash III... and you WILL be defending the title on that night.

[Big cheer!]

JS: And you WILL be defending that title against an opponent of the Championship Committee's choosing... and you can bet it's likely that challenger will come from the Top Ten contenders list!

[Another big cheer! Dufresne looks irritated.]

CD: Fine, whatever. Roll Scott or Sharif or whoever down to the ring at SuperClash. I'll see you there.

[Stegglet raises a hand.]

JS: Not so fast. See, champ... we don't disagree on everything.

[Dufresne looks puzzled.]

JS: A few moments ago, you suggested a match... tonight... between yourself and B.C. Da Mastah MC...

[The crowd cheers.]

JS: I kinda like the sound of that.

[Dufresne shouts in the direction of Stegglet off-mic.]

JS: No, don't worry. The title's not on the line. But after you trying to treat him as a punchline, I'm pretty sure your health IS on the line.

[The crowd cheers for the implied threat.]

JS: Oh, and don't bother going back to the locker room, champ... cause your match is next.

[Stegglet turns with a grin, walking out of view, leaving a fuming Dufresne standing on the ramp, shouting at Jason Dane as we fade back to the backstage area...

...where B.C. Da Mastah MC is just 'chillin' with his homeys', i.e. signing autographs for a bunch of young fans. The impromptu backstage autograph session is interrupted, however, as Mark Stegglet appears on camera. B.C. tells the kids that he'll finish the autograph session later as he acknowledges Mark's presence.]

BC: Steggo, mah co-Emcee. What up, man! Slap me some skin!

[B.C. and M.S. slap five, but the look on Mark's face appears serious.]

MS: B.C., I think you should know..

BC: Oh yea, what up mah man? Lay it on me, bro!

MS: I know that you wanted to make a personal appearance here tonight, talking to the fans and taking pictures, but you've just been challenged to a match tonight.

[B.C. raises his eyebrow, and grins.]

BC: Yo, man, ya know I'm always ready for a fight. Who's the busta who wants a piece of da Mastah M.C.?

MS: Well.. you've been challenged by the National Champion himself, Calisto Dufresne. Now the title's not going to be on the line, but if you can win tonight, you'll get your chance for the championship in the future.

[A brief pause, as B.C. ponders the challenge.]

BC: I see.

[B.C. lowers his head, still pondering what he should say, when he suddenly raises his head, a huge grin forming across his face.]

BC: Yo, man, I ain't got time to put on a few extra pounds, but yo, let's do this.

Ya know, this is kinda like that ol' classic tune by Will Smith himself, ya know the one I'm talkin' about, right?

MS: I don't quite follow.

[B.C. puts his hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

BC: It's like.. "I Think I Can Beat Mike Tyson".

MS: Oh yeah.. but wait, didn't the Fresh Prince challenge Tyson?

[B.C. nods his head.]

BC: I kinda wish I got th' chance to get my challenge on against Dufresne, ya know? He didn't let me have a chance to run 10 thousand miles every mornin'. thinkin' about Cali an' my moment of glory, ya dig?

[Stegglet nods.]

BC: Woulda been nice ya know.. to train 20 hours a day, liftin' big ol' cars and big bales of hay... but that's a'ight. No matter what happens, there ain't gonna be no excuses. I gots my shot tonight. He's the one that called th' Championship Committee up after all and said 'yeah, Steggy I got a problem', but ya know what, Cali-D?

I'mma the one that's gonna solve 'em, cus' I'm rough like a freight train an' smooth like ice, and no matter what happens in that ring tonight...

[B.C. lets out a loud belly laugh as Stegglet backs off a moment.]

BC: Franny, I ain't gonna letcha have my shoes.

[B.C. sprints off camera, as far as his pudgy self would let him, as Stegglet turns towards the camera.]

MS: Some.. very interesting comments from B.C. Da Mastah M.C. as he has his biggest challenge in his young career in that very ring tonight. Back to you guys!

[We crossfade back inside the ring where an angry Calisto Dufresne is pacing back and forth in his street clothes. He rips off his collared shirt, throwing it to the floor as Holly Hotbody eyes him lustily with a grin.]

HH: The next match is a non-title one. First, in the ring, this tall drink of manwater. The AWA National Champ-EEN! Oh, yes... he certainly looks every part a Ladykiller to me...

CAAAAAAALIIIIIIISTO DUUUUFRESNE!

[Dufresne is still hot under the collar, kicking at the ropes as he shouts at the new AWA Senior Official, Johnny Jagger.]

HH: And his opponent...

[A rap beat that sounds like "I Think I Can Beat Mike Tyson" starts to play over the PA as the crowd erupts.]

HH: At a rather... plump... three sixty-six... that rapper guy.

[B.C. Da Mastah MC bursts through the curtains, microphone in hand as the crowd cheers the heavy set rapper.]

BC: YOO!!!!!!



SO I GOT THIS CLOWN WHO'S COME TO MAH TOWN  
AN' HE DECIDED DAT HE WANTED TA GET DOWWWWWNNNN

DIS CALI-D, YO HE DECIDED TO PLAY DA GAME  
BUT THE BELT AIN'T ON THE LINE, AN' YO, DAT'S LAME

[B.C. keeps shucking and jiving down to the ring as the crowd continues to cheer. He hops up on the apron, and looks out over the crowd.]

BC: MAAAAN.. YA DONE LOST YA MIND  
WHEN YA STEP THROUGH THAT CURTAIN, YA GONNA FIND  
WHEN I BEATCHA 1-2-3, YOU'RE GONNA HURT A LOT  
AN' Y'ALL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TA GIVE ME A TITLE SHOT!

[B.C. steps through the ring ropes, and pumps his arm as the crowd pumps along.]

BC: YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY-

[B.C.'s "YYYYYYYY!" gets cut off by an angry Calisto Dufresne storming him from the blind side, cracking him with a forearm to the back of the head. He swings the big man around, hammering him with right hands to the skull as the bell rings to start the match.]

GM: A sneak attack before the bell by the National Champion and this one is underway!

[A few more right hands have B.C. staggered against the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne's all over him! The champion is fired up!

[Dufresne delivers a big boot to the ribs, forcing B.C. through the ropes and out onto the elevated wooden platform. The Ladykiller quickly steps through the ropes to follow him outside.]

GM: The Ladykiller's going after him out on the floor.

[A few well-placed stomps to the head force B.C.'s skull into the wooden platform before he leans down, dragging B.C. back to his feet. He ducks down, looking to scoop the MC off his feet...]

GM: He's gonna slam him on the ramp!

[But MC fights back, slamming the point of his elbow down on the temple of Dufresne, sending him spinning away. B.C. shoves Dufresne in the back, knocking him into the ropes where he rebounds off...]

...and gets elevated high in the air, dumped down spinefirst on the wooden platform!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! GOOD GRIEF!!!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Dufresne wincing in pain, cradling his lower back in pain as B.C. stands over him, pumping his fist to the cheering fans.]

GM: That'll change the momentum completely in this one, fans! B.C. Da Mastah MC countered the slam attempt and put the National Champion down HARD on the platform.

[B.C. leans down, dragging Dufresne up by his ponytail...

...and HURLS him over the ropes back into the ring!]

GM: Dufresne gets put back in the hard way!

[B.C. pauses again to pump his fist to the fans before stepping through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: B.C.'s moving in on him... and look at Dufresne backing off, begging for some mercy here...

[But as the rotund rapper moves in, Dufresne lashes out with a right hand to the flabby gut. He grabs a handful of hair before SLAMMING B.C.'s face into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Ohh! Hard into the corner goes B.C.!

BW: Now the champ's gonna show this fat punk what it means to be a top level competitor here in the AWA, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Dufresne spins B.C. around, his back against the buckles as Dufresne lays in boot after boot after boot into the large midsection as the referee counts to four...

...and Dufresne backs off, arms raised for a clean break.]

GM: The new Senior Official for the AWA, Johnny Jagger, is right in there to make sure Dufresne breaks clean at four. If he had gotten to five, don't think for a second that Jagger wouldn't have called for the bell.

[Moving back in, Dufresne hammers home a knee into the gut before grabbing an arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: B.C. hits the far side, stumbling back out...

[Dufresne delivers another boot to the gut before sliding to the side of his opponent, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and executing a front Russian legssweep, smashing B.C.'s face into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Someone's bell just got rung there, daddy!

[Dufresne shoves him over on his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: The champion's got him down for one... for two... for th-

[But B.C. fires a shoulder off the mat to the cheers of the fans. Dufresne rolls into a mount, grabbing the back of Da Mastah MC's head, hammering away with clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: The National Champion's going to work on him, throwing big right hands to the head...

[Dufresne climbs to his feet, burying a stomp down on the face. He backs to the ropes, bouncing off...

...and dropping a heavy knee to the forehead of his opponent before applying a second press.]

GM: One! Two! Thr-

[But again, B.C. gets a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the count.]

GM: And again! Again, Dufresne's all over him with right hands to the skull, hammering away!

[The referee's count hits four before Dufresne pulls out, glaring down at the dazed B.C. He leans down, grabbing B.C. by the arm to pull him up to his feet.]

GM: Dufresne drags him up... big whi- reversed!

[A desperation reversal sends Dufresne crashing backfirst into the corner as B.C. Da Mastah MC charges across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: AVALANCH- OHHH!

[The crowd jeers as Dufresne pulled himself out of range of the corner splash.]

GM: He missed! B.C. missed the splash in the corner!

[The Ladykiller buries a boot in the gut, pulling B.C. out in a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for it! He's going for the DDT!

[But B.C. knows that as well, swinging Dufresne around, and DRIVING him back into the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! Big counter by B.C.!

[The rotund rapper straightens up, pasting the Ladykiller with a pair of right hands to the jaw. He grabs the arm, firing Dufresne across the ring again.]

GM: Dufresne hits the corner hard again...

[And as the National Champion stumbles out of the corner, B.C. rushes out, leaving his feet...

...and DRILLING Dufresne in the chest with a running dropkick!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A DROPKICK! Incredible athleticism by the big man!

[B.C. climbs to his feet, waving that fist to the crowd who roars in response as the big man drags Dufresne up, leaning in to scoop him up and slam him down to the mat...]

GM: Big slam and... look out here!

[B.C. steps out to the apron, swinging that fist around as his music starts to play...]

BW: Are we seriously doing this?!

GM: The music is rockin'! The fans are rollin'! And B.C. is gonna fly!

[The big man steps up, one foot on the top rope as he shouts out, "GIMME A BEAT!"]

GM: HE LEAPS!!

[But Dufresne rolls aside, causing B.C. to SLAM down chestfirst to the canvas!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[And Dufresne quickly regains his feet, muscling the chubby B.C. into a front facelock...

...and DROPPING him on his skull with a sloppy Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Dufresne flips him to his back, diving across...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Dufresne pushes himself back to his knees, reaching down to slap B.C. across the face as he climbs to his feet, snatching his title belt away from the official. He strikes a pose, holding the title above his head with both arms as the crowd roars their disapproval.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne scores another victory here tonight in Dallas but the Championship Committee is on the hunt. The Ladykiller WILL be defending the National Title at SuperClash III... if he makes it that far with the gold... but who will he be facing? There's a lot of top notch talent in that Top Ten contenders list, Bucky.

BW: There is, Gordo. But I'm gonna give the Committee a word of advice - choose wisely.

GM: Choose wisely?

BW: That's right. Cause if they don't, than the Ladykiller is gonna embarrass the person they pick and walk out of SuperClash with the gold around his waist - guaranteed.

GM: I see. Well, I'm sure the Championship Committee is listening and watching. In fact, I'm told that Jon Stegglet, the interim Chairman of that Committee, is actually standing by in the backstage area with Jason Dane with some news for us. Jason?

[We crossfade to the backstage area of the Crockett Coliseum where the aforementioned men are waiting.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Stegglet, we just saw Calisto Dufresne defeat B.C. Da Mastah MC in a match you set up earlier tonight. That couldn't have been the result you were expecting.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: On the contrary, Jason, that's EXACTLY the result I was expecting. Unlike a lot of people around here, I don't underestimate Calisto Dufresne for a single second. The man is cunning, he's cerebral, and above all his, he's one of the best wrestlers in the world today. B.C.'s a tough kid but I figured the champion would be too much for him.

But I also wanted Calisto Dufresne to receive a very clear message. The Championship Committee is in charge around here - not him. When we tell him to compete, he'll compete. When we tell him to defend the title, he'll defend the title.

JD: I think that message was delivered loud and clear.

JS: Good. Because at SuperClash III, Calisto Dufresne IS going to defend the title.

JD: You mentioned that earlier. Can you tell us who will be receiving the title match?

[He shakes his head.]

JS: Not yet. The Committee has several strong candidates to choose from and the debate is ongoing.

JD: Who's on the list? Can you tell us that?

JS: You're a smart guy, Jason. I'm sure you can figure it out.

JD: Well, obviously Supernova - the man who won a shot at the title via the Memorial Day Rumble.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: And?

JD: Stevie Scott never received a rematch when he lost the title to Juan Vasquez. Marcus Broussard is also a former National Champion - the FIRST National Champion for that matter.

JS: Sounds good.

JD: Sultan Azam Sharif?

JS: Well, he DID almost have Dufresne beaten several weeks ago.

JD: What about Robert Donovan?

JS: The Longhorn Heritage Champion is the de facto Number One contender to the National Title in the eyes of the Championship Committee.

JD: Anyone else?

JS: I think you can say that anyone on the Top Ten would be under consideration.

JD: When will we have our answer?

JS: When we know, the world will know.

[Dane looks unhappy at that answer.]

JD: Well, can you at least give us the Final Four cities under consideration to host SuperClash?

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: Now that I can do, Jason. The Final Four cities are...

[Dramatic pause.]

JS: Dallas, Texas.

[Big cheer from inside the Coliseum!]

JS: Los Angeles, California. Memphis, Tennessee. And Phoenix, Arizona.

JD: Wow! Two new cities STILL in the mix.

JS: We've received very strong bids from both of those cities trying to gain their first AWA event... so we're still weighing our options.

JD: When do we get the host city announcement?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Sometime next week, we will announce the final two... and then right here in two weeks time, we will announce the host city for SuperClash III.

JD: Alright! Thanks for your time, Mr. Stegglet.

JS: It's my pleasure.

JD: Fans, we've got a lot more action still to come here tonight in Dallas so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We fade back up on a shot of Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop, the AWA website address splashed below him.]

MS: Hello, fans! And welcome to the AWA Live Event Center! I'm Mark Stegglet and you fans in Houston, Texas, had better get ready because the AWA is coming to town on Friday, October 7th, for another night of AWA arena action! The Campbell Center will be rockin' this Friday night when all the stars from the AWA come to town.

[The shot cuts away from Stegglet to a graphic that starts to show some of the advertised competitors.]

MS: Sweet Daddy Williams is on the bill! "Showtime" Rick Marley will be LIVE in Houston! The new National Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited, will put the gold on the line!

[The shot changes back to Stegglet.]

MS: And how about this man, Pedro Perez?

[Pedro Perez steps into view alongside the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson.]

PP: The word is out! The warning has been issued! If you own a store in the Houston area that sells sunglasses, you had better stock up! You had better spend every piece of profit you have on getting the blackest, darkest shades on the market because you're about to get a run on 'em.

[Perez grins widely.]

PP: Because the future is comin' to Houston... and the future's so bright...

[Perez tugs on a pair of sunglasses, beaming underneath them.]

PP: You gotta wear shades, people!

MS: Mr. Perez, you face Ricky Armstrong in Houston this Friday night.

PP: That's right! Ricky Armstrong. Hey, Ben... didn't Armstrong graduate from the Combat Corner?

[Waterson grins.]

ATTSBW: Sure did, kid.

PP: That's what I thought. That's real cute, Armstrong. You sat around in that stinky, filthy, moldy sweathole that Michaelson runs with an iron fist, dreaming of the days when people paid money to see his name up in the lights... you sat there waiting for him to tell you it was okay to take the next step.

Not me, Armstrong.

See, Mr. Waterson showed me the light. He showed me the way out of Michaelson's dead end tunnel and to the land of milk and honeys.

MS: Honeys?

PP: You ever see my hotel room after the show?

MS: Err.

PP: You can't handle it, Stegglet, so stick to your video games like the rest of these morons who come to the show to boo me.

But Armstrong, it's time for you to face the facts.

You're just a kid with a dream. Some punk that Michaelson's convinced will be the next big thing. But it ain't the truth, Ricky. It ain't nowhere near the truth.

Because you're looking...

[A jerk of the thumb towards himself.]



PP: ...at the next... big... thing. And Friday night, you'll find that out firsthand.

[Perez and Waterson exit to leave Stegglet to his shilling.]

MS: Pedro Perez says he's gonna blind the world with his talent this Friday night in Houston against Ricky Armstrong. Fans, you do not want to miss it when the AWA comes to your town!

[A graphic comes up with ticket information for a moment before we fade to black...

...and then come back up to live action where we see Holly Hotbody in the middle of the ring.]

HH: What's next?

[Hotbody looks a little bored as she looks around the ring.]

HH: This guy... over here... Rashad... something... right?

[The man in the ring looks annoyed at the obviously intelligent but oblivious to her actions Hotbody. He shouts his name in her direction.]

HH: Rashan Hill!

[Small cheer for Hill. Hill is an African-American man with a flattop afro, clean shaven. Wears full-length black tights with thick red stripes running down each side, black boots, and black athletic gloves that go almost to the elbow. He raises his right arm in the air to acknowledge the cheers.]

HH: And his opponent... from South Africa... two hundred seventy-one pounds... boy, I love a man in uniform...

COLONEL P.W. DE KLERRRRRRK!

[There is no entrance music as de Klerk appears on the entrance ramp. The crowd boos relentlessly as de Klerk takes a few steps and stops, his left arm behind his back. He uses his right arm to twist his handlebar mustache and peer out at the crowd. He offers them a military salute and continues to the ring. He climbs into the ring and raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers another military salute to the crowd.]

GM: We're about to get this contest underway.

[The Colonel simply exits the ring and walks over towards the announce table.]

BW: Looks like de Klerk has other ideas, Gordo.

[De Klerk is heard demanding the microphone from Gordon Myers. Myers hands the mic to him.]

PWdK: As I have stated in the past, my AWA contract allows me to dictate what opponents I will face. I will not face THIS [motions towards Rashan Hill] man. When will I be given an opponent worthy of my ability and skills?

[The crowd boos. De Klerk pauses to scan the crowd.]

PWdK: You DARE boo a man of my moral fiber!? How DARE you! How DARE Dallas, Texas boo a principled man like Colonel Pieter Wilhem de Klerk!

BW: The man has a point, Gordo.

GM: This man is a sick individual, Bucky. His superior attitude leaves A LOT to be desired.

PWdK: I will NOT face this man in a wrestling match. I will not stoop to sully myself for the delight of people who will not show me the respect I deserve. Nor will I even consider allowing that animal in the ring to put his hands on me!

GM: That's uncalled for! This man is DESPICABLE, Bucky!

[De Klerk turns and faces Myers.]

PWdK: Show me the respect I deserve, simpleton!

[De Klerk returns his attention to the ring. At this point, Rashan Hill is arguing with Johnny Jagger.]

GM: This man needs to be beaten and throttled, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, you can't go losing your judgment every time someone calls you a name. That's exactly what causes you to get into that accident in the future.

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: I can't say. Trust me, the Rave have been saying things to me. It's top secret. If it was anyone else, I wouldn't say nothing. You're my friend, Gordo.

[De Klerk puts the mic back down on the announce table and starts to walk back towards the entrance ramp. With Hill's attention on the official, de Klerk sees his opportunity. He reaches in and trips up the Arlington-native causing him to land face-first on the mat. He reaches in with his other arm and pulls Rashan Hill out of the ring causing him to land face-first on the thinly padded arena floor.]

GM: What a scoundrel!

[Jagger admonishes de Klerk, who waves off the senior AWA official. De Klerk demands Jagger call for the bell for the match to start. Jagger calls for the bell and starts his count.]

BW: You ain't gotta agree with what he says. De Klerk is a cagey veteran, Gordo. He riled up Rashan Hill enough to get him distracted and then took advantage of it. You can't afford not to take every opportunity when it presents itself against the competitors in the AWA.

GM: He's not out-thinking his opponent, Bucky. He's making disparaging remarks by calling him an animal. Someone needs to shut him up.

[De Klerk pulls Hill up to a vertical base. He puts his head underneath Hill's right arm, gripping the Virginian around the waist. De Klerk rams Hill back first into the ring apron three times. Hill falls to a seated position against the ring apron. De Klerk backs off and kicks Hill in the face for good measure.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky. He didn't need to kick Rashan Hill in the face.

BW: I think he did. Maybe Hill's Mama will like the new look.

[Jagger gets to a count of six. De Klerk rolls into the ring, under the bottom rope, far enough to stop the count. De Klerk rolls back out as Jagger protests this decision.]

BW: He's coming back out to do more damage, daddy. This ain't good for the rookie.

GM: I give de Klerk all the credit in the world as a great wrestler. He's competed all over the world, Bucky. Not many wrestlers can say that about themselves.

[De Klerk pulls Hill to his feet and then scoops him up and bodyslams him onto the thin padding. Hill rolls onto his side, grabbing at his back. De Klerk delivers a vicious stomp to Hill's head. He follows that up with another stomp. The crowd boos. De Klerk turns his attention to them and makes a gesture that he doesn't care about their opinion.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Look at that! He's teaching the fans here in Dallas some South African sign language! What a swell guy.

[The Colonel delivers a third and final stomp to Hill's head for good measure.]

GM: Look at the mean streak in this man, Bucky.

BW: You ain't gotta tell me twice. He turned Rashan's head into pulverized meat in a arena floor and boot sammich. I wonder if that's a new dish in the future. I'll have to ask the Rave about that.

GM: I doubt they'll give you an answer, Bucky. You'll have to invent a time-machine yourself.

BW: I guess I'll just have to wonder then.

GM: You wouldn't want to time travel?

BW: The time-traveling is just too dangerous. Better that I devote myself to study the other great mystery of the universe: women!

GM: You're incorrigible!

BW: I don't know the meaning of the word!

[He doesn't.

De Klerk pulls Hill off the arena floor and delivers a punch to the head for good measure. He rolls Hill onto the ring apron and pushes Hill underneath the bottom rope and into the ring. De Klerk saunters around a corner, taunting the fans before climbing up onto the ring apron and back into the ring. De Klerk walks over to Hill, who is on all-fours trying to regain his vertical base. De Klerk moves in and pulls Rashan Hill up and whips him into the turnbuckle.]

BW: Hill finds himself in a bad place in that turnbuckle. De Klerk easily gets to block the official's viewing angle.

GM: You mean he gets to cheat.

BW: Not cheat. A man as principled as de Klerk would never do that.

[De Klerk charges in and levels Hill with a clothesline. He hits a few chops to straighten Hill back up. De Klerk steps between the top and middle rope to the ring apron and climbs the turnbuckles. He places his right knee against Hill's head before pushing off the turnbuckle, driving Hill face-first to the mat.]

GM: What a devastating move from de Klerk! He just drove Hill face-first into the mat with a knee-assisted faceslam!

BW: When you're twenty-pounds shy of three-hundred, that's gonna hurt a lot.

GM: The Colonel is in complete control of this match right now, Bucky. He's showing us what twenty-five years as a professional wrestler teaches you. He's controlling the pace. He's just working over the head of Rashan Hill, softening it up for his State of Emergency move.

BW: People often say wisdom is the best teacher, Gordo. Ain't no teacher like experience. You gotta get out there and do it. You learn more from your failures than you do your successes.

GM: I agree, Bucky. You do learn more from your failures.

BW: I don't learn from my failures, Gordo. I don't fail.

[Hill rolls onto his back as de Klerk gets to his feet. He motions Jagger over, putting Hill's body between de Klerk and the official. De Klerk starts using the senior official's shirt to wipe his hands clean.]

GM: What's he doing!?

BW: He don't want the sweat of Rashan Hill on him, I guess.

GM: This Colonel de Klerk is a disgusting human being, Bucky. There's no call for that.

[Jagger backs away before de Klerk can finish wiping his hands. The Colonel shoots Jagger an annoyed look and then motions he was just wiping his hands clean. Jagger says something to the South African. De Klerk simply steps closer to the official, stepping on Hill's throat as he does so.]

BW: That's gonna take the wind outta ya!

GM: There's no need for that! He just stepped on a man's throat, Bucky. That is NOT a legal wrestling maneuver.

[Jagger points at de Klerk and threatens disqualification. De Klerk pleads confusion and ignorance to what he did wrong.]

GM: Johnny Jagger is giving de Klerk a stern warning. He should just go ahead and disqualify the Colonel for that little display.

BW: It ain't de Klerk's fault that Hill's throat was in the middle of his walkin' path.

[De Klerk turns his attention back to the crowd, giving them a military salute and a "cat that just ate the canary" grin. He pulls Rashan Hill to a vertical base and into a standing headscissors.]

BW: And go ahead and call the South African military. They're about to have another body to clean up!

[De Klerk lifts Hill into a piledriver position and holds him up there for a few seconds. De Klerk pitches forward, slamming Hill face first into the mat.]

GM: De Klerk just hit all of that State of Emergency!

BW: Send Rashan Hill home! That turkey's done and Thanksgivin' is right around the corner!

[De Klerk rolls Hill onto his back and covers with a lateral press. Jagger counts the three and calls for the bell.]

HH: The winner of the match... COLONEL P.W. DE KLERK!

[De Klerk jerks his arm away from Jagger and then raises it in the air before he exits the ring.]

GM: The Colonel racks up another victory here tonight in Dallas. He's a tough customer and a competitor that should never be taken lightly inside the squared circle.

BW: And that makes him just the kind of guy that the next guy we're about to hear from might like to employ.

GM: Huh?

BW: Let's let Jason Dane do his job and you'll see exactly what I mean.

[We cut to the interview stage where Jason Dane is standing. Next to him, is Jeremiah King. King is dressed in a charcoal colored suit with a white shirt and black tie.]

JD: You asked for some time, Jeremiah.

JK: Please call me Mr. King, Jason. And yes, I did ask for time. I asked for time because I'm currently a manager without any clients. Seeing as how the Aces broke their contractual obligations to me. This leaves me with a great opportunity.

JD: According to the Aces...

JK: [interrupting] The Aces are the past, and I'm focusing on my future. Between now and SuperClash, I will be accepting applications for employment from all interested wrestlers. I will review, evaluate, and make my decision based on a very strict and narrow criterion. Make no mistake. I will build a conglomeration of wrestlers who will be the future of this sport. I will not accept just anyone. I've left a stack of my business cards on the catering table. Any interested parties just need to take one to get my contact information.

JD: This is like an open enrollment for any interested wrestlers?

JK: No. This is a investment in the future of any interested parties. At SuperClash, I will announce my newest clients. That's all. Thank you for the time, Jason.

[Jeremiah King leaves the stage.]

JD: Back to you, Gordon.

[We crossfade back down to ringside.]

GM: Jeremiah King is looking for new clients?

BW: Of course he is! The man is a top flight managerial mind and just because those fools couldn't see it - it doesn't mean that the rest of the wrestling world doesn't.

GM: You sound quite fond of Mr. King, Bucky.

BW: Let's just say we've got common enemies... and I wouldn't mind seeing the Aces pay for what they did to him... and me.

GM: Speaking of the Aces, we'll be seeing them in action later tonight but right now, let's go to-

["Black Cat" screeches over the PA system, taking the announcers off-guard.]

GM: Oh not him! I thought we'd be able to get through one broadcast without having to see Rex Summers.

BW: What's your problem with the champ, Gordo?

GM: I've already explained this to you several times Bucky, the man is an absolute disgrace to the profession! He's walked around here carrying a title he no longer deserves, has spit on not only the AWA but the memory of PCW, and need I mention his actions last week?

BW: Please do, I loved every moment of it!

[As Janet Jackson's voice is nearly drowned out by the booing of the audience, Buddy Morton strides down the aisle with a huge grin on his face.]

GM: As low as we've seen Rex Summers I never expected to see him put his hands on the patriarch of the Lynch Family, the great Blackjack Lynch! But Summers proved beyond a shadow of a doubt what kind of snake he really is in that six-man tag.

BW: Aw lighten up, the old man had it coming. He sat ringside and knew he'd be a target, but it didn't stop him from insulting Rex's manhood.

GM: WHAT?

BW: It's true, I heard him. Elderly people shouldn't cuss that much.

GM: You're making that up, Bucky Wilde.

[Morton waddles down to the ring, with no sign of Summers, and climbs into the ring. In the ring is another wrestler, wearing nondescript long red tights with black trunks over top of them for a layered appearance. A simple black and red mask completes the outfit, and Morton sneers at the competitor before taking the microphone out of Holly's grasp. The crowd boos.]

BM: Hey, shut up all of you!

[The crowd boos louder.]

BM: I said shut up! I'm Buddy Morton, the maker of legends, and you will give me the respect I deserve!

[This goes about as well as you'd expect. Morton's face turns a bright shade of red as he's about ready to boil over, but he manages to regain his composure after a few deep breaths.]

GM: Good lord, that man is ten gallons of garbage stuffed into a nine gallon bucket.

BW: That's crazy Gordo... where would you ever find a nine gallon bucket?

[Despite the continued booing from the crowd Buddy trudges on with the introductions.]

BM: Even though you people don't deserve to see him, please welcome the \_RRRRRRREAL\_ world's champion... "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

["Black Cat" hits the speakers again, and Summers comes walking out from the back in a regal sequined blue and white robe. The trademark smirk from Summers, who turns around to show the message written on the back of the robe: "Blackjack Got Aced, Courtesy Of The Champ". The hatred really comes pouring in now as Rex saunters the rest of the way down the aisle towards the ring, pausing as he walks up the steps to display the back of his robe to the audience.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting. Rex Summers, you have payback coming in the form of the Lynches and if there's any justice in the world it will be coming soon.

[As Rex steps into the middle of the ring he holds up a hand and brushes his opponent for the evening back, the masked man obliging as Buddy rubs his fat little hands together.]

BM: Welcome, champ! How about you give these jacknuts a thrill and say a few words?

[Rex takes the microphone from his manager and undoes the ties on his robe to let it hang open, putting the PCW Championship Title on display. That, and his sculpted abs.]

RS: These people don't deserve to hear or see me Buddy. These people cheer for the Lynches, the biggest group of inbreds and hillbillies since Lynyrd Skynyrd broke up. You people really love the Lynch family, don't you?

[A mass of cheers rises up!]



RS: That's what I thought. That's also why I grabbed their old man and hauled his hundred year old ass over the barricade last week.

[BOO!]

RS: I would have driven Blackjack's carcass into the floor with the Heat Check, but the broken old man couldn't even get on his feet long enough for the setup! I broke Little Travvie Lynch's spirit, not to mention his balls, a few weeks back, but it wasn't enough. I needed more...

I needed to break the collective spirit of all the Lynches. And that's just what the champ did. The tenth wonder of the world is standing tall once again, and feeling good. So if all you toothless Texan trailer trash would kindly shut your yaps fall in line, I'll show you what the ladies of the Lynch family dream about when they lay down with their old men.

Hit my music!

[So "Black Cat" plays for a third time this evening as Morton obliges his man by taking the robe off his shoulders and letting the champion flex his biceps and pose for the unappreciative crowd for a few moments. Buddy, still clutching Rex's robe, passes by the opponent for his charge.]

BM: Sorry pal, but tonight it looks like you're an honorary Lynch. Hope you've got a next of kin.

[And Morton leaves the ring as Rex suddenly rushes forward and smashes the masked man in the head with a charging clothesline! The bell rings frantically as a referee slides under the bottom rope and signals to start the match.]

GM: Oh come on, can't Summers play by any rules at all?

BW: He does, his own!

GM: [dripping with sarcasm] Oh well he's a real class act.

[Summers shoots the masked man into the ropes and lowers his head for a backdrop, but the opponent leapfrogs over instead and grabs Summers for an inverted atomic drop! The crowd cheers briefly as Rex winces in pain, but a sharp elbow stops the momentum cold.]

GM: I'm told Rex's opponent is called the Red Baron, and so far he's surprising the PCW Champion a little.

BW: Call him Baron Von Lynch if you want, it's all going to end up the same way. Flat on his back with a Heat Check, this is barely a workout for the champ.

[As if punctuating Bucky's point, Rex strikes hard with a running kneelift to double the Baron up and delivers a sledgehammer blow across the back of the bent over wrestler. A gutwrench suplex led to a quick count of two, but Summers pulled him up by the head and dragged him to the corner for a quick series of chops. Backing up to run in with another kneelift, Rex lifted the Baron up for a slam and then teased the audience with a bit of posing once again.]

GM: I have a hard time believing Rex Summers was actually the best that PCW had to offer. The more I see him, the more criminal it is for him to be the last titleholder for the promotion. Poor Blackjack.

BW: You've never given him a chance, Gordo, not from day one. This is the type of bias Rex and Buddy have complained about!

GM: Well with a flying kneedrop from the middle turnbuckle, that may end this match thank god. One. Two. And no, a kickout from the Red Baron. This kid is proving a little tougher to put away.

BW: The champ's just toying with him, that's all. Another minute, a Heat Check, and that's all she wrote.

[Summers drags the Baron back to his feet and hits an uppercut to rattle the masked man, then whips him to the nearest corner. A double axehandle to the corner actually misses target as the Baron sidesteps Rex, and begins to smash his face into the turnbuckles repeatedly! The crowd gets excited and begins to count along:

"One! Two! Three! Four! Five!"

The Baron looks around, surprised the crowd is reacting to him... and then continues at a quicker pace.

"SixSevenEightNineTen!" POP!]

BW: What the hell, Gordo?!?

GM: Well I'll be! The Red Baron is taking it to Rex Summers, and Morton's not taking it so well.

[On the floor Buddy is turning various shades of red again, apoplectic at the sight of Rex struggling to get back to his feet while the Baron controls things with a side headlock. Summers shoves the Baron off to the ropes again, and snaps off a spinebuster slam more from instinct than effort to slow the masked man again. The rattled champion gets back up, his face contorted in rage and anger as he lays in the boots to the Baron.]

GM: Whatever's going on in the ring, it's rattling Summers. He's signalling for the Heat Check, but he'll be lucky to get out of this match unscathed Bucky.

BW: Not a chance, all that matters is the wi- WHOA!

GM: The Baron backdropped Rex Summers! I don't believe it, the Red Baron countered that deadly maneuver!

[But what happens next goes a long way to making sense of what we've witnessed.]

GM: THE CLAW! THE RED BARON IS USING THE IRON CLAW ON REX SUMMERS!

BW: I SMELL A RAT, MYERS!

[The crowd is roaring with delight as Summers desperately grabs the top rope and frees himself from the Baron's clawhold, pulling himself over the top rope to the outside. The look on Rex's face has gone from anger over a more competitive match than he was expecting... to a look of fear as he stares and points up at the Baron standing tall in the ring. And the Baron points right back, then reaches up and gives a tug on the top of his mask.

To reveal the face of Travis Lynch. HUGE POP OF REVELATION!]

GM: Oh my god, the Baron- the Baron is Travis Lynch!

[Summers keeps backing up the aisle, forgetting his title, his robe, and even his manager. He keeps pointing, but soon turns and takes off with his tail tucked between his legs. Buddy nabs the title from ringside and runs off as quickly as he can, which isn't all that fast.]

BW: That was a setup the whole time! The AWA suits had to be in on it, they wanted to hand deliver the champ to that runt Travis Lynch! Now try and tell me there's no conspiracy!

GM: I don't know anything about that Bucky, but the crowd is loving every moment of this. Mark Stegglet is trying to get a word with Travis right now.

[Dutifully the interviewer steps into the ring and walks up to a fired up Travis Lynch, still clutching the mask of the Red Baron.]

MS: Travis ..

[Before Stegglet can continue Travis grabs his arm and pulls the microphone towards him.]

TL: SUMMERS! GET BACK HERE!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Travis bellows for Summers to return to the ringside area.]

TL: Come on Summers! Get back here!

[Travis begins to wave his arms beckoning Rex Summers, who is long gone, to come back. The crowd cheers wildly as Travis grabs the microphone from the hand of Mark Steglet.]

TL: Come on Summers it's time to face the fury of Lynch!

[Travis paces back and forth for a moment before he begins to speak again.]

TL: Homecoming was supposed to be a night long celebration for the Lynches, with my brothers winning the 2011 Stampede Cup and us kicking Playboy Enterprise and Rex Summers all over Dallas later in the night.

[The expression upon Travis' face becomes just a bit more upset.]

TL: But instead of the night long family celebration we had to witness an assault ... an assault on Blackjack himself! Come on Summers! Be a man and get back out here!

[Travis pauses again, staring at the entrance way, hoping for a glimpse of the PCW Heavyweight Champion.]

TL: Of course Summers won't come back out and face me! Cause Summers was the man who assaulted Blackjack ... and Rex Summers is the biggest coward in the AWA! He is a man, who when faced with a true opponent pulls out every trick in the book ... look at Stampede Cup where he cheated to retain the title ... and look at tonight when he ran with his tail between his legs!

[The crowd cheers in agreement.]

TL: You could see the yellow streak down his back tonight! Yet, somehow he is a big enough man to try and stomp a mud hole into the chest of a sixty year old man; but just not any man ... my father! Come on Summers! I'm begging you ... begging you to come back out here! Be a man, Summers!

Be a man!

[The crowd roars approval at Travis' fire. Travis paces back and forth again and runs his left hand through his hair.]

TL: Summers ... SUMMERS! Tonight, was just the beginning of payback for Blackjack! Jack and James are going to win the National Tag Team Championships for the old man ... and me ... this runt of the litter ...

[Travis strikes a double bicep pose as the arena is filled with squeals from the women in attendance.]

TL: ...is going to beat the hell out of you for him!

[The youngest of the Lynch brothers storms out of the ring, marching down the elevated ramp towards the locker room area, leaving Mark Stegglet behind 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.]

We fade back up to live action where we find Jason Dane standing at the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, in just a few minutes, we are going to see this man compete in the ring for the first time since the Stampede Cup. Ladies and gentlemen, Marcus Broussard!

[The familiar sounds of "Super Bon Bon" play as Broussard casually walks into view, dressed to wrestle and holding a towel around his neck. Broussard looks clean shaven and ornery, with a squint to his usual expression.]

JD: Marcus, this is the first time we've heard you speak since the Stampede Cup, where you and Calisto Dufresne went to a time limit draw with the team of Stevie Scott and Supernova.

MB: Wait, wait, wait a moment here Jason Dane, let's not jump to conclusions. Dufresne and I are a team in the truest sense of the word. We put away our personal goals for the good of the cause, we set aside the fact that he and I are the top wrestlers in the industry, and we achieve.

Together Everyone Achieves More, Dane. That's a TEAM.

Those other two individuals, not so much. They were brought together by desperation, hoping for inspiration. I'm shocked they were able to get in the ring at the same time, much less not fall apart like a pair of cheap sunglasses.

JD: So you're claiming victory?

MB: No no, you should know me by now, my view is not that askew. What I'm claiming is that regardless of what the outcome was, Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard proved what we claim. We are the finest the AWA has to offer. And the wrestling match we're going to put on at SuperClash is going to be-

JD: The what? Excuse me?

[Broussard looks sideways at Dane, who looks like he just hit the big one.]

MB: Don't act like you don't know what I'm getting at. Dufresne's a great champion, he's a fine competitor. But the gold standard in the AWA will always be Marcus Broussard, and until someone proves otherwise I'll stand by that.

There has been no one that has established themselves as a clear cut contender worthy of my title at Superclash. Scott, Supernova, Donovan, they're all locked in a quagmire of self hatred and self congratulations, too ready to applaud themselves for being the man who stands up to "the darkness" but not man enough to extend and defend a challenge.

Not me. Not Marcus Broussard. The darkness has never bothered me, because since the very inception of the AWA I've been the beacon of excellence and greatness.

JD: WHAT?! \_You\_ are the one who got that damn posse together, YOU are "the darkness"!

[Broussard just turns and glares.]

MB: I beg. Your. Pardon.

You may not like it, and I certainly don't need your approval, but the one person who gets things done around here is me. People complained about the Southern Syndicate for a year.

I took them down. Juan Vasquez used me and abused me to get his moment of glory, so I took him out. I have never lacked the gall to make a bold move, I've got enough balls to fill a moon bounce. Let the rest of the white hats bicker about who the rightful number one contender is, the only piece of clothing I'm interested in is gold.

I hereby declare myself the number one contender. My match coming up next will prove why.

[And with that, Broussard leaves the set to a chorus of boos, but considerable buzz.]

JD: Marcus Broussard believes he IS the Number One contender and he's about to show the world exactly why. He's headed down to the ring and we're gonna take a quick break but we'll be right back with the San Jose Shark in action!

[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 ring where we see both Marcus Broussard and his opponent, Gary Reid, already in the ring, the referee giving final instructions to both men.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. We're back from commercial here and this match has already begun, Marcus Broussard taking on Gary Reid. This should be a fantastic technical exhibition.

BW: Ha!

GM: If Broussard allows it to be!

BW: This is the San Jose Shark, baby dolls, the very best there's ever been when it comes to the mat game. Gary Reid's gone baby gone, we'll just see how much life Marcus gives him.

[The bell rings and both men circle around. Broussard stays in an athletic stance, knees bent, slightly leaning, hands prodding Reid, who's no newcomer himself. Reid does the same, batting the way the hands of Broussard, then quickly grabbing a side headlock, and taking it over. As soon as they hit the ground, Marcus swings his legs up and snatches Reid's head, scissoring out of the hold. Both men get to their feet, Broussard grabbing the back of his head and looking at the ref.]

BW: C'mon ref, get on that. Mickey Meekly not seeing the obvious infraction, Gordo.

GM: Gimme a break, Bucky, that's just Broussard complaining.

BW: What?! Hogwash, I tells ya.

[The two competitors circle around again, this time with Broussard cinching in the headlock.]

GM: Broussard with the side headlock now, expertly applied, cinching it in as Reid squirms around... trying to shift his weight.

[Reid indeed shifts his weight and tries to lift Broussard for a suplex, but the San Jose Shark widens his base and bears down, literally sinking his ass to block.]

GM: Reid can't lift Broussard for the suplex, and now tries to get a running start- and he throws Broussard off of him, into the ropes.

[Broussard slows down and grabs the ropes with both hands, not letting himself rebound off... but turns around into a dropkick on the money, the force of which causes him to tumble outside to the floor to the delight of the crowd!]

GM: Dropkick on the button! Broussard tumbles out to the floor, Bucky, to the delight of this crowd!

BW: Yeah, real original. Marcus is just stunned, daddy, no biggie.

[Reid beckons for Broussard to rejoin the fun, and Marcus obliges by sliding in on his belly. Just as Marcus gets to his feet, Reid charges at him.]



Broussard hits the deck, springs back up and greets a rebounding Gary Reid with a high hiplock takeover!]

GM: Big hiptoss from Broussard, here's a second, up and ov- NO! Reid twists underneath, and reaches for a backslide! ONE! T-NO!

[Broussard angrily flips out of the pin attempt and kicks a kneeling Gary Reid square in the face!]

BW: There's on the button for ya, baby, fat lip city!

GM: And that certainly stuns Gary Reid, who gets sent for the ride- who REVERSES the ride!

[Gordon seems to enjoy calling Reid's countering of everything Broussard does, but finds no joy as Broussard stops his momentum once more and watches a Gary Reid dropkick hit nothing.]

BW: Faked him out of his shoes right there, daddy, the Shark's two steps ahead.

GM: He seemed to have that scouted out, and now with a clothesline- ducked by Reid!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

BW: Not this time, ha!

GM: Broussard missed the clothesline but spun around and effortlessly took down Reid with the drop toe hold.

BW: And just as effortlessly floats into a seated headlock. It's like the blind musician, baby, Marcus goes on instinct and feel.

[The first National Champion squeezes the side headlock in, maneuvering his legs to get all of his weight leaning on Gary Reid, but the former Mid-South Wrestling mainstay deftly shifts his weight and brings Marcus over into a pinning predicament even as he cranks on the headlock!]

GM: Beautiful counter, here's the count! ONE- Broussard lets go!

[A frustrated Broussard relinquishes the headlock and gets to his feet, kicking Gary Reid as he gets to his feet, and bulling him into the corner.]

GM: Broussard resorting to more bullish tactics, and just bumrushes Reid into the corner.

BW: A lot of people miss the memo on Marcus, Gordo. They see the beautiful moves and the ring awareness, and they overlook that he's about two fifty

on a good day and has crazy leg strength. That's why his ground and pound is so effective, cause he's got some lead in the pencil there.

[Broussard lays in a chop, and then another, but is once again countered by Gary Reid, who ducks underneath a looping right hand and switches positions with the San Jose Shark, and lays in a chop of his own! The crowd eats it up as Broussard intentionally wraps both arms around the corner ropes and hollers that Meekly intervene.]

GM: You know, I have to say, this is developing into an interesting little game of cat and mouse with Broussard and Reid. Gary Reid is certainly no stranger to the squared circle, Bucky, and he seems to have an answer for everything Broussard does.

BW: No, this ain't his first barbecue, and he's giving Marcus a run for his money here. He's got agility on Marcus, and the guy is slippery. Just can't get a good hold on him.

[Mickey Meekly gets in between the two men, granting Broussard enough space to fire off a right hand over the referee's shoulder. The crowd, and Reid, cry foul as Marcus shoves the ref out of the way, and sends Reid into the opposite corner with some umph behind it.]

BW: Yeah baby, that's called ring awareness. Nice to meet you, Gary Reid!

GM: Broussard creates his own space, and Reid hit that corner hard. Now Broussard follows him in, driving knee lift to the gut! Turn around, to the other corner we go!

[But that tricky Gary Reid plants and jumps, landing on the middle rope and hopping back, twisting his body in mid air for a crowd pleasing sunset flip... that hits nothing but air, as Broussard smartly hits the deck once more.]

BW: Nobody home! Two steps ahead again!

GM: Broussard dodges that big move, and rolls to the corner as Reid gets up- uh oh.

[And as Gary Reid does get up, he puts right hand on his left shoulder and winces in pain. And don't you think Marcus Broussard missed it. Broussard's mind starts to race, and a well placed dropkick to the knee lands Reid flat on his face, where Broussard goes to work.]

GM: The San Jose Shark smells blood, Bucky! Stomp after stomp to that bad shoulder, and Reid must be cursing himself for showing even an instant of weakness!

[Marcus brings Reid to his feet at warp speed and rams him shoulder first into the corner, then brings him back out to the middle of the ring, pivots and drives him shoulder first into the same corner! The crowd boos like crazy as Broussard warms up!]

GM: Arm wringer by Broussard, and Reid just doubles over in pain from it- oh, sharp elbow to the shoulder, now another!

BW: No one dissects a body part like Marcus Broussard, no one can take advantage of an injury quite like the Shark!

[Another arm wringer from Broussard, who twists himself around so he's facing Reid, puts all of his weight on the shoulder joint and drops in a kinda sorta single arm DDT. Reid shrieks in pain as the crowd goes from booing to mildly concerned...

...and then majorly concerned as the San Jose Shark wraps his legs around the injured arm, falling back and hyperextending the elbow!]

GM: Armbar! The armbar is sunk in!

BW: Call it right, Gordo! This is a cross armbreaker, daddy! And once it's sunk in that deep...

[Reid quickly submits, causing Meekly to ring the bell.]

BW: ...it's all over!

[Broussard continues to yank back on the arm, feigning deafness to Meekly's orders to break the hold.]

GM: He won't break the hold! Come on, ref!

BW: He may break his arm instead, Gordo! And have you ever seen Supernova do something like this? Even Stevie Scott can't pull something like this off! This is why Marcus Broussard should be the Number One contender! This is why he should face the National Champion at SuperClash III!

GM: Come on, Broussard! Break the hold!

[The referee starts a count, reaching four before the San Jose Shark releases the submission hold, spinning out of the hold and back up to his feet where he immediately orders the official to raise his hand in victory.]

GM: The San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard, scores a victory here tonight but somewhere in the back, you know Supernova and Stevie Scott are watching this with great interest.

BW: The Championship Committee better be watching too, Gordo, cause if they are, they just saw their next Number One contender show 'em how it's done, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that. Broussard picks up the win and now, let's go backstage where I understand Mark Stegklet is standing by with Sweet Daddy Williams!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where the aforementioned rotund fan favorite is standing alongside the backstage interviewer. The Atlanta native is dressed for a fight in his ring trunks and a red Soup Bone Samson t-shirt.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Sweet Daddy Williams, you came to the Crockett Coliseum tonight with a goal in mind - to settle your issue with Tin Can Rust. But it doesn't look like things will end up that way.

[A disappointed SDW nods his head.]

SDW: That's a fact, baby. They tell me that Rust didn't show up here at the building tonight and that they're not actually sure when or if he's ever coming back.

MS: Tin Can Rust has given his notice?

SDW: I don't know all the details, Marky, but they tell me he ain't here tonight in Dallas and they told me not expect him to show up any time soon.

MS: That has to be disappointing for you.

SDW: It is, it is. I was hoping we could settle our problems tonight right out here in front of the great fans of Dallas!

[He grins at his own cheap cheer-grabbing words.]

SDW: But it be's that way sometimes, Marky.

MS: I suppose you're right. But since you don't have Tin Can Rust on your plate anymore, I was wondering if you could tell us what's next for Sweet Daddy Williams.

SDW: You never know what's next for ol' Sweet Daddy, baby. I'm still looking to strap some gold around my pretty lil' waist this year and I see a lot of pieces of gold that would fill that spot.

MS: Are you thinking of challenging Calisto Dufresne for the National Title?

SDW: The last I heard, the suits on the Committee were havin' a heck of a time figuring out who would face that ol' snakebelly at SuperClash. There's a lot of fine people out there who could challenge him but ain't no one finer than this ol' shucker jiver, ya hear?

MS: You're throwing your hat in the ring to face the National Champion at SuperClash?

SDW: Ya hard of hearin', Marky? I'm throwing my hat, my boots, my t-shirt, my jacket, my socks, even the Sweet Daddy's ol' underwear in the ring if it means I get a shot at the biggest prize in our sport on the biggest stage in our sport, baby. And when I get my shot at Calisto Dufres...

[Williams trails off as an unexpected visitor arrives in frame. It is the well-dressed white-suited Ivan Kostovich alongside a flag-carrying Vladimir Velikov and a tobacco-chewing Dick Sullivan.]

JD: Gentlemen, I don't want any trouble here.

IK: Then I'd suggest you hand over the microphone and walk away, Dane.

[Jason Dane does not, simply holding the mic under Kostovich's mouth.]

IK: Did I hear that right? Are my ears deceiving me? You...

[He points disdainfully at Williams.]

IK: ...actually think you deserve a shot at the National Title?

[Kostovich asks incredulously, stopping to laugh at the end of the question.]

SDW: You sayin' I don't, Red Robin?

IK: I'm just saying that I find it hard to believe that the Championship Committee would look up and down the roster filled with credible challengers and settle...

[Another disdainful look.]

IK: ...on you. It's this kind of wishful thinking that makes people like Kolya Sudakov believe they can stand up to me with bass in their voice and attempt to throw off my guidance.

SDW: Guidance, huh? That ain't exactly the word I'd use.

[Kostovich glares... and then his eyes turn to Dick Sullivan who hasn't said a word so far.]

IK: Ah, yes... I remember now. You two... know one another, yes?

[Williams' eyes fall on his former friend and tag team partner.]

SDW: I thought so, yeah. Then I saw him show up here with you two son of a guns and stick Kolya Sudakov when his back was turned! That ain't the Dick Sullivan I know!

IK: The Dick Sullivan you know grew tired of waiting for the ignorant promoters in this company to realize what true wrestling talent looked like and instead decided to strike out on his own to realize his financial dreams. He's making more money in a week working for me than he'd make in a month teaming with the likes of you, Williams.

[The rotund fan favorite grimaces, glaring at Kostovich.]

SDW: That may be a fact, Kostovich, but at least I can go to sleep with a clear conscience. At least I put my head on my fluffy pillow tonight knowin' that I didn't put a man in the hospital like the three of you managed to do to Kolya two weeks ago. At least I know-

[Kostovich raises a hand.]

IK: Spare me, please. You stand up here, throwing stones at me and my clients. You're just like Sudakov. A dreamer... a pathetic, simple dreamer who thinks the cheers of these fans will be enough to save him from the true competition in this sport.

But unlike you, Sudakov belongs to me. And I have taken it upon myself to book what I believe will be a great test for the former champion. As soon as his neck heals, he will face both of these men... all over this state... in a series of grueling matches.

And after I've watched him destroyed, physically ruined week after week after week...

Then... and only then... will I send him back to Russia for the rest of his days.

[Kostovich smirks.]

SDW: You're a real piece of garbage, baby. And I tell ya what. Me and Dickie... we go back a long way... so I mighta let this slide.

[He shakes his head.]

SDW: But not now. Not anymore. You done crossed the line in messing with a man's livelihood. That makes you no better than those scum-sucking dogs who jumped on Juan's back at Wrestlerock, baby.

Hey Mark... you know what hospital Kolya's in?

[Stegglet looks puzzled for a moment before nodding.]

SDW: Good. Give 'em a message for me. You tell Kolya that if he EVER needs a partner...

[A smirk.]

SDW: ...this ol' dog's got his back.

[Williams spins, walking out of view, and leaving a fuming Ivan Kostovich behind.]

MS: You heard the man! Sweet Daddy Williams has offered himself up as a partner for Kolya Sudakov against Vladimir Velikov and Dick Sullivan! Oh my! Fans, don't you dare go away!

[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 fade back up to live action where we come back up on the ring where Holly Hotbody is standing.]

HH: Alright, people. Tag teams.

[Hotbody looks at a non-existent watch.]

HH: Really? She does this for the whole show? I'm getting a little tired. My throat's dry. Can I get a drin-

[Someone from off camera shouts in her direction.]

HH: Fine! Get off my back! One fall. Fifteen minutes. These guys are "Outback" Zack Kelly and Rick Scott.

[Rick Scott and Zack Kelly each raise an arm in the air. Scott sports a black mullet and goatee; very compact build. Silver thigh-length trunks with triangular navy blue segments extending from the legs on up to the hip; navy blue boots and elbowpads.

Zack Kelly is a caucasian with brown hair and brown eyes. He has muscle definition in his arms, neck, and chest. He's not "chiseled" by any means. He doesn't have tattoos or piercings. His ring attire consists of standard tan wrestling trunks with "Down Under" airbrushed across the back in white. He wears white kneepads and tan boots with white laces and trim. Completing the attire is a tan sleeveless "outback" vest and a hat that would make Paul Hogan proud. Kelly removes the hat and vest and drops them by his corner.]

GM: Rick Scott and Zack Kelly are teaming up tonight for the first time. Their first match is against the team of the Aces.

BW: Rick and Zack are gonna have to keep these two jackals on the mat if they want to stand a chance against the Aces' offense.

[The beginning to "Airplanes" by B.O.B. and featuring Hayley Williams starts up as the crowd cheers.]

HH: And their opponents... from somewhere in Florida... "Sweet" Stevie Childes and "Delicious" Danny Tyler... The Aces!

[Childes and Tyler appear from the back and stop at the start of the entrance ramp. Both men raise their hands in the air.

Stevie Childes has short brown hair that hangs to his shoulders. Two strands of bangs curl down to his face. His body is a bit stalky for a lightweight. His muscle distribution is rather even. Cut upper body with decent sized trapezius muscles and six-pack abs. His legs are thick for his size.

Danny Tyler has isn't as muscular as Childes is or as built. Tyler has definition to him and muscles, but he's more athletic in appearance and well-proportioned. Tyler has spiked brown hair and hazel eyes. There's no visible scars or tattoos. Tyler has a "babyface".

Both wear standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks. Both wear neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace part a purple color, black boots with a purple stripe running over



the front portion of their shin and foreleg and down the front part of their foot. It's basically outlining that area. Both also sport black wrist tape and standard, light pink elbowpads. Both are also sporting a pair of light pink armbands that circle just above his bicep. To the ring, each also wears a sequined purple tuxedo jacket, with matching purple bowtie. To complete the ensemble is a black top hat.

The Aces make their way to the ring to a decent sized cheer from the crowd. They climb into the ring and each man takes to a middle turnbuckle and pose. They hop off the middle turnbuckle and shed their jackets, top hats, and bowties.]

GM: The Aces paraded around as the Pharaohs for a few weeks and then unmasked at the Stampede Cup against Rough N' Ready. They're back and looking to work their way back up the rankings to earn a shot against Violence Unlimited for the National Tag Team Championship.

BW: That's every team's plan, Gordo. Everybody's gunnin' for Violence Unlimited.

GM: Holding those belts means you are THE BEST team in the world, Bucky. It's an honor very few teams will ever be able to achieve. Scott Von Braun is the official for this match.

[Childes steps out onto the ring apron as he and Tyler discuss last minute strategy. Seeing an opportunity, Scott charges across the ring and lands a double axe-handle blow to Tyler's back sending him into the turnbuckle. Von Braun calls for the bell.]

BW: Rick Scott sees an advantage and takes it, daddy. You gotta seize that opportunity when it presents itself. Carpe Turneditas Backimus.

GM: What?

BW: It's Latin fer "Hit 'im when he ain't lookin'", daddy!

[Scott knocks Childes off the ring apron with a right hand. Scott grabs Tyler and peppers him with a few rights to keep him stunned. He keeps Tyler against the ropes and then whips him across to the opposite side.]

GM: Rick Scott gets the early offensive advantage in this one.

BW: Rick needs to keep Tyler grounded and not pick up the pace. Rick's got forty-pounds on Danny Tyler. He needs to use that, daddy.

[Scott sets for a backdrop only to have a rebounding Tyler leap right over him. Tyler stops short. Scott gets up and turns around only to be taken down with a standing dropkick.]

GM: Just like that, "Delicious" Danny turns the tide in this one, Bucky.

BW: Gotta slow the Aces down, Gordo. Gotta keep it slow and not let them use their speed.

[Tyler pulls Scott off the mat and whips him across the ring. Tyler rebounds off the opposite side and lands a diving back elbow, taking Scott to the mat again. Tyler scrambled to his feet and quickly climbs to the top turnbuckle, eliciting cheers from the crowd.]

GM: This is where the Aces are at home! Tyler is perched on that top turnbuckle.

[Scott gets to his feet, looking around for "Delicious" Danny. He finally sees him, only too late. Tyler comes off the top turnbuckle with an axe-handle knocking Scott to the mat again. Tyler pulls Scott off the mat and shoves him back to the Aces corner, making the tag to Childes.]

BW: In comes Stevie Childes. Rick Scott is gonna need to really crank the pace down to a crawl to get in any offense.

GM: Right you are, Bucky. Stevie likes to keep the pace fast. He's willing to take big risks for those big rewards.

[After the tag, Tyler shoves Scott to another turnbuckle. He whips him across to the opposite turnbuckle. Stevie grabs the hand of his partner and assists with whipping Tyler across the ring to deliver a flying forearm in the corner. Tyler quickly backs up and drops to all fours as Childes comes charging in. Childes leaps off of Tyler's back and lands a spinning leg lariat in the corner.]

GM: This is what we were talking about! Crisp, fast teamwork from the Aces.

[Tyler slides out of the ring. Childes gets to his feet and lands a European uppercut to Scott and then fires in with a second. Rick Scott pokes Childes in the eye to stop the offense.]

GM: A cheap shot by Rick Scott stops Stevie Childes' offense.

BW: By any means necessary, Gordo. Rick Scott ain't gonna out-move Stevie Childes.

GM: A poke to the eye is illegal. Scott Von Braun seems to be letting that one go.

BW: You said it yourself, Gordon. He's a former wrestler. He wants to see these two teams settle it with a decisive victory.

GM: He needs to enforce the rules, Bucky.

BW: Roads? Where we're going, we don't need roads.

GM: Rules, Bucky. I said rules.

BW: Oh, I thought I heard roads.

[Tyler seems to share Myers' opinion and shouts at Von Braun. Von Braun immediately turns and admonishes Tyler. Von Braun shouts, "Don't tell me how ta do my job!" Seeing an opportunity, Scott drops low and drives his forearm into Childes' groin. The crowd boos.]

GM: Scott Von Braun is busy shouting at "Delicious" Danny Tyler. Rick Scott went low with that shot.

BW: Gotta seize them.

[Tyler points to Scott, "Keep your eyes on the match, old man! He's cheating!" Von Braun's reply, "Don't tell me how ta do my job!"]

BW: Danny ain't helping his partner out here, daddy.

GM: Tyler is the hot-head of the team, Bucky. You're right, he doesn't need to argue with Von Braun. It's just distracting him from calling the match.

[Scott grabs Childes around the throat with both hands and starts choking the former chippendale. Tyler leans between the top and middle ropes, gesticulating wildly at Scott choking his partner. "He's choking him! Are you blind!?" Von Braun moves to cut Tyler off from entering the ring. "Y'ain't the legal man! Get outta this ring!" The two continue to argue. Scott chokes Childes down to the mat and continues to apply the hold.]

BW: And this is an object lesson on what NOT to do when you're in a tag team.

GM: I have to agree, Bucky. Danny Tyler is Stevie Childes' worst enemy right now.

[Von Braun finally gets Tyler back to his corner and turns his attention back to the match. Scott has broken the choke hold by this time. Von Braun asks Scott what he was doing, and Scott responds by showing he hit Childes with his forearm.]

BW: Honesty is the best policy, Gordo.

GM: Would you stop!? We both know Rick Scott was blatantly cheating in there!

BW: It ain't cheating until you get caught, daddy.

[Scott pulls Childes off the mat and pushes him back into the ropes. He whips Childes across and sets for a backdrop as Childes rebounds.]

GM: He telegraphed the backdrop!

[Childes leapfrogs over and puts the breaks on. Scott stands up and turns around and gets a kick to the gut for his trouble. With Scott doubled over, Childes laces both arms into a double underhook. He leaps into the air and drives Scott face-first to the mat with a split-leg double-underhook faceslam.]

BW: Ow!

GM: He calls that the Jacksonville Spike! This one is history, Bucky!

[Childes neglects the cover and moves towards his corner. As he passes by Von Braun, Childes is heard saying, "Pay attention to the match, Von Braun." Von Braun immediately responds by pushing Childes' shoulder, turning Childes face-to-face with Von Braun. Von Braun points a finger in Childes' face, "Don't get smart with me!" Von Braun jabs his finger into Childes' chest, "I whooped yer Pappy! I'll whoop you too, boy!" Childes clenches his right hand into a fist, but thinks better of decking the AWA official.]

BW: You don't get smart with an AWA official, Gordo. You just don't.

GM: Scott Von Braun has put his hands on Stevie Childes! Childes looked like he was about to hit Von Braun, but thought better of it at the last moment. There is a history between these two wrestling families.

[Childes grits his teeth and stalks back to the middle of the ring, pulling Scott off the mat. Childes delivers another kick to Scott's gut. He laces both arms and drops Scott with another double-underhook split-leg faceslam.]

GM: Another Jacksonville Spike!

BW: That's uncalled for! Scott Von Braun should disqualify the Aces for unsportsmanlike conduct!

GM: Stevie Childes is a second generation wrestler. His father was the legendary midget wrestler, Lord Childes. Lord Childes and Scott Von Braun had a bitter, bitter feud.

BW: What!? That old man wrestled midgets!?

GM: Yes, Bucky. He ended the career of Lord Childes with his Von Braun Leglock. He broke Lord Childes' leg. It had to be one of the sicker moments in our sport.

BW: Sick? That's GENIUS!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Think about it. Scott Von Braun's gotta be six and a half feet tall and close to two-hundred and fifty pounds. He's three feet taller and at least a hundred and fifty-pounds heavier. He couldn't lose!

[Childes gets to his feet and backs away from the prone form of Rick Scott. He turns and sees Zack Kelly out on the ring apron and quickly hits Kelly with a standing dropkick to knock the Australian off the ring apron.]

GM: "Sweet" Stevie Childes isn't being so sweet right now! He knows he can't put his hands on an AWA official, and he's taking out his frustration on Zack Kelly too!

BW: There ain't no call for that, Gordo.

GM: There's bad blood between Childes and Von Braun. Stevie won't put his hands on an AWA official. Throw Stevie's uncle, Percy, into the mix. We've seen just what type of man Percy Childes is.

BW: Percy Childes is Stevie's uncle!?

GM: Yes, Bucky. Why?

BW: I'm trying to figure out what the heck happened. Percy is a stand-up guy. Stevie... not so much. Must get the stupid from his mother.

GM: Cut it out, Bucky.

BW: You're just a fountain of information tonight, Gordo.

GW: I'm a historian, Bucky.

[Childes and Von Braun glare at one another for a moment. Childes reaches down and pulls Rick Scott to his feet and pulls him over to the Aces' corner. Childes makes the tag to Tyler.]

BW: This can't be good.

GM: The Aces are about to unleash another double team move. The Aces love to keep their opponents guessing as to what they're going to do with their innovative offense.

[Childes lifts Scott into an electric chair position and faces him towards the turnbuckle as Tyler climbs to the top buckle. Tyler perches for a moment, before leaping and catching Rick Scott with a leaping hangman's neckbreaker from the top buckle.]

GM: They call that the Super Razzle Dazzle! This one is over, Bucky!

[Tyler makes the cover, hooking the far leg. Von Braun is too busy to make the count, telling Childes he needs to exit the ring.]

BW: I guess Stevie's getting even with Danny for the earlier distraction. Talk about a dysfunctional team.

GM: Childes now telling Von Braun to turn around! Tyler is covering Scott, but there's no count!

[Von Braun continues to tell Childes to exit the ring. Tyler stands up, wondering what's going on. Zack Kelly rolls in under the bottom rope and gets to his feet. He charges Tyler, who happens to see the oncoming attack. Tyler ducks a clothesline attempt and reaches back, dropping Kelly with a hangman's neckbreaker.]

GM: And a Razzle Dazzle stops Zack Kelly cold in his tracks!

BW: He's from Australia. He's all screwed up anyway.

[Childes exits the ring, shaking his head in disbelief. Tyler spins Von Braun around and points at Rick Scott. Tyler makes the cover again, but Von Braun sees the downed form of Kelly in the ring.]

GM: And Von Braun is now pushing Zack Kelly out of the ring!

BW: He ain't the legal man. He don't belong in there.

[Tyler gets to his knees and yells for Von Braun to make the count. After getting Kelly out of the ring, Von Braun gets into position and administers the three count.]

GW: And this one is over. I think the Aces are a bit heated with Scott Von Braun's officiating right now.

BW: Ya think?

[The bell rings and Tyler immediately gets to his feet. He points an accusatory finger at Von Braun who responds by doing the same thing.]

BW: I don't think this one is done. Scott Von Braun looks like he's about to reactivate himself as a wrestler.

GM: Danny Tyler may not show the same restraint his partner did just moments ago!

BW: Like hitting a guy with another move and then dropkicking his partner off the turnbuckle?

[Childes gets into the ring and pulls Danny Tyler away from Von Braun. Tyler and Von Braun continue to shout at one another.]

GM: I'm supposed to have an interview with the Aces after this. I want to hear what they have to say.

BW: Before you go to get the scoop, Gordo. Lemme go ahead and drop another bombshell.

GM: What's the bombshell, Bucky?

BW: Scott Von Braun's so old he invented dirt.

GM: Will you stop!?

[There's a \*clunk\* as Gordon removes his headset and gets the mic from the table. He moves into position to interview the Aces. His mic picks up the audio as the Aces move by.]

DT: Get some new eyes, old man! Your vision is worse than Helen Keller's!

SVB: Don't tell me how ta do my job! I'm an AWA official! I done been trained!

GM: Stevie, Danny, you're supposed to have some time...

[Childes interrupts Myers.]

SC: Not now, Gordon. It's not a good time. C'mon, Danny. Let it go.

DT: Pay attention next time!

SVB: Don't tell me how ta do my job!

[Childes pushes Tyler past Myers. Halfway to the back, Tyler stops shouting and turns his back to the ring as they continue back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: A very tense situation here between the Aces and new AWA official Scott Von Braun but the Aces score a victory here in their first match back on Saturday Night Wrestling. That'll put them back on the road towards a shot at Violence Unlimited and the National Tag Team Titles. Of course, fans, don't forget that we've got that big showdown between Danny Morton and James Lynch still to come later tonight plus a whole lot more. Right now, let's go up to the interview platform where Jason Dane has a very special guest.

[Cut to Jason Dane standing by on the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, to address the events of August thirteenth between Robert Donovan and his charge MAMMOTH Mizusawa, please welcome Louis Matsui.

[The crowd erupts into a chorus of boos as the bespectacled Louis Matsui approaches the interviewer. He is dressed in a navy blue suit, but instead of a tie, he has his top button open, the better to accommodate the brace around his neck. Conspicuous by his absence is the Japanese giant. Instead, he is accompanied by a mustachioed African-American male in a pinstripe gold-yellow suit, green tie and bearing an enameled wooden briefcase.]

JD: Louis Matsui-

M: [Interrupting.] Hang on a moment there, Mister Dane. As Mister Matsui's attorney, I have advised my client not to grant any interviews. Instead, we

have prepared a statement which I will read... In the ring. And if the Chairman of the Championship Committee is watching back there, you might want to come out to the ring for this.

[And just like that, the man and Matsui walk away from Jason Dane.]

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 the AWA ring, where Louis Matsui and his attorney are standing in the ring. Jon Stegglet is also in the ring, jawing with the attorney. The Chairman of the Championship Committee tries to talk to



Matsui, but the bespectacled Asian simply stands there looking pained. His attorney has a mic in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other.]

M: Before I deliver this statement on behalf of my client, I'd like you, all the AWA fans and you, Mister Stegglet, to watch, again, what transpired on August thirteenth...

[Cut to footage marked ""Saturday Night Wrestling - August 13th, 2001 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. Cut from a still shot of a grimacing Matsui back to the ring.]

M: If any of you are wondering why my client is wearing a neck brace, there, that right there was what happened. That, after an unprovoked assault on my client by one Mister Robert Donovan. And right there, while my client was trying to aid his client from what is simply-put a gang assault, trying to restrain that brute, Donovan attacks my client yet again, this time wrenching his neck and back so bad, he's had to take all this time off to recuperate and he's STILL suffering the effects of that assault!

Mind you, my client is not a wrestler. He is, first and foremost, a manager. He is not a competitor and Robert Donovan had no business laying even one finger on Mister Matsui! Mister Stegglet, let me ask you this, what do you do to competitors like, say, Misters Cooper and Somers, who put their hands on a non-competitor like, say, Michael Meekly?

JS: Now, that's not-

M: That's right! You suspend them indefinitely! But when someone like Robert Donovan does something like this, he gets a shot at the television title. Now, Mister Stegglet, my client, being the magnanimous man that he is, despite the hours of recovery and physiotherapy to gain most of his mobility, despite all the pain AND despite the medical costs, borne by his own good self, with the company not even offering to cover a single cent despite this being a workplace injury, is NOT going to demand that Donovan be suspended. Nor is he asking to be compensated for all the costs incurred. All he asks for is one thing and one thing only. All Mister Matsui would like... Is an apology-

[Boos from the crowd at the audacity.]

JS: Sorry to interrupt, but I don't know who you are and I certainly don't know where you get off making such demands here-

M: [Interrupting.] Sorry, Mister Stegglet, let me finish. My client does not want YOUR apology. No, he wants Robert Donovan to come out here and admit that putting his hand on a defenseless non-competitor is conduct unbecoming of a champion and an AWA competitor. Mister Matsui wants Donovan to apologize to the fans for his hypocrisy and to his good self for what Donovan did.

JS: And if he doesn't?

M: Well, there's a reason why I'm out here. Should Robert Donovan fail to carry out this simple act of contrition, the Matsui Corporation will not hesitate to bring down the full force of its stable of attorneys, including myself, unto the AWA. We're gonna nail Robert Donovan for assault, we might even nail a couple of the other guys in the ring with him that night as co-conspirators and we will definitely nail the AWA and your good self, Mister Stegglet, for reckless endangerment and compromising Mister Matsui's

workplace safety. In short, we'll shut this whole operation down and drain every single cent from AWA's coffers.

[The boos intensify. Jon Stegglet maintains a brave face in light of the attorney's threat.]

M: And all Donovan needs to do is say two words to my client. So, Donovan, if you're back there, why don't you drag your big, dumb butt out here, do what you need to do and we can save our collective time and this company its money. And you'd better mean it!

[There's a brief moment of silence, quickly broken by the opening notes of Metallica's cover of "Turn the Page". The Longhorn Heritage champion quickly appears at the head of the aisle, dressed in his usual attire -- black boots, black jeans, blood-red tank top. There's an extra accessory now, though -- the Longhorn Heritage championship belt, wrapped around the big man's waist. Donovan takes a few more steps, before pausing, unstrapping the belt and raising it up high in one hand, showing it to the noisy crowd.]

GM: The Longhorn Heritage champion holding the title belt high, and I'm not sure I've enjoyed a sight more than seeing Percy Childes having to personally put the belt on the new champion, Bucky.

BW: You're a bad person, Gordon Myers.

[Donovan turns and holds the belt up to the other side of the aisle, then his eyes lock onto Matsui. Donovan drapes the belt over his shoulder and makes his way into the ring, stepping up the ringsteps and over the top rope, still staring down the much-smaller Matsui. He leans over the ropes and takes an offered microphone, then looks back at Matsui, shaking his head.]

RD: You know, I thought things 'round here were actually beginnin' to look a lil' brighter. The Unholy Alliance loses the Longhorn Heritage title...

[The crowd cheers at this, and the grin returns to Donovan's face.]

RD: ...then, at Homecoming, Violence Unlimited finally rip the tag belts free o' Royalty's slimy grasp.

[Donovan pauses to let the crowd cheer that for a moment.]

RD: Then...well, then you showed back up, Matsui.

[Booooooooo!]

RD: See, Louis, in case you ain't figured it out -- these people? They don't like you. The people standin' in this ring? Well, we don't like you. I'd guess your lawyer here ain't all that fond of you, but you pay 'im, so he's gonna kiss your behind whether he likes you or not. That aside -- things were lookin' up, but right now, I'm gonna have to do somethin' I really...really do

not want to do. I'm gonna explain why I'm doin' it first, though, because I owe that explanation to everybody out in the stands right now.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: This batch o' pond scum right here is demandin' an apology. He came out, deliberately provoked not just me, but every single one of us who came out to stand up against the crap he pulled at WrestleRock, an' got what he deserved. Hell, from what I got told backstage, a lot o' the guys out there woulda done way worse in my shoes, but truth be told, I found knockin' you on your can with a single punch pretty damn satisfyin'.

[Matsui seethes, but says nothing.]

RD: So, people might wonder why I'd apologize for somethin' when I don't feel like it's wrong...well, this is a big reason why.

[Donovan reaches up and slaps the Longhorn Heritage title on his shoulder.]

RD: If it was just me that might get hurt by tellin' this guy to stick it, the words would already o' been outta my mouth...but that ain't the case. I said weeks ago that I came here to represent Longhorn Heritage, an' gettin' tied up in some stupid litigation for months on end is about as far from representin' that as you can get. I don't wanna rob the folks who gave me yet another chance to come out here an' do what I love doin', an' I don't wanna rob the boys backstage who deserve THEIR chance to fight for this big gold belt on my shoulder. I been around too long to ignore the fact that sometimes you gotta swallow your pride an' do somethin' you ain't proud of, so...

[Donovan is clearly gritting his teeth, and Matsui is smirking to beat the band.]

RD: To Mr. Louis Matsui, in front of all these folks, your legal representation, and Jon Stegglet...I apologize.

[Matsui raises one hand in the air in triumph as the crowd boos loudly. Donovan says nothing for a moment, then clears his throat.]

RD: I apologize...for not puttin' enough force into that punch to make sure you couldn't run your damned mouth again for months instead o' weeks!

[Donovan drops his microphone, laughing.]

M: Now, that's not what my client asked for!

LM: I'll take it. You said you're sorry; that's an apology right, you sorry son of... [Catches himself.] You want to know what I think about your apology, Donovan? Here's what I think about your sorry...

[We don't quite hear the last word, since Matsui just slapped the big man right across the face. The fans are hushed as a seething Robert Donovan

rubs his cheek. Matsui does not look too bothered, even as the TV champ lunges for him, only to be held back by Matsui's attorney.]

GM: Matsui's lawyer may have just saved his client's skin!

BW: Good! That's what he gets paid for!

[With Matsui cowering behind his lawyer, a fuming Donovan reacts harshly...

...and wraps his massive hands around the lawyer's throat, hoisting him up into the air!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT THE LAWYER BY THE THROAT!

BW: He can't do that! Suspend him, Stegglet! Fine him! Do something!

[Stegglet is screaming at Donovan to release the lawyer as Louis Matsui retrieves the briefcase on the mat, raising it over his head.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!"

[Donovan suddenly crumples to the mat. Matsui lets the attorney's briefcase fall from his hands, opening when it hits the mat.

GM: Matsui hit him with the briefcase! Look, Bucky! Look!

BW: What?

GM: There! In the briefcase.

[A close-up of the briefcase reveals that it is filled with a couple of bricks.]

BW: He hit him with a loaded briefcase! That's genius!

GM: A set-up is what that is! Just look at this now, Bucky.

[Matsui looks down on the fallen Donovan with scorn, as he pulls the neck brace off. He tosses it onto Donovan and without as much as a wince, exits the ring, stopping to talk to Jon Stegglet, "That's what I think of your television champion."]

GM: Unbelievable! We need to get some help out here for Robert Donovan - and why the heck does Matsui keep calling him the Television Champion?!

BW: He's the Longhorn Heritage Champion and he just got waffled with a briefcase full of bricks, daddy! I love it!

GM: Of course you do. Fans, we've gotta get some help out here. We'll be... we're going to take a quick break. Don't go away, fans.

[Fade to black.

We fade back up on a shot of Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop, the AWA website address splashed below him.]

MS: Hello, fans! And welcome to the AWA Live Event Center! I'm Mark Stegglet and you fans in Houston, Texas, had better get ready because the AWA is coming to town on Friday, October 7th, for another night of AWA arena action! The Campbell Center will be rockin' this Friday night when all the stars from the AWA come to town.

[The shot cuts away from Stegglet to a graphic that starts to show some of the advertised competitors.]

MS: Sweet Daddy Williams is on the bill! "Showtime" Rick Marley will be LIVE in Houston! The new National Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited, will put the gold on the line!

[The shot changes back to Stegglet.]

MS: And this man, Anton Layton, will take on Eric Preston!

[The Prince of Darkness steps into view, cloaked in his black velvet-like hooded robe. The hood hangs over the majority of his face, just showing the lower half.]

AL: Eric Preston, your lack of gratitude sickens me. It digs into my belly like wriggling, feasting serpents looking to tear through my flesh into the light. You were presented with an opportunity that very few in this world will see.

[The corners of Layton's mouth twists into a sneer.]

AL: And you turned it down.

You know not what you've done, my son.

[A nod.]

AL: But soon enough... in Houston... you will.

[Layton exits the scene, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Anton Layton vs Eric Preston this weekend in Houston - be there!

[The shot fades to showing a graphic with all of the show information before fading to black.]

And then fading back up to the announce position, where newly arrived "Showtime" Rick Marley stands with Gordon and Bucky. The dark haired cruiserweight has an easy smile on his features as he waves off camera, then looks back to the announcers.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where we're here with "Showtime" Rick Marley, back in AWA after a much anticipated countdown revelation at Homecoming...

RM: Thanks Gordo. I'm just happ--

BW: You've got a death wish, right? Interrupting Monosso? The man's crazy. Not 'crazy'. As in 'We, the jury find the defendant...'. You seemed like you managed to catch a clue while you were gone, so I guess my award winning announcer mind has to ask: What is it about being here in Texas that makes you want to die?

[Marley quirked an eyebrow at Bucky, then shook his head, seemingly amused.]

RM: See Bucky, that guy that you're asking about...the one that you saw while I was away? He'd have probably been upset by you saying that, and might have done something...unfortunate.

...

...

Thankfully, I'm not that guy anymore. I've been around the block, looked in the mirror and made some choices. James went all cryptic, which clearly means that the voices in his head are getting the better of him.

No great surprise when you've taken as many head shots as that guy has, right?

This sport's about competition...but it's also (and most importantly) about fun. You look out here in the ring week after week and you see the same guys saying the same thing "I'm gonna beat you up. No, I'm gona beat YOU up!" You see 'em go round and round trying to find new ways to say "I'm gonna beat you up."

Sometimes they change it up with "I'm tougher than you.", and the predictable reply of "Nuh uh."

Not only can we, as the athletes that you've come here to see do better than that, but the fans themselves DESERVE better than it. Money's tight for everyone, and no one wants a big let down when they spend their entertainment dollar... that's why I can assure you that every time you tun in to Saturday Night Showtime and lock your eyes on me in that ring, I'm aiming to do one thing, and it's not figure out how to say "I'm gonna beat you up" in new and inventive ways.

I'm looking to take your breath away.

I'm looking to amaze you.

And most of all, I'm looking to find a way to take us all to the next level.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Jimmy.

[With a wink to the camera, Marley turns and heads off screen.]

BW: So...that's a yes on the death wish, then?

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm serious, Gordo. Marley doesn't have both oars in the water and if he doesn't watch himself, Monosso's gonna club him with those oars. Fun? Really? Rick Marley better get serious in a hurry or he'll find himself concussionized.

GM: And I think you'd like to see that.

BW: I won't deny that. I don't like Marley's attitude one bit, Gordo.

GM: Fans, let's go to the ring.

[We crossfade from ringside to the ring where Holly Hotbody is standing.]

HH: So, I guess there's another match or something. I'm really getting sick of all this. I mean, we can see all these LOSERS wrestle but they still can't find time to have me compete! What's goin-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS as the curtain parts!]

GM: It's Melissa! It's Melissa Cannon!

BW: Uh oh. Holly, I'd get the heck out of there.

[A pissed-off looking Melissa Cannon, wearing blue jeans and a grease-stained white t-shirt comes stalking down the ramp towards the ring.]

HH: Oh, hey... Melissa! How's it going, sweetie? I was just covering for you out here. I heard you had... like four flat tires! Crazy! How the heck does that even happen? How does-

[The crowd roars again as Cannon storms through the ropes, stepping into the ring as Hotbody quickly makes her exit, standing out on the floor as Melissa grabs the mic.]

MC: Let me show these people - and YOU - how it's really done!

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, to my left, from parts unknown, weight unknown... The Mean Green Machine!

[A masked wrestler, dressed in a green bodysuit, raises his arms to the crowd.]



Judas Priest's "You've Got Another Thing Coming" then kicks in over the PA system, drawing loud cheers from the crowd. As the song kicks in, the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova comes out from the entranceway.]

MC: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the sides and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. He is also wearing a white vest with a big, fiery yellow sun on the back and the word "Supernova" beneath it in yellow lettering. And most notable is his face paint, black and yellow, resembling a flame.]

GM: And there's the man some believe should be the next challenger to Calisto Dufresne's National title!

BW: You heard from the champ, Gordo. There isn't a wrestler in the AWA that's good enough to challenge Dufresne, and that includes this face-painted goof!

GM: Supernova does have that title shot to cash in, Bucky, remember that!

BW: That was nearly four months ago and he couldn't beat Dufresne at the Cup... remember that, Gordo!

[As Supernova heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of the fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he stops on the apron to cup his hands to his mouth and howl to the crowd, before ducking between the ropes and then removing his vest.]

GM: Supernova and his partner Stevie Scott might not have won at the Cup, but neither did Dufresne and Marcus Broussard... some would even say Dufresne was saved by the bell!

BW: Bite your tongue, Gordo! Dufresne is the National champ and deserves more respect than that!

GM: I don't doubt the man's position or ability, Bucky... you, on the other hand, certainly doubt what Supernova could do.

BW: And I'll continue to doubt until he actually beats Dufresne in the ring!

[The bell rings as the masked wrestler immediately gets nose to nose with Supernova.]

GM: And look at this... we've got a staredown in the ring.

BW: What do you know about this Mean Green Machine, Gordon?

GM: Nothing... what about you?

BW: I know exactly who he is.

GM: Who is he, then?

BW: The guy getting nose to nose with Supernova!

[Well, at least until the masked wrestler shoves Supernova back... and that's met with a retaliatory shove that sends the Machine to the canvas.]

GM: The Machine trying to intimidate Supernova but he's having none of that!

BW: He pulled his mask!

GM: What makes you think that?

BW: The Machine is telling the referee he did.

GM: I doubt he'll get any sympathy from the referee.

[The Machine, unable to plead his case with the referee, walks up to Supernova and shoves him again... which leads to yet another shove back.]

GM: Whatever the Machine is trying to do, it isn't working!

BW: And now Supernova going after him...

GM: Thumb to the eye by the Machine!

BW: Now that worked!

[The Machine backs Supernova into the corner and fires a forearm shot... but Supernova just stares back at him.]

GM: Look at this... forearm blows by the Machine have no effect!

BW: Better go back to the thumb to the eye, then.

GM: Yeah, an illegal tactic.

[The Machine backs up a bit as Supernova advances, but then he tries a kick... a kick that Supernova blocks.]

GM: Supernova has him by the leg!

BW: He's spinning the machine around... hoists him up...

GM: Atomic drop by Supernova! The momentum sends Machine into the ropes... big clothesline!

[With the Machine down, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

BW: Yeah, but he isn't smart enough to follow up!

GM: Not so fast, Bucky... Supernova going right back to the Machine, dragging him to his feet.

BW: He goes behind him... belly to back suplex!

GM: And Supernova staying on the attack... off the ropes and an elbowdrop connects!

[Supernova rises to his feet and motions to the crowd.]

BW: He wants to finish this right now!

GM: Supernova dragging the Machine to his feet... pushes him into the corner... there's an Irish whip!

BW: He's charging right in... but Machine moves!

[Yes, but Supernova caught himself in time. Not that the Machine has noticed.]

GM: And the Machine just taunting the crowd... he doesn't realize Supernova stopped himself in time.

BW: The fans are distracting him! Look... he's going right to the opposite corner!

GM: He can't let the fans distract him! Supernova is sizing him up!

[As the Machine goes to the corner and continues to shout at the ringside fans...

...he finds himself getting crushed into the corner by the incoming Supernova.]

GM: HEAT WAVE FROM BEHIND!

BW: How is that fair to the Machine? Tell me that, Gordon!

GM: The Machine should have been paying attention to Supernova, not the fans!

BW: And thanks to the fans, this one is almost over!

[Indeed, Supernova has taken the fallen Machine and tied up his legs.]

GM: There's the Solar Flare!

BW: And there's a quick submission!

GM: Another victory for one of the most popular wrestlers in the AWA!

[The referee calls for the bell, then signals for Supernova to release the hold, which he does. He then cups his hands to his mouth and howls once more.]

GM: Supernova is your winner - and when, Bucky Wilde, when will this man have done enough to prove to you - and perhaps the Championship Committee - that he deserves the shot at the National Title at SuperClash III?

BW: I ain't buyin' it yet, Gordo. I'm not convinced he's National Champion material. I'm not even convinced he deserves to even be in the ring with Calisto Dufresne! I'm not-

GM: Speak of the devil!

[With Supernova's back turned, the Ladykiller suddenly emerges from the locker room area, sprinting down the aisle at top speed...

...and DRILLING the face-painted fan favorite with the title belt in the back of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

BW: And that's as close as Supernova's gonna get to the National Title, Gordo!

GM: Oh, that's hysterical, Bucky!

[Dufresne steps through the ropes, throwing the title belt down on the mat as he starts stomping the downed Supernova in the back of the head, shouting at him.]

"YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH! YOU'LL NEVER BE GOOD ENOUGH!"

[Dufresne continues to stomp the head of Supernova as the crowd jeers wildly. He leans down, dragging the fan favorite off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...

...and then the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: STEVIE!

[The former two-time National Champion comes tearing down the ramp, diving through the ropes and promptly drilling the Ladykiller with a right hand to the skull.]

GM: Get him, Hotshot! Get him!

[The hammering blows of Stevie Scott manages to back Dufresne into the ropes, allowing Supernova to slump down to the canvas. Grabbing the Ladykiller by the arm, the Hotshot fires him across the ring...

...and launches him overhead, dumping him down on the canvas with a big backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!

[Scott swings around, pumping a fist to the roaring crowd as he stomps his foot on the canvas...]

GM: The Hotshot's calling for the Heatseeker!

[But before the former champ can snap off the superkick...

...the crowd erupts in jeers yet again as the first AWA National Champion comes tearing down the ramp towards the ring!]

GM: And here comes Broussard! Marcus Broussard told the entire world earlier tonight that he's the rightful Number One contender and he wants the shot at SuperClash!

[The San Jose Shark hits the ring just as Scott throws the Heatseeker...

...and Broussard throws a full body spear tackle, saving the National Champion!]

GM: Ohh! He almost got him there!

[Broussard throws big right hands to the skull of the suddenly-downed Stevie Scott as Dufresne leans against the ropes...

...and then jumps back into the fray, dropping a knee on the skull of Scott as Broussard wraps his hands around the throat.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! We've got-

[The crowd roars as Supernova regains his feet, grabbing Dufresne by the hair and chucking him into the corner, quickly moving in to hammer away with heavy fists to the jaw...

...when suddenly a sea of AWA security and officials hit the ring, swallowing all four men in a sea of humanity!]

GM: This is breaking down! It's out of control! Fans... good grief, let's go to commercial!

[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 fade back to live action where we see a panning shot of the ring, Phil Watson having taken over for the ladies.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Next up, we've got the newly returned "Showtime" Rick Marley, who's promising to bring the fun back into the business, Bucky.

BW: And he's gonna do just that, daddy!

GM: I'm a bit surprised...I didn't think you liked Marley very much.

BW: Oh, I can't stand the little punk...but I'm loving the idea of James Monosso wiping that little smug smirk off of his face. Fun!

GM: Marley's a skilled competitor and a gifted athlete in his own right, Bucky...and he's promised to put on a show tonight against The South Philly Phighter.

BW: The little punk is from Allentown...I think that's near Philadelphia. But crappier, if you can imagine that. The Phighter's gonna show him what being from a REAL city's like!

[Watson raises the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall, and has a 10 minute time limit! Introducing first, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and weighing in at 240 pounds...he is The South Philly Phighter!

["Fly Eagles Fly" kicks in over the PA system as the unwashed, slovenly fighter makes his way out from the back. A half stogie sticks out of his mouth as he struts down towards the ring wearing his Dallas Sucks t shirt and dirty, ripped jeans, jawing at the fans all the way...]

BW: The pride of Philadelphia, right there, Gordo... if that city had any pride.

PW: And his opponent, from Miami Florida, weighing in at 215 pounds...he is "Showtime" Rick Marley!

# Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count, then pulse in time with the bass drum light up the entry way as the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system. As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.

Marley slaps hands with the fans at ringside until he is about 15 feet from the ring, at which point he sprints the distance, leaping over the top rope with a front somersault, popping to his feet and striding across the squared

circle to climb to the second rope in front of the announcer's table, where he raises both hands to the crowd before back flipping back into the ring... and getting clubbed hard from behind by the Phighter!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The South Philly Phighter not waiting for the bell before he jumps right on top of Rick Marley here tonight...staggering the smaller man, then clubbing away with big right hands while yelling at the crowd to stop cheering.

BW: Hey! He's right...this IS fun! I really enjoy the way that the Phighter hasn't taken out his cigar.

[The Phighter stays on top of the smaller Marley, driving him down to the canvas with his brawling assault...then stands up and tosses the cigar right into Marley's face as he tries to come to his feet.]

GM: The Phighter isn't impressed with Marley's reputation, Bucky...he's taking it right to him!

BW: I don't see anything worth being excited about, daddy. Just another midget with delusions of grandeur.

[Marley comes to his hands and knees only to get a punt to the mid section from the Phighter, who quickly jumps on the smaller man with an attempted cover...and a 2 count before Marley squirms free.]

GM: It seems as if Showtime wasn't expecting this sort of challenge right out of the gate.

BW: In an organization that boasts a multi-time announcer of the year, he should have expected nothing less!

GM: But Bucky...

BW: MULTI TIME!

[The Phighter immediately comes to his feet and yells at the official as Marley comes slowly to his feet...and is met by a whirling Phighter, who plants a punch in his mid section, doubling him over. He locks on the front chancery and hoists Marley up for a vertical suplex...]

BW: NO! Don't do that, you moron!

GM: Marley twists at the apex, shifting and bringing the Phighter's skull down hard on the mat with the Rewrite reverse DDT!

BW: That little punk never stays put for that move! People need to stop trying it on him!



[Marley rolls away from the Phighter, coming to his feet slowly and shaking out the cobwebs as the Phighter slowly puts a hand on the ropes and pulls himself vertical...glancing over, he sees Marley on his feet and surges forward, aiming a Lariat at Marley, who ducks. Phighter off the far ropes... and gets caught in the mush with a picture perfect standing dropkick.]

GM: Marley showing off his quickness here as the Phighter went for a lariat and came up empty.

BW: Ain't no way that Marley survives letting Monosso get offense rolling on him like that, daddy...not after what Marley said about him.

[Marley is on his feet nearly as quickly as he hits the mat as The Phighter is up...only to get caught as Showtime hits an armdrag takedown. Phighter is immediately back up, only to be caught in a second as he attempts another charge...once more to his feet, charging with the same result.

The Phighter comes to his knees and pounds on the mat in frustration, yelling at the crowd to shut up as Marley is on his feet and applauding right along with them...then begins taunting The Phighter, tapping his wrist and snapping his fingers...]

BW: Looks like Marley feels like he's got places to be.

GM: And Hoo Boy is it getting under the Phighter's skin!

[The Phighter roars in anger as he comes to his feet and drives a shoulder into Marley's mid section, then bum rushing the smaller man back into the turnbuckles. A quick flurry of punches gives him some control, and he Irish Whips Marley across the ring. Marley charges the far turnbuckles, but instead of crashing into them, he puts a foot on the 2nd turnbuckle, runs up the third and backflips over the charging Phighter, who crashes chest first into the corner and staggers out...right into a one handed bulldog from the dark haired high flier!]

GM: OH MY STARS, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?

BW: Yeah yeah...fancy little flips won't get you very far, daddy...this punk needs to learn to fight like he means in.

GM: He's survived wars with men like William Craven and stood in the ring with Alex Martinez...

BW: But what's he done lately, Gordo? He's soft!

[Marley pulls The Phighter to his feet and fires of a couple of punches that back the bigger man into the ropes before sending him to the far side of the ring with an Irish Whip. The Phighter hits the ropes and comes back...only to get caught with Marley's Showbomb Waistlift Powerbomb!]

GM: Ringshaking impact on that move from Marley! And now he's over to the corner, calling for the Highlight Reel!

BW: Only highlight reel I'm looking forward to is one that gets this gnat scraped off of the floor with a spatula, daddy!

[Marley mounts the top rope, pauses a split second, then leaps, tucking and flipping in mid air, nailing his tuck Senton Bomb finisher.]

GM: HE GOT HIM! Here's the cover, but it's academic...

BW: Marley and academic...that's a laugh.

GM: One! Two! And there's the three!

[The bell rings as Marley climbs to his feet, the referee raising his hand in victory.]

GM: Rick Marley is victorious in his AWA return... and I can't wait to see more of this young man in the ring. If this is a sample of what bringing the fun back is all about, then I'm solidly behind Showtime in this one.

BW: Don't stand too close behind him, Gordo. Monosso might confuse the two of you when he shows up to cave in this punk's skull.

GM: Don't worry. I'll be far, far away when James Monosso gets anywhere close to me, Bucky.

BW: I bet you will.

GM: Fans, let's go to the Money Pit!

[We crossfade to a panning shot of the entire Crockett Coliseum as a voiceover rings out.]

"And now, the host of the Money Pit... TODD MICHAELSON!"

[The O'Jays' "For The Love Of Money" begins to play to a big cheer from the AWA faithful. The camera cuts to the makeshift "bank vault" set near the entrance ramp where Todd Michaelson is seated on a wooden stool amidst a sea of money bags and stacks of fake cash.]

TM: Welcome to the Money Pit!

[Big cheer!]

TM: And it's good to be back here on the set of the Money Pit - the place to be if you're an AWA competitor. This is where some of the biggest AWA moments go down and tonight promises to be a big one. For the first time since his return to the AWA from injury, Raphael Rhodes is going to address the fans right here on the Pit.

[Another big cheer!]

TM: My guest at this time, a man we've been waiting to hear from for months now... Raphael Rhodes!

["Shot By Both Sides" by Magazine filters through the public address system, as Raphael Rhodes walks through the entrance and over to the Money Pit set, dressed in a black leather jacket with the Union Jack painted down the left sleeve, a plain grey T-shirt, and jeans, along with black Chuck Taylor sneakers. His hair is worn shaggy, bangs hanging in his eyes, and his beard is slightly untrimmed. He walks onto the set and doesn't really look at Michaelson.]

TM: I'd say welcome to the Pit, but you don't look like you want to be here.

[Michaelson holds the microphone in front of Rhodes' mouth. Rhodes looks at Michaelson, scoffs, and turns his head away.]

TM: Nice to see you too, Raph.

[Michaelson smirks.]

TM: Look... you and I both know what the deal is. We know you came back from your injury at the hands of MAMMOTH Mizusawa with a massive chip on your shoulder. You've been hurting people left and right, with no explanation. You know the Championship Committee's not going to schedule you unless you face the public. All we want to know is this... why?

[Michaelson holds the microphone in front of Rhodes' head, Rhodes still facing away from him. Rhodes mutters something vaguely inaudible, "don't want to hear it" being all the camera can pick up. Michaelson sighs.]

TM: If you want to act like a petulant child, I'm sure there are plenty of other promotions that will put up with it. This is the AWA, Rhodes. Either act like a man or go home.

[Rhodes spins around on his heel, staring Michaelson in the eye, just catching himself from slapping the former World champion.]

TM: Go ahead, do it.

[Rhodes' hand trembles in the air, eventually clenching into a fist. He lowers it, still clenched, before finally speaking...]

RR: They aren't ready to hear what I have to say.

[Rhodes goes to turn away, but Michaelson grabs Rhodes by the elbow.]

TM: You walk away... they're not letting you back in the ring, Rhodes. You knew that before you came out here.

[Rhodes' body seizes towards the microphone, snatching it from Michaelson's hand. Michaelson doesn't step back, but instead, shouts "if

that's the way you want it, fine, do it your way!" and walks off from the set. Rhodes looks out at the crowd, who has started to boo him.]

RR: Good.

[Rhodes scoffs at the microphone.]

RR: Since the Championship Committee wants to hear from me so bad... good. Let's give the babies their bottles.

[Rhodes runs his hand through his hair.]

RR: And it's right good that you lot are booing me. I'm perfectly fine with that.

[Rhodes holds the microphone down to breathe in and out a few times before putting it back to his lips, a smile cracking through for the first time.]

RR: I didn't want to say nothin' because I knew it was goin' to make people mad at me. I didn't want to say nothin' because I knew people were goin' to hear what I said and get upset. I was hopin' to get me feelin's out through violence instead of words. Because... words, they don't mean nothin'.

[Rhodes looks back out at the crowd.]

RR: I came to the AWA, what, three years ago... said I was goin' to hurt people and win titles. Somewhere in that path... I got sidetracked. I was doin' just fine on me own. But then Juan Vasquez came into me life and sidetracked me. Then Ben Waterson sidetracked me. Then Jason Keening sidetracked me, and I never got back on that path.

[Rhodes closes his eyes, tilts his head downward, and continues speaking.]

RR: Nobody in the AWA's ever popped their kneecap out in a match, came back the same bleedin' night, and won the Rumble. It ain't ever happened before, and it ain't ever happened since. And what did I get to show for it, yeah? A title shot I still ain't gotten? How about a brother whose neck got fused together because of some jealous mongrels?

[The fans boo, remembering Stevie Scott breaking Simon Rhodes' neck with the help of the Southern Syndicate.]

RR: I had all these people pullin' me in different directions. Vasquez tellin' me I weren't good enough to be in his league. Keening tellin' me I didn't need the tools that got me to the AWA. Me family tellin' me to avenge Simon. Waterson, Scott, and Dufresne telling me to shut up and take the money to protect them. Then, the fans started cheerin' me and tellin' me who to fight, and it got me sternum cracked.

[Rhodes reopens his eyes and stares at the crowd.]

RR: I should've gotten the National title shot.

[Rhodes' eyes dart to the other side of the building.]

RR: It should've been me that ended Vasquez's career.

[And they dart back.]

RR: It should've been Stevie Scott's neck that was broken, not me brother's.

[And back to the other side.]

RR: And I should've never listened to Waterson, Keening, Dufresne, or any of you filthy colonists.

[Rhodes closes his eyes again.]

RR: The only time I've ever been successful is when I listen to meself. And from now on, that's all I'm doin'. I ain't listenin' to the fans. I ain't worryin' about what people think of me or the advice they want to give.

[Rhodes' eyes reopen as now he looks directly into the camera.]

RR: And I ain't listenin' to the Championship Committee, or you, Jon Stegglet. I'm here on my original mission.

[Rhodes extends his index finger.]

RR: Hurt people.

[Rhodes extends his middle finger.]

RR: Win titles. I still have a title shot that's owed to me, after all.

[Rhodes' hand clenches back into a fist.]

RR: And if you think you can stand in my way... don't keep me off TV. Don't refuse to schedule me. Fight me. Show the world that I'm wrong.

[Rhodes smiles again.]

RR: But I'm not. And lots of people are goin' to pay for the last three years. I just don't care who it is anymore.

[Rhodes puts the microphone down and walks away, the crowd jeering as we 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 a shot of the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: It's been an incredible show here tonight in Dallas, fans, but we've still got our big Main Event to come with James Lynch and Danny Morton set to collide.

BW: That ain't all we got left, Gordo.

GM: What are you referr-

[Wailing violin rings out from nowhere as the instrumental beginnings to "When You're Evil" by Voltaire wails sadly over the PA system.]

BW: Here he comes, my hero and yours...

GM: This man is not a hero!

BW: He brought Caleb Temple to the AWA! How is he not a hero?

GM: This man has run a campaign of terror against Alex Martinez. Culminating two weeks ago in a heinous attack. There is no way he's a hero.

BW: Please. If Alex Martinez suffers a brain injury, what's the loss, really?

GM: BUCKY!

[As always, the song hails the appearance of the mysterious Minion. From the back this dark figure emerges, identity hidden by a black vinyl trench coat and gas mask. His expression hidden, the mysterious Minion enters the ring, microphone in hand.]

MINION: Hello again, Mighty Martinez...

[His lip curling in irritation, Martinez looks down at his seemingly omnipresent pursuer.]

Minion: "Last American Badboy", so called "Black Knight"; the time is come. All that has come before is mere prelude. All the signs are in place; the end times are upon you. Prepare to bow your head in final submission to your

fate. Believe me when I say that the \_final\_ moments of your career will not be your \_finest\_.

There are two men eager to see you off to that swan song, Alex. United; brothers in hate. Men who would never have thought to ally were it not for the will of the Dragon. This is the power of the Dragon, Alex. He takes disparate elements and fuses them into a perfect gestalt. Why was this possible, Alex? The answer, simply, is you...

Gentlemen...

BOOM!

Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening Guitar part starts up to "One" by Metallica. The crowd jeers as - in a scene we thought we'd never see - out from behind the curtain steps out Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple. Jeff wearing a crimson colored cut off shirt that reads Atonement across the front in black lettering, revealing the ink that litters his arms... the ink he placed on his body in imitation of the man standing beside him, worn out faded blue jeans and his black wrestling boots.

Caleb Temple's torso is bare, revealing the same tattoos seen on the Madfox's frame. A sneer dances across the King of the Death Match's face as he looks out at the jeering crowd, raising his hands to gesture for more boos.

The two men make their way towards the ring in a cascade of boos. Temple and Matthews come to the ringside area to stand at the Minion's flanks. Welcoming them, he gestures towards the ring and all three men climb in to the ring.]

Minion: Much as I am the herald of His coming these men are the harbingers of your demise. Speak now, you great men. Speak of the doom that you will bring to Alex Martinez.

[Temple motions for and receives the microphone, and pauses for a moment to absorb a sound he's missed for half a decade. The sound of unanimous hatred. The sound of a crowd united in baying for his blood. He sweeps the mask of hair, still dark but now flecked with some silver, away from those same dark, piercing eyes which once struck fear into all of wrestling. And then he speaks.]

CT: They say the sins of the father are visited upon the children.

[He glances at Jeff. And he smiles, eyes glinting.]

CT: And I have sinned. Lord, have I sinned. Against good men, against lesser men, and in succumbing to my own weaknesses and addictions, against my own flesh. My child.

My Truth.

And you know of my Truth, Alex.

But I fought those demons. And I emerged, stronger. Reborn. What I do now, I do not under orders from another... but rather out of necessity. My war was won with twelve steps, and one of those steps is making reparations for previous wrongs. The father will not see his sins visited upon his child. And so I came to this man...

[He turns to Jeff.]

CT: ...and I offered him my hand. From one father to another. That he could have his peace.

And I could have my Truth.

[Jeff starts to raise the mic to his lips... but quickly stops as the boos continue to rain down on the evil pair standing side by side.]

JMM: It is written in the Bible... "An eye for an eye".... and later.... "Do onto others as they would do onto you." Simple words written down on ancient texts.

Do they not hold value today?

For so many years, Alex... I struggled with trying to understand.. why you had forsaken me....I believed you a friend... a comrade... confidant..... I saw you slumming around... and I reached out to you, Alex. To this day...

[Jeff pauses as he looks around the entire arena...]

JMM: Alex Martinez would be no one if not for Jeff Matthews. But that's not the situation we find ourselves in. We find ourselves here with one simple goal, Alex... atonement... I can not stand here and continue to live my life, continue to look my two little girls in the eyes every day of their lives.. preaching one thing and doing another. "Do onto others Alex..." you need to realize the twisted path your actions have taken me down. Look at what I have become because of that decision you made. We didn't come here because we were told to... we came here because we needed to...

GM: I can't believe what we're hearing. How vile! What hatred these men have!

BW: I can't believe that there aren't three dozen guys in the ring spewing the same hatred. This is Alex Martinez we're talking about.

[And its Alex Martinez the fans are now cheering. The curtain is pulled aside, and out he steps.

And steps slowly.



The seven foot tall legend is in poor shape. His face is an ugly mask of bruises, a mass of black and purple that is only vaguely human. Even his mirrored sunglasses can't hide the trauma he's suffered. Each step is taken carefully, his pace slow and deliberate. More than once, Martinez staggers and has to pause to steady himself.]

BW: Look at him! He's dead on his feet!

GM: I'll be honest, I don't know if this is courage or stupidity on the part of Alex Martinez.

BW: I know what it is. If he had one less brain cell, his last name would be Lynch!

[Martinez slowly reaches the ring, pausing as he places his hands on the top rope, his head bent, as he tries to clear his head, dizziness overcoming him. Finally, Martinez exhales, before his jaw sets in determination, and he steps into the ring, still moving at a painfully slow rate.]

GM: You can tell just by looking at him that Alex Martinez has no equilibrium! That chair shot to the head has affected him and left him in bad shape.

[Martinez steps to the center of the ring, but before he can say anything, the crowd starts buzzing again.]

BW: What is he doing out here again?

GM: Jon Stegglet must be out here to keep things from getting out of hand. The Minion has spent all of 2011 making life miserable for Alex Martinez. Maybe Jon Stegglet can finally put an end to this.

[Stegglet enters the ring, and puts himself between the four men, Martinez on one side, Temple, Matthews and the Minion on the other.]

JS: Alex...

[Martinez shakes his head, which causes him to take a step backwards and forces him to pause, as he tries to get his balance back.]

AM: Don't even start with me, Stegglet! Don't even try to say anythin' to me. Because I already signed your paper. There's nothin' gonna stop me. In fact, the only thing you gotta do is give me a match tonight.

Against both of these guys!

[The crowd cheers loudly for that, even as Stegglet shakes his head frantically.]

JS: There \_no\_ chance I am signing you to a handicap match. Not tonight, and not ever. Look at you, you can barely stand up, and you think you're going to get a handicap match. That's never going to happen Alex.

AM: Fine...

[Martinez tears his sunglasses off, and looks past Stegglet, and to his two old enemies.]

AM: Give me a tag match. If these two got the guts...

[Temple grins.]

CT: Should I deny you your shot at redemption? I would be a hypocrite.

JMM: Let the moment of judgment be upon him then...

JS: Fine. You can have your tag match. But not tonight. In two weeks.

AM: That don't work for me, Jon.

JS: I don't care what works for you. You don't have a partner tonight. Everyone in the locker room is already accounted for with a match of their own. You have two weeks to recover. And two weeks to find someone to join you in this madness.

Or, you get nothing.

So what's it going to be, Alex?

[Martinez clenches his jaw once more, and finally nods his head, slower this time, so that he can keep his wits.]

AM: All right. I can wait two weeks.

[Temple smiles from behind his mask of hair, slowly drawing his thumb across his throat.]

JS: That's enough. Now, clear this ring.

[Martinez looks at his enemies once more, and then finally, turns and walks away. No one will miss that he's staggering, and that each step is considered and taken very carefully.]

GM: Can you believe what we just heard, Bucky? Alex Martinez has gotta find a partner and he gets a shot at Caleb Temple AND Jeff Matthews in a tag team match in two weeks!

BW: Are you serious, Gordo? Martinez can't even walk straight! How the heck is he gonna wrestle? Even with a partner, he can't wrestle! This guy's done, daddy, just no one can make him realize it yet.

GM: We'll see about that 'cause in two weeks time, if he can find a partner, he's gonna get a shot to shut up Temple, Matthews, AND the Minion all in

one night! He's gonna stand up to the Dragon and spit right in his eye, Bucky!

BW: Or he'll stand up to the Dragon... and then fall down because he can't walk without help!

GM: Like I said, we're going to find out in two weeks' time. Fans, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling but before we see James Lynch and Danny Morton one-on-one, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet just caught up with Supernova!

[We go to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, earlier tonight, we saw what happened after your match... Dufresne got involved, as did Broussard, and Stevie Scott was there to assist... we also heard Dufresne declaring there were no worthy challenges to his title. I take it you have something to say about that?

S: Do I have something to say about that? Mark, I got a lot of things to say about that!

[A slight laugh.]

S: For starters, Dufresne, I didn't go through 29 other men back in May just to be told I'm not worthy enough to be a challenger for the National title! Second, no disrespect to the master rapper, as I like a good rap now and then, but the last I checked, it wasn't rapping ability that made you a top challenger. And third, something is pretty evident to me...

YOU'RE SCARED TO DEATH OF ME, AREN'T YA?!

MS: You really believe Dufresne is afraid to face you, Supernova?

S: What I believe, Mark, is that Dufresne is more than just a bit worried about the threat I possess... heck, we all remember how I came THIS close [holding up his thumb and pointer just inches apart from each other] to making him say uncle at the Stampede Cup... and yeah, I know the result says I didn't get the job done, but the fact Dufresne escaped by the skin of his teeth tells me he's got to be more than just a little worried about the threat I possess, and the fact that he tried to get the jump on me earlier tonight tells me he's absolutely scared about it, because if I wasn't such a threat, why would you bother trying to get the jump on me, pal?!

MS: But last Saturday Night, you said you'd be patient and let the Championship Committee decide who would challenge Dufresne at SuperClash.

S: And yeah, Mark, I don't deny that. But it seems to me that the only way people such as myself... and such as Stevie Scott, who is just as worthy... are going to actually get Dufresne to put up or shut up, is to get Dufresne back in the ring again! You know what sounds good to me, Mark?

MS: What is on your mind?

S: What's on my mind is maybe the thing to do is to have a little rematch from the Stampede Cup! Hey, I don't think I need to ask Stevie to know that he'd love nothing more than to get his hands on Dufresne and Broussard again, and you don't have to be a mind reader, Mark, to know I'd like another crack at them! So the way I see it, the thing to do is get the Championship Committee to put that rematch together, and then they should get a definitive answer as to just who is worthy of the National Title match at SuperClash!

[With that, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl.]

MS: Whoa, how about that... Supernova wants a rematch from the Stampede Cup! But will it become reality? Back to you, Gordon and Bucky!

[We cut back to ringside, a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd as we hear Gordon and Bucky speak.]

GM: A challenge has been made - a Stampede Cup rematch with Stevie Scott and Supernova taking on Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard! Will they accept? Will the match go down? We'll find out soon enough but right now, it's Main Event time here in the Crockett Coliseum so let's head up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" plays, bringing the Dallas crowd to a frenzy as the curtain pulls back to reveal the middle Lynch brother James Lynch, the dirty brown hair, clean cut, young Texan. James wears a grey lightly zipped jacket and yellow speedo wrestling trunks. He's also barefoot.

By his side is the tall, lanky form of Jack Lynch. The eldest Lynch, as always, is dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. It's open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. On his right hand is a fingerless glove made of black leather.]

PW: Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas...weighing in at 235 lbs... from the world-famous Lynch family...

JAAAAAMES LYNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Big pop!]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening riff to Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" whips the Atlanta crowd into a frenzy!]

"SHOUT!"  
"SHOUT!"

“SHOUT!”  
“SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!”

[And as the main lyric kicks in, the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of “The Hammer” Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton tearing through the curtain. Haynes is dressed in his "THE HAMMER" t-shirt and jeans, along with his trademark floppy cowboy hat. Morton is dressed in his familiar black boxer's robe, carrying his half of the AWA tag team titles.]

PW: Hailing from Tulsa, Oklahoma...weighing in at 285 lbs...he is one-half of the AWA National Tag Team champions...

DANNY MOOOOORRRRTTTTON!

[Morton removes his robe, revealing red trunks and white boots underneath. He slaps himself in the face a few times, trying to fire himself up.]

GM: This is going to be a clash of styles. James Lynch is a high flyer and Danny Morton may just be the strongest man in the entire AWA.

BW: This bare-footed idiot is going to get mauled, Gordo. You can talk about all you want about how tough James Lynch is, but Morton's the type of muscleheaded idiot that's too stupid to even feel pain!

[As the bell sounds, James Lynch and Danny Morton meet in the center of the ring, with the bigger Morton standing there with his barrel chest puffed out and his hands on his waist, staring down the middle brother of the Lynch clan. Unflinching, Lynch offers his hand to Morton, who smirks, and quickly shakes it, before dropping into a classical wrestling crouch.]

GM: Now that's what I like to see, a little good sportsmanship before a match!

BW: Who are we trying to kid here? At any given moment, Danny Morton is one of the most violent maniacs in the entire AWA! The only person crazier might be Haynes!

[Lynch and Morton circle each other, before locking up. To no one's surprise, Morton easily shoves him down, sticking out his tongue and flexing his biceps at Lynch.]

GM: Morton's power advantage on display right there.

BW: If Lynch wants to get out of here in one piece, he's going to have to use his speed and agility. If he tries to go toe-to-toe, Morton's going to eat him for lunch.

[The two once again engage in a tie-up, but this time, Lynch quickly applies a hammerlock. Morton looks for a way out, before expertly reversing the hold on Lynch! He quickly transitions into a waistlock and lifts Lynch into the air, taking him down to the mat!]

GM: Danny Morton showing off his amateur wrestling background right there! In addition to playing football, Morton was a former All-American at the University of Oklahoma in wrestling.

BW: He doesn't do it often, but Morton can wrestle on the mat with the best of them.

[Morton moves to a side headlock, pulling Lynch back to his feet. Lynch shoves Morton off, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Morton off the ropes, Lynch drops down...

[As Morton jumps over him and rebounds off the far ropes. Lynch tries to leapfrog over Morton, but the Oklahoman puts on the brakes and catches Jimmy in mid-air, slamming him down!]

GM: Leap- NO! BIG SLAM FROM MORTON AND THE COVER! NO! Only two!

BW: There's that power again, Gordo! You can't play fast and loose against Morton like that...a guy that strong can end the match at any time.

[Morton drags Lynch to his feet and grabs him around the waist, before muscling him up and over with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: BIG OVERHEAD SUPLEX! And another cover...only two!

BW: Morton doesn't mess around in there. When he knows he's got someone in a bad way, he immediately goes in for the kill. That's when you see him going for the big throws, like that belly-to-belly or better yet, the backdrop driver.

GM: I'm sure James Lynch still hasn't forgotten the backdrop driver he took at the Stampede Cup.

[As Jack Lynch yells words of encouragement to Jimmy from the outside, Morton pulls up the middle Lynch brother and whips him into the corner. He follows in...]

GM: Oh! A crushing avalanche in the corner!

[...and as Lynch stumbles out, Morton tries to scoop him up, but this time, James escapes and lands behind him rolling him up!]

GM: Morton lifts...NO! Lynch with the schoolboy...only two!

[Both get to their feet, but Lynch is immediately on Morton again, pulling him into a small package!]

GM: And another pin...again only two!

[Once again getting to their feet at nearly the same time, Morton tries to cut off Lynch's sudden flurry, throwing a wild right hand at him. James ducks, hooking Morton's arm and attempting to take him over in a backslide.]

GM: Now a backslide-NO! Morton's fighting it!

BW: He went to the well too often and now that baby's dry, Gordo!

[Morton refuses to budge, struggling to break free. With his arms still hooked to Lynch's, Morton bellows, bending forward and heaving Lynch over his head...]

GM: Lynch lands back on his feet!...and nails Morton with a dropkick! [Pop!] And another!

BW: He'll need more than the stench of those feet to keep Morton down!

GM: Morton back up- OH!

[The crowd roars, as James Lynch raises his right hand for the Iron Claw, causing Danny Morton to immediately drop back down to the mat and scramble backwards!]

GM: I've never seen Danny Morton run from anything, but there's no one here or anywhere in wrestling that wants anything to do with the Claw!

BW: That's the great equalizer, Gordo! Morton might outclass Lynch in power, but if gets the Claw clamped on, you can throw all that out the window!

[Taking advantage of Morton's shock, Lynch goes after him, hitting him with a series of kicks to the gut and then rapid right hands, that rock the Oklahoman. He tries to whips Morton into the corner, but Morton reverses the whip. Morton charges in...]

GM: Oh! Lynch gets his feet up!

[With Morton stunned, James leaps up onto the second turnbuckle and jumps...]

GM: Dropkick off the second rope! ONE! TWO! T-NO!

BW: These dropkicks are nice, but he's going to have to bring out some heavier artillery sooner or later. Heck, go after those staples on Morton's head! Bust him open one more time!

GM: I don't think James Lynch will stoop to that level, Bucky.

BW: Hey, you never know what a man's capable of until he's backed into a corner.

[Shoving Danny Morton into a corner, James mounts the second turnbuckle and holds up a fist to the roaring crowd...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Jumping down, James waits for Morton to step out of the corner before leaping up and grabbing his head with his legs, taking him down with a headscissors!]

GM: BIG HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN!

BW: He's got him!

GM: No! Danny Morton kicks out!

[A shout of "Stay on him!" comes from Jack on the outside, as James takes his brother's advice and pounds away at Morton. He steps out onto the apron and begins climbing up top.]

GM: You were talking about bringing out the heavier artillery earlier Bucky, well James Lynch is going to fly!

[However, as James tries to steady himself on his perch, Morton gets to his feet and meets James with a punch to midsection that freezes him up! A solid headbutt keeps him stunned, as Morton begins to climb!]

BW: This can be bad news, Gordo! When was the last time you ever saw Danny Morton going up there???

GM: It looks like he wants to belly-to-belly Lynch off the top!

[However, Lynch fights it, firing back with rights off his own! Finally, he takes one of his bare feet and shoves Danny Morton right off, sending him crashing back to the mat!]

GM: OOOHHH!!! Danny Morton hits hard!

BW: But he's getting right back up!

[Resetting himself, James Lynch waits for Danny Morton to turn around and leaps...]

GM: CROSSBODY-



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Unbelievable!

GM: OH MY STARS!

[As Lynch hits the crossbody, Danny Morton takes the move, using the momentum to roll backwards... and gets to his feet while still holding James Lynch!]

GM: Danny Morton's strength is amazing!

BW: How does someone even do that!?

[Taking one step forward, Morton drops Lynch across his knee!]

GM: What a backbreaker!

[With Lynch still lying on the mat, Morton then grabs both of his legs and positions himself with his back turned to a corner. He falls back, sending Lynch flying...]

BW: Oh jeez!

GM: Slingshot right into the corner and Lynch hits hard!

BW: Not just in the corner...I think he caught part of the ringpost there, Gordo! Look!

GM: I think you're right...oh no.

[As Lynch lies slumped in the corner, we see the true extent of the damage he took, as blood begins to trickle from a cut along his scalp.]

GM: That's a bad cut! The referee might have to stop the match!

BW: Give me a break! We've watched Danny Morton bleed by the pint out here and still win matches! If James Lynch is as tough as he claims to be, he'll do the same!

[As Lynch turns, Morton immediately drops him with a massive lariat!]

GM: Big lariat and the cover...no! Lynch slips the shoulder!

BW: He's still got some fight left in him, but how much?

[As he goes to continue his attack, Morton grabs Lynch and pauses, finally noticing the big cut on Lynch's head. He seems to hesitate for a moment, before a yell on the outside catches his attention.]

"BLOODY UP THAT SUMBITCH!"

[A yell from the Tennessee madman...Jackson Haynes. Big mixed reaction!]

BW: Yeah! Best advice I've heard all night!

GM: As always, we apologize for Jackson Hayne's colorful language.

[Morton nods, and with Lynch still on the canvas, grabs him by the hair and pounds at the cut with heavy right hands!]

BW: You said earlier that Lynch wouldn't sink to working over Morton's cut... well, we know where Danny Morton stands on the issue!

GM: This is brutal!

BW: This is how a real champion operates! This isn't ballet...this is professional wrestling! If the Lynches want the tag team titles, they're going to have to match the Violence Unlimited's brutality!

[On the outside, Jack Lynch slams his hands on the apron, yelling for his brother to fight back, as Morton backs James into a corner, dissecting him with alternating punches and chops!]

GM: Danny Morton is working away at that cut now and James Lynch's face is literally covered in blood! This is getting hard to watch.

BW: He's coming apart in pieces, Gordo! I don't think I've ever loved Danny Morton more than I do now!

[Morton then whips Lynch hard into the opposite corner, before dropping down into a three-point stance. As Lynch stumbles out, he charges in for his trademark shoulderblock...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE CLAW! HE'S GOT DANNY MORTON IN THE CLAW!

BW: How'd he do that!? How!? He's bleeding all over the place!

GM: What amazing heart shown by James Lynch!

[Morton struggles, flailing his arms wildly, trying to break free from Lynch's grip.]

GM: James Lynch has got that locked in tight! Morton's in big trouble!

[Suddenly, maybe out of desperation, Morton grabs a handful of Lynch's hair and drags the both of them towards the ropes, diving through and sending both him and James Lynch falling to the outside!]

GM: Oh! A big spill to the outside!

BW: That might've been Lynch's last chance, Gordo. That claw is one in a million.

[Danny Morton is first to his feet, albeit very woozy. He almost falls back over, as he shakes out the effects from the Iron Claw. He stumbles his way over to James Lynch, who's being checked on by his brother Jack.]

BW: Oh boy...I don't think he liked that!

GM: Jack Lynch was checking on the condition of his younger brother, but Danny Morton just shoved him out of the way!

[Jack immediately spins Morton around, shoving him in the chest...which brings Jackson Haynes over...as the Hammer lives up to his name, slugging Jack with a big left hand!]

GM: HAYNES WITH THE LEFT! NO! JACK IS FIRING BACK! THIS IS GETTING OUT OF CONTROL QUICK!

BW: IT'S BREAKING DOWN NOW!

[Jackson Haynes and Jack Lynch let the fists fly, as their brawling spills over the guardrail and into the crowd! As Danny Morton tries to intervene, a bloodied James Lynch is suddenly up, leaping onto his back and raining down punches!]

GM: These two teams are out of control! We're going to need to get security out here!

BW: They talked about how much they respect each other, but I guess that was all a bunch of bull! Look at'em! They're going after each other like wild animals!

[The referee calls for the bell, signaling the match is a no-contest, but that decision goes largely ignored, as security arrives on the scene, attempting to break both teams up.]

GM: I think the match has been thrown out, but...OHHH!!!

[We see Jackson Haynes flinging chairs, as a group of security grabs him by his arms and legs, trying to restrain him. Meanwhile, another group keeps Jack Lynch at bay, preventing him from charging back in. Meanwhile, at ringside, Danny Morton and James Lynch are still fighting it out.]

GM: Fans, it's out of control out here but we're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[The camera pulls back, showing the wild brawl all over the ringside area, Jackson Haynes flinging a chair backwards over his head, sending it sailing into the ring...

...as we fade to black.]